For romance, win a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very first cake of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had fresher, clearer, softer skin. Even younger-looking skin!

**MRS. MORTENSON'S STORY**

Rocking chair romance. Engaged, the happy light in Helen's eyes is matched by the glow of her complexion—clear, smooth, radiant. "My skin responds to Camay care," says Helen. "Really, my very first cake of Camay brought the livelier sparkle that a girl wants in her complexion."

Singin' in the snow, and planning a "honey-moon holiday" every winter. "Bob and I want to stay young," confides Helen. "I like to hear his compliments—and to keep them coming, my complexion stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For your lovelier Camay complexion, follow the instructions on the Camay wrapper.

**MRS. ROBERT MORTENSON**

the former Helen Ann McManus of Newark, N. J. Bridal portrait painted by J. Legrand

Be saving—with everything! Make your Camay last—it's made from precious materials.
"Finally got yourself a man, Honey?"

Cupid: What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! ... Sis ... don't you ever smile?

Girl: Smile? Me? I--

Cupid: Marshmallow, don't you know that even plain girls get dates if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You--

Girl: Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam ... No, not with my dull teeth. I brush 'em like clockwork, but they just won't gleam.

Cupid: Hmm. Any "pink" on your tooth brush lately?

Girl: But--

Cupid: "But," nothing, Baby! That "pink's" a sign you'd better see your dentist! And in a hurry!

Girl: Dentist? I haven't got a toothache!

Cupid: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that "pinkle's" a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Girl: But what about my smile?

Cupid: Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it's designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today.

For the Smile of Beauty

Ipana and Massage
We're embarrassed! Caught, as it were, with our paws down!

Just when our Dictionary of Superlatives has disappeared, along come not one— but two magnificent M-G-M musicals: "The Harvey Girls" (shhhhh!), and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhhh!).

"The Harvey Girls" is the romantic, wide, wild West—set to wonderful music—in Technicolor! And it stars our own honey-voiced, vivacious Judy Garland! It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

Besides lassoing our heart with her grand portrayal of one of the famous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the nation's top tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe!"

Supporting our incandescent Judy G. (for Glorious, for Gorgeous, for Garland) is a swell cast of favorites, headed by John (handsome he-man) Hodiak, Ray Bolger, and Angela Lansbury. You'll love 'em all!

Ten more top tunes, besides "Atchison", from the popular pens of Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, earn "The Harvey Girls" a double award—for Excellent Entertainment! That goes, too, for the direction of George Sidney ("Anchors Aweigh") and the production of Arthur Freed ("Meet Me in St. Louis!"

"Ziegfeld Follies"—see below!

Hold on to your heart...or you'll lose it to—"The Harvey Girls." As we did!

And speaking of Girls leads us, naturally, to ZIEGFELD FOLLIES, a huge, star-studded Technicolor spectacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could have directed, only Arthur Freed produced. And only M-G-M could have brought it to the screen.


Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of "Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

One of the biggest follies would be your failure to attend.

—Leo

Let's Finish The Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre
OHS
THOSE
HARVEY GIRLS
They know the way to a man's heart!

See them woo the West from the wicked can-can dancing girls!

It's lovely, lyrical Judy and a gorgeous bevy of beauty...

it's M-G-M's musical romance of a bold and golden era in.... TECHNICOLOR

M.G.M
presents

JUDY GARLAND

in "The
HARVEY GIRLS"

with
JOHN HODIAK • RAY BOLGER • ANGELA LANSBURY
and PRESTON FOSTER • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN • KENNY BAKER
MARJORIE MAIN • CHILL WILLS

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane, James O'Hanlon and Samson Raphaelson • Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper • Based on the Book by Samuel Hopkins Adams • Words and Music by JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY WARREN • Directed by George Sidney • Produced by Arthur Freed • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
News of Our Boys: Capt. John Hamilton, or Stirling Hayden to fans who remember the blond actor before he changed his name, did a wonderful job in the war, operating a small fishing boat along the Dalmatian and Albanian coasts as head of an O.S.S. air rescue team. He also aided fliers' escapes to Italy, carried supplies to O.S.S. agents in Yugoslavia and Greece and aided Marshall Tito's Partisans in guerrilla warfare against the Germans. But now that it's over nothing can induce him or his beautiful wife Madeleine Carroll to return to Hollywood, we hear.

Navy Lieut. Richard Ney, after three years in service, is back in Hollywood again, as actor, husband of Greer Garson, and a civilian. Richard is asking for his release from M-G-M because he believes he shouldn't be at the same studio as his famous wife and trade on their relationship.

Bill Holden went back to Columbia after his discharge but isn't slated for a picture for several months. Studio can't find one for him.

Robert Sterling got out of the Army in time to combat a stomach ulcer. But thanks to the care of wife Ann Sothern, he's well again and ready for work at M-G-M.

Victor Mature, who did such a swell job in the Coast Guard is doing another of those song-composer super musicals (remember Vic in "My Gal Sal"?) for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Fans who have written for information on Jeffrey Lynn will be sorry to hear there is no word of his returning immediately. Jeffrey is with the Army Intelligence (G2) in Great Britain.

Few people realize the dangers undergone by Navy Lieut. John Howard, who commanded a mine sweeper in the European theater. With his ship once blown from under him, it was up to Howard to see that his men were rescued and returned to port. After serving the past year as instructor at Cornell University, the former actor is expected to be out soon and back home again.

Table-talk: Hollywood tongues certainly have plenty to talk about this month. A lot of it was about the bust-up of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping. And (Continued on page 6)
WHERE EVERY NIGHT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE!

B. G. DeSylva presents
BETTY HUTTON
in THE STORK CLUB

with
BARRY FITZGERALD
DON DEFORE

ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG

Directed by HAL WALKER

A Paramount Picture
Overnight... 
LOVELIER HAIR
FOR YOU!

Try this famous 
3-WAY MEDICINAL 
TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mangé Medicine—GLOVER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

GLOVER'S

with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

FREE TRIAL!
Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Science and Care of Scalp and Hair."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 551, New York 1, N.Y.
Send Free Trial Application package in plain envelope by return mail, containing Glover's Mangé Medicine, Glover's Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose $1.00 to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name
Address
City Zone State

Tea for two at the Crillon: 
Ann Sheridan and Steve 
Hannan (on a Hollywood 
visit) in a gaiety mood

(Continued from page 4) if you re-
member Cal tipped you off to this 
months ago—in the face of all the 
denials Sonja was making at the 
time. But now the cat is out of the bag— 
and so is at least part of the reason for 
the rift. Sonja has decided to divorce 
Dan. She was waiting only for his re-
turn from Honolulu where he's been 
serving as a Marine—so they could 
make a joint announcement. But then 
he got here late and she had to leave 
for her ice-skating tour before they 
really had a get-together about the 
whole thing. But they won't get to-
gether—not in the real sense. And Dan 
has his next bride all picked out. She 
is beautiful brunette Kay Sutton, a 
former movie actress—once married to 
cameraman Eddie Cronjager.

Before Sonja took off she did the 
town (and how!) with lots of beau-
s, including Bob Walker—and even one 
date with Helmut Dantine—but mostly 
with Van Johnson. Saw them every-
where together—parties, night clubs— 
even on shopping tours. Wouldn't even 
venture a guess as to how "serious" 
Van and Sonja might be—but they 
seem to have a lot of fun together. 
That gal, after leading a very quiet life 
around Hollywood for years, has really 
stepped up lately. Gay—and spending 
money like mad—and for her that's 
news!

Then there was all the gab about the 
Keenan Wynn and Van Johnson mak-
ing up again after their perpetual 
threesome was broken up and they 
didn't speak for weeks and weeks. 
They're speaking—but you certainly 
don't see the three of them around 
together "as perpetually" as of yore.

One thing a lot of Hollywood did see, 
though, that caused comment and a 
little surprise was Van Johnson with 
Cornel Wilde and Peter Lawford exit-
ing from a big premiere together. And 
who do you think got the biggest cheer 
from the sidelines that included every-
thing from bobby-soxers to gray haired 
ladies? Cornel Wilde!

Flynn Again: Well, that much re-writ-
ten book of Errol Flynn's is finally 
about ready to come out on the news-
stands. It will be called "Once Upon 
A Smile." More Flynn news concerns 
his pretty Nora who is heading for 
Mexico again. And don't be surprised 
if she sees a lawyer about a divorce 
from Flynn while she's there. Wouldn't 
be surprised if her getting a divorce 
would come as a big surprise to Flynn 
—and we doubt if he wants that. But 
Cal frankly thinks that Nora is fed up 
and ready to call it quits. And there is 
good reason to believe that at last she 
has another heart interest—and he is 
in Mexico, though an American. Hope it 
brings her more happiness than the 
Flynn flams. (Continued on page 8)
WARNERS' ROMANTIC WOWER OF THE HOUR!

He's gonna love that gal

like she's never been loved before!!!

It's those 'Hollywood Canteen' honeys in a honey of a show from Warners!!

JOAN LESLIE and ROBERT HUTTON
in
Too Young To Know
- TOO WONDERFUL TO MISS/

The picture with the "Paper Moon" song hit

DIRECTED BY
FREDERICK deCORDOVA

PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM JACOBS

with DOLORES MORAN - HARRY DAVENPORT - ROSEMARY DeCAMP
SCREEN PLAY BY JO PAGANO - FROM A STORY BY HARLAN WARE
**Back Talk about HAIR**

This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do...so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.

That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness...they really do have the

**Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out**

You'll never be satisfied with wishy-washy bob pins, once you've used DeLong's dependable products.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS  HAIR PINS  SAFETY PINS SNAP FASTENERS  STRAIGHT PINS HOOKS & EYES  HOOK & EYE TAPES SANITARY BELTS

Blossom-ing: Margaret Whit-ing puts a flower in Bill Eythe's buttonhole at Somerset House as Bill smiles

(Continued from page 6)

**Tid-bitting:** Jeanne Crain is dividing her time about equally between Paul Brook, her long-time steady, and Rory Calhoun, new young find of David Selznick's...Meat shortages don't bother the Phillip Dorns. Not as long as they can get the ingredients for "hotspot." That's a Dutch dish, based on a three-hundred-year-old recipe that consists of onions, carrots, potatoes and beets mashed together and cooked in a pot. Phillip and his wife are mad about it and have it at least once a week...Cleatus Caldwell (Ken Murray's) and Bob Hutton are more that way than ever. But are at the point where they have a spat once in a while. She's a knockout—it's a wonder the Hollywood wolves haven't stepped in and snatched her away from Bob. You can bet they'll try the moment they think they have a chance...Gail Patrick has opened that shop to sell infants' clothes and toys for children which her husband, Arnold Dean White, is manufacturing. It's the cutest shop in Beverly...Esther Williams is now in Mexico making a picture—and Ben Gage is mooning around—just waiting for her to come back and be his bride.

Of Bing: Bing Crosby went to the hospital and columnists and air-talkers had him there with everything from kidney trouble to a broken leg. But actually he was in there for the second time and being treated for a low-grade infection that has bothered him for a long time. He's so tired too. And

swears he won't make a picture or do any radio work until after the first of the year.

**Slinging It:** Anne Baxter was going around to parties with the swankiest sling a girl ever carried her arm around in. Yes—you heard right—a sling. Anne showed up place after place, with her injured hand and arm just as dressed up as she was, because the sling was black satin, trimmed with black sequins. Sometimes she's with John Hodiak—and sometimes she isn't. And when she isn't—he isn't so happy.

**Quip a la Garson:** "Gogo," Greer Garson's giant French poodle, muscled in on so many pictures during a recent portrait-sitting Greer was having, that the photographer remarked, "Greer—your dog sure is hammy." Greer twinkled and answered, "It certainly couldn't be the company he keeps—could it?"

**A Line or Two:** Shirley Temple found her husband, Sgt. John Agar, doing K.P. duty when she visited him in Salt Lake City. John is now overseas...Gary Cooper's daughter has eyes and a smile just like his...Deanna Durbin and Judy (Continued on page 10)

**INSIDE STUFF**

The feminine touch: Here Jeanne Crain does the honors in the flower department for Paul Brook—at Mocambo.
Heading Your Way... With Happiness

Great Songs... with inimitable Bing at his best!
Great Story... with all the heart of incomparable Ingrid!
Great Fun... made by the deft touches of Leo McCarey
who gave you "Going My Way"!

Rainbow Productions, Inc., presents

Bing Crosby  Ingrid Bergman

Crosby Bergman

in Leo McCarey's

The Bells of St. Mary's

with Henry Travers • William Gargan

Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey
Screen Play by Dudley Nichols  Story by Leo McCarey
Released thru RKO Radio Pictures

For the first time in screen history
Crosby Best actor for "Going My Way"
Bergman Best actress for "Gaslight"
McCarey Best story and best direction
"Going My Way"

Three Academy Award Winners in One Picture!
Powell pow-wow at Mocambo—Bill and wife Diana with Bill’s furlough-ing son, Lieut. Bill Powell Jr.

(Continued from page 8) Garland have become great telephone friends these days, discussing their prospective babies . . . Red Skelton is out of the Army and back in Hollywood looking well and practically cured of his stutter . . . Irene Dunne took a room in the hospital to be near her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, during her recent critical illness.

**Things to Come:** Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood’s astute producer, paid Cal the compliment of running, in his own projection room, several uncut sequences from Danny Kaye’s new picture “The Kid From Brooklyn.” The film was then in the midst of production with Vera Ellen rehearsing more dance sequences on a nearby stage and Danny recording some of the zaniest lyrics yet to be heard.

Mr. Goldwyn kept calling attention to the cleverness of Vera Ellen. He’s right, too, the lady is both talented and cute. He also ran the novelty number of the picture depicting glamorized cows with glamour gal-maids. Which ought to end the milkmen’s strikes.

Later, we saw Vera herself going through the strenuous, back-breaking work of still another dance number in rehearsal. Couldn’t help but compare the girl we saw, disheveled and weary from hour upon hour of rehearsal, with the one we’d just seen, so fresh and easy, in the finished product that occupied but a scant few minutes on the screen.

**Return of the Boy:** It was the cocktail hour when Turhan Bey rang Cal’s doorbell. With his short crew haircut, deep tan and immaculate uniform, Turhan looked younger and better than we’ve ever seen him. And certainly more enthusiastic over his role of a GI than he’s been over many a movie role.

With the intelligent approach he has toward everything, he told us what he thought he should do in regard to the Army. Instead of expecting or even wanting an (Continued on page 12)

Premiere news—Hurd Hatfield takes in the “Captain Eddie” premiere with his best girls, Virginia Hunter and his mother.
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
TARS AND SPARS
starring JANET BLAIR • ALFRED DRAKE
with MARC PLATT • JEFF DONNELL and introducing SID CAESAR
Screenplay by John Jacoby, Sarett Tobias and Decla Dunning
Produced by MILTON H. BREN • Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

HEAR:
"Love Is A Merry-Go-Round"
"I'm Glad I Waited For You"
and other great songs headed for top popularity!
Instantly relief from head cold distress starts to come when you put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. It soothes irritation, shrinks swollen membranes, helps clear clogged nose and makes breathing easier. Also—it helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time! Try it! Follow directions in the package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 10)
immediate release, he looks forward to serving overseas in the hope that he can establish even further his part in the great plan Americana.

"As a GI I have met new people, people outside the world I've lived in," he said earnestly, "and from them I've learned so much and want to learn more."

Odd how little Hollywood understands or appreciates the keen mind and intellectual depths of this young foreigner.

Connubial Bliss Around Town: Cal looking for news, wandered into Saks and right off spied June Allyson and Dick Powell. "I'm buying my mother a fur coat," said June, "and my husband insists Mother is fat. She isn't at all." Dick only grinned. We liked the way June caressed the words "my husband," and their obvious happiness in each other.

Speaking of happy marriages, it's pleasant to observe how very close are Betty Grable and Harry James. Lunching recently in the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, we noticed he pair at a wall table for two completely engrossed in each other and oblivious of everyone else.

One of the things that makes John Payne a much-liked person in the town of Hollywood is his easy naturalness and friendly manner. Fun running across John and Gloria De Haven, that adorable wife of his, at The Players the other night.

Gloria, who was going for her dessert in a big way, said, "I shouldn't, you know. I'mn't gain another pound." Her baby, she said, was expected in a matter of weeks.

We couldn't help but feel the compatibility between John and Gloria, and we were sure of their happiness when John grinningly said to Cal, "I never feel so married as I do when I'm trying to locate Gloria's gloves everywhere we go."

Random-izing: Odd sight; Little June Haver, with her sister, her mother, two other girls and one lone soldier, at a front-row table at Ciro's—and having the time of their lives!... Jinx Falkenburg, on the set of "Meet Me On Broadway," reading a cookbook like mad. Her darling husband, Lieut. Col. Tex McCrory was arriving home from Tokyo—and Jinx had no intention of being anything but the perfect bride... Jimmy Stewart, back in Hollywood— back in civvies, back to chumming around with his old pal, Henry Fonda, and trying to put back some of the weight he has lost. And managing to find time to beau Anita Colby to parties and places. (Continued on page 14)
Can you avoid catching cold? And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity? Oftentimes—YES.

It is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset...to go after the surface germs before they go after you...to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic’s ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.
(Continued from page 12)

Cal Observes: Cary Grant has changed. Glimpsed in Romanoffs recently we couldn't help but notice a profound transformation in his manner that is so different from the friendly Cary of several years ago. Perhaps his divorce from Barbara Hutton has cut more deeply than Hollywood imagines.

With Barbara preparing to leave Hollywood for New York, rumors of her engagement to actor Philip Reed grow stronger. Perhaps we're leading with our noisy chin, but Cal bets his last two-dollar bill that marriage will never take place.

We couldn't take our eyes off that happy group of people dining at the new Beverly Hills Club. And a reunion it made with Col. Jimmy Stewart, Maggie Sullivan's husband Leland Hayward, and Lieut. Henry Fonda with his wife Frances all united again. When Chester Morris and his cute wife walked in, both Hank and Jimmy began pulling imaginary cards and rabbits from people's ears in imitation of Chester's magic prowess. Which reminds us of a session we had recently at Romanoffs with Chester in rare form. The late diners simply thumbed through our table and even Joe and Peppi, the head waiters, took part in the magic act that Chester put on.

Gable: "You're good for me," Clark Gable once told his favorite girl friend, Anita Colby. "You see," Anita told Cal, "being a social or professional lion can be difficult for a man. He feels it entering a room full of people. He senses it in restaurants—everywhere. I myself have no fear or self-consciousness of people and I think Clark knows that and it gives him a sort of comfort. "I have other beaux, of course. There is really nothing serious about our friendship. We have fun together and that is that."

It is obvious Anita has fun with Jimmy Stewart too. See them everywhere together, which may or may not mean something. Incidentally, Jimmy and Clark are also good friends.

And Gable has other dates too—the stunning Dolly O'Brien, currently visiting Hollywood. Clark gave her a big rush when he spent so much time in the East last year.

The Truth Is: The Herbert Marshall separation proved a surprise to Hollywood at large, but rumors that all was not well with the Marshalls had been whispered about for some time. The marriage of Angela Lansbury and Richard Cromwell was not a hasty one as so many suppose. Angela and Richard have been in love for a year or more. In fact, every time Cal drove up to a friend's home on Miller Drive there was Angela's blonde head over in Richard's garden.

Sinatra: Driving up in front of our apartment one Saturday afternoon, we happened to glance across the street at a man (Continued on page 16)
Hold this moment softly in your hands...this moment so dear, so near to heaven.

And be glad your hands are such an enduring part of you—kept lovely by Trushay.

Creamy, flower-scented Trushay is different from other hand lotions.

Use it to give your hands a fragrant softness. But use Trushay, too, in a special way...the "beforehand" way. Before you wash a dish, before you tub a garment, smooth on Trushay. It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

Remember always to use Trushay...whenever, wherever you need it.
(Continued from page 14) in a baseball uniform. Above the short socks Cal noticed two remarkably slender legs. We looked again. Yes, it was Frankie-boy himself, standing with several Beverly Hills High School boys. A few co-eds stood at a distance while Frank talked with the boys.

Seems Frank joins some of the boys for a session of baseball nearly every Saturday afternoon.

And speaking of Sinatra fans, Joan Birdwell, fourteen-year-old daughter of Russell Birdwell (famous press agent for some of our movie people), had seen "Anchor's Aweigh" fourteen times when we talked with her, so great is her admiration. But she gives it with dignity by reminding other fans "Mr." Sinatra does not approve of squealing and embarrassing howls. Joan refuses to use the influence of her famous dad in wangling an introduction to Frank which would be so easy.

Warner's Party: The invitation bade Cal to a welcome-home party for several of its actors back from service. Lieut. Wayne Morris, muchly decorated, was still in uniform because he couldn't find a civilian suit to fit him.

Gig Young told of a friend who visited his father-in-law in Santo Tomas prison. The prisoner insisted Byron Barr and not Gig Young was the name of his son-in-law. He hadn't even heard the story had changed the actor's name from Barr to Young.

Ronald Reagan seemed happy to be back again. John Garfield spent a good fifteen minutes telling what a magnificent performance Lana Turner gives in "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

Close-up—Harry James adjusts glasses for wife Betty Grable, also at the races.

John is also in the picture, but you wouldn't know it to hear him rave over Lana.

Elliott Roosevelt in civvies, with Faye Emerson, stopped for a chat. Faye had just come from tennis and explained the curl had been literally bashed out of her hair. Its smooth straightness with a braid coil in the back looked mighty attractive. Elliott told some interesting war stories with many a tender glance at Faye in between. Zach Scott and his clever wife were here, there and everywhere. But take our word for it, the cutest trick we've met in a long time is Pat Morris, Wayne's charming wife.

You Tell Me: Why Edgar Bergen kept his marriage a secret so long.

What is the thing that hinders George Raft from securing a divorce after over twenty years to find happiness in marriage? And because of it will he lose the girl he loves, Betty Doss, as he did Betty Grable?

How come Louise Allbritton prefers to remain a bachelor girl? Is it because she's more interested in accumulating annuities than wedding rings? Or hasn't the right man come along?

Did you know Dane Clark is coaching for his bar exams next year? But why does he think Hollywood will ever let him become a lawyer?

Return: Gossip has it Maurice Chevalier is coming back, at last freed of all suspicion of sympathizing with the Nazis. Heavens above, the memories that Frenchman brings back! The glorious romantic something he 'brought to picture,' and the gloomy, moody, unfriendly man he was off the set.

We remember standing in the wings of a theater just before he made his entrance onto the stage.

"Smile, please, Mr. Chevalier," the stage manager moaned.

"I know when to smile," he answered in gloom-laden tones. Just then the orchestra struck up his cue, out stepped Chevalier, straw hat on one side, lower lip comically protruding, oozing sex, humor, charm, wrapping up the audience and taking it home.
Hold Her Forever with a LANE

Christmas Gift Special

A MILLION MAIDENS YEARN
FOR THIS ROMANTIC LOVE GIFT
Lane Cedar Hope Chests can be had in many styles, woods and prices to harmonize with all furniture—modern or traditional.

LANE
Cedar HOPE CHEST
THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

This Christmas Give Her a Lane Hope Chest
Make her fondest hopes come true with a Lane Hope Chest.
More than a sanctuary for her precious treasures, it means wonderful dreams come true for both of you. For Lane is the love gift that starts your home.
There is no more romantic gift, none more practical, for sweetheart, wife, mother or daughter than a genuine Lane Cedar Hope Chest.

TO MEN AND WOMEN IN THE ARMED SERVICES
If you wish to buy a Lane Cedar Chest and do not know name of Lane dealer where chest is to be delivered, write us.
In Canada: Knechtel Ltd., Hanover, Ontario

To my Sweetheart
all my love
Jim

Only LANE Has All These
Guaranteed Moth Protection Features
1. The only tested aroma-tight cedar chest in the world.
2. Exclusive aroma-tight features assure guaranteed moth protection.
4. Lane-welded veneers will not peel.
5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow—prevent stickiness and add life to the chest.
6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of world's largest insurance companies.

MILLION MAIDENS YEARN FOR THIS ROMANTIC LOVE GIFT
Lane Cedar Hope Chests can be had in many styles, woods and prices to harmonize with all furniture—modern or traditional.

To my Sweetheart
all my love
Jim

Only LANE Has All These
Guaranteed Moth Protection Features
1. The only tested aroma-tight cedar chest in the world.
2. Exclusive aroma-tight features assure guaranteed moth protection.
4. Lane-welded veneers will not peel.
5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow—prevent stickiness and add life to the chest.
6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of world's largest insurance companies.

MILLION MAIDENS YEARN FOR THIS ROMANTIC LOVE GIFT
Lane Cedar Hope Chests can be had in many styles, woods and prices to harmonize with all furniture—modern or traditional.

To my Sweetheart
all my love
Jim

Only LANE Has All These
Guaranteed Moth Protection Features
1. The only tested aroma-tight cedar chest in the world.
2. Exclusive aroma-tight features assure guaranteed moth protection.
4. Lane-welded veneers will not peel.
5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow—prevent stickiness and add life to the chest.
6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of world's largest insurance companies.
...that someone's going to give me an exciting Christmas package by Richard Hudnut!

1. Gemey Luxury Set...glamour in a box! Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, Sachet.
   5.50
2. Violet Sec Set...Toilet Water and Dusting Powder in a nostalgic, haunting fragrance.
   2.50
3. Yanky Clover Gift Set...light-hearted scent in Dusting Powder, Toilet Water, Sachet.
   3.75
4. Yanky Clover Toilet Water...one of America's best-loved scents.
   1.00
5. Gemey Perfume...with the sparkle and glitter of her holiday mood.
   5.00 to 15.00

all prices plus tax

Richard Hudnut
NEW YORK
The Shadow Stage

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

\*\* Spellbound (Selznick International) \*

SPELLBOUND you, the audience, will be through most of this picture which stars Ingrid Bergman as a doctor of psychiatry who wears hornrimmed glasses and talks like a text book until she meets Gregory Peck who would make any damsel take off her specs and look twice. Especially if, as Ingrid does, she finds Gregory in trouble. They fall in love and then discover he doesn’t know who he is because he’s amnesia brought about by a deep-rooted psychological illness. Then they discover that he is wanted for murder. Under the spell of her love for him, Ingrid helps him escape the police and then comes her desperate effort working through psychiatry, to bring back his memory and discover the truth about his past, though in her attempt to do so she may herself be murdered.

What more would a director like Alfred Hitchcock and performers like Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck and Leo G. Carroll (so good as the retiring doctor of the institution where Ingrid and Gregory work) need to produce a film which for the most part lives up to its title?

Your Reviewer Says: Tops in spellbinding.

\*\* The Stork Club (Paramount) \*

THE day was when Betty Hutton was both loud and funny. In “The Stork Club” she’s more loud and less funny through no fault of her own, we may say. There just isn’t enough newness in the story to lift it too far above average. On the other hand, there’s sufficient good music and liveliness to keep it above average.

Knowing Mr. Sherman Billingsley personally, we doubt if the writers had any serious intention of capturing his real personality. It looked to us as if he were dragged in for the sake of the Stork itself is authentically presented and that’s gratifying at least.

Don De Fore is most personable as the lad who returns from service with a band recruited from his buddies. He finds his girl friend Betty Hutton, hat check girl at the Stork, established in a swanky hotel suite with bills paid by an anonymous admirer. Naturally Don suspects the worst, as who wouldn’t, and there’s much to-doing back and forth before Don realizes Barry Fitzgerald, the old codger Betty befriends, is really her benefactor.

It all ends up with Barry reunited with his wife Mary Young, Betty and Don engaged and Mr. Billingsley going right on with the club.

One or two of the numbers are catchy and Andy Russell, who makes his singing debut, is sure to click.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, it’s loud anyway.

\*\* Fallen Angel (Twentieth Century-Fox) \*

NEWS. It’s Dana Andrews again—in almost as good a job as “Laura.” He’s naughtier this time and a little hard-boiled. But when did that ever stop the feminine trap who is he? He’s a mystery as it was in “Laura,” if you’re one who likes his mysteries veiled. But the picture is still strictly intriguing, with provocative situations to carry the interest along.

Dana is a rolling stone who falls under the dark spell of a money-minded waitress who will marry him only if he produces the cash which will keep her in the style to which she is not accustomed. To get the money he pulls off a twenty-four hour marriage with a moderately rich local girl in the town. Then comes the murder and Dana finds himself in a trap he hadn’t bargained for. Nobody asked us not to tell the story but for your sake we won’t say any more.

Alice Faye returns to the screen in the dramatic role of the girl Dana marries for expediency and she makes her thoughtful and appealing. But we could have used a song in there, Alice. Linda Darnell as the waitress more than fulfills the promise she gave in “Summer Storm” of being a lady men go mad for. She’s really excellent.

Anne Revere as the sister of Alice and Charles Bickford as a detective both turn in strong performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Fallen angel finds wings.

(Continued on page 20)

By Sara Hamilton
The Shadow Stage

winning of Craig from Miss Gardner and
wins again. Ava, by the way, is well on
her way toward being a good actress.
Emerald Gwen, that fine actor so no-
toriously overlooked in Hollywood, hasn't
nearly enough to do. Sig Ruman, Reginald
Owen and Charles Hallon contribute to the
lighthearted fun that was so very much
appreciated by the audience.

Your Reviewer Says: Shucks, we always lost
at the races.

Sunbonnet Sue (Monogram)

GEORGE CLEVELAND owns a bowery
saloon where his daughter Gale Storm
tightly sings ditties—new and old. But
uplorn the saloon keeper's society rela-
tives manage to get the place closed lest
it become a blight on their social standing
—or sitting, or whatever. So Gale moves
in with the swanks in order to get her
daddy reestablished in the business of bar-
keeping.

That's about all there is to it except
Phil Regan is the politician who loves Gale
and sings Irish tenor on the side. Minna
Gombell, Charles Brown and Alan Mow-
ray are in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Yeah, but what's that
title got to do with it?

The Spider (20th Century-Fox)

THE most important thing about this
story, thinly spun out by The Spider, is
the acting of Nick Conte as a detective.
He's good. He shows promise of becoming
even "gooder." Fay Marlowe, the girl who
involves Conte in a lot of backstage, front
stage and middle stage killings, is also
a gal of promise and let's hope this is one
promise she keeps.

Your favorite villain Kurt Krueger is on
hand with Martin Kosleck to lend some-
thing or other to a picture that most defi-
nitely does not come off. John Harvey
and Cara Williams are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: Won't you walk into
my parlor—?

Man Alive (RKO)

JUST because a man forgets his wife's
birthday, we are plunged into all sorts
of ridiculously tedious goings-on, just as
if it were our fault and we should suffer
too. Gosh, we didn't even know she was
alive so how could we remember?
Anyway, Pat O'Brien is the culprit who,
to forget the enormity of his crime, pins
one on, exchanges clothes with a fellow
drinker who promptly dies leaving Pat's
wife believing herself a widow.

How easy for Mr. O'Brien to open his
ruby lips and say, "I ain't dead, honey,
honest I ain't." But no. He heeds the
advice of Adolphe Menjou, a showboat
character, and rolls over and plays dead
while Rudy Vallee, the old suitor, courts
his pretty wife Ellen Drew. That will give
you all a fair idea.

The cast, including Minna Gombell,
Fortunio Bonanova and Jack Norton are
too good for this sort of thing.

Your Reviewer Says: You can send us the
flowers.

Club Havana (PRC)

HERE is a story pregnant with plots,
counterplots, west plots, north plots,
south plots and old man Plots himself.
For instance, we have the usual young-in-
lovers—Tom Neal and Dorothy Morris.
Then there's a romance gone askew with
Margaret Lindsay and Don Douglas, the
askew-ers. Paul Cavanagh and Rene
Riano are a twosome with Paul, a pro-
moter, going after Renie for her money.
Singer Isabella and pianist Eric Sinclair
go goey, to say nothing (what got into
Cupid do you suppose?) of a thing of sorts
between gangster Marc Lawrence and the
switchboard operator Sonia Sorel.

The numerous romances are all round
by the tuneful music of Carlos
Molina and his musicians and Isabella's
singing. The other people are Ernest Truex,
Pedro de Cordoba and Gertrude Michael.

Your Reviewer Says: Love must be catching
this season.

Yolanda And The Thief (M-G-M)

OOPS, it's not so good. With elaborate
color, a gay locale and bright stars to
make this a good picture, it just isn't. So
let's face it.

To begin with, it's icky. No eighteen-
year-old girl we know behaves with such
outrageous naiveté as Lucille Bremer who
firmly believes Fred Astaire is an angel
from heaven (literally believes it) who
can't eat or drink but can play the harp
well.

That Fred and his friend Frank Morgan
are two confidence men out to get the
girl's money makes the "you're my angel"
dialogue that runs all through it, a bit
hard to stomach. (Continued on page 22)
The evil allure of a woman... too willing to help him forget!
Laco's 3 rich oils dean, brighten and glorify your hair

All at the same time, Laco's three rich oils—olive oil, castor oil and nut oil—give triple-action results. Your hair is cleaned, it gleams, it's glorified! It is left so shining-soft, you create hair-dos of magnetic charm. And no after-rinse is needed. Laco Shampoo contains no alcohol, no free alkali. At toilet goods counters—everywhere. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Md.

(Continued from page 20) But there are bright moments—a dance by Astaire during the carnival scene is clever but—come to think of it—even that is overbalanced by a lengthy and heavy dance routine in which Fred wrestles with his conscience. Seems to us M-G-M should do a bit of wrestling with theirs after saddling this onto the public.

However, it will probably raze in the take-in and some folks (who are these people anyway?) may like it up to the point where a real cigar-smoking angel shows up. Then we defy anyone to be happy.

Your Reviewer Says: Thumbs down on this one.

People Are Funny (Paramount)

With the title copied from a radio show, producers Fine and Thomas go all out for radio personalities, with Art Linkletter, who serves as emcee of the show sharing the spotlight with Rudy Vallee, supposed to be a fussy sponsor, unhappy with his own show and determined to lend Jack Haley as a substitute. In and out of the affairs of the Nelson, the Vagabonds, Bob Graham and Frances Langford to sing a number or two. Philip Reed and Helen Walker are the "so in love" duo.

Your Reviewer Says: Nope, you can't dial this one out unfortunately.

Scotland Yard Investigator (Republic)

If all the movie art thieves who have tried to steal da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" were laid end to end, we'd personally jump up and down on them with the greatest of glee. Erich von Stroheim is the conniving scoundrel behind the latest theft, with poor Aubrey Smith left in one heck of a mess. Doris Lloyd and Forrester Harvey are outstanding as typical cockney fingerers. Stephanie Bachelor and Richard Fraser are fair as the romantic interest.

Your Reviewer Says: No wonder the old girl smiles.

Strange Confession (Universal)

Lon Chaney, a chemist, lured into hurrying through a medical discovery by his wife Brenda Joyce who is anxious for easy living, embarks for South America for a precious herb necessary for the medicine. While there, he learns the uncompleted drug has been given his ailing son, who died because of its imperfection. Enraged, the chemist returns and promptly hacks off the head of the laboratory boss and presumably cuts it around in a bag while making his confession. Now really! J. Carrol Naish is the headless wonder and we must have two heads for sitting through this one.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine way for people to behave!

Jeep Herders (Planet Pictures)

Here come the jeeps, the motorcycles and the parachutes to fit into civilian life, and judging from the action they might as well be back at the front.

The story, strictly juvenile-minded, tells of a returned G.I. who finds his dad about to be driven off his Western range. So the G.I. signals for his soldier buddies who arrive like a motored division to take over. June Carlson, Johnny Day, Pat Michaels and Steve Clark are the principals involved.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, seems like jeeps can be used for everything these days.

Don't Fence Me In (Republic)

Roy Rogers almost gets this story stolen from him by cute Dale Evans who travels west for her magazine to discover whether Desperado Wildcat Kelly died in 1910 as reported, or not. Seems to us a little late to bother. Nevertheless Dale goes, meets up with Roy who helps a little and hinders a little, but everything comes out even in the end, and doesn't it always?

There's some good old-time Western stuff worked in so plausibly as to be accepted without question, and some pretty good warbling by Dale, Roy and of course those Sons of the Pioneers.

Others in this above average goodie include "Gabby" Hayes, Robert Livingston, Moroni Olsen, Marc Lawrence and Lucile Gleason.

Your Reviewer Says: A recommended Rogers film.

Danny Boy (PRC)

Children and even grown ups with love dog pictures will be pleased with this story of Danny Boy, a canine who returns from war with battle fatigue only to be handicapped by a meanie civilian and an even meaner rancher. When the dog escapes, he viciously attacks his persecutors, which results in the dog's being condemned to death.

An overdose of sentimentality creeps in now and then, but on the whole it's a fair picture of its kind.

Robert "Buzzy" Henry plays the dog's owner. Ralph Lewis is good as a Marine veteran.

Your Reviewer Says: Aimed at the heart.

Best Pictures of the Month

"Spellbound"

"This Love Of Ours"

"Fallen Angel"

Best Performances

Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck in "Spellbound"

Dana Andrews and Linda Darnell in "Fallen Angel"

Merle Oberon and Charles Korvin in "This Love Of Ours"
CINEMODES

- Stiff, heavy materials, fashioned into skin-tight dresses, whether for day or evening, are popular this season. Sonja Henie could have been poured into the divine cocktail dress she wore at a recent party. It had a tight bodice, short sleeves and a short, tight skirt with just a suggestion of a drape across the tummy. The fabric was a rich, shiny black and white candy-striped satin. With this costume Sonja wore a huge diamond and emerald bracelet and diamond earrings.

- Greer Garson, happier than she's been in a long time because Richard Ney is home from the war, is expressing her gay mood in a stunning evening dress of black and white plaid taffeta. A large striking plaid it is, too, and it has a huge bustle on her you-know-what! The taffeta is so stiff and heavy it rustles like mad when she walks, and, so feminine!

- Merle Oberon has been going in for the finest, most delicate lacy openwork gloves ever seen. She has them in beautiful white lace (some with fingertips, some coming only to her knuckles). Merle loves them so much that she wears them with dinner clothes as well as evening clothes.

- Matching shoes and gloves of lizard are now the Hollywood vogue. Black, brown and Kelly green are the most popular.

- Though Joan Fontaine wears expensive housecoats as dinner dresses when she dines out, when she entertains at her home her favorite costume is a slack ensemble of rough crepe in various fuchsia shades. The blouse is tailored and as pale as the edge of an orchid. The trousers are much deeper; a reddish purple. The bolero jacket is a shade in between—but it sparkles with buglebeads of the same color. Joan's open-toed wedgies are especially made and dyed to blend with these ensembles.

- Slick tricks to keep you in there pitching when competition is keen:

  If you have plain pumps or ballet slippers, slip ribbon under the soles and tie around your ankles.

  Cut your slacks off to make the new knicker length that's so smart this year and so wearable.

  Go through old trunks in the attic and if you're lucky enough to find cut steel buckles, put them on your party shoes.

  Make a turban and matching gloves out of the wonderful new print fabrics for spring—stunning with a monotone suit or dress.

See page 71 for Photoplay's full color fashions.
Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE
Chest Cold
Sore Throat
Bronchial Irritation

IMPROVED
Sprain, Bruise
Sore Muscles
Charley Horse

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness and simple sore throat.

Antiphlogistine (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store now.

ANCHORS AWEIGH—M-G-M: If you want to laugh and be enchanted, this bewitching piece about two golds (Gene Kelly and Ann Sothern) will give you a joyous evening. So good you'll wish it were longer. (Oct.)

APOLOGY FOR MURDER—PRC: Faintly reminiscent of "Double_feature" the other Wingnut, this as the natty one who lures newspaperman Hugh Beaumont (Gregory Gay) and his vacuum cleaner every so often that leaves the audience wondering what they're wastin' their time for. (Dec.)

BEHIND CITY LIGHTS—Republic: Lynne Roberts is a charming piece that doesn't satisfy with her former hero, William Henry. To go off to the city until he learns that she loves someone else here is a jewel theft. Esther Dale as her aunt and Peter Cookson and Jerome Cowan as the city sleuths make for a good plot. (Dec.)

BOSTON BLACKIE'S RENDEZVOUS—Columbia: Chester Morris as Boston Blackie is one of the best in the detective in the whole movie business, what with tripping a mad strangler with the greatest of ease. Nina Foch is the girl who almost gets stranded, S. Adolff Reiner as the straight man, and George Zucco, the dumb stooge. (Dec.)

CAPTAIN KIDD—Bosworth UA: Charles Laugh- ing and screaming is real fun in this, with Robert Walker as an old tale, and Rand Scott as a nubile posing as a pirate doesn't convince. Barbara Britton is pretty; John Carradine, Reginald Owen and Gilbert Roland add to the hokum and fun. (Nov.)

CARIBBEAN MYSTERY—The—Fox: Strangely to find James Dunn playing another standard movie detective after his hit in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," this time in a Caribbean jungle with hidden treasure and corpses. Sheila Ryan is a victim of the good and bad cast. William Pawley and George Zucco, Gray and Red Hadley do their best. (Oct.)

CHEATERS, THE—Republic: A fine cast here scores a message of Vaudeville good, well, headed by Joseph Schildkraut and Burton Gilliam. This misused is the kidnapped heistress held by the Piggion family. Dorothy Fay, Pat Buttram, June Allyson, Pat Latteau, Anne Gillis and Ruth Terry help. (Oct.)

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT—Warner's: Barbara Stanwyck gets a surprise when her publisher, Sydney Greenstreet insists she entertain sailor Dennis Morgan at her farm with her husband, baby and luxurious cooking, none of which exists. Henry Tramore attempts to supply them as pictured in her magazine column price. The Stewing Richards and George Meeker are in it too. (Dec.)

DANGEROUS INTRUDER—PRC; Veda Ann Borg is the unfortunate victim struck by a car and taken into the paranoiac killer who has murdered his wife and servant and is starting on his cop-eliau, Richard Power saves them in time. (Nov.)

DANGEROUS PARTNERS—M-G-M: How can a studio which has turned out such fine movies also come out like this? Stars, (James Craig has to be a heel and then turn hero in it, Edmund Gwenn has to be a Nazi agent, and Sigourney West a much put-up- ion blonde). We're still mixed up. (Nov.)

DOLLY SISTERS, THE—20th Century-Fox; Re- ported to be a biographical film, this is Dona Drake Dougall as the stars who insinuate their way to national fame, it is instead the same old Technicolor movie you've been seeing for years. Betty Grable and June Haver are the sisters, and John Payne is the man. It's all one big yam and picks up. With S. Z. Skalik and Frank Latimore. (Dec.)

DUFFY'S TAVERN—Paramount: All Par- mount stars (except Hope) arrive in Duffy to help Archie out of a jam this makes fun all the way, with Victor Moore staying off the police as Archie introduces the acts; Crosby, Caruso, Ladd, Lake, and many more. Ed. Gardner in his original role. (Oct.)

ENCHANTED FOREST, THE—P-C: A charming, truly different movie, with Harry Davenport as a fairy godfather who isn't satisfied with his partner, Brenda Joyce, returns to the woods. The little forest elves of all ages who give the human actors, lending it all a Walt Disney flavor that is charming. It's in color which is new and exciting. (Dec.)

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—RKO: Poor old falcon; Tom Conway, running into a murder on his vacation-bound train, needs the aid of Angela Louis XVI, and he and his friends steal the royal taxes to divide it among the poor. Angela Louise is the girl Willard loves, Lloyd Corrigan the king, and the cast includes John Loder and Janis Carter. (Dec.)

FIRST YANK INTO TOKYO—PRC: Tom Neal is an outstanding actor to me a product of Hollywood, so he steals into a Tokyo concentration camp in order to find an American engineer who knows the secret of the atomic bomb. As well as the engineer Marc Crane, he finds his fiance, Barbara Hale. It's got some good moments of suspense. (Dec.)

GAY SENORITA, THE—Columbia: Jim Bannon attempts to reconvert an old Mexican quarter into a huge warehouse for his uncle, until he falls for Jinx Falkenburg, the daughter of one of the old families. (Nov.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF 1945—RKO: Another backstage saga! Joan Davis teamed with Jack Haley for a few musical moments of suspense. (Dec.)

GAY SENORITA, THE—Columbia: Jim Bannon attempts to reconvert an old Mexican quarter into a huge warehouse for his uncle, until he falls for Jinx Falkenburg, the daughter of one of the old families. (Nov.)

HIDDEN EYE—The—M-G-M: This time Edward Arnold, as the blind detective with the smart dog, turns on two crooks who decide to turn agent by sacrificing their partner. (Dec.)

HOLD THAT BLONDE—Paramount: Eddie Bracken is a kleptomaniac who attempts to follow his psychiatrist's advice and find himself a girl. So he only finds Veronica Lake, but also swipes her compact in which is hidden the combination of a safe in which are the secrets of the First Lady. (Dec.)

HOLLYWOOD AND VINE—PRC; James Ellison, a New York playwright, is introduced to a world of actresses, Wanda McKay, through her dog, and she, unusually important, helps him find a job as a soda jerk while his producer, his director and his girl go crazy, but it really isn't very good. (Nov.)

HOUSE ON 2nd STREET—20th Century-Fox: The ruse actual German agents seeking the secrets of our atomic bomb, how nearly they succeeded; the murder committed. With the exception of Lloyd Nolan, all FIB members are played by themselves. Bill Eythe plays the young American; the German extraction whose patriotism is tested and found not wanting. Signe Hasso and George Macready present the part. (Nov.)

IN HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M; Real corn, but a little better than average Abbott- Costello fare, with the boys playing studio hardboiled men who find out that a girl adores them, Goldfield's. (Oct.)

NEW YORK, N.Y. 5 1ST.
Are you in the know?

How to belittle a too-big foot?

☐ Wear shoes with instep interest
☐ Choose out-of-toss
☐ Shun fuzzy, light-heeled shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light-hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is really inconspicuous, for those flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show... don't cause revealing outlines! And Kotex' special safety center gives you extra-special protection. That's why there's no need to worry about accidents.

Is this the technique for a—

☐ Water wave
☐ Pin curl wave
☐ Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut... wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. Now, Kotex contains a deodorant. Looked inside each Kotex, the deodorant doesn't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Should you let him pay your way if—

☐ It's a pre-arranged date
☐ You meet unexpectedly
☐ You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moolah to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—that's different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN

AT NO EXTRA COST...

(C. 1937. Used by special permission of the publisher.)

More

(Continued on page 97)
HERS WAS THE DEADLIEST OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS!

BEN AMES WILLIAMS'

Leave Her To Heaven
in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

GENE TIERNEY • CORNEL WILDE • JEANNE CRAIN
VINCENT PRICE • MARY PHILIPS • RAY COLLINS • GENE LOCKHART • REED HADLEY • DARRYL HICKMAN • CHILL WILLS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • Based on the Novel by Ben Ames Williams

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
In the next issue of this magazine you will read what we label the year's most important Photoplay story. It is the story of the stars and the picture which you, the nation's movie-goers, have chosen as your favorites of 1945. Your selection has been made through Dr. George Gallup's famous movie-goers' poll, conducted by his Audience Research organization which last year for the first time made it possible for the public to name its own Award stars. Nothing Photoplay has done has given its editors a greater sense of pride than this—to be able to award the Photoplay Gold Medals to those performers and that picture each year voted by you as the People's Choice. Last year "Going My Way" was your favorite picture, Greer Garson your favorite actress and Bing Crosby your favorite actor. What picture and what stars have you selected this year on whom Photoplay will bestow its honored medals? For the first time anywhere, the answers to these questions will be made public in the February issue. Your copy will be ready for you on the newsstands January 11 or shortly thereafter.

The People's Choice

Judy Hassman
Tinsel-trimmed, happy-hearted! Here's how the stars are celebrating this first peacetime Christmas...

DECEMBER 25, 1945—the Christmas all the world has been waiting for. Because it's peace again and—

Bette Davis is sending for the first Christmas tree she's had from Butter nut, her New Hampshire farm....

Alan and Susie Ladd have started giving each other their presents already; so they'll find themselves shopping all over again on Christmas Eve, as usual....

Elizabeth Taylor’s negotiating with M-G-M’s wardrobe department for the blue and cerise silk with "The Py" on it that King wore in "National Velvet," for his Christmas....

Lucille Ball is addressing cards she had made the first year she and Desi were married when, proud of her new married name, she ordered hundreds and hundreds....

Joan Crawford's knitting like fury—to finish all the extra things she's decided to make for people; even though the Crawford-Terry library out Brentwood way has been piled with lavishly wrapped gifts for weeks....

Ronald Reagan has asked Jane Wyman to get his Santa Claus outfit down from the attic—which means Maureen again will have to pretend Daddy is fooling her....

Sonny Tufts is suggesting, hopefully, that he'd appreciate it no end if his family and friends would omit gadgets, desk sets and such, which he never quite knows what to do with....

Kathryn Grayson's tree will be crowned with the same bright star that has winked down at her from tinsel-hung branches ever since she was a little girl....

For my friends in Hollywood, as for people everywhere, this will be a glorious Christmas. Both those who were away at war and those who waited at home these last four years are prepared to sing Christmas carols at the top of their voices and
mean them with all their hearts—especially the parts about "peace on earth" and "good will toward men."

Cute little June Allyson is having her first real Christmas tree in her first real home—the honeymoon house she shares with "Richard" Powell. Obviously June is going to make up for all the homespun holidays she's missed. She's going to have a big tree and make-believe snow and beneath the tree, inside a little white fence, she's going to place little deer and sheep. It's going to look for all the world like a Christmas postcard at the Powell's this year. And June is going to leave the tree up until the needles fall off—or "Richard" calls enough.

"What do you want for your best present, June?" I asked.
"I already have it!"
"What is it?" I persisted. "Something you wear? Something you have for the house?"
She smiled. "It's a lifetime devotion. It's Richard."

My friend Van Johnson's one of those "give-me-a-dozen-of-this-kind" shoppers when he sees anything he likes—like red leather address books which can be stamped in gold with the names of the people to whom he gives them.

Van, who's a dear and has great enthusiasm for life and Santa Claus, hoped to get home to Newport, Rhode Island, and visit his father this year. But his working schedule forbids this so he'll make "glug," a traditional Swedish drink, for his Hollywood friends. Even now, in fact, he's stocking up on brandy and nuts and raisins. "Glug," for the information of all non-Scandinavians, is a wonderful concoction that you set afire and drink hot.

Van likes to tell how his father used to come home early on Christmas Eve to set up the little village that always stood under their tree. "He'd take (Continued on page 90)
The sun-up swim is a before-breakfast ritual for Ted and Betty who'll appear next in "The Stork Club"

There is only one way to begin a story about Betty Hutton and that is to answer the question everybody inevitably asks when her name is mentioned. Is Betty "like that" off the screen?

If you ask service men out in the Pacific they will tell you Hutton is like that—dynamic, vivid, laugh-making, indestructible and unchangeable—in mud up to her hips, in a wardrobe mildewed by tropic heat, in pouring rain, in tents, in airplanes or jeeps.

Ask her best friends and they will say, hesitatingly, "Well, yes, of course she is but—there's another side to Betty—not many people know about that."

Ask her bridegroom, Ted Briskin, and he just grins at you, a grin dizzy with happiness and the vision of a future that is certainly never going to be dull.

So the answer to that question is like the answer to lots of others—yes and no.

Two things struck me head-on the first time I met Betty Hutton, having driven up a mountain road that twisted and turned around strange corners to have dinner at her house high in the Hollywood hills. First, she is in person so much prettier than I had somehow expected. Or perhaps it's just that on the screen so much of the time she is being "like that" that you don't get a chance to notice.

So when she came into the room, which was bright with the slanting rays of the sunset, in a stunning beige tailored frock, amazement gripped me. Naturally, I had come to meet a comedienne—the screen's first comedienne, and women who can be really funny are rare indeed. My mind had been running along that groove, so I was really surprised when I saw the stunning brown-eyed blonde, the elegant way she wore her clothes, the lovely legs and pretty feet.

Didn't last long.

Ten minutes later we were on the floor while Betty
spread out hundreds of pictures of her trip to the Pacific and with roars of laughter and moments of real tears, reminisced about them. This was the night we got caught in the mud and they had to haul us out with ropes—see? This was the time all my clothes fell apart with mildew when I took 'em out of the suitcase and I had to give my show in a raincoat I borrowed from a sergeant. See that kid there—the one on the end? He wrote an awfully good song—I sang it for them when I gave a show at his camp...

Betty talks about that trip to entertain the men at war on the strange islands of the Pacific as though it was the greatest adventure of her life, as though they'd done her a favor to let her go, as though she could never get over the things she'd seen and done. And every once in a while she looks up and you find that her brown eyes are full of tears and she says with a gulp, "They were so swell. Honest, they were so wonderful. Not a squawk, always seeing the funny side of everything. I knocked myself out trying to give them as good shows as possible but no matter how much you did you never felt it was enough."

The second thing that surprised me about Betty Hutton was a sort of guilelessness. You would, in a way, expect Betty Hutton, who was a terrific stage sensation on Broadway before she became a big time movie star, who's been in show business all her life, to be maybe a little—hard-boiled, sophisticated, worldly. I don't mean to imply that Betty doesn't know her way around in this great big world, because she certainly does, but she is basically one of those naive and trusting souls who believes the best of everybody, gets her feelings badly hurt if a pal lets her down, and pours herself out with joy and gladness and if a few of (Continued on page 66)
Surprise Ending
All Hollywood has been wondering about Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, but it took another Parsons scoop to get the answer to the puzzle.

If all love stories came out the same way, I think I'd stop writing and go into something exciting like the grocery business.

Now take John Hodiak, tall, dazzling smile, eyes with the warmth of sunshine. Mix him with Anne Baxter, tip-tilted nose, the coolness of a girl whose beauty and wit never has failed her.

A romance story you can tell the ending of from the beginning?

Hollywood thought so. I thought so. Six months ago John and Anne were everywhere together. There was a glow on their faces that neither vitamins, exercise nor lots of sleep can manufacture.

As suddenly John and Anne were no longer constant companions—or even casual. To everyone who knew them it seemed obvious that Anne had given John up and that whatever happens to hearts when they're supposed to be broken was happening to John's heart.

Then, just a few weeks ago, they were together again, John and Anne, and for anyone who cared to look, John's heart was again in his eyes. And in Anne's there was once more that glow.

So obviously, a romance that began and then had paused, had gained new strength; love, tested through separation, was proving greater than any doubts, questions, reasoning.

Now Anne has talked to me about herself and John. In fact I am the first to ask her direct questions on this subject and to get direct answers.

Let me tell you what she had to say about this love story with an ending so different it even surprised this veteran of a score of Hollywood years.

When Anne came into my house wearing a smart, but plainly tailored, brown suit with a brown hat and veil, she looked not so much like an actress as a senior at finishing school. I thought to myself, "What is it about you that gets 'em and keeps 'em?"

Certainly she is not a woman's idea of a femme fatale. There is nothing of the obvious siren about her. Nor is she the other extreme—the clinging vine. To the naked eye of even the most smitten of her admirers she must seem what she is—a nice girl of a good family.

And yet—there is something about Anne. Perhaps an aloofness, an air of touch-me-not. Perhaps that is what does it. A connoisseur of women (Rudolph Valentino) told me once long ago, "Men fall most deeply in love with women who do not return their love."

When I asked her whether she was going to marry John Hodiak, there was no indecision in her reply. "I like John, like him a lot. But I have no intention of marrying him—now or ever."

She was sipping coffee because she drinks coffee any hour of the day or night to soothe her nerves, much as a cocktail puts the tired business man back on his feet after a trying day.

She has a beautiful mouth. It is strong and curves slightly when she smiles and her smile is her loveliest expression.

She smiled now as she added, "I am only twenty-two. It is silly for me to talk of marriage until I know I am in love—and so far I never have been."

"But you split with John," I persisted, "and then made up. Wasn't that because you missed him, because you really like him?"

"Of course I like him," she said quickly, "but not enough—to marry him."

"Perhaps you are like your grandfather," I said, thinking of Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the greatest architects who ever lived and whose love life was blazoned in the newspapers years ago. He has been a gentleman who believes in living his life as he sees fit and who hasn't always seen eye to eye with the conformists.

"I'd like to be like him," Anne laughed, "but I guess I'm too conventional."

There is a feeling of luxury and well being behind all of Anne's words. Because she has known no other, it is a background she takes for granted. I contrasted that with what I knew of the (Continued on page 69)
She’s the reason beaches are beautiful

— this Esther Williams of the streamlined sparkle and the natural warmth...

by Susan Peters

My Hollywood Friends

Decoration for a patio—Esther Williams, of “Easy To Wed”

We who are on the sidelines, watching Susan Peters’s great fight back to health and happiness, are proud to play a part in the opening of another door in her talented life—that of author. This is the second in the series in which Susan talks intimately about the people she knows in Hollywood.

— The Editors

As my first journalistic effort, in last month’s Photoplay, I had the pleasant task of photo-typing Van Johnson. That called for the feminine angle. In all fairness I should let my husband do the honors on Esther Williams, but then I’m the one who started this.

Esther Williams, as you know, is bathing suit spelled backwards, sideways, upside down or in Hindustani. You might call Esther the female counterpart of Van in that she has the same effect on men that Van has on the girls, to wit: All the swooning isn’t being done on the distaff side this season. They’ve both had the proverbial “meteoric” rise to fame and the effect has been the same on both of them. They haven’t changed a bit.

Esther is what you might call startling. Everything she says or does seems spontaneous—like the first blast from a radio after it warms up. This trait is a fault in most people—they speak before they think. The surprising thing about Esther is that her every word or action is an honest sounding board for her true character. No pretense, no lily gilding. She is what she is—and that’s plenty.

The first time I met Esther was one crack of dawn in 1941. I was sitting in the M-G-M make-up department with my eyes half shut and she was in the next chair with her eyes wide open. I don’t like much of anything that early in the morning, most of all talking. Esther perks that early in the morning, and talks.

“Hello,” she said, “my name’s Williams. I’m being made up for a test for a Hardy picture.”

Susan: (icy) “So am I.”

Esther: (gayly) “What’s your name?”

Susan: (growling) “Peters—and I have to wear a bathing suit and I don’t like me in bathing suits—except when I’m swimming.”

Esther: (sweetly) “I don’t know why. I should think you’d look wonderful in a bathing suit.”

Susan: (almost nicely) (Continued on page 92)
Faith girl: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's lovely star, Susan Peters
There are four Jennifers and all of them arresting—but the wonder comes when you add them up together.

By Maxine Arnold

To really know Jennifer Jones is to know the four Jennifers—the little girl, the woman, the mother and the star. There is the child-like faith of "Bernadette," the sentiment of "Love Letters" and the emotional fire of the half-breed gun-girl in David O. Selznick's "Duel In The Sun.

She's a combination of the little girl who once never wanted to grow up and the girl who later wanted to grow up very fast, to become sophisticated; something which until now she could never convincingly be.

This was her dream when she sighed away long afternoons in her father's theater in Tulsa, Oklahoma, watching Joan Crawford and spent hours at home before a mirror husking her voice into Sylvia Sidney's low tones. She wanted to do dramatic things, to slink and sob and stir the soul. This is the Jennifer who, when being interviewed at Republic Pictures the first time for a horse opera, draped herself dramatically over the office chair and lowered her voice a la Crawford for a scene from "The Shining Hour." Which prompted a confused studio executive to say when signing her, "You—er—seem to have two voices. It's the voice you're using now that I want you to use."

Bernadette is growing up in many ways now. She still believes miracles happen, but now she wants to know how and why. She's eager to catch up on everything she's missed. To meet interesting, famous people she hasn't known. To learn foreign languages, political history and even how to cook a steak, which she's never successfully been able to do. She has become more poised and self-confident, dresses fashionably and is socially sought after by the elitest elite.

Yet for the most part, she is still the Jennifer who came to Hollywood with her fingers crossed, (Continued on page 86)
A dynamic dryad, a believer in miracles—Jennifer Jones of Selznick's "Duel In The Sun"
HE'S an attractive kid... nice smile... I'd say he would make a very good light comedian... Should do well in musicals... Has a nice little voice and is obviously built for dancing.

That, dear Ladd fans, is what old Know-it-all Janis said about your hero nine years ago after seeing him in a performance given by one of those schools where stage-struck kids go to master the tricks of Thespis!

I met The Ladd after the show. His eyes were drenched with dreams of the future and his heart was right behind his smile. I liked the name—Alan Ladd. "Great for the marquee," I told him—and added, "I'll be watching for it."

I had quite a wait but every now and then I'd read something about him. The first item which impressed me was that Sue Carol had signed him up. Sue Carol was a fairly successful little dancing ingenue, who for some strange reason had become an actors' agent. Of course, there was nothing strange about her wanting to manage Alan Ladd. I thought what a cute song and dance team they would make. Maybe she was going back to dancing? She was certainly too pretty to be sitting around producers' offices, trying to sell the looks and talents of others.

The next time I read about Alan Ladd, he had married his manager, Sue Carol. Not a bad approach, I admitted. Sign them up first and then marry them. A pity though for any young leading man to marry, I thought—then, realized that I was thinking of another generation where the marriage of a star was concealed like a birthmark.

A couple of years tore past. Then I started seeing the name "Alan Ladd" not only on the marquees but in columns, trade papers and the advertisements of that aforementioned school for hope-to-be-hams. Bent on seeing how my "light comedian with a nice little voice" was fulfilling my earlier prediction, I went to see "This Gun For Hire." If you saw it, you have had your laugh on me. I shivered, thrilled and cried right along with all the rest of the gals.

My tears were shed mostly for the studio, which permitted a character like the one that guy Alan Ladd made live to be killed off. He could still be hiring his gun out at a much higher fee in a different country every six months.

Anyway, I became a Ladd fan, wired for sound. The thing that puzzled me most was—where did that voice come from? The same slight built-for-dancing chassis—and out comes a speaking voice, which must make every Orson Welles lend a quizzical ear. It couldn't be the Army (which I (Continued on page 89)
Ever hear Ladd sing? Ever see him dance? Clear away the gun smoke and prepare yourself for an eye-opener

Alan edits his own film—is an avid take-movies-at-home fan

Double take—Wife Sue and little daughter Alana pose for papa’s camera. “How about me?” quacks the duck
It's a melody meant for two—
a hard-earned dream with a happiness dividend for Cornel Wilde and his Pat

BY SARA HAMILTON

They once dashed off for a beach stay—let their house go empty

Avid sportsman—and a good sport. Pat joins Cornel in one of his favored pastimes—surf-fishing
She was a model when he first saw her on the street and followed her. They ate fish on due bills those first lean months.

The over-all picture of a man's personality, the understanding of what makes him tick and go, cannot be obtained from a short visit or even a casual acquaintance. Like the jumbled pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, it rounds out and takes form through the years as each piece is fitted into the pattern.

With Cornel Wilde the pieces began to fall into place some five years ago. A knife, a fork, a spoon became part of the pattern. Or at least they showed plainly the impulsiveness that is so much a part of him. Once the knife and fork and spoon belonged to Cornel. They—and the rest of the set—are now ours. Ours for fifteen dollars, the price set by Cornel himself.

He came one day to our home with a chest of silver under his arm.

"Are you sure, Cornel, you want to sell this silver?" we asked.

"Yes, my wife's parents sent us a set of fine silver, so we really don't need this."

Realizing the money was probably a momentary need, for this was long before his success, we tried to hint that one could somehow survive a fifteen dollar crisis without sacrificing one's needed possessions. Impulsively, Cornel ignored hints and was sure he'd never regret the sale.

He does. That he unhesitatingly says so testifies to his readiness to express regret over an impulsive act. But it doesn't stop him from going right on leaping into one thing after another.

"We're moving again," he'd tell us back in those pre-Chopin days when things were thin and meager for the Wildes.

"Not again!" we'd protest. "But you just bought that wicker furniture for $95 (a big sum in those days). Thought you were going to stay settled for awhile—at least until you found a permanent home.

Two beautiful people—he's dark, she's blonde, look alike in spite of that, have similar temperaments.

Man of many talents—Cornel, starring soon in "Centennial Summer," often paints as a hobby.
Whether fishing or acting he’s a hard and conscientious worker, this erstwhile Aladdin of “A Thousand And One Nights”.

home.” And then we’d all laugh resignedly.

Yes, it did look as though Cornel and Pat (blonde and lovely Patricia Knight) had a perfect mania for buying and selling. Maybe, their friends would remark, they should forget about pictures and make a furniture broker of Cornel. Yet what could they do? Because they couldn’t afford to go to a regular furniture store and select everything at once, from divan to washing machine, they would pick up a piece here, a piece there, within their means. Often these things wouldn’t jibe with what they would have to buy later when they moved and so the merry business went on. It must have been wearing and tiring and seemingly without destination. It gave them some laughs, though, at themselves, as well as the decorative misfits they managed to acquire.

But here is the catch. Cornel is still “in the furniture business,” so to speak. Success full upon him, the moving, buying, selling, exchanging, coming, going, goes right on. Especially the moving.

“There’s no use in showing me the house you’ve taken in the canyon,” a close friend told him a year or so ago.

“You won’t like it and you can’t sell me on the idea that you will.”

In vain Cornel tried to convince his friend it was the place at last for him and Pat. “Look up at those stars,” Cornel insisted. “And the moon over the hill.”

“You can see the stars from down on Wilshire Boulevard where you belong. And you can see the moon, too. I tell you you won’t like it. Not one bit.”
They match their many moods—here it's youthful rollicking.

Cornel laughed. But in three weeks he and Pat had bade adieu to the canyon home and spent the summer at the beach while the lease ran its course—an extravagance that seemed to worry them not at all.

Even now they have bought a new home—their twelfth move in five years, and are preparing for more of the same—coming, going, buying, selling, moving.

Why? Well, for two reasons mainly. First because Cornel's restless nature keeps him on the move and because, through a geographical accident of birth he's unable to escape that which he seeks to escape. His Hungarian mind, at times heavy and moody, will never quite permit him to put completely behind him the almost savage cruelty of past years of poverty, fear and humiliation. It stalks him even as he goes from one place to another, to shore vacations, to mountain places, to New York, to still another house.

It was the kind of unhappiness books are written around, with Pat, lovely, blonde and fragile, taking a job in the chorus of a New York show when Cornel was jobless, so that he need not relinquish his search for work in the theater. And Pat in the throes of a breakdown from overwork and heartsickness over their plight. And eventually losing the child they were planning for.

Instead of seeking the companionship of others during these long, tragic months, they'd stay home, day in and day out. Sometimes they wouldn't even answer the telephone. It was pretty bad, all (Continued on page 102).
Mythical Maria

Profiled with roses—Maria Montez, starring in "Tangier"

It's written in the stars that theirs is a lasting love.
Bagdad beauties and fabulous queens are the Montez mirage. Here is the real Maria

BY DIANE SCOTT

LIKE the Bagdad beauties in whose filmy garb she’s risen to fantastic film fame, Maria Montez has veiled the real Montez under a mythical personality that goes with the Arabian princesses, the cobra women and queens of the Nile.

The haughty-appearing actress who ran up a reputation as a flashy phony with queenly manners and explosive outbursts is a legendary lady. As much so as the screen Montez who walks beside panthers in jungles, rides white horses and rubs magic lamps.

She’s the result of a puzzled Dominican girl, beautiful but without acting experience, who arrived unnoticed in Hollywood and realized that she would have to be spectacular if she opened any magic doors for keeps. To out-Hollywood Hollywood. Which she did.

This is the mythical Maria. A Montez mirage.

Remove the veils and you’ll find the devoutly religious girl who dislikes parties and prays nightly before a lighted candle on the mantel of her bedroom to the little figure of San Antonio to help her get the things she wants. “He’s the one Maria has a deal with,” Jean Pierre teases her.

The real Montez is a very intelligent young woman, a student of theology, who’s now keeping the oil burning at three a.m. working on a novel called “Reunion In Lillith,” the story of a girl who works to discover the key to God.

A far cry from the veiled beauty is the girl who frankly idolizes her dashing Jean Pierre and watches with motherly concern over the three sisters for whom she sent to come live with her. The same Maria who shares the billowing at home—and gladly—with the three sisters and four cats, including “Gallante,” “the gentleman cat who turned out to be a mother.” (Continued on page 81)
Navy with winged feet: Lieut. (j.g.) Gene Kelly last seen in "Anchors Aweigh"
Topside, portside—it's all sunnyside up for

Gene Kelly who rides the tides unchanged from

the guy who taught dancing in Pittsburgh

Starboard Bound

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

I
New York one morning a few months ago Lieutenant.
(j.g.) Gene Kelly was having breakfast in a Chock
Full o' Nuts when a waitress suddenly tapped him on
the shoulder.
"Say," she said. "You're Gene Kelly, aren't you?"
Kelly looked up at her. "Nah," he said. "Kelly?
Who's he?"
"Gene Kelly, the dancer, of course."
"Gene Kelly, the dancer!" he said indignantly. "What
would he be doing in this uniform?" He dismissed the
idea with a contemptuous wave of his hand. "They're
all sissies, those dancers." He paused for a moment and
then, in a confidential voice, said, "You know something,
though? Lots of people tell me I look like Gene Kelly.
Yeah, lots of people."

Now, such stories about movie stars are not espe-
cially novel. Nor, in most instances, are they especially
true either. In the first place, movie stars don't usually
patronize such unglamorous places as Chock Full o'
Nuts. In the second, if they do, they are not likely to
kid around with waitresses. In the third (and this is
awfully important) they are only too happy to acknowl-
dge their identity. Not hide their light in any bushel.
In Kelly's case, however, the story is gospel rather than
the apocryphal product of a press agent on the lookout
for the human-interest angle.

Although he is now, on the strength of his miracu-
losely versatile performance in "Anchors Aweigh,"
one of Hollywood's most valuable male commodities,
Gene Kelly is not appreciably changed from the way
he was, say, ten years ago. His behavior in New York,
for example, is marked by no more ostentation than it
was in the hungry days when he was a chorus boy in
"Leave It To Me." He puts up at the modest Algonquin
rather than the gleaming Waldorf. He does his drinking
amid the earthily conviviality of Louis Bergen's some-
what aromatic saloon on West 45th Street rather than
in the scented glitter of the Stork. He eats his meals at
either Chock Full o' Nuts, Bergen's, the Algonquin or
a hamburger stand on Eighth Avenue (which he iden-
tifies merely as "that real dirty place"); rather than
at "21."

"Please believe me," he says, jutting his chin for-
ward. "I enjoy those chocolate (Continued on page 68)
THE big man in the burnt cork sat nervously twisting a black derby in his efficient-looking hands. At regular five-minute intervals he snatched a turnip watch from his pocket in a vest that was plaided violently in shocking pink.

It was March 23, 1945 and Jack Carson was becoming a father for the second time. At that particular moment he could easily have wrung the hand of the guy who once opined, "Nothing is born without pain." Jack was having a tough time of it.

The enormity of the moment engulfed him. His palms were damp; his lips uncomfortably dry. He revolved on his vertebrae under the suspicious scrutiny of the other expectant male parents in the hospital Fathers' Room.

If he'd forgotten about his incongruous get-up it was only because of the frighteningly fast way things happen in Hollywood. Twenty minutes before he'd been rehearsing his "Solid Citizen Of The Solid South" number on a Warners sound stage for "The Time, The Place And The Girl." Then the starting gun had sounded, via a hasty phone call, and he'd broken his previous speed record in getting to the maternity ward.

The other men shot him a second disapproving look. "I—I'm an actor," Jack explained apologetically to the fathers-to-be and they stopped staring long enough for him to rub most of the tell-tale cork from his big, unhappy face.

Swiveling the spotlight onto himself has never been one of Jack Carson's favorite tricks. But his main concern that day was not for himself, but for Kay, his wife, and for the smaller Carson character who was emerging into a new and wonderful world.

To pin a "simple and shy" label on a guy who packs a solid 200 pounds on his six-foot-two frame seems a little incongruous. But to be factual about it, Jack Carson is a shy and simple kind of guy.

True enough, years back when he was relegated to the realm of guys who periodically and cinematically lost Ginger Rogers to other men, Jack was just the Joe

Family man Jack has fun with Jackaboy and Kay. He had an eye on her a year before he had nerve enough to say so.
Carson, of the big heart,
of the level head—of the "look at life
and laugh" theory

BY MICKELL NOVAK

Jerk of RKO pictures. New to Hollywood, not sure of
what was expected of him, he acted the J. J. role off-
screen, too. His bulky frame with the rolling gait
became a familiar sight on the lot. His hat brim was
perennially pushed up college-wise in front. His gum-
chomping jaws worked monotonously and thoroughly
twenty-four hours a day.

But those who knew him "when" and still count him
among their friends know that Jack Carson was no more
Joe Jerk then than he is today. He was just a big
scared kid from Wisconsin, who finally made the grade
in show business, his first, last and only true love.

He's still scared. He has a quick tongue and a quicker
wit and he works them both overtime when he gets the
shakes or is hurt. But his is just the common or garden
variety of defense.

Proof of this particular shy pudding comes from Mrs.
Carson who canaried on Jack's air show as Kay St.
Germaine for a whole year. They'd been married quite
a while before Jack confessed (Continued on page 70)
Biggest event: In Margaret's life, was being made “Princess White Little Flower” by the Shoshones of Wyoming, recently—wearing a feather war-bonnet bigger than she was and sitting through a rain and hail storm while the tribe trotted out its best ceremonial dances in Margaret's honor.

Event which impressed her not all: Lining up with Bergman, Crosby et al to receive her Oscar as the Best Child Performer of '44, which, after all, is just part of the year's work for an actress.

Unconscious event: Occurred in the maternity division of a Los Angeles hospital, January 15, 1937, to interested spectators, Gladys and Larry O'Brien, with Margaret not yet registering. Mother was formerly a dancer, known as Gladys Flores, and aunt, Marissa Flores, is a dancer currently under contract to Metro.
Snapshot snippings to reveal

the wonders of the littlest best—

cover girl, Margaret O'Brien

Favorite color scheme: Pink and white and blue. F'rinstance, her portable dressing room at Metro, which has a peppermint circus-top ceiling, blue calico walls and divan, white circus horses for lampstands and white butterfly knobs on the blue bookcases.

Personal color scheme: Dark brown pigtails, the biggest gold-brown eyes and the smallest red mouth on the screen and skin like the pearly inside of a sea shell.

Most feminine trait: A great awe and admiration for Clark Gable. On the occasion of their broadcast together, Clark spent a half hour getting chummy before they went into rehearsals (which bodes all right for the Feminine Wiles department, too!)

Favorite fault: Not picking up scattered toys, books and what not, in her own bedroom— (Continued on page 94)
It took Johnny Coy two years to conquer Hollywood. Johnny, being a modest boy, isn’t at all sure he has made the conquest. Under pressure he’ll admit that the going is beginning to look pretty good. The signs are unmistakable. Even a fellow with a dire inferiority complex has to sit up and take notice when the fan mail begins to pile in.

Johnny is sitting up, but he would be the last one to say he is sitting pretty. He’s got a lot of work ahead, a lot of serious, grinding work. He doesn’t mind that. In fact he is jumping at it. He’s jumping because, first of all, a dancer with Johnny’s vitality just naturally jumps at the drop of a hat, and second, because he knows that his chance has come and he wants to climb up there with everything he has.

To speak of Johnny as having “conquered” Hollywood may sound premature. The facts, though, are otherwise. Six months ago he was knocking his brains out, (which in a dancer means he was dancing his head off) on his routines for “Bring On The Girls” and “Duffy’s Tavern.” When the pictures were released his dancing attracted attention but nobody knew who he was. The few letters that came into the studio asked in effect, “Who was that sailor who did the dance in ‘Bring On The Girls’?” Or what’s the name of the fellow who did the dance number in “Duffy’s Tavern”? The trouble was Johnny’s name didn’t click with the public because he had no definable part in either picture, no role in which he could be identified from the cast. Even among the studio-wise newspaper and magazine writers in Hollywood the name of Johnny Coy meant little or nothing.

Then Paramount loaned Johnny to Universal for two pictures, one of them was “That’s The Spirit,” and when it was released the fans who had seen Johnny in the earlier films and wondered who he was, knew. Teamed with Peggy Ryan he had an acting job to do in addition to his dancing. It was easy to spot him. The resultant fan mail was a surprise to Johnny and a bombshell to Paramount executives. The latter woke up to (Continued on page 80)
He's a Montreal special—Johnny Coy, whose Highland Fling flung him all the way to Hollywood

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

Kitchen snitching is the extent of his culinary efforts.

Tennis expert. You're seeing him in "Duffy's Tavern"

Now appearing in "On Stage Everybody"—has three younger sisters, three older. Sister Milly lives with him.
Wouldn’t it be fun if Mr. S. Claus left these

For Bing Crosby—
Another pipe—making his pipe-collection reach the high point of 601!

For Gail Russell—
A shot of Adrenalin!

For Walter Pidgeon—
Another pinstripe suit—because he wears them so well

For Betty Grable and Harry James—
A boy-baby, which they’d both dearly love

For Frank Sinatra—
A miniature juke box to add to his hoard of music boxes

For Van Johnson—
A real romance instead of all those flashes-in-the-columns

For Robert Mitchum—
A new picture every week—as a present to us, not to him

For Trigger—
A super-scented bale of hay, tied up with an out-sized Christmas ribbon
ANTICS

specials in the stockings of his Hollywood clients?

For Jimmy Stewart—
A bunch of bananas and ten loaves of bread—to add forty pounds to his laikier-than-ever frame

For Gary Cooper—
Two dozen automobile trips across the desert; his pet peace-time pastime

For John Dall—
A set of tie, socks and handkerchief—that all match! (Just for a change, John—though Santa likes you just as you are!)

For Ginger Rogers—
A skull cap—and no tassles, pompoms or ribbons, please!

For Deanna Durbin—
A carton of chewing gum—her favorite between-shots occupation

For June Allyson—
Five more of her favorite things in life: Those chic dressy suits

For Hurd Hatfield—
A new car for him to dent, bump and smash until it looks just like his old one!

For John Hodiak—
His heart’s desire: A wedding to a wonderful girl

By Soklar
**By Cameron Shipp**

A n excellent picture called "You Came Along" revealed that Pro-ducer Hal B. Wallis had picked for himself a very neat apple in the person of an ash-blonde girl called Lizabeth Scott. He plucked her, practically, from an upper on the Super Chief as she was getting out of Hollywood for good, muttering unmuffled imprecations upon the moronic ingratitude of an industry that did not appreciate her.

Still suspicious and inclined to claw in self-protection, Miss Scott was thrust into "You Came Along" and emerged a star. Fan mail is now inundating her like frantic answers to a "housework wanted" advertisement.

She has been compared with Lauren Bacall. That's one we can dispose of briskly. Lizabeth resembles Lauren precisely to the extent that both of these lovely girls, by astonishing coincidence, possess equal numbers of eyes, legs and arms. They have low voices. So, for that matter, has Lawrence Tibbett.

Lizabeth lives in a small apartment with no telephone. She ignores the folk-ways of Hollywood and has rejected the friendly overtures of the community, such as, specifically, binges at night clubs and dates with wolves.

It's no good, so far. With only one starring role to her credit and with no social record at all in this factory town where rumors are epidemic, Lizabeth is as unrevealed, actually, as Gypsy Rose Lee in an 1890 bathing suit. It will take time. As a matter 'of fact, the impact of this girl's personality is as sudden as a storm and as complex as a love affair.

She is, to begin with, a lot more pumpkins than you see on screen. Her cheek bones are high, her eyes wide, her complexion rich cream. She can wear a sweater and does. Any male with reasonable eyesight observes that she is smick-smack. Her eyebrows are uneven. Her

She took piano for eight years—now plays for amusement. A girl whose name she
voice is not husky, but authentic contralto. She squeezes her eyes tight when she says something important and makes a fist. She releases the tension with a laugh—laughing at herself, as likely as not. She talks fast, enjoying the sound of words and reaching for words with color in them.

She invites exploration but challenges you to find your way. She opens doors, then slams them.

Her twenty-third birthday, September 29, Lizabeth celebrated by hurrying to make-up, to wardrobe, to rehearsal, to tests and to conferences in preparation for her co-starring role with Barbara Stanwyck in Mr. Wallis's "Love Lies Bleeding." In this she has the part of a girl named Toni, described by Lizabeth as a "vixen with a heart of gold." She and Miss Stanwyck have only one scene together. Each plays her role opposite men. The chances are excellent that the interesting (Continued on page 95)
IF YOU WERE FRANK

The two Nancys—at the back of the house the Voice bought

IF you were a house guest of the Frank Sinatras, you'd be in for a handful of delightful surprises—and our first advice to you would be, "Forget any impression you've ever had about Frankie. Forget bobby-sox. Forget 'overnight' success—for-get everything!" You'll see why for yourself.

Let's say it's late Sunday morning as you drive up the tree-lined country road toward "Warm Valley," the name of the Sinatra house—which is in the Toluca Lake district of San Fernando Valley. You'd pull up in front of a rose-beige stucco Mediterranean house, two stories high and spread across the width of its lot. Before the house, screening its lower floor from the street, is a high rose-beige stucco wall with a white circular wooden gate set into its center—and since the gate is locked, you'd ring the bell beside it. Once John, the courteous colored butler, had let you in, you'd find yourself standing in a sun-soaked flagged patio with a fountain in the middle of it. You'd cross this behind John and he'd usher you into one of the most charming homes you'd ever set foot in. You'd remember suddenly that the Sinatras only just finished completely doing it over—and that it was formerly owned by Mary Astor.

But you'd get only the briefest glimpse of its coolness and beauty before John had whisked you through it and onto the sloping back lawn, which sinks down to the edge of Toluca Lake itself—with its rippling water dotted with gaily flagged floats, skimming sailboats, fishermen

Musical nursery—the toys play gay tunes for little Nancy and Frank Jr.

The perfect setting for a perfect hostess—Nancy in the lovely living room
You’d hear sweet music, see colorful comfort and have a jam session with the neighborhood kids.

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

SINATRA’S HOUSE GUEST

sitting in rowboats pulling bass from the lake’s depths and with patches of water lilies decorating the opposite shore. Sitting watching this panorama over his late Sunday breakfast is Frank himself, at a bright green umbrella-table set high on the lawn next to the house. At sight of you, he jumps up and greets you hilariously, his eyes more blue than you remembered against his tanned face, and his brown hair short-cropped and curly above it. He’s dressed in casual brown slacks, a blue shirt with its collar open and its sleeves rolled loosely below his elbows and his quick feet are slid into moccasins.

“John, could you bring more coffee?” he suggests to the butler as you sit down at the table beside him—and (Continued on page 84)

Fresh flowers for the dining room which looks out over Toluca Lake.

Pause for reflection—Frank, starred in “Anchors Aweigh,” in the patio of his home.
Robert Alda—ironic brown eyes, wavy black hair and the infectious grin

Joan and Bob who first met in a delicatessen—have been married eleven years

DISCOVERY IN "Blue"

Or Robert Alda, 165 pounds of perpetual motion—the man whose Gershwin made history—and Alda

BY HARRIET EATON
WHEN "Rhapsody In Blue" finally opened in New York City, fifteen months after it was finished, the theater ushers couldn't help noticing the small middle-aged woman who sat in the same seat day after day, watching the screen with unchanging pride and eagerness. They also noticed the bulging purse she carried. But they never found out who she was—Mrs. D'Abruzzo, mother of the picture's star Robert Alda. And they never found out what was in her overflowing purse—letters from dozens of Robert Alda's relatives in the Armed Forces all over the world, who had seen the picture in Africa, Germany, Italy, England and all the islands in the Pacific months before his own mother could see it in the United States. And months before the rest of America saw it.

What America saw was a new star in the making—Robert Alda—a young man with ironic brown eyes, wavy black hair and a grin as infectious as a song. Mr. Alda is five-feet-ten-inches, 165 pounds of perpetual motion—both in his personality and in his personal history. There is nothing he hasn't done—and there's almost nothing he isn't doing right this minute!

For instance, right now he may be carrying on his farmer's life in California—which would make any normal farmer turn white overnight. Overnight, you see, is when Bob does most of his chores. If there is a row of trees to chop down, he drives his yellow roadster up to the scene of action, turns on his headlights—and chops all night long until the last tree has crashed to the ground. "You get two days' work done in one night's time," is his explanation.

Or take the wallpaper sequence: One Friday afternoon he decided that three of his farmhouse rooms could do with some repapering. At once he set out to buy paper, paste and brushes; and at ten o'clock that night (after a leisurely dinner) he set to work, aided by his brother-in-law and a farm worker. The three men worked all night long and all the following day until five-thirty in the afternoon. Then they slept for five hours, rose again and worked from ten Saturday night until six o'clock Sunday morning. By that time the three men were finished—(Continued on page 88)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I think it is a great privilege, indeed, to have the opportunity to seek advice from someone who tries as sincerely as you do to be of real help.

Here is my problem. I am now twenty-eight. I graduated from grammar school at thirteen and went to work to help my family. I am engaged to marry a fine man of thirty, who is now in the armed forces. Once when he and I were casually discussing education and I mentioned how important I consider it, he said he was graduated from high school, naming the school, and asked me where I had earned my diploma. I mentioned a school nearby to save my pride. Deep within me I harbor a feeling of inadequacy because I really can't boast of a diploma. By working hard, saving and studying whenever I had a minute, I have now amassed enough money to secure a college education and I know that I can pass the entrance exams because I have prepared for them.

Miss Colbert, my fiance will soon be returned from Europe; he is planning to marry me and to establish a home. Should I sacrifice a home and children—the very things a woman lives for with the man she loves—in favor of a university education which I feel would greatly enrich my life?

Eleanor G.

Dear Miss G:
I agree wholeheartedly with you that education enriches life. However, in the gentlest way possible, I must disagree with your interpretation of education.

I think you have been making yourself miserable by telling yourself that an educated person is only one who has attained, first a high school diploma, then a university degree. Yet, in the history of America, some of the most "educated" speeches ever made, that is the most timeless, the most significant, the most humanitarian, were made by a man who did sums on the back of a coal shovel, and studied his lessons alone before a fireplace: Abraham Lincoln.

One of my favorite definitions is this: An educated human being is one who has never stopped learning. Bearing in mind that description, I would say that you are a well educated person.

When your fiance comes back tell him about your educational background. Explain to him your desire for more education. I am sure he will admire you more for this eagerness. Then marry and have children. Continue your reading and your already horizon-expanding study . . . but forego formal university training. At the present time, I feel certain that you are ready to begin the training of children who will grow up to be assets to the community in which they live—just as you are.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
My mother is American and my father is Chinese and we live in a small town. There aren’t any other Chinese-American children in the class and the American children don’t seem to want to associate with me. They don’t criticize me or say anything unpleasant to my face—they simply leave me out of their groups.

I really have swell parents, we have a nice car and we are building a home in one of the best sections of town, but still I don’t click. I’m not bad looking and my mother buys nice clothes for me, yet I don’t get by. I can’t understand why I can’t make friends.

Helen Y.

Dear Miss Y:
I wish you had told me whether you have always lived in this town, or only recently moved there. I assume the latter, for if you had grown up with the other children, I’m sure there would be no feeling of strangeness between you and your classmates.

However, if you are new in town, you are simply going through the usual experience of strangers in a new locale. Don’t let it bother you. It will be easy to make friends, if you don’t worry about it too much.

The first step is to make a friend of each of the girls who sits next to you in class. And don’t say that you’ve tried. Perhaps you haven’t tried in the right way. When one wears a new dress, or a new sweater, or has her hair a new way—comment on it favorably.

If you are having trouble with some subject, ask one of the girls—who is an excellent student—if she can help you for five minutes some afternoon. Walk down to the drugstore with her and buy her a coke.

Study everything you can about China and the Chinese; know something about Chinese history and philosophy. Be proud of your Asiatic parentage, as you are proud of your Caucasian. You are doubly gifted, because you have inherited the intellectual riches of both the East and the West. You (Continued on page 64)

Photoplay Fashions in color start on page 71
Pin up these Gifts on Your Christmas Shopping List!

FOR YEAR 'ROUND CHEER GIVE RECORDS THIS YEAR

Capitol RECORDS FROM HOLLYWOOD SUNSET AND VINE

New Capitol Phonographs, designed and styled by Hollywood Sound Engineers, and embodying the latest developments in electronics, will offer a thrilling new experience in tonal brilliance, clarity and balance. Ready soon at your favorite record store.

Music for Dreaming, featuring the music of Paul Weston $2.50

Christmas Carols, by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Cowboy Tex Ritter, in favorite Western songs and stories $2.50

King Cole Trio presents eight varied popular selections $2.50

Hawaiian Music in the distinctive Harry Owens manner $2.50

Capitol Sapphire Needle, a thoughtful and practical gift, is guaranteed for finer tone, less record wear and less needle noise. Gives up to 10,000 plays. At your record dealer $2.50 plus tax

Familiar Hymns, sung by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Fibber McGee and Molly in "On the Night Before Christmas" $2.75

The Great Gildersleeve, Hal Peary, tells 3 fairy tales $3.50

Christmas Carols, by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Margaret O'Brien narrates "Two Stories for Children" $2.75

Margaret O'Brien narrates "On the Night Before Christmas" $2.75

Cowboy Tex Ritter, in favorite Western songs and stories $2.50

King Cole Trio presents eight varied popular selections $2.50

Hawaiian Music in the distinctive Harry Owens manner $2.50

Capitol Sapphire Needle, a thoughtful and practical gift, is guaranteed for finer tone, less record wear and less needle noise. Gives up to 10,000 plays. At your record dealer $2.50 plus tax

Familiar Hymns, sung by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Fibber McGee and Molly in "On the Night Before Christmas" $2.75

The Great Gildersleeve, Hal Peary, tells 3 fairy tales $3.50

Christmas Carols, by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Margaret O'Brien narrates "Two Stories for Children" $2.75

Cowboy Tex Ritter, in favorite Western songs and stories $2.50

King Cole Trio presents eight varied popular selections $2.50

Hawaiian Music in the distinctive Harry Owens manner $2.50

Capitol Sapphire Needle, a thoughtful and practical gift, is guaranteed for finer tone, less record wear and less needle noise. Gives up to 10,000 plays. At your record dealer $2.50 plus tax

Familiar Hymns, sung by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Fibber McGee and Molly in "On the Night Before Christmas" $2.75

The Great Gildersleeve, Hal Peary, tells 3 fairy tales $3.50

Christmas Carols, by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Margaret O'Brien narrates "Two Stories for Children" $2.75

Cowboy Tex Ritter, in favorite Western songs and stories $2.50

King Cole Trio presents eight varied popular selections $2.50

Hawaiian Music in the distinctive Harry Owens manner $2.50

Capitol Sapphire Needle, a thoughtful and practical gift, is guaranteed for finer tone, less record wear and less needle noise. Gives up to 10,000 plays. At your record dealer $2.50 plus tax

Familiar Hymns, sung by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Fibber McGee and Molly in "On the Night Before Christmas" $2.75

The Great Gildersleeve, Hal Peary, tells 3 fairy tales $3.50

Christmas Carols, by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers $2.50

Margaret O'Brien narrates "Two Stories for Children" $2.75

Cowboy Tex Ritter, in favorite Western songs and stories $2.50

King Cole Trio presents eight varied popular selections $2.50

Hawaiian Music in the distinctive Harry Owens manner $2.50

Capitol Sapphire Needle, a thoughtful and practical gift, is guaranteed for finer tone, less record wear and less needle noise. Gives up to 10,000 plays. At your record dealer $2.50 plus tax
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62) should be the most interesting girl in your school.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married secretly on January 8, 1943, just four days after my husband was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Force. In any event we kept the marriage secret this: He and I had been in a car smash-up the previous summer and I had suffered a blow over the eyes that rendered me temporarily blind. I recovered gradually so that I can now see with glasses. We had announced our engagement in the spring of 1942, but after my accident A1’s parents disapproved of our marriage. They said it was unfair of A1 to marry me as—if anything happened to him—I would be a responsibility on their old age. Of course, they didn’t think I was going to recover at that time. A1 was shot down in December, 1944, but the fellows at his base wrote saying that they thought A1 might be a prisoner. However, I have never heard a thing from him and neither has his mother, so I am afraid that he was never a prisoner.

My girl friend, who was my maid of honor at our wedding, says that I should announce my marriage to my town and I say that if I ever married again, I would have to tell my second husband that I am a widow; she also says there is some legal question involved in disagree with her.

Would you announce the marriage at this late date if you were I? Belinda P.

Dear Mrs. P:

Probably your girl friend is merely a lover of drama—hence her eagerness to have you announce, so belatedly, your marriage and your widowhood.

The legal question to which she refers is this: When your husband is presumed to be dead by the War Department, his insurance will be paid to the beneficiary named in his government policy. Since your marriage was secret, it is reasonable to presume that his parents were the beneficiaries.

If you do not announce your marriage now, the parents of your husband might conclude that you wished to participate in the insurance payment. To judge by your letter, I would say that you are not at all that sort of person.

It seems that you have nothing to gain by announcing the marriage, and—on the contrary—would be placing yourself in a precarious position. As for revealing the fact of your first marriage to your hypothetical second husband, that should be a proper easily disposed of when the time comes.

So, it seems to me that the secret should be kept—with one exception: Your letter has failed to state whether your own parents know of this marriage or not. I think you should explain the situation to them, but there, the matter should rest.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four, married to a man twenty-six, and we have a daughter, four. We got along fine for our first six months (we have been married five years). Then I began to learn his true character. He gambled so that I had to go to work to pay off his debts, as he had taken company money and he would have gone to jail.

Shirley B.

Dear Shirley:

I wish every girl, tempted to accede to the demands of a wolf, could see your letter. It proves one important point: Men do tell. Not all of them, of course. But it would be a foolish person who counted on the protection of another’s silence.

As for your own present problem: First of all, stop crying. If you shed tears enough to fill the Pacific, the flood tide wouldn’t change anything. Don’t make your mother miserable by causing her to share your burden. You made the mistake, now you must live it down.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married the world’s most wonderful man last December. I had thought at other times I might like that I was in love, but those brief infatuations were not comparable to what I feel for my husband. However, we are frightfully different. I am an American citizen, but I was born in England. I was taught to respect literature and to enjoy the classics.

My husband is the practical type; he claims that poetry doesn’t teach a person anything which he can’t acquire through building a future. As my eyes are weak, he scolds me for reading.

Another point of dissension is the fact that he, another million to earn, whereas I’m still learning. All that my husband has eaten, he owes to my angel cookbook. But I try, really I do.

Now that we are expecting a child, I want all my husband with me and as thrilled as I am, he never discusses it.

I am worried about our marriage because small arguments are as destructive, perhaps even more so, than a long period of time, than one huge quarrel that can be patched up and can be used to intensify love. What can I do to overcome the lack of understanding between us?

Mrs. Sony D.

Dear Mrs. D:

It is probable that, originally, the differences in temperament between your self and your husband were a source of wonder and delight to both of you. However, the discovery of the present man makes us want to make the concessions? Why don’t you try to conform to his ideas? As he is undoubtedly away for many hours each day, you might set aside an hour or even two hours for undisturbed reading of the poetry you love. Touch a book at no other time. By doing that, your reading hours will seem doubly pleasant to you, yet your husband will not be disturbed by them.

Spent the rest of the time learning to cook the dishes his mother excelled in preparing; talk an interest in your husband’s business affairs (if he will let you), and school yourself to avoid sentimental conversation. Many men get to be all work and necks and feet at the mention of other surroundings.

If you try to be like your husband, instead of different from him, you try to conform to his general notions—since he won’t conform to yours, you’ll be able to make your marriage happy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

An old coat to you—Survival to them!

In Europe and in the Far East millions are dreading the winter. Aged farm couples, babies, schoolchildren, the sick, emancipated prisoners of war, living in unheated rooms, ask for things you no longer use—your old coat—baby blankets long stored away—shoes too shabby for you to wear.

Last spring horrified Americans donated old clothes to approximately 25,000,000 people. This winter the need is far greater. The Victory Clothing Collection for overseas relief has set a hundred million garments as its goal. In each community, newspapers and radio stations will announce the collection plans and depots.

Let’s Clean Out Those Closets and Bureaus Now!

since, and I wish I could die. I’m afraid my Mother is going to hear about it and I just couldn’t stand that.

Shirley B.
When Sally came I almost died and so did she. My husband wasn’t even home to take me to the hospital. However, I thought the baby would make a difference in his attitude, but he simply got worse. Finally I had to give up our home, store my furniture and move in with his family.

A woman can take a lot from a man she loves, but when I learned that he was running around, I couldn’t take it. I telephoned this girl and asked if it was true that she was planning to marry him. She said she had no intention of marrying him, that she was just dating him for fun and that he had told her he was single. My husband wouldn’t believe this until she had told him off—plenty. So you see, most women are really fine and decent.

My husband joined the Navy and our final decision was to forget the past. He wrote regularly during boot camp, then stopped, except when he wanted money.

I’ve been working, saving, and putting aside the allotment checks, but his demands for money have grown so great that there isn’t much left. Yesterday he called for more money and I refused, saying that the war is over. He hung up on me and said that was the last I would hear of him. Is any man worth this sort of a life? Do you get letters from other women who have to put up with this sort of thing?

Adelaide M.

Dear Mrs. M:

Yes, I’m sorry to say that I receive a great many letters from women who are patiently enduring all manner of brutality from their husbands. And for what? For the sake of children, usually, or for the sake of appearances, or because our society still views marriage as the only normal state for an adult woman. Sometimes, of course, the wife is still desperately in love with a husband who sounds as if he would be good only for a crocodile dinner.

If your religious beliefs forbid divorce, it would still be possible for you to seek separate maintenance from your husband. You are self-supporting and certainly your life would be happier if you no longer had to suffer the hurt and humiliation heaped upon you by this man.

When a marriage brings happiness, contentment and a sense of fulfillment, it is surely a good marriage. When it supplies you with nothing but misery, it should be terminated—not in divorce, if such a thing is contrary to your ethics, but in separation.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she’ll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

LIKE MARIE McDONALD—

YOU can have “Hands that Delight”.

Have Marie McDonald’s own lovely hand care—Jergens Lotion.

The Stars use Jergens Lotion Hand Care, 7 to 1

NOW MORE EFFECTIVE THAN EVER. Thanks to wartime research, Jergens scientists can now make your Jergens Lotion even finer.

“My hands feel even softer, smoother;”

“Protects longer;” women said after testing. Those 2 skin-smoothing ingredients many doctors use are included in this even finer Jergens Lotion. In the stores now—in the familiar bottle — still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Lovely! None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research
(Continued from page 31) her pearls are cast before swine it doesn’t matter too much.

Betty Hutton climbed like a sky-rocket to stardom while I was living in New York. Being a complete pushover for her type of comedy, I became a double-dyed Hutton fan after seeing "Star-Spangled_Rhine_."

So I was really excited one night at LaRue on the Sunset Strip when I discovered myself at the next table to Miss Hutton, the star, who has been all that I’ve heard. I went over and said that Miss Hutton was wanted on the phone and a voice which increased the hot and cold feeling up and down Betty’s spine asked, "Do you know who this is?"

I couldn’t hear much. But I found myself beaming with pleasure because my favorite comedienne was doing as good a job off the screen as she did on. The table was to a constant roar of laughter.

That was when I determined I had to meet Betty Hutton. And got myself invited to dinner because Betty said she liked my stories and I was a fact here in Chicago. I complimented as I know how to pay her—believed in her sincerity.

The house on the hill was a pretty fantastic affair—at least it seemed much too French and formal for Betty. Also, it was on four floors, climbing up—or down—the hill, and since, due to the usual reasons, there was only one telephone, Betty ran up and down like a rocky mountain goat. But the house brought out the exciting fact that Betty had just bought a house—she only raised the eagle’s nest, as she called it—out in Brentwood, that it was the first thing she ever owned in her whole life except the clothes on her back and the wheels on her car and that she had never been so happy about anything in her life.

"Wait till you see it," she said. "Just wait! It’s the most beautiful house in the world! I’m going over to Eton and had some entertaining for the men over there—think they need it worse now that they aren’t fighting a war, just sitting around waiting—and when I come back, Mama’s going to have the house all ready for me."

Then, you see, she hadn’t even met Ted Briskin, who is now her husband. In fact she said she didn’t think she’d ever get married at all. At least she didn’t have any plans that way.

Her courtship and marriage seem to me the most Huttonesque comedy-drama possible. When she said she was going to marry Briskin, I thought it was joke, the return, I felt that it simply couldn’t have happened any other way.

Miss Hutton left Hollywood for Chicago, New York and overseas, to work at the theater. I fancy she was free. In Chicago, she stayed over a couple of days. When she was headlining at Chicago’s top night spot, Chez Paree, Betty used to go out to a cafe called the Cafe Royale. She was out of the restaurant quite a bit, and never puts on any weight—how could she the way she burns it up? So she took her hairdresser, who was traveling with her, and a gentleman, who is an aid and friend and business associate, and off they went.

While Betty was doing justice to a real Chicago steak she felt that someone was staring at her, not an unusual thing for a lady as well known as Hutton, but this, she said, felt different. This was a personal feeling. Turning around finally she saw two men at an adjoining table and one of them was tall, dark and in her dazzled eyes quite the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life.

Betty’s impulse was to smile at him and say come on over and have a drink. But she remembered she was Betty Hutton and that you really did things like that and after a while the men got up and left. I felt awful," Betty said. "I was furious at myself, I wished I’d never heard of Emily Post or if I had that I’d throw her out the window. I wished I had whipped over and done something about that young man because it isn’t often you see anybody that makes you feel hot and cold like that, but no, there I sat, and let the handsomest man I’d ever seen in my life walk right out of my life. I could have yelled.

Miss Hutton’s father, then, came in and said that Miss Hutton was wanted on the phone and a voice which increased the hot and cold feeling up and down Betty’s spine asked, "Do you know who this is?"

"Yes, oh yes, I do."

"That," the voice said, "I know a lot of people in Chicago and you know a lot of people, we must have one friend in common. Can introduce us I’ve got to meet you. My brother, Phillip, who is with me thinks he knows the man with you. You ask him if he knows Phillip Briskin. And if they get along—"

I turned out her escort did know Phillip Briskin and Phillip’s brother, Ted, the handsome one, and Ted was all for coming back at once and joining them and being introduced by the Emily Post spell again and said, "No, no, the headwaiter and everybody will think you picked me up—I’ll meet you out in twenty minutes, have you got a car?"

In twenty minutes she found out. In fact she said naively, "It’s not right. Nobody as nice as you can have such a beautiful car!"

She felt the same way when she woke up the next morning, having been returned safely to her hotel by Ted Briskin when everyone was up and there was no place they could be together. When he phoned she said she just didn’t believe it. Couldn’t possibly be a respectable—and wealthy—manufacturer of cameras. It was too good to be true. He was probably a gangster or confidence man. Ted said he’d prove it to her. If she’d be dressed in fifteen minutes he would take her out to the factory and show her his name on the door—Theodore Briskin, President, and he would take her through the factory, which he did.

I heard all about it. Betty also got Betty back in time to make the New York train. The following day, Mr. Briskin made a train for New York also and they had two entire weeks in New York, and sailed. In Paris she did her shows until she wore herself down to a state that caused the doctors a good deal of concern and they put them in a bed for a rest. It was then she took a cable saying, "Come home as soon as you can and marry me. You need somebody to look after you."

So Betty took a plane, and they went out to Chicago, and they got married. I’d never lived in the new house and Ted and I moved in together."

Briskin has several factories scattered over the country and is about to start one in Los Angeles—he’ll probably make it his head office.

I asked Betty how she happened to be-
come a comic, at which she’s so good.

Betty looked at her mother, who is as blonde as Betty and quite evidently her favorite person.

"I guess," Betty said, "it was because I had a beautiful sister."

On the mantel was a picture of Betty’s sister Marion. Betty brought it to me.

"Isn’t she beautiful?" she said.

"I was a funny looking kid all right," Betty said. "You know—scrawny and—well, just funny looking. Marion was so beautiful there wasn’t any use competing with her. Nobody ever knew I was on earth. Or if they did they thought I was a blot. If I wanted a beau, I had to do something. So—I was funny. I thought maybe if people had a good time around me it wouldn’t matter that I wasn’t beautiful like Marion. I had to work like a beaver, and Marion just had to be there, but I didn’t mind because she was such an angel, really. Well, it turned out I was pretty funny and so I decided to go on the stage.

Mother and I went to New York—and the rest of that is just like every other success story and I think it’s pretty dull myself. I had some lousy breaks and was broke and didn’t eat and went home twice and finally got a chance and knocked it over and here I am and I still have to work like a beaver where lots of other girls are just beautiful."

"It wasn’t dull," Mrs. Hutton said quietly. "It was exciting and if Betty hadn’t been unconquerable—"

"I know, Angel," Betty said, "but it’s the same old story. It was exciting to you and me because we might starve to death if it came up black, or go places and be a movie star if it came up red, but there isn’t a new gag in it."

You could go on like that for hours about Betty Hutton, but I can sum it up in a few words now. Betty wants to get some roles that give her more scope—not to put aside her comedy, but something with more reality underneath. She thinks—and she is right—that comedy and tragedy are pretty closely mixed up in real life and she’d like a story that mingled them, too. She takes other people seriously—especially their troubles—but never herself.

Sometimes when you meet a person you’ve admired a great deal on the screen, you’re in for a disappointment. Not Betty Hutton. Ask the fighting men. They met her wherever the going was toughest. A one-woman show, pouring out everything she had, doing her stuff at the peak and more. They weren’t disappointed in Betty. I don’t believe she ever disappointed anybody in her life!

The End

Here’s TERRIFIC Team Work

Van Johnson

is always great news!

So is

Adela Rogers St. Johns,

the woman who understands

the human heart.

She gives you the real Van

in a fascinating account

in

February Photoplay

---

GYPSY ROSE LEE

Stage and Screen Star ... says:

"I would no more think of starting the day without using ARRID, than I would think of leaving the house without combing my hair. ARRID is an absolute necessity for well-groomed men and women.

NEW ... a CREAM DEODORANT

which SAFELY

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men’s shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 10¢ and 39¢)

At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

---

67
Kelly and his wife, a pretty redhead who, as Betsy Blair, was in “Panama Hattie” and “The Beautiful People” on Broadway, bear slight resemblance to a typical movie couple. Although she wears a mink coat, she wears bobby socks and saddle shoes with it. Their Friday nights in New York are not spent at vaudeville. They’re very nice about all that at Metro.

At thirty-three, Gene Kelly is quite possibly the youngest performer—if not in years, at least in attitude—working in pictures today. There is about him an air of genuine originality, the wonderment of the childhood, the sad searching loneliness which seeks companionship in the fairyland of the imagination. It is an abiding, cherished faith in make-believe. It is the thing that Chaplin had. It is the steadfast refusal to admit that there is no Santa Claus. When you consider the ones who are so patently youthful, Kelly’s youthfulness becomes all the more striking and unstudied. For all too often the patently youthful ones are really old beyond their years.

On the other hand, there is Kelly and his imagination, which is as big as the world, and is pure childhood and, as such, is just about the nicest thing on the screen today. It is well for all of us that Kelly has had the persistence to induce producers to give his imagination free rein.

When he was a little boy the old “Cover Girl” tried to explain a novel dance idea to one of the executives. “I get in a conflict with my conscience,” he said. “I struggle with my conscience for a moment and then decided to shake my head. ‘So you dance with yourself,’ he said, and turned and walked away.

Fortunately, however, Kelly’s enthusiasm is finally overcome and he makes the high spot in “Cover Girl.” Similarly, the dance which he does with animated cartoons in “Anchors Aweigh” was approved only after Gene had argued fiercely in its behalf.

Kelly is convinced that Hollywood has only begun to explore the possibilities of fantasy. He would like to make some one of the best men. His one feeling for his child actress like Margaret O’Brien. In this he is as much a business man as he is a visionary and, as proof, he points to the enormous popular success, not only of his own numbers, but of practically anything to Disney. As further proof, he could point to the way in which his Challenge and the Mary Pickford unit, she decided to join a road company of “The Glass Menagerie.” She changed her mind, however, when the atom bomb made his trip unnecessary. At the moment he is considering several plays offers to return to Broadway.

Kelly himself would like to get back on Broadway when he is released from the Navy. Metro, for its not entirely unfelt part, is all in favor of this, as indeed, of course, great expectations always wait for the worlds of beauty and culture. It now appears that it might be “Futurosy,” a musical which takes place in the year 2046. It is sheer fantasy, of course, and, as such, Kelly’s dish. His name in the play would be to indicate some concern that it would have some marvelous dancing. Kelly is probably the most accomplished dancer in show business today. He has the ability to convince the audience and, however, he is convinced that any such distinction belongs to Fred Astaire. He looked upon his chance to dance with Astaire in “The Zeigfeld Follies” as the most extravagant compliment ever paid him. Perhaps it is this quality which gives him such understanding of the typical movie fan. He is a man who, for instance, can look at a gosh, a movie actor! That means, as far as they’re concerned, that you got a million bucks and make love to Rita Hayworth every night. Wonderful, Isn’t it?”

Kelly rushed to his hotel a week ago to whom he had just given his autobiography in the lobby of the M-G-M building on Broadway said to Gene, “What’s Rita Hayworth’s worth?”

“Rita Hayworth,” said Gene in a reverent whisper, “is just like your sister.”

A mist came over the boys eyes and for a moment he could not speak. "Don’t be mean about her, Kelly. A lot of people like her, and are people. But all were too much for him and he was going to cry. Kelly turned to his companion. "You see what I mean," he said. "I know Rita should do. She’s a very important girl. Wonderful, isn’t it, being a movie star."
Surprise Ending

(Continued from page 33) struggles of John Hodiak's youth.

"Perhaps your family doesn't approve of John?" I asked, remembering the story I had heard that the elder Wright, upon being told Anne had made up with Hodiak, remarked: "What? That peasant?"

"That's ridiculous," Anne replied and her eyes flashed with the first strong emotion she had shown. "I have met John's family and they are charming, warm people. My parents know John and like him. Because we were born in different walks of life wouldn't make one bit of difference if I were ready to marry. But you see," she remarked with a return to her hitherto unruffled poise, "I'm not."

"Unlike many other girls in pictures who have married actors and been very happy, I can't quite convince myself that two careers in one family would work. Actors have to be self-centered. It's part and parcel of being a success in any line. But in acting, particularly, you have to concentrate on yourself—everything from your waistline to your next role. When both husband and wife are so occupied, it is a terrible strain on marriage."

"On the other hand," she added quickly, "if I ever really fall in love with an actor I'll marry him."

In a way I hate to write that Anne has no intention of marrying John because he is so desperately in love with her. I remember when she broke with him the first time how he went to the desert and saw no one he knew for weeks, how he never dated another girl.

I've watched them together so often in cafes—Anne so poised, John so ardent in his devotion. It is my opinion, verified now by Anne, that this girl has never been in love. Not with John who loves her so much, not with Bill Eythe who carried so bright a torch, not with young Oliver Thornycke. Not with any of them.

It is also my opinion, not verified by Anne, that she would be a much greater and more charming star if she could fall in love. She began so promisingly. At one time I thought she was going to be the young Katharine Cornell of the movies. Then she seemed not to be getting anywhere fast while little Jeanne Crain and June Haver at Anne's studio seemed dramatically to be going past her. Neither Jeanne nor June is a better actress. Yet there is a warmth about them. Whereas Anne is the most difficult girl I know to penetrate beneath the surface acquaintance. She has the reserve of a débutante well born and of an adored child always handed everything on a silver platter. If I seem too harsh in my judgment of Anne, I don't mean it that way.

I guess what I actually mean is that I would like to get John Hodiak off in a quiet corner and say to him:

"Look here, young man, you're going about this the wrong way. Try sweeping her off her feet. Make her jealous by flirting with another girl. But do something, anything, except sit there mooning at her."

Dealing with Anne is dealing with a very independent young lady who lives all by herself and who likes her life as a bachelor girl. If it's to be John who wins her away from her present "perfect arrangement" he has work cut out for him.

But one of these days I have the feeling Anne is going to fall all the way in love and these men who have dreamed about her even after she says it is finished may get out a very old, very favorite record, "I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry over—somebody else."

The End
Big Guy

(Continued from page 49) he'd been in love with her since their initial handshake.
Kay took the news in shocked stride. "Why, Jack," she gasped, "you never even called me by name the entire time!"
Jack blushed. "I was afraid you didn't like me," he mumbled humbly.

On the air Jack's always the patsy. A wise-cracking, fast-talking, gum-chewing kind of guy who always gets tripped up. His roles on the screen fell neatly into the same pattern. Not long ago he wore his "animated gag" label proudly. The early wound up with the role of the suicidal husband in Warner's "The Hard Way," and found himself being patted on the back quite occasionally by the critics... He peered up for that one by referring to himself as the Burchbank Charles Laughton.

But the laughter and excitement soon died down and Jack went back to his music-hall and his rivet-gun delivery.

DIRECTOR Mike Curtiz, looking for the right actor to lend charm, warmth and that wonderful, intangible human element to the second husband's role in "Roughly Speaking," thought of the great comic's late bid for dramatic fame and took a chance. Rosalind Russell seconded the move, and one of the most charming pictures of the year was made with Jack as co-star.

Jack turned in a performance that had audiences alternating their sides with laughter and weeping into their kerchiefs. A guy who can wrap human emotions around his familiar little finger like that is an actor to be reckoned with.

Jack was pretty pleased. Not with himself. But with the picture as a whole. And the fact that his great audience reception proved one of his pet theorems.

"I say this sincerely," he says, waving his tremendous hands in the air, "and I don't refer to myself in particular. But I believe that a good, straight comedian is a much better actor (when he's playing straight) than a 'heavy' actor, because he's been schooled in the art of timing and because he has to have tremendous feeling for lines and the exact way in which to deliver them in order to con- vince an audience. He has to work hard and honestly for laughs. It's harder than you think to make a group of people let down their reserve and whoop.

"I set out to make a go of drama because I wanted to prove to myself that my theory was right. And I think I have."

If "Roughly Speaking" hasn't proved it, nothing ever will.

Jack still has a soft spot in his heart for the script—and for Mike Curtiz.

"This may sound corny," Jack says warmly, "but I don't think that basic talent ever changes, that you do what it counts. Sometimes you work with a director who lets you get by with little pieces of business that you think are pretty swell, but really smelly up the projection room. Another guy—for example—Mike—can take the same little gags and polish them up into a smooth performance.

"That Mike—" he says, with the typical Carson grin, "there's my favorite man."

Jack furnishes no bait for the gossipmongers' hook. He's a family man and loves it. His self-imposed standards are so down-to-earth, they bear repeating:

"I believe in the Golden Rule," he says with complete sincerity. "You know—Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

"I don't think there's any other way to live, even though it's not easy sticking by that code in Hollywood.

"To me the most important things are keeping my self-respect and personal in- tegrity. If those remain intact they automatically take care of everything else."

Jack's personal world revolves around Kay; Jackaboy, aged four (the Carsons' first edition); Germaine Catherine (the March 23rd second printing).

"Germaine was a week too late," Jack says, "when I introduced her to Jackaboy. Here, I told him, 'is your new baby sister. She's yours. You've got to see that she gets the proper care.'"

No child psychologists' plan, but Jack's own idea to give Jackaboy a sense of being needed, despite the small, new baby.

"My kid always helps me get morning and started out of the room. I asked him where he was going. 'I'm going to give half the toast to my baby,' he told me.

Jack grins. "Gee, he's a wonderful kid."

"We've got a great place for a kid," he goes on. 'Two-and-a-half acres. Nothing gaudy. But for me it's pretentious. We have a front and back garden and a World War II vet to take care of it. They come down from the hills every day and Jackaboy's trying to make pets of them. We have what we calls 'coyness boys' and one to another and he thinks they're great. The house itself isn't really big. About ten rooms. Comfortable and roomy. We've buying stuff slowly, making sure we get exactly what we wanted. With what shortages, it's been a long pull. The living room is still bare. But we don't mind.

"'Postwar plans?' He looks thoughtful.

"Well, better call them post war plans. They're still awfully nebulous.

'Would like to buy my father's old house on L Reviews. It's the way he says proudly, 'where else?' It's near the school where I'm going to send Jackaboy. I don't especially want him to go through the L Reviews. It's still a guy really wants them. But I want Jack to be an unhampered kind of kid. If he wants to be an actor, I'll be happy. It's an ideal life and how else can you make more dough if you're alive?"

"Until all that gets around to happen-

'g" he laughs, "there's always my pal Dennis (Idol of Millions) Morgan, the golf comedy star. He's got the whole human picture." In all a pretty good set-up for a big guy with a bigger heart.

The End

**PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS**

Be dramatic in this black wool dress designed by Troy Stix. The red leather shoulder strap attached to the black attaché's bag stresses the diplomatic trend so important in fashions this winter. Also in brown.

Sizes 8-18. About $65. At Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.

Jersey beret by Madecaps. In all colors. About $5.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.

Modeled by Patricia Goddard, star of United Artists' "The Diary Of A Chambermaid".
Photoplay Fashions
Here Clare Potter, one of America's foremost designers, achieves the always-to-be-desired casual look with a long-sleeved blouse fashioned from an amusing print and a velveteen skirt. Sizes 10-18. About $45 at B. Altman and Co., New York, N. Y.

Both dresses worn by PAULETTE GODDARD, famous for her typically American chic as well as performances like her Celestine in United Artists' "The Diary Of A Chambermaid."
Blue is romantic ... Corset belts are a high fashion note ... And there's subtle charm in this Jeanne Barrie dress of rayon crepe styled by Winfield. Available in rose, gold, aqua and navy. Sizes 10-18. About $12.95 at Arnold Constable, New York, N. Y.

Worn with this dress are Baum Martin skins. Hat by John-Frederics, Inc.

For other stores where the dresses on these two pages are available see page 78

All Photographs by Ben Studios
Pastel jerseys are in great favor... This dress of Wyner jersey styled by Rae Mar, accented with leather buttons and belt and draw-string cuffs, is flattering and oh-so-wearable. Available in yellow, pale blue, cherry and shocking pink. Sizes 9-15. About $23.00 at The Halle Bros., Cleveland, Ohio.

Worn by Anita Louise, charming star of Columbia's "The Bandit Of Sherwood Forest."

For other stores where this dress is available see page 78
Vicki Lynn

for the New Year

Bright girl with a bright future.

Blouse illustrated in white only. Sizes: 9 to 15 Juniors. About $3. At leading department stores.
Blue again—one of this winter's favorite colors...
A Joan Miller two-piece dress of J. P. Steven's worsted...with a gay little peplum at the back of the jacket. In pale green, pink or yellow. Sizes 9-15. About $22.95 at The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Neither snow nor rain can mar this coat of brown lambskin. It is finished with the Winslow plastic process—the latest news in furs. Sizes 12-20. About $139.00 (plus tax) at Mandel Brothers, Chicago, Ill.
All wool white turban with gold paillettes by Madecaps. Available in all colors. About $5.95 at The Halle Bros., Cleveland, O.


Pamela Britton, the vivacious blonde who stole Frank Sinatra's heart in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh," models these Photoplay Fashions.

For other stores where these clothes are available see page 78
shown on preceding pages are available from Coast to Coast in the following stores

Black wool dress
Boston, Mass.—Jays, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Dayton, O.—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
San Antonio, Tex.—The Vogue, Inc.

For shop in your city write:
Herbert Sondheim, Inc.
530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman’s
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

Two-piece blue dress
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, O.—The John Shillito Co.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale’s
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marché

Red beret
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene’s Sons Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Lindner Coy
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Chas. F. Berg, Inc.

For shop in your city write:
Madcaps
28 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Print blouse and velveteen skirt
Baltimore, Md.—Schlesinger Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Martha Weathered
Memphis, Tenn.—Helen Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Franklin Shops

For shop in your city write:
Chas. W. Nudelman, Inc.
550 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Blue dress with leather belt
California—Hale Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros., Inc.
El Paso, Tex.—Popular D. G. Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—Goldsmith’s
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

For shop in your city write:
Jeanne Barrie
128 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.

White wool turban
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Co.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.

For shop in your city write:
Madcaps
28 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Print dress
Dallas, Tex.—W. A. Green Co.
Des Moines, Ia.—Younger Bros., Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
San Francisco, Cal.—The White House

For shop in your city write:
Reliance Mfg. Co.
212 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
You're his leading lady, his sweet scenario... in a romance-styled Johnnye Junior. You're smooth 'n dateable! The featured star of his fashion show. 'Swonderful what a Johnnye Junior can do for a gal... (with a guy in mind).


Modeled by YVONNE de CARLO
Starring in Universal's Technicolor Production "Frontier Gal".

For Name of Store Nearest You Write
KORACH BROTHERS
CHICAGO
Member Chicago Fashion Industries
Johnny Jump-up

Say goodbye to icy feet! Pedes assure extra foot warmth and longer stocking life . . . absorb perspiration and protect against frictional Sore-terrible from tip to toe . . . without binding elastic . . . they hold their shape with glove-like fit. For greater comfort through wintry days wear Pedes!

NOW 25¢ PAIR
At Leading Stores

Made by HERBERT HOSIER MILLS, INC., NORRISTOWN, PA.
Distributor for GUS PETER PAN BROS., INC., CAPELLEDA HOUSE, New York, N.Y.

No Freeze... No Freeze...

WHERE FORM COUNTS - IT'S...

Merry-Go-Round

PETER PAN BRASSIERES - GIRDLERS

Behind the scenes with GERTRUDE NIESTER star of the Broadway musical hit "Fellow The Girls." Here, too, Peter Pan brass share the spotlight.

Johnny didn't graduate from school. He discovered an irresistible lure in the Scottish bands which used to parade the streets of Montreal and in the kilted Highlanders who would break into the wild gaitions of the Highland Fling. The music of the bagpipes sent strange vibrations through Johnny's arms and legs.

One day in the presence of the family at home he broke into the re-bound of the Highland Fling. His sisters gaped and his father looked on with a faint disgust but his mother took it differently. In spite of her astonishment it dawned on her that perhaps here in Johnny were the potentialities she had looked for in vain in her daughters. Johnny was nine at the time. He was promptly encouraged to carry on with his specialty.

Four years later a national competition in the Highland Fling was held in New York. Johnny was taken there by his mother and he walked away with first prize.

Johnny's mother was convinced that he was destined for show business. Johnny was brought back to Montreal to study dancing. But Johnny's father was skeptical. What assurance was there that Johnny could make good in the unpredictable world of the theater?

This conflict between Johnny and his father became more serious in the next few years, and when it was finally resolved, it carried an element of tragedy which has left its mark on Johny.

Johnny had a passion for dancing. He was said to be "the best dancer in the world." It was at the time Johnny had made up his mind to go to New York and seek a career. His father had argued against it. During the argument, Johnny almost struck his parent. He stopped himself just in time. There was bitterness between them but they remained on speaking terms. The following night they watched a film. The picture was about a boy who did not get along with his father. They had both been boys and they knew it. A short time later the parent died and the boy, overcome with remorse, changed his ways.

The parallel was obvious to Johnny but he made no mention of it in the picture. Instead, a short time later, he left for New York as he had originally planned. Time went by and Johnny was struggling without much success. He had not written his father nor heard from him. Then one day his father came to New York and looked him up. Johnny brought up the subject of remorse, asked his father to forgive him. They had a reconciliation and to celebrate they went to a restaurant for dinner. Johnny told his father that in spite of their reconciliation there was an inexplicable sadness about that evening; he remembered too that the orchestra in the restaurant played "Auld Lang Syne" as they were leaving. The next day he returned to Montreal. Three weeks later Johnny received word that his father had died.

It was coincidence, of course, but Johnny had a feeling that his father was right about that incident had a fatalistic touch. Especially because on the day he was notified of his father's death Johnny signed his contract with Paramount.

You might get the idea from this that Johnny is a moody person, given to foreboding and to fits of gloom. As a matter of fact he is hard-working, fun-loving lad. He mixes these various qualities because he has a variety of interests.

At the studio they'll tell you no one works harder than Johnny. Joe Lilely, Paramount's musical arranger told me he had never worked with a smarter fellow. Paramount executives who don't want to be quoted think that Johnny Coy is as good with his feet as Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire or Paul Draper. He is most frequently compared with Gene Kelly probably because of the expertness of their tap dancing and also because both are regarded as actors as well as dancers.

In spite of the comparison with Kelly, Johnny's real hero is Fred Astaire. When Johnny was thirteen he saw "Flying Down To Rio" and from then on made Astaire his model, and has never missed one of his pictures. He thinks so much of Astaire that he is afraid to meet him. The opportunity came recently when a friend offered to take Johnny to the Astaire set and introduce them. Johnny begged to be excused. He preferred to keep his idol on a pedestal.

Off the lot and away from work Johnny is happy-go-lucky. He lives in a modest apartment not more than a stone's throw from Hollywood and Vine with his pretty sister, Molly, who came on from Montreal to keep house for him, reminded him of his appointments, sew buttons on his shirts, and go out with him to parties. Johnny doesn't care for night clubs or the jitterbug joints; he prefers making music with a few friends like Robert Walker and Margaree and Barbara Whiting, or pushing back the rugs and jumping.

He has a 1942 Ford which is constantly breaking down, not through any fault of the car but because Johnny forgets to put oil in the crankcase or neglects to check the water in the radiator tank. It is rumored he once left the car out all night and someone stole his engine.

He considered that he owes what success he has achieved to Mary Martin more than anyone else, for it was during the brief run of that ill-fated show, "Broadway Street" that his dancing won Mary's admiration and caused her to wire Buddy De Sylva, to keep an eye on Johnny. After the show closed Johnny was engaged to on the stage at the Capitana, New York's smart night club and it was there that De Sylva saw him and signed him up.

Mary Martin can take a bow for Johnny Coy is taking plenty of bows on his own.
Mythical Maria

(Continued from page 45) From the day she arrived in Hollywood, Maria knew she was no flower born to blush unseen, but she could see that she might easily be one, if she didn't do something quick. For arriving at the same time were the famous foreign stars, Michele Morgan and Signe Hasso, whose $2000 a week made Maria's $125 look mighty small. The papers were full of them and Maria told an acquaintance, "Brother, have I got myself a job! But I promise you within three months from now you won't be able to pick up a paper without seeing Maria Montez."

Three months later a New York columnist wrote in PM, "Who in heaven's name is Montez? I can't pick up a paper without her. I know she goes out with all the wolves. I know she never has time to read a book. Or doesn't she know books are written?"

Within a few months things were mucho Montez. Like her ancestors, the Spanish Conquistadores, Maria had set about conquering Hollywood. She prepared for battle with no holds barred. She girded her loins with a leis, rode magic carpets in filmy nothings, rubbed the magic movie lamp and was soon given an "open sesame" in movieland.

She became so valuable to the studio that on one occasion when she had a stormy session with the New York office, prompting them to wire Hollywood saying "Can't something be done about Montez?" the studio wired back, "Are you kidding? She's made us $5,000,000 in two years. And you're trying to tell Montez what to do? A little later they gave her a $25,000 bonus instead.

She recognized that Hollywood is a show town—and that you must give them a show. Like the pink-spangled circus queen who draws the eyes of all to the top of the big tent, Maria sparkled and spangled too. She drew the press to her like a magnet, talking colorfully in phrases that make them look like better writers than they are. She paused in doorways of nightclubs giving photogs her sexiest smile.

Typical of the hard-working Montez was this first campaign, in which she used the same rules for success that she uses now—courage, self-confidence, hard work and enthusiasm. "Enthusiasm is most important," she says. "I always put every bit of enthusiasm into any picture I'm going into. I go in and do the best I can do."

"Everything I want I get," she says. "But I work very hard for it. And San Antonio helps me. Most boys and girls think they can come here and sit and let everybody work for them. You've got to give them work.

She's keeping San Antonio pretty busy now with "deals" about the baby expected in February. Her son will be named Claude, after Jean Pierre's best friend, Claude Dauphin, well-known French actor.

If a girl, it goes under the historical name of Marie Christine, after the famous Spanish Queen from whom Maria herself is descended. This she learned only recently when the government sent her a claim to enter for some property in Spain to the heirs of Fernando Munoz, Duke de Riansares, second husband of Queen Maria Christina, who it seems was Maria's great-grandfather.

"Now I know where I get all my spunk!" was Maria's first comment. "I know always there is a title in the woodpile somewhere."

Maria is a very positive person in her likes and dislikes. She minces about noth-
PAZO RELIEVES THE TORMENT OF SIMPLE PILES

I'M SO THANKFUL, PAZO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and cheer minor injuries. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION

PAZO ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles.

PAZO SUPPOSITORY TOO!

Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories. So PAZO is also made in handy suppository form. So soothing relief! Get PAZO in the form you prefer, at your druggists today.

A Product of THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.

PAZO RELIEVES THE TORMENT OF SIMPLE PILES

ING. She has moods and mads. Either very happy very low. And a high temper that frequently goes off—always at the wrong time. She gets very discouraged because she doesn't have better control of it. It isn't uncommon for her to say "I hate you" to any one just on the spur of the moment, and then later on at home that night lament to Jean Pierre, "Why do I do that?" Why do I say I hate them if I like them? If only I didn't do that."

"You must control it, Chérie," he consoled.

And she does—until the next time.

She never thinks, lives or acts in a small way. She's very big-hearted, generous, despicable stupidly, goes into childish enthusiasm over the nearest thing, if she can find it. She has her best friend at the studio the wardrobe woman, who shadows her devotedly, and whose face lights up at the slightest word against her.

SHE gives the studio a shot in the arm whenever she comes on. There's always the feeling that with Monet about everything will happen. It usually does. They miss her friendly "Hello, my pet," that can be heard on a clear day, way off on the Perfume. Why, she checked back on the studio lot recently to make wardrobe tests for "Tanger," she urged George Waggner, the producer, to start immediately because of her impending blessed event. "Why?" he asked. "Are you fighting against time?" Said Maria significantly, "No-o-o—against volume." It was all over the lot in an hour.

"Tanger" marks a milestone in Maria's career. Her "unveiling" into a modern dress role, something she's fought for so long. Along with her fierce an international thief, she has chic clothes "right from the Rue de la Paix," she says, excitedly, "The most byooful negligee. And eight hair-dos. Very chic. This is her first picture since the three month's suspension, which with true Monet forthrightness she took rather than star in a picture Western after she'd been promised a modern role. "I want to get away from fantasy," she said. "My royalty begins to bore me a bit. I want to play a down-to-earth girl." So she was persuaded to make the part of Maria.

"I have made eight costume pictures and I feel that is enough," she says. "By over-using the hen you can stop the golden egg." And it's a nice time to me. And I don't want to be written a long time." That's another one of her requests to San Antonio—to take care of the golden egg.

Both Jean Pierre and Maria will tell you that she is very psychic. "I have fantastic things happen to me," she says. She's been able since childhood to sense things about people she loves. When Jean Pierre was killed in battle in PAZO tubes, which his general was killed, Maria wrote him from Hollywood, "I feel like a hunted animal. I'm afraid something happens to you. I can't help it. I am unhappy waiting to hear from you..."

It was the same day of the accident. She's a great believer in astrology. So much so, the astrologer Carroll Righter is almost a member of the family. He influences just about everything in their household but the cats.

Maria says she regulates herself by astrology. All the same, she said, I could say the same for most of us. Maria was also very careful about her friends. "Tell me anything you like," she is quoted as saying, "Tell me anything you like, and I'll believe everything you say."

As long as she supply lunch you may obtain one of these "personal astrology charts." Absolutely 100% accurate and all you have to do is supply your name and date of birth, and let astrology do the rest. The price is only a dollar.

PAZO OINTMENT TREATS PILES. "If it relieves a case of piles, you have a genuine PAZO ointment, or it is of no value at all. If it does you feel better, you have a genuine PAZO ointment; if you feel worse you have a imitation or a placebo."

GUARANTEE: We use the same 1001 ingredients in every one of these famous PAZO ointments. All are manufactured under the same conditions and by the same skilled technicians. You will get the same quality in every one of these bottles—every time you buy a bottle of PAZO ointment. Guaranteed.

GLAD TO QUIT? Well, now's your chance. If you have had a write up on Pilement, don't be discouraged. Just a change in your diet, exercise, and you're on the road to recovery. If you have a lasting case of pain, you may want to take a second look at PAZO, the most trusted name in pile remedies.

SEND for a sample of the PAZO ointment. If you have a sore from any cause, you may have just found your solution. Write for your free sample today. PAZO OINTMENT. Guaranteed.

GROVE, 49 Church St., Dept. 2-387, New York 7, N.Y.

MEN'S DIAMOND RING ONLY $1.94

SIMULATED

As long as we supply lunch you may obtain one of these "personal astrology charts." Absolutely 100% accurate and all you have to do is supply your name and date of birth, and let astrology do the rest. The price is only a dollar.

GUARANTEE: We use the same 1001 ingredients in every one of these famous PAZO ointments. All are manufactured under the same conditions and by the same skilled technicians. You will get the same quality in every one of these bottles—every time you buy a bottle of PAZO ointment. Guaranteed.

GLAD TO QUIT? Well, now's your chance. If you have had a write up on Pilement, don't be discouraged. Just a change in your diet, exercise, and you're on the road to recovery. If you have a lasting case of pain, you may want to take a second look at PAZO, the most trusted name in pile remedies.

SEND for a sample of the PAZO ointment. If you have a sore from any cause, you may have just found your solution. Write for your free sample today. PAZO OINTMENT. Guaranteed.

NAREM CO., 49 Church St., Dept. 2-387, New York 7, N.Y.
THE Countess of Carnarvon

An exquisite ballerina, the former Tilly Losch is one of today's most beautiful society favorites. Unbelievably bright blue eyes accent the creamy loveliness of her skin. "Three or four times a week I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," the Countess says. "It makes my skin look brighter . . . smoother!"

1-Minute Mask

makes my skin look brighter and smoother!

The lovely Countess of Carnarvon—she's delighted with Pond's 1-Minute Mask

Try the Countess' new beauty mask—today!

Cover your face—all but your eyes—with a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute.

The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves tiny bits of dead skin and imbedded dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off.

Your complexion is "re-styled"! It feels softer, finer-textured! And it looks so different—clearer, brighter! Now your make-up goes on with smooth new glamour. Looks fresher . . . longer!

Light, silky powder base . . .

Pond's Vanishing Cream is light . . . ungloppy—an ideal foundation! Just slip a fingertipful over your face—and leave it on. It smooths . . . it protects . . . it holds powder tenaciously!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Mask!
If You Were Frank Sinatra's House Guest

(Continued from page 59) then you notice Frank's breakfast companion, his five-year-old daughter Nancy Sandra, and as Frank introduces you, she bobs a polite curtsey. She's in a fresh pink dress, with a matching pink bow in her hair, and she informs you easily that she always has Sunday lunch while her Daddy eats his Sunday breakfast.

It's some breakfast, you observe to yourself, as Frank continues to put it away—prune juice, bacon and eggs, toast, cereal and coffee. (But you haven't been around Frank long enough yet to find out he eats enough every day to satisfy four people and none of it ever finds a spot on his lean, slight body to cling to!) While Frank is still eating it and talking excitedly to you about this beautiful lake villa for a home, John, the butler, usher— with complete dignity—a whole covey of wavy- stricken toddlers out of the house and onto the lawn. Nancy Jr., gravely, stands—arranging—all of them are her neighborhood friends. Solemnly she introduces each small fry separately to her father, who just solemnly acknowledges each introduction. Then they all pull up chairs and sit gaping soulfully at Frank, their chins barely reaching the table-top. Finally, one boldster can stand his self-imposed silence no longer. He rises. "Miss Nancy, on your next Hit Parade, would you thing Wove, Wove, Wove?"

That breaks the spell—the toddlers begin to demand advice and suggestions on his singing. And he sits weighing each suggestion until finally his wife makes her first appearance on the back lawn. Gaily she shows them all down his green and burnt orange lakes furniture, which he himself bought. Suddenly, though, he has one of his flashing o. nervous energy— he's on his feet, enthusiastically telling you he wants to show you his newly-bought house. With his arm around pretty Nancy Jr.'s waists, he leads you through the screened-in porch overlooking the lake to the living room. The porch itself is delightful, with its flagstone floor and bamboo furniture.

The big living room has pale green carpeting and white plaster walls. Two wide matching sofas in duchess face each other over a low mahogany coffee table before the fireplace—which is set into a ceiling-to-floor section of flagstone. On the hearth is a set of old apothecary tools in burnished brass; and you also notice the vivid flowered drapes at the many French windows which are repeated in a big wing chair and in a tiny chair for Nancy Sandra. An outstanding piece of furniture is the baby grand piano, on which are busts of Chopin and Gershwin and a lovely old-fashioned china white, pink and gold, filled with California flowers. "None of us play, but Nancy and I longed for a piano," Frank says.

Outside of the house continues. Frank pushes you into his "den," which is a casual music room. It's completely paneled in redwood; and set in one paneled wall is a bar which looks like a half-barrel. The sofa is done in red leather, and there is a soft-hued Oriental rug.

But mainly you see music in this room—on the walls hangs a framed quotation from Schopenhauer: "Music is the only form of art which touches the absolute..." and there is a large, long, two-shelved bamboo music cabinet. Beside it stands a set of symphonic recordings of the classics—one of the biggest privately-owned symphonic collections in America. Frank's only companion there is a narrow shelf across the room: ten portfolios of his own recordings, made alone or with the Dorsey or James bands. But now Frank's drinking you to one of the paneled walls to show you the room's most prized possession—the two record turn-tables he himself set behind paneled doors, one for large records, one for small; and the loudspeakers are also flush into the wall.

"Took me hours to make it," he says happily. "And eventually, I'm going to set the speaker in the ceiling—as the whole room will be covered with the ceiling giving it resonance and sound." While he's talking, you notice the three silvery trophies Frank has won for the past three years from the New York Music Magazine as America's best vocalist. You also notice Frank's numerous pipe racks—bristling with some fifty pipes, and you can't miss his cigar case, covered with strips of leather from all over the world. Cigarette boxes, vases, beer steins, cocktail trays—all of them play tunes. There is even a cake plate which plays "Happy Birthday To You," and a blue milk jug for Nancy Jr. which trills out "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow..." and now Nancy Jr. comes in triumphantly lugging one of her Daddy's horns: A sky-blue and gold—grinder music box slung over her shoulder by a strap. Grinning, at you, she grinds out Brahms' "Lullaby.

"But why not all the music?" Nancy Sr. simply asks. "It's a house that music built!" However, now you're interrupted by the Sunday swarms of Frank's closest pals—the Billy Goodwins, Elba and Morris Stoloff (he's the musical director of Columbia Pictures), Axel Stordahl, Al Levy (Frank's business manager) and comedian Phil Silvers. All of you go straight through the sun-drenched dining room. There you're served eagerly at its wall-filling window that almost brings the lake into the house, at its rose-splattered wallpaper above walnut wainscoting and its truly delightful bay window over the dining set. Next stop—the playroom.

The furniture in this room was brought intact from Frank's New Jersey home—and it is all worth buying. For if you go into this room yourself is dwek, as the house is decked out in dark brown furniture, too, with three high chairs of hickory drawn up in front of it. Plaid drapes in red, blue, green and blue hang at the windows, matching the upholstery on the two wing chairs, a juke box and a pin-ball machine. Here you all settle down for talk on politics and radio and Sunday supper; and from here you all go into the living room after dinner for singing and piano playing.

You're sleepy by the time everyone goes...
home and glad to be led upstairs at last to your quarters . . . which are on the upstairs "play-deck" overlooking the moonlit lake. To reach it, you tip toe through the pink and blue bedroom shared by Nancy Jr. and her aunt, "Tina" Barbato, who is Nancy Sr.'s attractive sister and secretary. On the deck proper, you find yourself looking down a long, narrow sleeping porch, with a red tile floor and three walls of windows. A white picket fence separates one end of the porch which is choked with Nancy Jr.'s dozens of dolls, playhouses and toys; the other end is devoted to a large, comfortable couch which is yours for your stay.

In the morning, after you've recovered from the shock of waking up to a glistening lake view, you can't resist exploring the upper floor before you go down to breakfast. Why, you haven't seen the baby yet—two-year-old Frank Wayne Sinatra Junior! So you peek into his room, which opens off the end of your play-deck. There you meet his pretty nurse, Miss Hewett, as well. But the baby is as handsome as the nurse is pretty—he has velvety brown eyes and the widest grin you've seen. He lives in a cheerful room, too; circus scenes on the wallpaper above the white wainscoting, and the furniture is waxed birch.

You wander out again and pause on the threshold of Frank's and Nancy's room. The extra-wide double bed has a pale blue coverlet on it, from which peeps a rose and blue flowered chintz flounce that matches the drapes at the windows. The carpeting is a darker blue and the wallpaper has wide white and pale blue stripes. Nancy's dresser is heavy mahogany, with a choice collection of perfume bottles on a tray . . . but now she herself catches you on the threshold and she laughs and shows you hers and Frank's separate dressing rooms.

His is a dark paneled room, with rust-colored plaid wallpaper—and plenty of closet space behind sliding doors for his thirty-five sports suits; and room also for his many shoes. Hers has dainty pink and blue wallpaper and mirrors; and off her dressing room is the pale green bathroom with pale yellow fixtures.

By this time you've seen the whole house, and all of its dwellers—the four Sinatras, Tina Barbato, Miss Hewett and John and Festina (she's the excellent colored cook). You'll soon and often meet Richard Lisella, who is Frank's good-natured secretary-chauveur- companion—who's in and out of the house as much as if he lived there. You know that he drives three cars—a station wagon, a black sedan, a green coupe.

You know that Frank finds energy in all the food he eats and that he likes spaghetti three times a week, fixed any way at all. You know that his midnight snack is always eaten in his den, with symphonic music flooding the room and Nancy sitting nearby—and that this is the only hour of the day when he's relaxed, and when they're alone together to discuss their family and their lives. You know that once in bed, he always reads for an hour—mainly biographies of composers.

You know that he's twenty-eight and Nancy's twenty-seven, though they both look like high-school kids. You know that eventually 'he'd like four children, because he was a lonely only child; and that some day he'd like to be a discoverer of new talent in singing or instrument playing. And you know that you thoroughly respect and like Mr. Frank Sinatra and all the Sinatras—and that you want to be asked back the minute you've left!

THE END
The Amazing Miss Jones

(Continued from page 36) and still crosses them to make anything she really wants come true. The same impulsive wide-eyed girl with so much eager enthusiasm, who sees everything as though she's seeing it for the first time. Who believes in every-thing she puts her mind to—regardless of what any one says. Sometimes she gets into trouble, but it's always the same trouble and—well—she's always right. That's the way she was when she was a little girl.

We were lunching with her in the studio commissary just before the Academy Awards were announced and remarked conversationally that this would be one of the rare occasions she could call anyone "Bert," "Ross," or even "Jack." She would not, we were quite sure, have a chance at the Oscar. She is a "dynamic dyad,"

She's intensely emotional, talks in fast little gushes and moves as though she were jet-propelled, with a kind of eagerness that gives the buoyant feeling of walking on clouds. There are no middle emotions, nothing but highs and lows. She can make a game of very hard work and yet remain perfectly sure on the quip, like to be kept keyed up and amused.

She has but one goal: To become a truly great actress. With the determination of her Sooner forebears who planted their stakes in the Cherokee Strip, she's made a "run" of her own on Hollywood and won. She would tell you that the On as if it was many people believe she is the part. They said, "She is Bernadette. She's a one-partner. She'll never do it again." 

But luck has had nothing to do with the success of this versatile star, who has run the gamut from saint to sinner on the screen and has to prove herself with every role, because she is so good. She watched, ashamed people sometimes scare her too. She's one of those who straightens her shoulders, remembers the Alamo and takes one last fast gulp before she enters the room. But once there, she never wants to go home and her warm smile and interest in other people make her the center of discussion the group everywhere she turns. Plus the fact that she looks into their eyes when they're talking to her, instead of over their shoulders, taking in a fast census of the room.

Impulsive and generous by nature, Jennifer has no notions, that is no constructive ones, about money. "If I had a dollar I'd live on it. If I had a million—well—I'd live on that too," she says.

This is the same girl who, in her part as a business manager who's doing his best to see that she won't ever have to live on one buck. She loves buying expensive presents, likes shopping for clothing as well as suits and cute little suits or toys for the boys, resenting it bitterly when the business manager sends anything back.

"I'm going to talk to him," she rebels. "But that's what you're paying him for," she's reminded.

"Yes, I know, but—"

Recently when her good friend, Anita Colby, lovely women's director of Selznick International Studios, lost a valuable bracelet, Jennifer gave her some prolonged advice about the implications of being systematic, lecturing her about how she should take better care of her things. Anita agreed with her. Then upon arriving back at her office, found a letter on her desk from Jennifer's old friend ill Tulsa, Sister Ursula, of the Monte Cassini School, in which the Sister reminisced about her life: "Darling," she called Jennifer, saying, "I remember when you left this morning to change the lunch tray, your boots behind the radiator, and when she first started trying to drive a car—you don't know how we all prayed in Chapel there she'd arrive all right."

Anita took a look at the "systematic" Jennifer. "Well, Miss Jones, what is this?" she said. Jennifer grinned, realizing that she'd been caught. "It's still a good idea,

She has Sister Ursula "one of the most tolerating and understanding women and one of the most tolerant ever, known." Nevertheless, she's a little worried over a letter she just received from the Sister, in which she stated that she was glad she didn't do "Laura." "It's such a worldly part," she wrote.

"Oh . . . My!" waited Jennifer. "Wait until she sees Ferri! I'll have to write and prepare her for it right now."

That she gives a bang-up performance as the gun-gal who rides the ranges with a carbine, proves just how good an actress Jennifer Jones is.

She comes from Tulsa where they know a little of the grapes of wrath, but much of the grapes of wrath. Despite the hardy trouping she did with tent shows, the circus her dad owned and the fact that the famous old frontiersman, Pawnee Bill, adopted her for his protégé, Jennifer never did like westerns. She went for dreamy love stories. Sophisticated stuff. The only thing she ever wanted to ride was an elephant. And never did.

"I don't understand horses," she says even now.

Pawnee Bill, very proud that she made her first movie bow as he called it, "a heroine in dramas of the fine old West, visited the set to wish her luck.
It's hard for Jennifer to see bad qualities in anyone. She believes in people very much and won't listen to gossip at all, usually countering but fast with, "I think they're charming," even if she doesn't know the person who's under fire.

She's a wonderful mother to Bobby, five, and Michael, aged four, beautiful children with dark hair, big blue eyes and pink cheeks. Perfect for quality, color and size — and definitely all man.

She spends hours dreaming up their future, sometimes worrying about them a little too. "Michael will be all right," she says, "he'll always end up head first. He can take care of himself. But I'm afraid some girl will break Bobby's heart. He's so kind."

They've never seen Jennifer on the screen, but they saw her father, Robert Walker, in "See Here, Private Hargrove," and marched around the back lawn for the next two weeks shouting orders, very military little men, with their little hats on the backs of their heads.

They were so thrilled about going to Tucson with their mother on location, because she told them there were Indians there. Then were broken-hearted when they went to a rodeo with their nurse and didn't see any. They greeted a tired Jennifer that night accusingly, "You said there'd be Indians," they said.

"Darling, we'll find one tomorrow," "I want one now," said Bobby, sobbing, "You can't expect Mother to invent one." "I don't care," he kept crying.

So later that night Jennifer and Anita scouted around town and bought some Indian headdresses and hung them over the bedposts of the boys' beds. At 6:00 a.m. the next morning two happy little warriors descended on them with a wild whoop, saying, "Look at me, Mom—I'm an Indian. Look at me!"

Another time when she'd promised them a whistle to go with their little Keystone Cop suits, she spent hours combing the shops in Beverly Hills. "You wouldn't have a whistle...just any kind of a whistle," she said, wearily. Finally buying an air raid warden's raincoat to get the one attached to it.

They live in Bel-Air in a comfortable white house with green shutters, and a green lawn inhabited by a red scooter, a trike, a wagon, a small bar on which the boys work out chinning themselves and a large bar "for when we grow."

Recently when we invited tea Jennifer came rushing in breathlessly looking super sophisticated in a smart toast-colored wool suit.

Presently there was a babble of voices. "It's the boys home from school," she said. "Hey, Mom, where's the surprise? Hey, Mom..." they called, then hit the front door like twin meteors, chasing a visiting cooker spaniel around the room twice, before they realized they had company.

"How do you do?" said Bobby, politely. Mike eyed us gravely. "I can hang by my toes," he said.

"Where's the surprise?" they repeated.

Jennifer sent the nurse upstairs after it, explaining that this was "surprise" day. "We have special days," she said, "and this is the day I promised them a present. It's another scooter. I like them to share things, but they were so nice about the one I gave them last week that I got them another one today."

"Isn't it a nice surprise?" she asked them, looking at the red scooter.

"We couldn't help thinking that no matter how many contrasts, no matter how many Jennifers, the one who crosses her fingers stays well ahead."

The End
(Continued from page 61) but so were the rooms.

His home is as chaotic as his theories, what's more. He lives in a charming two-story house. In its ten rooms by rights there should live only Bob's family — his wife Joan and son Allie, aged nine. But no. There are also five others: Charles Miller, a playmate of Allie's whose family has been house-hunting vainly for months; Bob's brother-in-law, a cook-and-outdoor-worker named Harold Wolf; a governess-tutor for Allie named Miss Bush; and Joan's ten-year-old sister who lives with them five days a week. The family is a small group. The Allie home is overrun with friends from burlesque days — Abbott and Costello, Phil Silvers, Red Marshall, Raggs Ragland among them.

This environment of Bob's may sound bewildering to you; but to him it spells serene contentment. His personal history, as we've said before, is also perpetual motion. He began it with the slightly-too-coo-name of Alphonso D'Abruzzo. (Once in show business he slapped the first two letters of both names together to make Al, and tried it until little Allie was born. Then Mrs. Alna promptly named him Alphonso Jr. and the cycle started again!) He is the eldest of three children. Father D'Abruzzo was a barber who worked on United Fruit steamboats. When he finally decided that the only way to see his family was to stay home, he barbecued at New York State hotels in New York City. Father D'Abruzzo, who was a gregarious man, liked to get his family settled around the dinner table for five hours at a stretch. After the meal everyone sat talking for hours until Mr. D'Abruzzo said, "How about a little music?"

That would be the signal for an unholly, though harmonious, uproar. Bob would spring to any one of three instruments — the piano, guitar, or clarinet. Sister Ann would take it. Then Father D'Abruzzo, Vincent, settled behind his drums. Two uncles who played in a small harmony orchestra would get out their saxophone and banjo — and Father D'Abruzzo would pluck the fiddle mandolin.

And from this swarming home life, Bob went out into the city alone from the time he was five years old. At five, he once got on a train and discovered Albany by train and subway. By the age of eight he knew the city like the back of his hand. He graduated from Stuyvesant High School effortlessly at the age of sixteen. Then he went to New York University where he studied architecture — for a reason: Father D'Abruzzo had talked to him. Bob didn't have anything clearly in mind. He accepted and became an architect firm of Cross & Cross. He did it while shaving the brothers Cross. During his freshman year at college, Bob was blissfully happy — he was studying architecture, it was a thoroughly enjoyable money by it afternoons. Everything was very fine indeed. Everything but the calendar. It was 1929.

When the smoke from the stock market crashed cleared away, Cross & Cross were lying among the debris and Bob was minus a job. "Nobody wants me to work for a living," he thought. He was as restless as a fish. He decided he had had enough of amateur singing contest— and shortly thereafter he won one. It was at the Manhattan Academy of Music. It was "Merry Mary Ann," and it was $25. And Bob was ecstatic. He sang from then on for several years, always as an amateur, at contests, dances and weddings. When he wasn't singing he was working, first as a clerk in a department store, then as a singing usher at the Orpheum Theater on 80th Street. There he met another singing usher, Frank Brown, and they discovered they lived in adjoining apartments. So they began journeying homeward together every night, once on their block. Frank would say, "So long, Bob—gotta go eat the bedtime snack my sister's fixed for me."

One night as he was absentmindedly thrown on one knee he bumped head on into a heap of packages that was coming the other way and when the packages had settled on the sidewalk, Bob discovered he had every piece of the Delano in his life. You can guess who she was. Joan Brown, Frank's sister. From then on, Bob spent his midnights hanging around the Delano waiting for a glimpse of Joan—until finally the Brownes tuck out on him and asked him to join them at their bedtime snack.

A year and a half later they were married— in as crowded a wedding as Bob's whole life had always been.

A year after their marriage Bob went into business for himself. "But, dirty or not, burlesque is full of the human race's most serio-

ous-minded people in the world," Bob says now. "All burlesque actors want to buy a farm and retire—and me too. Which I finally did, after I cashed out. Bob was a veteran of ten years in the show world when he walked into his agent's office one day in 1943 and said, "What's new?"

"Only my name this time is a talent scout from Hollywood—if that's new," said the agent. Neither nor Bob thought that a screen test would mean much,更何况还是全职的。But once tested, Bob was instantly chosen for the role of Gershwin in "Rhapsody In Blue."

It was during the shooting of the picture that tragedy came to the little Hollywood cottage in which the Albas were living. After much dinner-table discussion, Bob and Joan Alida had decided to send small Allie to a widely known military school in Hollywood. Ten short days later as he started off to school he suddenly crumpled on the front door step. His parents learned at the emergency hospital that the Albas were living in a little apartment with infantile paralysis. For months he was in bed; and then the doctor ordered the outdoor life of a farm until he had entirely recovered.

So that is why the Albas own a farm. Now Allie walks as erectly as ever and next year he can go back to school. Meanwhile he tries to keep up with his father, who has taken the quiet farm in a turmoil.

Of all Bob's night-time laboring ordeals, Joan likes best to remember his Christmas Eve of late. In the day, Bob decided to spend the money he had for stock. Bob was up for Christmas. No sooner thought than done. He began hammering together a small house, ten feet by seven. Its walls were lath and plasterboard, its floor linoleum red, and inside were a little table and chair set and a brick fireplace. Naturally, "Santa Claus" stayed all up night to finish it.

The worst thing that, though Allie liked it, he has enough of his old man's blood to want to convert it into a workshop immediately. This he did. He has now finished rigging up his first invention in the basement. What he built from scratch even to the motor. Any time his industry lags, he can look out the playhouse window and see his father hard at work in the little workshop court.

Only his father has one advantage over him: some night he'll stay up all night to finish it—while Allie has to go to bed with his own inventions unfinished.
Song and Gun Man

(Continued from page 38) Now take... down a lot of things)—he hadn’t been in yet. Could it be marriage? Maybe—from finding out that one wins more arguments in a lower key. Before I could launch a good snooping mission, Alan went into Uncle Sam’s show, where the answer is “Yes, sir”—no matter what quality of tone says it.

Time leaped by. I saw the films the studio had saved to release while Alan was in service and decided one of my first post-war acts would be to find out whether only his voice had changed. Presto! Alan is invalided out—is making pictures again. I called Paramount—this was just before Alan and the studio had their falling out—and learned Mr. Ladd was working on a very important picture—Calcutta.

Going into Paramount Studio is like going home to me. Inside, however, there are many changes. Where once was a lovely open park with buildings built around it, there now stand buildings with nothing built around them but more buildings. Strange what success does to beauty. I was happy to see the dear little street of dressing rooms intact. It’s a row of small houses—they’ve still got trees in front of them but the buildings across the way are already leering suggestively.

I walked along this half a block, which should be called “The Street of Stars,” toward the Ladd’s little house. Susie had said she would meet me there. Suddenly, ahead of me and walking like a dancer, was “Slim Hips” himself. The smile is the same, the heart still seems to be behind it, and the voice in casual conversation is just the voice of a man instead of the kid I said would make a good light comedian.

These little houses are done up to suit the occupants. Most of same have long leases with heavy options. Alan led me into his, with its fine old English prints. “Gosh!” I said, “this is swell!”

“Susie did it all,” said The Ladd.

“Where is she?”

“She’ll be here. Want some coffee?”

“No, thanks.” To myself I observed—Susie knows her stuff! She had told me she thought there had been enough written about herself, the baby, the home, etc.—I should write about Alan himself.

From twelve to one, Alan and I gabbed. I asked him what role he would like to play if he could have his choice. “A good one,” said my friend.

We talked about all sorts of things but every time I’d drag the conversation

Here’s how

HERB HOWE sees

Haymes!

Don’t miss this
delightful report
on Dick—
Coming Soon!

“Little employment”? These
days?—Don’t be silly, Willie!

Nowadays, it’s polish and paint... scrub and scour
till your hands are scratchy and rough and unromantically red. Protect your hands with snowy Pacquins Hand Cream. Pacquins helps give your hands a dainty “young skin” look.

Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubblings a day. That’s hard on hands! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. It’s super-rich with “humectant”... an ingredient that helps make dry skin feel softer, more supple.

HAPPY HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
around to Alan Ladd, the silence thickened. 

"I tell you, Alan, you seem a bit in doubt about yourself and what you want to do," said Sue. "I'm far from that," he answered briskly, "I'll tell you what it is, Elsie. Things have been settled for me at your ladyship's around the Army. Sue and I haven't been able to plan ahead for the last three years. We bought a lot in Holmby Hills, began dreaming up a house when we heard I was to be called back into the Army again. They didn't accept me. I'm starting this picture with great hopes."

Sue arrived before I could accuse him into further confessions and we went to lunch in the commissary. He's a "big shot" on the lot all right. I know the signs—a table was there in a packed room. It was not reserved, being the ladyship's. I might like to eat in the dressing room. Sue thought I ought to see folks, as I go so rarely to studios. The table was there just in case someone, who rated, had forgotten to make a reservation.

Higher-ups stopped by—I said, "Ladd is doing all right, isn't he?"

A hundred thousand fan letters a month, was the answer.

FROM the commissary, we went to the set.

John Farrow was directing. He is still that Johnny Farrow, who used to go down to the bottom of our swimming pool and stay there until my mother would start looking for something with a hook on it. Up he'd come, grinning and not even short of breath. It was fun seeing him.

A scene was being rehearsed. They went over it again. "This is rough enough!" says Farrow. "Roughly" is right—it's one of those typical barroom fights but with the Caste of India on it. The set was set between rehearsals, singing "Bell Bottom Trouser." The gang seems to like him, which I like. All the success in the world for him, maybe I'll see the kids, who help you make it, are not for you.

The Ladd does all his own fighting, saving a double. I asked Sue if she wasn't afraid something would happen to his "holy body". He has.

"He knows most of the tricks," she said, "And, anyway, I don't hang around the set all the time like this. I've got lots to do."

"The baby is enough, I imagine," I said.

I stayed until they finally took the scene, then thanked everybody for a lovely time and went. As I was leaving, the producer of "Calcutta" was saying to Alan, "You sing, don't you?" The Ladd allowed as how he did. "How would you like to do a musical with this product?"

Wouldn't it be funny if I was right about my song and Dance Man? After all, why shouldn't Ladd have a little fun? Though he hasn't been a great" long, I think The Ladd will be able to take it I mean success. If the head is not turned by the first three hits, and it certainly hasn't been, it's a pretty safe bet that the old crook can have perfect safety. The Ladd's got a mighty nice head for it.

THE END

Christmas Day in Hollywood

(Continued from page 29) the bathroom mirror off the wall, Van says, "put it on the floor and have it for $25,000." The last thing for snow. Then he set up little stores and houses, steeped churches, railway stations and tracks, with electric trains running in and out.

Just as the Van was convinced this was Santa's artistry. Then one Christmas eve Mr. Johnson, coming home early, was surprised to find Van setting up the little town. Whereupon the two looked at each other—and Mr. Johnson knew his freedled boy was growing up.

Some stars will spend Christmas under the tree. Others will drive to Nevada or Arrowhead for winter sports and snow. Still others will go home....

THAT handsome young Irishman, Bill Eythe, hopes to get home to Mars, Pennsylvania. He adores to ski on Reservoir Hill with its beautiful view of the country covered with snow. He sings Christmas carols with his family when they return from midnight mass. He even loves the colored shirts and striped ties he receives. Although some only wear white shirts and solid colored ties.

Clark Gable will spend the holidays in New York or Florida. The ranch will still be closed. When Clark was home for Christmas he was alive, the ranch was a festive place at Christmas.

The other night the Gable ranch saw its first party in several years with Clark entertaining about twelve of us at a charming buffet supper. Among the guests were Victor Fleming who directed "Adventure," which brings Clark back to the screen. Diana and Bill Powell and Mrs. Jay (Dolly) Johnson were there. We had but becued latish that was delicious.

I asked Dolly O'Brien—it's her and her large family that Clark will spend the holidays—"if she and Clark would marry."

"We're much too old friends to marry, Clark and I," she answered.

Semi-tropical California never presents a proverbial Christmas scene. The snow is artificial when Santa moves down the street. But the spirit of Christmas is wholly real.

As the darkened train whirled merrily across the country the Negro soldiers began to sing, "Holy Night, Silent Night!" And, suddenly, Johnny wasn't as homesick for Christmas in Hollywood as he had been. He knew there's only one place to celebrate Christmas—in your heart.

This year, because Gloria De Haven and Johnny were waxed about to twenty-fifth December Johnny is happily planning three tree, one for their living room, one for Gloria's pretty bedroom and one for the troops in the hospital near Hollywood. 

Above all Johnny and Gloria would like twins for Christmas . . . a boy, Michael, and a girl, Kathleen.

Robert Walker plans to spend Christmas Eve at Jennifer Jones' house decorating the tree for his sons, Bobby, five, and Michael, four. Although Bob and Jennifer are divorced, Christmas continues a very happy and cooperative occasion in their lives.

Joan Leslie and her folks open their gifts early Christmas morning. Later, however, at their big dinner table, there are more presents—but strictly the gag variety. "It depends," Dennis Morgan says, "upon how long we can keep Stanley, Kristen and Jimmy in bed what time presents are
opened in our house. Usually it’s not too long after dawn. After breakfast, comes church. I sing at Hollywood’s First Presbyterian.”

Frances Langford sings in church on Christmas too, always.

June Havner got a card this year—as she does every Christmas—that made her cry...

One Christmas Eve, years ago, when June was a little girl, she visited a children’s hospital in Cincinnati and sang carols. All around in the dusk eager children in beds and wheel chairs listened to her sweet young voice while a pseudo log on a make-believe Yule hearth cast shadows on their faces.

At the far end of the room, however, a large screen shut off one bed. June sang “Jingle Bells,” “Little Town of Bethlehem,” “It Came upon the Midnight Clear” and finally “Silent Night.” The children loved it. But there was no movement of any kind and no sound from the bed behind the screen.

Later June received a letter that read:

“Thank you, Child, for your singing. I won’t forget it, ever. You see, my little boy and I were behind the screen there at the end of the ward. He was terribly ill but begged so hard to be at the entertainment that we wheeled his bed in that far. While you sang “Silent Night”—like an angel—he passed on.

He was smiling. I’ll never forget it or you.”

And she never has. Every year June gets a Christmas card that says, “Thank you.”

THE Lawfords—Peter, Lady Lawford and Sir Sidney—are looking forward to this Christmas in their white bungalow out Westwood way. It will be a very different Christmas from the first they spent in America, in Florida. Most of their friends in England were in the war. The Lawfords had no money; they felt terribly cut off, and alone. Peter’s present for his mother was two gold fish from the dime store.

This year, however, they’ll sing “Good King Wenceslas” before a fireplace in which California eucalyptus logs will burn. There’ll be presents all round. And, as in England, all will join in mixing the plum pudding; with everybody making a wish as they stir the ingredients in the large vat with a huge wooden spoon. Then Lady Lawford will drop in the proverbial shillings and half crowns and sixpences.

“I used to eat myself sick,” Pete says, “trying to get a piece of the money.”

For Lionel Barrymore, Christmas is a day of memories. On the day before Christmas, some years ago, his wife died. So Lionel spends the holidays quietly now, between church and home. His only activity was his Christmas Eve appearance for the reading of Dickens’ “Christmas Carol” over a national hookup.

Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli, both of them darlings to whom I’m devoted, haven’t planned where their tree will stand because carpenters, paper hangars and painters have taken over their beautiful house which must be enlarged to accommodate the expected baby. Judy and Vincente are sure of only one thing—they’ll have a tree; even if they have to set it up outside in the middle of their badminton court.

Randolph Scott always has his best friend, Cary Grant, for cocktails on Christmas afternoon. And after a mid-afternoon dinner the Scotts usually drop over to Bob Hope’s or Bing Crosby’s. It’s at high noon, however, that the Scotts hold their big celebration. An eggnog party for the cowboys with whom Randy has played in Westerns!

A wonderful, magical day—Christmas! THE END
"I didn't believe it—TILL I TRIED!"

My Hollywood Friends

(Continued from page 34) "Thank you."
Esther: "Are you Susan Peters?"
Susan: "Hmmm hum."
Esther: "My gosh, I've heard since I signed with Metro is Susan Peters. You see, I'm coaching with Lillian Burns and she thinks you have so much talent, so much dramatic instinct . . ."
I suddenly noticed that my eyes were open, as though someone had thrown water in my face and from that date on, I was grumpy about something and was going to snap me out of it! Well, I unburdened my soul and confessed that I was unhappy about the test because I knew I was wrong for it—bathing suit or no bathing suit. I noticed that she was right for it. By the time we both had our faces on we were good friends.

"I hope you get the part," I concluded.

"I hope I get it too," came the honest answer, "but if I don't I hope you get it."

I was right about that test. Esther in a bathing suit was like the invention of talking pictures and her water technique caused a new sequence to be written. It involved an underwater kiss that no other girl in pictures could have done and which nearly killed Mickey Rooney!

... we were inclined to think actors are alike and that we see each other constantly. It isn't true. Particularly when a player is new and rising. You rush from picture to picture, to coach to coach, studio to studio. That was true of Esther and me in 1941.

Nevertheless I kept hearing of the Williams legend that was building up around the character of Esther. There was the classic story concerning one of the most stellar of Metro's personalities. Esther bumped into him one day. "Hi," she cried, "you sure look handsome with your teeth in!"
He stopped and gazed at her astutely. "Migsaw! You mean to say they show?"
It killed Esther. She killed the whole studio when the story got around. The point is that Esther didn't know the gentleman went in for store-boughten choppers! Her crack had been meant only as a "hep" greeting—no malice aforethought. Incidents like this are as regular as breakfast, lunch and dinner with Esther, who swims in which most folks fear to tread.

Esther has learned to be serious about her career. I think the "acting business" was more or less a lark to her at first. But it happens that this "acting business" is a highly competitive field. Esther had spent her life as a swimmer, making a show of highly competitive fields and this new-found profession presented another race to win. She will knock herself and everybody else out to be best and best she will be. It was this quality I believe that turned her from a beautiful doll who called herself "just a stale swimmer" into a trooper who can stand up against Bill Powell and co-star with him in the Hoodlum Saint.

This sense of competition led her into some pretty funny situations. She once told me about her first important date. She and her boy friend set up a swimming date. Esther raced him to the end of the pier, plunged in the water, and headed out to a float about a mile away. She glanced back and saw the boy following her. She swam faster. She looked back and saw him still following. She swam faster. The third time she looked, the poor guy was headed back for the pier at a slow dog-paddle.

That ended a beautiful friendship.

But even this blow could not dampen Esther's spirits for long. For she is the healthiest, most buoyant personality I have ever known. She loves all sports. She likes practically everyone. She never tires. But with it all she never gets excited—without some good reason for it. Most important of all, Esther's health I believe that turned her psychological as well as her physical and her good humor, lack of fear and hatred of pretense are expressions of it.

The only trouble with Esther wasn't a clear-cut matter of black and white was in the matter of her marriage to Dr. Kovner. To those of us who watched her she was working on, at a task that confused her. Dr. Kovner was intelligent and very charming, but the fundamental incompatibility between them was rather plain. That's why it was with Esther and Ben Gage. These two frolic around together, always in the same laughing mood. By the time you read this, the marriage will probably have been dissolved.

In conclusion I would like to add that the only competition in which Esther comes out second best is the race with Father Time. I am one of those punctual nuts. Six o'clock means the hands straight up and down to me. To Williams, six o'clock means quarter to seven and, more often than not, eight o'clock or even ten or even tomorrow. This leads to her eating dinner around elevenish rather than seven. This makes her hit the donwy more often at two than at midnight so she averages about four hours sleep per night with the result that she always looks absolutely fresh, perfectly groomed and never tired—which isn't right, but it is Williams, and that's very right, isn't it?

THE END

Engaging: Esther Williams and Sgt. Ben Gage dine out and talk over their exciting Mr. and Mrs. plans.
To Grace Your Face... **HALO PEARLS**

Imagine! A Thrillingly Lovely 16-inch **HALO PEARL NECKLACE**

With Sterling Silver Safety Clasp

Your **$2.98** Tax Included Postage Paid

A Halo String of Beauty Is a Joy Forever
There is something about a string of pearls that helps a lovely lady put her best face forward. So, if you have longed for the elusive beauty and charm which pearls inspire, and have heretofore permitted a price you couldn’t afford to stand in your way of pearl ownership, you’ll welcome this opportunity to acquire an exquisite Halo strand of extravagant beauty at a truly low affordable price!

A Few Pearly Words of Wisdom Why Halo Necklaces Are Preferred!

- Halo Beads Are Uniformly Perfect
- Halo Beads Are Grafted with a Pearl
- Halo Safety Clasps are Sterling Silver
- Essence that is the Essence of Loveliness
- ...and Halo Necklaces Cost No More

"Wear At Our Risk" Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction
We want you to be as proud and pleased to wear a Halo necklace as we are to have made it possible. That’s why you can wear it for 5 whole days at our risk after the postman delivers yours. Then, if you are not delighted with it, if you can bear to part with it, if you can give up the praise and compliments that its wearing has brought you — simply mail it back and we will refund your money cheerfully — and that’s a promise!

Mail This Coupon Today

**Ideal For**
**Treasured Gift Giving!**
Halo *Pearls For All Occasions*

- 1-Strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp... $2.98
- 2-Strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp... 5.98
- 3-Strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp... 8.98
- 3-Strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties.............. 8.98
- 3-Strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties.............. 8.98
- 3-Strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp...... 2.98
- 3-Strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp...... 4.49
- Assorted Size Halo Earrings on Sterling Silver...... 1.49

Above prices already include tax

LUXURIOUS SATIN-LINED JEWEL BOX INCLUDED

MAIL TO:
NATIONAL NOVELTIES - Dept. N40,
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush Halo *Pearls in Gift Box as checked off below. If not de-
lighted after 5 days I may return them for money back without question.
I understand prices already include tax which you are paying.

| 1-Strand 16" Halo Necklace | $2.98 |
| 2-Strand Halo Choker........ | $5.98 |
| 3-Strand 16" Halo Necklace... | 8.98 |
| 3-Strand Halo Choker........ | 8.98 |
| 3-Strand Halo Choker........ | 8.98 |
| 3-Strand Halo Choker........ | 8.98 |
| 3-Strand Halo Bracelet........ | 2.98 |
| 3-Strand Halo Bracelet........ | 4.49 |
| Assorted Size Halo Earrings....... | 1.49 |

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $____________
☐ Send my Halo *Pearls Prepaid
☐ Send my Halo *Pearls C.O.D. I will pay postman $_________ plus postage

Name

Shipping Coast
Address

City.. Zone. State...
Maggie’s Scrapbook

(Continued from page 51) comes a time when a gal gets tired of being a perfect lady all day, and it makes her "feel at home," she says.

Unfulfilled Ambition: (This year) To be a lady jockey, like, those she saw in Mexico. (Last year) To be a nun-away-nurse. (Before that) To be a nun and attend church every day at the Shrine of Guadalupe.

Report Card: Memorizes the pages of her schoolbooks so fast teacher has to think up trick questions to be sure she is reciting facts from a glance and not by heart. Even so, Maggie wishes "school would last longer every day."

Current Crush: Roddy McDowall, who sent her a note signed "Love," and made her blush, and who, when she autographed her copy of "Our Vine, Have Tender Grapes," kissed her on the forehead. Which is different than having grown-ups kiss her in the commissary and which she'd be happy if they wouldn't do.

Tragedy Of Her Life: The day Francesca, her canary, flew out the window and never came back. She is trying very hard to love the three canaries she has now, because they can't help it if they are "very homely," and not smart enough to ride on her shoulder the way Francesca did.

Preferred Pets: A cocker spaniel named "Maggie" after herself, who can stand on her hind legs and dance, a collie named "Laddie," who can't do anything because he's made of imitation fur, but gets a place on her pillow every night.

What Makes Grown-ups So Puzzling: Because they can't see at a glance when she comes to breakfast wearing a sheet and look at her and say that she is being Bernadette—and because they make her put down the candle long enough to eat her egg. And because they don't understand that when she's playing an imaginary bull-fiddle and singing she's "having a baby"—like June Allyson did, in "Music For Millions." (She's decided, after seeing how easy it is, someday to have a very large family, all babies.)

Actress She Wants To Be Like: June Allyson—to talk like June, walk like June, and "be" June. For awhile she was afraid she would grow up to be "Hedy Lamarr" (which is no reflection on Miss Lamarr, except that she doesn't have blonde hair).

What She's Apt To Be: A complete success in the romance department when she's ready for it. Mostly because of that deceptive fragile look, like a piece of thistledown ready to be tossed by any strong wind, which even now has the male seers always predicting her.

Most Unconscious Talent: An ability to mimic anything or anybody.

What's Nice About Being A Pin-Up Girl: Getting souvenirs from the fighting men. A German helmet, a compass off a ship and some rosary beads from a G.I. in Italy are her most treasured.

Current Excitements: The promise of one of Lassie's pups, soon to arrive by litter.

What She Has No Idea Of: (Because Mother won't let anyone give her such notions) that her first major role in "Journey For Margaret" was one of the greatest emotional performances ever given, even by an adult. That she is the Smallest Great Dramatic Actress in the world!

THE END
She's Impact

(Continued from page 57) complexities of Lizabeth Scott will begin to reveal themselves. And that there will be more exciting impacts as Lizabeth matures.

I WAS a peculiar, precocious child," she says. "When I was thirteen, I used to watch Deanna Durbin on the screen and feel like a complete flop. She had done so much; I had done nothing. Also, I had a complex about my voice, which was deep even then. I went from voice teacher to voice teacher trying to become a coloratura soprano.

Lizabeth's second major frustration was Tallulah Bankhead, an extremely healthy actress. After drama school, Lizabeth was Miss Bankhead's understudy in "Skin Of Our Teeth." For seven months, she sat from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. and Miss Bankhead never turned up ailing. It was enough to shatter a girl's faith in the common cold. Eventually Lizabeth quit, having played only one performance in seven months.

She lived part-time in her small room and chiefly at El Morocco, "Listening to all the dull talk. I said, 'Look here, little Scott, we have got to do something about you.' So I began hitting the streets at 10 a.m., haunting producers.

"One day I met a girl on the street and she said, 'Say, why don't you model?' It's sad, but Lizabeth can't remember that girl's name. Her entire career hinged on that remark.

"So I went to Harper's Bazaar and they took pictures and I didn't know what to say I was worth. A friend told me $15 was tops, so I said $10. That was $10 for one hour. I had worked two hours. Twenty dollars. Pretty wonderful."

Just two years ago on her birthday eve, Lizabeth went night-clubbing for what turned out to be practically the last time.

"Two men stared at me from an opposite table. Flattering, but I thought perhaps they stared a little too hard. Finally, a waiter came over and asked if Mr. Hal B. Wallis could have my name. I was so untutored then that I had never heard of Mr. Hal B. Wallis, but I sent him my name—and he and his friend burst out laughing. The friend was Irving Hoffman, the columnist, and he came over to explain. Mr. Wallis had been told I might be a good bet and he intended to see me the next morning at 11 o'clock. They were laughing at the coincidence."

Lizabeth went home at 2 a.m. and the following things happened:

A bird flew in her window and scared her. She telephoned the management and said she was being attacked by a monster. A telegram came bidding her to report next day to play the lead in "Skin Of Our Teeth" in Boston.

And the message confirming the appointment to see Hal B. Wallis appeared.

She sent him the following telegram:

LIFE IS CHAOTIC, MUST LEAVE FOR BOSTON TO PLAY IN SKIN OF OUR TEETH, WHAT NOW?

She left for Boston.

UP to this point, she had been known as Elizabeth Scott. On her way to Boston, she dropped the "E" because that made her name come out in thirteen letters. She believes thirteen is lucky. "Anyway, it's better showmanship," she says. She was a hit in Boston, returned to New York with clippings, a small reputation, no work and no reply from Wallis.

Lizabeth's mother, who lived in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and is a patient woman, decided at this point that Lizabeth had better settle down and become a proper young lady. As strategy, she cut her allowance to $10 a week. This was

Ignorance of these Intimate Physical Facts has wrecked many a happy marriage!

What a different story if only this young wife knew the REAL TRUTH about intimate feminine hygiene. If only she realized how important douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, health and marriage happiness. If only her knowledge of douching was modern, scientific and up-to-date!

And it would be if she'd use ZONITE in her douche because no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues. Just ask your own Doctor.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

In this day of enlightenment—it's ridiculous to even think any well-informed and careful woman would use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar in the douche. She certainly should know by now that these 'kitchen makeshifts' do not and cannot give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE. ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-burning, non-irritating. It contains no phenol, cresote or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary—it's HARMLESS!

All Drugstores—No Prescription Needed

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerful no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you CAN be sure that ZONITE immediately kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today!
Tired Kidneys, Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they tire and don’t work right in the daytime, many people have to get up in the night for secret passages with symptoms and discomfort. Sometimes there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don’t neglect this condition and lose your valuable, restless sleep.

When disordered kidney function permits poisonous materials to remain in your blood, it may also cause rashes, headaches, pain, loss of energy, swelling, sickness under the eyes, headaches and distress.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 46 years. Doan’s gives help and will help the 15 miles of kidney flaps flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan’s Pills.

WEDDING RING

TEN DAYS’ TRIAL—SEND MONEY

Introductory offer: With this card, now, Sterling Silver Solid ring with extra extra extra values added. Exclusive ring set with eight imitation diamonds in fire and brilliance. Also extra fitted in ring a perfect wedding proposal. Send money with order. Just name, address, and $75 will bring the ring. We ship both rings in pretty gift box immediately and you pay just 3 easy payments of $2 each, total only $8. We trust you. No red tape as you make no payment and Federal tax is not paid when order is sent. Return balance any time within 39 days. We back guarantee. Act now.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-371, Jefferson, Iowa.

LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America’s noted designers. Complete materials, bobbins, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Pattern Book free. HERMAN W. MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY 220 N. Walsh Ave., Dept. 191, Chicago, III.

What gives each file a guiding mark
Like lighted street signs after dark?

Dennis MILLINERY INDEX TABS

At Stationery Departments Everywhere

Help yourself to BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS

Don’t be embarrassed by short, broken, thin nails. It’s so easy and you can develop beautiful nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy, they bring you long, lovely nails. Nu-Nails for everyone a necessity. Can be worn on any length and polished for every occasion. Use over nail biting habit. Set of 10 only 20c at all 3c-10c stores.

NU-NAILS FINGERNAILS

1925 W. Harrison St., Dept. 19-A, Chicago.

to encourage Lizabeth to forget New York and the stage.

It was November, and the fashion photographs taken the previous August appeared in Harper’s Bazaar, five pictures in all. Lizabeth received another telegram:

SWEETHEARTS IN HARPERS BAZAAR. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN COMING WITH US TO SPEND TWO WEEKS EXPENSES PAID. CHARLES FELDMAN.

When an important agent sends for a girl who isn’t working, the girl goes. Lizabeth arrived with $50. She was rejected by the first submission and then by the second. They were all interested. They all said something would turn up. She saw Hal B. Wallis again, before he left Warner Bros., and he was interested. But he could do nothing at that time.

“I did a little modeling and I had $200 when I gave up all hope and made a reservation for the train. It was practically vacating the train when a call from Mr. Wallis’s office stopped me. He gave me a one-month’s option, until he could start his new organization at Paramount. It wasn’t too encouraging, but he picked up that option...”

And starred her in two pictures.

She prefers motion pictures to the stage. “The theater is hard, much harder, basically wonderful, but actually, the stage is as prescribed—as well, as a fourteen line sonnet. It’s traditional and can’t change.”

She is fascinated by color, as the most casual observer can see by the way she dresses. If her sweater, which she wears as if sweaters were invented for her alone, is blue, her kermis is three other colors. It is natural to ask a twenty-three-year-old girl if she is in love. Are you in love, Lizabeth?

“No. But I want to be.”

The suggestion was made that Lizabeth would be a lot of fun to be in love with.

“I would want to be in love with a man who would lose me so intensively, so well, I will fall in love some day and I will be very much in love indeed.”

She suddenly opens her eyes, says:

“But it hasn’t happened yet. Almost. I am pretty analytical, I look the man over sharply. No, I don’t mean to see if he deserves me, but to see if he could support an intense love like that.”

Lizabeth seems to be a good self-appraiser. “Sometimes I am flabbergasted by my own instincts. They reveal themselves to me with shocking clarity. My family was too analytical, almost too well-informed, if that’s possible. Too tenaciously intellectual. I want to be warmer than that. I still take little Scott by the arm in the street and say, ‘Look here, little girl, what are you doing?’

“A long time ago, I used to say a thing. I know now that it was valuable. I said, ‘I don’t know how, but I know where, I don’t know when, but I will.’

“A bromide, perhaps. But I said that many, many times, and I’m not ashamed to say it now. I’ve learned that a thing like that is psychologically important.”

At one time, before she made up her mind that she would become a star (it never occurred to her to dream of being married, she said) about being a star, she was fascinated by a lady reporter, name of Dorothy Thompson. What might have happened in innumerable jobs had they been full-time reporter as determined as Lizabeth, and salty and gorgeous to boot, is interesting fodder for a winter evening’s discussion.

“I believe everything is hidden from the public. One thing can be set down for certain: It will take many cameras and many pictures to reveal all the faces of this young woman. Meanwhile, whatever we have, boys, is sheer impact!”

THE END

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dowkin, who, having been duly sworn, deposes that he is the o. 1. of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a correct statement of the same:

1. The name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
   - Publisher: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 24th Street, New York, N. Y.
   - Editor: Frank R. Sammack, 205 East 24th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is:
   - A corporation, the name and address of which is:
     - Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 24th Street, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding of record 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock, are:
   - No holders.

4. That the publishers do not own or hold stock as security, nor do any bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders as such appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in the name of another, the officers of the corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all bonds, mortgages and other security, and as to the circulation and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a cautiously truthful and honest manner for a long time and in the belief that any other person, association or corporation having any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities does not publish a statement relating to the above.

Sworn to by the undersigned, to aid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date above shown is (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) MEYER DOWKIN.
**HAIRTAI.NERS**

Complete security for glamour-going or business-bound hairstyles is yours with Gripp-Tuth HAIRTAI.NERS— the comb that won't fall out and so eliminates hairfussing! Each tooth is a tiny spring that g-r-i-p-s securely—hair strands can't slip through. A neat trick for all hair-dos and any hair texture!

BUY HAIRTAI.NERS—on sale at leading beauty salons and notions counters.

---

**GRIP-TUTH HAIRAINER**

ORDINARY COMB lets hair strands slip through.

HAIRTAI.NER* grips hair here

---

**DIAMOND RINGS**

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold rings in Genuine Venetian Romance Design impression ring set with Swarovski Master cut diamond inlaid in antematt9, sweatheart housing, weld- ing the diamond into the metal to be a lifetime! Diamond, inlaid, only $9.50 if both rings are purchase together. Send us both. ADD $2.00 for each additional diamond.シンプルで美しいデザインを組み合わせ、ダイヤモンドで装飾したリングを送ります。10K yellow gold rings in Genuine Venetian Romance Design impression ring set with Swarovski Master cut diamond inlaid in antematt9, sweatheart housing, weld- ing the diamond into the metal to be a lifetime! Diamond, inlaid, only $9.50 if both rings are purchase together. Send us both. ADD $2.00 for each additional diamond.

---

**“My kitchen looks like new for only 6$”**

I made my kitchen look gay, colorful, just like new, with beautiful Royalidge shelving! Only 6$ for 9 feet of crisp, decorative Royalidge. Simply lay Royalidge on shelves and fold—no tacks, no trouble. At 5-and-10's, naborhood, and department stores.
Holiday Pick-Ups

Yuletide tips for a beautiful you — and a beautiful time

YOU’VE been grinning and bearing it long enough. This year, the lid’s off! Have fun during the holidays. It’s coming to you. The war’s over and if you don’t snap at every chance to have a good time you might as well curl up on the sofa for a quiet evening at home with a good book — and like it! But why let that fagged out feeling and the fact that you’re not a female with time to spend leisurely dolling up for a big holiday date keep you from looking and feeling your sparkling best?

Here are the pet formulas of some of your Hollywood sisters for freshening up quickly after a hard day’s work at the studios and maintaining the high beauty rating expected of them.

Angela Lansbury, that British lovely with the peaches-and-cream complexion, has a salty answer to the problem. First she goes to work on her face with cleansing cream — slathering it on generously so as to remove as much of the dirt and grime in this first clean-up step as she can. That done, she gives herself a soap facial, working the creamy suds well into the pores with a complexion brush, so that every stubborn dirt particle is dislodged and can be rinsed away.

Now here’s her special salt treatment:

Making a heavy paste of plain table salt and refrigerator-chilled water, she pats it on like a mask. When almost dry, she removes it with warm water. Try it for a smooth, glowing skin that will give the lie to the look that used to be!

Gail Russell gives with another tiredlook chaser. Raining light but brisk little blows with the soft, padded underpart of her fingertips on her face, she pats away until the circulation is stimulated and the natural freshness is restored.

Paulette Goddard holds on to her hair and tugs it! Taking a handful at a time, she pulls all over her head. This is not only a good scalp tinger, she says, but it is also a great help in relieving nervous tension.

You might go a step further and give your tresses a good brushing with a clean, stiff-bristled brush. Brush from the roots out. Bend your head low so you’ll not just swish over the top layer, but will reach every hair of your pretty head. For extra hair glory, before brushing sprinkle just a little toilet water or cologne on your hairbrush.

Vivian Blaine says her eyes often look droopy after a hard day. To open them up she wrings out cotton pads in hot water and places them over her closed lids. Then she alternates by placing cotton pads wrung out in ice-cold water over them.

Although this hot-cold water treatment works like magic for eye opener purposes, you might like to cleanse and brighten your orbs by using an eye wash. If you have time, lie down in a darkened room, relax, and place on your closed lids any one of the good eye pads on the market.

But to get back to Vivian Blaine, and another trick she has for making her eyes look larger and brighter. When making up, she uses a very little pale blue eye shadow.

Eye make-up, you know, may be had in many flattering colors. Become as used to wearing it as you are to wearing lipstick, which came into its own in the Twenties, after the last World War. A shade to enhance the natural beauty of your eye coloring, or one to pick up your dominant costume color is what the eye-make-up-wise beauty uses these days. That’s what lends the final note of enchantment.

Maureen O’Hara, when in need of a mental lift after a particularly tiring day, gets contrary with her hair. Up it goes, if she’s been wearing it down all day! Down she lets it fall, if it’s been up all day since early morning!

She also says she finds a too-bright lipstick only acccents that tired look, and so she substitutes a softer-hued one, with rouge to match.

Veronica Lake’s pet remedy for coaxing back her flagging energy to its maximum peak is to get rough with her towel drying. After her shower she massages her arms, legs and entire body like mad with the bath towel to bring the blood to the surface. This stimulation, she will tell you, restores her pep in the twinkling of an eye.

So now you’re on your own . . . And a Beautiful New Year to you!
WHY BE NEGATIVE ... WHEN YOU CAN BE POSITIVE

WITH

L'Orlé Lodorante

The Fragrances that stay Perspiration-Proof

Entrust yourself to L'ORLE LODORANTE—the original and exclusive double-action fragrances for Men and Women. Thanks to our famous Lorlizing discovery these fragrances possess a positive refreshing deodorizing quality and can be used freely all over the body. More important, these fragrances stay perspiration-proof all day long.

$1.00 to $3.00 (plus tax) wherever toiletries are sold.

Feminine Fragrances...
6. Beware 10. Dare Me 30. Tumbleweed

Masculine Scents...
130. Tumbleweed 133. Boots & Saddle 134 Field & Stream
135. Stick & Ball 143. Skiing 145. Clover Hay

Parfum L'ORLE, Inc. 6 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Made in U. S. A.
Hungarian Rhapsody

(Continued from page 43) right. They couldn’t eat, they couldn’t sleep. They exhausted themselves with their own happiness—delivered in the large economy- sized packages by a heartless fate.

“Has it affected you much, do you think, Cornel?” we asked him recently.

“No,” he said thoughtfully. “But it does seem a pity it happened to us while we were so young.

And in that time now and the unhappiness is only just behind him. So closely behind him he still lapes into what close friends describe as a "Hungarian funk." Cornel’s and Pat’s love for each other was never far from the fact. He kept them going through those eight years. But to say the Wildes have always been complacently happy in each other and to envision them always the soul of harmonious accord is wrong. They fought consistently during the first two or three years of marriage. But—they fought things out and settled them.

"We fought our way to a lasting marriage," Pat says. "Now we have a thorough understanding of each other and a solid foundation for life together in the future."

WHERE most husbands resent a wife's taking a career, Cornel has long insisted Pat be given her chance in pictures. Of those who were foolish enough, except for the color of their hair, to look enough alike to be brother and sister.

Cornel is not always understood by people with whom he comes in contact. His delights in matching some proper wrong way by refusing to conform to Hollywood's caste system. It dates back to his early fight for recognition when he learned the word is that the two of them will make a picture together. Cornel would like nothing better. Heaven knows, Pat's blonde fairness, her youth and divine figure surpass the screen attributes of many stars of today. Together they turn heads in a town where beauty is commonplace.

"Better than that," he'll tell them, and launch into a glowing description of the talent and beauty of Patricia Knight." Around the Twentieth Century-Fox lot the word is that the two of them will make a picture together. Cornel would like nothing better. Heaven knows, Pat's blonde fairness, her youth and divine figure surpass the screen attributes of many stars of today. Together they turn heads in a town where beauty is commonplace.

"Better than that," he'll tell them, and launch into a glowing description of the talent and beauty of Patricia Knight. "Anybody who has had a glimpse of the two of them will see that the two of them will make a picture together. Cornel would like nothing better. Heaven knows, Pat's blonde fairness, her youth and divine figure surpass the screen attributes of many stars of today. Together they turn heads in a town where beauty is commonplace.

"Better than that," he'll tell them, and launch into a glowing description of the talent and beauty of Patricia Knight. "Anybody who has had a glimpse of the two of them will see that the two of them will make a picture together. Cornel would like nothing better. Heaven knows, Pat's blonde fairness, her youth and divine figure surpass the screen attributes of many stars of today. Together they turn heads in a town where beauty is commonplace."
Know the Joy of
Lovely Curls and Waves by tonight

Give yourself

**Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave**

CONTAINING "KURLIUM"*

Yes!—with the new Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours at home! Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. The result will be luxurious curls and waves that are natural looking and easy to manage.

It's Easy as Combing Your Hair!

- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
- "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- Ideal, too, for children's hair
- Your permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution with "Kurlium," 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions. It's complete, there's nothing else to buy.

*Only Charm-Kurl contains "Kurlium," the quick working hair beautifier. It's the nation's biggest Home COLD WAVE valued at "Kurlium." in U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.
leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely!
Drene your hair and bring out all its gleaming beauty, as much as 33% more lustre than any soap.
Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dull, dingy film on hair, the way all soaps do.
Such manageable, satin-smooth hair, right after shampooing . . . now that Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action.
Complete removal of unsightly dandruff too . . . when you shampoo your hair this glamour way.
So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

Learn About Hair-dos From the Girls who Know

Lovely Lily Carlson, glamorous New York model, Cover Girl and Drene Girl... poses for many famous fashion photographs. She wears her Drene-pretty hair in many exciting styles.
In Front of the Camera, Lily chooses this center-part upsweep to go with the jersey dress by Joel. "See how my back hair is combed up into shining rolls. Twist strands of pearls around velvet ribbon for the matching comb and choker." That polished-smooth look of Lily's hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

• In Private Life, Lily often wears this shining example of a casual, soft hair-do. "Remember," says Lily, "the more simple your hair-do, the more important its gleaming beauty." She knows that only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make her hair look so lovely.
Van Johnson
By Paul Hesse
To Maybelline

The eye make-up
I would never be
without never be

Sincerely,

Juno Crawford
"Gonna send it to yourself, Sugar?"

**GIRL:** All right. And what if I am? Everybody can't be a rich, beautiful, glamorous, witty heiress with beaus all over the place sending Valentines all the time!

**CUPID:** True, my ferocious little fruitcake, true. But everybody can smile... and you don't! Don't you know a sparkling smile gets more men than home cooking?

**GIRL:** Sure. But my smile's as sparkling as a boiled potato!

**CUPID:** Ever try brushing your teeth?

**GIRL:** Did I ev—? Listen, my fresh little friend, I brush my teeth regular as anything! And they still don't sparkle. And what's more I've even begun seeing "pink" on my tooth brush lately!

**CUPID:** Oh? And what'd your dentist say?

**GIRL:** Dentist? What dentist? Who said any—

**CUPID:** Well of all the waffle-brained—! Listen, Sis, that "pink" on your tooth brush is a warning to see your dentist right away! Because he may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** My smile. We were talking about my smile. Remember?

**CUPID:** Sugar, we still are! Don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? And this Ipana not only cleans teeth, it's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth, and... bang! You've started yourself on the road to a sparkling smile! Okay? Then get started... Today, Sugar, Ipana and massage.

For the Smile of Beauty  
**IPANA AND MASSAGE**
The screen can offer no greater thrill than this story of gallant men and women who never expected to return. "They Were Expendable." We salute them. — Leo

**Stay Highlights**

Invitation to the Wedding of Bette and William Grant Sherry

Jack Ashland 27

Announcing the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards for 1945

Dr. George Gallup 28

Heart of a Yankee (Van Johnson)  Adela Rogers St. John 30

And So Goodbye... Louella O. Parsons 32

The break-up of Lana Turner and Turhan Bey

Miss Paradox (Eleanor Parker)  Jerry Asher 34

Badger Boy (Dennis Morgan)  Maxine Arnold 36

I Give a Party  Elsa Maxwell 38

Galahad in Gloves (Dane Clark)  Freda Dudley 40

That's Hollywood for You— Sidney Skolsky 42

Hustle-and-Haver  Elsie Janis 44

Off-trail Hombre (Robert Mitchum)  Cameron Shipp 46

My Hollywood Friends (Clark Gable)  Susan Peters 48

Czech Double Check (Charles Korvin)  Faith Deannison 50

Valentine Vignettes 52

Photolife of Dana Andrews  Lynn Perkins 54

My Fight for Life  Ida Lupino 58

Scene Wonder (Jeanne Crain)  Dorothy Deere 60

What Should I Do? 62

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Shades of Their Ancestors! 64

**Portraits in Color**

Eleanor Parker 35 Mr. and Mrs. Dane Clark 40

Dennis Morgan 37 June Haver 44

Robert Mitchum 46

**Special Features**

Brief Reviews 129 Inside Stuff—Cal York 4

Cast of Current Pictures 133 Photoplay Fashions 73

Disc Data 136 The Shadow Stage 22

The Editor Takes a Fling 24

Cover: Van Johnson, appearing in "Easy To Wed"
Natural Color Photography by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director  Helen Gilmore, Editor
Elaine Osterman, Hollywood Manager Adele Whitely Fletcher, Associate Editor
Edmund Davenport, Executive Art Director Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Hymie Fink, Photographer  Ruth Waterbury, Contributing Editor

FEBRUARY, 1946  VOL. 28, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., Executive, advertising and editorial offices. O. J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise, Senior Vice-President; S. O. Shanley, Vice-President; Myer Druckman, Secretary. and Treasurer; Correll McKnight, Executive Vice-President; Walter H. Adams, Advertising Manager; Maxwell L. Reno, Managing Editor; L. D. Pennington, Art Director; Tom Hopp, Production Manager; Samuel K. Wax, Director of Circulation.


Member of Macfadden Women's Group.

The contents of this magazine may not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
Robert Montgomery (don't you feel like shaking his hand and saying: "Welcome home, Bob!") plays "Brick." He's in love with a couple of tons of wood and steel, a PT boat. John Wayne is "Rusty"...afraid of only one thing in the world, losing Sandy. Lovely Donna Reed is Sandy, the nurse who heals heroes' wounds, and steals their hearts.

Here's the thrilling picturization of the terrific best-seller that has taken America by storm, "They Were Expendable." Acclaimed by the reading public as a Reader's Digest classic, then as a Book-of-the-Month... and now as an M-G-M film destined to be called the Picture of the Year. Here's roaring action... suspense with a wallop... flaming romance as real as flesh and blood can make it. The screen can offer no greater thrill than "They Were Expendable."

M-G-M presents
THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
starring
ROBERT MONTGOMERY • JOHN WAYNE

with DONNA REED • JACK HOLT • WARD BOND
A JOHN FORD PRODUCTION • BASED ON THE BOOK BY WILLIAM L. WHITE
Screen Play by FRANK WEAD, COMDR. U.S.N. (RET.) • Associate Producer CLIFF REID
DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD, CAPTAIN, U.S.N.R.
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Inside Stuff
Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood
Photographs by Hymie Fink

Lens event—the Press Photographers’ Ball at Ciro’s. Hedy Lamarr and John Loder among glitter guests.

Press Photographers’ Ball: Everybody turned out for the annual Press Photographers’ Ball which was held at Ciro’s. And that was the first time that Lana Turner popped out without Turhan Bey after their sudden bust-up. And even though he was with Ella Raines and took her out a lot after that, don’t for a minute believe that she is the one who broke up the romance. Ella’s heavy date is really Paul Fix, who is in the process of getting a divorce. And don’t be surprised if they marry when he gets it. Lana’s dating with Steve Crane (Continued on page 6).

Tuneful two-ing—Beverly Tyler and Tom Drake do the honors at the same party.

No women allowed—Dana Andrews with returned service men, Bob Preston and Vic Mature, goes in for man talk.
SHE MADE A CAREER OUT OF LOVE!

Kitty winked an eye from behind her fan,
Smiled just once, and caught a million dollar man!
She took all his dough, 'cause she had a way of knowing
That he couldn't take it with him where he was going!

Kitty and the duke were a handsome pair
Soon they were married — with a son and heir.
But kitty had her eyes on his bank account,
And she got what she wanted, thanks to Paramount!

Kitty as a duchess was a sight to behold.
No man could resist her in satin and gold.
She started holding hands with a conquering hero,
But at the end of the game his score was zero!

Kitty was really waiting for a certain guy,
The conniving gent who put that gleam in her eye.
She drew a circle that took him in
Because Kitty was a woman with a will to win!

From rags to ermine Kitty made no stop.
On a ladder of husbands she climbed to the top.
HOLLYWOOD'S RISING, YOUNG STARS AGREE—

"Canaries are Wonderful Pets!"

Dale Evans... appearing in "SONG OF ARIZONA," a new release by Republic Productions, Inc., says: "A PERKY, LITTLE SINGING CANARY BOOSTS YOUR SPIRITS... HELPS MAKE EVERY DAY BRIGHTER!"

A canary is so easy to care for, so radiant with happiness that you, too, will agree, "Canaries are wonderful pets!"

Have a canary for your very own... or, for a delightful gift to someone you love, give a songster!

To keep your canary at his peak of happiness, feed America's favorite bird diet—FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit)—the time-tried canary food containing 11 proven aids to canaries' health and song.

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U.S.

(Continued from page 4) doesn't mean anything either. And as for Rory Calhoun—well—he's good looking and very devoted but Cal wouldn't make any bet on this being the real thing, either.

That was the night that Vic Mature debuted with civilian clothes—and also debuted with June Haver. They've been dating like mad ever since. John Wayne, Joan Davis and Kathryn Grayson (who has made up with John Shelton yet again). It was a thoroughly gay affair.

Wedding Bells: At five-thirty on the Sunday afternoon of November 25, 1945, young Jane Powell's lovely voice suddenly rang out over the small group gathered in the Westwood Congregational Church. Janie was singing, "I love you, I love you, that's all that I can say" at the wedding of Esther Williams and Ben Gage.

Almost a year ago, you see, when Esther and Ben had their very first date the orchestra played that tune and the night Ben first proposed to Esther the band played it. And when finally, after much deliberation, Esther accepted Ben, Ben had it played. Then when they quarreled and made up they made up to that tune. So they simply had to get married to it.

It was a small wedding because Esther and Ben wanted it just for their closest friends and their families. Ben's eighty-two-year-old grandma made her first air trip to arrive in Hollywood for the occasion. In fact, the whole Gage clan was there which is quite a group and Ben's older brother Captain Charles Gage was best man. There was a bigger crowd of Williamses, though. Movie celebrities were kept out, except for Ben's ushers who were his pals, Sonny Tufts, William Tracy, Ed Gardner and Ed Morgan. Esther had no attendant save her matron of honor, Malvina Pumphrey, who has been her publicity representative and closest friend throughout her movie career.

Esther wore (Continued on page 8)
Once again an exciting entertainment achievement from Warners!

"Your guns get you to San Antonio!"

- From there on you trust to luck!"

They poured lead into the prairie badlands and built the city the devil once called home!

SAN ANTONIO in Technicolor

Starring Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith

WITH
S.Z. Cuddles Sakall Victor Francen John Litel

DIRECTED BY
DAN BUTLER ROBERT BUCKNER

PRODUCED BY

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY ALAN LEMAY AND W.R. BURNETT MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

"A woman's as good as her reputation... and a man is as good as his aim!"

"She sings... "One Sunday Morning" the nation's song delight!"
Now... Let the Magic of
"MAKE-UP"
add Color and Sparkle to
Your hair

Here's Glamour Made Easy... yes, in just
3 minutes — at home — you can give your
hair glorious new color, with Marchand's
wonderful "Make-Up" Hair Rinse. So easy to
use, it goes on and washes off with as little
fuss as your facial make-up!

Many Different Color Effects... No mat-
ter what shade your hair may be, with this
thrilling hair "make-up", you can highlight
and brighten its natural shade... give it a
definitely warmer tone, or add a soft cop-
pery glow... even blend little gray streaks
in with your original youthful shade!

Not a Permanent Dye... Marchand's Rinse
is absolutely harmless — as safe to use as
lemon or vinegar. And these delicate tints
do so much more for your hair!

After your shampoo, simply dissolve a pack-
age of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse in
warm water and brush or pour it through
your hair. Almost instantly dulling soap film
disappears, your curls sparkle and gleam as
they never could with a shampoo alone!

12 Smart Shades... you can get the very
color effect you want with this modern Hair
"Make-Up". Try it, after your next shampoo!

(Continued from page 6) a pink Irene
gown with a matching pink hat and Mal
wore a brown one and even though no-ody ever sees the groom, Ben pointed
out that he was wearing a blue pin-
striped suit. That was because he was
conscious of having got out of uniform
only the day before.

But if they had so few stars at the
church, the Gages had them by the sky-
ful at Malvina's house for their wed-
ding reception. The whole Metro list
was there, half of Paramount and
three-quarters of Twentieth, with Lana
Turner grabbing the spotlight because
she never moved from a corner where
she was huddled with Bob Hutton and
he never moved his hand that was
tightly grasping hers. Esther and Ben
towered above the crush. In fact just
before they went dashes away to the
airport, where they were to fly down to
Mexico for a week's honeymoon in
magical Acapulco, the saucy mermaid
murmured, "Now everybody can see
why I fell in love with you, Ben boy.
It's because you're the only man in the
world who makes me look dainty."

What did six-feet-five Mr. Gage do
then? He lightly picked up the five-foot-
ten-inch glamour girl, who's been said
to have a perfect profile all over, and
took her out to their car and whirled
away in a cloud of congratulations.

Bet: If all the pictures you see of
Catherine McLeod, Frank Borzage's
discovery (who will practically be
starred in her first picture, "I've Al-
ways Loved You"), have her dressed to
the teeth—or posing behind stoves and
such—don't be surprised. Something
new under the Hollywood sun is the
bet that Borzage's publicity man has
made with him (Continued on page 10)
The story that could not be told!

Hollywood called this story “impossible to produce.” Such mounting suspense...such daring emotional power...such difficult starring roles. Yet, here it is, in all its flawless fascination!

RKO RADIO PICTURES
presents
DOROTHY MCGUIRE
GEORGE BRENT
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in The
Spiral Staircase

WITH
KENT SMITH • RHONDA FLEMING
GORDON OLIVER • ELSA LANCHESTER

A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION
Directed by ROBERT SIDENAK
Screen Play by MIL DAVIES
Based on the Novel "Saw Dust Watch" by ETHEL LING WHITE
"One Rose, by those Fair Fingers cull'd, were worth a hundred kisses" — Tennyson

Nice going, Mr. T....but can fingers stay "fair" and make with the mop?
It can be done! Yes...in spite of scrubbing floors...scouring...cooking...all the hard housework in the world...Pacquins Hand Cream still helps keep hands adorably soft and smooth. Use Pacquins regularly for whiter, smoother-looking hands.

Ask your doctor or his nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 soapy-water scrubblings a day. Pacquins was originally formulated for their professional use...and their hands get really hard treatment! Pacquins is super-rich with humectant, an ingredient that helps parched, roughened skin feel softer, more supple. Pacquins is pleasant to use too. Snow white...not greasy!

Pacquins
HAND CREAM
Creamy-smooth...not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

(Continued from page 8) that this talented girl can be "sold" to the fans without leg art or any kind of a sexy picture build-up whatever. Also, he's gone even further and bet that Catherine can get reams of publicity without any romance yarns too. Well—we'll see!

Temperament Dept: Edward G. Robinson walked off the "Strangers" set at three A.M., because he said it was taking too long to get a certain few shots—and that his sleep is more important than somebody's fiddling around to get an arty effect. Can't blame him.
Paul Henreid is under suspension at Warners for refusing a role in "The Beast With Five Fingers" and Robert (Gershwin) Alda will replace him.
Annie-pie Sheridan's long and costly fight with her studio over the kind of roles she wants to play is over. She should be tearing herself away from Steve Hannagan long enough to be in front of the cameras again by the time you read this.

That Sanders: The day was bright and sunny so Cal hied himself down to the beach house of George Sanders to pay an afternoon visit.
Never quite knowing how Georgie will react (our last experience was brutally amusing), we found him ensconced in a Marion Davies guest house which he had (Continued on page 12)
And now the Son of Robin Hood... dashing lover... adventurer... outlaw!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

CORNEL WILDE
Star of "A Song to Remember" and "Leave Her to Heaven"

in

The BANDIT of SHERWOOD FOREST

Anita LOUISE - Jill ESMOND - Edgar BUCHANAN

Screenplay by Wilfrid H. Pettitt and Melvin Levy - Directed by GEORGE SHERMAN and HENRY LEVIN - Produced by LEONARD S. PICKER and CLIFFORD SANFORTH
Eddie Bracken, star of Paramount's "HOLD THAT BLONDE" has his bathroom papered with music scores! That's so he'll never run out of inspiration while singing in the shower.

An even brighter idea, says Eddie, and one that should be in everybody's bathroom, is Calox Tooth Powder for cleansing and polishing teeth. Calox contains five different ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. No wonder it's the personal dentifrice of many famous movie stars!

Calox does even more than cleanse and polish. It actually sweetens your breath, and leaves your mouth feeling clean and minty-fresh. That's why Calox is known as "The Breath-less Beauty Dentifrice." Try Calox Tooth Powder!

(Continued from page 10) sub-rented from Geraldine Fitzgerald. He couldn't have been more mellow, more affable, more charming. And in those white shorts he certainly is what the ladies term a fine figure of a man.

In fact, Cal made a discovery that day he'd like to pass on to you Sanders fans. He's shy. It's revealed in his nervous laughter, in a wistful hopefulness that everything is going along all right. He played first (and he plays well!) some songs with slightly risque lyrics, and then several of his own melodious compositions.

He told us, too, of the afternoon he and Mrs. Sanders had gone out on their beach to discover a woman lying there in such a way they feared she was dead.

When the former Falcon, that know-all detective who is now played by George's brother Tom Conway, attempted to arouse the woman, a bottle of liquor and a half emptied bottle of sleeping tablets rolled into the sand.

He quickly summoned the police. "And right there," George told us, "I found I'd been doing that Saint detective all wrong. Instead of any brilliant deducing or far-flung logic, one policeman calmly straddled the sleeping woman, picked up the bottle of liquor, took a drink and passing the bottle around, said, "It's good. Have a swig."

Somehow, the idea amused George immensely. In fact, everything about his life these days (except that awful ending on his picture "Uncle Harry") seems to please him. Perhaps it's because he's passing through what he chooses to call his "beach phase."

Line-o'-Type: Bob Taylor back in civvies is a sight for weary eyes ... Lauren Bacall (Continued on page 14)
The Great Stars and Director of "Woman in the Window"...

WALTER WANGER presents
a FRITZ LANG Production

EDWARD G. ROBINSON JOAN BENNETT
Scarlet Street
WITH DAN DURYEA

"Hello, Lazylegs..."

The things she does to men can only end in Murder!

A DIANA PRODUCTION
Produced and Directed by
FRITZ LANG
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE

JESS BARKER • MARGARET LINDSAY • ROSALIND IVAN • SAMUEL S. HINDS
Based on the novel "La Chienne" Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS Art Direction by Alexander Golitzen
Unmask a more radiant younger-looking you
Help Nature shed beauty-concealing "Top Skin"

Quick, easy Twin Treatment speeds up removal of dry outer skin flakes. Helps protect pore openings against clogging . . . blackheads.

Claim your right to the beauty of a clearer, younger-looking skin. Not with creams and lotions galore. Just this simple, effective Twin Treatment. Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack each week—and Homogenized Facial Cream each day.

Once a week . . . this exciting Beauty Mask! Spread Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax. Feel its stimulating effect on your tense, tired skin. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).

Notice the new youthful bloom on your cheek—a bewitching glow from Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. Your skin seems firmer, finer-textured—free from unlovely "top skin". How glamorous your make-up will look now on the clearer smoothness of your skin—a dazzling, alive look you'll want to keep. So you'll never miss a day's beauty care with Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream.

Daily...this protection for your lovelier underskin!
Faithful daily use of Facial Cream will help make your weekly Clay Pack even more effective. This exquisite blush pink cream not only cleanses marvelously but lubricates better because it's homogenized. Wonderful as a powder base—and a night cream, too!

Pat on with upward, outward strokes. (See diagram.) Remove with tissues. Your skin feels soft and baby-fresh, as dry, rough spots seem to disappear. Your mirror—and admiring eyes—proclaim your lovelier-looking complexion.

Edna Wallace Hopper.
Twin Treatment
for a lovelier, younger look

Like to see the man who writes the Saint series? He's Leslie Charteris with Eve Arden who's painting on freckles at Photographers' Ball

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 12) and he Bogie dress exactly alike around the house—gray flannel slacks and new woolen shirt . . . Lew Ayres lunching with friends in the M-G-M commissary, had everyone looking his way—and with admiration which is good, since Lew left that studio under a cloud. Good to know his sincerity is at last appreciated . . . Fred Astaire says he laid aside his dancing shoes forever after completing "Blue Skies." He visiting his sister Lady Cavendish in the East . . . Jackie Cooper, wearing a commendation ribbon from Vice-Admiral W. L. Calhoun, will be out of the Navy in February. He's been all over the South Pacific in the past year and half . . . Everyone complimenting Bill Williams on his good sportsmanship is losing the lead at the last minute in "Till The End Of Time" to Guy Madison, and even agreeing to play a minor role. Not many of our eager young players can "take it" that well.

Star Reports: Dotty Lamour (she's been looking so beautiful all the time she's been waiting for her blessed event) is saying that she positively expects her baby to be born on New Year's Eve . . . Don't believe all those yarns about the dates that Martha Vickers and Jimmy Stewart are supposed to be having. At this writing, they haven't even met yet! . . . Somber press agent must be awfully busy with nothing to do! And as for Jeanne Crain dating Kurt Kreuger (who is really mad about Cathy Downs)—they don't even know each other—and that's a kick. . . . Robert Taylor will be back on the screen before you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And his first will be "You Were There" . . . Susanna Foster is driving. (Continued on page 16)
Radio's Riot Show...

"People are Funny..."

...funny on the air... funnier on the screen!

Because Paramount Has Doubled The Fun By Adding The Radio Favorites of 50 Million Listeners, Plus Famous Screen Stars!

starring

Jack Haley
Helen Walker
Rudy Vallee
Ozzie Nelson
Philip Reed

with

The Vagabonds
Bob Graham - Roy Atwell
and
Art Linkletter
and the
People Are Funny Radio Show
Guest artist
Frances Langford

Produced and Directed by SAM WHITE
Screenplay by Maxwell Shane, David Lang
Original Story by David Lang
A Pine-Thomas Production
A Paramount Picture
INSIDE STUFF

There's Hope—Bob and his pretty Mrs. in attendance at Wynn Rocamora party

(Continued from page 14) Universal mad by refusing the parts currently being handed her. She is determined to take a three-year suspension, if necessary—and do nothing but study for the opera! She even turned down the chance to play Magnolia in the revival of "Show Boat" on Broadway—saying, "When I go to New York it will be for grand opera and nothing else!" She sang for the late Jerome Kern just before he died—and he raved about her voice. Now—Susanna is just sitting at home, but planning to go to Carmel, California, and do nothing but study indefinitely... If Lauren Bacall is annoyed at the panning she got from most reviewers on "Confidential Agent," she isn't showing it. But she is mad at her director and discoverer, Howard Hawkes—who told her in no uncertain terms that she is no Duse in "The Big Sleep"—and she won't even talk to him! In fact, she has told the studio she'll never make another picture for him...

Romance: If Bonita Granville is really serious about director Bruce "Lucky" Humberstone as reported, handsome George Miller back in Boston is going to be mighty blue. In fact, George telephoned Cal all the way from Boston recently and the conversation got around to Bonita. We took it he cared.

Handsome Richard Derr out of uniform and back in Hollywood took up the threads of romance with Anne Baxter exactly where they left off, which once again has John Hodiak doing the spots by himself. Dick was the lad, you remember, that Anne accompanied as far as Arizona when he departed for the Air Corps. That's how much she cared.

That Wilde Man: The "Centennial Summer" group was out on the back of Twentieth Century-Fox, so we hopped in a friend's car and drove out to see the company at work.

A train of the earliest possible vintage with its dinky engine and huge bell stood on (Continued on page 19)
She creates the most mischievous love situation in history!
(because she knows, but definitely, everything about love)

Watch Eliza in
The Year's Greatest Motion Picture Event
Noel Coward's
"Blithe Spirit"
in Blushing TECHNICOLOR

How to kiss . . . and hold your man!
How to stay in his life!
How to make the competition look pale!

Coming soon to your favorite theatre to bring you the best laughs ever!
Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair! All aglow in the sunlight or firelight. That's Drene-lovely hair.

Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you these exciting hair-dos to go with the things you'll do and the clothes you'll wear on a gay winter week-end.

"Changing your hair style is part of the fun," says Shari. "And your hair is so easy to fix after a Drene wash. This wonderful shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves hair so smooth and easy to manage."

You'll love the way Drene brings out all the glistening beauty of your hair... as much as 33% more brilliance than any soap. Drene is not a soap-shampoo. It never leaves any dull dingy film on hair the way all soaps do. Fashion models, like Shari Herbert, are always so smartly groomed. No unsightly dandruff, not when you're a Drene Girl! Start today. Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action or ask your beauty shop to use it.

○ WINGING DOWN A SKI SLOPE, you want a hair-do that stays put. "So fasten your hair at the nape of your neck with a barrette," advises Shari, "and comb under into a smooth page-boy." No other shampoo... only Drene with Hair Conditioning action... will make your hair look so lovely.

Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-End

○ GLAMOUR BY FIRELIGHT..."Change to something romantic for evening," Shari says. "Sweep up your hair and arrange in four or five long shining curls." For that wonderful shining-smooth look, follow Shari's example and be a Drene Girl. So simple yet really dramatic!

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action-
(Continued from page 16) a short run of track. Cornel as a Frenchman stood with two dogs, one under each arm, ready to alight from one of the cars. Speaking with the most intriguing accent imaginable, he stepped down and handed the dogs to Constance Bennett. There was only one catch. He didn’t hand them quite far enough and the bewildered dogs found themselves hanging limply down over la Bennett who clutched them by their necks under her arms. It was a sight to cause even the cameraman to roar.

The next take was even more fun. The little train, which was to advance not more than six feet, kept right on going through the papier mâché built-up platform, plowing on through the phony building front. Colored porters flew in every direction while the children in the film, who had been playing hopscotch on the sidewalks, came running over to watch.

Cornel joined us for a chat and to report the grand news that his wife Pat had been signed by his studio.

Party News: Photoplay’s editorial director Fred Sammis found himself the guest of honor at a gay cocktail party given by the magazine’s reviewer, Sara Hamilton. Friends of both Sara and Fred came early and stayed late. Lana Turner, looking too beautiful, came with her adoring new swain, Bob Hutton, to kid one and all he was in love and that was that. Tall and lovely Mrs. Errol Flynn, who came with Hurd Hatfield, caught every male eye—so lovely, so different looking she is. Cornel Wilde and his beautiful wife Pat, who has just been signed by Twentieth, exchanged studio gossip with Dana and Mrs. Andrews. Mark Stevens, recuperating from a nervous siege after playing the romantic lead opposite Joan Fontaine in “From This Day Forward,” came with his lovely wife, Anne. Richard Derr, who is John Hodiak’s stiffest competition for the affection of Anne Baxter, brought charming Dorothy Blanchard of M-G-M. Sara’s neighbors, Alexis Smith and her husband Craig Reynolds, greeted fellow Warnerite Wayne Morris, back in civvies, and his charming wife, Pat. Ann Sothern and her husband Bob Sterling, also in civvies, found author Lieut. Clair McKelvey who does those terrific profiles in the New Yorker both amusing and interesting. Louella Parsons, Dana Clark and Helmut Dantine were in a huddle over scoops while Chester Morris fascinated our handsome editorial director with stories of his magic. Cal arrived with his friend Lieut. Ted Tewksbury and found it one of the gayest parties of the season.

A Roof, Please: The police officer drove by the parked car slowly and drove on. An hour later as he drove by again, the car was still there. Wandering over, the officer peered in at a girl huddled in the front seat of the car—alone. He tapped on the window.

“I’m sorry, officer,” the girl said, “but I frankly have no place to go. I can’t get into a hotel and the room I’ve been living in over a garage is no longer available because the house was sold.”

The officer peered at the occupant. “Say—are you—what’s your name?” “Olivia de Havilland,” was the reply. Next day, the actress who actually had no home was given an apartment...
ACT I: Back Home to Mother...

Mary expected sympathy from her mother when she left Joe after that last big quarrel. But what she got was better — good, sensible advice! "Of course you know about feminine hygiene," her mother told her, "But listen to me, dear... now-and-then care isn't enough. A wife shouldn't risk her marriage happiness by being careless even once!" She advised Mary to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

ACT II: Love is a Wonderful Thing!

Joe and Mary, together again—and now their love is even more beautiful than at first! Yes, Mother certainly knew best. Since Mary started using Lysol always in the douche, she knows for herself how thoroughly this proved germ-killer cleanses. Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. Really does the job... easily and inexpensively, too.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution... always! Powerful cleanser—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer — uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control... far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-irritating—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Clenly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet write Lohn & Fink, 603 Fith Ave., New York.)

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol

always!

INSIDE STUFF

found by director Mitch Leisen.

Which reminds Cal that even brash Vic Mature, now out of the Coast Guard, has found the housing shortage a problem. Warned by the Beverly Hills Hotel he had stayed his limit, Vic laughed and ignored the caution. That night he returned to his hotel to find his belongings packed and waiting for him in the hotel check room. Vic, who once lived in a tent, doesn't mind. He's living in his dressing room, on the set of "Three Little Girls In Blue."

Interesting People: Carmen Cavallaro flies down from San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel every week to pinch hit for Bing Crosby on the radio, and then flies right back for his ten o'clock show. When Cal asked Carmen if he minded the constant air travel, he frankly admitted he viewed it gloomily. What these talented people go through to keep the show going is really something.

Kenneth Hopkins, who creates those gorgeous bonnets for the stars, has hit his peak in a new creation made from long feathers and called the Cal York creation, because it pokes its way into everyone's business.

Rex Harrison, the famous English actor, and his lovely wife Lilli Palmer, are seen everywhere in Hollywood. Rex will make several pictures, including "Anna And The King Of Siam," for Twentieth. Cal noticed how very attentive Rex was to his lovely wife, and to his luncheon guest Ernst Lubitsch one day at Romanoff's. In fact, the only time his eyes strayed was when the meat table rolled by. And then the Englishman stared almost unbelievably. Kind of brought a lump to the throat remembering those hard times over there.

Van and Sonja: Hollywood is watching with interest Sonja Henie's report to the Chicago newspapers on her romance (it says here) with Van Johnson. Cal made it his business to go straight to headquarters and get the truth as of today. And here it is. Van is not seriously considering marriage to anyone—he is not planning to spend any time in the future in Chicago and if they meet in New York—well, he's been planning that venture for months. So there it is.

At Romanoff's: Hurd Hatfield greeted us joyfully. He explained why a piece of white tape covered his face. It seems the boys-soxers went so crazy for Hurd after the sneak preview of "Diary Of A Chambermaid," they all but tore him to pieces. Cal remarked that Hurd's face was either disintegrating through sin in movies or disintegrating through fans after movies. Dorothy Parker in rare form explained that the paper bag on her table contained bones for her dog left from her dinner. "Everybody sends back their unfinished meat," Dorothy complained, "while my poor dog sits home, reading a cook book."
In Hollywood—city of beautiful women—Tangee’s newest color creation in lipsticks...Gay-Red...has made a sensational success. Stars and starlets...members of the motion picture colony...agree that this is the lipstick shade to make lips look young and gay!

* * *

At last...a perfect cake make-up! Some cake make-ups you’ve used are good in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in every way. It’s easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not give you that wearing-a-mask look.

Use *Tangee* and see how beautiful you can be
The Bells Of St. Mary's (RKO)

The men who made "Going My Way" a memorable treat have done it again in "The Bells Of St. Mary's." Crowded with moments of tenderness, sly humor and sheer everyday human-ness, "Bells" comes close to walking hand in hand with "Going My Way."

Director Leo McCarey is again the genius who guides the actors down the pathway of naturalness. All the little everyday things that automatically escape notice become moments of enchantment due to the McCarey touch.

Bing is again the priest who takes over the parish school of St. Mary's, with Ingrid Bergman the Mother Superior. And if their performances don't put them both in the running for the Academy Award and Photoplay's Gold Medal, then we'll await breathlessly for the ones that surpass them.

The story is the fragile uninvolved one of a run-down parish school that needs a new building. When Father Bing takes the helm, the sisters take new hope and together they actually will, pray and cajole the new building into existence.

Joan Carroll is splendid as Patsy, the little girl who almost doesn't graduate. And notice Martha Sleeper, a really fine actress who plays her mother. Ruth Donnelly plays Sister Michael; William Gargan, Patsy's father; Eddie Tyler, the boy who becomes the winning pugilist under the guidance of Mother Superior; and Una Olmonor, the housekeeper. All are so outstanding in their roles.

A little lengthy perhaps, slow in spots, "Bells" nevertheless remains a film everyone will see and—

Your Reviewer Says: A film that most people will love.

Blithe Spirit (Two Cities—UA)

It's blithe, all right, this British variation on the American "Topper" theme. You wouldn't believe in advance of seeing it how many laughs you'd get out of a triangle in which the "other woman" is a ghost. You wouldn't, that is, unless you were a Noel Coward fan and knew the delightful twists the gay and satirical Mr. C. could get out of such a situation.

Of necessity, the picture sacrifices some of the ghoulish humor of the highly successful play but it gains over the theater version in the trick spook effects which the camera makes possible.

The story has Rex Harrison a popular English novelist who has been happily wedded to his second wife for five years. The fun begins when, in an effort to get material for his new book, he entertains a local seance-sender who brings back his first wife from the spirit world and doesn't know the formula for getting rid of her.

The two women battle it out, with Rex in the middle.

Harrison gives another of his clean-cut performances, richly shaded with humor. Kay Hammond as the ghost wife ably supplies the feminine feline touch and Constance Cummings makes a good job of the flesh-and-blood spouse. But the outstanding characterization is Margaret Rutherford's medium, a lusty, gusty dealer in spirits if ever there was one! Hollywood could make good use of her.

Your Reviewer Says: It may not make you believe in spirits but you'll have a lot of fun.

Kitty (Paramount)

Back in the Eighteenth Century lived a wench called Kitty, played with expert understanding by a Twentieth-Century doll called Paulette Goddard. To Kitty, the guttersnipe who becomes a duchess and a "lady," Paulette gives warmth and understanding, and in so doing really proves herself a fine actress, even if her cockney accent does slip once in awhile.

Lavishly produced, "Kitty" is an important picture, for several reasons: The sets, the direction and the cast—the very feeling of the picture is big time. The story has been cleaned up a bit in the translation from novel to screen, but the essentials are there to keep the story going.

Ray Milland is excellent as the cold, calculating and deeply impoverished young nobleman who finds Kitty posing for Thomas Gainsborough, takes her home and eventually promotes her for his own advantage. If Mr. Milland seems overly cold and entirely unsympathetic, it's because the role calls exactly for that interpretation.

Director Mitch Leisen has written an excellent script all over the production. The presence of Patric Knowles as Ray's rival, Cecil Kellaway as Gainsborough, Constance Collier as Kitty's aunt, Sara Allgood as Old Meg and Reginald Owen as the Duke enhance the affair and add to the well-roundedness of the enticing and certainly different story.

Your Reviewer Says: Do get "Kitty" wise.

(Continued on page 125)
Why, the nerve of her! MY EDDIE!

Sure! Eddie had been avoiding her lately but she foolishly put it down to the fact that he was very busy. Certainly she never expected anything like this ... another girl getting engaged to him under her very nose! Laura never guessed the real reason*.

Few things equal halitosis (unpleasant breath) * for raising a barrier between people. The insidious thing about it is that you, yourself, may not realize when you offend, and even your best friends won’t tell you.

Isn’t it just common sense to be constantly on your guard against this condition? After all, Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy and wholly delightful precaution. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before any date where you wish to be at your best. How it refreshes! How it sweetens! How it deodorizes!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter—less likely to offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene
Are you in the know?

For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

☐ Give up breathing
☐ Minimize the midriff
☐ Try corset laces

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!)... working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. And to help you stay dainty, there's a deodorant in Kotex. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!

Does a square shaped hand indicate—

☐ An inquiring mind
☐ An impulsive nature
☐ A dynamic personality

Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch)... that Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing... it's ten to one you'll decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—

☐ A pickle-pan
☐ Dracula's mother
☐ Justified

This little lap-lander didn't mean to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering... on "those" days, as well, for if you use care in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive safety center gives you extra protection from problem-day accidents!

Contains a deodorant at no extra cost!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

THE EDITOR TAKES

NOT to be outdone by the ubiquitous Cal, we arrived in town for a roaring fortnight of—let's call it work just for the fun of it! Early port of call was Warner Brothers and a luncheon which began with Alexis Smith (so much warmer than the girl you see on the screen) presently enlarged by the addition of Dane Clark, who dropped in from a gym workout and lunched on a diet of talk (he's reducing!). Then Sachary Scott came along. He's high voltage, that one. Piercing black eyes and an engaging smile that can go satirical at the drop of a bromide... He and Dane had a jam session on the woman they considered the most attractive in Hollywood. No not Lana Turner—it's Judith Anderson. Then to see Ida Lupino and ask her if she would give us the story of her battle with infantile paralysis, to give heart to others. Ida enthusiastically agreed and you see the result on page 38.

Helen Ferguson, who used to be a star in silent pictures and is now a very successful personal representative, was having a gathering of her brood. And quite a brood... Jeanette MacDonald getting ready for her new season in opera but not half so concerned over it as over not making any mistakes in understanding the problems of her returned warrior, who was there looking mighty handsome. Gene Raymond fans will be glad to hear that RKO had loaded him up with scripts to choose the one he prefers. But Betty Young, who with her charm, could make a mummy feel at home... Ruth Hussey's husband, Captain Longenecker, who was at his best when you asked him about Ruth and he could talk about her great success in the Broadway smash hit, "State Of The Union," even though it means they must be apart for a bit... Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, full of their Italy camping tour and the depressing current reaction of Italians to Americans... And Lieut. Bob Stack, the best-looking thing in Navy blues that ever came down the pike.

Wonderful evening of gab with Adela Rogers St. Johns at her charming home, The Hill. A covey of grandchildren surrounds her most of the time. All of which Adela adores. She's a magnificent matron.

Over to Twentieth for lunch with John Payne. Johnny's an earnest guy these days. You won't discover how articulate he is unless you head into some of the subjects that interest him—like what GIs are really thinking as they come home. He picks them up along the highways to get their reactions.

Dinner with Glenn Ford, Gig Young and Eleanor Parker. Our host, Warners' genial Jerry Asher, staged the party in the Quarrel Corner (because so many couples have fought there) of The Beachcomber's. No significance to the title that night—all very happy, particularly with the crowd who were celebrating their civilian return. Eleanor has a warm and intriguing dignity... Sunday dinner with Maria Montez and her Jean Pierre Aumont in their lovely new Beverly canyon home. Maria serene happy in her approaching motherhood; Jean Pierre, proud and radiant. At cocktail time in trouped Maria's three sisters. Each greeted the master of the
home with an affectionate kiss on his forehead—and he loved it!

A breakfast to remember with Elsa Maxwell in her charming bungalow. Elsa was steaming up for a blast over her radio program at those who would subject our war hero dogs to vivisection. Then back to Paramount to meet Joan Caulfield who is Bing's leading lady in "Blue Skies." She's genuine—and smart. If you're not careful, you'll find she's getting you to talk about yourself instead of her.

Visited Leo the Lion's lot where Lana Turner and John Garfield were doing a hot scene for "The Postman Always Rings Twice." Lana looked like a 1946 snow maiden with her glistening almost-white hair, white polo coat and beret. John was taking a workout on a bicycle between shots. There was the same old challenge in his eye but a new underlying gentleness caused by the death of his little girl and now the expectation of a new baby.

Lunchen with Charles Korvin and Dan Duryea. More than one woman's share! Charles, who is called Geza, has more than one man's share of charm. Dan, who walks with that same loose grace you see on the screen, took us over on the set of his new picture, "Come On Along," which has the trio of stars that made "Woman In The Window" so exciting. A visit with Joan Fontaine, who was bubbling with happiness over her new RKO picture, "From This Day Forward." Then a hello with Harriet Parsons, Louella's daughter and producer of "The Enchanted Cottage"—a gal to make us all proud of our sex.

Highlight: Luncheon with Samuel Goldwyn, engineered by no other than our own Sara Hamilton. He said he wrote the best reviews in Hollywood. We agreed! And it was then that we made plans for Mr. Goldwyn to carry on his splendid campaign in Photoplay against gangster films. You'll see his article in Photoplay soon.

Out to the back reaches of Glendale to visit with Bette Davis at Riverbottom. As enchanting a piece of river bottom (which is exactly what it is) as you'll ever see. Beyond the low-walled garden lies the swimming pool (we forget these days what a wonderful swimmer Bette is), at one end of which is the most immaculate little stable in the world. There we admired Betty's part-Arab palomino and the junior palomino which Bobby, Bette's sister, and her small daughter ride. It was good news to see her looking so well—gingham dress, sandals and hair tossed in the sun like a little girl's. Think her imminent marriage to her Laguna artist beau had a good deal to do with it.

Going-away Party: Our colleague, Ruth Waterbury, who's name you've seen countless times in this magazine, gave it in her attractive home atop Laurel Canyon. The Terrys were there, Joan Crawford and Phil, Esther Williams, the ace clothes designer Howard Greer who is one of the real wits of Hollywood, and our good friends Anne Baxter and John Hodiak. Was it fun? Right up to four in the morning when we reluctantly went home! . . . Helen Gilmore

A Fling

A Sweater traps more than Men, my pet!

YOU'RE SO CUTE. So curvaceous. And you could be so alluring in a sweater. If only it didn't trick you into trapping underarm odor!

Warm winter clothes increase your chances of offending. Even in freezing weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture and cling to those close-fitting wools.

Winter or summer, your bath washes away past perspiration, but it can't protect you against underarm odor to come. Smart girls count on Mum for that.

So take half a minute for Mum. Clinch your bath-freshness for the day or evening. Keep yourself nice to be near.

Gentle, velvet-smooth Mum won't irritate skin or harm fabrics. It's safe, sure—can be used before or after dressing. And Mum won't dry out in the jar.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers
The Musical! That's all dolled up. Going places... And doing wonderful things!

Doll Face

Vivian Blaine
Dennis O'Keefe
Perry Como
Carmen Miranda

Martha Michael Reed
Stewart Dunne-Hadley
Produced by Bryan Foy
Directed by Lewis Seiler

Screen Play by Leonard Praskins • Adaptation by Harold Buchman
From a Play by Louise Hovick • Dances Staged by Kenny Williams

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Songs: "Dig You Later" (The HUBBA-HUBBA SONG) • "Somebody's Walkin' in My Dreams" • "Here Comes Heaven Again" • "Chico-Chico" • by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson
The person most surprised at Bette Davis's wedding to William Grant Sherry was Bette herself. For Bette, always practical and never impulsive where her private life is concerned, shattered all precedents when she was wooed and won within the brief space of thirty days' time.

Bette met Sherry (she never calls him by anything but his last name) at Laguna Beach where she was vacationing at Windswept, her mother's charming cottage. It happened during the last golden weeks of October. Outside the Pacific crashed on the shore. Inside the party was gay. Sherry, tall and bronzed with an athletic build, looked around uncertainly. He had been brought by a friend.

The three years behind him in the Navy as a pharmacist's mate were no help in preparing him for the tempo of cocktail banter. Besides, small talk for him had never been easy.

Then he heard Bette's voice, compelling and warm. He heard her sudden, lusty laugh.

Before he knew it, he had gravitated toward her and (Continued on page 123)
YOU, the movie-goers of America, again have chosen the most popular stars and the most popular motion picture of the year.

At the beginning of 1945, Photoplay, for the second year, launched a coast-to-coast poll of movie-goers when they gave our Audience Research organization the signal to put our scientific polling methods into action again. Immediately our investigators went out to ask men and women, young and old, rich and poor, in suburban, rural and metropolitan areas, the names of the stars and the pictures they liked best. As these reports flooded into our research offices our machines—which record four hundred votes a minute—began pounding. Then our statisticians—supplied with the machine counts—undertook their calculations.

(Editor’s note: So that there would be no leak in this poll—the only one of its kind in existence—individuals working on different parts of the undertaking had no way of knowing what the final results would be.)

Late this summer, you will remember, when the race was half run, a report to date was published in the September Photoplay.

At this time the five most popular feminine stars, listed alphabetically, were Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Greer Garson and Betty Grable. The five most popular male stars, listed alphabetically, were Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, Bob Hope and Spencer Tracy. The nine favorite pictures, alphabetically, were “The Keys Of The Kingdom,” “Meet Me In St. Louis,” “Music For Millions,” “National Velvet,” “Objective Burma,” “A Song To Remember,” “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,” “To Have And Have Not” and “Winged Victory.”

At this point, however, the voting and the subsequent tabulations were only half done. Week by week, month by month thereafter the top names changed. Even on the day this issue of Photoplay was due to go to press the final results remained uncertain. Arrangements...
MEDAL AWARDS for 1945!

"The People's Choice" of the most popular stars and picture for the year

Director of Audience Research, Inc.

were made with the printers to hold these pages open a few days longer. During this time, our statistical workers stayed on the job day and night. Finally the results were rushed to Photoplay's editors. Here they are:

The People's Choice for 1945—

The most popular feminine star: Greer Garson.
The most popular male star: Bing Crosby.
The most popular motion picture: "The Valley Of Decision."

This is the second time Greer Garson will have received the famed Gold Medal from Photoplay's editors, for she was voted the most popular feminine star last year too. All of which is understandable. Miss Garson has had a succession of strong pictures in her career. In 1942 there was "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest," followed by "Madam Curie" in 1943, "Mrs. Parkington" in 1944 and "The Valley Of Decision" in 1945.

This past year Miss Garson faced keen competition for top place. The voting for the four feminine stars who vied with her for this honor was strong. In the end, however, Miss Garson was definitely ahead. Listed alphabetically, the four other most popular stars are: Ingrid Bergman, who has been steadily climbing towards the top and who, judging by this year's figures, may very well reach it next year after "Spellbound," "Saratoga Trunk" and "The Bells Of St. Mary's" have had general release.

Bette Davis, seen this year in "The Corn Is Green." Judy Garland, with two to her credit, "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "The Clock."

Betty Grable, whose major release in 1945 was "Diamond Horseshoe." "The Dolly Sisters" was released too late in the year to be seen generally.

Miss Garson, it is interesting to note, is popular with all groups. It was, however, the members of her own sex—especially women over thirty and then women between eighteen and thirty—who rolled the Garson score up to the (Continued on page 85)
Heart of a Yankee

Beginning The Life of Van Johnson—
A Distinguished Biography

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

PON a bright morning a sports car drove through the deserted streets of the lovely little town of Beverly Hills, California.

The young man at the wheel was alone, he drove carefully as became the Sunday peace, nobody noticed him as he parked and went into the beautiful little church.

In the back row, he knelt down in his accustomed place and began his prayers, for he had been taught to pray for wisdom, for guidance, above all for strength. So though his prayers were for his father, whom he loved better than anyone else in the world, and for his friends, they were also for himself. It was wonderful to be a movie star, but it was also a grave responsibility, though as a rule one couldn’t say much about that.

The thoughts that kept pace with his prayers were humble and earnest.

How strange and startling it had all been, and in some measure still was. No question about the joy of achievement, the rich rewards of that swift and sudden success. His heart was full of gratitude. Never in the dreams which had warmed him in the cold and terribly lonely days of fighting for the smallest toehold, had he anticipated anything like this. He had asked only for a chance to fulfill that ambition which had come to him so strangely, so unexpectedly, one day in a neighborhood movie house in Newport, Rhode Island.

But there had been heartaches, too. He still had to ask for help against the bitter disappointment which swamped him when he thought about the war and the fact that he, alone of his generation, it seemed to him sometimes, hadn’t shared in the fighting and the victory. Everyone had been kind to him. Only nobody seemed to realize that it made him sometimes feel apart from his own kind, that he yearned to have shared with other men of his age the trials and triumphs and that sometimes when he saw their camaraderie the old, cold loneliness came over him again.

There had been a great deal of loneliness in his young life, he should know how to handle it, but he never quite got used to it.

Kneeling there, he thanked God sincerely, devoutly, for having saved his life, because he believed that it had been a miracle, that time when he’d smashed up in an automobile accident and almost died.

But now, so they told him, he was facing the toughest test of his short life. The men who had been (Continued on page 119)
Easy to like: Van Johnson of "Easy To Wed"
It was to have been wedding bells—but now Lana Turner

BY LOUELLA

The decision of Lana Turner and Turhan Bey to end their romance on the eve of their marriage—actually two weeks before the date set for their wedding—hit Hollywood, accustomed as it is to surprises, right between the eyes.

Later in this story I am going to tell you why Lana and Turhan parted. It has never before been printed in any magazine or newspaper.

The romance of the beautiful blonde Turner girl and the sultry Bey was one that everyone in our town was sure would reach the altar. Lana was deeply, sincerely and honestly in love with the young Turkish actor and didn't care if the whole world knew it. To all appearances, he shared her grand passion.

From the very moment she realized that her romance was serious and that she loved Turhan with her whole heart, she never paid the slightest attention to any one of her other admirers.

Lana loves to dance. She is a fun girl and she likes to go to night clubs and spend an entire evening in the midst of gaiety and music and laughter. But not once after she admitted the sincerity of her fondness for Bey did she go out with another man. She was promised to Turhan.

One night during this time she came to my house from work. She was tired and in one of her confidential moods. I like to think I am one of the few people to whom she unburdens herself. Looking at me, she said suddenly:

"Turhan has changed me. I am grown up now. When I marry him, I am going to be the best wife in the world. You know, Louella," she added, "loving him the way I do, I wish I had never married before. I hate to think of all those youthful indiscretions and the really childish things I used to do."

Lana has now reached the ripe old age of twenty-four, and when
she spoke of her misguided youth, I couldn’t refrain from smiling.

"I’ll never again, no matter how depressed I get or blue or disgusted with life, enter into a marriage unless I do it with dignity. I want a real wedding and no midnight visit to Las Vegas or any other matrimonial mart. That’s what Turhan and I plan."

Turhan, you see, was no sudden passion in Lana’s life. Day after day, hour after hour, they were together for over a year. Then—out of the blue—it was all over!

Buzz, buzz, buzz went the rumors. Chatter, chatter, chatter went the tongues. What had happened?

You know me. I’m usually not a shy girl when it comes to getting at a story and I can ask stars anything from how old they are to why they are getting a divorce and whom they plan to marry next. But, for once, I hesitated to call this girl who is my close friend.

I reckoned without Lana’s friendship for me!

When I did talk with her about this parting she confided—as she has done so often in the past—many secrets to me. What I am going to tell you now is the true story—and the only quoted interview she intends to give.

The ending was cruelly abrupt. Turhan telephoned her one night and was as ardent as usual. "I’ll call you tomorrow night, dear," he said in parting. And never called again! Lana waited and waited.

"Why should he have acted like that?" I asked her. "Surely something between you must have happened."

"Nothing," she replied, "absolutely nothing. There was no quarrel, no bitterness. What I have told you is all there was to it. He telephoned and said, ‘I’ll talk to you tomorrow night’—and I never heard from him again. I don’t know what happened—whether I (Continued on page 97)
Miss Paradox

TO date Eleanor Parker has played opposite Errol Flynn, John Garfield, Dennis Morgan, Paul Henreid, Dane Clark, Gig Young and Helmut Dantine. Ask her which Hollywood star thrilled her most, and she'll answer, "Elsie the Cow."

It isn't that she's being facetious. On the contrary, she bemoans the fact that she's lacking in humor—at least about things pertaining to herself. Her deference to the beautiful bovine is all tied up with sentiment. Like this:

The very first day the very impulsive Miss Parker arrived in Hollywood, five years ago, she announced to those within earshot, "I want to see a movie star."

Eleanor had a friend who had a friend at RKO. Studio admission was fairly simple. On this particular day, however, production was limited to one picture, "Little Men." Elsie the Cow was the only star working. Just being inside the burly gates was sheer ecstasy for the movie-struck maid from Cleveland, Ohio. She stood there enraptured, as Elsie benignly coddled her million-dollar cud for the camera. "At that propitious moment," reminisces Eleanor, "Elsie looked as glamorous as Garbo!"

By every law of human nature, Eleanor Parker should be beset by a neurosis. Paradoxically enough, however, there's a balance that is so disgustingly normal, it even startles its lovely mistress. Twenty-three years of solid self-analysis enabled her to arrive at a practical conclusion.

"There's one side of me that yearns to live in a small town, be married, and raise lots of children," is the way Eleanor categories it. "And yet, I love (Continued on page 67)
Miss Sophistication: Eleanor Parker, soon to be seen in Warners' "Never Say Goodbye"
There's a dream in his eyes as he tells you of big timber and fighting fish—for these are the things that count with Dennis Morgan.

BADGER BOY

Dennis revels in recalling a five-point deer he bagged on a hunting trip for benefit of Stanley Jr., Jimmy and Kristin, while Mrs. Morgan referees.

NO MATTER how great the film fame of Dennis Morgan, how many millions his fans, how varied his roles, his most convincing portrayal will always be that of Wisconsin's favorite son, Alias—Badger Boy.

No movie scene grips the heart of this good-looking, husky Warner Brothers star like the remembered one of Wisconsin evergreens against the snow. No director can arouse the emotion that one duck can by flying too near the blinds. No amount of glamour could evoke the gleam that comes in his eye with the mere mention of muskellunge.

It's all in his face and his voice when he tells you of battling the muskies. Of lakes fringed by cattails and loaded with fish. Of the smell of spruce and Norway pine.

You can see that Dennis Morgan is a very sentimental person with emotional depth and a nostalgia for things that mean much to him. And you can imagine how he must have stirred the listeners back home reading poems on the Milwaukee radio station on his poetry program entitled "Down A Country Lane."

His best friend and fellow Badger, Jack Carson, will tell you that "Stan and I are still country boys in the Holly Woods. You can only transplant so far, you know."

There's no more contradictory-looking person in pictures than Dennis, who appears the perfect screen smoothie with his wavy hair, flashing smile and collar-ad contours that make the girls swoon and sway. Actually he's movieland's most down-to-earth un-Hollywood star.

Little things never bother him. He saves his energy for the king-size.

Such is also true of his golf game, according to his golfing pal, Carson, who readily admits that "Stan hits the ball farther than I do—but I seem to win oftener." He kids Dennis about swinging a golf club like a baseball bat. As if he were knocking the ball into left field. "He loves long drives," (Continued on page 111)
Masculine news of "The Time, The Place And The Girl"—Dennis Morgan
WHEN you give a party—whether it be in Hicksville, Paris or Hollywood—remember two things:

1. You must be hard-hearted and ruthless. I ask no one to a party, including my best friends, unless I know they will mix well with my other guests. One wrong person will ruin a party as quickly as one wrong ingredient will ruin a cake. Ordinarily, I'm a kind person who likes everybody. But when it comes to a party I love the party best. In proof of this, when several glamour girls asked to be invited to the party I gave recently at Romanoff's, I told them firmly my guest list was full.

2. Never have too much space. At my party, the Champagne Room at Mike Romanoff's restaurant, which holds thirty people comfortably, was crowded with sixty guests. So there weren't any dead spots.

All right, then! If you want to have a good party, do not invite one wrong guest and do not have too much space—whereupon everybody will have a wonderful time.

This year, frankly, I didn't know quite what manner of party to give for my glamorous Hollywood friends. I wanted it to be a party as memorable as that I gave last year for three hundred...
A famous hostess gives you her
glittering guests
to celebrate the liberation of France. At that time Evalyn Walsh MacLean, with whom I was staying, kindly allowed me the use of her garden. Incidentally, the silver plaque I had made for General de Gaulle which all the stars signed at this party now hangs over his desk in his office at the Hotel de Ville.

This year my newspaper column, magazine features and broadcast five times a week made a party for anything like three hundred people impossible to undertake. So I decided to have the smallest "big party" anybody in Hollywood had ever dared give.

I hit on a wonderful idea for this party, born of all the talking Hollywood's glitter boys and girls do about their cooking. My good friend Joan Fontaine will talk about her culinary achievements for hours. Claudette Colbert, French born, runs a gracious establishment for her charming husband, Doctor Joel Pressman. Sonja Henie and her mother-supervise the entire cuisine, with the food often Norwegian in character, when Sonja gives one of her fabulous parties.

For my prizes I went to Lackritz who designs beautiful jewels for the stars and considerably flattened my bank account buying wrist watches, cuff links, brooches, little (Continued on page 70)
The loot from his gin rummy winnings—Dane invests in recordings, usually on the jive side

Repeat sessions—gin rummy with hopeful Margo usually loser

Galahad

You can’t always see the gauntlet when Dane Clark throws it down, but the results are unmistakable

The first thing you discover about Dane Clark is that he would be a colossally useful man to have on your side in a fight. He has the great essential that belongs to a fighter: A gigantic heart. When he believes a thing, he believes it, not with a single layer of skin as is the human inclination, but with his entire vital, intense soul.

When he went into university, Dane was promptly asked to join a fraternity. He thought that was a great thing; that is, until he discovered that his best friend had not been bid.

"But, gosh, why?" he asked, deferentially, as becomes a frosh. "He’s really a swell guy. He has a lot to contribute to fraternity life and he’d bring plenty of stuff to the chapter."

"He’s broke flat," someone pointed out.

Dane lifted his bewildered eyebrows. "Broke—sure. He doesn’t have any money . . . but then, I don’t have any money, either. You guys took me, and I’m not half the fellow he is."

Said another member of the chapter, "Well, you’re an athlete, and you can bring that kind of prominence to the chapter. This other fellow hasn’t a thing to offer except, maybe, brains."

That did it. Dane Clark handed in his pin because he couldn’t see an advantage in belonging to a group in which money, family, and/or muscles sounded the open sesame, whereas the possessor of mere brains could wear his knuckles down to a nubbin without the magic rock’s open-
Dane does the cooking here. Margo loves classical music.

The dream—and blueprints of it—the house they’ll build.
OCCASIONALLY wonder if Harry James ever says to Betty Grable, “Why don’t you get your feet off that chair? I’m tired of looking at your legs.” I would like to see Bob Hope do something and not write a book about it . . . I like Jack Henley’s line about the housing situation. He said, “It’s so difficult to get a house or an apartment that even the hermits are living together . . . I would like to ask Ted Briskin, who recently married Betty Hutton, if she is always that energetic . . . Van Johnson appears happier when mobbed by bobby-soxers than when he is dancing at Ciro’s . . . I have had my fill by now of that cliché sequence at the Hollywood Bowl in musicals. However, I can’t get enough of Gene Kelly dancing and they can overcrowd a picture with him as far as I’m concerned . . .

When I meet Ingrid Bergman I always think that she has just finished scrubbing her face with soap and water . . . I haven’t read the book “A Bell For Adano” and I haven’t seen the movie “A Bell For Adano” and if they make a song out of it, I’m not going to listen to it either . . . I wish though that they would release the Hammerstein-Rodgers’ song, “Boys And Girls.” I’d bet on it to be on the Hit Parade . . . I wonder why Joe Cotten walks along Sunset Boulevard wearing white gloves . . . A favorite comedian of mine is Groucho Marx and on meeting Carole Landis recently he said, “Carole, you look like a million dollars—and you’ve got the money invested in the right places.”

I want you to know that of all the night clubs in Hollywood my favorite is one that you seldom read about. It is the Cafe Gala on Sunset Strip where John Walsh entertains by singing the songs of the hit Broadway shows . . . Another good show is the floor show at the Schwabadero, and a stellar attraction is Helmut Dantine, who can be seen at the magazine rack looking through the fan magazines for pictures of himself. I like Ida Lupino’s sly remark about Dantine: “His bite is worse than his bark.” . . . I was in a restaurant the other night and heard Claudette Colbert, seated in the next booth, say to the waiter to change her cup. “Do you want tea?” the waiter asked. Claudette replied, “If that’s tea, I want coffee. If that’s coffee, I want tea. Just change it.” . . . Lauren Bacall was a fashion model before she became an actress and now I think, from the advertisements in the fashion magazines, that all models are trying to look like Bacall. But they haven’t got that Look . . .

The movies go to the extreme when they have the heroine masquerade as a boy and then expect us to believe that the hero doesn’t recognize her just because she is wearing a pair of trousers—as if anyone wouldn’t know Marlene Dietrich because she had on slacks. It is a little too much to make us believe that a Rita Hayworth or a Lana Turner is a boy and that no one knows that they are sweater girls just because they have on trousers. Ah, those movies, but we love them, don’t we? . . . I have seen Errol Flynn at the bar at The Players, alone and trying to make a date over the phone. This, you will admit, is unusual for a man who has won the title of “The Wolf” . . . I have a very rare photograph of Don Ameche showing him without his smile. A photographer snapped it when he wasn’t looking . . . I think that Jane Russell would be one of the biggest stars in pictures if she were as alluring on the screen as she is when she dances at Mocambo . . . There is no actor in

Off-record news on record for you

in these Skolsky star-diggings

Maybe H. J. gets too much leg art

All those in favor of more hoofing from Kelly say “Aye”
When taught to the make-up department as "Boystown" because the actors go in looking like old men and come out looking like boys... I've never seen Greer Garson on the screen or in person but that I haven't had the desire to tickle her... I know of no actress whose voice fascinates me as much as that of Tallulah Bankhead.

I love pictures about Hollywood and the best line I ever heard uttered in a picture about the cinema city was the producer's remark in "Boy Meets Girl": "Sometimes I don't think the industry is worth the sacrifice."... I can't reconcile myself to the fact that Basil Rathbone, who scares people in those thriller pictures, is today the leader of Hollywood's society set. And what's more, I don't give a darn about Hollywood society... When it comes to choice remarks my favorite character, Mike Curtiz, is still the leader. While directing a scene recently he said to an actor, "How can you be so dumb? I taught you everything I know and still you don't know anything."... I will bet that you have often wondered about the trademarks of the different picture companies used at the start of every picture. I know that I have and a little investigation revealed that the lion trademark of Metro is the idea of Howard Dietz. He was then working for an advertising agency and when told to suggest a trademark, Dietz, only recently out of Columbia University, took their symbol, the lion.

These days Howard Dietz is vice-president in charge of advertising and publicity for M-G-M, the studio of Leo The Lion... The Paramount trademark, the rugged mountain peak encircled by stars, was the result of a merger between the Famous Players organization and the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company. Each unit in the merger insisted on keeping its own trademark. However, it was decided that the distributing agency, Paramount, should have a distinctive trademark of its own. As the most paramount thing they could think of, they drew a rugged mountain peak. As the picture company was selling stars, they added a ring of stars around the mountain, then lettered the word Paramount across the mountain in the same manner that it is used today... The queer noises you hear at the beginning of every RKO picture duplicate the sound of a radio transmitter sending three V's—used as a test signal—and then the word, "A Radio Picture," and then three more V's in Continental Code... Sam Goldwyn didn't have any difficulty finding a trademark—he merely used his name.

I am a pushover for Paulette Goddard and have yet to see her at any time or any place when she wasn't attractive... I like to visit sets where chorus girls are working, for they are not only good to look at but often say amusing things. Because of the Johnston Office ruling that chorines can't be scantily clothed, a chorine who had to put on more clothes remarked, "My goodness, I've been draped."... I must admit I was amazed when I read that Fred MacMurray made more money than any other actor in Hollywood, but the Government must know what it's talking about... I like this story of the writer who said to Gene Fowler: "I've been writing for the movies since talkies and recently I've discovered I can't write." "Then why don't you quit?" asked Fowler. "I can't," said he, "I'm making too much money." And that's Hollywood for you!
June lives at home with her mother and sisters, works hard and loves it. Her next is “Enchanted Voyage”
June comes in on a breeze—
with the courage of youth and
the freshness of a high wind

By Elsie Janis

She is no bombshell—she is a hustler with good old Middle-west energy and alacrity, somewhat along Presidential lines.

It's a very pert little "puss" that balances between rather broad shoulders, which accentuate her slimness of hip. She must hide out in the shade of some sheltering palm for her skin is white. That, in California, is another bit of evidence that the little Haver gal is entirely different.

I had heard all the Haver hullabaloo about how she played a piano solo with the Cincinnati Symphony at seven . . . had her own radio program at eleven . . . sang with name bands at fourteen . . . and, at sixteen, under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, became weary of being told she was too young for this part or that one, so had written and made a test to prove she was not too young and unsophisticated. Result—she hustled herself right into the embryo vamp part in "Home In Indiana." Seeing her in "Where Do We Go From Here?" I knew where she was going—forward under her own steam, but the speed with which she has done it sent my crystal ball spinning.

When she was chosen to play one of the Dolly Sisters with Twentieth Century-Fox's Number One Belle, Betty Grable, playing the other, I felt that a new entry in the Blonde Star Sweepstakes had arrived. Even Hollywood, with its flair for altering biographical epics, couldn't leave one Dolly Sister on the cutting-room floor. Bent on learning more about this ex-child wonder, I contacted the source most apt to be "in the know"—Mrs. Haver.

June would be so happy . . . Would I care to come to their home? Sure! "Tomorrow June has re-takes . . . Wednesday she has to go to court." (When you're under age, you can't even get a raise without court approval.) "Thursday? June is very much upset about the delay but the studio is rushing her around so. Do they always do that, Miss Janis?"

"They do, Mrs. Haver, when they find a new box-office baby. Don't you start to worry until they stop rushing her around."

"Thursday afternoon then," said Mrs. Haver. "June will pick you up in her car." (Continued on page 93)
They dream of him. Robert Mitchum, next to be seen in RKO’s “They Dream Of Home”

On the trail of Robert Mitchum, who’s a seamy-sided idealist—a cynic with a sentimental heart
THE laundry and cleaning situation being what it is, possibly a motion-picture star named Robert Mitchum can be of some service to you. This is a gag. Mr. Mitchum does not take in washing. But if you enjoy the de-starching or deflation of stuffed shirts and a thorough polishing off of old ideas, Mitchum is your man.

He has devoted his lifetime—twenty-eight years—to examining the ordinary facts of life with critical and rolling eye, coast-to-coast, and although he is a happy young man, not leading charges against windmills and trying to remake the world, Mitchum has arrived at some points of view which are unusual.

He is even impatient with so-called “tolerance,” a word too glibly used these days.

In Hollywood, where glitter is almost taken for granted along with celebrity, the only shine about Mitchum is the sheen on his blue suit. But RKO and David O. Selznick have plans about even that. He is one of their best bets and they naturally want him to look nice, but as of this writing, Mitchum owns three suits only, one of which doesn’t fit. He is as bored as a small boy with the idea of being dressed up.

Meantime, although his career was interrupted by the Army and he is only now making his first picture in eight months, he is the object of enormous speculation by young women from Park Avenue to Puget Sound. The young women have discovered something about Mitchum’s face that excites (Cont’d on page 103)

He’s forever blowing bubbles—to amuse his two small sons

Bob is a home man—helps Dorothy dress Jerry and Chris. The finishing touch here—hair combing
Lady scribe: Susan gets the lowdown in her interview with Clark Gable, star of "Adventure"

My Hollywood Friends

By Susan Peters
In her world from a wheel chair,
Susan Peters shares with you her
warm impressions of people she
knows. This month it’s “The King”

JUDY GARLAND once sang a song called “Dear Mr. Gable,” at which exact moment Judy and I were kindred spirits. Shucks, I knew the lyrics before she sang them. Clark Gable! He wasn’t so much a heart throbb as a symbol... but heart throb ran a close second.

It’s been quite some time now since Judy sang that tune, but Mr. G. still stands for something pretty wonderful in my mental notebook.

He really knows the art of being a public personage backwards. There is one star about whom I have never heard an unkind word. Mention his name to anyone with whom he has worked and you evoke a eulogy. Crew members, directors, actors, producers, make-up men, cameramen, writers, executives—everybody loves the guy.

It’s fascinating to observe the effect of his entrance into such a blasé room as the studio commissary. Stars by the gross walk in every day and nary a head turns, but when Mr. Gable arrives it’s an epidemic. Everyone turns to look at him.

I’ll tell you another thing about Clark (which I’d never dare call him in person): He commands respect without trying. I can’t think of any attribute more desirable in a person of importance. I’ve seen clamoring crowds wait to catch a glimpse of him in person and from the hubbub I expected him to be mobbed. Something magic happens when he appears. An aisle opens up and with a grin and a “hello” he walks through unscathed. I’ve seen dignified men approach him and say, “Excuse me, Mr. Gable, but I’m Mr. Smith of Amalgamated Stuff and I’d like you to know how much enjoyment your pictures have given my wife and me.” No ogling, no wisecracks, no pretense, no mush. Just sincere admiration and appreciation for a great man.

While Clark was in the service a crop of new male stars developed. I’ve invariably compared them with him and to me they’ve all fallen short so far. In my estimation only three male stars have deserved the adjective “great”: Valentino, Gilbert and Gable—said she, sticking her chin way out.

There’s a similarity between great stars and great race horses. There have been hundreds of horses that have shown brilliant form and intense speed in sprints, but when urged over a long stretch have lacked the stamina to match their speed. The Man O’Wars, Sea-biscuits and Whirlaways have been few. So have the Gables in acting. He’s been running in front a long time, and he’s just getting his second wind. You’ll understand what I mean when you see “Adventure.”

I MUST confess to you that I am digressing from my original plan to tell you about my closest, oldest Hollywood friends. Clark Gable is a new friend—but a very welcome one.

I first met him in the hospital about a year ago where he was a fellow inmate. He had been in an auto accident and was confined for a few days, and you know why I was there.

We had the same doctor, and when he told Mr. Gable I was there, “The King” came to see me: It would have been so easy for him to come barging into my room unannounced, but no, he called on the phone first to see what time would be most convenient.

We set a time (I somehow managed to be very, very free of engagements, you understand) and Mr. Gable arrived right on the dot. (Continued on page 95)
Photography was much more than a hobby. As Geza Karpathi he roamed Europe; lived by his camera; through it, met James Hilton in England
It was postponed—his Hollywood invasion— but when Charles Korvin finally hit town he took it by storm.

His wanderlust was shared by a pair of his more adventurous friends. One of them said one morning, "Let's go to Istanbul." Geza always combined his adventurous longings with a sane sense of limitations. "With what kind of money?" he inquired.

The friend pulled a head of happy lettuce from his pocket and peeled off a few leaves. They were of impressive size and crispness. "What is holding us back?" inquired Mr. Korvin. "Why are we delaying?"

Istanbul lies south and east of Budapest some 640 miles, as the dream flies. The boys didn't get to check the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, the Mosques, the veils and other items of interest because the authorities began to take an interest in the young travelers. Seemingly Geza's friend had acquired his wealth in an anti-social way. A member of his family had an extensive chemical laboratory; the friend, stricken by a need to get away from it all, had hocked a few microscopes and other paraphernalia.

When this was discovered, Geza and his friend were apprehended by the proper authorities and sent home.

Temporarily discouraged, Geza returned to school and discovered, to his delight, that he had overlooked the single excitement in the curriculum: Dramatics. He proved to be resourceful in this course, so resourceful in fact that his cousin, a short, plump chap who had always aspired without outside encouragement to the drama, said heavily, "Geza, it is you and not I in our family who will probably prove to be the actor. If you can pass the entrance examination at The Academy, I will pay your tuition."

That did (Continued on page 98)
Cornel Wilde

Oh, Mr. Wilde, you've sure beset the female population.
Now tell us true, what can we do
To stop this palpitation?

Peter Lawford is your name; Single is your station.
If every girl completes her aim—
You'll have to wed the nation!

If you would be our Romeo,
And sing us "I love you"—
We'd move right out of home—co
Without a backward view.

Dick Haymes

VALENTINE
MY CRM & IT 40
"Baby" and "Bogie" have busy been publicly trying out Lohengrin. Since they've fallen in line with Cupid's scheme, "Home Sweet Home" is their favorite theme.

VIGUETTES

Even though you are now a Mrs.,
You have priority on our kisses.

The Guy with the arrow has dates to play darts
With the millions of men who have June in their hearts.
DANA ANDREWS—star. Here he is at the top of the tree. Or to be more accurate, under one with Jeanne Crain in "State Fair," Twentieth Century-Fox's rollicking, tuneful, one-hundred-per cent American musical.

One-hundred-per cent American, too, is his starring role as a hard-boiled, fascinating guy in his latest, "Fallen Angel." Like the cop he brought to life in "Laura," this is sure-fire Dana fan fuel.

Yes, Dana has arrived. And he hitch-hiked to success! Here is his story—reenacted for you by Dana and the actual people who have figured in his life.

BY LYNN PERKINS
California, here I come! That might have been his theme song when Dana took off from Texas equipped with plans and a thumb. He got the ride, but Hollywood was still evading. Seven more years were to pass before Dana got his breaks—seven years of varied and uncertain activities—and faith in the future he had set for himself before the California trek, there was college, with Dana a grid-iron king. He majored in psychology, law and English, but nothing was missing—even then his heart belonged to dramatics.

The movie career dream crystallized in his home town, Collins, Miss., where he got a job as a sound effects man in a theater. The theater couldn't afford sound equipment, so Dana made gun shots, screams, fire sirens. Once he even fooled a sound expert in the audience who didn't know it was a silent picture.
A career as a figure man held little appeal to Dana when he was an accountant for an oil company. The yen to crush Hollywood's golden gate kept growing stronger.

Dana read the murder masterpiece, "Laura," and did some fast talking to Director Otto Preminger. He got the role of the tough but romantic cop and then and there made history.

In Hollywood—with studios, big and small, his neighbors and yet as far away as the moon. He managed to eat by many different jobs—one of which was driving a school bus.

Does he duck when the fans pursue? No, he doesn't. Dana knows that it's to them he owes his greatest debt, and one he can never repay.
Another of his jobs—in a gas station. A gas company executive drove up, saw him and paid him $50 a week to study dramatics—Dana to pay ten per cent when he paid off. He did

They made it real. Dana and Mary Todd played romantic parts opposite each other when both were at the Pasadena Playhouse, but the curtain didn't go down on this sweethearts act. Off stage—they were married.

So you see the Andrews present is successful, wholesome and full. With his family, Dana lives in a big house with enormous grounds—a house not all decorated yet, but equipped with numerous electrical gadgets—like buttons to open the gate—a delight to young David who pulls them apart to see what makes them tick. Dana is the handyman—cooks, helps with the housework and because he was once a plumber's assistant, can take faucets and pipes in his stride.

It's a merry household. Mary is a mimic and could be an actress, but Dana prefers her as a straight wife. There's a well-trained (by Dana) cocker spaniel named Michael, one nurse and one detachable phone which they carry all over the house and never can find when it rings. Currently Dana's mother is staying with them—and currently too Dana and Mary are getting about to the night spots. He feels Mary has it coming to her after being tied down so long, since Kathy and Stephen came close together. Sentimentally, their favorite spot is the Bar of Music which was where they did their courting.

Dana's next picture is "A Walk In The Sun," after which he gets on his horse and rides for Universal's "Canyon Passage"
The Ida Lupino of today—vital, sparkling star of "Devotion"
MY Fight for Life

Ida Lupino was a victim of polio. She was paralyzed. Here is her frank account of how she fought and won

BY

Ida Lupino

As told to Ruth Waterbury

It was in 1935 that I decided to bring my younger sister Rita over from England to join me and my mother in Hollywood. The reason wasn’t alone that mother and I had been missing Rita. More potent than our loneliness for the kid was our knowledge that she wasn’t in good health. My father was playing in London at that time and he could, of course, have seen to it that Rita went to one of the superb Harley Street specialists for diagnosis, but Connie—that’s my mother—and I felt that if Rita did need surgery, she also needed a mother to be near her while she underwent it. Fathers are very wonderful people, but mothers display a kind of maternal genius—so I was to learn—when sickness hovers over their young.

Connie and I picked Rita up at the Los Angeles Union Station. Barely giving her sufficient time to unpack, I rushed Rita off to a specialist the day after her arrival. While she was in the doctor’s sanctum sanctorum, I waited in his outer office. There my eye fell upon a medical book lying open at a chapter headed “Poliomyelitis.” The word meant only one thing to me—a chance to play the game my father had taught me as a child, that old trick of seeing how many small words I could extract from one very big one.

As I stared at poliomyelitis trying to break it up into “limit” and “soil” and such, my eyes began picking up bits of the text below it. “The incidence of the disease is often like that of influenza,” I read. “Characterized by loss of appetite, insomnia and severe headache,” said another spot on the page. “Limbs suddenly become too painful to bear weight of slightest touch, even of sheets,” said another line.

I turned the page and there were photographs of patients in traction. My mind jumped. I realized I had seen similar photographs in the daily papers. Why, this poliomyelitis must be infantile paralysis! I went back to the beginning of the chapter and read it straight through before the doctor issued out of his private office with my weeping little sister.

“He wants me to take an examination where I have to swallow a lot of colored inks, or something, while he looks at them through the X-ray,” sobbed Rita. “Oh Ida, I’m afraid. I know it will hurt. I know—I know..."

“Nonsense,” I said briskly. “Why, it hurts so little that I’ll take it just to prove that to you.”

The doctor agreed and I took the test, whereupon the top of my head nearly blew off. I kept on smiling while I wanted to collapse with pain, but Rita was sold by my performance and took her test and I saw that she wasn’t acting. It didn’t hurt her! The doctor looked at the two of us. “The younger sister is merely run down, needs rest and a better diet which will make her right very soon,” he said. “But the older sister has a very bad kidney condition which requires immediate surgery.”

Well, that was a poser! Refusing to take the specialist’s word, I went to a little neighborhood doctor to check up on the greater man’s diagnosis. “You’re fit as a fiddle,” said the little man. I chose to believe him. After all, it was a much more comfortable verdict.

About three nights later I awoke in a state of pain such as I had never experienced until that kidney examination, only, this pain was even greater. My head was thumping, I was feverish and my legs and arms were sore I wanted to writhe from under the weight of the sheets and blankets upon them. I attempted to call Connie, two rooms away from me, but my voice was too weak to whisper. I tried to get out of bed but the soles of my feet burned so with agony that I couldn’t step on them. My head pushed itself forward at an awkward angle and I couldn’t pull it back into place. My right arm stuck out crazily and my right hand was balled into a fist and wouldn’t open.

It took me twenty minutes to crawl the twenty feet to my mother’s room, but during that twenty-minute nightmare I faced the appalling truth. Because of that silly word game I knew exactly what was the matter with me. I, Ida Lupino, was an infantile paralysis victim! Perhaps if I’d gone for the kidney operation, the doctor would have detected the other illness about to smite me. But that was too late to think about now. All I could think of was anything, anything that would stop my pain.

The doctor was soon there. He confirmed my self-diagnosis. He punctured my spine and just before the blessed peace of an opiate knocked me out, I heard his whispered words to Connie, “I am hopeful, since she (Continued on page 96)
Jeanne started acting at eight, won beauty contests and a contract at sixteen. Currently in "Leave Her To Heaven"
BY DOROTHY DEERE

Eager—as a brand new day . . .

Confident—like the morning sun . . .

Naive, yet knowing—little Jeanne Crain
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

About twelve years ago I had to stop school and go to work in a mill. There I met Bill who was so nice and friendly; he helped me when I was on piece work so that I took home a wonderful pay each week, and he took me home every night. Sometimes I had a Sunday date with him.

After six years, he left town and I never heard from him again.

I then had to face the fact that Bill did not love me.

After much persuading from my folks I went out on dates and met Charlie. After we had gone together for two years, he asked me to marry him. I told him about Bill, but he said he thought that was a teen-age fancy, so we were married—that was six years ago.

Two years ago I received a letter from Bill. He was in the Army. I showed his letter to my husband, who said, "Well, answer it if you want to." So I did, and until two weeks ago I had two letters a week from Bill. He made love to me in every letter and sent me lovely gifts.

He came home with a discharge about five weeks ago and I have neither seen him nor heard from him. Was he just making a fool of me again, taking advantage of my love as he had done for twelve years? Will I go on all my life just waiting for a little sign of real affection from him? What do you think about this entire situation?

Anne Farrell W.

Dear Mrs. W:

I think that, unless you change your ways, you are going to ruin your life beyond the power of anyone to repair it.

You say in your letter, "I then had to face the fact that Bill did not love me." Apparently those words didn't really mean anything when you wrote them, because it seems to me that you have never accepted the fact that Bill does not love you. And he doesn't.

A man who loves a girl does not show her kindness for six years, then leave and neither write, call, nor reappear for four years.

Yes, he wrote to you when he was in the Army. Undoubtedly he knows that you have always had a great weakness for him; when he was lonely and homesick and disgusted with the Army he turned to the one quarter from which he was certain to receive sympathy. It was the sympathy that was important to him—not the person who supplied it.

Incidentally, what a sweet man your husband must be! I don't know many husbands who would sit calmly by for two years while the wife in the household went mooning around about a man who was just passing the time of day with her.

Forget Bill. Turn to that wonderful husband of yours, and thank heaven for his patience and understanding.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I'm a girl of sixteen who is a little confused. About a year ago I married a soldier who is six years my senior. He was with me all that evening. The next day he went away, but before he left, he asked me to write to him. At first his letters were friendly, then he said he was in love with me and asked me to visit his family.

I did, and they are swell. They liked me too.

Now he's coming home and wants to get married. I don't want to say yes just yet because I feel I don't know him too well. On the other hand, I don't want to say no because when I get to know him better I might want to marry him.

How can I refuse to marry or to be engaged to him now, but yet keep him interested, in case of the future?

Bettie S.

Dear Miss S:

It seems to me that you have the answer to your problem beautifully stated within that problem.

There is really no trick to postponing a decision for the present, yet retaining a boy friend for the future. So many girls seem to think that some sort of black magic must be brewed to control a love affair. All you really need to do is to tell this boy exactly what you have told me. Tell him that you like him, admire him, and want to know him better. Ask him to give you that opportunity.

If he is really worth having, he will respect you all the more for your mature point of view. You need have no fear of losing him. As a matter of fact, he is likely to be even more ardent and sincere in his courtship than ever before.

Claudette Colbert (Continued on page 88)
Christina Muir Newberry, II
daughter of
Lt. Col. and Mrs. Phelps Newberry
engaged to
James Douglas Darling, II

Christina and Jim met early last spring in Overbrook—one of Philadelphia’s fashionable “Mainline” suburbs. A few weeks later Christina said “Yes”... she’s another charming Pond’s bride-to-be—tall, slim, with shining dark hair, green-gray eyes.

Christina has a happy little way of knowing just what she likes and why. And Pond’s Cold Cream is one of her “likes.” “I don’t see how there could be a nicer face cream anywhere,” she says.

This is how she uses Pond’s: She smooths silky, fragrant Pond’s Cold Cream on face and throat—then smacks over it lightly to help loosen and dissolve dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond’s—using quick little whirls of her fingers to work it all around. Tissues again. “This second creaming is grand to make your face feel extra clean and soft,” she says.

Christina’s complexion is beautifully soft and smooth

She’s Engaged!

She’s Lovely! She uses Pond’s!

You’ll find Christina’s way of using Pond’s Cold Cream delightful. Copy her twice-over Pond’s creamings every night and every morning—for in-between-time freshen-ups, too! Watch your skin look softer, smoother, prettier! It’s no accident so many more women and girls use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a luxurious, big jar at your favorite beauty counter, today. Start your Pond’s beauty care tonight!

A few of the many Pond’s Society Beauties
MRS. MORGAN BELMONT    THE LADY GRENFELL
THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE    MRS. RICHARD C. DU PONT
GLORIA VANDERBILT STOKOWSKA

CLOTHING NEEDED! Christina helps regularly at the Needework Guild in Detroit. Here she is helping to pack new clothes to send away. “Never have so many people needed ‘just everyday clothes’, she says. There are clothing relief agencies you can help.

ASK FOR A BIG JAR OF POND’S! You’ll love the luxury-size jar. It has a nice wide top that lets you dip in with both hands so you whisk out all the cream you need with one sweep of your fingers. Get a big Pond’s jar today!
If you had attended Romanoff's "Come As Your Ancestors" party, could you have guessed the stars behind the masks? If not, try page 106.

1. A gala night out for a beautiful lady and her handsome spouse from an age gone by when smelling salts and gallantry were very much in style. The lady could pin a gold medal on her ornate dress if she wished—the man, Navy overseas service ribbons.

2. If you'll stop looking at her figure and peer behind the mask you'll know this lovely lass.

3. A gay caballero and a cute torcador. We'll give you this hint. The mustache isn't really his and we're sure none of his sires came from south of the border. The girl was easily the belle of the ball.
Capitol says—

hear JOHNNY MERCER, the PIED PIPERS and PAUL WESTON'S ORCHESTRA
in their rockin' recording of—

'Personality'

from the Paramount picture "Road to Utopia"
... backed up by an oldie-newie 'IF I KNEW THEN'
featuring the same terrific combo!

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE RECORD STORE!

The Boss says—
his SECRETARY has Personality!

The boys say—
SALOME had Personality!

The Pied Pipers have plenty of Personality!

P.S.
Paul Weston has Personality, too!
4. The farmer in the dell brings along two beautiful dolls. He’s from Arkansas where the wheat and corn grow tall. The tot with her doll is not his daughter, but the girl he married not many months ago.

5. Eek! Ready to run? You wouldn’t if you saw them without the make-up and mask. The derelict is married, just out of the Navy. The skeleton could rattle plenty of bones in celebration of his record as a flier.

6. They could be teen-agers staying out too late. But they’re not. Those smiles are because hubby is home from the wars. Tip: He once got an Academy Award playing the souse friend of a gambler.
Miss Paradox

(Continued from page 34) acting. I don't think I could exist and not be an actress. Strangely enough, I never think of myself as an actress. I think of myself as being two people. I don't pretend to thoroughly understand either. Others seem to find me a great deal more confusing than I have ever appeared to be—to myself.

Confusing indeed! Sheer, unmitigated understatement. There was that time Eleanor's neighbors out Toluca Lake way were so horrified they summoned the police. The new blue-eyed girl with the brown silky hair naturally aroused their interest. Every day at sunset she walked an English sheep dog (named Bobby Lee), and a Siamese cat (actually called Tal-Chi-Po). No one seemed to know who she was.

Then one night the neighbors heard blood-curdling shrieks coming from the new girl's house. Louder and louder they rang. Unable to stand it any longer, the neighbors summoned the police and charged in a body on the house down the road, expecting to be greeted by nothing short of murder. Instead, they were greeted by Eleanor, eyes gleaming like twin sapphires. Even their startled faces failed to subdue the note of happiness in that husky, gruff-velvet voice.

"Oh, I'm so terribly sorry," she explained. "You see, I've been acting at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Warner Brothers just signed me to a contract. I'm going to play a small part in a picture called 'Bugsy Roar.' I'm supposed to scream, and I've never been able to. Every night I've gone to the top of Lookout Mountain and practiced. I just couldn't. Self-consciousness, I guess. Anyway, a friend loaned me his home recording machine. I made up my mind I was going to overcome this handicap. And I have! Would you like to hear some of the screaming records I just made? I really think they sound very natural!"

TODAY, the only screams emanating from the Parker household are those produced by fans who have seen Eleanor's trouping in "The Very Thought Of You," "Between Two Worlds" and "Pride Of The Marines." There'll be more of them after "Of Human Bondage" and "Never Say Goodbye" are released. In the first named, Eleanor portrays the slatternly Mildred, remaking the role that cascaded Bette Davis to fame. Everyone, including Director Edmund Goulding, thought Warner Brothers insane when the fragile-like Eleanor was even considered. Wise in the ways of Hollywood, Mr. Goulding compromised and made a test. He's still shouting her praises.

Eleanor doesn't know how she got through it. All day long she clutched a bottle of smelling salts in a tight fist. Testing for any part still remains one of her unconquered fears. There are others, too. Her shyness, for example. It sweeps over her at the oddest times. She doesn't know why, because it's never consistent. It brands her as anti-social, colorless, sometimes even creating the impression that she's a mental lightweight. Again that magnificent balance comes to her rescue. She refuses to allow her shyness to root itself and corrupt her life.

"I enjoy anything if I enjoy the company I'm with," says Eleanor. "I remember back in Cleveland when we were growing up. Girls didn't like me. I got along better with boys. I was the mean and dominating. Boys never held grudges. They'd forgive and forget. I looked on the boys as friends. Other girls looked at them as future husbands. My sister Mildred never understood me. She said I

"They almost weaned me!"

"I've been on a queer diet the last year or two... sometimes I wondered if I'd ever see any more Fels-Naptha Soap.

But a fellow who's always had the best doesn't give up easy. And now that I'm getting my Fels-Naptha, the laundry work in this house is strictly pre-war.

I do a family-size wash without a quiver, finish the job on schedule, and believe me—those clothes are really white again!"

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
treated each boy differently. It was because in each boy I found a different but mutual interest.

"I've never been able to control my moods. I still can't today. I went to one Hollywood party and was so wound up I monopolized the entire conversation. The next night at another party, I felt so shy I couldn't even remember my host's name. I dread getting all dressed up and going out. After I'm once there, I sometimes enjoy myself more than anyone else."

Eleanor has another fear she finds more fascinating than frightening. When visiting high places like the Washington Monument and the Statue of Liberty, she gets an urge to jump. Not because of suicidal intentions, but to the contrary, she feels herself being drawn by the pleasantest of sensations. The same feeling sweeps over her in a recurring dream, where she is always flying. Finally she discussed it with Dr. Bert Frohman, Hollywood's well known psychoanalyst.

"It's very understandable," he told her. "The desire to fly, to be suspended in mid air, is all tied in with your ambition to soar to the highest pinnacles. That feeling of being high up on your own power is a fulfillment of achievement."

Whenever she can, Eleanor avoids shopping. It goes back to when she was a little girl, and her mother took her shopping. They rode on a bus and she got sick in her stomach. In the store, while pulling the dress over her head, the saleslady snagged the hooks in her tresses and almost suffocated her. To this day, if her arms aren't free, Eleanor gets panicky. She can't ride in buses, street cars or taxis, has to avoid winding roads unless she is driving.

THE failure of her short-lived wartime marriage to Dr. Fred Losee in no way destroyed Eleanor's idealism. She knows she seeks only what exists in books and the movies. Still, she goes on seeking. A man who subordinates himself to a woman she considers a weakling. The overdominating male ego, disgusting. A blend of the two, she thinks, should prove most interesting. Handsome, blond Joe Kirkwood Jr., professional golfer, is the current contestant.

Being sentimental to a dangerous degree, Eleanor instinctively protects herself by making no claim to sentiment. A favorite evening at home is spent lying tummy-to-floor, shoes nonchalantly kicked off into forced landings. Before her are bulging cardboard boxes. Eleanor takes inventory—paper napkins, floaters (advertisements for school dances), her own essays and poetry, drawings of the Clipper and Mayflower, oilcloth maps, precious letters from friends, report cards, paper dolls, each in a bag all its own, her first baby doll with its bonnet covering a taped-up china head, her very last doll, that short gold necklace with its three faded enamel hearts (it seemed long when her aunt gave it to her), those Janet Gaynor scrap books, that Janet Gaynor poster she bought from a cowboy in Arizona.

Eleanor fondles each object as if she had never seen it before. On her canopy bed (that still has no canopy) hangs a celluloid-framed religious picture, a Sunday school prize for perfect attendance. A "Dictionary Of Thoughts" establishes each day's philosophy. Eleanor can't bear to listen to "Auld Lang Syne"—"A New Year's date with me is not fun. I go completely to pieces." She loves all dramatic recordings, especially Caruso's "Pagliacci." Especially Caruso. Period.

Around the house, Eleanor never wears make-up or curls her naturally straight hair. She dislikes routine, especially in her mode of living. She prefers staying up at night, sleeping most of the day.
roar of the vacuum cleaner sends her scurrying from the house. Fortunately, her understanding maid performs all domestic duties while Eleanor is at the studio. While she loves her home, she has definite ideas that are completely revolutionary to the rules of decorating; she limits her household activities to emptying the ash trays and straightening the pictures.

Eleanor sleeps in roomy, over-sized pajamas. She loves to eat raw potatoes, pie dough and ice cubes (so help us!). She loves the taste of pumpkins and orange juice, yet she detests the color of orange. Shoes are her main extravagance. She buys them by the dozen pair, limits herself to wearing a few special favorites. Hats are her pet obsession. She never wears them. She thinks she should. However, she's always buying them because overzealous salesladies convince her they are becoming.

There was a time when Eleanor was sensitive about being tall and skinny. Being in pictures taught her the advantages of being slender and willowy. Open closet doors annoy her. Quiz programs, bridge, coffee for breakfast, playing charades in front of strangers, being rushed when dressing, people who kick the back of her chair at the movies, people with whiny voices, people who are phony, people who are helpless—add little to the peace and tranquility of her daily existence.

BALANCING the ledger, she loves going through empty houses (with no intention of buying), Ingrid Bergman (she wishes she was her), Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Robert Cummings (in the movies), solid colors, conservative dresses, earrings, and more earrings, red nail polish, because it's "so much fun to pick off," golfing, ranch life, blue jeans, brass, copper, the memory of her first kiss (he was five; his name was Jackie Reed), that feel of mud squooshing through her bare toes when she hiked in the rain at Martha's Vineyard, the thought of wearing spangled pink tights in a circus, her drawing board where she sketches, her collection of silly-faced stuffed animals, the red feathered-framed picture she has of Ingrid Bergman, her mother who understood and encouraged her emotional nature, her father (he teaches mathematics in a Cleveland high school) who influenced the practical side.

With one possible exception, Eleanor Parker thoroughly enjoys being who she is. It's only when she's forced to live up to the illusion of being an actress that it makes her wonder if she made the right choice.

"Why you don't look or act a bit like a motion-picture star," people invariably tell her. She gives a sickly grin, looks embarrassed, and feels as though it's her sacred duty to grow instantly two hands.

"Before I worked with Errol Flynn, I had always regarded him as a great personality," says Eleanor. "After I had worked with him a few days, I discovered he was also an excellent actor. Errol is a very intelligent man. He treats people the way they want to be treated. He was never anything but nice to me, always kind, always considerate. I hadn't known him before. The first day he walked on the set, he looked at me quizically for a moment. Then he said, 'Hello, Grandma.' He called me that for the rest of the picture. I don't know why."

Perhaps, if the truth were known—because Eleanor Parker is the prettiest, the most unusual, the most glamorous "Grandma" that Errol Flynn has ever seen in his entire life!

---

**Want Sweet Kisses?**

Have kissable skin—with the smoothness of satin.

Dry skin troubles you now?

This new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment
(with thrilling Jergens Face Cream) helps smooth dry skin in no time.

Easy to give yourself this exciting 1-Cream Beauty Treatment

Here's all you do for your daily smooth-skin treatment—simply use this new Jergens Face Cream (but faithfully), as though it were 4 creams:

1. for regular Cleansing and Make-up Removal
2. for Softening
3. for a velvet Foundation—every time you make up
4. as a Night Cream—effective against dry skin; helps prevent dry skin lines

Skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream for you—the same who make your Jergens Lotion. Many a smart girl is thankful. You will be, too.

See lovely results, using Jergens Face Cream this way. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.

---

**JERGENS**

**FACE CREAM**

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin

---

THE END
I Give a Party

THE night of my party the stars arrived at Cafe Romanoff’s Champagne Room—glittering in their best bibs and tuckers.... Claudette was divinely chic in a green gown splattered with glittering sequins.... Rita Hayworth wore rose satin. Jennifer Jones found new and greater beauty because of the new way she is doing her hair and because of her beautiful long black net dress. Sonja Henie’s orange metallic cloth with glittering swags of sequins had a deep decolletage.... A strapless black gown, complemented by a demure little cape with ruffles, enhanced Joan Fontaine’s classic beauty. 

Clark Gable brought Mrs. Jay (Dolly) O’Brien who has wealth, wonderful children and even a couple of grandkids. It doesn’t matter that the girls have the most wonderful jewels in the world and the men could buy out most jewel shops; their eyes shine over any little present bits of toast.... "My first couple," I said, "is Miss Sonja Henie and her kitchen boy, Van Johnson." My second couple is Joan Fontaine and Mr. Romanoff. "My third couple is Miss Claudette Colbert and Mr. Arthur Hornblow Jr.

"And I nominate Joseph Cotten to act as host."

Romanoff’s chef tied aprons on the girls and placed chef hats on their heads. By this time my prospective chefs looked a trifle alarmed. Joan Fontaine removed her apron and settled down to her挑战 dish with a little laugh. Clark Gable wore that Pennsylvania Dutch look which always means he’s ready for business. Claudette and Arthur Hornblow proceeded meticulously. So did Sonja. Van sizzled with excitement. Joseph Cotten instantly pounced upon a sardine which he said didn’t taste good. as he warmed it tenderly over a chafing dish flame. When no one would accept this morsel from Joe, he ate it himself.


David O. Selznick and Walter Wanger, however, absolutely refused to taste the savory “What?” they said shaking their heads determinedly. “Eat what the stars have concocted? We wouldn’t think of it! It’s sure to be pure arsenic.” Jack Warner alone tasted every specimen and there was a moment or two when he looked a little green....

Sonja and Van concocted a Scotch woodcock—a dish consisting of a little round of toast, with a gob of scrambled egg topped with anchovies and a few crumbs of anchovy—which tasted bad at all and brought them first prize. Sonja was triumphant and Van, like a boy of sixteen in his enthusiasm, whispered to me. ‘I didn’t take Van long to capture Sonja’s chef’s hat. And he wore it all evening—in spite of Sonja’s efforts to reclaim it.”

Joe and Joan’s delicious dish, which was so wildly popular, was the question of the evening. Mr. Romanoff is a master in the kitchen himself. He won the first and second prize for the chefs. And the third prize, however, had other names for it.

It was all great fun. And we laughed so much that we all got a great crush in the powder room before the dancing began while make-ups were repaired.

Irving Aronson, who played for my parties years ago in Paris and who is now at Metro, and his lovely little band kept my guests happy for many hours.

There were two prizes for the dancing too....

Lenore Cotten finally danced with Joe in spite of the sardine stuffed with garlic and anchovies which he had consumed. "I can’t dance," he said. "I’ve never known any one who had more spontaneous combustion...."

Orson Welles was too tired to do his rumble which is one of the best. As you know, Orson broadcasts Sundays and now is not only writing and producing, but directing and acting in "The Stranger," the mystery play and thriller (Continued on page 72)
take your **VITAMINS**

this **New Way** for better results!

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in fortified food!

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified food, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health.

Especially, those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and protein are both necessary in cell-building—and they're both in Ovaltine. Vitamin B1 and fuel-food also act together for vitality—and they're both in Ovaltine. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus can't work without each other—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not change to Ovaltine, as so many people are doing? If you eat normal meals, including citrus fruit or tomatoes, 2 glasses of Ovaltine should give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for robust health.

---

**Read What You Get in 2 Glasses of Ovaltine**

more **FOOD-ENERGY** than 2 dishes of Ice Cream...

...more **IRON** than 3 servings of Spinach

...more **VITAMIN G** than 3/4 pound of Sirloin Steak

more **VITAMIN A** than 2 servings of Peas...

more **NIACIN** than 5 slices of Enriched Bread...

...more **CALCIUM** and **PHOSPHORUS** than 2 1/2 servings of American Cheese

...more **PROTEIN** than 3 Eggs

more **VITAMIN D** than 10 ounces of Butter...

more **VITAMIN Bi** than 3 servings of Oatmeal...

3 out of every 4 people should get extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.
Sweaters go to parties this year... especially sweaters of black chenille with a dramatic necklace of pearls and gold, like this sweater by Grooble.

In white also. Sizes 10-20. About $35.00 at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Worn by JOAN CRAWFORD, of the great beauty, star of Warner Brothers' "Mildred Pierce"

For other stores where this sweater is available see page 78

(Continued from page 70) which soon will be off the William Goetz conveyor belt... David O. Selznick danced beautifully with Jennifer Jones... Arthur Hornblow whirled Mrs. Lewis Milestone around like a dervish. "He's thinking of his coming marriage to Puddeh Schinasl," she whispered to me, breathlessly "and he can hardly conceal his great joy..."

MY FAVORITE dancing couple, Darryl and Virginia Zanuck, won first prize. Their rumba was very smooth—professional actually. I told the Zanucks I could get them $2,000 a week at the Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf. "If all else fails," said Darryl, "I'll call on your good graces, Elsa, to put in a good word for me!"

Speaking of dancing, Rita Hayworth tells me she tried to get away from it in her new picture, "Gilda," and that she almost convinced her studio of the advisability of this when the fans began writing in and moved her plans down.

Hollywood, you'll be interested to know, has great respect for the acumen of the fans, who really seem to have a sixth sense. I, too, am for the fans! When they speak with hundreds of thousands of voices and raise one name above the rest you can count on the person who bears that name being a valid and authentic personality.

That's what gives the Photoplay Gold Medals, just presented again this year, their special significance... Because they are awarded on the basis of a movie-goer's poll conducted by the noted Dr. Gallup. This is the only national recognition the fans themselves have had in registering their favorites and that's why Hollywood has waited the results so eagerly.

It's been fun writing about my party. I've enjoyed it again in retrospect. However, I must explain it was a wonderful party not because of me but because of my guests. In all the world there's no more perfect place for a party than Hollywood. There the imagination, talent and wit are as boundless as the sea and a hostess has only to draw upon it. Perhaps that's why, when giving a party in Hollywood, I strive to depart from the banal. After all, drinks at a bar, dinner and dancing afterwards are not good enough for the glamour boys and girls who contribute so much as guests.

There you have the real secret of a perfect party! A hostess and guests who work together to make it fun!

THE END
Photoplay Fashions
The new round shoulder line has a magical slimming effect—and magical chic in this Kasha jersey designed by Joset Walker. Available in gray, champagne beige, blue or absinth. Sizes 10-16. About $35.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York, N.Y.

Belt and bag by Phelps Associates

Worn by JOAN CRAWFORD

For other stores where this dress is available see page 78
Something new...

... are dresses in which each size is cut in three different ways—to fit, in turn, the short, medium or tall figure...

Here Virginia Mayo, golden blonde star of Samuel Goldwyn’s “The Kid From Brooklyn,” wears a Murray White sized-to-height dress in a delightful bow-knot print of a Ben Rose fabric by Crown Test. Also available with an aqua, lime or blue background.


For other stores where this dress is available see page 78
For church on Sunday . . . Sunday night supper . . .
for the theater . . . for cocktail dancing . . .
for all the things that are such fun to do together—
a black and pink spun rayon, designed by David Crystal.
Also in black with blue or yellow. Sizes 10-20.
About $16.95 at Filene's, Boston, Mass.

For other stores where the clothes on these two pages
are available see page 78

All photographs by Ben Studios
When you’re alone with him . . . for lamplight evenings and leisurely Sunday breakfasts . . . be enchanting in a gay housecoat of Bates cotton designed by Edward Macksoud. Sizes 12-18. About $16.95 at Macy's, New York, N. Y.
The clothes shown on preceding pages are available from Coast to Coast in the following stores:

**Sweater**
Cleveland, O.—Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—I. Magnin & Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

**For shop in your city write:**
Groblue Sportswear
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Gray jersey dress**
Buffalo, N. Y.—L. L. Berger, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Harzfeld's

**For shop in your city write:**
David Goodstein
550 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Sized-to-height bow-knot print**
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White
Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerers
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

**For shop in your city write:**
Murray White Co.
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Shortie coat**
Chicago, Ill.—Maurice Rothschild
Detroit, Mich.—Kime's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Broadway Department Stores
Minneapolis, Minn.—Jackson Graves

Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

**For shop in your city write:**
Lou Schneider
512 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Beret with gold medallion**
Albany, N. Y.—Whitney's
Chicago, Ill.—Goldblatt Bros.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage, Allen & Co.
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown-Dunkin

**For shop in your city write:**
Salfair
65 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

**Pink and black dress**
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati, O.—Lawton Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Neiman-Marcus
New York, N. Y.—Best & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Blum Store

**For shop in your city write:**
David Crystal
498 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Housecoat**
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kauffman's
Ridgewood, N. J.—Lolita Merrihew
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fulton

**For shop in your city write:**
Edward Mackosoud
45 East 30 St., New York, N. Y.

---

**How far can you test "true love"?**

**TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"**

Hear real life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. A different story every day revealing the triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don't miss them!

**EVEY MORNING**
Monday thru Friday
9:00 CT - 10:00 ET
10:00 PT - 11:00 MT

**ALL AMERICAN BROADCASTING CO. STATIONS**
ALLURA JUNIORS - what could be handsomer... especially when it's tailored so perfectly, detailed so deftly! A banded tab effect accentuates the brisk shoulders and defines the pockets. The fly-front skirt is cut straight-away for slim smartness. 100% worstedloomed exclusively for us by the AMERICAN WOOLEN CO.


Consult with your Local Retailer, or write LOU SCHNEIDER
512 SEVENTH AVE. • NEW YORK 15, N.Y.
Right: Sizes 32-38. In white only.
About $3. At leading department stores.
The new freetime look, confidently expressed with broad T-square shoulders to dramatize your tapered waist, winged push-up sleeves and saucy Peter Pan collar. Cohama Pinebrooke, a superb rayon gabardine, in melon, apricot, mint, aqua, grey or white. About $20 at better stores.

Write Western Fashions, Los Angeles 14, for store nearest you featuring Western Fashion Authentics.
The premiere of “Spellbound” brought out the stars in their best bibs and tuckers. Lana Turner, who becomes more and more beautiful, if possible, wore a tight-fitting white crepe gown with a low V-neck, a high back and tiny short sleeves. The skirt was so snug that its deep slit was really a necessity and the neckline, sleeves and bosom were beaded with white crystals.

Guy Madison’s first civilian date was Joan Leslie. Joan was equal to this occasion in a stiff satin dancing dress with a full skirt and a tight bodice that was held in place by tiny shoulder straps. It was striped gaily in pistachio green, salmon, forest green and black. Joan’s coiffure was a crown of tiny curls.

Greer Garson, lunching with Richard Ney at La Rue the other day wore a winter white gabardine dress with a wide brown leather belt that was studded with nailheads. In to her low neck Greer had thrust a bright yellow scarf. She carried matching yellow gloves, a large brown raffia bag and wore brown leather wedgies. No hat obscured her shining hair. The elegance of a mink coat flung over her shoulders completed her smart ensemble.

Winter white is the Hollywood rage. Connie Moore has a new white flannel suit striped in brown. The jacket is a cardigan and the pegged-top skirt has a brown snakeskin belt. With this suit Connie wears a brown jersey blouse with a turtle neck. Her shoes and shoulder bag are brown snakeskin. Her tiny round felt hat is winter white.

Leah Rhodes, who designs many of the clothes you see in Warner Brothers’ pictures, says: “Now, after years of wardrobe restrictions, has come the time, in my opinion, for women to be their most glamorous. We should all try to be as original and distinctive as possible. Remember, even the simplest black dinner gown will become outstanding with the addition of interesting accessories... contrasting colored chiffon scarves tied about the waist... a large and gay sequined evening bag... unusual jewelry...”

Photoplay’s fashion editors, in turn, suggest:

Gay buttons strung together for a different looking choker...
Two blending tones of veiling on an old hat for a new look...

The sleeves cut out of an old wool dress and the armholes widened to make a good-looking jumper...
A flower boutonniere on your suit lapel for a fillip of color...

A tiny sachet of your favorite perfume in your handbag so every time your bag is opened friends will sniff appreciatively.

Powers Model Slips

Endorsed by
John Robert Powers
in fine rayons
about $1.79
at better stores

Write for free booklet — “A Word About Modeling” by John Robert Powers

Aptures of MOVIE STAR SLIPS

At leading stores or write:
BAR-RODA BLOUSE CO.
135 West 36 Street, New York
Symbols of great American chic...  
Nylon... and... Revlon

How old is tradition? Sometimes not very... Such cherished American fashion traditions as nylon... and Revlon... for instance. Both, great

American discoveries in glamour, high-fashion... wear, wear, wear! Revlon's new "Fatal Apple" Nail Enamel and Lipstick are sensational!

But... always... the smart Americanism is one of Revlon's 21 fabuluses color originals... with that incredible "stay-on" fast becoming a great American legend!
Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards

(Continued from page 29) winning place.

The fact that Bing Crosby this year again out-distances all other male stars in popularity is not likely to surprise any-
one. Bing, even while he lives, is an American legend. Except for Bing's guest appearance in "Duffy's Tavern" he had only one new picture this year, "Here Come The Waves." "The Bells Of St. Mary's" had not opened when our polls closed. Nevertheless, wherever our investig-
gators went, north or south, east or west, the one name that was included again and again was "Bing.

Bing's competition also was greater this year. Listed alphabetically, the four men who fought for the first place Bing finally won were Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Bob Hope and Spencer Tracy.

Until the last twenty-four hours of poll computations it looked as if "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"—high when the race was half won—would be the final winner. However, every hour the results varied—swinging between "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"; "A Song To Remember," also high at the halfway mark; and "The Valley Of Decision" and "Anchors Aweigh." Then slowly but surely "The Valley Of De-
cision" emerged above the rest. The final results show the ten favorite pictures of 1945. In the order of their popularity, to be:

1. "The Valley Of Decision"—Metro-
    Goldwyn-Mayer—Produced by Ed-
    win H. Knopf—Directed by Tay
    Garnett

2. "Anchors Aweigh"—Metro-Goldwyn-
    Mayer—Produced by Joseph Past-
    ernak—Directed by George Sidney

3. "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"—Met-
    ro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Produced by
    Sam Zimbalist—Directed by Mervyn
    LeRoy

4. "A Song To Remember"—Columbia—
    Produced by Sidney Buchman—
    Directed by Charles Vidor

SLIM as a STEM!
A casual just a bit on the
carefree side ... with tall
cool stripes to sing of spring!
For flattery—the shirred
waistline and smooth fly-front.
Pink, grey, aqua, char-
treuse. Sizes 10 to 18. \$10.95

Tic-A-Tac
it's a Brighton fabric

GITTLEMAN'S
Six Stores in Michigan
Alma • Ionia • Greenville • Midland
Mt. Pleasant • Cadillac

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
GITTLEMAN'S STYLE SHOPS, Alma, Michigan
Please send me the above Molly Malone dress for
which I enclose \$10.95 plus 15c for postage

Site:_________ Color:_________ Size:_________

Mail:_________ Address:_________ City:_________ Zone:_________ State:_________

Cash:_________ Money Order:_________ C.O.D.:_________

AN ORIGINAL
Molly Malone

Gregory Peck (with his wife) showed the
greatest gain in popularity this year in
Photoplay's national poll of movie-goers

BESTFORM
Girdles
Brassieres
All-in-ones

no finer fit
at any price

BRASSIERES 79¢ to \$1.50
FOUNDATIONS \$2.50 to \$6.50

Bestform Foundations, Inc. • 64 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.
5. “Meet Me In St. Louis”—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Produced by Arthur Freed—Directed by Vincente Minnelli

The winning picture, unlike “Going My Way” awarded the Photoplay Gold Medal last year, did not rate first in all groups. It was liked by all groups but it was not a top favorite with men under twenty-five or movie-goers in rural areas. The Valley Of Decision was the overall male choice and “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” the over-all choice. However, girls from twelve to seventeen preferred “Meet Me In St. Louis,” though boys those ages chose “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.”

In order to be eligible for the 1945 Award, a picture had to be seen by at least a third of the people interviewed before our polls closed in the middle of November. This requirement ruled out pictures like “The Bells Of St. Mary’s,” “Saratoga Trunk” and “The Last Weekend.” They will be included in next year’s poll. Still other pictures which opened earlier but still had not been shown to a sufficient audience were “Mildred Pierce,” “Spellbound” and “Weekend At The Waldorf.”

Judging by the popularity these three films have enjoyed thus far, they will stand high in next year’s poll. Four other pictures which ranked very high among the people who had seen them but had not yet been seen by quite enough people to qualify were “State Fair,” “Wonder Man,” “The Story Of G.I. Joe” and “Pride Of The Marines.”

In any poll there are extra findings which are interesting. Last year, for instance, we reported that Van Johnson and Jennifer Jones had made the greatest gains in popularity. This year Van Johnson came within an ace of being in the top five actors. Jennifer Jones, on the other hand, has continued to gain popularity, but, because of a long gap between pictures she did not attract new followers at the same rate she did in 1944. “Love Letters” came along too late to influence the vote sufficiently.

This year Gregory Peck is the actor with the greatest gain in popularity, while Margaret O’Brien and Lauren Bacall are a dead tie for this honor among the feminine stars, an interesting study in opposites.

So the voting and the final computations for the People’s Choice of stars and pictures for 1945 ends. To Greer Garson and Bing Crosby go the Photoplay Gold Medals as the top stars of 1945. And to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Edwin H. Knopf and Tay Garnett, the studio, producer and director responsible for “The Valley Of Decision.”

Now the poll for 1946 begins. It promises to be as exciting as surveys of public opinion always are—and as interesting. For in the mind of anyone familiar with polls, there is no doubt as to the awareness, common sense and good taste of the American people.

The End

Listen!

RADIO THEATER
Monday, January 14
for the broadcast of
“The Valley Of Decision”
WINNING PICTURE
of
PHOTOPLAY’S GOLD MEDAL AWARD
with its original cast
ALL CBS STATIONS

Photoplay Gold Medal Awards are based upon a poll of America’s movie-going millions by Dr. George Gallup’s Audience Research, Inc.
Always a picture of Loveliness... in a Gail Gray Junior Classic

Dresses with plenty of date appeal! That's what they are saying about Gail Gray Juniors! And no wonder—see the gentle detail of this rayon taffeta and crepe frock. Note how affectionately it hugs a junior figure. In navy, black or brown with contrasting monogram. Sizes 9-11-13-15. Under $6.
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen, and the mother of a six-months-old baby. My husband is in the service. I was sixteen and he was twenty when we were married, and we were really happy then.

When my husband was overseas I met a boy named Harry with whom I fell terribly in love. However, Harry and I decided to stop seeing each other because we didn't want to do anything we would regret later.

When my husband came back, I told him about Harry, because I think that two people should know as much as possible about one another. George said that he loved me and intended to keep me as his wife so that I should forget Harry.

I tried to do just that and devoted myself to being a wife. I was thrilled when I learned we were to have a baby.

My baby was born prematurely, at eight months, and even though the doctor explained it to George, he said he was nobody's fool, and left me. However, he says he will never give me a divorce. Harry is in the Army of Occupation, but he has written to me constantly. Finally I answered, and since that time—as I told him everything—he wants to marry me when he gets home. He knows, of course, that the baby is George's, but he says that any baby of mine must be a wonderful kid and that he could love him as his own.

My parents and George's parents are horribly opposed to divorce, and they say George will come to his senses and "forgive" me. I don't want to be forgiven for something I didn't do—do you blame me?

What would you do in my place?

Gerry Lee M.

Dear Mrs. M:

It seems to me that you should look into your own heart for a solution.

Your actions have been fair and honorable and you have surely fulfilled your obligation to George by remaining his wife. If he, in an obviously unfair act, chose to leave you, then surely you need feel no sense of obligation to maintain your marriage, despite what those not intimately involved in your life may say.

On the other hand, there may still be some spark of love in your heart for George. If there is, you should simply bide your time. If George is worthy of being your husband, he will come to realize the folly of his act and beg you for forgiveness.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married when I was fifteen, had a baby when I was sixteen, and learned, at seventeen, that my husband was untrue to me. When I learned about my husband's infidelity, I withdrew into my former girlhood world. In the afternoon I left my little boy with my mother and went to movies, or swimming, or bowling with girl friends. I had nothing to do with other men but my husband learned that I was away from home every afternoon, living a life of my own, whereas he lived a life of his own at night, he tried to fill me.

I left him, and he promptly sold our furniture and our home and spent it on wild living. When he was broke and sick, he came back to me. He was so pitiful, and he promised so solemnly to change, that we set up housekeeping again.

Now he is worse than ever; he questions me when he comes home at night, making me account for every instant of the day. I am not allowed to have friends, and I lie about my mother's visits. Even his own mother avoids us to forestall trouble.
My little boy, who is now five, has to endure the third degree about what goes on around the house all day, too. When the baby gets into mischief, my husband makes him get down on his knees to apologize. The only article of clothing I have bought in ten months is a pair of unrationed shoes.

Do you know of any kind of work I can get to do at home? If I could earn a little something, perhaps I could clothe myself and the baby, and eventually do something about building a decent life for myself.

Mrs. Durward B.

Dear Mrs. B:

Have you, at any time, consulted a doctor about your husband’s behavior? It seems to me that when a man lives as you say he does, and when on one occasion he has tried to take your life, he must have some serious mental trouble.

The effect of his behavior upon the mind of your small son can’t be minimized; it is frightening to forecast the influence this early experience might have upon the little boy.

There are, of course, many ways in which you could earn money, but I don’t feel that your problem is increasing your income. I think it lies in getting your emotional life adjusted. You should consult a doctor about your husband, then perhaps persuade him to see a psychiatrist.

I have assumed, of course, that your husband is working. That being the case, he appears to refuse to give you adequate money for your creature needs. I mention this because he must have money enough for medical care. If he has not, there are excellent free clinics in the city in which you are living.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

There are five of us girls who want to go to New York, but our parents refuse to give their consent. Two of our number want to act, so they plan to go to the New York School of Dramatic Art. One wants to go to a business college there. The remaining two (myself included) want to study interior decorating. We also believe there is more opportunity in a large city. This is a girlish adventure. We want to make something of our lives. We plan to take an apartment together. None of us dates much, drinks, or smokes.

We will graduate in June, 1946, and we want to leave immediately. We expect little or no financial support from home, as we all intend to work. We think this is a fine chance to start out on our own. Our parents expect us to go to State College, so it is a question of our being at home.

Don’t you agree with us? I’m sure that if our parents read your approval, it will help towards getting their consent.

Janie B.

Dear Miss B:

I would like to assure you that parents are quite wonderful people in most instances, and their greatest interest is in the welfare of their children.

Which prefaces my statement that I think all five of you girls should go to State College and take your degrees. University training will give you the cultural and educational background that will make it possible for you to follow your chosen professions more effectively.

I don’t wish to go into detail, but New York is in a place for an eighteen-year-old girl alone. Nor for five such girls together. And finding work there is not at all easy. I was brought up in New York, so I know what I’m talking about. Luckily, I had a home and a family there, or life could have been grim indeed.

Go to college, then start your careers.

Claudette Colbert

Order by mail from Hollywood!

"Pretty Pastel" Jumper

Styiled and produced in California

This stunning fly-front jumper can be worn with a blouse now—and as a cap-sleeved dress later! You’ll love the trim waistband, rows of stitching, and rich year-around rayon fabric. Sizes 10 to 20. $5.98 plus postage. White only

Aqua
Powder Blue
Red
Navy

"Blouse Beauty"—Snow white rayon.

High neck...ruffled cuffs, Sizes 32-38.

$3.98 plus postage. White only

SEND NO MONEY—WE MAIL C. O. D.

Betty-Ed of Hollywood


Betty-Ed of Hollywood, Dept. 401


Please send me "Pretty Pastel" jumper at $5.98 plus postage.

Aqua □ Powder □ Red □ Navy □

Sizes 10-12-14-16-18 (Circle size wanted)

Please send me "Blouse Beauty" at $3.98 plus postage.

Sizes 32-34-36-38 (Circle size wanted)

NAME _____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________________________

CITY ________ ZONE ________ STATE ________

THE SEL-MOR GARMENT CO. • ST. LOUIS
Dear Miss Colbert:
I am married, aged twenty-five, and have a daughter five. Four months ago I was expecting our second child. One afternoon I had planned to play bridge, but began to feel ill, so went home and there surprised my husband and his brother's wife. As a result of this shock two days later I lost the baby and nearly died myself. My husband has really been despondent about it and has begged me to forgive him, and—above all—to say nothing to his brother or his brother's wife, or to his parents about it.
I have told him that we might be able to make another start, if we could move to some other state and get away from the entire family, but he doesn't want to do that. My husband belongs to a very large, clannish family, which has a finger in about half the pies in this town.
I simply think I can't go on; when I see my sister-in-law at family affairs I want to scream out to everyone what she is. That, or strangle her.
What would you do? Lose your mind by staying and forgiving such a husband, or strike out for yourself with a five-year-old daughter?

(Mrs.) Bradene C.

Dear Mrs. C.
It is my belief that your choice of a future depends entirely upon what you really think of your husband. If you still love him and believe in him, you must wipe out the entire incident from your mind. Forgetting an unhappy experience is almost more important than forgiving, otherwise you will continue to torture yourself and life will be unbearable.
Furthermore, there were two persons involved in this affair, and if you are to forgive your husband and forget it, the same must apply to your sister-in-law.
As far as running away is concerned, I do not believe that is a solution. You can escape from everything—except yourself. If you have faith in your husband and want to remain with him, it makes no difference where you are. If you are going to be haunted by thoughts of your sister-in-law, you could go to Timbuctoo and not escape from thoughts of her.
I am very much afraid that unless you can cast all bitterness and memory of this episode from your mind, there is no hope for happiness for you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I'm seventeen, and the youngest in our family. The other four are married and scattered all over. My mother has been dead for three years, so I have been keeping house for my dad, who is a wonderful man. He treats me lovingly and has always done everything possible for us.
My best friend is a girl nineteen, who is sweet and pretty and full of fun. She has always spent a good deal of time around our house, and now my father has fallen in love with her and wants to marry her regardless of the fact that there is thirty-five years' difference in their ages.

She likes my father—everyone does—but she told him honestly that she had no intention of marrying him. This hurt him very much, of course, so he has told me never to see her again.

The whole thing has me worried almost sick. Do you have any idea how I can convince my father that this girl is still a good companion for me, even though she doesn't want to marry him?

Bettie T.

Dear Miss T:
In a case of this kind, rare as it is, I think you should consult your father. Im-
agine how embarrassing it would be for him to have this girl around your home.

To have only one girl friend at your age isn’t a good idea. You should have at least six whom you see regularly, instead of concentrating on one. This girl will probably marry some boy her own age before long, at which time you would more or less go your separate ways, anyhow.

If your father has been in a mental state in which he could fall in love with a girl thirty-five years his junior, it would indicate that he is rather lost and lonely. From your letter I would imagine that your father and mother were very happy in their marriage, so the loss of his wife must have been a terrible blow. In a confused way, he is probably seeking to reestablish the comradery he knew. If you can understand this, I’m sure that you will spend more time with your father, and be willing to accede to his wishes in the matter of your girl friend.

Caudette Colbert

(Note: In the August issue of Photoplay we published a letter from a girl who was wretched because of buck teeth, and was convinced that her life was being ruined. Miss Colbert recommended that the girl see a competent dentist at once. The letter published below was sent in by a charming woman who prefers to remain anonymous, but who has sought to add some personal experience to the advice already given.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

After reading Frava T’s letter in the August Photoplay, I was consumed with pity for this young girl, since I have had two friends who had the same miserable trouble. One is in her thirty-fifth year, and has never had a boy friend because she feels that as long as her teeth are “good” she should keep them.

The other girl reached the ripe age of thirty-seven years (pitted as an “old maid”), and appeared homely to all of us because of her teeth.

Finally she had the four front teeth removed, and was fitted for a partial denture. Presto! The change was marvelous. She really turned out to be a very attractive and lovely girl. Her entire attitude changed and instead of being shy, nervous and anti-social, she simply bloomed.

A year later she became the bride of an influential and well-to-do business man who gave her a beautiful home.

So why bother with teeth that wreck one’s happiness?

Mrs. Rennie F.

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Caudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she’ll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

LOUISE ALLBRITTON, APPEARING IN “TANGIER,” A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

LIKE Louise Allbritton’s-

YOUR HANDS can speak love’s language.

Use Louise Allbritton’s personal hand care—this famous Jergens Lotion.

The Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

NOW EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE—thanks to wartime discoveries in skin-care. Jergens scientists now make Jergens Lotion more effective than ever. Women tested this even finer Jergens. "My hands feel smoother, softer." "It protects my hands longer"; they said. Included in this post-war Jergens Lotion—those 2 ingredients so special for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them.

In the stores now; no change in the bottle; still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Thrilling to use! Never sticky; none of that oiliness!

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research
WHY WONDER WHETHER YOU'RE LIKELY TO OFFEND—NOW THAT MODESS OFFERS YOU THE TRIPLE-PROVED DEODORANT?

It's been proved effective by Modess scientists; proved a winner in 26 tests by independent laboratories; proved a favorite way to guard daintiness by girls who've tried the New Modess.

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no nuisance!

FREE! Send today! For your copy of "Growing Up and Liking It"—a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation—write Marha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 343-F, Milltown, N. J.

WHEN YOU GIVE
To The USO
YOU GIVE
To Your G I Joe

The War is over—but those service men and women who have not yet been discharged still look to USO, their "home away from home," for off-duty recreation.

On February 4, 1946, USO will celebrate its Fifth Anniversary. Since February 4, 1941, a billion service men and women, Army and Navy wives, have made use of USO services.

USO recognizes its responsibility to continue through 1946 and into 1947 the services for which it was organized. It plans:

1. CONTINUANCE of clubs for men and women in camps in this country who are newly-inducted or awaiting discharge or redeployment.

2. CONTINUANCE of clubs for convalescent wounded in more than a hundred hospital areas.

3. CONTINUANCE of clubs overseas for service men and women who are garrison troops or who are awaiting transportation home.

4. CONTINUANCE of services at station lounges to troops-in-transit, their wives and families.

5. A CONSIDERABLE INCREASE in USO Camp Shows performances in Europe and the Pacific, to provide needed American entertainment for occupation troops or men awaiting shipment home.

Let's get behind the USO by contributing to their efforts through the local Community War Funds.

WHY HAVE DOUBTS? USE MODESS WITH THE TRIPLE-PROVED DEODORANT!

GOSH, HOW I USED TO STEW AND FRET ABOUT OFFENDING AT TIMES LIKE THIS!

IT USED TO HAUNT ME, TOO—TILL MODESS WITH THE TRIPLE-PROVED DEODORANT CAME ALONG!

A SOFTER NAPKIN! Remember that three out of four women voted Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

SAFER! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

YOU PAY NO MORE, so ask for luxurious new Modess with Deodorant today. Box of 12 costs only 22¢.

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no nuisance!

FREE! Send today! For your copy of "Growing Up and Liking It"—a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation—write Marha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 343-F, Milltown, N. J.

Modess comes two ways: Full size and Junior size. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, ask for Modess Junior.
Hustle-along Haver

(Continued from page 45) She arrived in an enormous cream-colored car. She was Snow White driving a bus. She did not hurry across the lawn, but I've never seen such small feet set down with more purpose. I had expected a whirlwind to reap a spring breeze. As we shook hands, I felt like that afore-mentioned sheltering palm. She is tiny!

I lured her into my back yard for a few moments of once-overing. She wore a simple ice green dress. It had some sort of pleasant trimming—no jewel of any kind and no handbag. Having careered it since the age of five, she must have heard endlessly a voice saying, "Don't slump in your chair, June," for she sits beautifully.

"How come you can do so many things?"

I asked.

"I have been working all my life," she answered. As I watched her blue eyes, which twinkle rather than sparkle, I realized that this nineteen-year-old really has already lived one life. She sat there as calm, collected and cool as the fig tree behind her.

"What a sweet garden!" She looked around appraisingly.

"It will be a long time before our garden is this homey. We've just moved into our house. Lots of things aren't finished yet... but shall we go now?"

Disapproving of women drivers with the exception of myself, I was not too sanguine about being whisked around by this small number in that big crate—but she does not whisk, nor spurt, nor speed—just hustles along confidently. She talked steadily but never turned to look at me—eyes straight ahead, no sudden stops. I'll bet she could handle a bus at that.

First person singular is strangely absent in "Hustle-Along's" chatter. It's "we like this" or "we do that." "We" means the whole family—there's Mother, two sisters, a brother-in-law and even a Grandmother in Santa Monica.

The Havers do not live in Beverly Hills. They live in the opposite direction from the section toward which it is the chic thing to be moving these days. They live in a younger set of Hills called Cheviot. As we approached them, June said: "I love it over here, don't you? When I ride in the morning, it's so quiet, almost like the country." She is so dainty that I hadn't thought of a horse entering the scene.

"How do you keep that white skin? Do you ride complete with parasol?"

"No! I ride very early before the sun gets hot." She smiled so patiently I felt slightly on the verge of second childhood.

"Here we are!" She pulled up in front of a medium-sized white Colonial house. I was surprised to see other houses to the right and left of it. I had forgotten the Havers are still just nice folks. The barred gates and wired fences come later.

We went into a rather stately drawing room first. I'm sure the Havers, like myself, still call this kind of room the parlor. "The house is Colonial, but we like French things, so this room..." June's voice trailed off.

"I think it's swell!" I said, and wondered where the Havers (like all families with a drawing room) really enjoy life.

"Come and meet Mother," she said. Sure enough! Through a door and into the room with nice comfy chairs and two big couches, looking out on the garden.

Mrs. Haver is a brunette—a pretty one. She looks as young as her blonde daughters and just about as surprised that they are hers as everyone, who sees them together, must look. A very bookable sister act, I'd say.

"Are you sure these 'slim chicks' are really yours?" I asked.
"Oh! yes, indeed, and you should see the youngest. She is our sophisticated one. She works at Saks. She models."

"No ambition for the flickers?"

"No! And as June has the talent, I think all our efforts should be concentrated on her. Don't you think so?" I agreed heartily. Mrs. Haver has a soft voice, but the middle-west whispers through.

"Wouldn't you like a cookie?" ("Hustle-Along" speaking) "Evelyn makes them. I'll get some."

The cookies arrived, carried by "Hustle-Along." "They look good," I said.

"They're the only thing I can make," said Evelyn.

Mrs. Haver said nothing. She looks and acts the least like a mother of any I've seen—but the girls are the best behaved I've seen. Maybe it's a new system.

"Did Hymie Fink get a group picture of you three?"

Two definite "oh! no!"s mingled.

"Oh, no, we like being in the background," Mrs. Haver explained.

"Where does all of June's go-get-it-ness come from?" I asked Mrs. Haver.

She smiled gently. "My mother has it and, of course, I have always advised June about what is wrong and right."

"And I always listen to her because she's always right," June added.

I asked Evelyn what she did beside being married. "I'm June's stand-in when my husband's away."

The Haver firm is a closed corporation and very heart warming.

"Would you like to see the telegram Rosie Dolly sent me?" June asked.

It was a very nice message of congratulation on Hustle-Along's portrayal of Rosie in "The Dolly Sisters."

It's so quiet in Cheviot Hills that a lisp in dialogue is noticed. "It's very restful here," I said.

"We like it," Mrs. Haver looked around quietly. "I looked at places in Brentwood and out that way, but I couldn't see paying the prices they asked."

I found out several things on the way home. June likes most everybody... she likes most sports... but she likes most work. She thinks it takes plenty of same to get ahead and stay there.

If she has a secret love, it's hers. But in that case, it doesn't interfere with her seeing plenty of Vic Mature who's a civilian-about-town after his Coast Guard duties.

I asked her if she had any particular ambition. "Just to keep on going up— I mean, in ability as well as in billing," she said.

We talked about giving shows for soldiers. It seems that when Fox Studio had nothing for their sixteen-year-old find to do, they flung her to the wolves in uniform.

"I felt I couldn't do enough for those boys," she said, "And, you know, it was the fact that they liked my dialect songs and my dancing that gave me courage to fight for my chance at the studio."

We were passing said studio at the moment. "It's nice to be so near to where you work," I said.

"Wonderful—in the mornings when I'm late. Our house is halfway between Fox Studio and M-G-M," June smiled wisely, "I could walk to either one if I had to."

And don't think she wouldn't! I have a feeling Hustle-Along won't have to walk anywhere any more unless she wants to—not even home from a ride. She'll twinkle him out of it.

The End
My Hollywood Friends

(Continued from page 49) I must have startled him for at that time I was a bag of bones and had my hair in pig tails which I am told made me look a sharp twelve. I was almost completely hidden by strange bottles, tubes, lamps and other weird hospital gadget. But if he was dismayed he certainly didn’t show it. He grinned and introduced himself (as though that were necessary!) and put me completely at ease. In five minutes I had forgotten all about my appearance and felt that I was at once quite beautiful, charming and, believe it or not, very healthy. His manner and conversation made me forget he was Clark Gable, the star, but vividly aware that he was one of the most gracious men I ever met.

We talked about the studio, people and stuff, and from the deep interest he showed when I was talking you’d have thought I was Einstein explaining the theory of relativity.

He looked wonderful. He was wearing sensational matching pajamas and robe and a big white bandeau on his forehead.

Several times he asked my nurse if he was tiring me, but even she was too far gone to answer him! Finally, after a long wonderful visit, he left, but not without asking if there was anything he could get for me. I told him there was nothing—everyone had been so kind that I had everything. Nevertheless, the next day a huge basket of flowers arrived with a card from Mr. Gable saying how much he had enjoyed our visit and expressing his hope that I would be well very soon.

Of course there were repercussions. My nurses weren’t themselves for days! That afternoon of the visit the girl who brought my dinner tray asked my nurse if she might see me for a minute. I told the nurse to show her in but first borrowed my nurse’s fountain pen, thinking the girl wanted my autograph. She burst into the room and stood shaking like the proverbial leaf.

In an attempt to put her at ease, I said, “Hello, I’m Susan Peters. Did you want to see me?”

She gulped and her eyes bulged slightly as she said, “Was Clark Gable really here to see you? What’s he like? Is he as handsome as he is in pictures?”

I said, “Yes, wonderful, yes, . . .”

With that the young lady floated out of the room in a glazed daze and I humbly returned the fountain pen to Nurse. I knew how she felt. I was happy as a garden of larks myself that this charming man had lived up to all my dreams.

ALL of which may give you some idea of why I decided I wanted to write about Mr. Gable. Reason one: I figure if you’re going to write you might as well write about the best! Reason two: No matter what you write you can’t go too far wrong on Gable! Reason three: I could be the lucky girl who would get the one and only interview Clark has given out since his return from service. Reason four: It would be nice to talk to him again.

I called, he accepted and he arrived at our house at Malibu Beach (a long hour from town) on the dot. This visit told me far more about him than the first.

I saw a touch of the little boy in him when he became enthralled with Hymie Fink’s new camera. I saw too, a touch of loneliness when he spoke of Carole Lombard . . . their fishing and hunting trips together and the wonderful times they had. He was leaving on a fishing trip the next day. Fishing trips aren’t the same any more but above all he wanted to be away through the holidays. However I felt somehow he’d be much nearer a real Thanksgiving alone by a stream in the north woods.

Clark Gable is a more handsome man today than ever. He looks young and strong and at the same time mellow and dignified.

Age plays strange tricks on some, but each new year does Mr. Gable a favor. He’ll retain that crown he’s worn so long.

He’d like to do a picture for Metro in London. He liked doing “Adventure.” He likes the script for his next, “Lucky Baldwin.” He’d like Lamm Turner for his leading lady. He must like being a wonderful guy because he does it so well.

I like Mr. Gable.

Next month Susan talks about another Hollywood favorite—Lucille Ball.
My Fight for Life

I thought of how they had kept on paying my salary. I thought of how my father had got the news of my illness from the headlines in a London paper, even before my mother’s cable had reached him, and how he’d been so stricken that for the first time in his life he hadn’t been able to go on and give a show. I sobbed and thought of suicide, while Connie carried me to a rocking chair and started rocking me back and forth. Then it happened.

Like a generator being turned on, I felt the blood rushing through my side. It was warm, tingling, like a limb that had fallen asleep coming awake again. There was no pain; but there was sensation. Now I began to cry tears of joy, for I knew I had passed the crisis and would recover.

It was eight more weeks before I could step out of bed, many more months before I could leave the house. I had heat treatments and therapy of many varieties. I have never entirely regained the use of my right hand. I doubt if you’ve noticed that on screen. Most of my friends haven’t even noticed that in private life, but my right hand can’t actually grasp things and I can’t stretch it out flat.

The reason I mention it is because that right hand has been a lesson that my battle with infantile paralysis taught me. I know from it that if you ignore your own handicaps other people are never conscious of them. I was one of the very, very lucky ones. They caught my illness in time, I could afford the right treatments for recovery and I escaped almost unscathed.

I am truly glad I did not escape entirely unscathed. I say that here in all sincerity. I think it also on my hospital tours when I go into the wards where the boys have had physical injuries. A handicap, if you rise above it, teaches you toughness, the toughness of the human spirit. The boys who have lost a limb but have surmounted the handicap know that spiritual toughness, that “substitution” of an inner quality for a lost, outer ease in walking or holding a book or whatever. All of a sudden, I know, they discover they are seeing more observantly, listening more keenly, experiencing more sympathy for the quiet courage of average, daily living.

That quiet courage in daily living is demanded of all of us, but for the invalid it is hardest. That is why it is well that we have a yearly reminder of the devastation that just one illness alone can cause.

In the case of poliomyelitis, with all the millions that have been made available through the yearly March of Dimes for research, it still can neither be prevented nor cured. The doctors have at their command only palliative and reconstructive treatments of the disease, aimed at repairing the crippling after-effects.

But the work, the study, the research, the care, is going on at Warm Springs and Hickox, at the Kenny Institute and other foundations. It must go on, until the virus can be captured and conquered, and little children and adults can be freed from its attacks. But the work can be speeded up only if you and I and you and you, all of us, give to the yearly drive as much as we possibly can.

For if we win out over this disease, we can go on to another and another until we may one day have conquered all the ills that beset mankind, including the greatest mental one—war.

At least it’s worth giving a dime for a try at it, isn’t it?

THE END
And So Goodbye...

(Continued from page 33) did something—or whether someone told him some untruth about me.

"I was crushed, at first. Then I decided if he was that kind of person I might as well know it—and certainly it was better to know it before we were married than after. The thing that worries me now is that everyone will think that I don't know my own mind. I suppose they will say, 'It's the end of another romance with that Turner girl. She must be frivolous and insincere.' You know that isn't true. I really loved Turhan from the bottom of my heart."

I couldn't help marveling at Lana's honesty and truthfulness. I know few girls who would say that the man had broken off the romance. The average girl would be inclined to say, even if her heart were breaking, "Oh, he's a pain in the neck. I'm sick and tired of him."

But not Lana. Not one word against Turhan will she utter, though she is deeply hurt, and doesn't hesitate to say so.

If Lana has no added word to say about Turhan's behavior, I am not so reserved. I have a few remarks to make—one of them being that I have never known a real gentleman to be so inconsiderate as his actions seem to me to be. If there was some reason he didn't want to see her and talk with her, shouldn't he have told her? Was he reluctant, perhaps, to admit to the girl who loved him that his mother had decided she should find another young lady catch his attention, and was he ashamed to tell the woman who had given him such real love that he was involved in a flirtation? I'm not saying. I'm merely asking.

When I next talked to Lana, it was over the telephone, for she had slipped out of town to an Arizona hotel where she had gone to get away from all the talk.

I believe she was alone for even such a short time has helped. Now she is mainly hurt that two people who had been as close and as good friends should part with such abruptness. And it is obvious, although her voice was steady and not emotional, that she is worrying about that old bugaboo, "What will people say?"

"It is so bad for me, with Cheryl growing up, to have everybody think I don't know my own mind. I knew my mind for a long time about Turhan. Because of my little girl, I don't want it said that I turn lightly and frivolously from one man to another."

THE unfortunate thing about Lana is that she is one of those colorful women who can't walk across the street without having made a major event. She, more than any girl in Hollywood, is reminiscent of the old-time stars and movie queens of former days. If she dances more than once with any man, every column has it that she's in love "again."

While her hurt with Turhan was still fresh in her heart, she was dismayed that her name was linked immediately with three other men—Rory Calhoun, Bob Hutton and her ex-husband, Steve Crane.

"Louella," she said over the phone, "I've no heart interest now. I'm not interested in anyone. I'm not planning an elopement on the rebound, or a marriage in a hurry. I'll tell you first when and if I plan to marry again.

"It doesn't mean a thing if I go out dancing with one of the boys I know. I'm young. I like to dance. I have no intention of sitting home just because the gossips have me marrying every man I so much as nod to."

"What about Steve Crane?" I asked.

"Of course I see Steve," she answered. "We have a deep mutual interest in our daughter. She loves her father and I think it is right that she should. I have little patience with mothers who fail to teach their children to respect their fathers, even though there has been a divorce. I talk about her daddy to Cheryl and when Steve is with her, and he often is, he talks about me. I want her to grow up feeling she has both a loving father and mother. As I told you once a long time ago, one of the things I loved best about Turhan was that he adored Cheryl!"

One of the things that Lana can't understand about Turhan Bey is that he is the first man she has ever parted from who is not her friend. Even when romance is finished, and whatever has been between them is over, the men in Lana's life remain her pals.

The first beat she ever had in Hollywood was good looking Greg Bautzer, a young attorney. They broke up—both married other people—and Greg went into the Navy. But when he came back to Hollywood and heard of the break-up of her and Turhan, he wrote her to Arizona to be with her and to cheer her up.

With such friends in her life Lana couldn't help wondering what attracted her so deeply to "the Turkish delight." I remember, once, saying the same thing to a very good friend of hers and asking what made her go overboard for him.

"Well," our mutual friend replied, "I think it is because he is a cosmopolite. He is a foreigner and has all the social graces.
Will she still turn heads at 37?

WHAT ABOUT YOU? Are you seeing to it now that your skin will retain its glow of youth long after others accept the tell-tale lines and tiny wrinkles that follow loss of natural skin moisture? Are you making every effort to retain as long as possible the natural oils that keep your skin smooth and supple? You should!

Neglect of proper skin care...too much exposure to winter's harsh winds and summer's hot sun...these are the things that cause your skin to lose its natural moisture.

Choose creams carefully. You needn't pay a high price to get creams that will do something for your skin...try the two fine creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream contains a special ingredient that guards against loss of natural skin moisture..."cholesterol". Helps nature keep your skin from looking old before its time. And soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream prepared especially for removing make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pores openings. Both creams contain genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Czech and Double Check

(Continued from page 51) It. Geza discovered that, to appear before the examination board, he must learn portions of three different plays. Earnest, for the first time in his life, he studied until the lines ran together across the page. When he entered the examination room and scrutinized his examining board—people bearing some of the most famous names in all Europe—Geza felt like a balloon barrage in a pin factory—only perhaps of a beautiful memory remained. He read lines in Scene I that belonged in Scene III; he inserted, in Scene III, bits of business that belonged in Scene II. He failed.

When Geza's older brother heard of the wreck, he slid one arm around Geza's shoulder and said, "Don't let it throw you. A very good, successful actor has had at least one total failure in his life." Because Geza and his brother were devoted, those lines were like an unfurled banner; spiritually, Geza picked himself up and got a job with a Budapest repertory theater. He had managed to save a little money when he received a letter from his brother, who had gone to England, suggesting Geza accompany him to America.

You may imagine his abysmal disappointment, upon reaching London, to discover there was a mix-up on his visa and his brother would have to go on without him. Geza stood on the docks until the ship blurred into the fog. He was cold; he was hungry and broke. His brother had paid his room rent for a week, but he was faced with the immediate need of getting a job.

Because he spoke no English, Geza knew that he had to find a job in which the back, not the hands, was the tongue, was valuable. Next scene: A sweating guy working as a stevedore. In three months he had saved enough to buy a camera. With this equipment, Geza was sent by a friend to the offices of the Keystone Company. They agreed to buy, for a reasonable sum, any news pictures Geza secured.

Because the British are a sentimental people (no matter how rigidly they try to disguise the fact) Geza did very well. He snapped affectionate scenes of babies crouched to feed ducklings, of lovers lying side by side in a public park.
One day he was seated in a newspaper office waiting to display his pictures, when a fellow waltzer said to Geza, "I say, you're Hungarian, aren't you?"

Korvin indicated that in the main, that's what you might call him. "I'm very much interested in Budapest," the gentleman said warmly and proceeded to discuss the country with Geza. From that topic they advanced to a discussion of mountain climbing, which proved to be a prime hobby of both. The Englishman explained that he was a book reviewer and that through the mountaineering books he had reviewed, he had first become interested; after that he had used his holidays to conquer mountains throughout Europe.

When the men parted, they exchanged cards and thereafter became fast friends. The book reviewer—mountain climber was a chap named James Hilton, who was—within the years that followed his meeting with Geza—to write such classics as "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon."

Each week, after Geza had sold the pictures necessary to pay the rent and board bills, he tried to branch out into the theatrical profession. Through a friend he was sent out to a British film studio and there worked as a bit player.

Having accumulated enough money to return to Budapest, he did so in fine style, but after he had renewed old acquaintances, spent all his money, and become so thoroughly at home that he felt as if he had never been away, he was stricken by an urge to see Paris. He set forth with just enough cash to take him by third class to Munich. There he worked in the freight yards.

---

**Star Picking Time**

And time for you to vote for color portraits of the man star and the woman star whom you'd like to see in Photoplay's Color portrait gallery.

Fill out the coupon below and send it to COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR

201 E. 42nd Street,

New York 17, N. Y.

Please print color portraits of

(Man) ........................................

(Woman) ......................................

(Your name) .................................

---

**GAYLA HOLD-BOBS keep your hair-do entrancing**

- Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.

---

**Gayla HOLD-BOB**

BOBBY PINS THAT HOLD
You'll like REGENT's
king size... 20% longer smoke

REGENT
the milder, better-tasting cigarette

POPULAR
PRICE TOO!

WOMEN!
Earn money
of your own!

Yours-truly nylon hosiery

IN AMAZING NEW FIT SERVICE

Yes—money of your own! Take orders
for sensational new Yours-True,Nylon
Hosiery in amazing Individual Cus-
tomer Fit Service... a true fit pat-
tern for every type of leg: thin, stout,
average, short, long, extra long. Rush
coupon for FREE Outfit including
actual sample stocking!

A Leg Pattern for EVERY Woman!

Women are delighted when they see how
they can have perfect fit in Yours-True,Nylon
Hosiery by ordering their individual Leg Pattern.
No twisted seams, baggy ankles, binding at top! They
buy time after time when they discover how Yours-True
Individual Customer Fit Service means perfect fitting,
and therefore more beautiful hosiery. That's why it's so
easy to earn money of your own taking orders. Housewives,
mothers, school teachers, etc. are building the day they
mailed coupon for FREE OUTFIT. Be first in your
town! Learn what it means to have money in the bank
and cash in your purse for a few hours delightful, digi-
ted, easy work. Spare time or full time. No experience
necessary. Rush coupon NOW for gorgeous outfit and sam-
ple stocking, sent to you absolutely FREE! Enroll let-
ter about yourself.

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. R-18, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

FREE OUTFIT

with Sample Stocking — Mail This Coupon NOW!

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS
Dept. R-18
Indianapolis 7, Ind.

Please Rush complete hosiery outfit with sample stocking (undressed) to me. I enclose letter about myself.

Name.................... Age....................

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

until he had passage to Augsburg. From
Augsburg he went to Heidelberg, then
back to the freights yards until he had the
ticket price to Nancy.

He finally arrived in Paris at six A.M.
 누구 a blissful morning with twenty-five
frances in his pocket. A friend who was
night clerk at the Hotel Radio on Place
Blanche got him a job as porter.

As L'Hotel Radio was the hangout of
vaudeville performers, Geza was accepted,
not as a porter, but as a respected friend
by many of the guests.

Meanwhile, Geza had enrolled at the
Sorbonne. During classes there Geza met
and fell in love with an American girl.

Undoubtedly, as autumn approached,
this girl made plans to return to the States,
so Geza determined to tell her goodbye,
not in Paris, but in Cherbourg. There he
planned to stand on the dock, suffering as
deply as possible as her boat was ab-
sorbed by the sea.

In order to do this, he went to the
manufacturer of scenic and pastoral post
post cards and suggested himself as a country-
side roving photographer. The deal was con-
summated, and Geza again invested in a
camera. With him, to cover the country-
side, went another cameraman from the
same company.

After having bade his sweetheart a ro-
manic goodbye and having made her a promise
to see her brother in the States,
both, Geza and his friend toured Normandy,
Brittany, and the south of France. (Inciden-
tially, he did see the girl, about two years later.
At that time, she had learned that her romance had folded its
tent like the Arab.)

By the time Geza and his buddy had
reached Marseilles, Cameraman Korvin
had picked up a fine cold which developed
into a flourishing case of flu. Even so,
he planned to go to North Africa with his
friend. When the boat sailed, however, Geza
was too ill to go. He waved a feeble goodbye
to his traveling companion, then returned to
their shabby hotel.

Somehow he recovered without taking
pneumonia, but by that time his petty
cash was very petty indeed. He returned
to the docks and made friends with two
Italian boys who were driving to Paris
with a load of oranges; they said he might
ride in the truck with them.

Back in Paris, Geza did not return at
once to his old job. When he did, two
days later, he learned that his beloved
older brother had returned from America
and had stopped off two days to see Geza.
No, he had been able to locate that elusive
being, the brother had proceeded to the
family home in Budapest. But he never
reached his destination. Geza received a
letter from his sister a few weeks later,
bearing news that his older brother had been
killed in a train wreck.

The loss of his brother was a staggering
blow. That, in itself, would have been
grief enough, but it carried with it the
connotation of permanent defeat for Geza's
secret and unchanging hope that one day
he would reach the States. Always his
brother had been a major part of that
dream; with the death of the brother, the
dream, too, died.

Geza then got a job conducting a party
into the Alps. And, for a few weeks of slinging.
There was healing in the lofty peaks; there
was timeless, age-old acceptance in the
inevitable snow. Having lost a world within
itself, Geza was grateful for the world without;
for the first time in his life, he became po-
litically minded. He became aware of the
implications of the blood-soaked Spanish
War. He had long talks with a liberal
friend of his, Peter Rhodes.

"Why don't you do something about it?"
asked Rhodes. "You have the under-
standing; you have the freedom of action,
the absence of binding emotional ties. I'll introduce you to a man who could use your help as a cameraman." And he introduced Geza to Dr. Norman Bethune, the celebrated surgeon who was perfecting the first blood preservation banks by the use of sodium citrate. He felt that if a few reels were made, showing exactly how great the need was, and how aid would be administered, philanthropical organizations would donate financial support and supplies.

As a photographer, Geza covered the siege of Madrid. When it became clear that the liberal forces in Spain were without hope of victory, Geza returned to Paris with Dr. Bethune. He was without plans of any kind.

"Why don't you come to America with us?" Dr. Bethune said.

Geza looked at the good doctor. Then he turned to the night-darkened window and saw himself reflected; himself, eight years after his high-hearted trip to London, that trip ending on the docks amid the sound of an alien language; himself, six years after his arrival in Paris with twenty-five francs in his pocket; himself, older, more chary of dreams, more hardened of spirit, more shaken than he had thought he could ever again be. "America!" he said.

Twenty-four hours later, after a series of incredible marathons, he was on the boat.

A day outside of New York he was wandering around the boat, taking pictures. On the deck above he noticed a blonde woman staring down. "Why so unhappy?" he called, and snapped her picture.

"Geza!" she screamed.

He shook his head. He looked again. She had been joined at the rail by a shouting man—and then Geza recognized them: James and Alice Hilton. They fell into one another's arms.

The Hiltons told of Alex. Woolcott's plumping "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon" into the best-seller class and of their subsequent sale to studios. Geza outlined his career to that date.

The result was that Geza accompanied the Hiltons to Hollywood and remained with them until it became clear that he

Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.
needed stage training before he could get a picture break. He went East, enrolled at the Barter Theatre with Bob Porterfield in Abingdon, Virginia, and spent three fruitful seasons there. After that, he worked in a play called "Winter Soldiers," an experimental effort, but his ability was such that—after three weeks—he was signed to play the male lead in the Broadway production of "Dark Eyes."

Having become an actor of unassailable position, Geza promptly went to work in his spare time at the Stage Door Canteen as pick-up man. It was his job to collect what had already been donated, and to cajole a few additional items, if possible, from the persuadable tradesmen. One night one of these observing characters inspired, "What ever became of the beautiful girl who used to do this work?" And the "beautiful girl" was described.

The next time Geza encountered this Helena Fredericks, he said, "Hi, beautiful." She promptly turned in an excellent imitation of a B-29 passing a sparrow. It required eight months of diplomatic approach before she gave Geza a second, and two years of patient persuasion before she consented to marry him. She is sorry now that she delayed so long.

"Dark Eyes" Geza was signed to a long term by Universal, and came to Hollywood. He and Helena live in a sunny apartment stacked with a magnificent Conhardt and a collection of recordings extensive enough to make G. Schirmer wince with envy. Their idea of a superb evening is a small dinner with friends (Capehart, if it's his time, prefers chocolate paprika and mousse chocolate) and an evening of soft music and lively conversation.

A very jaunty home life, all in all. If Geza darts in during the middle of the day, or late in the afternoon when Helena is somewhat delayed, he is inclined to scribble endearing messages or caustic wisecracks on the enamelled doors of the kitchen cabinets with a soft chalk especially purchased for this purpose.

It is likely that Helena, rather than answer Geza's messages by word of mouth, will post a written reply for all the world to see. Sometimes these messages, if particularly hilarious, are left for weeks at a time.

Whipping boy of the Korvin menage is a fawnish creature named Piglet. Piglet gets blamed for everything from an overdraft at the bank to a glass ring on the coffee table. Piglet is argumentative, destructive, noisy, jealous, possessive and opinionated. Beside him, the two other members of the Korvin household glisten with lambent righteousness. Piglet is the patriarch of such a collection of pigs as few persons have ever seen outside the confines of a state fair. Pigs laughing, pigs sleeping, pigs smelling flowers, pigs of china, glass, gingham and wood parade across the Korvin mantel.

Evenings at the Korvin apartment are spent listening to symphony music, carrying on enlightened conversations with a few choice friends, or in taking long hikes. Geza is an ardent liberal and studies world affairs like a Conference delegate; he talks little, never makes a rash nor a challengeable statement and can be counted upon at all times to be on the side of honesty and unequivocal justice.

As soon as possible, Geza and Helena want to build their own home—they are spending their newly released gasoline in searching for a happy spot.

Probably the most exciting truth about Geza is this: No Hollywood script ever handed him to enact will equal in excitement his own spectacular history. He is a troubadour of our time.

THE END
Off-trail Hombre

(Continued from page 47) them. They like a certain wickedness in it. He is as likeable as a story-telling range hand and quick to turn an anecdote to his own advantage. He has been around, this fellow has, and he thinks about things, but he still has not managed to curb either his opinions or his muscles.

He likes to listen as well as to talk. He has a fabulous memory for names, can even recall the initials of persons in Georgia and South Carolina who befriended him when he ran away from home at fifteen. He is excited about what's happening in labor. He likes hot stews and baseball games, arguments, parties in small, obscure places, and being let alone.

He does almost as much housework as his wife, sees no reason why he shouldn't wash the dishes. He is a young man in a hurry, but he has found time for omnivorous reading, which is reflected in his conversation. His small house is usually jammed with GI's on leave, or with GI's just out of the Army. His appetite is enormous, but his waist is as slim as a debutante's. He ignores the fact that he is famous and seems to have no craving for fancy things to buy with all the nice cabbage soon to drop in his lap. He is proud of his two children. All this sounds very normal. Mitchum is unpredictable.

Not long ago, he was out riding with the lady he works for and there was a little accident. Something about a grazed tender. Mitchum stopped his car and made inquiry of the other driver as to his brains, breeding, sobriety and all-around ability to stay out of booby hatches. There were three men and a girl in the car. The men climbed out and hit Mitchum, Mr. Mitchum, who is six-foot-one and weighs in at a lean 180, hit back, successfully. Fact is, he was beating the be-daisies out of his three opponents when, all of a sudden, he realized that the girl in their car was laughing fit to kill.

"Some rugged fellow," she chortled. This made Mitchum laugh too. He then realized for the first time that his wife was whaling him about the head and ears with a shoe. Come to find out, too, that he had interrupted a wedding party and had given the bridegroom a bloody nose. They all went off then and had a drink and became good friends.

Things like this are always happening to friend Bob, but don't conclude that the foregoing observations provide the master key to our hero's character.

He is actually the innocent bystander type, the kind of guy who strolls into a bar to quaff a sarsaparilla and winds up defending the honor of some blonde—who immediately attacks him for having slapped the escort who slapped her.

He's a paradox, a combination of a sophomore with hard muscles, seamy-sided cynic, idealist—and Hollywood's gift to sensitive young women.

He admits that his formal education is a scandal to the jaybirds.

At Haaren High School, Tenth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, Bob played the G-Melody saxophone in the school band. It was not his idea. He was being "adjusted," according to modern educational psychology, because he had acquired the habit, apparently unbreakable, of popping his teacher with a peacock.

His marksmanship became so uncannily accurate that the principal expelled him.

Bob's mother, though, was a woman of good will who thought this was most unfair. She demanded a trial before the school board. The school board members adjusted their pince-nez and declared that Bob required (Continued on page 105)

---

THELMA, LADY FURNESS shares the lustrous, dark-eyed beauty of her twin sister, Mrs. Reginald Underhill. Both are delighted with the new "sheer-gauge" Pond's powder. "Pond's powder goes on so evenly!" Lady Furness says. "It looks so much smoother and softer on my skin!"

What gives Pond's powder such dreamy-smooth color "ON"?

Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"!

Dreamy-smooth, glowing with mysterious color-softness—that's the way Pond's powder goes on! Because a new suffusing ingredient makes Pond's powder "sheer-gauge"—spreads the myriad particles of soft color more evenly over your skin! No streaks or graininess mar the clear, flawless color-smoothness. Compare it with your present powder. You'll understand why beautiful Lady Furness chooses "sheer-gauge" Pond's!

"Sheer-gauge" means smoother color for your face, too!

Two stockings—same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Pond's powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so beautifully "sheer-gauge"!

---

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Special! Pond's Make-up Trio . . .

A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with matching Pond's "Lips" and "Cheeks." It's a $1 value for only 79c, plus tax. Wonderful for prizes . . . for gifts . . . for you!

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty!
HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE!

MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST

DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR?

Then...Try This Proven Easy System On Your Hair HELPS PREVENT BRITTLE ENDS FROM BREAKING OFF HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... longer. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. The hair then has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such an easy way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness which is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. Then let your mirror prove these grand results. Clip the coupon, now!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

JUST MAIL THIS INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY GET-AQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW ... you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier—longer hair like other girls have today!

MARVELOUS HELP FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR...

TRY JUELNE. Why be ashamed of unruly, dry hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful? See how much more wonderful your hair may be in just 7 short days, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may overcome the handicaps of dryness and have sparkling...longer hair! Send for Juelene now...SURE!

Mail Your 7-Day Introductory Coupon

For This Thrilling New Hope NOW

MAIL YOUR 7-DAY INTRODUCTORY COUPON

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. B 610
4727 North Damen, Chicago 25, Ill.

I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELNE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

( ) I am enclosing $1.00
( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

* Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts

Test The JUELNE System 7 Days

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren't absolutely amazed with the new glistening sheen ... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightly proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have an absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now—today—SURE!
She was a saxophone. He thought it was a saxophone. She couldn’t play it. Bob said, “I want to play the saxophone.”

Upshot of this incident was that the principal made Bob a present of a saxophone. His mother, that remarkable woman, taught him to play it. She had never clapped eyes on a saxophone before in her life, but she was a determined woman. She also taught a sister to become an expert dancer, although she herself could never dance a step. She did this by dancing with her fingers. Bob says that anybody in the world can learn to play the saxophone in two hours, but he hopes not.

He got out of saxophoning, and out of school for good, by dropping a cannon cracker into a brass horn in the midst of a quiet passage of the “Poet And Peasant” overture. In fact, he got out of four successive high schools by similar methods. He wouldn’t have known what to call it then, but he was protesting against regimentation with the only weapon he had—mischief.

AT TWENTY, our Mr. Mitchum turned up as side and business manager to Carroll Righter, the distinguished astrologer, and for two years interpreted the cosmos to dowagers and other strictly first-class members of society at Bar Harbor, Newport, Philadelphia and various dwelling places of the rich and credulous. This was dinner-jacket stuff and handsomely profitable.

Bob, who is not an astrologer himself, says that Mr. Righter was entirely too sincere, that he himself had commercial ideas which did not always appeal to the man of science. But the astrological trips had brought him to California several times and, thus, by a series of accidents, into the movie business.

He began, as every movie-goer probably knows by now, with Westerns, although he couldn’t ride, made twelve Hopalong Cassidy films before being graduated into “regular” pictures. He had married Dorothy, the girl he had fallen in love with when she was fourteen, he sixteen, and he had brought his whole family, mother, stepfather, brothers and sisters to California. He had earned, all told, about $15,000 as a movie actor when the war broke. He had been rejected several times, had worked at Lockheed for dreary months before he finally got into the Army. And he was flat, stony broke because of many severe family illnesses. Off went Private Bob Mitchum.

You know just what happened to him in the Army. Wrong. It was bad, of course. Regimentation, the bawling orders of captains and sergeants who were civilization too a few months ago, and the grind of physical exercise designed to test a man past endurance were—well, twelve million men know what that was like. So we would expect Bob to spend most of his Army career in the guard house. He didn’t. His Army career went like this:

First, it was tough to live down being an actor. Actors are not popular in armies until they prove themselves. Bob began inspiring his platoon to prance down drill fields even when the men were fainting from twenty-two-mile hikes on the double. He became a buck sergeant shortly after completing basic training. He kept his squad spruce by staying up nights to help men polish rifles and make packs. He won a Sharp-shooter’s medal. He was recommended six times for Officer Candidate School.

“I couldn’t take being an officer,” he says. “I couldn’t make men do things. I would be sorry for them, let them drop out when they were tired. I might even have been promoted to company commander. That would have driven me crazy. I couldn’t be an MP, either. They asked me to be one because I was big. I said no, because all the men would have run all over me. I can’t say no to them. I can’t say no to anybody.”

He was finally discharged because of his dependents—the dependents being his entire family of mother, brother and sister, wife, and two small children. He returned to Hollywood as broke as a haberdasher in a nudist colony.

“Consider a field of flowers. Any kind of flowers: Daisies, snapdragons, roses, sunflowers, goldenrod or buttercups. They all lean the same way with the wind. They all look the same way for the sun. Their roots all grow the same way seeking water. People are like that. All people are like that.”

This is not something he learned in the Army, but the Army confirmed his belief. “Nobody is ever wrong, about anything. I quarrel with pleas for ‘tolerance.’ Things, small differences, races, should be accepted, not ‘tolerated.’ I think international congresses will settle nothing, flat nothing. In the Army, we saw it proved that we were all in the same boat. If one man failed, if something was wrong with just one man in a company, we would all fail. We might all get killed. I heard thirty-year-old men cry all night. We accepted it. We were

INSTANTLY...

make YOUR lips more thrilling

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A “lipstick,” at last, that isn’t greasy—that actually can’t smear—that really won’t rub off—and that will keep your lips deliciously soft, smooth and lovely. It isn’t a “lipstick” at all. It’s a liquid, in the most exciting tones of red ever created. It’s so permanent. Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. Regular size bottle that lasts a long, long time is only $1 at all stores. Or,

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

Check shades wanted:

□ English Tint—new glorification for blondes, or with platinum or grey gray.
□ Scarlet—devastating on girls with brown hair, hazel eyes, fair skin.
□ Parisian—spectacular for red heads, and for linny type—dark hair, blue eyes.
□ Regal—real excitement for girls with dark hair, brown eyes, medium skin.
□ Gypsy—does wonders for dark-haired, dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
□ Gay Plum—enchanting to wear with fashion, orchid or purple costumes.

PRINCESS P., Dept. 6102
2700 South Wells St., Chicago 16, III.

I enclose 10c (and 2c Fed, tax) for generous trial size of “Liquid Liptone.”

Name
Address
City State

Send 12c for each shade ordered

A Mitchum scramble—Bob gets a complete going over on the living-room floor from his two small sons, Jerry and Chris.
GIVE YOURSELF
A BEAUTIFUL

Crowning Glory

COLD WAVE PERMANENT, AT HOME!

You can treat yourself to a perfect, soft, natural-looking permanent—done at home—in three hours or less with the simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold Wave Permanent Solutions... Simply put your hair in curlers, dampen each curl with Crowning Glory and, in less time than you believe, you have a lovely new permanent—ready to set in your own most flattering style... And all you need is—

CROWNING GLORY!

Ideal for Children's Hair, Too
The daintiness of your little girl's hair will be accentuated by a natural-looking Crowning Glory Permanent given at home. Crystal-clear Crowning Glory Solutions are as effective and easily used on her baby hair as on yours.

Complete with Cariters...

$200 CROWNING GLORY

Crowning Glory

Ask for Crowning Glory Cold Permanent Wave Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters and Nations Departments

There are two small boys, one four and one two. The younger child started talking at the age of five months. Bob spends endless hours with them, chiefly playing soldier. He shops for them, buying impractical presents. He wipes the dishes. He plays chess with his wife. They may occasionally go out in the evening, and generally when they do, they seek a quiet spot that celebrities pass by. There they are joined by Bob's soldier buddies and the evening is spent in talk and argument.

Aside from GI gear, including a sub-machine gun which Bob has provided for the small fry, the permanent chief entertainment at the Mitchum homestead is bubble-blowing. Bob is also expert at fairy tales, which he embellishes with dramatic touches never dreamed of by Hans C. Anderson.

"Kids trouble? Not to me. They give my wife an awful time. Run all over her. She's all tired out. I come in from merely acting and lay down the law. They mind me, too. When I was a drill sergeant, my voice could be heard a mile from the parade ground."

He is an actor who never talks about acting. He is under a twin contract to David O. Selznick and RKO and at the moment is working in "They Dream Of Home" with Dorothy McGuire, Guy Madison and Bill Williams. The story is about returned Marines, a subject on which Bob is articulate. He frequently disagrees with his producer about the tone and the meaning of certain scenes.

Actually, there is less pretense in this young man than there is in a bank statement. Lean and hard from the Army, he would be a tough man in a brawl. This is a good thing. He looks like the kind of a guy that the average citizen would enjoy taking a poke at; and this is the kind of a look that women describe as "immoral." And that is precisely why an average citizen wants to take a poke at him.

After the average citizen picks himself up, friendship and mutual admiration are likely to blossom. Bob did all right in the Army, didn't he? He's right. He loves his wife and plays with his children and can't seem to hang on to a dollar, like the rest of us. An off-trail hobo who rides high when he creeps at who doesn't do any beefing when he can't.

The End

Shades of their Ancestors!

Take a bow if you figured out the masked stars on pages 64 and 66 this way:

1. Greer Garson and Richard Ney
2. Carole Landis
3. Van Johnson and Lana Turner
4. Dick Powell and June Allyson
5. Henry Fonda and James Stewart
6. Mr. and Mrs. Van Hefflin
Scenic Wonder

(Continued from page 61) who happened to be present the night she attended a Hollywood "little theater" performance.

In the movie town, however, mere beauty does not constitute a phenomenon. But a rising young actress who forgets how she looks most definitely is. Drop in on a group of Hollywoodians at a party and you'll find everybody giving off personality waves as diligently as an anvil gives off sparks. The vivacious type is being vivacious, the moody type is being moody, the simple type is being simple—it's business. Everybody except Jeanne—she's sitting quietly in a corner, watching people "project" all over the place and wondering how they do it. Later, when most of the observant males have just naturally shifted to her corner of the room, everybody is wondering how she does it. Everybody except Jeanne, who hasn't really noticed the shift.

This is not to say Jeanne doesn't know she is pretty, because it would be rather unintelligent not to know it. One of her talents is sketching and recently, when her younger sister Rita was too busy to model for her, she did a self-portrait from her reflection in a mirror. It was an entirely frank self-appraisal, neither exaggerated nor diminished. It's nice to have better-than-standard equipment—but having it, so far as she is concerned, only makes it more imperative to find out what the girl in the mirror can do with herself. "I want to play a great role—greatly," she says seriously, because she is undoubtedly one of the most serious young actors on the whole West Coast.

Her studio hasn't any doubt that she'll do it. And the critics who picked her as a "comer" in her very first performance, in "Home In Indiana," are currently pinning typewriter ribbons on themselves because of her latest and really solid acting job in "State Fair." But to the young lady herself, each picture she has made is just a stepping stone toward an ambition she's been working on since the ripe old age of eight. When you are young ambition is a very fine thing—but also, it aches.

SHE IS still very close to that first camera experience, when she and screen partner Lon McCallister spent most of their time between scenes, perched on a fence, arguing over who was the more terrified. "Nothing can be worse than your first picture," she'd insist. "You have absolutely nothing to fall back on—no previous experience—no other performances to your credit—just nothing."

"But you're wrong," Lon would tell her. "Nothing could be worse than your second picture. You got by in your first one—everybody said nice things about you—predicted you'd be even better next time. If you flop now, you're letting them down. Your second picture is a responsibility!"

Nor will she ever forget the day she saw her first rushes, and ran from the screening room crying.

"I was just horrified. The way I used my hands—the way I walked—it was all so different than I'd imagined I'd been doing it all this time. I was broken-hearted—I thought I just couldn't go on!"

She still views herself on the screen with an un-chummy and critical eye. "I've found out it's not your first, nor your second, but every picture that's a responsibility. I'm still scared to death every time I test for a part. Luckily, once I've started working I get so interested in what's happening to the person I'm playing, I forget what may be happening to me. But looking back, I guess my first picture is like your first date—I'll always be sentimental about 'Home In Indiana'."

While she's talking, you think about all those romance rumors that inevitably must cluster around her warm—chattered head. For instance, the widely accepted supposition that she and clean-cut young McCallister are definitely "interested" in each other. Ask her about it and she answers the same way she does every other question—truthfully—only you'll have to figure out what that truth means, all by yourself.

"Oh, yes—we do think a lot of each other. He's such a fine person, in every way. We have so much fun together..."

Fun is fun, but (all by yourself) you get the idea that the most of the Crain—McCallister attachment is the mutual intensity of two very young people who completely understand each other's big and little moments. Could be love, but it sounds more like that fine and tender "special feeling" which exists between two who've shared a fall in an elevator, or maybe a climb up a peak, together. At any rate, their "Dune" and "Chico" nicknames for each other are based on an ambition to do "Seventh Heaven" someday when Lon has shed his uniform.

And then, there's the conjecture currently aroused by the off—again, on—again two—ing of Jeanne and dashing Paul Brinkman who looks too exactly like Errol Flynn to go unnoticed, and when the girl he prefers on his arm happens to be as spectacularly lovely as Jeanne, it is something for the romance scouts to get excited about. She enjoys going places with him—he says

"How to handle parents"
by BING CROSBY

starring in Paramount's new hit film, "ROAD TO UTOPIA"

"Parents are positively people. Remember, they have a lot of problems. When Dad hides your lipstick, or Mom insists you take that sick Elsie to the Prom, don't pout... speak out. Give 'em the benefit of the doubt... they want to understand."

"Honest, you'd be surprised how parents respond to kind treatment. Just give 'em a little gush when they do something solid. (Crosby kids please note!)

Have you tried Fleer's... the delicious, delightful gum with the refreshing peppermint—candy coating? Twelve flavorful white pieces, in the handy box package. Enjoy a box of Fleer's today!

Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., MAKERS OF FINE CHEWING GUM SINCE 1885
so: "He is very interesting—with such perfect taste. You always know it's going to be a wonderfully perfect evening. But no, I wouldn't like to have you call it 'serious.'"

Rumor says it is serious on the young man's part. And that the 'now-you-see-'em, now-you-don't' status of things is because Jeanne's mother thinks nineteen is too soon for her daughter to make any permanent romantic commitments. You suspect that in this particular case, daughter thinks so, too.

Says a very close friend, "Jeanne is just young enough to be intrigued by a night club date now and then and Paul's handsome has a very high polish. On the other hand, a good time for good times' sake doesn't mean as much to her as it does to other kids. I can't imagine her being any more than temporarily interested in anyone who doesn't have an urge for accomplishment as strong as her own.

And then, just to make it harder, there's Lieutenant Henry King Jr., who recently showed up at the "Captain Eddie" premiere with a broad, white-flashing grin—and Jeanne. The son of Director Henry King, the lieutenant is tall and dark-haired, and except for the fact that he hasn't been around Hollywood too much, people might have been expecting him to become a prominent member of the family. It's a little early to make any predictions about the team of Crain and King Jr., but it can be stated they've been getting in a lot of dancing and laughing together.

MEANTIME, on the subject of love in general, Jeanne's problem is to disagree with theories. Example: That one about "actors shouldn't marry actors," because she thinks it depends on what kind of people are under the make-up. Mostly, however, she just likes to disagree with theories:

"I'm tired of all this scientific approach to love and friendships. I can't believe that everybody should be plotted and solved like a mathematical problem. My pet aversion is professionally down-to-earth people—especially the kind who want to cure youth of its foolish notions—"Youth is always in search of an ideal—" explains the little lady who ought to know. "You need a little recklessness and a little bravado, to make yours, you can find what you want. Of course, you're apt to make mistakes—even though you try not to—but even that's better than not trying anything at all."

So far, she's kept her own slate singularly free of those "mistakes." A rare combination of dreamer and do-er, she has picked her opportunities and gently, but firmly, made the most of each one.

The Crain's first very dramatic venture occurred, as already mentioned, at the early age of eight. She played the lead in a school play titled "Scarface," while nothing to do with Chicago's tommy-gun set, but concerned a scar-faced Indian maid "who was beautiful inside." With her face dutifully puckered by collodion, she kept an audience of patient relatives from squirming in their seats, and after that she kept on getting leads. The audiences got bigger, and so did she, and pretty soon it was an established fact that someday she would be a professional actress.

It almost happened when, at the age of fifteen, she accompanied her class on a tour of the RKO Studios. Orson Welles, sitting at a nearby table, sent his secretary to offer her a screen-test for the "Magnificent Ambersons." Facing a camera was different than facing relatives, and movie make-up made her feel like someone she'd never met before. She was petrified. The verdict on the test was that she 'had something in person that..."
Glamorous Doreen Drexel

One of Philadelphia’s most widely traveled and popular social leaders, Doreen Drexel has an excitingly fresh, fair-skinned beauty. She loves her quick complexion “pick-up” with Pond’s 1-Minute Mask. “It makes my complexion look clearer... feel much softer!” she says.

1-Minute Mask

“refreshes my complexion quickly”

Her 1-Minute Mask makes Doreen Drexel even lovelier!

Treat your face to this one-minute “Beauty Pick-Up”

For a lovelier complexion tonight, slather a satiny, fragrant coat of Pond’s Vanishing Cream over your entire face—all but eyes.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call “keratolytic” action. It loosens and dissolves tiny dry skin roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles! After one full minute, tissue off.

After the Mask your skin looks more radiant... finer-textured... smoother! You’re ready for easy make-up—and a glamorous evening!

Quick velvety powder base...

Pond’s Vanishing Cream is an ideal base for quick make-ups! Stroke on a light film of Cream and leave it on. Ungreasy... long-lasting!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
"Yes, this happened to me!"

Mrs. Laurene Donaldson loses 57 pounds, becomes a slender beauty

I can hardly believe it myself," says Laurene Donaldson of Connersville, Ind., when she looks at these pictures. "It's like being a new person, living in a new world.

"For several years, I had been getting heavier. Finally I faced the situation. I weighed 186 and had to wear a size 40 dress—at the ripe old age of 26, mind you! Almost in desperation, I enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course. The first week I began to look and feel better. I went through the Course again and again and in seven months lost 57 pounds. Now I wear size 14, find more styles to choose from, and for less money. My skin and hair show great improvement. I feel so buoyant I want to sing again—and I do, all day long.

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to have a figure you're proud of, a soft, glowing skin, a flattering hair-do—know the secrets of glamorous make-up? The DuBarry Success Course has helped more than 250,000 women and girls to look better, feel better, be at their best. You get an analysis of your needs, then a goal to work for and a plan for achieving it. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann DelafIELD at the famous Success School in the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course
Ann DelafIELD, Directing

Richard Hudnut Salon
Dept. 5B-5, 603 Fifth Ave.
New York 22, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs.
P Street. Zone No. State

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

of the old Irish nobility, and dad, George A. Crain, who is head of the English and Language Department at Inglewood High School. Sister Rita, blonde and slender, goes to U. C. L. A.—and has none of that reticence in bragging about Jeanne that Jeanne has herself. Too, she is wonderfully cheerful about sitting for hours with strange draped on her head for her sister's sketching.

Art still holds a cherished place in those dreams of Jeanne's. Someday she hopes to go to Italy to study, and to France. From her dad, she has learned to speak French so fluently, she is widely supposed to be half-French. "They'd know I wasn't if they ever saw me try to cook—" she says. "I'm just not handy around the house. Once, someone wrote a story about how domestic I was and the family laughed loud and long, for a whole week."

Off-screen she wears peasant blouses and skirts as often as she can and looks like something picked off a peach tree. Blue is her favorite color but she usually buys something green, and in "Leave Her To Heaven" she wears a watermelon pink affair that does amazing things to her hair.

The "Heaven" role is one of the most important she has had so far—also one of the most disconcerting. Her first day's shooting consisted of takes and re-takes of a fervent love scene with Cornell Wilde and it wasn't until about evening that someone remembered she'd never met the gentleman in real life, and introduced him! But introduction or not she's giving it all she has. It's all tied up with being a great actress.

"When I was a little girl, my mother started telling me, "If you know you can do a thing and you want to do it desperately enough, you'll do it—"" she says earnestly. "And it works out, too!"

Eager—like a brand new day, with a lot of things to do, is Jeanne. And confident—like that morning sun, before it's been up long enough to get blaze or brassy. There isn't anyone exactly like her in all of Hollywood.
Badger Boy

(Continued from page 36) Jack says.

He's a champion athlete, is crazy about tennis, swimming, hunting and fishing, and can swing a mighty wicked baseball bat. So much so that he works out with the Chicago White Sox whenever they're training on the West Coast.

One of the biggest thrills of his life was attending his first World Series in Chicago this past year. For ten years he and his dad, Frank Morner, had been planning to go, but it had never worked out. When they finally made it, Dennis took along his old friend Scully Gustafson, owner of the sporting goods store in Park Falls, who'd never seen one either. Dennis knew several of the players, had played ball with them when they were first breaking in on the Coast, and they were invited to sit on the bench with the Cubs. He says his dad is prouder of that than he's ever been of his being a movie star. "He thought I was really in, knowing the ball players," he says. "Dad was really impressed." Adding with a grin, "And so was I."

Though Dennis is actually a mixture of Swedish, Scotch and Dutch, he is constantly being mistaken for Irish by good Irishmen who get very sentimental whenever they see him, thinking they have a kindred son of Erin in their midst.

One evening he was having dinner with Jack Carson in the Brown Derby when a well-dressed woman approached their booth with the familiarellow-Irish look in her eyes. "Shure and it's Dennis Morgan!" she said in a thick Irish brogue. "I know a good Irishman when I see him." Carson laughed. "He's the world's biggest Swede, lady," he said. "His blarney is strictly a la carte."

Upon which Dennis thanked her in a perfect Irish dialect and she went away still misty-eyed. She knew when Irish eyes were smiling. Couldn't fool her!

WITH the exception of Carson, whom he's known since Milwaukee days, Dennis has very little to do with the movie great. To learn about the real Morgan, you'd have to go to folks like Don Phillips, American Airlines pilot and an old college classmate; Dave Willock, radio actor, who worked on the Milwaukee station with him; Bill Millich, Nevada rancher; Oscar Kittridge, cattle rancher; Matt Finnigan and Nick Long, hunting cronies in Klamath Falls; Charles Hirt, choir director of the Hollywood First Presbyterian Church; and his Swedish pal, Scully, at the fishing emporium back home.

His singing teacher, Mario Silva, says that Dennis makes a swell Boy Scout when he goes along with him on fishing trips. That he does all the dirty work, gets up early, makes the fires, and "you've never eaten such fish as he can cook!"

The last time he went back to Park Falls with him, they were having a big war stamp drive and Dennis readily volunteered to help them raise money by singing on a program at the Rex Theater, where he used to watch Westerns as a boy. They got back from fishing so late that night that there wasn't time to go to camp and change clothes, so they hurried on down to the show. It was inevitable, with Dennis unshaven and dirty, wearing his old fishing clothes, heavy boots, lumber jacket and the like, that some lady would request something like "The Flower Song." He always thinks of that rendition whenever he sings it now.

Jack Carson was selling insurance when he first met Dennis in a little eatery near the radio station. They used to meet and toast their futures with mugs of root beer and vie at shooting the pin ball machines. Carson is an ex-football tackle on the
TUBLETICS

Enjoy a unique bathing experience! A bath unusual... exotic! Try a TUBLET BATH. Sophistication yields instantly to its enchantment. You will be thrilled by the fragrance each Tublet imparts to the bath, and the way it softens the water! Your skin will respond gratefully... It will feel so satin smooth and be so delicately perfumed. Just drop a single Tublet in the hot water while you are drawing your bath... that's all...

At Cosmetic Counters everywhere, or write us.

Your choice of four exquisite fragrances:
Gardenia, Apple Blossom, Whispering Pine, Lavender—$1.25, box of 16 Tublets
plus Fed. Tax.

Carleton, Wisconsin, team while Dennis was on the Carroll College team, and today the two ex-grididers still kid each other about the terrific tackles they made. Jack calls Dennis "The Carroll Comet" and he comes back at him with "The Carleton Flash." When Jack introduces Morgan on the many Army camp shows they do together, he usually introduces him as "The Grand Old Man of the Screen." Adding, "He's a very conceited guy. Always singing about himself—'One Alone.'"

The paths of Dennis, Jack, and Dave Willock all led eventually to Hollywood. They got together when Willock was making a hamburger at a drugstore on Wilshire one day and Dennis came in. "Why didn't you get in touch with me?"

This was also his greeting to the pilot, his old Carroll College glee club pal from Waukesha, Wisconsin, when they met in a Burbank cafe, after Don Philips was transferred out here by American Airlines. It seldom dawns on Dennis just how famous he is.

When Dennis was soloist with the college glee club, his friend Don always accompanied him at the piano whenever the glee club entertained. Dennis loves to get the husky big pilot in front of a crowd of people now and tell about the time he was singing "The Garden Of Tomorrow" for the Rotary Club in Baraboo, Wisconsin, and Don got stage fright and stopped playing right in the middle of the piece, leaving him to finish it alone. "Stan didn't even look at me," he says now. "Just went right on singing without any accompaniment. Then we did 'The Old Man and the海水' for an encore." Dennis introduces him now as "Here's the guy who forgot the music, and then we did an encore!"

DENNIS just naturally loves to sing, whether it's around a campfire, in the church choir, for the Rotarians, or a command performance for his mother, singing her favorite, "Just For Today."

Recently he recorded for Columbia Records two beautiful arrangements of "The Battle Hymn" and "The Last Chord," with the Cathedral Choir of the First Presbyterian Church in Hollywood, under Charles Hirt's direction. Dennis is one of the most faithful members of the church, whose congregation never think of him as a motion-picture star, but simply as an extra-good Presbyterian. He's very active in all church affairs, sings solos whenever they're requested, and is an active member of the music committee. When he heard recently that they needed $3,000 for a grand piano for the church, Dennis offered to sing with the choir in concerts in many cities to raise the money.

The Morgan home, high up in the hills near Pasadena, is as near as you can get to Wisconsin in Hollywood. Going up there, you wind around on a road lined with heavy Deodar pine trees, until you reach the magnificent manor that faces fire-pathed mountains and is surrounded by four acres of cypress and pine.

It's a fabulous estate, with a castle-like house, a lodge house, two guest houses, a barbecue house, stables, formal rose gardens, assorted fish ponds with arched bridges over them, and a seventy-five foot swimming pool. The house is a beige Mediterranean-style stucco, with red tile roof, high ceilings, sweeping stairways that go with the sound of flashing blades and plumed gentlemen dueling down, and a living room so large that it's still unfurnished—because they can't find a big grand piano or furniture that will fit in.

Dennis bought the estate, formerly valued at $300,000, mostly for the altitude and the pine trees, not for a castle. As he says, he just wanted a place "big enough for the kids to get" (Continued on page 114)
Oh, most gracious Valentine's Day . . .
when Cupid wings in again to aim his bow and arrow
at the hearts of one and all! For just a day—
a fleeting moment—affection finds a way to speak
its piece. But how shall it be said?
At the greeting card counter of your
favorite variety store, you will find a "just right" Golden Bell
card to carry your message . . . delicately, sincerely,
mischievously . . . or perhaps with a touch of
"guess who?" Whatever the way, Golden Bell
greetings always ring true.
(Continued from page 112) out and play.” But make no mistake—Dad lives in the space of place as much as—or more than—as the kids.

One afternoon Mrs. Morgan came home from shopping to find Dennis, in an old sweater and jeans, in the top of a tree in the back yard, sawing away like mad and yelling down “Timber!” at her. He was getting rid of a bough on the tree that was knocking some sunshine off the back porch. He spent another day cleaning pipes and drains on the top of the house and, he says, “Fixing the leak in the study roof.”

“Till there wasn’t any leak in the study then,” laughs his wife, “but when he got walking around, there was.”

The next time it rained, out came the kitchen utensils to catch the new leak. “I knew there was one up there somewhere,” said Dennis triumphantly.

The Dennis Morgans, like the Don Ameches, have some sort of marriage bond for Hollywood. They were childhood sweethearts, starred opposite each other in college plays and went together all in all six years before they were married. As motion-picture star and wife, they work together now with the same cooperation they gave each other on their physics lessons at Marshall Field. Dennis will tell you, “Lillian is a very fine company, which is the highest praise he has for one of the opposite sex. She can swing a mean fishing reel and she frequently accompanies him on hunting trips. She wears red flannels, woolen shirts and waterproof pants and sweats it out beside him in the pouring rain in the duck blinds.

THE charming Mrs. Morgan with her calm manner and genial good nature is a perfect complement for the restless, energetic Dennis. His or her influence for the other. Neither is sensitive. Neither is good at remembering anniversaries. They both forgot the last one and the aftermath of the whole thing is the magnificent hand-carved dining room suite they now have. It was built by the Italian Government for their display at the Chicago World’s Fair and Lillian had been crazy for it since she saw one piece of it in a Pasadena warehouse. When Dennis remembered he’d forgotten their anniversary, he remembered the suite. A homebody, Dennis is a wonderful father to their three children Stanley Jr., eleven, Kristin, eight, and three-year-old Jimmy, who is the image of his father, with the old familiar one-sided grin.

When he’s home, Dennis is usually out in his “woods” with the children, riding horseback with a pic. He’s a great pianist and can accompany Dennis on songs like “Oh, What A Beautiful Morn- ing” or “The Desert Song.” He plays for him frequently when they have company, sitting very erect at the piano, saying important, “What key do you want it in, Daddy?” Very much the little man.

Anxious that they shall grow up normally, without being in any celebrity-conscious atmosphere, Dennis sends them to the public school at La Canada, about a mile from the house. He’s most active in school affairs as head cheerleader from the cheerers, at any school function in which they appear. He’s making plans now for them to attend a small college like his old alma mater, where everybody knows everybody, and where they keep the friendly small-town neighborly feeling Dennis values so much.

His friends will tell you that he is a very a real person and that he really follows the Good Book page by page on this one. No (Continued on page 116)
She Stopped at Nothing—Not Even Murder

TO HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVED!

by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Leaves Her to Heaven

Dollar Book Club Membership Is FREE!

The Dollar Book Club Is the only book club that brings you newly printed, current books by outstanding authors for only $1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail price. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well-printed and bound in a format exclusively for members.

Although one outstanding book is chosen each month for exclusive distribution to members at $1.00 each you do not have to accept a book every month only the purchase of six a year is necessary. In fact, for convenience, most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

The Economical, Systematic Way to Build a Library of Good Books

Dollar Book Club selections are from the best modern books selected from the important new titles submitted by leading publishers. Such outstanding best sellers as A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, The Razor’s Edge and A Lion Is in the Streets were all received by members at $1.00 each, while the public was paying from $2.00 to $3.00 for the publisher’s edition at retail. A membership of over 500,000 enables the Club to offer book values unequaled by any other method of book buying.

Mail This Coupon

Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 2MF, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once “Leave Her to Heaven” for the enclosed 3 cents stamp. Also send me as my first selection for $1.00 the book I have checked below:

☐ Lusty Wind for Carolina
☐ Hungry Hill
☐ The Strange Woman

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called “The Bulletin.” Telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for $1.00 each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month’s selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the special club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus few cents shipping cost.

Mrs.__________________________
Address:________________________
City___________________________
State___________________________
Occupation_____________________

Mail this coupon to THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York.
Mother, Now Relieve Miseries of Colds
This Modern Way

SPECIAL PENETRATING STIMULATING ACTION
WORKS WHILE CHILD SLEEPS...TO BRING COMFORTING RELIEF

IT'S THE BEST-KNOWN HOME REMEDY YOU CAN USE FOR THIS...JUST RUB IT ON

And mother, remember this... Only time-tested Vicks Vaporub gives this special penetrating-stimulating action that starts to work at once—and keeps on working for hours—to help relieve coughing, upper bronchial congestion, muscular soreness or tightness. Mother, you'll like the results, too. Try it.

ROLL Developed, 8 prints, 25c.
Reprints, 3c. Jumbo size 50c per roll. Jumbo reprints 4c, 10mm rolls developed, printed, size 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 $1.00. Prompt service, high quality. Bulk
prints. Church Stables, Box 11, Enterprise, Ore.

Can't Sit or Stand Still?
Are there times when you are Wakeful, Restless and Irritable? These discomforts, as well as Headache, and Digestive disturbances, may be caused by Nervous Tension. DR. MILES NERVINE helps to relax Nervous Tension. Get it at your drug store in liquid or effervescant tablets. Caution: Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescant tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and $1.00. MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana.

A winner with women!

QUEST
All-purpose DEODORANT

On sanitary napkins, Quest powder deodorizes completely

(Continued from page 114) one who goes to the Morgan home ever leaves empty-handed. It just can't be done. Their friends always find themselves leaving with maybe a dozen eggs, a chicken, some bubble stuff for the kids or a fifteen pound Cheddar cheese the folks sent from back home.

Dennis can spend hours thumbing through mail order catalogues, studying the garden equipment, tools or hunting stuff. While the sight of the handsome star wandering around the various departments is a familiar one to the clerks of the Glendale Sears and Roebuck store. He usually goes over there in a big hurry, just to be gone a minute, then stays for two hours. One time he went for a hunting cap, and came out with two fire extinguishers, a floor mat, bubble stuff for the kids, and a DDT spray gun.

He loves to give informal parties, spur-of-the-moment stuff. On his way home from the studio he'll gather up a group of friends and bring them in for dinner. An unsurprised Lillian, who's well used to her husband's impromptu social schedule, just tells the maid to add eight or ten extra plates. If a friend protests that it's an imposition, Dennis just brushes it off. "Nonsense. There's plenty of everything."

DENNIS is a confirmed deadline-buster, always waiting until the last minute to do things, then running like mad. But he always manages to get under the wire. He rarely gets excited about anything; just goes along taking things in stride.

The nearest his family ever saw him get to being excited, was when he was singing on the Milwaukee station. He was eating dinner with them one night when a special radio broadcast came on that he'd forgotten he was to be on. "I'm supposed to be singing on that tonight," he said. Then jumped up from the table, sprinkled off, and a few minutes later the others heard his clear, calm tones in 'The Desert Song.' They relaxed. Stan had cleared the wire again.

His easy-going manner sometimes give people the mistaken idea that he is a very stoical Swede. Those folks should see him after he gets back from a hospital tour, when it takes weeks for him to get over the memory of the way the boys could grin up at him from hospital beds and sing harmony with him.

They should listen when he tells about the Bond tour he made through Wisconsin, and about how Mike Zoler, a little old Greek who ran the candy shop in Waukesha where Dennis used to watch dishes after school, had scraped together $25 and waited for Dennis to come to town to buy a War Bond from him. He hits bottom whenever he thinks about how proud Mike looked to be buying it from him.

Or...they should just be around when he's talking about the blue lakes, pine trees and the muskellunge that are ever beckoning to this Badger Boy.

The End
Galahad in Gloves

(Continued from page 41) cause in which he believes. In matters of personal concern, he is inclined to take it easy.

When he first came to Hollywood, he worked initially for director Lloyd Bacon, conceded by all to be a gifted operator and a fine person. Dane isn’t content to let it go at that; he will sing Mr. Bacon’s praises to the skies.

However, those first days were rugged. Dane didn’t know that Lloyd Bacon is a director who loves his little jokes. During a great many of the scenes, Dane was hanging to the side of the boat, clinging precariously with all available muscles, while he was doing what he thought was a whale of an acting job.

Mr. Bacon, watching from a tilted canvas chair, was wont, upon the completion of each scene, to observe laconically to Mr. Bacon, “Lord! Where are they getting actors nowadays?” From the Department of Sanitation?

Mr. Bacon would shake his head lugubriously, “Let us,” he would plead in a patient voice, “try that last take just once more. Don’t be nervous. We don’t expect too much.”

Finally, after a particularly trying day’s shooting, during which Mr. Bogart was more caustic than usual, and Mr. Bacon a rummy one, Dane resigned. Dane simply walked off the set. He didn’t pop anybody, he didn’t even have the angry, driving urge that would have made direct action possible.

He was as good as dead.

Stopping in at a little restaurant frequented by picture people, he met a friend from New York days. The friend clapped Dane on the back. “So you are Steele Bogart’s picture! So you can do more with an eyebrow than most actors can do with jeweled juggling clubs! Boy, are you terrific!”

Dane sat down. “Are you ribbing me?” he demanded heavily.

“TI say I’m not. Bogart and Bacon were in here last night and I’ve never heard such praise in my life.”

With difficulty, Dane controlled his impulse to go around kissing tables, chairs and utter strangers in a small restaurant that he had a moment of quiet thankfulness, too. “Gosh, just think how I’d feel now if I’d gotten so mad I had popped one of those guys,” he breathed.

THERE is still another side to Dane—a great tenderness. Recipient of this side is, of course, his auburn-haired, blue-eyed wife, Margo, whom he usually calls “Red.” He met her when both were working in New York. Their life together consists of a series of Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man episodes, without the oofuly, oofuly f quality. Dane and Margo are always sensible in a mad sort of way.

They have had, for instance, a perennia gin rummy tournament in progress since their marriage. Every time Margo picks up a deck of cards she says with decision, “This time I’m going to town. I’m going to trim you down to the seams of your pockets, then I’m going to clip the seams.” She never does. She hasn’t won more than a dozen gin rummy seances since the celluloid was torn from their first set of spotted cardboards. Dane keeps track of his winnings, in a desultory sort of way; he figures that he now has amassed enough to buy every recording ever waxed by Dorsey, Goodman, Teagarden and Art Tatum.

The four are Dane’s idea of solid jazz and swing. Margo, who is a concert pianist with degrees from the Sorbonne and several continental music schools, is a classicist. When she married Dane, her musical taste was strictly long-hair, di-vision of Liszt, Chopin, and Bach. “I don’t see what it is that you admire so lavishly about modern music,” she said to Dane, evincing both astonishment and a willingness to be converted.

Dane has been occupied with the convincing ever since. He can talk jive with Beale Street accuracy; he knows his Dixieland.

Another talent of Margo’s is a consider- ability as a designer. She makes all her own clothes. The first gift Dane bought her, after they were married, was a deli blue corduroy loafer jacket.

To prove that Mr. Clark is a diplomat of stature, consider his reasons for select- ing this particular gift: First of all he liked the color and he knew that it would be lovely for Margo; also he wanted to in- troduce her to the calm, unbusy aspect of a solid color for the reason that Margo was, at the time, going through her plaid-print-checked era; finally, Dane admires straight, clean line in the cut of feminine clothing. He wanted Margo to experiment with the California, in exchange for the Manhattan, approach to clothing.

He didn’t imagine at the time how successful he would be in converting his wife. Nor how deeply he was going to get involved.

Not long ago Margo was working on a new frock which had intri- cate, but very suave lines. After she had accomplished the basic design she said to Dane, “It isn’t quite right. It needs something . . . Hmm, I know. Remem- ber that dress Janis Paige was wearing on

In 2 to 3 Hours at Home
Give Yourself the NEW

Charm-Kurl

Now ONLY $98.00
Plus 14¢ Tax

EACH KIT CONTAINS:
5 full ounces of color-type cold wave solution with KURLIUM®, 60 curlers, 60 end pieces, cotton applicators, neutralizer and complete instructions. Only Charm-Kurl Supreme contains KURLIUM® the fast acting hair beautifier which assures perfect results on any head of natural hair.

*KURLIUM is U. S. Registered

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, COSMETIC COUNTERS AND 5c AND 10c STORES
Make it a death sentence

It's criminal, Boss, the way worms have been stealing my energy and making me feel fat and dull and dragging me down. Let's make those gangsters pay the penalty!

Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules will clean out my worms . . . fast. They're safe to give and easy to take. They work to kill just as Sergeant's Puppy Capsules did when I was a pup.

Now how about going down to the drug or pet store right now, Boss? We can get the Sergeant's dog medicines we need, and I can get rid of this let-down feeling.

Check up on the symptoms of worms, and other ailments, with the helpful new Sergeant's Dog Book. Your favorite drug or pet store has it for you FREE. Ask for it. Or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

Sergeant's
WORM MEDICINES

Go-way worms Jerry

Heir Minded MATERNITY DRESSES

The newest in smart Maternity Dreses for home and street wear. Lasting and beautifully tailored. All at surprisingly low prices. A dress for every occasion.

FREE from HOLLYWOOD DRESSES

New catalog sent upon request in plain envelope. Free. Write today.

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD
1513 S. Main St., Dept. JY
HOLLYWOOD BLVD., Hollywood, California.

THE PRETTY LEGS

BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!

New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this beautiful, new, astonishingly easy way. Only a few minutes for day or night home.

EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!

Used successfully by hundreds of women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!

Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately.

ADRIENNE
915 S. REVE, BLDG., Salem E, San Francisco 8, Cal.
NAME
ADDRESS
STATE.
Don't fail your daughter when she comes to you...

Heart of a Yankee

(Continued from page 31) lucky enough to go were coming back from the battlefields of the world. The Gables, the Ty Powers, the Montgomerys and Taylors and Hellins and Stewarts. Competition was going to get very, very back now.

He had had things pretty easy up to now. But Van Johnson knew better than that. He knew it hadn't been easy, though sometimes when he thought back he didn't quite know how it had all happened.

He was born, the boy who was to become the great idol of the United States during the war years, in Newport, Rhode Island.

Across the tracks, as the phrase goes, lay the shabby, makeshift houses of Newport, society leaders who came to spend the summer. Brilliant balls and fabled dinners, exclusive debuts and social weddings were held there and Bailey's Beach was the most exclusive strip of sand in America.

None of the much-discussed "400" were aware of the birth of a baby boy to a family named Johnson in Newport.

The baby boy was going to change all that. By 1945, Newport would be more famous as his birthplace than it had ever been as the center of social activities.

The Johnson home was back from the beach, though the ceaseless sound of the breakers reached it and the little boy, as he grew up, was always conscious of them.

Don't let your daughter dare approach marriage without first instructing her how important douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness.

And be sure to tell her how very important ZONITE is for the douche—how the ZONITE principle was discovered by no less than a world-famous Surgeon and a renowned Chemist—how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues.

Caution Your Daughter Against Weak, Homemade Mixtures

In this day of enlightenment—it's ridiculous to even think any well-informed and careful woman would use weak, homemade 'kitchen makeshifis' of salt, soda or vinegar in the douche. She certainly should know by now these DO NOT and CAN NOT give needed germicidal and desodorizing action as does ZONITE.

Yet remember—ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. It contains no phenol, cresote or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary—it's HARMLESS!

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerful no germ of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you CAN BE SURE that ZONITE immediately kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying! Buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

For the real truth about these

Intimate Physical Facts!

ZONITE

FOR NEWER

feminine hygiene

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-26, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name

Address

City State
He remembered going to sleep by their rhythmic lullaby. It was an old-fashioned, two-family affair, all the others in the block, scrupulously clean and built to withstand weather.

Upstairs lived Mr. Crosby, the landlord, and his friendly, chummy wife who was to play a part in the formative years of the baby whom Charles and Loretta Johnson had after a discussion, named Van.

"I never lived in but the one house until I went to New York," Van Johnson told me. "We lived very plainly. When Mrs. Crosby brought us down some of her baked beans it was a big treat. My father, and I did the cooking and I guess we weren't the best of cooks. My father believed in a physical culture routine. He had about a dozen pictures of Bernarr Macfadden on the walls and we used to do all the exercises and follow the diets. Of course that was all after my grandmother died."

As a child he never knew his mother well enough to remember her, and he didn't know why she went away when he was three. His father never talked about it. So he accepted the fact as part of his existence. Later he was to come to know her on his own, and for the time being he substituted his father and his grandmother, who spoiled him and in her quiet New England way surrounded him with affection.

A good many other people were important to him in those growing-up years. First, there was Miss King, his first-grade teacher.

"I think I must have been very fortunate in my teachers," Van Johnson says now, "I didn't notice it then, but when you look back things stand out. They must have been good teachers because they made me interested in what I was supposed to learn. Miss King had the first graders, and she taught us our alphabet and syllables, and I guess we were average kids. But right now I can remember that she convinced me that it would be a great adventure to learn my letters because then after a while I could read."

Three things stood out in those early years, especially after he went to high school. His father, his first love, and slowly, like a tide surging up to take possession of him, the world of the motion picture.

For it was the motion pictures themselves that lulled Van Johnson away from the town where he was born, away from his father and the plans they'd made for Van to take over the little real estate business. Nothing anywhere in his background ever touched the theatrical profession. Nobody in his family had ever been on the stage, nobody in Newport ever had anything to do with the movies, nobody had ever been to Hollywood. Yet every step of the way, every twist that led him to the vast M-G-M studios and the big sound stages and the billboards out in front that now say "Van Johnson in—90 Seconds Over Tokyo," or "Weekend At The Waldorf," or 'A Guy Named Joe" is poignant and real to Van himself.

One night not long ago he stopped by my house to have dinner. As a family, we are fond of Van. He has things we prize—gentle, good manners, a magnificent and noble appetite. Whether Van cooks, a nice ability to listen to his elders and betters, a sincere interest in what is happening to other people. He brings large boxes, and when the children appreciate mightily, he remembers to ask who won the last football game at Beverly Hills High School, he puts an extra log on the fire if he notices it has burned down.

These are things which we expect and are pleased to find in a young man who...
might have been spoiled by so much adulation. There is nothing spoiled about Van, different from other young men, friends of my son and daughter, except a more vivid zest for life and the enormous personal charm which he doesn't push but which nothing can dim.

On this special evening somehow the comprehension drifted to work—to professions—to the chances that sometimes control a man's choice of a job—to the boys coming back from overseas, to the people who have a definite real estate office who just follow a trail toward making a living or one already marked by family ties.

"I was supposed to be a bookkeeper in my father's real estate office," Van said, "but—I didn't like bookkeeping much."

He wasn't, at first, inclined to explain how he went on the stage and came eventually to Hollywood. But we convinced him we wanted to know.

Somehow he managed to impart a deep emotional reality and sincerity to his story. He took us along with him into the little neighborhood movie house in Newport, the Bijou. We saw quite clearly the tall, blond youngster, muffled to the chin during the snowy winters, a woolen cap pulled down over his ears, going into that darkened house to sit hour after hour, completely entranced by the people and the stories that unfolded before him.

THINGS were pretty quiet, pretty routine, not very exciting in the boy's life—and there wasn't any reason to think they ever would be. The small real estate office didn't offer enough, and his father, never had had much ambition. His father cared about music, passionately, deeply. He came home early on Saturday to listen to the opera on the radio, had it all the symphony concerts listed. He believed in plain living and high thinking, and he was quite content to make a living, to sit in the real estate office and work for but less to come home to him. He didn't, he often told the boy, think happiness came from chasing dollars or fame, he'd seen more men broken by that. He had an eye for a young man had enough to eat and a roof over his head and books and music and the sea, if he had friends and time to think and meditate, what more?

Young Van saw it that way, too, sometimes. Yet all the time inside him there was something that wanted more than that, something that wasn't content to see down—maybe it had all just youth.

There was a young and very attractive teacher named Winnie Tripp who taught him shorthand in high school. Leading life in the show business every year. He had a great admiration for her and she taught him so well that every now and then he could take dictation as fast as most people. But she taught him something more than shorthand, though he didn't know it until later. She had, he remembers now, the prettiest laugh he'd ever heard. And she liked to laugh.

And there was Miss Phennenmiller, who taught bookkeeping. It shows something of Van Johnson himself, though he didn't tell it for that reason, that he regarded her highly because she traveled a great deal, she was always going to Providence, for instance, to hear lectures, and in the summer she went to Europe, and on holidays she often took little trips to the big cities. What impressed Van was that she always kept a notebook full of odd little reminders of things to tell her classes—she made notes on the lectures she heard, she kept a record of what she saw.

"I always thought," Van Johnson said, "it was swell of her to take all that trouble and make those notes so she'd have things to tell us. Most of us never went anywhere and it made a lot of difference to me the way she told things."

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles.

Use PAZO!

LATER!
YOU WERE RIGHT! PAZO
RELIEVED THE PAIN, PROMPTLY

Don't you just love the agonic pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, over for thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, lasting relief. It relieves pain quickly, completely.

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION
Pazo ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful Pazo ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles.

PAZO SUPPOSITORY TOO!
Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories. So Pazo is also made in handy suppository. Soothing relief! Get Pazo in the form you prefer, at your druggist today.

A Product of
THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plate so much firmer and stouter that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. KLUTCH lessens the constant fear of a slipping, rocking, chafing plate. 50c and $1.00 at drug stores. KLUTCH comes in a handy little box. Ask your druggist to get it for you today.

BUNIONS
Enlarged Or Tender Joints. Doctor's Quick Relief
Stop suffering! Apply soothing, soothing, soothing. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads; you'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints. You'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints. You'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints. You'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints. You'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints. You'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints. You'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints. You'll marvel at the quick relief you get; how alm. magically all tender, sensitive joints.

KLUTCH CO. Box 4686-B ELMIRA, N. Y.

So Different!...So Thrilling!
THE FLOATING FACIAL
...literally floats off pore-clogging, make-up blurring impurities which ordinary "beauty" creams may miss

MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST
Remove your old make-up, one side with present Albolene, the other with Albolene. Now wet Albolene side. How it lifts and wipes Albolene side. How it cleans the cotton. Now rinse Altow. A Floating Facial gently sweeps away even stubborn cake make-up. No wonder fresh make-up effects can be so clear, lovely.

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY! on application—and a cream must liquefy to cleanse your skin gently, effectively...

That's the secret of the Floating Facial . . . Albolene, the quick-liquefying cream. Crystal clear . . . immaculately pure. All-cleansing—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Tissues off in a jiffy, leaving skin soft, lovely. Lubricates as it cleanses, a mercy to dry, flaky skins.

Do try a Floating Facial—today! Albolene Cleansing Cream now comes in scented or unscented form. At any drug, department or 10-cent store.

Albolene
CLEANSING CREAM

AND MCKESSON MAKES IT

121
There was, for all through that time the close intimacy with his father. All year round, they went swimming together. "Dad," Van says, with his warmest smile, was one of those guys who'd break ice for swimming. We spent a lot of time at the beach in the summer. Dad used to just lock up the real estate office, he said it wasn't so important. In the winter, we'd go swimming with nothing but trunks and Dad always wore and me made wear a knit on woolen cap to keep my head warm! We sure must have been a funny looking pair, but it was wonderful.

One heartbreak he had. He never made the dramatic club at high school.

So he was a normal boy, out for athletics, swimming every day even when it snowed, going shopping on Saturday nights with his Dad according to the old New England custom, going steady with the same girl from kindergarten until they graduated from high school. A little girl with sunny golden hair, voted the prettiest girl at Rogers High School four years in a row.

Yet all the time Van Johnson had a secret life of his own. And that secret life was in the movies.

When he first came to Hollywood and sat around for six months with nobody even bothering to speak to him, he dropped his love heart. But each time it was the memory of those days in the movie theater that held him. Of the day when suddenly, watching a Garbo picture, it came to him in a sort of blinding shock that maybe he could get into the movies.

"I saw what those people did on the screen," Van Johnson said, almost shyly. "I went every single minute I could get away from school and from my home work. I sat through a picture two or three or four times, and I saw it every day. I could use to look around the audience, too, and my eyes were accustomed to the darkness, and I'd see the faces of people I knew very well, but they were the same! I'd see girls that were just—well, plain and uninteresting, and men I didn't even like, that were crammed and cranked, and women that looked tired and overworked, when they saw them on their front porches, and even some of the folks you knew were—people my father said didn't have any character or principle at all. But in the movie house they all looked happier, more alive. I could almost feel how they had forgotten their own lives, and troubles and—maybe the narrowness of existence, how for a while they were carried out of themselves and could live so much more, so many more lives.

He's a big guy, this Van Johnson, he sort of overflows even a big brown leather chair, and he sat sprawled out and intent, trying to make us see the whole thing. Because plainly it had been the turning point in his life.

"I didn't seem exactly to think about it, like you would say to yourself, 'I will do this or that.' " He went on, "but I was all set, I knew it, I knew it in—two seconds—that I had to make a try at it. I had to try to be one of those people I'd seen on the screen. I knew it was crazy—I knew I was just a hot-headed kid—I knew my father'd be disappointed—I had to try it. I knew how. Tough it was, how hard against an unknown to get a chance—or rather I thought I knew how tough it would be.

He stopped and grinned and said quietly, "But I didn't. I didn't have any idea how tough it would be. Maybe if I had I wouldn't have left New Port. I didn't have any idea really, what any of it was going to be like—New York, or Hollywood, or—what it would be like if I made good.

But he found out as you'll see next month when Adela Rogers St. Johns tells you more about this exciting Yankee.
INVITATION TO THE WEDDING OF BETTE AND WILLIAM GRANT SHERRY

(Continued from page 27) was telling her about the Navy and himself and his painting.

To his surprise the words came easily. And he knew somehow that this was all because of Bette’s eyes—warm and interested and incredibly blue.

Being a small, rather unconventional art colony, Laguna offered ample opportunity for the two to meet again. And they did—on the beach. Often Sherry, who enjoys five-mile swims in the sea, would join Bette and her sister Barbara in their invigorating barefoot walks along the foamy sands. And they would meet at various parties.

It was Sherry who escorted Bette to Laguna’s traditional “Potter’s Ball,” where she served as judge. Then there were trips to beach towns nearby and dinners at picturesque Christian’s Hut, across Balboa Bay.

They learned something of each other’s backgrounds. For instance, Bette discovered that Sherry had a bit of Yankee in him; too, at least, his early years had been spent around Connecticut, Long Island and New York, though his schooling was mostly in New York where he majored in sports and crafts. He was graduated from the Swedish Institute of Physiotherapy, boxed while he was in school and later went in for professional wrestling. She learned he had a mother in San Diego who, with his late father, had been connected with the theatrical world; and he had two brothers, one just a lad and the other still overseas in the Navy.

Mostly, these days, he was busy painting—and persuading Bette to fall in love with him.

Usually, romantic-minded Hollywood quickly recognizes the symptoms of a movie star in love. This time it didn’t have a chance, for Bette was constantly on the go, commuting between Laguna and the Hollywood Canteen. After three mag-
nificent years as president, her job was almost done. No one saw much of her. She was so busy with last-minute details that there was little time to visit, seldom a relaxed second for her face to reflect her innermost thoughts and feelings. So for once, hard-to-foo Hollywood didn't catch on.

On Thanksgiving the Hollywood Canteen closed in a blaze of glory. Everyone kissed everyone. Tears were as conspicuous as GIs. To Bette they presented a gold pin, a facsimile of the Canteen crest, with her initials set in diamonds and rubies.

No one's minds was on a new romance for the retiring president. It was still popularly assumed that Bette, A. Riley (now a sergeant in the Army overseas) figured prominently in Bette's future plans. Just what ill fate overtook this romance no one seems to know. Discreet Bette herself says nothing.

Had not the unexpected revelation of an intended marriage to Sherry hit front pages a less hasty romantic climax might well have been reached. Sherry, enthusiastic, undoubtedly not realizing the consequences, wrote to his mother in San Diego. He told her of Bette Davis, expressing his hopes for the future. Mrs. Marion Sherry, who was an elevator operator in the Pantages Theatre Building, of course assumed there was no secret to be kept.

The news hit the papers all over the country.

At the time actually no plans were set. Bette was still in an unsettled state of mind. Hollywood correspondents bombarded her with questions. She denied she was engaged to be married. She promised, as she has always promised, to notify them if she changed her mind.

Perhaps Bette, who has worked long and hard, realized she was very lonely. Less than a week previous, her mother, Mrs. Ruth Farrow Davis, married Robert Woodbury Palmer, Boston businessman. Sister Barbara was rumored to be marrying again, this time a young doctor, also from Laguna Beach.

Happiness at best is such a fleeting thing. How well Bette knew! What would waiting prove?

Barely had she decided to call her Hollywood newspaper friends when the story broke. The leak came from Laguna Beach. Bette was innocent, but Bette was blamed.

Too late, there wasn't a thing she could do.

THEN another untoward development beset the headline pair while Bette was back at her Burbank studio, hectically making tests for the mother role in "Life With Father." She and Sherry had planned to be married in the picturesque St. Mary's Hilltop Church, overlooking Laguna Beach. Two days before the wedding the church learned Bette had been divorced from Harmon Nelson in 1939 before she was widowed by Arthur Farnsworth in 1943. Under Episcopalian canon law, a divorced person can not be married in an Episcopal church.

But Bette wanted a church wedding. Someone thought of the romantic Fliers' Chapel at the Mission Inn in nearby Riverside.

Arrangements were straightforward made. And there they were married, with Barbara as matron of honor.

If you can remember the wedding sequence in "You Came Along," you can re-set the stage for the marriage of Bette Davis with William Grant Sherry. For they took their vows in a double-ring ceremony under those selfsame wings of America's, greatest fliers.

What you can't picture in your mind's eye is the usually composed Bette nervously trying to keep in step on the march up the aisle with her stepfather who gave her away. It was the groom who proved to be the calm one as he kissed his bride at the altar.

"That was the longest scene I ever played," Bette afterwards told everyone within hearing distance. "That aisle seemed three blocks long."

There was champagne for the relatives and few close friends who were invited. Then Mr. and Mrs. Sherry gracefully talked to the press and posed for photographers by cutting their wedding cake thirty-seven times. The bride looked charming in a smart blue and gray checked suit, shot with cut steel beads, and blue feathered sailor hat to match. Two white orchids were tucked into the band of her skirt.

In Bette's station wagon they drove from Riverside to her stepfather's Palm Springs home, Smoke Tree Ranch. The following morning they started out on a glorious motor trip to Mexico, where Bette was to be a guest of the Mexican Government and receive a special award for her fine performance in "The Corn Is Green." They made no reservations, had no set plans along the way. It was a gypsy time for both, with pauses in the journey while Sherry got out the beautiful paints Bette had given him in a bit of the picturesque countryside.... And after their Mexican sojourn there was the bright prospect of a snatch of mountain snows at Buttermilk, Bette's beloved New Hampshire home.

And now, with Bette due back in the studio, she and Sherry soon will be taking up the good and happy life that everyone is wishing for them.

THE END
**The Shadow Stage**

(Continued from page 22)

**\w Saratoga Trunk (Warners)**

Ingrid Bergman is, without dispute, one of the finest actresses on the screen today. Her Cléo from 5 to 7, lifts the story of "Saratoga Trunk" into something fascinating to behold. In fact, it's Bergman and Gary Cooper at his best who override the rather divided story of a girl who seeks to avenge her unwed mother by becoming everything her mother wasn't. Emotional, common, cunning, loving and beautiful Cléo arrives in New Orleans from Paris to humiliate her father's aristocratic family, meets Gary Cooper, a Texas cowboy, moves on to Saratoga Springs with the avowed purpose of renouncing Gary for a marriage of wealth.

Too much hope for comedy relief was placed in the hands of Cupido, a small dwarfish man whose deformity spells anything but comedy. Flora Robson, in fantastic make-up, never quite achieves Angelique, Cléo's faithful servant. Character actress Florence Bates, the Elsa Maxwell of her day, steals her every scene and Johnny Warburton is really fine as the stuffy suitor.

Directed by Sam Wood which always means money for Cléo for Cooper, the story has either been cut to the bare bone, or its threads not too expertly woven in the first place, or the dialogue too strangely muffled. But despite these petty annoyances, it remains a colorful, entrancing thing to watch.

Your Reviewer Says: Big and wonderfully performed.

**\w They Were Expansible (M-G-M)**

Too top heavy, with the heroes too Spartan in their "rugged" restraint, "They Were Expansible" is still a fine picture. It comes perhaps a little late and its length is also against it, but the action shots with the fascinating PT boats that scoop over dangerous waters like mosquitoes, make for exciting watching.

The easy maneuverability of the boats, the suspense and danger involved, fill the heart with pride for the men on them. Robert Montgomery, in his first film since his return to civilian life, reveals in his face his own experiences as a Navy officer, and as Liet. John Brickley, hero of William White's book, does a fine job. Right beside him is John Wayne as Rusty Ryan, Jack Holt is good as General March. Donna Reed, a nurse who mysteriously disappears from the film three out of the way through, is most attractive.

But it's the boats themselves that carry their torpedoes of death and their "expansible" heroes to their deaths, that steal the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Even as history it's a fascinating film.

**\w San Antonio (Warners)**

Errol Flynn can be just as brave in Texas as anywhere else. He proves it in this good old-fashioned Western film that may be too simple for the other pretenses than to be just a roarin' snortin' out-Western. What's more, it's done in Technicolor that enhances the beautiful scenery, the handsome Alexis Smith, and adds dash to the charm and manliness of one Flynn. As Clay Hardin, Errol turns in a nicely

### Can You Choose Lovely Glamor Gowns?

**OR MUST YOU CHOOSE DRESSES TO CONCEAL PSORIASIS**

Women who cannot wear revealing gowns because of psoriasis lesions might find SIROIL a satisfactory answer to their difficulties. Then try SIROIL. It may solve this problem for you. SIROIL tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks' satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

**SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES**

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

**SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., DETROIT 26, MICH.**

Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.

Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

**CITY**

**ZONE**

**STATE**
restrained performance. A guy who ain’t afear’d o’ nuttin’, he outsmarts, outguesses, outshoots, outlives and outlives practically everyone in the story. He tracks down the brains behind the cattle rustling, Mr. Paul Kelly; wins actress Alexis Smith for his own and glorifies the Lone Star State to such a degree every Texan living should be happy a degree every Texan living should be happy for months to come.

S. Z. Sakall, who for some revolting reason is suddenly billed as “Cuddles,” is a delicious old codger who proves he can do more than put his fat little cheeks with his fat little hands. Florence Bates as the chaperone of Alexs, John Lithel as John’s friend, Victor Francen as a villain, contribute toward making this a first-class, outdoor jamboree.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh you great big boof-ful cowboy!

\* The Last Chance (Praesens)

THAT made-in-Switzerland trade mark can now apply to movies, and so far as we’re concerned, it has more holes than their famous cheese, although it will have— and deservedly so—a great deal of appeal for those who like the artistic rather than the Hollywood brand of entertainment.

The players, E. G. Morrison, John Hay, Ray Reagan and Luis Rossi, are unfamiliar to American audiences, but the appeal for racial tolerance is so timely and necessary, all else should be overlooked. By the way, it has English subtitles to help us along.

Your Reviewer Says: Different.

\* What Next, Corporal Hargrove? (M-G-M)

HE’s back, that delightfully frustrated corporal, brought again to the screen by Robert Walker as the two-striped load

Best Pictures of the Month

“The Bells Of St. Mary’s”

“Kitty”

“Saratoga Trunk”

“They Were Expendable”

Best Performances

Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman in “The Bells Of St. Mary’s”

Paulette Goddard in “Kitty”

Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper in “Saratoga Trunk”

Robert Montgomery and John Wayne in “They Were Expendable”

Robert Walker and Keenan Wynn in “What Next, Corporal Hargrove?”

Errol Flynn in “San Antonio”

HAIR REMOVER

Write for 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER

If your superfluous hair makes you miserable and self-conscious, write for generous TRIAL OFFER of NANA, The Superb Hair Remover. Does cleanest hair-removing job of all. Quick and easy.

Applied from root—no burning. No chemicals or smelly substances. Made of pure products of nature.

J. WEGMAN COMPANY, 9 E. 45th St., Dept. A-10, New York 17, N. Y.

JUNE 28, 1943

BUNIONS

QUICK PAIN RELIEF

Pain is quickly and radically relieved by using this bunion painless—saves bunion pain—costs less than cost of bunion shoes; very comfortable, practical.

FANTASTIC SAMPLE—Write Today!

FAIRFAX, 1223 S. Wabash, Dept. 2562, CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

LAYMO'S

Cosmetics

Ask for Laymon's Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Nail Polish.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

LAYMO'S

Cosmetics

Ask for Laymon's Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Nail Polish.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

SUIT YOURS AS YOU PREFER

And Big Money in Spare Time, Too

We want you to wear this face-made-to-mass produced makeup with these rules by sending a postage stamp, and you can do a grand-能不能...
of confusion, and Keenan Wynn as his fast-talking, outsmarting pal.

The lads are just as amusing in their peccadilloes overseas—filling our movie hour with chuckles, giggles, laughter and general good cheer.

Jean Porter is a great how-do-you-say-it-in-French? who helps the Yanks along when she becomes enamoured of the corporal.

The incidents (for that's all the story is composed of, actually) are comical and believable with Walker and Wynn capably aided in the fun-making by Chill Wills who again plays Spt. Crump, GJ Bill Phillips, and Hugo Haas as the French mayor and papa of cute Jean.

Your Reviewer Says: It's funny and fun for everyone.

**Cornered** (RKO)

It has thrills, chills, Dick Powell and a confused beginning, but it ends up with one of the thrills, chills and Dick, who seems to have found a new life in these not-to-be-discovered heroes and does a darned good job. He builds up to a suspense-loaded climax and keeps the action high, for a lot of goose-pimply moments.

A discharged British flier, he sets out to find the French official who ordered the execution of his wife. Although Dick is told this Monsieur Jarnez is dead, he plods right along in his quest until at last—in South America—but no, the finish is for you to discover. We think you'll agree it's a good movie.

Walter Slezak, Micheline Cheirel, Edgar Barrier, Nina Vale and Morris Carnovsky supply much to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Good stuff, here.

**The Daltons Ride Again** (Universal)

*Those* bad Dalton people are riding high, wide and handsome with Alan Curtis as Emmett Dalton who is pictured as one of those Robin Hood boys who steal for a noble purpose, but for our money he is a questionable egg just the same. Martha O'Driscoll is the romantic lead but frankly, we ask, what's happened to her? Has she gone stiff-necked on us?

Kent Taylor, a handsome lad; Lon Chaney as neither a werewolf nor a wailing bampire, thank heavens; Jess Barker; Noah Beery Jr. and Thomas Gomez are a pretty good cast for a little "pitcher" that kind of does all right for itself.

Your Reviewer Says: Let 'em ride is what we say.

**Allotment Wives** (Monogram)

Kay Francis is stuck with the role of a bad mama who plays a lady racketeer, out to trim wives of their insurance policies and allotments left them by U. S. soldiers. Paul Kelly, a colonel of Army Intelligence, returns to his job as newspaper reporter in order to track her down.

Otto Kruger, Gertrude Michael and Teala Loring get all embroiled in the unpleasant doings which aren't as bad as some we've seen, at that.

Your Reviewer Says: "Weedicious, really."

**How Doo You Do?** (PRC)

*How*doo you do? The picture wants to know, and then sets out to drive us crazy just in case we did all right
New—Hair Rinse safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and... Removes this dull
film
1. Does not harm, permanently
tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your
hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely
effect obtained from tedious,
vigorous brushing... plus a
tiny tint—these 12 shades.
4. The improved Golden Glint
contains only safe certified
and pure Radicin, all
new, approved ingredients.
Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million
packages have been sold...Choose
your shade at any cosmetic dealer.
Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a
FREE SAMPLE
Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366 C-5
Please send color No. as listed above.
Name
Address
GOLDEN GLINT

THE Crimson Canary
( Universal)
NOTICE how Hollywood has gone mad
for the combination of murder and
music these days! Can't have a decent
killer any more unless jive gets mixed in.
And this one, between numbers, tells the
story (which?) of five
veterans who form an orchestra and must
flee the law because the girl singer
is murdered. How the entire orchestra,
director, producer and everyone connected
with it escapes mayhem, we'll never know.
Your Reviewer Says: Things always get
worse before they get better.

Dakota (Republic)
The West is here again with John Wayne
the great big stalwart, overwhelming,
overpowering—nothing— anybody—
anybody. With his bride, the reputedly beautiful
Vera Rubia Ralston, he starts from
Chicago to Dakota, encounters gamblers, adventurers,
swindlers, hoodwinks, his money, and
eventually outsmands Ward Bond, who is
attempting to victimize farmers around
Fargo.
Ward Bond is good, Mike Mazurki
simply devastating, and Walter Brennan
noisily competent as the river captain.

Sing Your Way Home (RKO)
WELL, this little movie never did us
any harm, and always spoke kindly
of all occasions, so why shouldn't
we, in turn, be just as kind and say it's
funny, in spots, provokes chuckles in
places and has more music to
its sleeve than is really good for it.

Marcy Maguire, singing her way home
to America from liberated France
is a feisty youngster. Anne Jeffers, who
also sings, is a pretty miss we expect to see
quite often in movies. Donna Lee, a fifteeen-year-old prima donna, gives out with a
classic or two (we can't sing a line can you?)
while Jack Haley (no relation to the comet)
handles the funny department
with a very light touch indeed.

Your Reviewer Says: Stand back—give it
room.

(Enron's Note: As a service to our readers we are republishing this review which appeared in the magazine in 1943 when Mr. Hughes opened "The Outlaw" in San Francisco. Now, three years later, after ironing out the difficulties with what was then the Hays office, the film is
being released in its original form. In the meantime, Jack Buetel, who has made only this one picture, entered the armed forces where he has been ever since.)

MANY NEVER
SUSPECT CAUSE
OF BACKACHES
This Old Treatment Often
Brings Hair Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess fluids and waste out of the blood. They help
most people pass about 3 pints a day.
When disorder of kidney function permits poison-
ous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause
nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and
energy, swelling of the eyes, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Frequent or
severe pains with which you are forced to
lack sometimes shows there is something wrong with your
kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Deon's Pills, a
stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for
10 years. Deon's Pills may help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous
waste from your blood. Get Deon's Pills.

![Image of Deon's Pills advertisement]
24 K. GOLD PLATED BIRTHSTONE RING
Sweetheart Design! BEAUTIFUL Heart or Round Stone! LADIES Wear this lovely ring set with your very own Simulated Birthstone. Genuine 24 K. Gold Plated Shank; in smart, new, beautiful design is adjustable—will fit all Harris, impression. Absolutely rigid. Includes postcard and coupon for offer good for 60 years to come. Send for FREE sample ring and order form. GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-604, Jefferson, Iowa

THROAT MISERY
For unpleasant, hacking, coughing, relieved by Cool, Clear and Clear—use this old remedy method that has been in home use for many years. TWO-METHOD TREATMENT. Loosens and helps clear up phlegm filled throat and nasal congestion of money back. Ask your druggist. Write for FREE Vitamin and Health Chart today! P. R. Cheney & Co., Dept. 112, Toledo, O.

Garnet

STATE you Peridot

PHOTO

CHICAGO

EXCELLO KITCHEN TOWELS

PHOTO-RING
Any PHOTO or picture of your loved one, Relative or Friend, enlarged and put on a ring for one. Write for FREE sample ring and order form. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. C-61, Cincinnati, O.

NEW CHEMICAL MINT
Sensation! LUX Window Cleaner. Tin-12 oz. water, 3 drops LUX. 2 oz. window, no rubbing. Checks or large glass sparkling clean. No backing water, or: LUX Floor Cleaner. Satisfied, no money back. Get catalog today. (Jan.)

SAMPLES FOR FREE—Try these beautiful and highly effective items without cost. No, you pay nothing. Just send check or money order. BOSTON BLACKIE'S RENDEZVOUS—Columbus: Chester Morris as Boston Blackie is one of the best detectives in movies, what with trapping a mad murderer with ease. Nina Foch is the girl who almost gets stranded. Steve Cochran is the booby man, and George Stone the dumb stogie. (Dec.)

BEHIND CITY LIGHTS—Republic: Lynn Roberts is a country girl who isn't satisfied with her farm home and goes to the city to discover that the new love she meets there is a jewel thief. Esther Dale, Peter Cookson and Jerome Cowan contribute to the proceedings. (Dec.)

BOSTON BLACKIE'S RENDEZVOUS—Columbus: Chester Morris as Boston Blackie is one of the best detectives in movies, what with trapping a mad murderer with ease. Nina Foch is the girl who almost gets stranded. Steve Cochran is the booby man, and George Stone the dumb stogie. (Dec.)

CAPTAIN KIDDO—Begus: UA: Charles Laughlin charming and strutting is really fun, even if this is an old gag. Time is running out for Thomas' (Andy Devine) pipe-smoking as a pirate didn't convince us. Barbara Britton is pretty. John Clark as Regional Outline and Gilbert Roland add to the fun and fun. (Nov.)

CLUB HAYANA—PRC: Flots and counterplots are all over the place, with Tom Neal and Dorothy Morris in love, the romance of Margaret Lindsay and Don Douglas gone askew, Paul Cavanagh and Renie Riano a tous and, Isabelita and Eric Sinclair making eyes at each other. (Jan.)

COME OUT FIGHTING—Monogram: Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Jacob Dell and other unreformed Eastside Kids get mixed up with the police again. Jack Carleton, Amelia West, Addison Richards and George Meeker are in it too. (Dec.)

DANGEROUS INTRUDER—PRC: Veda Ann Borg is the unfortunate victim struck by a car and taken into the home of a paraclse killer who has murdered his wife and servant and is starting on his stepdaughter. Richard Powers saves them in time. (Nov.)

Brief Reviews

WWW indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

WWW indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

WWW indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

Welcome to the Outlaw (Howard Hughes)

At last long the Howard Hughes picture, The Outlaw, reaches the screen in its unept version. After two years Jane Russell and Jack Buetel finally make their screen appearances, one to disappoint and one to show promise of big things ahead. Buetel is the winner in this case. We predict the same success that marked Alan Ladd's career for this young actor.

Mr. Hughes himself directed the story and some of the scenes are much too long, but the picture has a strange, fascinating quality that will make it a dollar at the box office. It's different, it's confusing, it's unique. It draws a magnet and holds attention despite its many ludicrous and ridiculous moments.

Walter Huston, a no-good bad man who takes up with Buetel after the young outlaw has stolen his home and his girl, gives a truly fine performance.

Thomas Mitchell, the sheriff who loses a friend when Huston sides with Buetel, doesn't deserve so well. His scenes fall to ring true.

We would advise leaving the children at home. There is no Hopalong Cassidy about this little number.

Your Reviorer Says: The oddest film of the month.

FREE CART

PHOTO-RING
Any PHOTO or picture of your loved one, Relative or Friend, enlarged and put on a ring for one. Write for FREE sample ring and order form. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. C-61, Cincinnati, O.

NO MONEY! Unlimited selection of cats, cups, or any gift you select. Enclose cash or postage no money back. On order of this line get a money back guarantee. TROUBLED GIDE Supporter. Was light, cheap, and easy to read. FAMOUS TROUBLED GIDE Supporter. Takes in air through, with, and on the tramp. FAMOUS TROUBLED GIDE Supporter. Takes in air through, with, and on the tramp. Nice, and comfortable to hold, too. Archival quality. FAMOUS TROUBLED GIDE Supporter. Takes in air through, with, and on the tramp. FAMOUS TROUBLED GIDE Supporter. Takes in air through, with, and on the tramp. Nice, and comfortable to hold, too. Archival quality.

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!
This gorgeous packet shows you how to easily and quickly refresh your complexion, brighten your face, build your smile, keep your eyes bright and ready more valuable tips for the busy young woman and girl. This book sells for $1.98 alone, but now in yours FREE with the order of the book, or $3.50 for a set of three copies.

SEND NO MONEY!
SEND NO MONEY!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!

Wear Without Buying!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!

Wear Without Buying!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!

FREE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND CHARM!
**JOHNNY ANGEL**—RKO: George Raft in a war background story with Sigourney Booth as the French girl he loves and Claire Trevor the villainess he pretends to love in order to solve the mystery of what happened to his father's abandoned ship. Roxy Carmichael sings a pleasant song or two and Raft is typically tough with a girl. (Nov.)

**WICKS AND TELL**—Columbia: You'll laugh till you sob and have yourself a wonderful time in this hilarious picture of a secret bride who's about to lose her. Shirley Temple comes into maturity as the sister of the secret bridegroom, and Jerome Courtland is a sensational newcomer. Walter Abel and Katherine Alexander are Shirley's parents, and Virginia Welles as the bride all add to the laughs. (Dec.)

**LADY ON A TRAIN**—Universal: Even if you're a Durbin fan you'll wonder how Deanna gives up so much artificiality and quickly and skillfully do the story of a money-making device and the people who make and use it. (Dec.)

**LOVE, HONOR AND GOODBYE**—Republic: Why Virginia Bruce should imagine for one moment that anyone wouldn't see through her French governess disguise is beyond us. Edward Ashley is her long-suffering husband, Victor McLaglen is the butler and Helen Twelvetrees and Vera Voss contribute some good acting. Little Jacqueline Moore is a cutie-pie child. (Dec.)

**MAMA LOVES PAPA**—RKO: Leon Errol's legs still continue to collapse so does this story of a playboy commissioner who gets drunk and exposes the crooked manufacturer of playground equipment. (Nov.)

**MAN ALIVE**—RKO: Pat O'Brien forgets his wife's birthday so he buys a picture and exchanges clothes with a fellow drinker who promptly dies, leaving Pat. This Withnail will drive believing himself a widow. So Pat seeks Adolphe Menjou's advice and continues to play dead while Roddy McNeil courts Ellen. The test is too good for this kind of thing. (Jan.)

**MAN FROM OKLAHOMA**—Republic: Roy Rogers has a held day in an exciting wagon race in this real old-time western made by Hal Roach and that smart horse Trigger help him one along. (Nov.)

**MILDRED PIERCE**—Warners: Joan Crawford is back in her best performance in years as the mother who sacrifices everything to her selfish, self-centered daughter, excellently played by Ann Blyth. Jack Carson, Eve Arden and Lee Patrick as Joan's friends and Bruce Bennett as her former husband are fine. It's a don't-miss. (Nov.)

**OUTLAW OF THE ROCKIES**—Columbia: An- other Western for the Public do people all at once, the one the Shirreff and the other the Durango Kid, a mounted Robin Hood, of all things. Anyway, the townsfolk think Charlie helped his pal, Tex Harding, to break jail, so Tex goes it alone as the Kid, and then a lot of things with some singing thrown in. Carole Matthews is Tex's girl friend. (Dec.)

**PARDON MY PAST**—Mutual: Columbia: Fred MacMurray plays a dual role in this happy comedy of a singer who returns from the wars to be mistaken for a Mr. Pemberton who owed money to a gangster and left his wife, Rita Johnson. William Demarest is Pemberton's partner, Akin Farnsworth the gangster who wants his money back, and Harry Davenport and Douglas Dumbrille are also very good. (Dec.)

**PEOPLE ARE FUNNY**—Paramount: Packed with radio personality this has Art Linkletter as emcee of the air show and Rudy Vallee a funny sponsor. Determined to land Jack Haley for his show, Frances Langford sings, Philip Reed and Helen Walker are the romantics, and Ozzie Nelson, the Vagabonds, and Red Grange pop in and out of the affair. (Jan.)

**RADIO STARS ON PARADE**—RKO: Frances Langford as a night club singer in peril from her radiant beauty and a couple of socialites in her audience. Tom Brown does the drums, as well as the principal tenor, and the chorus is made up of the girls of that outfit. (Dec.)

**RIVER GANG**—Universal: Gloria Jean is an in- ked-up sort of girl, being a fill-in for a pretty maid by her pawn brothers under John Quinlan. When a priceless Steuben vase is stolen from the kids including Gloria and led by Keefe Brasselle, beginning running down clues. Gloria sings one number well, and shows considerable improvement in the acting. (Dec.)

**SCOTLAND YARD INVESTIGATOR**—Republic: Erich Von Stromberg is the latest movie art thief who tries to steal the Mona Lisa, which leaves Sr. C. Anthony Smith feeling a trifle dull as Miss Smith and Forrester Harvey are outstanding as flings, and Stephanie Bachelor and Richard Fraser play the romantic interest. (Jan.)

**SHADOW OF TERROR**—PRC: PRC was making this picture about the atomic bomb even before the real one hit Japan, but being a "first" is about all its claim to fame. Richard Fraser as the chemist working on the bomb is attacked, has an amnesia, is tortured and finally pulls through. (Nov.)

---

**Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTI PHLOGISTINE**

**SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION**

**SIMPLE SPRAIN, Bruise**

**SORE MUSCLES**

**CHARYL HORSE**

The moist heat of an ANTI PHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

Apply ANTI PHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTI PHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain... produced well by limbering up stiff achy muscles due to simple strain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTI PHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

---

**Antiphlogistine**

The White Package with the Orange Band

---

**Dark-Eyes**

EYELASH DARKENER

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring... even after swimming, crying or perspiring use "Dark-Eyes." This indebted darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks... thus ending daily eye make-up bother. Caution: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

$1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not carry "Dark-Eyes," mail coupon today!

**Coupon**

Dark-Eyes, Dept. B-4

1102 W. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.

I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes" and Check any shade: □ Black □ Brown

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________
SHADY LADY—Universal: Ginny Simms is Charles Coburn's niece who tries to keep her card-playing uncle straight. Martha O'Driscoll, in love with Alan Curtis, Joe Frisco in a few very funny moments, and Kathleen Howard, for whom Coburn pretends to be in love, fit into their roles very nicely, but it's Coburn's triumph that really carries the picture. Robert Paige is Ginny's romantic interest. (Nov.)

SHANGHAI COBRA, THE—Monogram: Charlie Chan goes on his placid way solving murders, this one's by cobra poison. He is hindered, as usual, by his amusing (Bela) Lugosi Fong and his chauffeur Mantan Morland. (Nov.)

SHE WENT TO THE RACES—M-G-M: Three men and a beautiful woman professor, Frances Gifford, her on horses in order to advance science, and naturally science gets lost in the running as Frances applies her betting tactics in winning James Craig away from Ava Gardner. Edmund O'Brien, although he hasn't nearly enough to do, and Sig Ruman and Reginald Owen contribute to the fun. (Jan.)

SONG OF OLD WYOMING—PRC: Bad boy out west, Al LeReve, turns good boy too later, and gets his girl, after having done his own mother out of her cattle business. Broderick Holt and Eddie Dean provide the romance. (Nov.)

SPANISH MAIN, THE—RKO: Photographically beautiful, romantic, but repetitious in theme is this old story of the pirate, played by Paul Henreid, who kidnaps Maureen O'Hara on her journey to wed the Spanish Viceroy. Walter Slezak. Maureen is fantastically beautiful, but Somehow Henreid never becomes the dashing pirate who robs and pillages Spanish ships. With Winnie Barnes. (Dec.)

SPELLBOUND—Selznick International: You'll be spellbound through most of this picture in which Ingrid Bergman is a doctor of psychiatry who meets and falls in love with Gregory Peck. But Gregory has lost his memory and is warned (or not) by Ingrid helps him escape the police and then comes her desperate effort to bring his memory back and discover the truth about his past. (Jan.)

SPIDER, THE—20th Century-Fox: Nick Conet is very good as the detective who gets involved in a lot of killings, and Roy Markells shows promise as the girl who involved him. Kurt Kreuger and Martin Kosleck are on hand to lend something or other to a picture that definitely doesn't come off. (Jan.)

STATE FAIR—Fox: The tender, homey story for the whole family, a Technicolor dream, all the family that found interest, love, and experience in their adventure from the farm to the State Fair and back home again, Jeanne Crain and Edmund O'Brien make a colorful pair. Dick Haymes, Vivien Blaine, Charles Winninger and Fly Raintree, make up the group who might be your next-door neighbors. (Nov.)

STORK CLUB—Paramount: Betty Hutton is loud but not terribly funny as the Stork Club hat-check girl who gets established in a cowboy hotel suite with bills paid by an anonymous admirer. When orchestra leader Don DeFore returns from service, he suspects the worst. Barry Fitzgerald is very good as the old checker Betty betroths, and Andy Russell in his screen debut is sure to click. (Jan.)

STRANGE CONFESSION—Universal: Brenda Joyce, who wants some easy money, lures her husband, who is a medical doctor, on a medical adventure so he goes to South America for a certain girl. He returns when he learns the unemployed drug has been given his ailing son who dies because of its imperfection, and then he goes berserk. (Jan.)

SUNBONNET SUE—Monogram: Gale Storm sings new and old ditties in her father's bowery saloon until his society society, Harding, manages to get the place closed because it'll ruin their social position. So Gale moves back into the town in order to get it opened again, Phil Regan is the politician who loves Gale, and Minna Gombell, Charles Brown and Alan Mowbray are in it too. (Dec.)

SUNSET IN EL DORADO—Republic: Roy Rogers has a story his fans will love, photographed beautifully and directed well. Dale Evans, growing weary of her beau and his descriptions of the West, hits herself off to mythical El Dorado, and finds Roy Rogers waiting at the end of trail. Roy and Dale sing several numbers in fine style. (Dec.)

TELL IT TO A STAR—Republic: Alan Mowbray, Franklin Pangborn, Eddie Marr and Isobel Randolph may give you a few laughs in this story of a imaginary colonel and a would-be songstress. (Dec.)

THAT NIGHT WITH YOU—Universal: A little playlet, shot as a movie, is about a New York theatrical producer who suddenly finds himself confronted with a great problem. His leading man the cutie who pretends to be the daughter in order to gain a theatrical career, and Louis Albritton proves her fine for comedy in her choice role of Franchot's cynical secretary. (Dec.)

THE LOST WEEKEND—Paramount: A new kind of horror tale is this story of an alcoholic on a
weekend binge and his experiences that range from frightening to degrading. Ray Milland hits his peak in his portrayal of the madman with a craving beyond and outside himself. Phil Terry is his older brother, Jane Wyman the girl who loves Ray and Howard Duff as the understanding laundrette. (Dec.)

**WITH LOVE OF OURS—Universal:** Sentimental melodrama, this week. Marie Osmond as a dancer who marries Charles Korvin, has a daughter and then is deserted by him. She spends years searching for her child before she and Korvin meet again, and then comes the realization with her daughter that he has believed his dead. With Claude Rains, Carl Esmond and Sue England. (Jan.)

**THREE STRANGERS, THE—Warners:** Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet and Geraldine Fitzgerald are wonderful in this slightly less wonderful story of murder and madness, which deviates to a secondary theme with Joan Lorring and Robert Shayne which is rather confusing. (Jan.)

**TRUE GLORY, THE—Released by Columbia:** We cannot speak too highly of this great undertaking, which is produced by the American and British military. In it, Karl Malden's "Man To Remember" and Britain's Card Rees ("Night Train To Munich") are the two war years of all the Allies, told of, for, and by the people. (Feb.)

**UNCLE HARRY—Universal:** The Haze Office ruined this one, not allowing a movie crime to go unpunished, but up to the disappointing denouement, this is a good yarn with suspense and interest! You'll feel sorry for George Sanders, hoodwinked by his over-possessive sister Geraldine Fitzgerald into losing his fiancée Ellis Raine. (Nov.)

**WHITE PONGO—PRC:** This is the tale of a white ape, for which Al Eben, Robert Frazer, Marion Wilson and Lionel Royce, in a jungle expedition, are searching. The white ape is a black ape over the heroine, but all ends well. (Nov.)

**YOLANDA AND THE THIEF—M-G-M:** With elaborate color, a gay locale and bright stars, this will put a picture-going hiss like Lucille Bremer is so outstandingly naive that she actually believes it when Fred and Frank Morgan are confidence men who are out to get her money. There are a few bright moments, but entirely too few. (Jan.)

### Casts of Current Pictures


**BELL ST., MARY'S THE RKO:** Father O'Malley, Bing Crosby, Sister Benedick, Ingrid Bergman; Sister Veronica, Luise Rainer; Sister Michael, Ruth Donnelly; Patsy, Joan Carroll; Joe Gallagher, William Conrad, Miss Gallagher, Martha Sleeper; Eddie, Dickie Tyler; Tommy, Bobby Francess; Dr. McCoy, Rhys Williams; Delphine, Edna Womans, Leland; Minna, Consuelo Habour; AVOONER, Ava, Eva Novak; Nen, Anna Constant, Nen, Gwen Crawford; Steve Clerk, Matt McHagg.

**BLETHIR SCIENCE—Two Cities-UA:** Charles Condomine, Rex Harrison; Ruth Condonisme, Constance Cummings; Eliza, Kay Hammond, Madame Arela, Margaret Rutherford; Dr. Bradman, Hugh Walpole, Mrs. Bradman, Joyce Carey; Edith, the maid, Jacqueline Clarke.

**CORNERED—RKO:** Gerard, Dick Powell; Inez, Walter Slezak; Mme. Jargon, Michelle Cheval; Sena, Camaro, Nina Vale; Sadama, Morris Carnovsky; D'Elbois, Edgar Barrier; Sena Camaro, Steven Geray; Diego, Jack LaRoe, Marcel Jarneac, Luther Adler, Perchon, Gregory Gay.

**CRIMSON CANARY, THE—Universal:** Danny, Noah Beery Jr.; Johnny, Denny Merton; Janet, Lois College; Artist, Hans Jantsch; June, Artie Stock; Vee, Steven Gerard; Sister, Jimmy Ames; Hilary, Steve Brodie; Chuck, Timmie Degg; Keysa Dieren, John Kellis; Anita Lane, Claudia Dirker; Drayon Hawkins, and Josh White.

**DOKOTO—Republic:** John Devlin, John Wayne; Sandy, Vera Helou, Ralston; Capt. Bounce, Walter Brennan; Capt. Bounce, John Dryden; Jack, Lee Roberts; Mike Mazurki; "Jury" Thomas, Osa Massen; Mrs. Hay, Luise Rainer; Mrs. Johnson, Mark Pake, Hugo, Haas; Nicodemus, Nick Beemer; Capt., Paul Clark, Vito Bianco; Sergeant, Robert Livingston; Devlin's Driver, Oliver Hinton; Weir, George, Peter Watkin; Mr. Stone, Robert H. Barrat; Col. Warden, Jonathan Hale, Little Boy, Bobby Blake; Capt. Spots, Paul Hurst; Stagecoach Driver, Ed names, Mrs. Plucke, Sarah Padden; Sandeau, Jack LaRae; Mr. Plumber, George Cleveland; Dr. 

### MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash

Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

**NOW! OFF WITH JOYOUS SPEED**

No More Worry About Ugly Hair

Why worry about that ugly superfluous hair on face and lips? No one ever knew if you used Cress, This modern, scientific method has helped thousands of otherwise lovely women from Hollywood to Miami to new happiness and beauty. It is so unique and original that it has been granted a U.S. Patent. Just twist it of the wrist every few days and you need never see a superfluous hair on your face again. No smellly liquid or possibly injurious wax or paste. No after-stubble—will irritate the skin or stimulate hair growth.

**Wonderful for arms and legs**

Hair off legs, arms, face in just a jiffy or double your money back. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Comes in plain wrappers. On arrival, pay postage at a rate of $1.49 plus postage for deluxe package. Pay no tax. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Rush coupon today.

---

Scott-Nelson Co., Box 114-E
116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III.
Please send me a CARESS Home Treatment for superfluous hair. I'll pay postman $1.49 plus postage. If I am not satisfied after 7 days, I'll return it for refund of double my purchase price. (If you send cash we pay postage.)

**Name**
**Address**

---

**SANPAPAK GIVES NEW COMFORT**

For those difficult days of the month!

SANPAPAKS, the new safety-plus sanitary napkins, give you triple protection! They are made with three special layers—.. including the famous "Pink Back!"

Shaped to fit without bulk, without chafing, SANPAPAKS are so comfortable you'll forget you're wearing them! They're faced with soft cotton too— for even greater comfort! SANPAPAKS cost no more than ordinary napkins.

---

### Sanpapaks
different booklets

The Safe and Sanitary Napkin

Baya, an expert nurse tells the story of the safe and sanitary napkin which is used by every girl and young woman in the United States. This booklet will show you how to use the Sanpapaks correctly.

---

### Be Your Own Music Teacher

**LEARN AT HOME FOR LESS THAN 7¢ A DAY**

Nurses discovered this quick relief for sore, chapped hands. Try it!

- Nurses were among the first to discover how quickly Noxzema helps heal even badly chapped hands. That's because Noxzema is not merely a soothing cream, but a greaseless, medicated formula. It not only brings quick, comforting relief from the burning soreness, but helps heal the little "cuts" and "cracks." Try Noxzema today! See how quickly your hands look better - feel better, too. 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax) at all drug counters.

BLENDERS!

ELEPHANT EARS! 10 ft. tall. Lg. heads, 3 ft. across. Can be shipped. A very interesting species. To order, write:

HAROLD RICHARDS
105 W. 2nd St.
SALEM, OREGON

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet, "PRACTICAL METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Veins and Open Leg Sores. Methods used here work. More than 40 years of success. Practically endorsed by multitudes.

LIEBE METHODS, 123 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 14, Madison, Wisconsin

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches in DOUBLE-weight paper

Send money for full length of last four pictures, postage, packing, etc. entailed, or we return your money. 50c per inch in double-weight paper. Enlargements made to exact specifications and size and color guaranteed. Satisfaction guaranteed. 100 per cent quality paper, 100 per cent satisfaction. Original returned with your 3c for $25 refund allowance.

SEND NO MONEY - just mail photo, order, and return your money. Satisfaction guaranteed. Enlargements made to exact specifications and size and color guaranteed. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PROFESSIONAL ART STUDIOS

100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, III.

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?

M.G.C. Corp.: Marion Hargrove, Robert Walker; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt. G. Tompkins, James Quade; Janet; Capt....
**Disc Data**

By Lester Gottlieb

Tune in on this new monthly feature in which Photoplay selects outstanding recordings of songs from your favorite films

**SARATOGA TRUNK**

Max Steiner, Warner Brothers' prolific music mentor, wrote the original background music for this exciting film. Previewers raved over the main melody, urged Max to convert it into a ballad. He did and here it is, "As Long As I Live," with Dinah Shore (Victor) to sing it with tenderness. Incidentally, Steiner's lovely theme from Barbara Stanwyck's new picture "My Reputation" has also been recorded. It's called "While You're Away" and Betty Jane Bonney sings it (Victor) splendidly.

**THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S**

Tommy Dorsey is first man on the turntable (Victor) with his bright new tune from Bing Crosby's latest. It's called "Aren't You Glad You're You." Though it's reminiscent of "Swingin' On A Star," you won't mind that a bit. Bing's own treatment (Decca) can be had now.

**THE DOLLY SISTERS**

"I Can't Begin To Tell You" is the Hit Parade potential from this new Fox film and Andy Russell (Capitol) and Harry James (Columbia) record it for you.

**STORK CLUB**

Again it's Andy Russell (Capitol) to sing a film love song, "Love Me," but leave it to Betty Hutton to wax enthusiastic with the amusing "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief" and "Square In A Social Circle" (Capitol) from this cinematic facsimile of Billingsley's bistro.

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**

Judy Garland's exciting singing of "Love" is the record winner of the month (Decca). For good measure Mrs. Minnelli sings another new Follies hit, "This Heart Of Mine" (Decca).

**ANCHORS AWEIGH**

Frank Sinatra spins "The Charm Of You" and "I Fall In Love Too Easily" just as he sang them to Kathryn Grayson (Columbia). On another new platter he croons Brahms' beautiful "Cradle Song" and his own personal tribute to his young daughter, "Nancy" (Columbia).

**STATE FAIR**

This joyous and light-hearted filmusical reaped a happy harvest of records. I particularly like Artie Shaw's deft version of "That's For Me" (Victor), Margaret Whiting's duplication of Jeanne Crain's chirping of "It Might As Well Be Spring" (Capitol) and Sammy Kaye's dansapation of the same tune (Victor).
WOMEN
Make Money
—and get your own dresses without a penny of cost.

HERE is a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare hours. We are through with war work and are now devoting our full time and effort to producing more Fashion Frocks than ever before. To take care of this greater post-war expansion we now need more women to show and take orders for these lovely dresses in the latest and most charming styles. And despite rising costs Fashion Frocks still sell at surprisingly low prices. The work is pleasant and dignified and gives you an opportunity to earn $18, $20 and up to $25 in a week... and besides get all your own dresses without a penny of cost. No experience is needed and no money is required. For full details rush coupon below.

You Can Start at Home — No Canvassing Required
Let your friends and neighbors see your elaborate Portfolio of last minute Spring and Summer Fashion Frocks and just show them the vast assortment of over 125 smartest, original styles, made up of gorgeous fabrics in beautiful color combinations and offered at sensational low prices. These women will be delighted to order—not merely once—but season after season. It’s like having your own dress business with a steady income and without investing a penny. We do all delivering and collecting—you get paid immediately.

Women Everywhere Know Fashion Frocks
For many years Fashion Frocks have been extensively advertised to millions of American women and are recognized as fine quality, highly styled, popular priced dresses. They have the approval of leading fashion editors and prominent stars of stage and screen. And these lovely dresses were worn by the famous Powers Models at a Television Style Show. When you represent Fashion Frocks you show dresses that are well-known and in demand because every month the Fashion Frocks advertisements are seen by millions of women everywhere.

Send No Money—Everything Furnished FREE
The elaborate Presentation Portfolio—with special plans for your success will be sent you absolutely FREE. For years thousands of women have enjoyed steady incomes representing Fashion Frocks. War work interrupted our full dress production and naturally curtailed the number of representatives needed. Now we are ready for a great expansion program and are again seeking ambitious women in every community who want to make money like Mrs. Claude Burnett in Alabama whose average weekly earnings were $28.84—or $27.10 made by Marie Patton, Illinois. Paste coupon on a postcard and mail for complete details. There is no obligation. Mail coupon today.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Desk 22039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Send for FREE Portfolio of ADVANCED SPRING DRESSES
as low as $3.98

THE FAMOUS, NATIONALLY ADVERTISED

FASHION FROCKS

OUR 38th YEAR IN BUSINESS

Style 333
Picture-book pretty in soft rayon print.

Style 319
Butcher linen suit with polka-dotted blouse.

Style 323
Color chevrons highlight a rayon-dotted coat.
Menu Foresight

Dinner may still be hours away, but you know it will be a success—you're having Schlitz.

Serving Schlitz to your guests is like bringing out your best linen or silver—it says "Nothing's too good for our friends!"

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
There's a softer glow, fresher beauty for your skin—with your first cake of Camay! Simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had fresher, softer skin.

MRS. STEWART'S STORY

"I tumbled—Bill fell, too," skiing at St. Adele in the Laurentians. Both devotees of outdoor sports, Ginny keeps the warm sun-glow in her skin radiantly fresh. "It's Camay for me—and has been, since my first cake brought out a real sparkle in my complexion."

MRS. WILLIAM KIRK STEWART
—the former Virginia Welch of Los Angeles, Cal.
Bridal portrait painted by McFarland

Precious Moment: While overseas, Bill cherished each memory of Ginny's fresh young beauty. "I wanted to look my best when he returned," Ginny confides, "so I never neglected my Camay Mild-Soap Diet." To make your skin lovelier, just follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

Cherish Camay—make each cake last. Precious materials go into soap.
"Brush me off, will you?"

**Cupid:** Now wait, Sis! Hold it!

**Girl:** For what, you faithless little imp! It's about time some girl taught you not to go around ignoring girls just because they're not beautiful!

**Cupid:** So! It's that way, huh? Well now you listen, my little fugitive from spinsterhood! It's about time you stopped looking at men with all the charm and radiance of a tired wash cloth! Smile at 'em, Sister! Sparkle!

**Girl:** With my dull, dingy teeth? Hah! Heaven knows I brush 'em enough, but sparkle... hah! They—

**Cupid:** Ever see 'pink' on your tooth brush?

**Girl:** Just lately. Why?

**Cupid:** Why? Why Great Day in The Morning, Pet, don't you know that's a sign to see your dentist— and right away! Because he may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**Girl:** Fine, fine, fine. Very impressive. But weren't we discussing my smile a while back? What happened to it?

**Cupid:** Pet, don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? This Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums.  Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you start on your way to a sparkling, radiant smile that'll stagger any stag line. Now get going, Baby! Ipana and massage!

For the Smile of Beauty  
**Ipana and Massage**
Guess who's back?

And guess who's got him?

GABLE'S BACK!

and GARSON'S GOT HIM!

in M-G-M's exciting love story...

ADVENTURE!

Yes, Adventure adds up to being the most exciting and thoroughly enjoyable screen Adventure we've been on, in many a season of movie-going.

Gable is a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas.

Garson's a girl whose greatest Adventure is a picnic on Sunday.

Then—WHAM! They meet!

It's lightning and thunder...it's sound and fury...it's wind and flame...it's heaven and some of the other!

It's love on every note of the keyboard—laughing, lilting love; roaring, raging love. It's Gable and Garson in the screen's most exciting Adventure!

Pardon us, while we doff our cap to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such stand-out performances.

And a low bow to the excellent supporting cast—to Victor Fleming for his fine direction—to Sam Zimbalist for his super production—to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence for their screen play with a punch!

They've given us a great entertainment Adventure that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable—and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role!

—Leo

"The Beginning Or The End" will be the most important picture of 1946. It is the story of the atomic bomb!
Gable's back

and Garson's got him!

in M-G-M's exciting screen

"Adventure"

CLARK GABLE • GREER GARSON in Victor Fleming's production of "ADVENTURE" with Joan Blondell • Thomas Mitchell

TOM TULLY • JOHN QUALEN • RICHARD HAYDN • LINA ROMAY • HARRY DAVENPORT • Screen Play by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN and VINCENT LAWRENCE • Adaptation by

Anthony Veiller and William H. Wright • Based on a Novel by Clyde Brion Davis • DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING • PRODUCED BY SAM ZIMBALIST • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Around Town: No sooner had Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth parted (we'd seen them together at La Rue only a few nights before the announcement, both looking glum) than the rumors that Victor Mature was again attempting to court Rita. Considering Vic and June Haver would have been married by now if it hadn't been for Mrs. Haver, it's hard to believe Vic could switch over his affections so easily. Greeted Red Skelton at The Club the other night and noticed his hair is at least four shades darker (but still red) since his release from the service. Maybe he kept it lighter for the camera. But those Skelton dimples are still there. Capt. Bob Preston looked mighty fine back in civvies and lunching in the Paramount commissary just like old times. Listening to that 5 A.M. duet of Jimmy Stewart's and Hank Fonda's reminded us that here are two friends who have weathered starvation together and even a war—Jimmy in the Army and Hank at sea. "Hi, Pittsburgh," Gene Kelly, a fellow Pittsburgher, greeted Cal the other evening at a friend's home. Gene, who is a Navy lieutenant, says he now travels from city to city on special business for the Navy. And like the other lads he longs to be back home. "It will be January for me," Jackie Cooper told Cal. "At least they told me I'd be out then." And Jackie looks mighty fine in his bell-bottom trousers. The overly-thin girl in chocolate slacks, dark glasses and hair parted in the middle was Garbo, on a Saks Fifth Avenue shopping spree. Just when Nora Eddington confides she's divorcing Errol, she ups and goes to San Francisco with him.

Gay notes: You should have seen the terrific jitterbug routine that Carole Landis and Cesar Romero put on together (Continued on page 6)
A Million Dollars Worth of Fun
in the New Billion-Dollar
Smart Set Playground!

Paramount sets a new style in romancing, dancing, singing and laughing... in the lavish... lovely show that only Mitchell Leisen of "Lady In The Dark" and "Frenchman's Creek" fame could give you!

DOROTHY LAMOUR
and
ARTURO DE CORDOVA

in

"Masquerade in Mexico"

with
PATRIC KNOWLES • ANN Dvorak • GEORGE RIGAUD
Natalie Schafer • Mikhail Rasumny • Billy Daniels
and The Guadalajara Trio

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by KARL TUNBERG • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Screen Play by KARL TUNBERG • Based on a Story by EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER and FRANC SPENCER
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
A Six-letter Word for

Stronger Grip

...Watch your "Good-looks Score" go up and up when you use DeLong Bob Pins to give your hair-do that smooth, new uncluttered look.

It's the "Stronger Grip" in DeLong Bob Pins that makes them so different from bob pins of the wishy-washy type...

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

(Continued from page 4) right in the middle of a carpeted floor—during that big cocktail party that Wynn Rocamora, well known actor's agent, threw for Louella Parsons. It was so gay that people who came at six and were supposed to leave at eight were still there at midnight. Dorothy Lamour looked beautiful. And she said she was sure her baby would be born right in the middle of any New Year's Eve party she happened to be attending. The Zachary Scotts were there, too, "scotching" those separation rumors. He can move around through a big party faster than anyone you ever saw. Seems to be all over the place at once.

To Romanoff's We Go: No two ways about it, the social center of Hollywood is Romanoff's, especially Saturdays, lunch time when there are no races to attend. It's like a continued party from week to week with friends strolling from table to table to chat and exchange gossip. Citizen Romanoff himself remarked on it when he joined our table after leaving the corner table of Norma Shearer and her handsome husband Navy Lieut. Marty Arrouge. Pretty Kay Williams Spreckles and Cobina Wright Sr. were lunching together with a dozen or so friends stopping by. Carleton Alsop, Martha Scott's husband, who is now a producer at M-G-M, regaled the group with witty stories, Helmut Dantine, with a new date, bowed low and Herbert Marshall seemed to be finding comfort in his friend Chester Morris (to date the Marshalls haven't reconciled). Keenan Wynn strolled in late and like a troubadour went from table to table finally getting around to his father, the famous Ed Wynn whose cry of "Keenan" carried a message of pride and joy.

"Hello there," called Clark Gable to us as we joined Kay, his former girl friend at the next booth, which reminds us, Clark has been seeing more and more of another former blonde friend Virginia Grey, and less and less of Anita Colby. Cary Grant, more subdued than ever, came in, and finally Norma Shearer stopped to chat with Lana Turner and Bob Hutton.

Diana: Our nomination for the gal who has become more smartly dressed and wise in her thinking goes to Diana Lynn of Paramount. In a gold wool suit with gold jewelry accessories, hair up, a brown felt rolled sombrero sparkling with brown paillettes, Diana was a vision. Her complexion, we noticed, was flawless, her young groping for a solution to life and its problems, whether to marry young and attempt both career and marriage or remain single, was charming. And the young man in her life?—Loren Tindall. So watch for Diana's decision.

Town Topics: Shirley Temple really did a lot of work herself on her book, "My Young Life." Several people were assigned to do research for it, but Mama Temple made Shirley sit down day after day and really contribute much more to the tome than most people would ever believe. The publishers will tell you that she actually put more of her own words into it than almost any autobiography that has ever been brought out by a glamour-celeb... Helmut Dantine and Ida Lupino have really nothing but icicles for each other these days. No special romance on tap for Ida. And Helmut is strictly playing the field. He's been calling Yvonne De Carlo like mad for dates... Bonita Granville and "Lucky" Humberstone, the well-known director, will bear a lot of watching. He's the first "older man" she has ever dated—and he isn't old by a long (Continued on page 8).
"I know what I'm doing!" she said...

"A woman isn't meant to be lonely, she's meant to be loved.
From now on I'm going to live my life my way!"

"Nobody needs to know anything... they'd never suspect you..."

"What can any woman say to prove she's worth a second chance at love...?"

BARBARA STANWYCK
WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN AS "JESS" IN
"MY REPUTATION"

It's Barbara's best, truly! and a new triumph for WARNERS!

GEORGE BRENT • WARNER ANDERSON • LUCILE WATSON • JOHN RIDGELY • EVE ARDEN • CURTIS BERNHARDT • HENRY BLANKE
Screen play by CATHERINE TURNERY from the novel "Instruct My Sorrows" by CLARE JAYNES • Music by MAX STEINER
Looking down into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set." (About 30 seconds.) Wipe brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!* ) Go over lashes to separate. Apply mascara to upper lashes only for "natural" look.

To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the wrong way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.

At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. Gently work out toward temple under eye—back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleanings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!

Sage advice in the past and present tense—Sir C. Aubrey Smith chats with Margaret O'Brien, child star of today, and Shirley Temple, child star of yesterday, at the Canadian Government party for stars at Beverly Hills Hotel.

(Continued from page 6) shot. But from the way they're dating and gazing into each other's eyes these eyes, he has all the charm and plus of Bonita's more juvenile beauty.... You can make a bet that Nancy Guild and young Frank Latimore, who was so good in "The House On 92nd St." and "The Dolly Sisters," will be close to stardom before 1946 is out. Studio has big plans for both—and is mapping a really heavy press campaign on Latimore now that he is playing one of the leads in "Three Little Girls In Blue" with June Haver.

**Santa Sinatra:** Imagine being married to Frank Sinatra and having him turn out to be the kind of a husband who plays Santa Claus all year round as well! One night, long before Christmas, Cal admired a gorgeous stone-marten jacket on Nancy Sinatra. And she said that Frankie had already bought her six fur coats during the year! They're back in Hollywood now—and they love it. And Sinatra is getting ready to make another movie any minute. Can you wait?

**Off to the Club:** Bob Hutton and Lana Turner came by to pick Cal up for a party at The Club, that exclusive new spot in Beverly Hills where one dines only if one is a member.

Bob Hope and his Dolores came in while we were waiting for our coats. Seeing Bob at any spot in town is really a special spectacle. We could just imagine Mrs. Hope's saying, "Now, darling, you've got to take a night off from work and take me to dinner." And the proud way in which Mrs. Hope went to her table revealed how really pleased she was.

Our party, in the special cocktail room, given by Kay Kyser in honor of General Eichelberger, was going full tilt when we arrived. The swains, of course, swooned at the sight of Lana in a flowered halo of pink roses and lilies of the valley covered in a spun-gold gossamer material that heightened her pale beauty. Her plain black frock sported one of those enormous bustle things in the back. The effect—out of this world.

When Lana's former beau Greg Bautzer moved in for the photographers, Bob Hutton found himself taking advice from Mr. Jules Stein, head of Music Corporation of America, as to what to do. Sir Simon Marks, a visitor here from England, joined the advisory committee with Bob growing more and more confused.

**Here and There:** Cal telephoned his old friend Sydney Greenstreet who had been ill, "Where, outside of Barnum and Bailey's did they get an oxygen tent big enough to cover you?" we demanded. His paroxysms of laughter could have been heard to Schwab's Drugstore.

Robert Walker has taken to the road again. No, he didn't elope with himself during production as he did several months ago, but without warning or his studio's knowing it, the young actor all of a sudden turned up in New York. And after all those promises! Friends close to Bob still insist the actor has changed since his sudden separation from Jennifer.

**Data on Drake:** Young Tom Drake came over for cocktails only—surprise—Tom is so thoroughly on the wagon he even refused tea—but he did eat all our popcorn. Every pop of it. Tom is kept busy at Metro working on "The Green Years." You mark our words—he's a lad that will someday pass them all—if he watches his step and crosses his t's. (Continued on page 10)
Killer Hunt!
... Four Hours To Go!

Gob on shore leave... dance hall hostess. Fear in their hearts... murder on their hands... and only time until dawn to prove an innocence they themselves doubt!

SUSAN HAYWARD · PAUL LUKAS · BILL WILLIAMS
(The Sergeant of "THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARM'S")
in Deadline at Dawn

JOSEPH CALLEIA · MASSEN · LANE · COWAN

Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT · Directed by HAROLD CLURNAN
Screen Play by CUYFORD COSTS
Bad News: Poor Alan Curtis—still confined to his bed (and probably will be for several weeks more) after that horrible auto accident which completely demolished that snappy little English car he was driving, and cost him a lot of broken bones plus a dislocated hip. He was so lucky that he wasn't killed—you should have seen that car, or rather what was left of it—after he had a head-on collision with a milk truck!

Ilona Massey, his lovely blonde ex-wife, has been visiting him almost every day. And that, of course, only revives the long-time rumors that one of these days they'll be one again.

Randomizing: If we asked you who you think is the “hottest” star in Hollywood today—among the people of Hollywood itself—what would your answer be? It would probably be one of the “younger set”—but you'd be wrong. The star is Joan Crawford, and not even at the height of her first zoom to cinema glory, has there been as much complimentary chit-chat over lunch and dinner tables as there is about Joan these days. It isn't just her magnificent “come-back” in “Mildred Pierce”—you should see her! Looks simply divine! And her clothes! And her jewels! There's a gal who always has and still does epitomize glamour with a capital G. No wonder everyone says “Gee!” when she passes by. Well, Joan went and fixed up a new down hair-do for herself (that makes her look about twenty) to qualify for that terrific role she is starting in “Humoresque”—and p.s., she landed the part because of it.

Gals are “letting their hair down” all over the place. Anita Colby looks more beauteous than ever with her shoulder-length bob—Cathy Downs (a gorgeous newcomer to the screen) is another—and the coifs are going up less and less.

The fan mail that piles up for attractive smokey-eyed young Guy Madison (you remem- (Continued on page 12)
A Feast of Fun... A Romantic Treat... It's entertainment that can't be beat!

Their Romance is Glorious!
Their Troubles are Hilarious!
The Music is Tremendous!

Golden Pictures Invites You to
"Breakfast in Hollywood"
with
Tom Breneman

Bonita Granville
Beulah Bondi
Edward Ryan
Ray Walburn
Billie Burke
Zasu Pitts
and Hedda Hopper
Andy Russell
Singing "If I Had a Wishing Ring," "Amor"
"Magic in the Moonlight"

Spike Jones and His City Slickers
KING COLE TRIO

Original Story and Screenplay by Earl W. Baldwin • Directed by Harold Schuster
Produced by Robert S. Golden
Released Thru United Artists
Clogged pore openings say so plainly
...Your beauty care is wrong!

Don't let blackheads, stubborn dirt or dry, aging "top skin" hide the natural radiance of your complexion. Exquisite cleansing is this simple: once a week, Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. And, every day, Homogenized Facial Cream.

Only a clean skin is lovely and young-looking...
so start this marvelous Twin Treatment care today!

Once a week . . . this "blushing beauty" Mask!

Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while it "lifts up" tired, lax tissues. Helps to loosen blackheads and cleanse pore openings. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).

Now see how your complexion glows with a fresher, livelier bloom—awakened by White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. Your skin seems firmer, finer in texture—free from unlovely "top skin". And your fresher, smoother complexion takes make-up with utter flattery. Clearly you look younger, prettier. And here's what you'll do, every day, to help protect that charm...

Daily . . . protection for fresh underskin clarity

To get the most glorifying results from your weekly White Clay Pack, follow this daily beauty care with Homogenized Facial Cream. This rich, blush-pink cream cleanses and lubricates superbly—helps to soften rough, dry skin.

Pat on with upward, outward strokes—light-as-feather pats around your eyes where tiny lines show. (See diagram). For extra lubrication, apply a thin film at night. Watch your skin reveal a brighter, smoother freshness that's so ready for make-up—and for compliments!

Edna Wallace Hopper
Twin Treatment
for a lovelier, younger look

(Continued from page 10) ber him in "Since You Went Away") is surprising even officials of the RKO Studio where he is working with Dorothy McGuire on a loan-out from David Selznick. Everyone expects him to create more than a "mild sensation"—and the bobby-sox brigade can now get ready for the biggest swoon it has had in a long, long time . . . Diana Barrymore is back in Hollywood and being just as rude to people as she was last time she was here. Unfortunately she hasn't her father John's wonderful wit or talent to back up her lack of good manners—but maybe she doesn't care . . . Major Jack McEwen is certainly putting out the torch that Olivia de Havilland has been toting for Maj. John Huston for so long. For the first time in years Olivia looks really happy. Positively beaming! . . . Deanna Durbin and Maria Montez are staking a race for their stork dates and both have sort of "retired" from public life, including all parties, until the happy events occur . . . Joan Leslie, of the angel face, posing for her first bit of "cheesecake"—meaning a lot of sexy, leg-art pictures which will appear in magazines shortly. And Joan (she still goes places with Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun and others) denies she is going to marry anyone for a long time—even though that handsome Capt. John Edwards does long-distance her from New York at least once a week . . . Jinx Falkenburg is trying to break her contract with Columbia because she wants to quit pictures for keeps. Jinx says she only wants to be where her darling husband is—and his work keeps him in New York.

Homelife: George Montgomery is out of the service, but not of a job, thank heavens. He'll go back to Twentieth for more pictures . . . George and Dinah moved from over the stables of their ranch house when the nip of cool weather hit the valley, but they had to sleep in the living room of their partly furnished home. The new icebox was so big for their small kitchen they installed it temporarily, at least, in the bedroom.

The quiet normalcy that prevails in the home of Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling never fails to impress Cal. Invited up for an evening recently, we instantly felt the cozy quiet intimacy of this happy couple in the company of a few friends—none, incidentally, in pictures. The talk was general and never once touched pictures. Bob, handsome than ever, is such an honest, natural person and the bond of understanding between him and Ann is wonderful to see.

"I'm hungry," artist Paul Clemens remarked casually late in the evening, and Ann trotted out to the kitchen to bring back a loaf of bread, still in its wrapping paper, a jar of mayonnaise and some cold turkey for everyone to make his own sandwiches. It was just as informal (Continued on page 14)
PAT'S IN MEXICO CITY
AND RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THE MOST EXCITING
ADVENTURE OF
HIS THRILL-PACKED
CAREER!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

PAT O'BRIEN
WITH
RUTH WARRICK

Perilous Holiday

WITH
Alan HALE · Edgar BUCHANAN · Audrey LONG

and EDDIE LeBARON and HIS CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA

Screenplay by Roy Chanslor · Based upon the Collier's Magazine serial by Robert Carson

Produced by PHIL L. RYAN · Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
— But fingers like a lily, Willie, don’t come from peeling spuds! It’s a hep housewife who knows how to keep her hands on the lovely side of life in spite of daily hard housework. Pacquins Hand Cream, of course! This fragrant cream helps guard against redness, dryness, and roughness. Use it faithfully... see for yourself how much smoother, softer your hands look!

Doctors and nurses know that 30 to 40 scrubblings a day will leave their hands dry and rough as sandpaper. That’s why so many of them use Pacquins, which was originally formulated for their professional use. Pacquins Hand Cream is so wonderfully effective because it is super-rich with humectant... the ingredient that helps parched, taut skin feel softer, smoother, and more pliant.

Pacquins
HAND CREAM
Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Shoe-shine, Mexican version. Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Montalban—she was Georgianna Young, Loretta’s younger sister.

INSIDE STUFF
(Continued from page 12) and cheering as that.

To Susan: It seems that Providence must love Susan Peters very much, for experience has taught it’s the very special that are molded and shaped in the ovens of despair to emerge pure shining gold—radiantly indestructible. Susie—a mere mite of a girl who became paralyzed in an accident, from her wheelchair endured the sorrow of losing her beloved mother.

“What next?” Hollywood whispered in sympathy, but somehow the light in her eyes was a promise that whatever it is Susie will come through—a gallant girl and a magnificent woman.

Her husband, Richard Quine, out of the Navy, has returned to the screen in “But Not Goodbye” while Susie will go on with her writing for Photoplay and radio work. Salute!

Romance Notes: Howard Hughes, millionaire, thinks he has a special option on Yvonne De Carlo. But then Hughes is the lad who never drops an option, remember?... Artie Shaw’s statements that he doesn’t want his bride Ava Gardner in movies, as two stars in a family are too many, has Hollywood asking what two stars?... Gail Russell likes Pete Lawford but Pete likes to play the field—since he can’t have Lana Turner. (Continued on page 16)
You'll go for Raft—and the girl he goes for!

George Raft... in trouble up to his gun-hilt... with Ava Gardner's beauty only stirring up more... in the picture that proves it takes a woman to make a good guy out of an all-wrong man!

NERO FILMS presents

GEORGE RAFT

"WHISTLE STOP"

with

AVA GARDNER
VICTOR McLAGLEN
TOM CONWAY

Screenplay by PHILIP YORK, Author of "AINA LUCASTA"
From the Novel by MARITTA M. WULFE
PRODUCED BY SEYMOUR NEBENZAL · LEONIDE MOGUY
DIRECTED BY Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14) If you see Wilson running around with curly hair, don't be surprised. Alexander Knox had to get a permanent for his role with Roz Russell in "Sister Kenny." . . . John Hodiak and Anne Baxter rapidly reaching a heart twining stage despite all family objections. . . . It's Evelyn Keyes that Navy Lieut. Robert Stack has his eye on. And no one denies that's an eyeful all right. . . . Evelyn's ex-husband, director Charles Vidor, is now cozily married to Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy and Mervyn will soon be married to social Mrs. Kitty Spiegel, and isn't Hollywood divine?

Hutton Aka: Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin swear they'll make those baby stories come true before 1946 is over. Never have known anyone as wild to have a child as that Hutton is! Always has been—and once tried so hard to adopt her sister's little boy, if you remember. Briskin is still keeping up his average of buying Betty a present a day. One night they were dancing around Mocambo and Mona Freeman and Pat Nearney (the newlyweds) danced past them, looking as cute as a widget, and Betty screamed, "Oh—they make me feel so old!" Betty must be all of twenty-four!

Round About: Artie Shaw isn't giving up his band as rumored—just those tours. But he's giving up his big house and he and Ava are looking for a smaller one. Who isn't? . . . Everyone's so happy to see Ty Power back—and boy, does he look wonderful! He and his Annabella, after a two-week motor trip that was to a secret destination, are back in Hollywood and all around to parties and night clubs together. They go out on foursomes with the Gary Cooper a lot . . . David Niven will be back by the time you read this—and everybody we know is planning a "home-coming party" for the lad. He is so popular and no wonder! What a guy! . . . Bogart and Bacall have been practically living on that boat he bought from Dick Powell. It's a gorgeous yacht—the most elaborate one that Bogie has ever owned . . . Everyone swears that the vocalist on that Harry James recording of "I Can't Begin To Tell You" is Betty Grable—although another name is printed on the record. Listen and see what you think . . . The Bill Eythe-Margaret Whiting plans are an off-again-on-again thing. The studio isn't letting him go East—which interferes with Cupid—but maybe that's their whole idea.

This and That: Impish-faced Ray McDonald—out of the Army and into the arms of June (Continued on page 19)
Every doctor in private practice was asked...

Yes, your doctor was asked too, along with thousands of others from Maine to California! Family physicians, surgeons, nose and throat specialists...doctors in every branch of medicine were asked.

Three nationally known independent research groups...hundreds of trained research specialists...put the question: "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

The answers came in by the thousands from all over the country...the actual statements of doctors themselves. Figures were checked and re-checked with scientific precision. The answer? Right! Camels! And by a very convincing margin!

According to this recent nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels
Than Any Other Cigarette!

The "T-Zone" Test Will Tell You

Now it's down in black and white. Based on the actual statements of doctors themselves to 3 outstanding independent research organizations.

This was no study of "trends." No mere "feeling the pulse" poll. This was a nationwide survey to discover the actual fact...and from statements of doctors themselves.

And the men in white have put their answers down in black and white: As the brand they smoke, the most named Camel!

Doctors smoke for the same enjoyment as the rest of us. Camel's full, rich flavor is as appealing to the doctor as to you. And Camel's mildness and coolness are as welcome to his throat as to yours...and to those millions of other smokers the world over!
Are you a modern in Gabardine?

- Are you eager, energetic; keyed to the tempo of a rapidly changing world? Then for you, streamlined gabardine and, of course, Solitair Cake Make-Up.

The modern, round-the-clock make-up—Solitair will actually give your complexion the smooth, clear, faultless-freshness you've always wanted—never before found. And since it's Solitair, your make-up looks naturally lovely, because it's the featherweight, precision blended cake make-up that never looks mask-like. Rich in lanolin, Solitair guards your skin against dryness, too. Takes only seconds to apply. No need for loose powder. Try it—you modern in gabardine! $1.60, 25¢.

- Original Gabardine suit by Anthony Blotta
- Nine leading skin specialists say, "Solitair won't clog pores!"

Solitair cake make-up

Contains Lanolin
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) Allyson—but only for a dance sequence in "Till The Clouds Roll By." Ray is now a husband and father, but how he loves those dancing shoes ... Just when Hollywood was beginning to believe all was not too well in the marriage of Laraine Day and her husband Ray Hendricks, the actress adopted two babies—which proves how wrong everyone is—we hope ... Richard Jaeckel back from Okinawa and thereabouts stayed two months in Hollywood and went right back to his Merchant Marine ship. Seriously doubt that Hollywood will ever be able to hold young Richard ... Deanna Durbin looking beautiful at lunch with her husband Felix Jackson expects her first baby very soon . . . Tyrone Power is all set to go into Twentieth Century-Fox's "Captain From Castille" with Linda Darnell. Cal remembers how unhappy Ty once was at having newcomer Linda as his leading lady. But now that Linda's changed type and gained experience and laurels, Ty must be pleased as punch . . . Two wives who do not believe in basking in the shadow of their husband's career are setting out on their own. We are talking about the muchly publicized Evie Albott, wife of Keenan Wynn, and Annelle Hayes, who is the wife of the new star Mark Stevens. Evie goes with "The Dark Corner" which stars Mark, and Annelle may return to her old studio RKO . . . That smile on Tony Martin's face seems a trifle wistful. Tony's unfortunate experiences in the war have certainly left their mark despite Hollywood's attempts at friendliness.

The Voice and the Turk: There is a special something in the voice of Turhan Bey that prompts instant recognition. It isn't accent so much as quality, and so

Success! Peter Lawford asked to meet cute Evelyn Keyes (object—date) and here they are profiled at the Trocadero together
Randy Scott, hosting party at Romanoff's, greets Olivia de Havilland, happier than in months, with new beau, Major McEwen.

Turhan, who phones frequently, never pauses to announce himself. He came over this special evening about eight-thirty to talk until almost midnight, of life in Asia, in Europe, of the service, of Plato and his philosophy, of love and its pain as well as its joys, and of the future.

He has recently been transferred from the Army to the Air Corps at Santa Ana in the special service division, which means he makes weekly visits into Hollywood to secure talent for the camp shows. Between times he sweeps out the barracks and recreation hall with his pals, also privates, there to cheer him on. He doesn't mind in the least. Seems to enjoy it as a matter of fact. A private first class now, he isn't sure just what is in store for him.

Sydney Greenstreet: At dinner recently Sydney Greenstreet told us the story of a young artist friend in England who awoke one night from a dream never to be forgotten. The artist dreamed he was walking in London when the driver of a hearse pulled up to the sidewalk and remarked, "There's room for one more." The voice and the face became so vividly etched on his mind, he found himself constantly sketching the face throughout the years. In fact, it was twenty years later when the artist hurried through the lobby of a hotel and hesitated at the door of the crowded elevator. "There's room for one more," the operator said and the artist froze. It was the voice and the remembered face. Instantly he drew back.

A half minute later the elevator broke and crashed to the basement, killing every passenger and the operator. It took twenty years for a dream to materialize, and a good memory to heed its warning.

Judy: Judy Garland and her husband Vincente Minnelli have moved into the home he owned before their marriage and are deep in (Continued on page 22)
Wet Feet? Cold Feet?
Look out for a Cold!

GARGLE WITH LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!

Germs Reduced up to
96.7% in Tests
Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"
These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Bacillus Influenzae, Staphylococcus Aureus.

How Listerine Antiseptic Can Help
This delightful antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders" . . . gives Nature a helping hand in halting the mass invasion of germs.

Naturally, plenty of rest, warmth, and light foods will help immeasurably in fighting off the infection.

Fewer Colds in Tests
You need only look at Listerine's impressive record made in tests over 12 years to see how helpful it can be. Consider:

That those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co. St. Louis, Mo.
Omm—just lean back and breathe it in—
Feel that sun on the doorstep? Sniff that freshness of earth? Why, this is the moment Yardley English Lavender is made of—meant for! Like the hour before spring—tender, gay, eternally young!

Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance, $1.75; $2.50; $1.50.
Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c, box of three tablets, $1.

Yardley English Lavender

(Continued from page 20) the throes of redecorating. Perched like an eagle high on a hill above the Strip, the house literally hangs by an eyebrow to the mountain's edge. Only one room, Judy's bedroom, has been completed, and Cal wants to go on record as saying it's the most unusual decor we've ever seen with its dark, dark maroonish walls, floors and ceilings (all one color), its dark wine bedspread, drapes and chair covers. Even the furniture is heavy and dark. With the only light spot in the room a pinkish beige string rug. In fact, the smile of happiness on Judy's face is about the only other bright spot in the room, but she adores it—and that's all that matters.

"Look at it, isn't it lovely?" she asks happily.

They've bought the two lots on either side of them, too steep for a garden, and plan to plant trees in both of them. Some fun for a nurse to perambulate the Minnelli baby over those rugged hillsides.

The nursery, also in the midst of decoration, is downstairs—the living room, bedrooms and the dining room are upstairs. Anyway they have happiness, and it does our heart good to know that after years of uncertainty Judy has found her answer.

It's a Boy: The sarong siren is singing lullabies these days and loving it. The boy, christened John Ridgely, arrived January 8 to proud parents Dorothy Lamour and William Ross Howard III. His name was picked out in advance, since both Dottie and Bill felt William Ross Howard IV too much name to tack onto their heir. Had the baby been a girl the name would have been Mary Leta, which means that a future Howard gal is already named.
INSIDE STUFF

Candid catch of two men and a laugh
—Charles Korvin and Bob Preston

They Say: Kurt Kreuger: If I’m not on top in two years, I’ll leave Hollywood.
Ingrid Bergman: I would never want to return to Sweden for my permanent home.
Pat Knight: I wanted to make certain my husband Cornel Wilde was going to be a success before I tried the screen for myself. Now, though, I’m pretty sure.

Last-minute News: The Randy Scott party held at Romanoff’s was a mecca for all Hollywood’s bright and pretty people. Lew Ayres, looking better than ever, was the lion of the evening. Lana who danced so snugly with her new beau Bob Hutton, Cary Grant looking happy for a change, with Betty Hensel, Olivia de Havilland and her beau Major McEwen, were only a few of the many guests who greeted the popular Scotts.

The Hollywood Women’s Press Club doled out the golden apples to Joan Crawford and Gregory Peck as the most cooperative players. Greer Garson and Fred MacMurray were voted the least cooperative.

Joan Crawford wept tears when she accepted the award, for only the day before she and her third husband Phil Terry had separated. Ironically enough, Phil returned to his parents’ home in Glendale, the town that was the real locale of “Mildred Pierce,” Crawford’s latest hit.

The “Leave Her To Heaven” premiere brought out the town and its stars, with Victor Mature and little June Haver sharing the spotlight with Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman and Cornel Wilde and his lovely wife Pat Knight. Mocambo afterwards was gay with everyone happy over the success of the film.

**Hips aren’t your big problem, Honey!**

**YOU CAN TAKE** your hips right off your mind, Angel. For no one finds fault with your figure!

But you’d be smart to exercise a little more care about personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won’t protect you against underarm odor. Or lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

So keep right on trusting your bath—for past perspiration. But put your trust in dependable Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—is harmless to skin and fabrics. Won’t dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances with your charm when you can be sure with Mum? Ask for a jar of it today.

*For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.*

**Mum**

Product of Bristol-Myers
READERS of Ben Ames Williams's novel will find no fault in its faithful translation to the screen, for "Leave Her To Heaven" emerges a picture of distinction, charm and power. It appeals to the heart and stirs the emotions. It disturbs and repels, holds and grips the imagination and leaves one dumbfounded that one has witnessed a fine picture, beautifully acted and pictorially lovely. The color, in fact, is outstanding and the scenery exquisite as the story shifts from a ranch in the West to Warm Springs, Virginia and on to the lakes of Maine.

Gene Tierney does the best job of her career as the possessive woman whose consuming love smothers her father to his death. Meeting Cornel Wilde, a young author, on the train as they are both headed toward the same ranch, she sees in him an image of her father and sets out to marry him. Jealous of his young brother Danny, a victim of infantile paralysis, she permits him to drown rather than lend a helping hand. Believing her unborn child will share her husband's love, she plots its death, and finally plans the most horrible deeds.

Your Reviewer Says: A great treat.

THE bypaths that lead from the central character of Miss Susie, played with such tender understanding by Lillian Gish, are so many and varied, this central character becomes vague and shadowy. Indeed, the lives and emotional experiences of so many people are involved, the heart of the picture seems completely drained.

And yet it's a good picture for all its many threads. Lillian Gish who runs the boarding house for young medical students is exactly right for the role, looks beautiful besides. Sonny Tufts minus many mannerisms delivers a fine performance, dotted with sincerity and crossed with honesty. Billy De Wolfe will be heard from again, so real and natural he is. Newcomer Joan Caulfield as the girl who pursues Sonny is a beauty and will certainly be seen more and more often. Oddly enough, Veronica Lake has hardly more than a plump bit, but she makes every moment of it count.

Your Reviewer Says: A so-different film.

WHAT use for us to cite the flaws and bemoan the story, for it's Gable's first postwar picture and movie fans, if for no other reason than that, will send its rating sky high. What we can't understand, however, is the vociferous and ham-handed Mr. Gable confessing to mouth the innocent and at times whimsical dialogue that means just nothing. Words, words, words. Such a flow!

The basic structure of the story is good that of a seafaring, heart-free guy who meets in librarian Garson his Waterloo. At loggerheads in the beginning over a little matter of Thomas Mitchell's losing his soul up Powell Street in San Francisco (that will tip you off, friends), they finally fall in love, dash to Reno for marriage, and return to San Francisco where Goo suddenly asks for a divorce. The reason seems to be that Clark loves a good time is a man of the sea, and not a homebody—of these facts perfectly well known before Reno.

Your Reviewer Says: You write your own approval of this one.

(Continued on page 26)
The Fightin'est Story of Our Roaring Frontier!

The proudest thing I can claim is that I am from Abilene
— Gen Dwight D Eisenhower

From the best-selling novel "Trail Town," by Ernest Haycox, author of "Stagecoach."
BRIGHT IDEAS
from Hollywood

DOROTHY LAMOUR
star of Paramount's
"MASQUERADE IN MEXICO"

grows her own earrings! She had clips designed that hold real flowers; now Dottie shops in the garden every morning to pick her fresh-and-fragrant jewelry for the day.

Another bright idea that Dottie shares with many other movie stars is cleaning her teeth with Calox Tooth Powder. Calox has five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth, "I depend on Calox for daily care," says Dottie.

Calox does more than cleanse and polish. It actually sweetens your breath as it brightens your teeth, leaves your mouth feeling clean and minty-fresh. For a smile of Breath-less Beauty, try Calox Tooth Powder today!

ROAD TO UTOPIA (Paramount)

O H, those big, silly wonderful B's—Bing and Bob we mean, of course, who in this film surpass all their Road to Nonsense excursions. How we love their unstudied and at times, we swear, unrehearsed tomfoolery. In fact, the boys have never seemed so relaxed, so in the "to heck with everything" mood, as one gag piles atop another.

A pair of vaudeville hams, the boys head for Alaska, where Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father's mine. Pretending to be a pair of notorious crooks of the frozen North, the boys get chased and do some chasing on their own. Villains Douglas Dumbrille and Jack LaRue have a whale of a time keeping up with the boys and their one-dog sled.

Dorothy is good as usual, but it's the boys' picture and one is conscious of little else. To reveal the gags would be to spoil the fun, so we'll merely say if you miss this, you've missed the laugh riot of the year.

Your Reviewer Says: A howl a minute.

VACATION FROM MARRIAGE (M-G-M)

QUITE the cutest thing to come out of London, probably due to Hollywood-wise Alexander Korda, is this story that places England's two fine stars, Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr, in character parts that really hum. As the meek, mousy London clerk who joins the Navy and becomes more assured and worldly wise Donat turns in a delightful hand-clappy performance that's a pet. Deborah Kerr, his cold-in-the-head little wife, equally mousy, who joins the Wrens, dons make-up and learns to flirt, is equally fine. When the two meet after a three-and-a-half-year separation with each remembering the other as he was, we really have a nice tea-cozy situation. And how these two troupe, Glynnis Johns, Ann Todd and Roland Culver are the other English performers (and good) who turn out a film almost American in feeling.

Your Reviewer Says: So delightful it is.

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES (Columbia)

OMEN psychiatrists, how sick we are of them! coy ones, especially, and Rosalind Russell a fine actress should avoid coyness like a plague. Nevertheless, the same old story of a career woman who tries to avoid love only to meet it head on, has moments of enjoyment, hilarity and even solid common sense. But there is a lot of space between such moments and Columbia hasn't provided much material for the filling in. Lee Bowman, the man who falls for Roz, almost steals the show to our notion. Adele Jergens, who tries to steal Lee, is pretty and amusing. Three old lambs pies, Charlie Winninger, Percy Kilbride and Harry Davenport, enrich the proceedings that aren't dull, you understand, but neither are they as sound as they should be. Anyway, we gave one check for Lee and one for Roz and hope for better things next time.

Your Reviewer Says: We've seen worse many's the time.

DETOUR (PRC)

PRETTY good little thing, this one, telling the story of a boy who tries to get to his sweetheart, a continent away, only to be lifted up by Fate (Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 24)
Ellen Berent was one of the world's most breath-takingly desirable women. But beneath a loveliness that made men gasp was the soul of a tigress — with a ferocity that knew no bounds; respected no laws; tore to shreds the lives of men and women, whose most innocent action aroused her insane jealousy!

No wonder the New York Times stated that "Leave Her to Heaven" (the million-copy best-seller you can now have FREE) "will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page!"

For here is a woman whose passionate career will hold you spellbound. Her whole being flamed into deadly rage if she is forced to share even a tiny part of a man's love with anyone else — or with any thing.

Her devouring love gorged itself like a wild animal after a jungle triumph. Her lies and betrayals, tore the heartstrings of others with crafty cunning. Her jealousy — as racking as a never-ending heartburn — bit like acid into every life that touched her own. This woman, who gave too little and took too much, stopped at nothing to get what she wanted!

Both Free — This Million-Copy Best Seller Which Has Just Been Made Into A Smash-Hit Movie —

Leave Her to Heaven and Also

Short Stories of De Maupassant

Leave her to Heaven is one of the most fascinating love stories of our time. And now you may have it FREE — as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!"

In addition, you ALSO receive, FREE, Short Stories of De Maupassant, containing over fifty tales of love, hate, intrigue, jealousy and passion — complete and unexpurgated, the frankest stories of their kind ever written!

Read of ball-of-fat, buxom girl of easy virtue — and what she did! Read Love, Mademoiselle Fifi, Story of a Farm Girl, A Bad Error — and all the best works of this master of daring realism!

Our Double-Gift to You — Both These Books FREE!

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Ben Ames Williams, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway — selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

And every month you receive a BONUS book — a masterpiece of immortal literature. These classics are uniformly bound. They grow into a handsome lifetime matched library. The great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Balzac, Zola, etc.

This club builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces.

You do NOT have to take every selection.

The new book plus the Bonus book sent you each month are valued at $3.50 to $4.00 in the publisher's edition. But you get BOTH for only $1.49!

You do NOT have to accept each monthly selection and Bonus book; only six of your own choice during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. And each month the club's "Bulletin" describes a number of other popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one or two of these to the regular selection, you may choose it instead. There are no membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Accept This Trial Membership — No Obligation

Send the coupon without money. Read these two gift books for five days. If they do not convince you that this is "America's biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. But if these volumes DO demonstrate that subscribing to the Book League is the wisest move a reader can make today, then keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's new selection and Bonus book. Mail coupon for your TWO FREE BOOKS NOW! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-3, Garden City, N. Y.
"Turn away!
   Turn away!"

"You can't stop
   loving him!"

"You can't,
   You can't!"

GENE TIERNEY in
Dragonwyck
From the Novel by Anya Seton
with
WALTER HUSTON
VINCENT PRICE
GLENN LANGAN

Written for the Screen and Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

and ANNE REVERE • SPRING BYINGTON
CONNIE MARSHALL • HENRY MORGAN

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
They said goodbye—first stormily, then pleasantly. Here is the story from one who has watched first-hand the marriage of Joan Crawford and Phil Terry

BY RUTH WATERBURY

At an hour before midnight, nine days before Christmas, Louella Parsons broke the news that Joan Crawford and Phillip Terry had separated.

I think I can safely say I was one of the very few people in Hollywood who wasn’t startled by the information. Heartick, yes, because Joan and Phil, together and individually, are both such nice people. But the only surprise to me in the announcement was that the parting had come so dramatically. In the Crawford library the Christmas tree was already alight and only the night before I had sat on the floor under it and wrapped gifts for Christina and Phillip Jr. The big holly wreaths were up at the windows and the outer doors. The children already had their new Christmas clothes laid aside for the joyous occasion. I had thought that Joan and Phil would weather it through the holidays. But that they would part before many weeks, I felt (and I use that verb “felt” deliberately) was inevitable.

You see, Joan and I have known one another since long before she did “Dancing Daughters,” through three of her marriages and two of mine, through illnesses and ups and downs, with scarcely a day without an exchange of phone calls or a week without our spending at least a few hours together. In other words, it’s the type of friendship only possible between two women who know the complete truth about each other.

That Sunday night of the parting, Joan’s telephone call wakened me about eleven. “Oh, Ruthie,” she said, “Parsons just called me to ask if Phil and I had separated. How she knew Phillip had left for his parents’ home this evening, I don’t know, but it is true, so I admitted it. But I can’t talk about why we (Continued on page 122)
Smoke Screen
Lolly takes the lid off the romance of June Haver and Victor Mature which has more question marks as to the outcome than “Take It Or Leave It”

NO ROMANCE in Hollywood has been operating behind more of a smoke screen than the heart affair of June Haver and Vic Mature. Part of this is due to the fact that it’s June’s first grown-up romance and she herself is in a state of perplexity, infatuation and indecision where Vic is concerned. And part of it is due to the mercurial Mature who would keep even the Answer Man guessing.

I’ve talked to both—with some interesting results. But before I tell you what June said to me, I’m going to let you in on a few secrets which she didn’t happen to mention that day she came over to my house to talk about Vic and what goes with them.

In spite of the fact that the world knows that June’s mother does not approve of her romance and June says she would never marry without permission—I know she went to one of the heads of her studio and admitted she was seriously considering marrying the handsome hunk of man.

I also know that they got as far as Palm Springs in an elopement on one occasion before June changed her mind. She is a very religious little girl, and her faith forbids marriage to a divorced man.

As for Vic, he has told me that he is very much in love with June and I believe him. But with that boy, well, he has been in love before—and has told me so.

Just when I thought he was carrying a torch a mile high because Rita Hayworth had married Orson Welles, he called me long distance in New York announcing that he and Anne Shirley had matrimonial plans! That was just one occasion. Before Rita, he was ma-a-ad about Lana Turner and pretty little Buff Cobb has recently been in his love life, too.

I like Vic—but he doesn’t fool me. Even he would have to admit that his loves are subject to change—and frequently—without notice.

So now you know what I knew that day I invited June over to my house to let her hair down. Over a cup of coffee (she doesn’t drink anything stronger, and I don’t dare) I asked, “Junie, are you going to marry Vic?”

She’s only nineteen and she looked even more like a kid than usual in the simple little blue slack suit she was wearing that just matched her eyes. She looked straight at me and was very serious when she answered, “No, I’m not going to marry for a long, long time.”

“Does that long, long time mean, perhaps, about two years more when you will be of age and legally free to marry the man you love in spite of paternal objections?”

“I would never marry Vic or anyone else without the blessing of my mother—if that is what you mean,” she said with that straight-from-the-shoulder-way June has of talking. “My mother and I have been too close and there is too much deep understanding between us—for that. It would (Continued on page 104)

The fire burns bright: Victor Mature, Twentieth Star; and little June Haver of “Three Little Girls In Blue”
NO MATTER how many characters I play from now on, it's distressing to think that I'll always be best remembered as the guy who gave Ingrid Bergman a close shave—a Hollywood knave whose sole claim to fame lies in his having made love with a razor in his hand.

It's the toughest acting I've ever done—not only the razor episode, but skiing down that long slope making faces at Ingrid in "Spellbound."

"Look as if you're going to kill her!" said Director Hitchcock.

So for five minutes skiing along beside her, I had to leer, squinch my eyes, grit my jaw and make faces. No matter how much imagination you may have, nobody could ever feel like making faces at her. She's as regular as they come.

You learn a lot about any star with whom you appear in a motion picture. During the three months that you spend together making a picture like "Spellbound," you see more of them than you do of your own family, and you see them under long hard working hours and tense situations that could have you running up white flags in formation. You can throw away the flag pole with Miss B. She was my favorite actress before I ever met her and she's still my favorite after working with her. She's even tempered, considerate, and has a super sense of humor.

I've been a Bergman fan ever since those first days when I was going to dramatic school at the Neighborhood Playhouse on 46th Street in New York and used to see her getting in and out of an elevator on our floor. Ingrid had come to New York then to do "Liliom" with Burgess Meredith and was coming up to our school to study dancing with Martha Graham. Most of us had seen her in "Intermezzo" and we all thought she was great.

I didn't have any classes with her, but since all the classrooms were on the same floor of the office building, I was always seeing her around. She usually wore an old trench coat, a beret, low-heeled shoes and she always looked perfectly natural, just as she does now. Just an unaffected friendly-looking girl whom you felt you could walk right up and talk to. But remembering how famous she was, I kept hanging back and trying to figure out some way to break the ice and speak to her. Two months later when she left school, I still hadn't figured one out.

Certainly I had no idea that I'd be doing a picture with her a few years hence. We didn't meet in Hollywood until we were getting ready to make "Spellbound" and I was very glad to note then that the impression I'd had of her in New York was the same as that I got some five years later when we met on a test stage at Selznick Studios.

This came (Continued on page 68)
"I used to see her with beret and trench coat in the elevator at dramatic school.

Now five years later, I've come to know her greatness as a human being"
Heart of a Yankee

A newsreel gave Van back his faith in his dream. Next to be seen in "No Leave, No Love."
Sometimes, it is said, life imitates art.

The arrival of Van Johnson in New York was pure art, from the dramatic point of view. By which I mean that no author writing a fiction story could possibly better it as a scene representing a scared but determined boy arriving from the small town bracket to make good in the world’s biggest city.

The tall youngster who trudged up a ramp into Grand Central Station that hot summer afternoon in 1936 actually carried a straw suitcase, he actually wore a battered straw hat. Standing there overawed by the architectural beauty of the vast building, by the multitude of its activities, the scurrying throngs of people all intent upon their own business, Van Johnson was any boy from New England hitting the big town for the first time. But the wide-eyed gaze, which was then and still is entirely sincere, the shock of unruly red-blond hair, the friendly smile even when nobody smiled back—these were all special to Van Johnson.

For a moment he was stunned by it all. His heart did a dive into his shoes and the smile flickered and almost went out.

The real moment of decision in Van Johnson’s life was right then.

It had taken him quite a while to make up his mind to come at all. A New Englander and a Swede to boot, he is a careful, almost a cautious, thinker—inclined to be very sure of his goal before he moves, and then to move inexorably toward it, no matter what the obstacles. When he played on his high-school football team, the visitors never looked for flashy, tricky runs from Johnson, but once he got possession of the ball and started ploughing through he went places even if he had to carry two or three opposing linemen with him.

So after he was graduated from Rogers High School, he went about his routine life trying to make up his mind. Working as a bookkeeper in his father’s real estate office, meeting his friends, taking his pretty blonde sweetheart to a dance or to the movies, getting an extra job as a waiter at a clam house called the Barnacle—the ordinary existence of an American boy just out of school—but all the time underneath the question tormented him.

This burning desire to get into motion pictures, this strange inner conviction that he could make a success of it, was it just the movie itch that a lot of young people get? Should he settle down to his knitting in Newport, Rhode Island, and spend the rest of his life there as his father had done before him? Or was it a true call, a real vocation which was intended for fulfillment?

Lois Sanborn, the tall, handsome girl who ran the Barnacle restaurant, put out a hand and swayed the scales. In the end, hers was the voice that sent him on his way to movie stardom, to becoming a factor to be reckoned with in the minds and hearts of Americans.

She had, this red-headed girl, a quality that was new to Van Johnson, that was in its way un-New England. Not only enormous vitality, but a sort of dry, brilliant irony—a deep philosophy, unusual in so young a woman perhaps, that a man should always try to fulfill his (Continued on page 129)
FIRST LADY—SECOND TIME

BY FRED R. SAMMIS

TIME was the cocktail hour. Place was the playroom in Louella Parsons's Maple Drive home. Reason was for this editor to mix a special Martini with the vermouth applied by breathing the cork over the ice. It was to be a tête-à-tête, the conversation strictly on the intimate—or you don't print it—variety.

The bar spoon was no sooner in the shaker when the doorbell rang and in swept a slim, vibrant lady haloed with spun-gold hair. If the bar spoon clattered to the floor it was not accident but simple consternation. You see, this was a year ago and the winners of the Photoplay Gold Medals as America's most popular stars of the year had not been whispered to a single curious person in the entire forty-eight states.

I knew that the actress of the year was to be Greer Garson, but Louella Parsons didn't know and certainly Greer Garson didn't. And here she was, charm, sophistication, humor all wrapped up in as exciting a package as Hollywood and acting talent could present. The next half hour was fun, excitement, worry. The announcement of Greer's winning the Gallup movie poll was to be made in exactly five days. For five days then the secret must be kept and neither Martinis, Hollywood's best reporter nor a redhead must worm the secret out of the editor, unaccustomed as he was to Spartan silence.

The secret was kept. It is not, however, an assignment to welcome often. It demanded speed afoot, avoiding cleverly camouflaged snares and the ability to resist rapier counter thrusts. To this day, let it be added, I don't know whether a spy had stumbled on Photoplay's secret and rushed to Greer with it, who then learned from Louella I was to be at her home that day, or whether Louella had the secret, cunningly called Greer without my knowing it and mysteriously (Continued on page 106)
He is punctual to work but usually late to dates. Once was a parking-lot attendant.

He never ran away from home, his attitudes are realistic. Next in “Two Sisters From Boston”
He is an avid reader of Philip Wylie—and mystery novels

The little things that go to make up a remarkable lad—British-born American favorite, Peter Lawford

He does not plan to marry “for at least six or eight years.”

He hates Martini cocktails.

He used to jitterbug “like mad,” but is now concentrating on the tango. He is very fond of peanuts and olives.

He cannot abide girls in heavy make-up. He was baptized Peter Sydney Ernest Lawford.

He is gradually breaking himself of the habit of biting his nails, and is addicted to doodling in meaningless geometric designs.

He is a fatalist and prides himself on his ability to fry eggs sunny side up. He was born on September 7, 1923, in London.

He admits to being a “pidgeon” in gin rummy and made his first film appearance at the age of seven in “Old Bill,” which was produced in London in 1930. He is six feet tall.

He has not read “Forever Amber,” calls his mother Honey, and has traveled twice around the world visiting thirteen countries.

He would rather marry “out of the business.”

His greatest extravagance is clothes and his hypersensitiveness frequently depresses him at some unwitting remark. He is very fond of plain chocolate candy.

He never ran away from home, likes avocados only in shrimp cocktails and is an avid reader of Philip Wylie, whose “Finley Wren” he has read several times.

He is left-handed.

He delights in playing practical jokes on the telephone, always carries a comb and is the only son of Lieut.-General (retired) Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford—lives with them in a modest white cottage

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE
A skier who slalomed into a talent scout, a traveler who wanted to be a five-and-ten-cent store king—Kurt Kreuger of “Sentimental Journey”
YOU could have told him, just from looking at him. A number of Hollywood biggies did tell him but it seemed absurdly fantastic to Kurt Kreuger—the idea that he might become an actor. "I am a business man, pure and simple!" he protested. "Actors are artists and I—well, what I want is to own a string of ten-cent stores! I'll do whatever I can at first and then I shall work up to my ambition." This was soon after Kurt arrived from his native Switzerland.

And then it happened to him—acting—like measles and a more pleasantly bewildered man you never saw. Now, having viewed the Hollywood hocus-pocus at close range, he thinks he likes it and, what's more, he thinks there is "good business to be done here, too." But he'll feel safer when he has those ten-cent stores.

And don't be fooled by his mundane ambitions or the fact that he has played mostly "heavies" in pictures. Kurt has glamour, a nice, masculine sort of glamour, of course. But it is a compelling quality which makes photographers flock around him at premieres and big parties, even if they don't know exactly who he is, as they often did not in his early days in Hollywood. They are sure he must be someone or he wouldn't look and act like that!

He is brown and lean, a sun-burned blond and his smile flashes excitingly. Women look at him and say, "oooh!" and reach for their lipsticks and wonder nervously about the state of their eyelashes, but men shake his hand and start talking sports because he looks as if he knew about such things. And he does.

He should. Sports were his chief interest in life for years before he came to this country. Kurt learned to ski while he was still very young simply because every Swiss boy learns that art . . . and it was so much fun that he also learned to ride and to do lots of other strenuous outdoor things, just for the joy he got out of doing them. (Continued on page 72)
Mr. Gage gives his bargaining power a brush-up by a quick look at "Easy Spanish" on a shopping tour.

Esther and Ben found quaint little silver shops and bought many gifts with Christmas and families in mind.

Honeymoon

A pair in paradise south of the border—

indefatigable Hymie Fink scoops 'em

all with gay pictures and intimate story about Esther Williams and Ben Gage.
I LITTLE did I dream until that December day when I flew to Mexico City that I was going to go overboard for another Hollywood honeymoon couple.

Maybe it's just that there's something super-romantic in that Mexican sunlight and those Mexican nights. Or maybe it's because Esther Williams and Ben Gage do seem to be two of the happiest kids ever. Or maybe it's just because I knew I was being a terrible nuisance after I picked them up in Mexico City when they were trying to keep their happiness—quite naturally—to themselves.

After the wedding and reception back in Hollywood all of us lens guys had chased them to the midnight plane bound for Mexico City.

Then through the Fink spy system, I had found out that in spite of her happiness and desire to talk over with Ben everything that had happened, Esther had been so tired she had fallen asleep the moment the plane had got off the ground. And Ben, because of his
The groom hides behind a Mardi Gras mask while his bride giggles.

Esther rehearse the art of "Capote" with Louis Briones, famous mator dor, for her forthcoming picture, "Fiesta," being made in Mexico.

Esther gives the bouquet to the trainer and jockey of the winning horse at Guadra, Mexico.

six feet five and a half inches, had spent the first night of his honeymoon stretching out in the aisle. When Esther awoke as the plane came down at the border for customs inspection, there was her groom stretched out at her feet, dead to the world.

M-G-M had given Esther a week off for her honeymoon before she had to go back to work on "Fiesta." She and Ben were planning to slip off to one of those quaint little Mexican seaside towns where they could relax in the sun and water, for this is their idea of about the best fun on earth. That's what they planned. But the minute they arrived in Mexico City there were friends inviting them to dinner, there were requests for Esther to appear at various events, there were all kinds of people calling to congratulate them. It was dawn of the second day of their marriage before they were finally alone.

The next day they did slip out of town for a whole twenty-four hours, after which they had to come back because, having been a radio announcer and singer before entering the Army, Ben had a contract to make some recordings in Hollywood. Of course, this would be the week they chose to make them! But since these recordings were going to pay for their trip to Mexico, the love birds reconciled themselves to being separated for a few days. (Continued on page 120)
Spanish splendor—bride and groom come merrily down the steps of Reforma Hotel

HONEYMOON IN MEXICO

Esther beats Ben to the draw on hiding behind the paper

Shopping spree—this time for gay Mexican materials
S is for Salome, a Biblical beauty. D is for De Carlo who made the ancient siren torchy modern news

Yvonne, where she danced

BY DOROTHY DEERE

"SALOME" DE CARLO, they'll tell you at Universal Where She Danced, is one in 20,000, picked from that many aspirants for the role. When discovered, it turned out she'd been in Hollywood all the time, well hidden behind a heap of cheesecake at Paramount. Which isn't the first time a nation-wide search has ended up in the movie town's own back yard.

In Yvonne De Carlo's case, her picture arrived in producer Walter Wanger's hands by detour. It came the long way 'round from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, sent in by a group of Royal-Canadian Air Force bombardiers who'd voted her their favorite pin-up girl. "They liked me because I'm a native of Canada, too——" says Yvonne.

Of course—only it wasn't her nationality that showed up in the photo and all things considered, the boys thought she rated a starring role. Mr. Wanger hesitated long enough to sweep 19,999 other photos off his desk.

Salome has been well described, so it wasn't as if the studio had nothing to go by. Among the requirements, according to Oscar Wilde, were "Hands like fluttering white butterflies—feet like little white flowers that dance upon the (Continued on page 80)
In the bedroom of the first home Yvonne ever owned where she lives with her mother and pet dog and cat.

She was in an act with a “gorilla” in a night club. A friend made the remark that made her mad enough to quit.
Crowned for the second time as
“America’s most popular”—there’s
a reason for the Crosby coronation.
A famous friend tells you why

BY ELSA MAXWELL

BING’S king pin in Hollywood. For a second time he’s received the Photoplay Gold Medal awarded to the man star whom a year-round, nation-wide poll by Dr. George Gallup’s Audience Research, Inc., has voted The People’s Choice.

Bing, however, doesn’t stop with being a great actor. He goes on to be a great human being. It’s Bing, the human being, I want to talk about.

Years ago—I may as well get this over with right now—I couldn’t see Bing for sour apples. Whenever I received a new batch of his records or dialed the radio to his singing I was irritated. In those days crooners were something new and not too highly esteemed in the music world. It was Bing, remember, who blazed the trail for the Frank Sinatras, Perry Como’s, Dick Todd’s (keep your eye and ear on this lad, by the way), Dick Haymeses, Jerry Waynes and such.

When Bing began making pictures I still couldn’t see him for sour apples. He never made a fool of himself by monopolizing the camera or by mugging, but neither was he any great shakes as an actor. In spite of all this, however—since I’m in a self-revealing mood—there was something about him that kept him in my mind, in spite of myself.

It was the same way when I came to know him casually. Meeting at the races at Tanforan Park in San Francisco one day we entered a “Hello, how are you?” relationship. Bing never pursued our acquaintanceship further and neither did I. Actually I doubt he ever has pursued anyone. He’s a complete contradiction of the fact that it’s the aggressive male with push and initiative who gets ahead. Impeccable manners and advertising executives offering fabulous contracts always complain they have to pursue him—and pursue him!

On the other hand I didn’t pursue Bing. He did not frequent the social groups I knew and he was a type that didn’t interest me in the least. He belonged to a rather horsey set, actually, and liked to sit up late and bend the elbow in a hail-stag-well-met fashion with the boys.

Nevertheless, once I met Bing I began asking questions about him. I liked what I heard about his relationship with his four boys, Gary, the twins, Phil and Denny, and Larry.

I also rather liked the fact that Bing stayed away from Hollywood parties, odd as this may seem coming from the party champ I am supposed to be. I thought this indicated that Bing, who never monopolized the camera in the studio and never did exhibitionistic handsprings for (Continued on page 108)
The People's Choice, winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal—Bing Crosby of “The Bells Of St. Mary's”
Pull up the cracker barrel, stranger,
and hear tell this story about a crooner
who can out-ride and out-shoot the
best of the boys up Elko way

SOME sixty miles above Elko, Nevada, as the
snow flies—which it does—there’s one poll
that Bing Crosby wins that nobody knows
anything about. One which is completely by-
passed by Hollywood.

It’s the Sit-Up Poll (not to be confused with
the Gallup Poll) of the folks who sit around
the belly stove of the general merchandise
store in Tuscarora and give Bing their unani-
mous sitting vote. All twelve of ’em.

They don’t pay any attention to the other
polls. To the stove-sitters he isn’t the very
famous film and radio star but just Cowboy
Crosby, Singin’ Squire of the Quarter-Circle-S.
They don’t vote for him for his actin’, or even
his singin’—though they do get snatches of
crooned cadenzas from time to time—but be-
cause he’s a regular fellow who can out-ride
and out-shoot any of them and he makes a
mighty good listener around the stove.

They don’t have any Oscar to give . . . bein’
as Bing already has the only one around those
parts . . . a nag named “Oscar” out at the
ranch. But to him goes the number one spot,
the seat of honor, the cracker barrel around
the stove.

Whenever Crosby’s on the cracker barrel
the community gathers for a stoveside chat.
Wearing levis, smoking his pipe, his boots
propped up like theirs on the iron rail around
the stove, Bing just listens while they swap
stories or tell tall tales about the old days.
Sometimes he asks a question or two . . .
whether they think cattle prices will go up,
whether the telephone lines will go down.
Reckon it’s gonna snow tonight? Somebody
goes out and takes a look. Yep—looks like
snow. Yep, the lines’ll go down. He takes
another contented puff on his pipe thinking
about tomorrow. No telephone calls from
Hollywood. Good deer hunting day. Better
get some hay over to the east forty. Cattle
will be hungry—can’t eat in the snow. And so
it goes—just passin’ the time of day. Course
that’s about all you can pass in Tuscarora—
less’n maybe it’s the biscuits Bing’s cook,
Chinese Charlie, makes out at the Quarter-
Circle-S.

Time was when they could brag about a lot
around there, besides Bing’s ranch being four
miles from town. Used to be the biggest town
in Nevada. Booming with gold mines, with
5,000 Chinese working there. Now it’s a ghost
town with buildings slowly falling on their
faces. With a population of about twelve or
thirteen, countin’ (Continued on page 126)
Hold still, little dogie, hold still! Eighteen below and branding time

What's for chow? Ask the king of the kitchen, Chinese Charlie
WRITING about Lucille Ball is somewhat like writing the libretto for a Walt Disney cartoon. She's not a complete mad-cap, mind you. She just has a faculty for making the commonplace into fun and frolic. Her whole person and personality is in technicolor. Red is a little bit redder on Luci, blue a little bluer and laughter a little more real. And best of all, she's ninety-nine per cent heart. In Luci all the fine fundamentals of friendship are a la mode. That "Ball of Fire" tag is an apt one. Her every mental and physical process is spontaneous combustion . . . her sense of humor is perpetual motion.

I hesitate to attempt an extensive description of Luci. It couldn't be good enough, and besides, she'd probably sound like a screwball! It's just that she lives a happy, bouncy, impulsive sort of existence that we more inhibited folk would relish if we weren't such inhibited folk. So I shan't describe Luci so much as just plain talk about her and hope that you will get the general idea.

Her thoughtfulness seems a good beginning. Like all her traits, it's a bombastic sort of thoughtfulness. I'm always reminded of her arrival at a friend's baby shower staggering under a gargantuan load of gifts and saying, "Well I may not have brought the best present, but by gosh I brought the most!"

Actually, she's always so exuberant and vital that it's difficult to think of her as she was for so long after her automobile accident, crippled in a wheel chair. And, of course, I find fresh hope for my complete recovery, not to mention fresh courage to wait and fight for it, whenever I'm with her.

It was when I was playing the hospital circuit that I really found out about Luci. One morning a tremendous florist box arrived. I opened it with great anticipation only to find one yellow rose and a card saying, "Hi, Susiface—Luci." It occurred to me that we had the same strict business manager and that she probably only had twenty-five cents left of her allotted weekly budget money. Well, the next day arrived and so did another huge box, one yellow rose, and "Hi Susiface—Luci." This went on for five months until our mutual business advisor called to suggest that either I get well or Lucille purchase a florist shop. I got well. All kidding aside, Luci's was a very practical idea. I was never without at least a half dozen perfect yellow roses in my room, for as one died another took its place.

And then there was the food department. "Why don't you eat more?" said Luci. "I don't like the food!" I said. So Luci brought food—butter from her ranch, home-made fresh bread, pies from her mother and goulash by Ball—and good! (Continued on page 98)
Dynamo with a heart—Lucille Ball, as generous

as she is vital, as unpredictable as a slot machine

“Luci was the tar of tars on our fishing trip. We crowned her Miss Seaweed,” says Susan, shown here with husband Dick Quine and Lucille
Beauty in thought—Gene Tierney of “Leave Her To Heaven”

Peasant mood for Gene, starring also in “Dragonwyck”

Double take of sophistication
—Gene in a favorite bonnet
Countess from Brooklyn

Soup for breakfast and mad gay hats—among the many

fascinating finds on this regal miss, Gene Tierney

**Personal history:** Born twenty-five years ago in Brooklyn, New York; attended fashionable schools from Connecticut to Switzerland; made her debut in New York society—and then raced from Park Avenue to Broadway to Hollywood Boulevard!

**What her Beverly Hills home is like:** It's like a farm house on Cape Cod—not a palm tree in sight! It's an old white house set in two and one-half acres of charming grounds, complete with guest house and mountain view.

**Who lives under the same roof with her:** Her husband, Count Oleg Cassini; her little daughter Daria; and a nurse.

**Who lives under the guest-house roof:** The latest cook—who wallows luxuriously in her own living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath—and then walks out because there's no bus or streetcar up to the hilltop home!

**The nearest neighbors from whom to borrow that cup of sugar:** Gregory Peck and Elizabeth Bergner, both of whose houses look down on Gene's rooftop.

**Favorite colors in her closet:** She goes for fascinating color combinations in clothes—black and brown; bottle green and royal blue; navy blue and black. In her simpler moods she choses straight black, beige, or teal blue.

**Favorite colors in a room:** Her dream room (which is still a dream) is a color combine of gray, yellow, and white.

**What she does the minute she enters her home:** She takes off her shoes, lipstick and dress—and gets into wool jersey slacks (bright red with black dots) and a sweater (black). "I firmly believe that no girl should wear make-up around her own home—she should look natural," says Gene.

**What you'll always find on her head:** The prettiest lettuce-fresh hat in town—her latest being a black velvet and Mexican pink job by Schiaparelli—the first Paris hat over on the first post-war boat. Her other current favorites are a white feather number and a smart navy blue one with a bright red bow. (Continued on page 78)
A ROMANTICIST, according to Zachary Scott, is one who patronizes the finest restaurant, orders their most delectable dish, relishes it rapturously, and during the entire procedure is fully aware that he’ll wind up doing dishes to pay the check.

Zachary Scott is a romanticist. Some of his most mercurial moments have been spent in kitchens reaching from Texas to Trinidad. But only the best kitchens, those that featured foods of imagination and distinction. The hash house circuit never figured prominently on the Scott itinerary, not even for a one night stand. Of course, Zack was very young then, still in his teens, but already he was reaching out to life with a fervor that has only mellowed with the passing of passionate years.

One kitchen in particular stands out in Zack’s memory. It marked a milestone. The direct result, a turning point for a boy whose destiny had already embraced everything but the commonplace. Born and bred in Austin, Texas, Zack went to England for reasons of his own. His genteel mother and two adoring Southern sisters pretty much worshipped the very ground their only son and brother walked on. His dad, a prominent surgeon, wanted Zack for his assistant.

“It was lack of emotional stability that finally forced me to make my decision,” Zack analyzes. “Actually, the profession of a doctor or surgeon is the most romantic and exciting in the world, and the most
... also known as Mr. Zachary Scott, who might have been a surgeon if he hadn't been a romanticist

BY JERRY ASHER

In England, Zack played the Provinces. He did anything and everything to know more about his chosen profession. There were times when things weren't too promising. When he made money, Zack spent it on the finest foods, clothes and entertainment. During one particularly precarious period, he attired himself in sartorial splendor, dined handsomely in one of the finest restaurants in London's West End. After brandy and a demi-tasse, he retired gracefully to the kitchen. It was the year of 1934.

In odd moments, which became more and more frequent, Zack's thoughts turned to Elaine Anderson back in Texas. It was a college romance and typical, fluctuating between the torrid and the tepid. Quite suddenly Zack decided the time was propitious for leaving England. That old one about two living as cheaply as one had a very personal significance. His last shilling went for a third class passage on an old tub crowded (Continued on page 76)

Elaine, Zack and little daughter Waverly in a strictly-Scott huddle in their Hollywood home
This book of Kley’s sketches is Linda’s favorite

Siren in Slacks

BY DIANE SCOTT
B

EHIND the Mona Lisa smile and calm poise that cloak the conflicting saint-and-siren qualities of Linda Darnell is a personality as colorful as the femmes fatale she now portrays.

Along with the Madonna-like beauty of her face, there's a lush warmth that hints of her emotional fire. The big brown Bambi eyes that look dreamy are wide-awake and occasionally shoot sparks that show you why her career is now soaring as a successful screen siren. She has a smile that would melt a picket line, yet beneath the natural friendliness there's also a stubborn determination that has overridden an inferiority complex almost unbelievable in anyone so beautiful and has carried her over the hurdles of Hollywood. For, typical Texan that she is, she always has in reserve when needed the fire that has distinguished Texans as famous fighters since the days of Davy Crockett and the gang who drew their line in the Alamo.

For most of her life she's been in the midst of some personal crisis, whether minute or otherwise, that called on her to well remember the Alamo. And the calm poise and the smile have often been her best defense, as well as her best hold card in Hollywood.

In childhood they hid the disappointment of losing a beauty contest, after a group ganged up on her and supported another girl. Later they concealed the sense of failure she felt and the dread of facing the kids at Sunset High when she was sent back home in two successive tries at Hollywood. They covered up her fears when she came back the third time—a too-big success, this naive fifteen-year-old with the great brown eyes and the bewildered look, who found herself a star over night, walking into the arms of James Ellison and Tyrone Power to portray a woman of twenty-five with emotions she couldn't even understand.

She's had to call on her fighting reserve a lot since then. When she finally rebelled against family friction and too much discipline at home and moved into an apartment, facing raised eyebrows and criticisms, without being able to tell anybody any of the reasons why. When she fell desperately in love with an older man and fought to marry him, not only against the advice of others, but against that of Pev himself, who had to be convinced that it was the right thing for her to do. And when, after top stardom, she saw herself slipping, being by-passed for parts she wanted, she fought against being liquidated in too-sweet roles.

They said she was "too good to be bad" but Linda Darnell turned loose the tom-toms and the boom was on

Linda all a-bustle for "Centennial Summer"
Duckie,” as he calls her, corners Pev in chess game

Linda bought this hat on an impulse—has never worn it

Linda lands a bull’s-eye on merry-go-round hat rack

Siren in Slacks

At that time she begged for sexier, more sophisticated parts. Producers eyed her with a tolerant “there-there-little-girl” look and inferred that she would have to grow up, that she was too sweet to be bad.

There was one stretch when she didn’t work for nineteen months, during which she bit her nails in nervousness, did Army shows, worked at hospitals, painted, took up the study of religions and was even delving into the psychology of dreams. Her chances of becoming an actress remained a nightmare.

Finally the Bambi look left her brown eyes. She asked them to really look at her. “I’m grown up now,” she announced. “I can’t stay a sweet little thing all my life. Life doesn’t treat you that way. There comes a time when you learn what it’s all about. I can do those sexy things—and I’ll show you. . . .”

When she took the part of the Russian peasant girl with the dresses falling off her shoulders in “Summer Storm,” she again fought against the advice of her friends, her studio, even against that of Pev, who felt that it wasn’t a big enough production for her.

After the preview, the “S” adjectives started rolling her way—“Scorchy—sultry—sexy—sensational!” And Twentieth Century-Fox started combing feverishly through all their scripts looking for “bad” women parts. “It was really a moral victory more than any-
thing else,” says Linda—or perhaps she meant immoral victory.

Now with her performance as the sultry waitress Stella, who deals Dana Andrews so much mental misery in “Fallen Angel,” Linda’s career is really booming.

Though she looks Latin in coloring, she’s actually English—with a dash of Cherokee that really comes to the surface when she gets mad. You can all but see the tom-toms smouldering behind her usually wide-open eyes. Whenever she blazes, it’s a three-alarm fire.

She will get furious over any criticism of her marriage to Pev Marley, or any vicious report that it isn’t working out. As one radio columnist found out when he boasted over the air that he had the “inside story of the break-up of Linda Darnell and her husband,” even going to the point of naming the “other man,” Linda and Pev were sitting at home quietly reading when they heard it, and for a minute Linda was so stunned that she couldn’t even think of when she’d seen the man in question—finally remembering that he’d stopped by her box at the races to say hello one day.

The tom-toms were really touched off recently when, after having been married for over two years without a honeymoon, she was given (Continued on page 117)
HE wonderful thing about sociability is that anyone can have it. Some people—they're lucky—are born with it. Anyone, however, can attain it. It's largely a matter of being thoughtful of the other fellow.

My pet peeve is superfluous apologies. They're such a nuisance to those who have to listen to them.

I remember the evening this first was brought to my attention—so forcibly that I've never forgotten it... It was a lovely dinner-party and I had the sense of well-being that comes when everything is right, when the food and music is superb and the conversation is not forced.

Suddenly a bustling bit of femininity fluttered into the vacant chair on my right.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I do hate being late! And I try so hard to be on time." Then to me she confided, "I know I look a perfect fright. My hair, my dear..." This went on to include her entire appearance, from her shoes to her nail polish. My neck got a crick from turning to reassure her.

This woman had an aura of haste and confusion. Consequently, she foisted her lack of proper planning or management or whatever caused her haste and confusion, on everyone at that party. No fair!

Pet Peeve No. 2 in my book is turning compliments back on the innocent and well-meaning people who offer them. For instance, if your escort says, "I like your hair," he is being gracious, trying to make you feel relaxed and beautiful. When you disagree with him you create a difficult situation because you imply either that he has no taste or that he is insincere. It's easier and kinder—and much more poised!—to smile and say "Thank you, so much!"

Pet Peeve No. 3. The repetition of these pronouns—"I" and "my." When we are with others—if we want others to like being with us—we can make an effort to talk about something besides ourselves.

Whereupon I'll sign off. There's no worse bore, after all, than the person who talks too long about anything!
SURELY the best way not to be a social nuisance is to avoid doing those things which irritate us in others.

I, for instance, have trained myself to give everyone who talks to me undivided attention, because I know of nothing more exasperating than to talk to a man or a woman whose eyes are forever roaming over the room. A man with whom I dined last night did this. The only time he kept his eyes on anyone was when he was talking—and need I add that, for the most part, he talked about himself. The rest of the time he craned his neck to see who was coming in, interrupted anyone's and everyone's conversation to ask, "Who's that, Mrs. So and So?" And often he seemed more interested in what was being eaten and said at a near-by table than in anything else.

Next in my list of social nuisances are:

1. The man or woman who asks: "Where are you going on your vacation?" and then, twenty minutes later, just as if you hadn't answered, asks the same question again. These people make it all too clear that they really care nothing about you whatsoever; that they ask their questions idly, with no real interest in what you are doing.

2. The man or woman who keeps on talking while the waiter endeavors to take an order. A luncheon or dinner—or even such a simple thing as afternoon tea—goes much more smoothly if a minute or two is given over completely to the waiter.

3. Last, but not at all least on my list, are those irritating human beings who sit beside you at parties and talk to you so steadily that you cannot escape them. Usually they talk about their work or ask about your work. I go to parties for relaxation—to escape my work, interesting as I usually find it. I think most people feel this way. At parties I avoid talking about what I do for a living—or talking to anyone so insistently that they cannot, if they wish, escape me. And I watch the faces of these people I talk to—to make sure I have their interest—that they're not only listening politely, that they're not eager to get away.

Give yourself this quiz—then check what the stars say to get your person-to-person rating

Answer the following twelve questions with "Yes," "Sometimes," or "No." Keep a count of the number of replies in each group, then check below for your score.

1. Do you knock before you open a closed door in your home?
2. When you meet people do you go straight up to them and ask, "How are you?" or something similar?
3. Do you look after your guests' comfort before they arrive, rather than inquiring what they'd like after they arrive?
4. Are your table manners the same when you are alone as when you are at a party?
5. Do you forego making self-conscious excuses and apologies?
6. Are you responsive to compliments?
7. Can you talk for five minutes without using "I"? or "my"?
8. Do you avoid talking at length about one thing?
9. Do you give the person with whom you are talking undivided attention?
10. Do you listen and remember the answers to the questions you've asked?
11. Does the waiter taking the order get your attention?
12. Do you watch the expression on your listener's face?


If your score is 80 or above your sociability's super.
If your score is 64-80 your sociability's slightly sub-super.
If your score is 56-64. A narrow squeak!
If your score is below 56—better memorize what the Misses Crawford, Allbritton and Fontaine have to say on the subject.
The color blue, small gold earrings, crossword puzzles are passions of Gail, starred in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

Gail Russell, the hide-away girl who has come out of the shadows
WHEN Gail Russell was a small child and friends came to call, she invariably hid beneath the piano and peered out, wide-eyed and silent. Today, Gail, both spiritually and mentally, wants to hide beneath the piano in retreat from all but a small portion of her world. Shy, inhibited, moody, she is now gradually emerging from the loneliness that has so long been a part of her and is accepting the open-hearted friendliness that awaits her.

Her family, patient and understanding, her new friends, gay and witty, her studio anxiously hovering, are encouraged at the evolution of Gail Russell. They have the good sense to speak of it openly and even humorously.

And Gail, frankly agreeing, will allow as how she has improved.

There was the time when Gail was just beginning her movie career that Paramount sent her off to New York with a studio publicist to get acquainted with the Eastern office, meet the press and see the sights. It was a dream trip that most nineteen-year-old girls would have swooned over. But Gail, who had never been to New York, was miserable. She insisted upon staying in her hotel room, she expressed no interest in the sights, sounds or color of the city or its people. It was no act or any part of an act, for Gail had always walked alone with no desire for company. Like a baby taking its first steps she has had to learn to walk in company with people, every type, every kind of people. Or perhaps the secret of her rapid progress from complete introversion lies in the fact that those around her have matched their steps to hers.

Now she has progressed from her inner shell to the point of loving a rib and perpetrating a gag with those who strike a responsive chord. "It's no use to put make-up on that face over there," she'll whisper loudly for the benefit of Lizabeth Scott, Paramount's new (Continued on page 111)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I really have a tough problem to solve. I've been working at a base where two hundred sailors were ordered to work. I really fell for one of the boys I met there and we had many dates. When the fleet was ordered to another base, this boy came down in our section and kissed me goodbye in front of everyone and made me promise to write, so I gave him my address.

Weeks passed without word, then I received a letter from his buddy telling me where they were and asking why I didn't run down to see them. So I arrived in town on my vacation. When he came down and found me in the lobby, he was stunned. He said he couldn't have a date with me that night as he had to go home (he happened to live in this town, too), but he let me walk to the bus with him. He said I had been very foolish to come down and he saw no sense in it.

I'm twenty-one and he's twenty-two, but he said he had no intention of going with one girl to make her a wife. He just goes out with any beautiful girl until he sees another one.

Can you please tell me, Miss Colbert, how I could win his love and some day get him for a husband?

Lynne J.

My dear Miss Colbert:

Any girl who has reached the age of twenty-one should know that simply because a man kisses her goodbye and asks her to write to him, particularly when that man is in uniform, the girl had not automatically become engaged.

Your first mistake, then, was in assuming romance existed. You should have realized it didn't when your erstwhile boy friend failed to write to you. If a man is genuinely in love—he finds time to write.

The second mistake was going to his base with the intention of spending your vacation near him. It is quite true that a girl can maneuver a man into a marriage mood if she is adroit about it. But it is equally true that men dislike being obviously chased.

The average male has enough vanity to respond to interest shown in him if it isn't too overpowering. But persistent telephone calls, impulsive gifts and showers of invitations from a girl in whom he has shown little interest are apt to make him duck. Least of all does he like physical pursuit.

I meant by that.

To me this doesn't seem fair. I can't be really mean to her, because I love her in spite of everything, but what could I do to get some privacy and some rights in my own room and with my own friends?

Elsine J.

Dear Elsine:

I don't consider your problem of trifling proportions; surely every human being should be entitled to some spot utterly his own in this wide and sprawling world.

Why don't you have a simple, heartfelt talk with your mother, without getting vehement. Ask her, in all honesty, if she doesn't think it fair for half of the room to be yours, to decorate exactly as your taste dictates. I'm sure she will agree. If you want to draw a real or an imaginary line through the room, dividing it from north to south or from east to west, I think you should then be allowed to treat your half as fancy requires.

When you are planning to entertain friends, why don't you ask your mother to take your aunt to a movie. Your mother would seem to be the key to the situation. I'm sure she will help you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and will be graduated from high school in June. Two weeks later I am supposed to marry the boy to whom I am engaged, but lately I have been having serious qualms.

This boy has two sisters who work in the city, but who can't live within their salaries. He is discharged from the Army and is working; however, one or the other of his sisters is always borrowing money from him. He keeps this secret from their mother, with whom he lives, so his mother has been telling around (Continued on page 133)
Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond's is her complexion care.

ROSE MERIWETHER LEWIS, of Atlanta, Ga., and Coral Gables, Fla., engaged to Lt. Comdr. BRUCE GREGORY KROGER, U.S.N.R.

Rose-Meri's middle name comes from the famous Meriwether Lewis who helped discover the Pacific Northwest. "There's been a Meriwether in every generation ever since," she says!

Another adorable Pond's bride-to-be, Rose Meriwether Lewis has true Southern charm—dark-dreamy eyes, a complexion so smoothly soft it fascinates.

"I just love Pond's Cold Cream," she says—and here is the soft-smooth way she especially likes for using it...

She slips luscious feeling Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats it well to soften and release dirt and make up. She tissues off—clean.

She rinses with more fluffy-soft Pond's, whirling her white-tipped fingers around her face in little circles. Tissues again—"to get my face extra clean and soft."

Copy Rose-Meri's twice-over Pond's creamings—every night, every morning, for in-between-time cleanups, too! You'll soon see why it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

The Countess of Winchelsea, Miss Mimi McAdoo, Miss Victor L. Drexel, Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, Lady Stanley of Alderley.
Do You Play Favorites?

If so—and who doesn't—here's your chance to vote for a color portrait of a man star and a woman star whom you'd like to see in Photoplay.

Simply fill out the coupon below and mail to:

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
205 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Please print color portraits of

(Man) ____________________________________________

(Woman) ____________________________________________

(My Name) ____________________________________________

(Continued from page 32) about while I was still working in "Keys Of The Kingdom." In 1927, Century-Fox and was called over to Selznick's one night after work to make wardrobe tests with Ingrid. All the way over to the studio I kept thinking of the girl in the trench coat and beret and wondered if she would be as unassuming as she seemed going up and down in the elevator in New York.

When I walked onto the test stage, there was Ingrid, a short, compactly built girl with a grayish-tinted, short bob. She was wearing a grayish-colored smock, glasses, flat-heeled shoes and giving no evidence of being a famous motion-picture star. The first thing that struck me was her friendliness with the crew. How she laughed and kidded with them. Yes, quite a few cameramen, the grips, the prop men, all liked her.

I stood over one corner of the stage in the background watching her as she walked up and down in front of the camera in her smock. It occurred to me that it might have been a good idea to have a psychology book to enable me to better discuss her role as a psychiatrist with her. But I wasn't able to find it. Later on, I was glad I hadn't, for Ingrid said she read two of them and didn't help her at all.

As it turned out, there was nothing psychiatric about our meeting anyway. Nor was there any of the usual polite give and take of complimentary formalities. When Ingrid finally spotted me, she came quickly across the stage, saying out of the blue with that warm alive smile of hers, "Oh, I'm so glad you got out from under that." Wanting to see what kind of a leading man she was getting, Ingrid had had "Days Of Glory" run off for her at the studio. That's the one in which you probably don't remember that I perished heroically beneath a flaming tank. I've had better if Ingrid hadn't remembered it. But with typical Bergman humor, the words that I might pass on to posterity concerning my meeting with this actress would be relative to the fact that she was glad I got out from under that.

Our first scene together was equally memorable. We just stood there like two statues, and while the camera ignored us and focused on the color of her smock or the length of my coat. You always feel so silly in a wardrobe test.

Ingrid did the whole part and I really wanted to impress as an actor, and so far as showing any acting ability, I might just as well have died under the tank.

Finally Ingrid laughed. "I surely feel foolish standing here like this, don't you?" she said. "Surely do!" I agreed. Sparkling has got it that Bergman and I knew that we would get long great from then on. Harder men than I have gone down through the terrors of first fatherhood, when Greta was in the hospital for the birth of our son, Jonathan. We were working on "Spellbound" at the time, and Ingrid would talk calmly about how babies have a way of making their entrances on cue, without any fuss or bother (or any need for ad libbing from the sidelines.) No fluffing. No re-takes. Telling me not to keep worrying about it. All of which helped to offset the pecting of hospital corridors later on.

There's no "smorgasbord" about Bergman. No confused assortment of emotions. No complex characteristics. She's realistic, clear thinking, with no temperament, and with a genuine love for the acting profession. She uses no movieland measuring stick, doesn't dream up silly roles. I have a warm interest for meeting and knowing all kinds of people, whether they are grips or glamourites.

She likes to turn around and talk with the fellows in the crew on a picture, to listen to them tell about their families, or relate some of the experiences they've had. It's typical of Ingrid that her two best friends, as far as I can make out, are her dialogue director, Ruth Roberts, who's been with her for four years de-accenting her English, and her publicity representative Joe Steele, a good friend of long standing, since the time when, as publicity director of Selznick Studios, he had helped her get a wire in Swedish that was so confused that even Ingrid couldn't straighten it out. But it was so funny that it appealed to her sense of humor and helped form the basis for a fine friendship.

INGRID always enjoys anyone with a sense of humor, and laughed. There was a grip name. Swede on our set who, aside from his nationality, held a special attraction for her, simply because he was a very funny guy. Swede made coffee for us every day, took in our daily collection for the state with it, and would "build" an impromptu restaurant out of odds and ends lying around. One morning it might consist of a piece of scenery, two chairs and a soft drinks sign. The next day it could be an arbor and a bench. Ingrid always looked forward to seeing what kind of a coffee shop Swede had dreamed up for that day. On Saturdays she bought special-juice and coffee, and Swede, in turn, would try to whip up something really special, with ruffles on it the eat in. Another favorite of hers was the assistant cameraman Jack, who hits a hot lick about an ocarina. Usually whenever Director Hitchcock was ready to shoot, Jack would summon us with a ragtime rendition of "Revelle." Between scenes he'd give out with all his heart in a way he likes, while Ingrid sat on a stool nearby accompanying him with her favorite one.

"I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues," singing along with the "sweet potato" in her smoky contralto voice. It would surprise you how she can sell a song like "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues."

Never will I forget the first time Greta and I was invited to Ingrid's home. After dinner there was some discussion about what to do for the rest of the evening. All of which Ingrid put to an end by suggesting, "Let's put some records on and dance. I have a golden-haired husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom were rolling back one end of the rug, and were soon out in the middle of the floor juggling balls. None of the singing-and-shuffle stuff. Just some good happy hop around. It seems that the GIs had taught her to jigger with the small they were in the Aleutians and her husband Peter was initiated into it when she got home.

Inasmuch as Ingrid and her quiet husband Peter, the brilliant head of the Neurosurgery Department of the Royal College General Hospital, come from Sweden and my wife Greta comes from Finland, the three of them have many things in common, including a fondness for fishing, which strikes a discordant note with me. Bergman or no Bergman—herrings leaves me cold.

(Continued on page 70)
"Smooth soft skin wins Romance"

Lana Turner

Lovely star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Postman Always Rings Twice"

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness"

Feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy Active lather the way Lana Turner does. Work it well in, rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat with a towel to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on radiant new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle beauty care screen stars recommend will make you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—**You try it!**
slightly dangerous
it's spring, it's love, it's the new nail polish shade by
La Cross

(Continued from page 88) Premiers leave me cold too—from fright. Ingrid never goes to them, because of a sense of modesty, shyness and neuroastrocaustophobia—none of which is removed by glamour. I went to the Hollywood premiere of "Spellbound" at the Carthay Circle Theater, but I'm just not up to things like sweeping searchlights, canopies, and bleachers full of 1500 enthusiastic fans.

After the premiere was over, coming down the last mile of red carpet, I kept worrying about whether the boys in hand, unwheeling the long black limousines would ever be able to find my beat-up Lincoln Zephyr, so we could take off.

A then they finally found it. Cresta has it's. I went on over to the Alfred Hitchcock's for a small get-together. And there stood in front of the fireplace, big as life, was Ingrid in a pair of slacks and having a wonderful time.

"They say we're sensational," I said, eyeing her coldly.

"That's good," she laughed.

"When I think of you here having a swell time while I sweated through—" I exploded.

She kept laughing.

When she saw "Spellbound," it wasn't done any red carpet, but among the red jackets of the wounded service men out at Birmingham Housing in the zoo by the California Valley. They were showing the picture in the auditorium for the ambulatory patients, boys in wheel chairs and on crutches, anyone on the go, she and Ingrid and I made an appearance before the show. They really loved her. She ad libbed a little speech, told them she hadn't seen the picture yet, except for what little of it she saw at the "rushes," which she described as "what you go to see at the end of the day and wish you'd done differently yesterday." She was so glad they were going to let her see the picture with them. "All right, let's roll it!" she said gaily, and went down into the audience to sit with them. The way they looked at her I thought it wise to get out ahead before the boys saw me coming at her on the screen with a razor in my hand.

There are never emotional off-sides with Ingrid. She saves all her fire for the screen. Having heard about temperamental movie stars before coming to Hollywood, I used to wait for her to hibernate in her dressing room in solemn seclusion. Instead, there she'd be upon a stool by the cameraman accompanying the sweet potato in "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues." Then she'd go in and do an emotional scene that would have you weeping.

If anything could upset her it would have been one lonesome scene that we got into, the one on which we did forty-two takes. It was the cozy little sequence where we're standing in front of the fireplace after I've saved her from going over the snow cliff and we're discussing the whole picture, as well as our own future plans. We stood up against that hot fireplace all day. It was a three-minute scene with four pages of dialogue, and called for the camera man to move around with us to catch our fleeting reactions before they fled. We kept saying the same lines over and over, until we got to sound like two parrots. Even lines like the tender, "You'll look wonderful in white with a little orange blossom in your hair," sounded like a style note instead of a possible.

We started working on it at 9:00 A.M., finally getting it at 5:55 that night. Ingrid was swell about it—even got in a chorus or two of "I-G-A-R-T-S-T-B!" It's probably due to the Ingrids that temperament is becoming passé. She's helped set the pace for an era of peace. Luckily, I've always been fortunate about drawing non-temperamental leading ladies, including the lovely Jane Wyman, now co-starring with me in "The Yearling" at M-G-M. But if ever I were to encounter any—they'd be tough to take—after Ingrid.

Her ability to make love scenes is especially notable. Not only is love what makes the world box office go around, but it's also something the world knows quite a bit about. Nobody is sitting, and front ready to level on you on screen like the razor sequence in "Spellbound." For nobody ever has wandering around the room the way she does in the scene. Ingrid moves in and out of them easily.

We had quite a crowd of visitors on the set the day we played our first love scene.

And all of them standing by waiting to watch us go into an embrace.

We fans were waiting for the camera to reload. Ingrid looked at our audience, leaned over and whispered, "I feel just like a yak."

"What do you mean?" I said, thinking this hardly the time for double talk. "This is a yak scene," she laughed. Then went into detail about how one time in New York, by way of killing time, she would go into the zoo and find a large crowd gathering around one cage she investigated and found that one yak was nuzzling another one. There were two yaks involved.

It broke us both up. Thereafter whenever we were going into a love scene, Ingrid would always announce gaily, "Here come the yaks."

She likes working with Director Alfred Hitchcock whom she admires tremendously. She's one of the few greats of directing and gets a big kick out of his dead-pan expressions, his dry British humor and the gags he pulls. We're both great at that sort of thing, and he says, "I'd rather keep calm and get all my excitement on the screen."

On the one occasion that I ever heard Ingrid blow a line, she got a little furious with herself for slowing down the works to have some fun. She stood up and knocked over some steps, resting her chin a little dejectedly in her hands. Hitch went over and sat down beside her, assuming his usual look, his chin in his hands. They sat side by side for five minutes not saying a word, then Ingrid burst out laughing and they came back and shot the scene.

She's always very amused by the way Hitchcock keeps referring to her like all of his stars, as his "cattle," though saying it so nicely that he makes you feel like mighty prize stock. It's a habit of his that I finally got around to telling him, saying, "All right, cowboys, get the cattle in here and let's roll it!" And Ingrid gets a bigger bang out of being addressed as such than some of the more elaborately extravagant names that are piled upon her.

So far as Hitch himself is concerned, Ingrid Bergman is strictly the British brand. "If I were forced to do another Bergman picture," I've heard him say to her kiddingly, but with a very serious look, "I wouldn't do it. I doubt if you'd brighten up. I would rise to it again."

He isn't alone in that. I too would "rise" to do another picture with Ingrid. With one proviso: that there's no casting involved. I couldn't go through that again. For when it comes to Bergman ... I'm Spell-B-O-U-N-D. D-D-D-D.

The End
“POLONAISE” by AL GOODMAN
Al Goodman and his Orchestra, with chorus and soloists, in a rhythmic recording of seven Chopin numbers from the Broadway show; Polonaise; Finale; O Heart of My Country; I Wonder As I Wonder; Mazurka; Just For Tonight; Now I Know Your Face By Heart: plus the new The Next Time I Cane. Smart Set Album P-145, $2.50.

“SHOWBOAT” by TOMMY DORSEY
Jerome Kern’s immortal music from "Showboat" in new super-smooth arrangements by Tommy Dorsey: Why Do I Love You; Can’t Help Lovin’Dat Man; Make Believe; Ah Still Suits Me; Ol’ Man River; You Are Love, Bill; plus Kern’s latest, Nobody Else But Me. Smart Set Album P-152, $2.50.

Hear the top RCA Victor artists in their latest hits—at your dealer’s...on the radio...on juke boxes
Eddy Arnold • Bill Boyd • Elton Britt • Perry Como • Johnny Desmond
Tommy Dorsey • Duke Ellington • The Ginger Snaps • Al Goodman • Erskine Hawkins • Lena Horne • Spike Jones • Sammy Kaye • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Vaughn Monroe • Roy Rogers • David Rose • Dinah Shore
Sons of the Pioneers • Charlie Spivak • Martha Stewart • Billy Williams
Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 4:30 p.m., Eastern Time, NBC.
Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.
This active, busy shopper is modern as can be, relying on Meds' comfort, Meds' real security!

So convenient, too! Meds internal protection means quick changing, easy disposal and complete freedom from all odor and chafing. A generous supply of Meds can be slipped into your handbag—and no one the wiser! "Next time," do try Meds!

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25c

SAFETY-WELL EXPANDED

Meds "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much MORE
so much FASTER! Expansion is gentle
and comfortable.

Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

(Continued from page 41) When he was born World War I was "making the world safe for democracy." His father was a large landowner in Germany but his mother returned to Switzerland to welcome their little son. She died while Kurt was still very young and his father entrusted his education to tutors and later to private schools whence he emerged to attend the University of Lausanne. Later he endured a year at London's School of Economics which bored him almost unbearably.

He inherited enough money to make him modestly independent. Eventually he found himself at Sun Valley where he augmented his income by becoming a skiing instructor. His instructing was done earnestly. Some of his pupils turned Kurt to be a Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland and a covey of Hollywood talent scouts. (Those guys turn up everywhere.) People kept on saying that Kurt should be in pictures and he kept on thinking that they were joking. In Europe people who were going to act were trained from childhood. He had never heard of anyone's unstrapping a pair of skis and starting to tread any boards.

His wanderlust persisted, even if his funds were dwindling, so when he went back to New York he began to cater to the wanderlusts of sympathetic souls by opening a pool. He was right all right, too, with his enthusiasm, for suddenly there was World War II and Kurt found himself with (1) a desk, (2) a box of canceled stamps and valiant, (3) a shattered travel folders that he had to pay for a truck to haul them sadly away.

I left him in quite a fix and since he had never been completely idle in his life, he hunted up actors and inquired about "the acting business." Everyone advised him to get some experience, so he went into summer stock and after four months of that he felt must be well equipped, so he set forth briskly for Hollywood. No one was a bit impressed by his four months' experience and he booked a trip to New York where he managed to get himself the role of a German officer with Helen Hayes in "Candle In The Wind." Not bad! The play ran a while, stretches of hair in "Sahara." He got the role, plus featured billing, and went on, to everyone's surprise but his own, to "Mademoiselle Fifi," "Heil Berlin," "Paris Underground" and, recently, "The Spider.

Then he signed a fine long-term contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and admitted, for the first time, that acting is, indeed, "a very fine business!"

Now he has bought himself a hillside home and is indulging, he says happily, "in all the Hollywood cliches." Latest two of these are the beginning of coats, all dressed up, and of the inevitable swimming pool and the acquisition of a butler. The pool was easy but every time Kurt found a servant who was well recommended they get together and snag over Kurt's too-well-loved and very large police dogs, Wofie and Hansel. Although Kurt assures all comers that the dogs are gentler than lambs, they didn't look that way to prospective butlers. He has found a dog-loving gentleman's next man, though.

Kurt cannot bear another suggestion of what he calls "interior decorator's decor," so he has done his house himself in which he feels is a truly masculine manner. It's rather Chinese. Everything is enormous and bright and colorful.

He delights in parties, both the ones he attends and the ones he gives himself, with a slight edge toward the latter. He and his companions cook once a month a cocktail-buffet affair on the terrace for a hundred or more guests and he bustles and glows and greets with amazing endurance although, if you must really know ... he gets into a perfectly terrible panic when he has to introduce people to one another. The names leave him so stunned, he can only look and present "Mr. Umph" to Miss "Ughh."

About once a week he likes to give a party for eight or ten intimate friends. These are buffet affairs too, with music and games and a great deal of conversation. He operates sternly the idea that there may be people who don't like parlor games. "At my house they will like them," he says.

JUST here we come to Kurt's favorite subject in all the world—food! He is a true gourmet and will talk joyously until Wednesday about famous restaurants, chefs, seasonings, menus and go on to erudite discussions of the art and philosophy of really fine chefs. He can cook himself, and he loves to do it and he gets very chatty over the fact that during war shortages he evolved fifteen "really artistic ways in which to do meat balls."

He thinks his greatest extravagance comes from a preoccupation with fine living. "You live only once ... you should sample all the best of it, if you can!"

He is fond of the theater, opera and ballet and he can sit in the very best seats. This, he assures you, is not snobbery. It is because he is a tiny bit deaf and the least bit near-sighted and if he isn't there, in an outrageous seat, he might just as well stay home.

He likes to dress well and his tastes run to "really good" casual sporting togs and superlative evening clothes. He likes color—preferably green—green ties, green sweaters and socks, even a green car. And when labor was short he went to quite a lot of trouble and expense having the shutters on his beach house painted green because "it would feel so much better."

He likes Nature, "in the raw," he says. He likes mountains and lakes and oceans, and he drives hundreds of miles to look at. He doesn't wish to come with Nature, herself, in the matter of digging in a garden or killing snails.

He'll thank her to keep her distance.

He thinks he has an "April nature," by which he means that he is always changing his mind after he has made important decisions. He falls in and out of love with an intensity and regularity which rather frightens him. That's why he is chary about marriage. When he does marry he wants to do it permanently ... what if he should change his mind when it was too late? How awful for both of them!

"You see," he explains, "it is one thing to spend lovely evenings together, as you can, and listening to beautiful music ... or going for drives by the ocean under the stars ... or something. It's another thing to evolve the drab details of living, quirks of temperament. You have to be very sure of one another. I'm—actually afraid."

He considers American women smarter in looks and manner than the Europeans he remembers. And they make better friends, they are more fun to know, than their European sisters. But American career women appall him with their apparent ruthlessness and he resents it when they take special (Continued on page 74)
IMPORTANT! Millions of mothers know that by smoothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on baby's body daily, you help keep baby's delicate skin lovely, comfy, glowing with health. Most doctors, hospitals and nurses* say Mennen Baby Oil is best for baby. Being antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent urine irritation, diaper rash, many other troubles. And Mennen babies smell so sweet. Get both Mennen Baby Oil and Mennen Baby Powder now, to have for baby's first day home

*Acc. to surveys

MENNEN
ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL
ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER

**SEND THIS COUPON TODAY**

Dept. MC, The Mennen Co., Newark 4, N.J.
Send me at once the Mennen Baby Bundle absolutely free, as I'm expecting a baby about:
Date... (Write approximate date you expect baby)

Name... ..................................................
Address... ..............................................
City... .................................................. State...
A group of seven exciting, lipstick colors created in Hollywood for the Hollywood stars. You should try the new red-red color DANGER SIGNAL -- inspired by the Warner Bros. motion picture of the same name!

There is no LIPSTICK like a WESTMORE LIPSTICK because:

- Westmore Lipsticks offer you the newest fashion-wise reds straight from Hollywood, style center of the world!
- Created by Perc Westmore, the country's foremost make-up authority!
- Designed to give the Hollywood stars exactly the lustrous, flattering lips they want. You, too, will be delighted with the creamy texture, staying quality, true, vivid reds of Westmore Lipsticks.

Barbara Stanwyck
Starring In
"MY REPUTATION"
a Warner Bros. Picture

Pete Westmore, who with his brothers Wally and Bud, comprise the world-famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists---creators of the popular Westmore Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.

He has a squirrel streak in him which embarrasses him a good deal. He just can't bear to part with old suits, shoes, sweaters, slacks until the size of the heap shames him and he knows he must bestow them on people who can make use of them. He does it—eventually. He parts with each elderly garment with a real personal pang, as if it were a discarded and reproachful relative.

He is fussy about shirts and has them custom made and when he never pleases him. They are either too large or too small, too short or too long, and he is constantly ordering new ones in an exasperated manner. "If just one—just one shirt is ever right," he shouts, "I shall never part with it. I'll have it patched and patched and finally 'done' in plaster—like those baby shoes fond parents use for book ends!"

If he has a really important superstition it is distrust of anything that smacks of routine. When an athlete instructs him to "count off" his exercises by eights, he immediately rebelled and counted them by alternate threes and fours. This made him feel much better. He feels a bit more right if a black cat crosses his path, but he doesn't do anything about it... like going home again. He just stays uncomfortable until he forgets about it. If there is a question of his getting through a green traffic light at an intersection—and he makes it—he makes a wish. "It always comes true," he assures you.

He regrets that something inside him inclines him to be almost ostentatiously cool and ungracious to someone of importance who might possibly be able to do him a favor. His hatred of toadies and phonies is so great that he thinks it unbalances him. With charming naivete he says, "I really don't wish to be rude to anyone—not even an important person!"

Sit-down dinners make him feel imprisoned, "arty people" depress him. Climates where the seasons "really change" stimulate him. He loves to sing and is studying voice earnestly. But he is happy that he isn't and doesn't expect to be "dependent upon it." He couldn't be happy without that "flashy car" and he won't be content until he finds out what it is women discuss so earnestly when they retire to corners at parties for a few moments fervent conversation. They couldn't look so intense if they were just discussing hairdressers or—even men!" he marvels, adding, mournfully, "I suppose I'll never know!"

He thinks the most wonderful advice ever given him came from J. Carroll Naish who admonished, "Learn to milk a scene, my boy, for everything that's in it. And while you're at it, learn to milk every experience in life, too. Get every drop of zest and knowledge that you can from every experience, however large or small!"

Kurt thinks there couldn't be a better recipe for rich living and working than that one. The End.

(Continued from page 72) compliments of gallantries for granted—act bored about them, "I like to make gracious gestures," he remarks. "But I like to be rewarded by a smile or a murmured "Thank you,' I do not like my especial thoughtfulness to be taken for granted." He seemed right wrught up about this. Perhaps he had a reason.

He is an intense movie fan... will probably never get over it... and the biggest thrill he had when he first arrived in Hollywood was glimpsing Greta Garbo in the car next to his at a drive-in. Darryn caught up with him almost immediately, though because, "well—you see, she didn't look—er—very tidy." That seems to have wounded him deeply and he hasn't quite recovered even now.

"If he has a really important superstition it is distrust of anything that smacks of routine. When an athlete instructs him to "count off" his exercises by eights, he immediately rebelled and counted them by alternate threes and fours. This made him feel much better. He feels a bit more right if a black cat crosses his path, but he doesn't do anything about it... like going home again. He just stays uncomfortable until he forgets about it. If there is a question of his getting through a green traffic light at an intersection—and he makes it—he makes a wish. "It always comes true," he assures you.

He regrets that something inside him inclines him to be almost ostentatiously cool and ungracious to someone of importance who might possibly be able to do him a favor. His hatred of toadies and phonies is so great that he thinks it unbalances him. With charming naivete he says, "I really don't wish to be rude to anyone—not even an important person!"

Sit-down dinners make him feel imprisoned, "arty people" depress him. Climates where the seasons "really change" stimulate him. He loves to sing and is studying voice earnestly. But he is happy that he isn't and doesn't expect to be "dependent upon it." He couldn't be happy without that "flashy car" and he won't be content until he finds out what it is women discuss so earnestly when they retire to corners at parties for a few moments fervent conversation. They couldn't look so intense if they were just discussing hairdressers or—even men!" he marvels, adding, mournfully, "I suppose I'll never know!"

He thinks the most wonderful advice ever given him came from J. Carroll Naish who admonished, "Learn to milk a scene, my boy, for everything that's in it. And while you're at it, learn to milk every experience in life, too. Get every drop of zest and knowledge that you can from every experience, however large or small!"

Kurt thinks there couldn't be a better recipe for rich living and working than that one. The End.
Stan proved that swing has a definite place in the modern musical world. His effective, fast-moving arrangements are new...they're different...they're distinctive. Don't miss Stan's current Capitol release, 'Artistry Jumps'...

It's great! In fact, it's Ter-r-r-r-r-rific!

Margaret Whiting
This vivacious Johnny Mercer "find" is another Capitol-exclusive artist! Her individually-styled Capitol record, 'It Might As Well Be Spring', has clicked in a big way! More of Margaret's sure-shot top-tunes are on their way. Watch for them!

Sensational is the word! He skyrocketed with 'Besame Mucho' and 'Amor'; his Capitol album, 'Favoritos', is a best-seller; currently he is making his film bow in "Stork Club". Andy is an exclusive Capitol artist, too.

Stan Kenton
YEPPPP...HE DID IT! Stan proved that swing has a definite place in the modern musical world. His effective, fast-moving arrangements are new...they're different...they're distinctive. Don't miss Stan's current Capitol release, 'Artistry Jumps'...

It's great! In fact, it's Ter-r-r-r-r-rific!

The Dinning Sisters
These slick chicks won wide fame on radio's "National Barn Dance"...are now picture-making in Hollywood. Their popular Capitol album, 'Songs by the Dinning Sisters', sets a new high in triple-tone close harmony.

Capitol RECORDS FROM HOLLYWOOD
It's smart, modern, exciting, the new
FLOATING FACIAL*

A CREAM must liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-logging debris . . . dirt, grime, grease, stale, old make-up . . . and particularly, stubborn cake make-up!

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—

Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly these menaces to beauty . . . conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering make-up effects.

You see, Albolene is all-cleansing . . . no fillers or chemicals . . . and none of the water so many creams contain. Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture . . . how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh make-up looks.

Thrill to an Albolene Floating Facial today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

(Continued from page 51) with refugees. With empty hands and a heavy heart, Zack eagerly looked forward to meeting Elaine, who was coming on to New York from Texas to marry him.

"I'll never forget that first glimpse of Zack when the boat docked," Elaine, wise, witty and charming doubles up at the memory. "Zack, complete with ascot and gloves, was that in elegance. He had a Leica camera strapped across one shoulder, binoculars strapped across the other. His clothes were strictly Saville Row. Peasants with handkerchiefs over their heads, and carrying box lunches, were crowded around him. Through his binoculars, Zack finally spotted me, and started making wild gestures. Zack was heading for another adventure!"

TODAY the Scotts are three. For the first time in six years of marriage, Zack, Elaine, and nine-year-old Kelly are experiencing the rigors of housekeeping. For the most part, they've lived in New York. Elaine wanted to act, too. Waverly was placed in her charge, and both fought to win their way. They loved and laughed, quarreled, and loved all over again. More and more, they became independent individuals, as the existing bond brought them closer together.

It was Elaine, strong, sensible, and in this case, particularly practical, who decided that one of them must bring in a steady income. They talked it over. Elaine felt that Zack had the best chances. She'd make the living, leaving him free to make the rounds, meet producers and playmates—those who were doing things. Zack subordinated his male ego and submitted to this unconventional setup. He knew it was only a matter of time before he'd be able to cajole up for Elaine's unsellable decision. To this day, he has never stopped demonstrating his appreciation.

Eventually, Zack appeared in such New York productions as "Ah, Wilderness," "Damas Creek" and "Those Endearing Young Charms." Elaine terminated a six-year association with the Theatre Guild (she was stage manager for "Oklahoma" and other famous productions) when Zack got a contract at Warner Brothers. He could own a house, then sent for her and Waverly.

It's been two and a half years since Zack arrived in Hollywood. His first picture, "The Man Who Dared To Fly," was the first thing he ever faced a camera.

Zack hates to be told things if there's the barest possibility of finding out for himself. He's too practical not to see everything except other people. He isn't concerned with their morals or their manners, their religious or political views of life. Zack believes in the theory of live and let live.

Since "Dimitrios," Zack has made his mark in one good part after another. "Mildred Pierce" followed by his favorite role of all, the bumbling-cure-all "The Southerner." Zack loves the outdoors. His entire childhood was spent on ranches in Texas, so he felt particularly close to that character. "I'm a Southerner" (he did this on his one outside picture a year allowed in his Warner contract) also brought Zack very close to Jean Renoir, Director Freud of the motion picture.

"It was a privilege working for the great Renoir," Zack enthuses. "He has the heart and brain of a genius and the simplicity of a child. And I think he appreciates acting. I try to play. One day in talking to me, Renoir expressed a philosophy that strengthened my own. "Life is short!" he said. 'I am too old, and there isn't enough time—to be bored.' I feel this strongly. I feel I'm too young to be bored or boring."

I hope I'll never be guilty of either."

There's a lot of doubt against Zachary Scott, but no one could accuse him of dullness. To the contrary, he might well take time out, occasionally, to do absolutely nothing. He personally thinks such a foreign suggestion would be a disastrous shock to his nervous system.

"Danger Signal!" and "Her Kind of Man" are the remaining two of the five pictures Zack has made in Hollywood. In three of these, he played opposite Faye Emerson, among other leading ladies. In "her," (artistically speaking) as "a habit, and a delightful one." The Roosevelts and the Scotts are most friendly. The Scotts have other friends, too, usually invited to buffet suppers, because their charming penthouse house off Sunset Strip is too tiny for formal dinners. Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling are neighbors. Ditto Glenn Ford and Elvis Presley. There are the Scott McKays, the John Emerys, artist Paul and Ruth Clemens (he once traded Elaine a portrait sketch of Waverly for four seats to a picture); Richard Cromwell, New York people from all branches of the theater, Texas people from all parts of Texas—share the Scott hospitality.

He's an extremely definite person and yet he makes his own exception to the rule. Zack loves everyone, but he insists on order in his life. Whimsically, Zack explains it in this way:

"I want order in my life—until I want disorder. Everyone can have a separate order, but I can't. No unfinished business, shoes that need shining, pictures that need framing, clothes that need cleaning, desk pigeon holes, no maid. In short, I'm practically a bachelor.

"Usually, when everything is caught up, I begin thinking about entertaining. Then I go completely social, parties every night. Eventually, Zack, I've learned if I want to do it."

"I'll never be invited back."

There are times when Zack wants to have a helpmate who practically locks themselves in, refuse to answer the phone. Zack puts up old dundies and moosicans, plays their favorite recordings, and the four of them (this includes Jingo, Zack's white French poodle, who occupies position number three on the Scott preferred list) spend a whole weekend without seeing anyone. They eat only one meal a day, and threatens not to shave (and always does), the complete order of things is temporarily abandoned.

When working for a homebody, Zack exudes a kind of elegance. He doesn't slop around the kitchen with an apron tucked into his trousers. Anything Zack touches is made special. He mixes an unusual salad dressing, learned from a chef in Trinidad, where he once vacationed. He somehow manages to own five white poodle coats, several poodles, and a peacock. Zack likes atmosphere, candles light, fireplaces burning, plants green and growing. He's a great one for moving furniture about the room. Zack likes to move the things about when he says to Elaine, "I'm tired tonight. Let's have dinner at seven and make it an early evening." At 2:00 A.M. he's still shoving around chairs and couches.

Zack has often been accused of being
fastidious. Excessive in his taste, better explains it. It's loving life. He finds it romantic, fascinating when attracting the out-of-the-ordinary. Not extraordinary—just seeking and appreciating the individual and the distinctive.

Listing the things he loves (not in the order of their importance), Zack goes for blue points on the half shell, oxblood shoe polish, clean automobiles, spike heels and thin legs on women, (Elaine says "thank's") odd, old rings, the smell of leather, boat whistles, sleeping without pajamas, gloves, Washington Square in the spring, shopping for anything, highly seasoned food like curries, thinking of planning for, and getting away on a trip in fifteen minutes. "Little Abner," Ray Milland's performance in "The Lost Weekend," Greenwich Village, the organ grinder, the traveling carousel, Pete the flower man who gave Waverly a daily posy, the dogwood in Connecticut, New York streets with snow on the garbage cans, staying up all night, bright plaid, clean ash trays, actresses Gladys Cooper and Agnes Moorehead, strange cheeses, "Terry And The Pirates," John Barrymore's uncensored recording of "Cowboy's Lament," given to him by Gene Fowler (Zack yearns to play Barrymore in "Goodnight, Sweet Prince"), discovering unusual gifts and jewelry for Elaine and Waverly, listening to his lovely mother tell about the time Gypsy Rose Lee stopped off in Texas and exchanged crocket stitches and recipes, taking Waverly's pals on outdoor excursions, off-color stories, a review in which the critic referred to him as "A young man who smiles like a charging grand piano!"

BALANCING the ledger, Zack can do without bread pudding, soirees, being contradicted if he knows he's right, ostenta- tion, a band of red goopy lipstick on ciga- rettes, squeaking doors, being told he has to do something, to which he invariably answers, "I don't have to do anything but die," tooth paste tubes squeezed in the middle, overpowering perfume, dripping faucets, swimming in bathing trunks, after dinner speakers, people who say, "I bet you don't remember me," and he invariably doesn't, people who take themselves and actors who take their "art" too seriously.

Being individualists, who believe that all people have a right to choose their own friends, their own vocations and their own religion, the Scotts have raised Waverly accordingly. They take her to church, alternating amongst several. She was taught to make phone calls, ride on buses, plan her own amusement, because they want her to have a rich, full life of freedom and independence.

With rare wisdom they explained that Waverly might hear them use slang, occasionally even swearing. They wanted her to hear it. Because she was still a little girl, they wanted her to know that until she was old enough to decide for herself, she'd be punished if she copied them. Waverly, above average in intelli- gence, enjoying a healthy, normal childhood, has never been denied an answer to a direct question. Which brings up the subject of sex.

"When Waverly asks questions, as every curious child does," muses Zack, "Elaine always tries to give her a satisfactory an- swer, rather than provoke mystery."

"I know all about people having babies," confided a serious Waverly. "But there's just one thing that bothers me. Why is it that only married people have them?"

It hasn't happened very often in his interesting life. But even individualists and rugged romanticists like Zachary Scott don't always know all the answers!

THE END

---

“Coming Up!”

Yes—the nation's long-standing order for Fels-Naptha Soap is being filled. Cars of this badly-needed, civilian laundry soap are rolling to all parts of the country.

You won't have to 'do with something else' much longer. You won't have to shut your eyes to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Shirts and sheets and towels will come out of the wash the way they should—dazzling white and sweet.

As so many women have learned during recent war-time years—to keep a house and a family really clean, there's nothing like good, mild soap and gentle naptha—Fels-Naptha Soap!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES “TATTLE-TALE GRAY”
I T IS THAT SUPERB Evening in Paris face powder which gives your skin such a velvety look, of course! It is so soft and fine, and it clings so long and smoothly. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize . . . and the complete make-up is more marvelously becoming than you'd even dream! You'd better try it now . . . and discover for yourself why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier . . . her make-up should be Evening in Paris!"

Countess from Brooklyn

(Continued from page 55)

Her rule for smart dressing: "Wear very simple clothes—and a hat or accessories with pezz!" (That "pezz" is a Tierney-coined word!)

What she does behind your back: She invents things—"gadgets to fix up the little things in life that annoy you," is her only explanation. But all of them have Washington patents, so the lady means business.

Favorite flowers: To wear—violets; to see—lilies of the valley.

Favorite book: "Leave Her To Heaven," which she not only loved to read, but loved to act in.

Biggest thrill out of her recent New York visit: Having lunch at the Algonquin Hotel, after having acted in "Laura," one scene of which showed an exact replica of the Algonquin Hotel dining room. She sat near the table at which she sat in the scene in "Laura," and she stared so hard at the movie-scene table that the two ladies dining there in real life thought their slips must be showing!

What she eats for breakfast: Orange juice—and soup! (Any kind—creamed, clear, or vegetable.) No coffee, ever.

What she reads over her morning soup: First the headline news, then the movie columns by Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper. Then she drops the newspaper and picks up the Hollywood Reporter. The comics are taboo.

What she eats for lunch and dinner: At home she eats Italian food to please her husband Oleg; away from home she dines almost exclusively on filet mignon and corn fritters with maple syrup.

The cars you'll find in her garage: One black convertible (Oleg's) and one green sedan (Gene's)—and both in a state of collapse. His is ancient history, and hers has four cauliflowered fenders, thanks to her gay and jaunty driving through any obstacle in her path!

The friends she invites over of an evening: The Joseph Cottens, the Gary Cooper's, Virginia Bruce, Marina and Frank Shields, and Barbara Hutton Grant.

What she likes to do come sundown: Sit around with the above friends and chat. Never does she long for a night club.

What she would rather talk about than eat: Real life murder cases. She's an authority on the subject—and she's convinced that everyone is a potential murderer, given the cause and the opportunity. She likes to figure out why the murderer murdered.

Favorite beauty trick: It's strictly Tierney: She licks her fingers and pats her cheeks to make them shine! When she was eighteen and a non-actress, she did this once in the Stork Club powder-room—and a curious bunch of strange girls watched her and, puzzled, did it too!
How she keeps that Tierney complexion: What make-up she wears is only powder and lipstick. At home, she removes it with cold cream, then dashes hot water on her face and then cold.

What she'd like to do fifteen years from now: She'd like to be the mother of a large family, and to be traveling with them all over the world in any vehicle at all, from tramp steamers to airliners. She'd like to live near New York City and to have forgotten what a camera looks like.

The song she sings in the shower: "The Whiffenpoof Song," Yale's most famous.

Her favorite pieces of music: "Clare de Lune" and "Ave Maria"—sung by a boys' choir.

Her most embarrassing moment: The time she was introduced by Chester Morris in a rave speech at a Bond tour before an enormous audience. Smiling graciously, she walked up the ramp to the stage, lost her shoe—and rolled and bounced all the way down the ramp again into the audience! (However, she recovered with typical Tierney skill: She remarked, "How not to make an entrance!" and brought down the house!)

The time she most amused her husband: When, in a rage, she threatened to throw a glass of milk in his face. "You just can't do it, you're not the type," said he, grinning. More furious than ever, she rushed up to him—and uneasily sprinkled a few drops of milk on his head.

What she most longs for in the way of presents: A Capehart radio and a diamond pin shaped like a crown.

Her husband's post-war career: Oleg has dropped (1) wardrobe designing, (2) the Army—in favor of being an agent. But he still may design some of Gene's clothes on the side.

Favorite piece of furniture: The cobbler's bench in her living room—her pet among all her many antiques, which she collects feverishly.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That she has the magnetic attraction to others of a person who knew what she wanted and got it—a happy career and a happy marriage.

The End

Jennifer Jones—romantic as an old-fashioned portrait—will greet you from the cover of the April Photoplay

And inside there will be such an intimate and human story as you never have read about Jennifer before—because it is written by her friend Elsa Maxwell

BE LIKE Gale Storm

Have hands whose softness is charming.

It's easy, with Gale Storm's hand care—Jergens Lotion.

Personal Hand Care of the Stars, 7 to 1, is Jergens Lotion

Now--PERFECTED EVEN FURTHER. Thanks to wartime studies in skin care, this famous Jergens Lotion is even more effective now.

For protection! Women say this postwar Jergens protects even longer.

For softening and smoothing. They say this even finer Jergens makes the hands even smoother and softer.

Those 2 ingredients, so special for skin-tending that many doctors use them, are included in this finer-than-ever Jergens Lotion. Now on sale--same bottle--still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research
A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we'll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!


There is only one KLEENEX

---

Yvonne, Where She Danced

(Continued from page 46) trees..." Both are standard equipment with Yvonne, who has had the grace of a dancer since childhood. In addition, she has a storm-cloud of darkly curling tresses and exotically tilted eyes, colored blue-gray like a disturbed sky.

A strictly-Wanger requirement was that the candidate also be able to act, which made some people consider him a very unreasonable man. All except Miss De Carlo who, to prepare herself for any such emergencies which might arise in her life, had been studying and doing "theater" dramas since her very early teens. In fact, if his screenplay had required it, she even could have tossed in a little poetry-writing, painting and sketching and some of the fancy horseback riding which has won her numerous trophies and awards for style at rodeos.

The prospect of being typed in epics in which, in one scene at least, her costume will consist mostly of veiling, dismays her not at all.

"Don't tell anybody, but it was the elaborate clothing I wore in the other scenes of the picture—the heavy satins and velvets—that bothered me. They were pretty hard to get around in. As a dancer, I'm used to brief costumes, they're my work uniform. When I first came to Hollywood I was a featured dancer at Earl Carroll's and the Florentine Gardens. Dancing on the screen is a much happier occupation—except that I miss the gorilla."

The gorilla was her first big-time leading man, and while he was no Sinatra or Van Johnson, he never failed to get screams and near-swoons from their night club audiences. Actually, there was a gentleman inside the ape suit, although he didn't act it. Their dance skit started with the heroine on an auction block, being sold as a slave to a be-turbaned Sultan. With music and circumstances already at a dire point, the big gorilla would crash from his cage, and merely as a starter, kill the Sultan.

"I never got tired of watching people's expressions when he came after me. Most of them must have realized it was a man inside the suit, but that long-armed crouch and those long fangs were really terrifying to see. The climax—and the loudest screams—came when he'd toss me over his shoulder and carry me out.

"Usually, I felt like a bag of wet laundry—especially when he'd grab me by one foot, which is not the world's most comfortable way to make a living. But when I always wound up in giggles—it was so funny when we got back stage, to have him put me down with some remark about what a warm night it was, or maybe, he hoped it wouldn't rain the next day and spoil his golf."

Her repertoire includes tap, ballet, Spanish and South American dances, and until she came to the screen she preferred to create her own routines. Currently she is working on a Scheherazade number, to be seen in her third picture, "Heat Wave."

"And guess what—" she grinned, "This time they're going to put me in a cage! A nice, golden one—"

In between, she has starred in a Western, "Frontier Gal," designed to take advantage of her Technicolorful screen personality. In this one she neither dances nor unveils, but serves it any way you want, it's still Salome:

"I'm the dirtiest-dispositioned gal in history," she says happily. "The picture opens with me hitting the hero on the head with a bottle— I slap his face, he kisses me and I slap him again for about two reels. I kick him in the shins. I throw the whole
contents of a log cabin at him—logs, a stuffed deer's head on the wall, and assorted pots and pans. I even shot him.

The hero is the very rugged Rod Cameron, who was also on the romantic receiving end in her first picture. The strong type, but not always silent—especially when some of the "break-away" props failed to perform as expected.

"When I first started throwing, he didn't even duck. I should have warned him I'm a very good shot. A big platter hit him right in the middle of the stomach. He let out a beautiful, natural 'Oooh!'—I hope they left it in the picture."

"He was good-natured about it until I had to hit him on top of the head. You can't imagine what a feeling it is to hit someone with something you expect to be soft and fall right apart, and instead it makes a hard clunk! That time, he just sat there on the floor, looking dazed. That will never happen again," he said finally, and from then on, he tested everything I was to throw at him before we started shooting."

As usual, the male triumphed in the end. The last scene called for Mr. Cameron to place his TNT on the creek and administer a fine and fancy spanking on his knees and administered a fine and fancy spanking. Screen fights and spankings usually consist of considerably "pulled" punches, but Rod had other ideas. Gathering the camera crew around to witness his triumph, he gave the little girl the biggest hand she's had so far.

Rodeo riding may not be the accepted idea of what a silken siren does in her spare time, but then, Yvonne's not a siren in her spare time. She's a friendly girl with a breeze about her, and a secret amusement concerning the screen-queens who are "always putting on their act." She doesn't worry whether her lipstick's on straight because she wears it only on state occasions and her hair-do is the kind that can be combed without bothering with a mirror. Her long-sleeved, man-tailored black dress with glen-plaid vest, could go right off to business—although it's a cinch business would increase.

She neither drinks nor smokes, and her favorite fun is to hit the cowboy trail for supper over a campfire. Her own horse is part Morgan, part Arab, and named Kickapoo "because he dances so, has so much style." The steed she rode in "Frontier Gal" was a stranger, which gives her a delayed-action chill every time she remembers him.

"We were on location at Long Lake and one day Fuzzy Knight and I took a ride up a snow-covered mountain trail. My horse had to follow a lead-horse, and he started getting persnickety about it. All of a sudden, a narrow switch-back road, he reared up and tried to leap off the ledge. I remember Fuzzy and the guide yelling to me, 'Jump off!' but I couldn't—he was such a beautiful animal. I just couldn't let him throw himself into that chasm. . . ."

He was also a very big animal, according to report, and the small brunette sat his back, pitting her 117-pound strength against his, while he whirled and danced on the brink.

"Afterwards, when Fuzzy stood there mopping his brow and told me the horse's hind feet were already over the ledge, I nearly fainted. If I'd known it, maybe I wouldn't have been so brave."

Courage is a part of her, although she chooses to call it "my terrible impatience." It was that impatience, however, that brought her to the screen.

"I'd studied so hard and I wanted so badly to be an actress, and was still dancing in cafes. One night at the Gardens, a man whose intellect I admired, put it into words for me: 'You're not in a rut—' he said, 'because in a rut, you can
still move a little from side to side. What you're in is a hole!"

It made her so mad, she quit right in the middle of the show. She didn't want her mother to worry, so she told her she had an acting job. "I had myself nicely trapped them—until I really got an acting contract at Paramount."

The contract was an opportunity and a disappointment. She was hired as a threat to Dorothy Lamour, who had taken a sudden distaste for sarongs. When Dottie donned the jungle scanties again, there was nothing left for Yvonne but bit roles—and very few of them. Mostly, she tested with leading men—and watched them walk into important roles. Between time she posed for sals of bathing-suit and "leg" art, of the kind that eventually was pinned up in the bombardier barracks in Saskatchewan.

"I'd get so impatient and discouraged—but I know now that the experience and training I got at that time was what helped me to clinch my big opportunity at Universal."

During the months of preparation for "Salome," Yvonne lived in an auto motel because of the apartment shortage—and she used to spend all the time she could in her studio dressing room "which was really much nicer."

Her home is "medium sized, just six rooms—but mother and I love it. I've really enjoyed the shortage of furnishings—it's more fun to find the piece of drapery material you want, at long last, and pounce on it. I signed the papers for the house just a few minutes before the bells began to ring on V-J Day. I couldn't get over it—peace for the world and my own home for me—I just couldn't believe either one of them had actually happened!"

Her romance is so deeply thrilling she's keeping the gentleman's name to herself for awhile. "He's everything I admire and respect—and I want him to feel the same way about me. I don't think he would if I went around giving out wholesale stories about him. If it stays serious, the way I hope it will—well, I'll let him announce it in his own manner—"

The columnist say the dream-gent is Howard Hughes, airplane millionaire and producer—but the lady neither denies nor affirms it. She'll tell you the kind of man she likes, however: "A thoughtful man in all the important small ways. One who thinks enough of your feelings to call and apologize if he's delayed. I never could stand the kind of person who says, 'Well, I'm late—so forget it.' He doesn't have to be affectedly polite, but I like him to remember to open car doors and help you with your coat. Even when I was a kid in school, I couldn't like a boy I couldn't admire."

School was King Edward's High School in Vancouver, British Columbia, where she was born. Her mother was French, born in Nice, and her dad was an American. What she remembers most about her childhood were the fir trees that grew around her home. There were deep woods she loved to walk in and although she got lost several times, she always found her way out again. Wind in the trees is still the most beautiful sound-music she can hear. The most intriguing sound she ever heard came from a flock of seals, when she was visiting Pebble Beach recently.

"They were sprawled all over the rocks, big seals and little seals, and they kept up a constant jabbering. Even when we were a mile away the wind kept bringing their voices to us. It made me curious to know what they were talking about—in a way they reminded me of the De Carlos at home!"

The "De Carlos" include herself and Mother, Mitzi and Jolie. "We're certainly a noisy bunch. Mother and I hold the loveliest, loudest conversations when we're two or three rooms apart. We love to argue, too—especially when one of us is on the telephone, which makes it hard on the person holding the other end of the wire—Mitzi is a gray cat, which seems to make her a French cat, "because in France all cats are called Mitzi gris (gray)." Jolie is a Pomeranian, and dog and cat love each other so much their owner is sure they would die if separated.

Gray is her favorite color of Yvonne's. She likes to combine it with lavender, which is French—like her own personal color scheme of very white skin, smoke-blue eyes and dark hair. Her favorite perfume is French, too. A heavy, heavenly scent of flower gardens, has to be used indiscriminately, which is all right with her because it is a prewar blend and she has just one precious bottle left.

Someday she would like to visit Paris, to see all the places she has been hearing about since childhood, and because she can parlez-vous like a native, of course.

(Continued on page 84)
Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in fortified food!

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with certain other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified supplementary food-drink, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health, including those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and Vitamin C can't do their complete jobs in body-tissue building without high-quality protein. Vitamin B1 and energy-food act together for vitality. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus also need each other. You get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine? If you eat normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals needed for robust health.

3 out of every 4 people should get extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.
Brunettes be glad! Artist Earl Cordrey shows how your type of coloring is enriched, enlivened with original "Flower-fresh" shade of CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder.

We give you a brunette's best bet! It's Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" face powder, lovely Rose Brunette. With the faintest flash of pink, it makes those gorgeous, tawny tones in your skin come to life. It clings for hours, smooth as silk, veiling tiny blemishes. Cashmere Bouquet comes in six new "Flower-fresh" shades, keyed to all skin types from an ice-cream blonde to a green-eyed red head.

JOAN FONTAINE

will be seen in RKO's "From This Day Forward," a dramatic story dealing with the problems of a girl and a returning veteran.

Here Joan wears a flattering belted aqua raincoat of Rosewood "Voyager" fabric designed by Sherman. In beige and silver gray also. Sizes 10-18; under $20.00 at Franklin Simon & Co., N. Y.; Kreeger Store, New Orleans. Matching rain hat about $1.00.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 56.)

(Continued from page 82) Other personal statistics include a habit of losing gloves, scarves and sun glasses. Especially the sun glasses, which she now buys three pair at a time.

The smell of burning leaves fills her with a pleasant nostalgia. When she reads she likes to take a volume of Shakespeare or Greek mythology, or a book on the theater, and lie on her stomach underneath a tree. Not a jive hound—but I'll have to admit that certain numbers send me, like 'One Meat Ball' and 'Caledonia.' Church music gets her, because as a child she sang in the choir. When traveling she's a tourist—'In New York I took all the rubberneck trips, to Staten Island, the top of the Empire State Building, Grant's Tomb and even Brooklyn. Gosh, I was surprised to find that Brooklyn is a real place—lots of Canadians think it's some sort of American joke.'

Her favorite indoor sport is sitting in the projection room, having old reels run off, things like "Blue Angel" and "Alice In Wonderland" and anything with Vivien Leigh, who's her favorite actress. Her most admired leading man? Well, there are several, but if someone told her to take her pick of heroes for a picture, 'I'd choose John Lund—he's a terrific actor. Or, I wouldn't turn up my nose at Gregory Peck, of course!'

Somewhere she'd like to play Cathy in "Wuthering Heights." And it would be a lot of fun to work in a horror picture.

"Maybe it's a hangover from the gorilla dance. Anyhow, I've had experience with monsters chasing me. I've heard that Universal has a new series in mind called 'The Creep.' The wags are saying they shouldn't have much trouble casting that one—I know a lot of creeps personally, myself!"

Meantime, the siren is a perfectly happy girl, no matter what purple her disposition on the screen. "It isn't how bad they make me—it's how good I can be at it! And so far my pictures have been loads of fun to make. I liked 'Salome' because it had everything in it but the Mounted Police. In 'Frontier Gal' we missed having a tribe of redskins, but we've got one Indian—a very busy Indian, who says 'Hi!' loudly, all the way through. Maybe that's not art, but we've certainly got action!"

THE END
Three Signs of

JOAN FONTAINE

Joan, witty as well as beautiful, now is at work upon RKO's production of "Christabel Caine." Here Joan wears a softly tailored Printzess suit of Velo-Twill designed by Printz. In Petite fittings, 10P-18P, for figures 5'5" and under. Black, navy, brown, green, beige or blue. $49.95 at Russek's, N. Y. and Scrugge-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 86)

All photographs—Ben Studio
VERA RALSTON

Vera Hruba Ralston, who skated to fame, now establishes herself as an actress in stories like "Dakota." In this Republic picture, which tells of the American Northwest in the days of the first railroad, Vera does no skating whatsoever.


(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96)
VERA RALSTON

Vera loves clothes but, fortunately for her chic, has the knack of forgetting them completely after she puts them on. Here she wears an all wool suit with matching topcoat by Junior-Deb. Each $39.95. Also available in brown and white checks. 9-17.

At Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago and Rich's Inc., Atlanta

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96)
to suit you

VERA RALSTON

Vera is 5'6" tall and, having lost weight, weighs 115 pounds and wears a size 11. Above, a navy basque jacket and tattersal check skirt by Madison. Also brown jacket and brown and yellow check skirt. Jacket $12.95, skirt $7.95, 10-18 and 9-15. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia and L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis. Beret by Madcaps $5.00

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96)
There'll be a flavor of the Far East in our new fashions," predicts Kay Nelson, Twentieth Century-Fox designer, who created the costume. Gene Tierney wears on this month's cover. "Eastern lines, simplified," she explains, "are both exciting and flattering to certain faces and figures. Gene, who wears clothes with great drama, is ideal for this manner of fashion. It can be an extremely simple fashion, actually, with much of the interest lying in the draping.

"Gene's hat, for instance, a combination of the headdress associated with India and Arabia, is simply a twisted roll of green jersey made into a large ring, ornamented with gold pendant beads and with criss-cross drapery giving grace at the back.

"And Gene's figure-molding frock, quite untrimmed except for a slight drapery, is really a background for her hat and the wide flat circle of gold at her neck.

"Since the Far East promises to influence our fashions so greatly, especially in silhouettes and jewelry," Miss Nelson concludes, "I want to warn those who are intrigued by the East's allure that these effects, above all, must be used with discretion. Otherwise, they're more likely to be theatrical than alluring."
freetime fashions

FOR YOU
FROM CALIFORNIA

Success dress by Lynn Lester... for today and many tomorrows.

Here's flattery for you... we do mean YOU. Fashioned of Dovetex* in aqua, butternut, chartreuse, melon, winter white.

Sizes 10 to 18, $22.95 postpaid.

brooks
hollywood & vine
hollywood 28,

*Dovetex, a California Fabric Co. superb rayon woven by Frank X and Sons.
CINEMODES

No doubt about it, Spring stuff will be costume stuff. We won't wear just suits, for instance. We'll have matching topeots. Dresses will boast little over-jackets or hip-length or free-swinging coats that again will match—or perhaps correspond. We'll have gloves cut from the same fabric as our suits and dresses. Hollywood tells us so.

Irene Dunne's new spring suit is delightful. It's a two-piece dress supplemented by a brief box jacket. The skirt is sheer navy wool. The blouse, made skirtwaist style, over which the skirt buttons, is pink and navy blue plaid crepe. The jacket is sheer navy wool with revers piped with pink and navy plaid. Irene wears a large cartwheel hat of navy blue felt with plaid roses lying close to the crown. Her pumps, pouch bag and gloves are navy blue.

Taffeta is romantic, especially on Ginny Simms. At a recent party at The Club, a newly opened social center in Beverly Hills, Ginny wore a black taffeta bustle-backed dress (with practically no back to it) and a low-cut heart-shaped neckline in front. Tiny hearts of seed pearls were embroidered all over the tights, basque bodice. The skirt was plain and very full. And Ginny wore elbow-length gloves of white suede and a diamond and seed pearl choker.

At the same party Connie Moore wore a gown of gold taffeta. It had an off-the-shoulder neckline, a long tight bodice with self-piped seams and a long full skirt which hung over small hoops to accentuate Connie's small waistline. Here and there the skirt was caught with tiny black velvet bows. Connie wore black velvet evening wedgies and a short box coat of pale beige natural stone martian which blended with the gold of her gown beautifully.

Strictly in the dreamy department is the divine dinner gown that Travis Banton designed for Merle Oberon. It is made of "Oberon blue"—a pale icy shade—crepe. It is slim and slinky all the way from shoulders to the floor. It has a low square neckline in front and a high back. It also has an enchanting peplum, made of slightly deeper blue crep feathers, which ripples across the front from both sides and leaves the back of the skirt flat and smooth. As a wrap Merle wears a long stole of the same blue feathers. And her beautiful diamond necklace! The feather stole and the necklace, we dare say, would strain most budgets. But the feather peplum is worth consideration.

Dolores Moran attracts much attention at parties because of a beautifully clever idea. She supplements a simple black dress with a lovely flowing chiffon scarf. Sometimes her scarf is cerise, sometimes pistachio green. It's always bright, it's always sprinkled with sequins of the same color, and it falls to the hem of her short dress.

Kathryn Grayson, so ingénue on the screen, has been looking the sophisticated young lady at restaurants and cafes lately. Usually she tops her up hair-do with a small cart-wheel hat that is loaded with ostrich feathers. One cartwheel in particular, the color of the brightest pink plums you can imagine, she tilts at an angle that leaves only one eye visible.

Hollywood's younger set is going mad for the new boudoir wedgies—those bedroom slippers that are neither slippers (Continued on page 94)
ALLURA brings you a brief beauty of a coat. Color contrast is its theme...as you see by the neat cuffs, the dapper revers, the brave shoulders—so smartly defined. Your choice of Spring-Spirited color combinations in a suede-y 100% wool fabric loomed for us by the AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. Sizes 9-15. Around $35.

Consult with your Local Retailer, or write LOU SCHNEIDER 512 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N.Y.
CINEMODES  

(Continued from page 92)  
nor mules, but act as both. Some are embroidered in bright colors. Some boast sequin or bead trimming. But all have some manner of glitter. They're divine with lounging coats and around the house, with "just clothes." Meaning when your feet are tired they need not look it!

Constance Bennett has a cocktail costume which gets away from stereotyped black and would be heavenly in any number of color combinations. Connie has combined gray and bronze. She wears a cocktail sweater of the palest gray wool that is sequined in bronze, a skirt of bright bronze crepe, softly straight, and a high, wide bronze crepe belt that has a huge buckle of bronze bugle beads. Her bag, shoes and gloves are soft brown doeskin and suede. She wears no hat. However, a matching brown beanie would be smart with such a costume.

Lana Turner wore another variety of her favorite type of dancing dress the other night—and took everyone's breath away she was so beautiful! The top, as usual, was a black sweater type with tiny short cap sleeves. Her tremendously full skirt which swept the floor was starched white marquisette striped in pink, green and black. Her hair was piled high—in spite of the fact that most of Hollywood's femme fatales are letting their hair down, literally, not figuratively—and all through her white-blonde tresses were tiny pink camellias. And around her neck, as a choker against the black of her gown, she wore a necklace of the same, tiny fresh pink flowers!

We thought we had seen everything there was to see in the way of earrings when along came Alice Faye with a set of small gold pinwheels in her ears—so beautifully and perfectly made that they actually revolve when there is a breeze—or you flip them with your finger!
heart snatcher...

Doris Dodson creates an original embroidery design on rayon flannel... melody blue, vixen pink, sunshine yellow... sizes nine to fifteen. about fifteen dollars.

Write for the name of your local shop...
Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri

Doris Dodson
JUNIOR ORIGINALS
TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

Wear your charm bracelet, for a change, looped through your suit lapel.

Sew your GI's emblem on a plain sweater or blouse—about five inches below the neckline for the best effect.

Cut a square-necked dress much lower and make yourself a frilly guipure of organdy to fill the open space and serve as a fresh, crisp touch for spring.

Loop a chiffon scarf around your neck and tighten it at your throat with a ring—and you'll start a new jewelry fad among your friends.

Rejuvenate last year's dress with a collar and cuff set of striped seersucker.

Girdle your waist tightly with three bands of grosgrain ribbon, blending a color from light to dark.

Put a ruffle of fabric around the cuffs of your simple gloves that will match or contrast with your costume.

Buy gold or silver hoop bracelets and wear them the new way—banding your upper arm.

Make a hair band of multicolored sequins for special evenings.

Put colored shoelaces that match your play clothes in your sport shoes.

Embroider your initials on the wool gloves and socks in your wardrobe. They will look twice as expensive and be completely yours.

Tie your hair back at the nape of your neck with a big satin bow when you have one of those don't-wear-a-hat dates.

Edge the lapels and pockets of your gray suit with black grosgrain ribbon to give your suit that custom-made look!

Make a scarf out of taffeta plaid and use a little of the same taffeta for a perky hair bow.

Sew a band of net around the bottom of your slip and you won't be ashamed when you hear "Hey, your slip shows!"

Make some gay Tyrolean suspenders to top an old skirt and your friends will think you very "fashion wise."

For the shop in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on preceding pages are sold, write the manufacturers listed below:

Raincoat
Sherman Bros., 205 West 39th St., New York City.

Printzess suit
Prinz Biedermair Co., Cleveland 5, Ohio.

Jumper
Cleo Sportswear, 530 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Striped dress
Tomi, 14th Avenue, N.Y.C.

Three-piece suit
Anonymous, 14th Avenue, N.Y.C.

Basque jacket, checked skirt
Anonymous, 14th Street, N.Y.C.

Suede beret
Anonymous, 28 West 39th St., N.Y.C.

---

MAIL COUPON FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZES

PRINCESS PAT. Dept. 910, 5709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

☐ I enclose $1.50 (and 30¢ Fed. tax) for full size, Liquid Liptone—My dealer is out of it.

☐ Please send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (3¢ Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:
☐ Scarlet—flaming red, definitely tempting.
☐ Parisian—spectacular with dark hair, fair skin.
☐ Regal—exciting with dark hair, medium skin.
☐ English Tint—inviting coral-pink for blondes.
☐ Orchid—exotic pink. Romantic for evening.
☐ Daffodil—enchanting with fuchsia or purples.
☐ Gypsy—vivacious with dark eyes, olive skin.
☐ Medium—natural true red, flatters all types.

PLEASE PRINT

Name
Address
City State

PAT. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Beaunit Fabrics get Personal—

Designed for your loveliest lingerie,
BEAUNIT’S tricot rayon jersey
has knit-in beauty ... guaranteed non-run,
washes superbly, needs no ironing.
Let BEAUNIT’S Seal of Merit be your
personal fabric guide.

BOOKLET devoted to your fashion
problems sent FREE on request.

BEAUNIT MILLS, INC., DEPT. 21, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 1
Your Favorite Two-Way Stretch is Back

Look what’s in for you...Real-form Lastex 8-way stretches with the wonderful Raschel knit fashion to fit features that give such blessed comfort and control. Won’t roll, creep up or run.

Real-form Girdles of Grace
338 Fifth Ave., New York 1

Pull-ons, panel-front girdles and panty girdles...also with zippers. Up to $5...at your favorite store. Write for booklet, Dept. P.

My Hollywood Friends...

(Continued from page 52) That problem solved she worried about my teeth. "What's happening to your teeth while you're in this joint?" asked she. "Er...I don't know," I said. "Well, you'd better take care of them," so she brought me gum stuff and tooth stuff and brushes and dental floss and made sure I used 'em, by golly! With my tummy and tooth problems solved my hair became a vital concern. She dispatched a hair expert to my bedside post-haste. My hair was brushed and rubbed and combed and massaged until I feared it would fall out. But you just don't argue with Luci. It seemed that with each visit some new crisis had arisen and Luci came galloping to the rescue—but with a vengeance!

As a bedside sitter she's not just a ray of sunshine, she's unadulterated ultraviolet. I got the latest dirt from all comers, but from Luci I got it with gestures. She'd be awfully tough on a patient with an abdominal incision.

When I finally went home Lucille became obsessed with the idea that I "go to a party or something—just get out of this blanket-y-blanket room for awhile!" So she had a party. I finally promised to be there after extracting her assurance that I could talk about my operation.

The night arrived and our little caravan, Dick, the nurse and my chair in the car and me in a chartered ambulance and out on my first excursion.

Luci and her husband, Desi Arnaz, live on a charming little ranch in the San Fernando Valley, with chickens, a cow and five crazy dogs. That night it was converted into a fairyland with gay lanterns and a full moon reflected in the swimming pool. There were about ninety people there but there was a wonderful feeling of intimacy that all Arnaz parties have regardless of size. Lionel Barrymore was my dinner partner and we had great fun comparing wheel chairs. At that time I was using a great bulky one and his was just such a collapsible sport job that to which I have now graduated.

Luci buzzed about with her usual exuberance, the dogs at her heels, making each person feel he or she was the guest of honor—including me. I had a wonderful time and felt a hundred per cent better for having gone. Luci knew that would happen and I'm so grateful for the impetus toward activity she gave me.

Then last summer Dick and I moved to the beach to dodge the heat. We had a spare bedroom, but not for long! Lucille and Desi came a-visitin' one Saturday night and stayed three weeks! But this is a switch on the old house-guest gags. We had our own private fun-house. The days were lazy, sunny and female, with Desi and Dick away at camp. At night, Desi taught me to play the guitar, sorta. We had our own private fun-house. The days were lazy, sunny and female, with Desi and Dick away at camp. At night, Desi taught me to play the guitar, sorta. And then there was always the Game. Some people call it charades. You act out song titles, books, quotations or practically anything in pantomime. Luci plays with a vengeance and Desi plays with an accent! You've never seen actors act until you see them play The Game. There was no shortage of ham in the Quine household those evenings.

No sooner had the Arnazes arrived than we found ourselves without a cook so Luci took full charge of production. Sometimes Dick got the chefing urge or Desi whipped up a fabulous clam chowder or flan but steak if I am chil

BLOSSOMED BEAUTY
Frances Brooks garden print on rayon crepe. Fagoted wing sleeves and swank side ruffle produce a look of elegance...and slimness. Sizes 16½ to 24½
Under twenty-five dollars

At fine stores or write HERBERT LEVY • 237 S. MARKET STREET • CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

(Continued on page 100)
Colors: White, maize, pink, lime, shocking, aqua.

Sizes: at left, 32-38; at right, Juniors 9-15.

About $3. At leading department stores.
(Continued from page 98) orders in general, me being the boss that meal. She did the shopping, too, and what an understatement that is! No half-way measures for Luci.

Then there was the Sunday we went fishing. Dick and Desi arranged to charter a boat at the Malibu pier. We packed a lunch and went down to the sea in search of denizens of the deep. I went aboard, chair and all. Luci was the bar of dark glasses, an old sailor hat, dungarees over a bathing suit and a face full of zinc ointment! We crowned her "Miss Sea-weed of 1945." It was a glorious day, nobody got seasick and we all caught fish.

(Including me—it was that long!) And so the days went; fishing off the pier, sunshine, food, games, and above all laughs, thoughtfulness and more laughs, courtesy of Luci and Desi. Go, how we hated to see them leave. But they'll be back, we know.

Luci is a master at the wonderful art of doing anything and everything to make you happy and comfortable without working at it. It's her nature, that's all—her good, good nature. It showed to particular advantage on one of her one-night visits not long ago. First our cook ordered her out of the kitchen (all she wanted was a piece of bread); then Thunder, our great Dane, mistook her nose for a tid-bit and almost sampled it, and some heel stole her car. All in one evening! Now let's face it, some gals would run for cover. Not Red. It was all something to laugh about. So we fixed the cook, Thunder apologized, her car was found and they lived happily ever after.

You're probably familiar with the metamorphosis of Luci's career. My fondest hope for her is that she attain the same success in her work that she already knows as a person. She's the kind of a girl men call a "swell guy" and more than that too. She's a dynamo with a heart, always on the move—as unpredictable as a slot machine, yet she pays off as consistently as a government bond in thoughtfulness, friendship, and the joy of living.

The Eso

Can she "really understand" him now?

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

Hear real-life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don't miss them!

Every Morning
Monday Thru Friday
9:00 CT, 10:00 CT, 10:30 PT, 11:30 MT
All American Broadcasting Co. Stations
Perfect for your winning inning when you're out and 'round. Johnnye's simple button-me-down date classic of Evergrand Fabrics Crepe with contrasting embroidery trim. Waist-hugging, figure loving in Junior Sizes 9 to 17. Budget priced, under $8.00.
For a Flawless-Looking Complexion, Use FORMULA 301 ASTRINGENT • ANTISEPTIC • PROTECTIVE

ASTRINGENT • ANTISEPTIC • PROTECTIVE

At Drug and Dept. Stores 39c • $1.00 • $1.50
At all Ten Cent Stores—Trial Sizes 10c and 20c

A. Kat Preparations Co., 522 5th Avenue, New York 16

If unavailable in your locality, order from us:
10c □ 20c □ 39c □ $1.00 □ $1.50 □
(Add 20% tax)

Name
Address
City & State

Give To The Red Cross
HELP HEAL
THE WOUNDS OF WAR!

There are still tremendous tasks ahead for the Red Cross. Until every boy or girl in the service is back home again, Red Cross workers are needed to meet those problems that come with the order to "Cease Fire!"

Through recreation clubs the Red Cross helps ease that "lost" feeling your boy away from home is experiencing—helps him feel a little nearer to his "folks"—to the America that isn't really so far away.

They help our wounded men get back on the right emotional track—help them resolve family problems—teach them crafts, plan entertainments, etc.

Red Cross Home Service helps discharged veterans and their families by giving them temporary financial assistance if they are disabled, while a claim is pending—helps them apply for hospitalization in a Veterans' Hospital if they need it. In addition, the Red Cross is continuing its emergency assistance through foreign Red Cross societies and other welfare agencies in war-devastated countries. More than forty stricken areas have been helped by the Red Cross.

And at home the Red Cross is continuing its regular activities—errands of mercy for victims of peacetime disasters.

In Peace Or War
THE RED CROSS
Needs Your Help To Carry On
Always a Picture of Loveliness...

The Eisenhower battle jacket is authentic
down to the turn of the willow wrist... and what a suave way it has
with the waistline! This two-piece rayon gabardine can easily undergo
your closest scrutiny for it is meticulously tailored with a high ranking air.

At leading stores throughout the country. For store in your city, write: JACK WASSERMAN Co., DEPT. P3, 225 W. 35 St., New York 1
Smoke Screen

(Continued from page 31) is impossible for me to be happily married to a man of whom she decidedly disapproved. It would be like starting married life with ten strikes against my happiness.

"You mean, then, that your mother does not disapprove of Vic's courting you? There's been a lot of talk, June."

"The truth about that, Louella," she replied, quietly, "is this: My mother disapproved of my concentrating on Vic and getting my name in the gossip columns as his best girl. But she has no objections when he comes to the house and I see him with my family. She has had a number of talks with Vic and I think she likes him very much.

"It's hard not to," she smiled. "You know, he is really a lot of fun. I've known him longer than most people think. It is a funny thing—but I met Vic first in Chicago when he was carrying such a big torch for Rita Hayworth. I was back there on location for 'Home In Indiana.' He was in the Coast Guard and on his way back to his station on the Coast. Vic had just that day received word that Rita had married someone else. I was so sorry for him," said June. "He was the unhappiest boy I ever saw. We had luncheon together and Rita was all he talked about. But then, I didn't see him again until 1945 when he was out of the Coast Guard and back at our studio.

"He asked me for dates—and at first I said no. I don't like night clubs. I don't smoke. I don't drink. And I'm certainly not fond of dancing on crowded floors after I've danced all day on the set. So, I didn't accept his invitations for some time. Finally, I turned the tables on him and invited him on a date—over to my house to meet the family."

JUNE laughed. "You can imagine that was something different for Vic. The first time was on a Sunday and since Vic was born a Catholic, he went to church with me. Later, we played gin rummy with my sister and her friends.

"It was just one of those typical Sunday afternoons. We put on records and I taught him the rumba. We had an early supper—and no cocktails before! Vic spent a lot of time out in the kitchen sort of helping around and getting in the way. It was the first time my mother had met him and I think she was surprised! She had been prepared not to like him after reading so much about his romances with other girls and all his more or less sensational brand of publicity. But she couldn't help laughing at the things he said and did—for Vic is very witty and amusing.

"My mother feels this way: She likes Vic—but she doesn't want me to go out with him steadily and forget all my other boy friends. She doesn't want my affections to become involved."

Ah, there, Junie—are they?

I couldn't help thinking, when I looked at this unusual youngster with the head of a much wiser woman, how different he is from the average nineteen-year-old girl. Her life has been no bed of roses. She has had the responsibility of paying bills and of making both ends meet since she was eleven years old. Back in Rhode Island she was a "child prodigy." Before she was twelve she had her own radio show sponsored by an ice cream company and sang as the child star of that quarter hour.

When her family moved to Hollywood to complete their education they had some thin times while Junie took time out from earning a pay check to attend Beverly Hills High School. During the summer months she earned what money she could by singing and dancing and she studied dramatics very hard. In fact, it was while
she was appearing in a high-school play, "Ever Since Eve," that a Twentieth talent scout saw her and offered her a contract.

With a background like that and with her feet so solidly on the ground, it is hard to believe that Junie would ever do anything impulsively. But then—how come the near elopement? And that very serious talk she had with her bosses about marriage?

The only way I can explain it is that even the most level-headed of girls are still—just girls. When love comes along, particularly, an exciting, infatuating brand of love, it is sometimes very hard to remember to keep one's head out of the clouds.

I THINK June must have been thinking somewhat along those lines, too, as she continued: "I'm not old enough now to know my own mind. All I have to do is to look back on the boys I used to go dancing with when I was fifteen and sixteen to realize how transient a young girl's feelings are. At the time, I thought some of those boys were wonderful. Now I know I wouldn't have them. We have nothing in common."

"I can tell you this, Louella—I wouldn't marry the best man in the world for five or six years yet. You see, I want to have a baby when I get married and I want our baby to be his first baby just as I want to be his first wife. I don't believe," went on this sullen little girl, "you can have a movie career that is a successful one and be a good wife at the same time. They just don't mix."

"Why do you say that?" I asked her.

"Well, look at the marriages that have broken up in Hollywood with the excuse that the husband doesn't understand his wife's career. I don't suppose many husbands would understand an actress's life—or like it. Take my own case. I get up at daybreak when I'm working. I come home so late at night, so tired, that I don't want to talk to anybody. I just want to stay home and rest."

"But you don't work all the time," I suggested.

"No," she agreed. "But I think about it all the time!" Suddenly, her thoughts reverted to Vic, for she said, "I'd like to say for Vic that he has changed a lot since he came home. There are so many nice things about him. He doesn't talk about all his romances the way he once did."

At this, I smiled to myself—for I had met Vic only a few days previous to my talk with June, and he had poured into my ear his undying love for her—just as he did when he was crazy about Rita. But what I am to say that a man cannot change and that Vic really meant it when he told me, "I love that little girl very much, Louella. She is so sweet and unspoiled, I wish I had met her a long, long time ago."

I asked June, "Well—are you going to concentrate on Vic in the future to the exclusion of your other beau?"

She shook her head, "I go out with other boys very frequently. I like Farley Granger very much and I'll see him when he comes home."

I'm betting Vic will have something to say about that!

And, now I have told you exactly what June told me about her romance with Mature and certainly her version sounds as if there is nothing but friendship and a good pal quality between them.

But I can't discard the feeling that their sentiment for each other is, perhaps, more serious than Junie admits.

At any rate they're in the middle of a smoke screen and, whatever the answer, one thing is sure right now—you only have to look at them together to know—'Smoke gets in their eyes.'

The End
First Lady—Second Time
(Continued from page 37) bade her come
by at 5:30, or whether the whole affair was
coincidence. All I know is that I would
make a heavy odds-on bet against
coincidence.

At our next meeting all previous bars
were down. It was Saturday afternoon
and the official announcement had been
made to the nation's press the day before.
Ruth Waterbury was giving a party in
honor of the supreme occasion. It was
only fitting that the Gold Medal lady be
among those present.

This, as it turned out, was to be a test.
Miss Garson's studio rumbled an official
warning against expecting their first lady.
She was doing re-takes for "The Valley Of
Decision" and already she had worked
some five weeks beyond the originally
allotted time for it. In short, she was in
a state of exhaustion.

At six sharp, the phone rang. If a car
could come by Stone Canyon at eight,
a pleasantly efficient voice allowed, Miss
Garson would be most happy to join Miss
Waterbury's party. The car, chauffeured
oddly enough by a certain editor, was in
Bel-Air and up the circular drive at 8:00.
A replica of Greer, charm, beauty and all,
opened the door: "If you'll wait just
a moment," Mrs. Garson suggested, "my
daughter will be down to join you."

Here was the moment for disillusionment.
A fun party left behind and moments
stretching to minutes, minutes to half
hours waiting for a first lady to finish her
toilette. The grimness of expecting the
worst had barely set in when there was
the welcoming swish of silk down the
broad stairs.

"I thought," the Photoplay Golden Medal
winner said with humor lighting gray
green eyes and reproach softening her
tone, "that you would have notified me
yourself. It wasn't right to have heard
only from the studio about such news as
this, the most exciting thing that's ever
happened to me."

It was on the faces of the Hollywood-wise
guests at the party when we came into the
room—surprise, disbelief that Greer Gar-
sen actually had come. Disbelief that
was replaced by incredulity when she not only
stayed but added fresh gaiety to the party.
Remarking the studio's warnings of
exhaustion, Photoplay's official host
and company vice president, Carroll Rhein-
strom, announced with a publisher's firm-
ness that Miss Garson was now to be taken
home. By himself and his wife, to make
doubly sure. I was not there after that,
but I know enough to take my publisher's
word for it. When the car, with its new
chauffeur, was again at Stone Canyon
Road, the lady of the year suggested that
a night cap was in order. Not only sugges-
ted, but insisted. The night cap be-
came a second and the conversation
flamed as brightly as the huge log fire
in the hearth.

The final hour when the last goodbye
was spoken has never been revealed to me.
A skeptical, hard-boiled New York pub-
lisher did reveal, however, his enthusiasm
for a hostess who knew how to mix the
proper proportions of fine brandy and good
talk.

In a way, I suppose, that was as bad a
beginning as any for friendship—an editor
presenting a star with a Gold Medal to be
prized so highly. There is little that is
normal in such a relationship. The star
almost of necessity must be pleasant. So
where does the sense of obligation leave
off and like or dislike for the other as a
human being begin?

I always have thought that a person
revealed much of himself in his letters. My
next encounter with Greer was
through the mails. It seems—great tragedy —that she had lost the tiny medallion Photoplay had made up for her as a replica of the Gold Medal, a small charm to be worn with bracelet or pin. Such feminine carelessness—or so it seemed to this editor, who upgraded his Miss Garson in a stern note. She replied:

"Dear Fred:

"I have just returned from a flying trip, mostly radio and Boston War Fund business or I would have answered your delightful missive before this.

"First, welcome home from your Coast Guard trip. I'm so thankful that the sudden end of the war, for which Heaven and science be praised, made your absence shorter than anticipated.

"Now we are wrestling with the problems of an uneasy peace and you are back to what I hope are only pleasant problems of keeping Photoplay on the top of the bunch. Please say hello, to Mr. and Mrs. Rheinstrom, that handsome pair, and to that charming Mr. Drake. I was sorry that I missed seeing you when Richard and I were in New York, but our days were few and very rushed and I am hoping to have more time our next visit East, which should be soon.

"I don't know if I shall have the happiness of meeting Dr. Gallup in the near future on any occasions similar to the last! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Perhaps that is something that happens only once in a lifetime. Anyhow, this leads me by natural stages to say, 'Yes, I have lost that priceless miniature medal.' I wore it on my heavy gold chain bracelet, firmly soldered, every single day as rubbed it for luck on important occasions or before tough scenes. I discovered it had disappeared from the bracelet the day Richard came home on leave, an unlucky coincidence that worried me a lot.

"However, Lieutenant Ney is now plain Mr. Ney and safely plunging 'round the house in his old tweed jacket (happy sight), planting bulbs and gardening like mad and muttering he will have to go back into the Navy for a rest ... But the beautiful little miniature medal is gone and an exhaustive search has failed to rediscover it. I deeply grieve and if Santa Claus (Editor's note: This was my dark hint) should be kind, I will have a new and improved slip-chain made by my jeweler and ready and waiting.

"All suitable sentiments. . . ."

The editor's answer was to suggest that at the time the new medallion was ready to be presented, Miss Garson prepare herself for a luncheon or cocktail date.

The reply was headed "Pebble Beach, California." It read:

"I'm so sorry, Fred, to have to miss seeing you again this time. I was delighted to get your note (very saucy!) and was looking forward to my date with you, with or without benefit of Ney's chaperonage. But on Sat. 10th I was notified by the real estate agent up here that our military tenants were leaving the house suddenly on the 13th, so I stayed but for a radio show on the 12th, then drove up at once with Richard to check the inventory, discover the damage, tsk-tsk over the wear and tear, and generally put the place to rights again.

"We're without help except for an occasional Sergeant who gives us an afternoon's gardening now and then and there's so much to do, I just couldn't get away this week.

"The occupational hazards of general housekeeping amaze me. I don't know how people survive. I'm all bumps and bruises and burns, gaudy and broken nails and wood-smokey hair, but it's been great fun. We've chopped down trees, swept and

---

Flatterers these—for oh, what exciting things they do for your feet.

Young, smart and just a tiny bit frivolous—and made, of course, in wonderful leathers.

$4

some styles slightly higher

---

Eyes and ah-hi's

Follow Paris Fashions

Paris Fashion Shoes

FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.
burned leaves and pine needles, barbecued steaks, roasted potatoes and apples, picnicked by moonlight on the sand-dunes, chased the deer with headlights through these Gothic moss-draped redwoods and generally had a good time. But indoors—golly! The 24-hour-a-day battle against those two arch enemies of mankind, (1) hunger, (2) dirt. Phew!

"Hope you’re having a wonderful time. Are you coming out again soon? Hope so. And that I shall see you then. All S.S.

"P.S. This letter would continue for pages but the toast is burning; the furnace is out of order, Richard is bowing for food and the garbage collector is at the back door. So I must jest.

Now the time again has arrived for awarding of the Photoplay Gold Medals. As this is being written—a few days before the official announcements—Greer does not yet know that for the second straight year you, America’s moviegoers, have voted her the most popular actress of the nation.

I promise that I won’t repeat last year’s mistake. This time I am going to send every personal word to our First Lady that she is again to receive the Gold Medal. My only hope is that the second year of my friendship with the Photoplay Gold Medalist is as easy, gay and human as the first.

The End

King Bing

(Continued from page 48) the news boys and arrived at broadcasts wearing a battered felt hat, an old pair of unpressed slacks and a shirt open at the collar, knew no need to strut socially either.

Then, to my utter and complete amazement, I learned about the Bing Crosby Research Foundation. I learned that the offices of this foundation in the Crosby building down on Sunset Boulevard were crammed with thousands of gadgets sent Bing by inventors and would-be inventors who weren’t in a position to put over their ideas or protect their interests. Our government, it seemed, had accepted several of these inventions, deeming them of military importance and others had been contracted for by commercial firms. I learned too, of Inventerprises, Inc., which Bing had started to manufacture—those inventions the foundation believed in but had been unable to market. All of this I spent only on the fact that the foundation itself already was costing a fortune.

It became clear to me that, intrinsically, Bing was far more than a crooner who followed the horses and stayed up with the boys. I began to congratulate myself for the instinctive perspicacity which had interested me in Bing in spite of myself.

When Sinatra came along Bing must have known he had a potential rival. Certainly if the squeals of the bobby-socks didn’t warn him his friends and associates did. But Bing, refusing to be talked into any professional feud, promptly became Frankie’s friend while remaining his idol. For it was, as you undoubtedly know, Frank’s unlimited admiration for Bing that first inspired him to become a singer. When Frank came to Hollywood to work and live, Bing and he saw each other frequently. They met at Bond rallies and at benefits, in the broadcasting studios and socially too. No one, however, ever was able to report an unfriendly word or look between them. On the contrary. The camaraderie and good will they always have had for each other was illustrated recently at a benefit they played together. Frankie, coming away from the mike, said to Bing, “Boy, I sure slipped in a couple of clams that time.” Bing, also suffering
from a slight frog in his throat, slapped Frankie on the back. "If you think these were clams," he said, "stick around and hear the ones I'm going to give out."

Bing, apparently, is without human jealousy. Everyone who ever has worked with him tells me he is the sweetest guy in the world. Ingrid Bergman says, "When you work with Bing it's like playing your part in a great big comfortable easy chair or a chaise longue. You never worry!"

Bing's also without pretense, incapable of "putting on lugs." Last December when he and I happened to be in New York together he consulted me about a cocktail party he was giving.

"Elsa," he said, "you're a kind of arbiter, a stream-lined Emily Post for Broadway... Vic Hunter and I are giving a cocktail party for Barney Dean. Tell me, how do I work it...?"

"Just send out invitations," I said. "Just say Mr. Bing Crosby and Mr. Vic Hunter request the pleasure of your company for cocktails at such and such a time and place to meet Mr. Barney Dean. And, put R.S.V.P. on the invitations, of course."

A few days later my invitation arrived. It was on heavy cream paper, handsomely engraved. But there all elegance stopped. Informally, typically Bing, it read:

"Mr. Bing Crosby and Mr. Vic Hunter request the pleasure of your company for cocktails in the upper reaches of the Stork Club to meet Mr. Barney Dean, S.W.G., S.A.G., S.E.G., 5:30-8:00 on Friday, December 21st. No R.S.V.P. Just Bring It With You."

It was "Going My Way" that gave me my clue to the Crosby Enigma, really. Bing, I realized, was going his way just as he always had, but his way had changed. When he had been younger and success had been new he had had fun following the horses, wearing the loudest and largest plaid jackets he could find and staying out late with the gang. Gradually, however, he had grown up to his great and gentle heart which even from the beginning had manifested itself in countless ways.

It is those, I am convinced, who have not comprehended the great psychological evolution—or revolution—that Bing is going through, quietly and without any theatrical daddies, who suggest from time to time that he is not well. When I first heard rumors that he was ill I was eager to see him again, that I might judge for myself. I saw him at the track the day of the great horse race. He only stayed a little while. He doesn't open and close the place any more. But while he remained it was obvious he enjoyed himself in a thoroughly human fashion. His oval face is finer, true, and there's a new maturity in his eyes. But he doesn't look like a sick man—only a changed man.

Hollywood thrives on excitement—the dramatic instinct at work, no doubt. Gossip flies from group to group on the wings of hushed voices. Not long ago everyone was saying Bing had gone off to his ranch at Elko, Nevada; that his doctors insisted upon a long and complete rest and it would be a long time before he was again heard on the radio or seen on the screen.

When I heard these stories, I reminded myself realistically that Bing had gone off to his ranch many times before. I recalled his love for this place and the way his blue eyes always light up when he talks of the solitude there and the direct, lancing talk of his Nevada neighbors. And I reasoned that it was up there in the hills, alone, that Bing had managed to crystallize a lot of his spiritual growth.

---

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which SAFELY STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

39¢ Plus Tax

At any store which sells toilet goods

ILONA MASSEY

Star of Stage and Screen... says:

"I think it is wonderful that so many people have come to realize Arrid does a double job—it protects your clothes from under-arm perspiration and you from offensiveness."

[Signature]
Before Bing left for his ranch this time, while he still was working on "Blue Skies," an old friend asked him if he wouldn't support the Sister Kenny Infantile Paralysis Fund. He listened silently for a long time. Then he said he'd love to get behind anything that would help kids not to have twisted arms and legs but that he first must understand the treatment better. "And They Shall Walk," which tells of Sister Kenny's treatment, went up to the ranch with him. Flapped up in his bunk he read all night until he finished the book at 3 O'clock in the morning.

It wasn't many days after this, while Bing was believed still to be at his ranch under doctors' orders, that he turned up on my floor in the Waldorf Towers. Only a handful of people knew he was in New York. And even they couldn't get him on the telephone because he wouldn't answer it. He knew better. He had work to do. A few blocks away his new picture, "The Bells of St. Mary's," had its premiere at the Radio City Music Hall. But it wasn't the reason Bing was in town. He didn't even go to the theater. He had other things to do. He had become National Chairman of the Sister Kenny 1945 Fund Drive. It was getting all his time, all his energy. Among other things he chose sixty-four people—many old acquaintances from baseball, football, golf and music fields, to serve on the committee with him. And he sent wires to men like Harry James, Guy Lombardo, Mike Todd and Bill Stern saying, Bing-like, "I need the help of a bunch of swell guys. Come on and give me a hand..."

At last word got around that he was in town. Immediately he was besieged by radio offers. Believe me when I tell you that when he finally agreed to return to the air the flattery of the fabulous sums he was offered influenced him less than other things—the thousands of letters he had received from all over the land begging him to sing carols at Christmas time, saying it wouldn't seem like Christmas without him, plus the fact that by singing carols on a special show he could raise a lot of money for crippled children.

When I told Bing I was writing this article about him because I felt very strongly about the physical and spiritual metathesis that is taking place in him, he looked very surprised. "You don't realize yourself how you've grown up," I explained. "And all of it is simply a maturation of qualities you've always had and manifested in little ways."

"Well, Elsa," Bing said, "it's darn sweet of you to go on record in black and white."

"Just look," I told him, "how hard and unselfishly you threw yourself into the Sister Kenny drive."

"I did that," Bing said, "because I'm convinced it's a wonderful movement. I have kids, you know. So far they're okay. But supposing my boys got polio and Sister Kenny because of lack of funds had had to quit working in the United States... From a purely personal standpoint I had to do my best to make it possible for her work to go on."

He's quite a guy, this Bing... helping inventors, turning professional rivals into friends through the alchemy of his generous spirit, forgetting he's the star of the hit picture premiering just around the corner because he's so busy being National Chairman of Sister Kenny's Fund.

I'd talk of Bing as a great human being, not as a great actor. That's what I said, didn't I? I suspect I've done both, because, as I see it, Bing's growth as an actor has pretty well paralleled his growth as a man.

As an actor and as a man, then, he's king pin. That covers it!

**The End**
Growing in new day, voted the hearty forget-me-nots, the puppy, the Lizabeth's unbridgeable.

The September day she walked into the classroom on the Paramount lot was the day several young beauties under contract felt a sharp tightening around the heart. Here was beauty, sultry and mysterious, that occurs only occasionally even in Hollywood. Raven hair framed a small golden-skinned face with perfect features. Hazel eyes fringed with unbelievably long lashes. "It's the end," Diana Lynn said to herself. "Who would pay attention to me or anyone with this beauty around?" They saw the truth of it mirrored in the eyes of everyone on the lot. Eyes focused on Gail who seemed to notice it not at all. Diana was sixteen then, too young for serious dating, and Gail was two years older. They had nothing in common.

She came to school only that one day, for Gail had already graduated from Santa Monica High School and on September twenty-first had reached eighteen. She need no longer attend school according to law.

They met again, Gail and Diana, on the "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour" set. Gail's first picture. Gail disliked the round-faced, twinkly-eyed Diana with a hearty dislike. Diana, friendly as a puppy, was everything Gail wasn't, and Gail frankly resented her. Unaware of the dislike, Diana tried to be friendly. The difference between eighteen and sixteen is vast and unbridgeable. Eighteen and twenty though are as one in the minds and hearts of young women and so spark struck spark and the deep abiding friendship began with Diana's reading aloud to Gail a new and wonderful book, "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." The antics of Emily in the story became so amusingly dear to Diana, she felt akin to the real Emily Kimbrough. It never occurred to her, however, that she could play the role. So she plugged Gail for the role of Cornelia Otis Skinner to everyone who might have any influence.

Of course the day both girls wound up as Emily and Cornelia was a day to be remembered. They literally threw themselves into the roles to such an extent Diana is still "Emily" to Gail and Gail will always be "Corny" to Diana.

They complement each other. Diana is the fluffy, fluttery type. She loves clothes and hats, to shop and try on. Gail never enters a shop, buys from the wardrobe what she can, seldom wears a hat, carries few possessions to scatter. Her clothes are made with pockets to carry the little she needs. By the time the two came to making "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," they were such close friends that they insisted upon using one dressing room that became such a shambles of mismatched shoes, scattered powder and lipsticks, panties and slips, books and records that a friend one day decided to teach the kids a lesson. Returning from the set, the girls found the dressing room littered with ashes, peanut shells, cigarette butts, mops, buckets, brooms and papers. By the time they'd

---

Our Gail Is Growing Up

(Continued from page 85) find. "Look at her." And Elizabeth, delighted at the horseplay, will toss back the ball.

When Lizabeth began her new picture, "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers," Gail searched around feverishly for a gift and found it in the prop room—one of Sonny Tufts's old and muddled shoes. Wrapping the enormous boot in the prettiest of packages, she had delivered it in elegant style to Lizabeth's set, adorned with a faded bunch of forget-me-nots picked up along the way. The only catch was the faded bouquet turned out to be a needed prop and the frantic search for the missing flowers had the prop man slightly wild before it was located.

The September day she walked into the classroom on the Paramount lot was the day several young beauties under contract felt a sharp tightening around the heart. Here was beauty, sultry and mysterious, that occurs only occasionally even in Hollywood. Raven hair framed a small golden-skinned face with perfect features. Hazel eyes fringed with unbelievably long lashes. "It's the end," Diana Lynn said to herself. "Who would pay attention to me or anyone with this beauty around?" They saw the truth of it mirrored in the eyes of everyone on the lot. Eyes focused on Gail who seemed to notice it not at all. Diana was sixteen then, too young for serious dating, and Gail was two years older. They had nothing in common.

She came to school only that one day, for Gail had already graduated from Santa Monica High School and on September twenty-first had reached eighteen. She need no longer attend school according to law.

They met again, Gail and Diana, on the "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour" set. Gail's first picture. Gail disliked the round-faced, twinkly-eyed Diana with a hearty dislike. Diana, friendly as a puppy, was everything Gail wasn't, and Gail frankly resented her. Unaware of the dislike, Diana tried to be friendly. The difference between eighteen and sixteen is vast and unbridgeable. Eighteen and twenty though are as one in the minds and hearts of young women and so spark struck spark and the deep abiding friendship began with Diana's reading aloud to Gail a new and wonderful book, "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." The antics of Emily in the story became so amusingly dear to Diana, she felt akin to the real Emily Kimbrough. It never occurred to her, however, that she could play the role. So she plugged Gail for the role of Cornelia Otis Skinner to everyone who might have any influence.

Of course the day both girls wound up as Emily and Cornelia was a day to be remembered. They literally threw themselves into the roles to such an extent Diana is still "Emily" to Gail and Gail will always be "Corny" to Diana.

They complement each other. Diana is the fluffy, fluttery type. She loves clothes and hats, to shop and try on. Gail never enters a shop, buys from the wardrobe what she can, seldom wears a hat, carries few possessions to scatter. Her clothes are made with pockets to carry the little she needs. By the time the two came to making "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," they were such close friends that they insisted upon using one dressing room that became such a shambles of mismatched shoes, scattered powder and lipsticks, panties and slips, books and records that a friend one day decided to teach the kids a lesson. Returning from the set, the girls found the dressing room littered with ashes, peanut shells, cigarette butts, mops, buckets, brooms and papers. By the time they'd

---

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.
removed the debris, they decided to take the hint and bid. A week later, scattered make-up, undies, books, shoes, records mingled hopelessly among Gal's drawings and crossword puzzles.

Loathing everything athletic, Diana finds herself shut out on Gal's horseback rides and the long lonely walks in the rain. But mutual understanding comes again in their dating.

"Look," Diana tells Gal will say, "I like this boy. terribly. Keep off my territory." And neither girl will so much as lift an eye to the other's escort—Gal's torch bearing for a local that finds Diana standing in it. They respect each other's emotions. It's only their comotions they ridicule.

Diana knows better than anyone that beneath Gal's dark loneliness and stubborn will, there exists a delightful pixie-like quality which lends itself to biting minicry, both keen-sighted and comical in its trend.

Her take-off on Diana is both funny and alarming in its accuracy and never fails to throw Diana into a disconcerted tizzy. Seated with their beaus at a restaurant, Diana will become aware that across the way her caricature has come to life. There will be an eye of dewy-eyed look from Diana's and the quick nervous flick of a cigarette ash that never hits the ash tray. A twinkle will go in Gal's eye. Her cigarette paper will flick in faster rhythm, her beau will become aware something indefinable is happening—but what, she wonders—and finally the two girls will break up completely.

"Tonight," Gal will declare, "I'm going to be—" and naming a famous starlet she'll go through the honeyed motions that become ridiculed, but through those beautiful but very honest eyes of Gal Russell.

In like manner, Diana will do a take-off

on Gal's head-forward walk which is like a moo cow on a rampage—a walk, incidently, that she is correcting through daily exercise at the studio. In fact, producer Joe Sistrum bribed Gal into faster mastery of that awkward stride by promise of a doll for her collection. It arrived one day on the set of "Calcutta," a tiny Indian doll, elaborately beaded.

The color blue, small gold earrings and crossword puzzles are Gal's passions. She'll go to the kitchen of her Westwood home in the morning coffee and sit in her room, climb into bed, work a crossword puzzle, drink more coffee, work another puzzle and then set off for her exercise and the studio.

"But you hardly know what this lovely bedroom room is like," her mother will protest. "Do have coffee with us. Bring your rabbits and join us.

There's a look, as if Gal were seriously pondering the question, and then a decision. She goes into her room and quietly closes the door.

There are times when she'll remain closeted with her coffee, her radio, her puzzles or her sketch pad for two or three days at a time. And then she'll be off on a movie spree seeing two or three shows a day for several days at a time. And then back to seclusion.

From her babushka, back in Chicago where she was born, she has shut herself from friends and family. She had only one or two school chums she liked. Leather jackets and old skirts were her favorite costumes and even as a child she refused to shop.

Mrs. Russell recognizing the almost neurotic shyness of Gal, would bring five or six dresses home from a shop for Gal's selection. She'd go to her own room alone to try them on. Either she'd decide against them all or wear to death the one she finally chose. At the last minute she'd wear to the neighborhood parties of her little friends. She lived alone amid those who loved her but could never reach her.

It was in Gal, then eleven years old, who made the decision to come to California instead of Florida. The family settled in Glendale and Gal, straight-haired and boyishly plain in her sport clothes, attended her beauty began to take form and before the year was out, the boys were referring to her as 'Hedy Lamarr.' At Santa Monica High Gal again became the "Gal Lamarr of our school." But by this time the desire and undisputed talent to draw had taken firm roots and nights Gal studied fashion and drawing.

It was in March before graduation that the telegram came from Paramount studios asking Gal to make a screen test. Several boys and Bill Meiklejohn, the talent scout who had given them a lift in his car, of their famous Hedy.

SHE was unimpressed at the prospect despite the fact the Russells were in definite need. The family needed help and the lonely seclusion in which she lived.

She insisted upon testing by reading from a script of her own choosing. And so the alet's contract with Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for an Andy Hardy script. She knew what she was doing, too, for tears, real and genuine, flowed down her cheeks as she read the part. She was an actress.

They knew it for they signed her and into the eerie "The Uninvited" she went after her first flying in an Aldrich story.

As her career progressed she decided to leave home and live away from her family. Her clothes were taken a few at a time until she was living entirely away from parents in the small apartment of a girl friend.

"I never left off doing for her in those days," Mrs. Russell says. "I never let her know how desperate we were at losing her. I still mended her clothes when I had the chance and despite her tears I'd plant the seeds of hope."

She realized the truth that as a united family they could pull and work for the good of all. One day she took her mother her clothes were at the studio.

"We'll go get them tomorrow," her mother said.

"Then let's get them now," Gal replied.

They did.

The proudest moment of her life happened on the first day of shooting on "Uninvited." Alan Ladd completed an eight-minute scene on the first take. "I could see the look of dawning wonder and respect on the director's face when he saw it," Gal told us. "He couldn't believe it for the bet ting among the crew was ten to one against our finishing the scene in three days.

Gail reads little but does good music. And oddly enough her beauty fails to register as it should on the screen.

"I think," her mother says, "that's because Gal has eyes. And I think, like everything else about her, love will come slowly to her."

When it does, we prophesy it will light a light behind the pictures beautifully shadowy for one so young. And then and then alone will movie audiences see what her high-school friends saw, her studio pals and her family now see—but what makes them say, wisely and proudly, "Our Gal is growing up."
The flat, tapered ends of Kotex keep you carefree, confident... because they prevent revealing outlines

Kotex is the sanitary napkin with flat pressed ends that don't show. And this is just one of many special Kotex features that are all very personally yours.

For you get extra comfort, lasting softness, with Kotex. This napkin is made to stay soft while wearing—hold its shape hours longer than pads which just "feel" soft at first touch. What's more, Kotex is made with an exclusive safety center. It's designed for plus-protection against accidents—against roping and twisting—against moist, chafing edges.

A deodorant in every Kotex napkin

As an extra safeguard for your daintiness, your poise, every Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. It's locked in so it can't shake out... a new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost! And only Kotex provides 3 sizes—Regular in the blue box, Junior in the green box, and Super Kotex in the brown box.
Why

POWERS MODELS

have such naturally lustrous

shining-bright hair!

Positively Neer Leaves Any Excess Dull Soapy Film

The way Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses every tiny strand of hair and brings out all its natural shimmering highlights is sheer sorcery! Here's a shampoo that really keeps its promise.

Those divinely beautiful Powers Models—famous for their shining bright locks—use Kreml Shampoo and how they rave about it! They claim there's nothing better to leave hair softer, silkier and easier to arrange. Kreml Shampoo leaves the hair so sparkling clean—a fairly dancing with its natural glossy brilliance that lasts for days.

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle

Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals to dry or break the hair. Instead, its beneficial oil base is simply wonderful to help soften dry, brittle ends. It rinses out like a charm and never leaves any excess dull soapy film which makes hair look so muddy and lifeless. So glorify your hair with beautifying Kreml Shampoo—then see how quickly "he" succumbs to our added charm. Buy a bottle at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

KREML

A product of R. B. Smoler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Portrait of Pete

(Continued from page 39) Lawford. His eyes are blue.

He doesn't like salami, coloratura sopranos or getting up at the early hours required by his work. He is a devoted follower of "Dick Tracy," "Terry and the Pirates" and "Smoky Stover."

His chief aversion is girls who dress carelessly or in poor taste. "... and I have no patience with unkempt hair."

He abhors starched collars.

He was born in a flat in London, subscribes to no book clubs and firmly believes in a life hereafter.

He is known to his family and friends as Pete.

He is fond of cream cheese and in 1940 worked as a parking lot attendant back of Palm Beach stores. He has light brown hair and his education was entirely derived from tutors.

Peter Lawford seriously injured his right arm when, as a boy playing with other kids in Monte Carlo, he went through a plate glass window. He learned to use his left hand as a consequence, using the right only to hold a cigarette.

He is continually eating.

His musical bent is toward the ukulele and drums. He likes loafing on the beach, and considers his worst fault his inability to "warm up quickly to people."—an understandable trait of his British heritage of reserve. He never eats garlic.

His attitudes are realistic. His favorite opera is "Carmen" and his closest friend is Keenan Wynn, who also rates as his favorite comedian.

He sleeps soundly as a rule but occasionally has a nightmare. "The other night I fell out of bed!"

He hates quiz programs.

He is convinced that cricket is the most boring of games, has never worn glasses, and invariably finds himself unconsciously humming the Warsaw Concerto, written by a young American composer whose name he cannot remember.

He decries California drivers, likes chewing gum and wears a St. Christopher medal around his neck—though he is not a Catholic—given him by a girl "a long time ago."

He prefers girls in sport clothes—"You know, sweaters and things."

He budgets his weekly spending money at twenty-five dollars. He likes flying and firmly believes that radio has raised the average of music appreciation. He has a weakness for popcorn.

He is allergic to loud voices.

He has two lighters which don't work; he is "saving up for a gold Dunhill." He handles French like a native and speaks a smattering of Spanish. His hobby is amateur photography.

He weighs 160 pounds.

He cannot eat Camembert, remembers the license number of his car and laments the paucity of significant subject matter in movies. He likes onions and surf bathing.

He plays checkers with his father, who always beats him. He prefers eating apples or pears without skinning them and earnestly regrets that he was never able to attend a public school because his parents were always on the move.

He plans soon to apply for his first citizenship papers.

His "four o'clock tea" consists of either a chocolate milk shake or a chocolate malted. He worked as an usher at the Westwood Village Theater near Los Angeles, until M-G-M gave him a small part in "Mrs. Miniver."

Peter Lawford gets too many traffic tickets for "sliding through stop signs."

He is punctual to work but usually late to dates.
He is systematic and orderly, and for a time studied art, concerning which he suffers a certain amount of frustration. "I can’t even make a decent sketch of a house."

He is extremely attached to his dog—an unquestioned mongrel must he picked up nine years ago in the Bahamas. He indulges in a steam bath occasionally and is superstitious about three on a match and walking under ladders. He has never been seasick.

He is crazy about boogie-woogie.

He is an expert horseman.

He doesn’t like oysters or clams and thinks the most interesting things to stroll on are the Champs Elysees and Broadway at night. He wishes he could play the piano.

He eventually wants a family of two children.

His father had planned him for the Army, but he is the first of many generations to forego a military career. He doesn’t like too many parties, cares little for fishing, and smokes about a pack—and-a-half a day.

He likes surf-boarding at Honolulu, World’s Series baseball and a whiskey and soda before dinner. He is direct, tolerant and self-analytical.

He wears garters only with a dinner jacket. He can recite snatches of Shakespeare and hates to answer letters, inevitably ending by wiring or telephoning.

His tennis was of championship caliber until the accident to his right arm. His father was born in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England. He doesn’t like hunting.

He loves American football.

He has been in the United States five years and his latest picture is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “Two Girls From Boston.” He exercises with weights three times a week.

He has a horror of “staying put in one place too long.”

He has a pleasing baritone, periodically stops smoking to prove he can do it, and nurtures a sentimental memory of a small cottage on the Blue Lagoon of Tahiti where he lived at the age of nine. He recalls most vividly the coal black sand glistening in the brilliant tropical sunlight. He doesn’t like smoking a pipe, liverwurst sandwiches or watching a polo match.

He used to ride a motorcycle until his friend, Keenan Wynn, suffered a bad accident on one; he has given it up for good. He is very fond of Debussy’s music, lobster baked in the shell and lively discussions.

He is shaven at a barbershop every morning when he is working. He has an easy, ingratiating personality, and is a thorough cosmopolite, able to get along and be happy anywhere.

He habitually goes out for a smoke between the acts of a play. He dances an excellent rumba.

He rarely drinks coffee.

He was and is poor in arithmetic, and admits he once did as he was told too easily. “I changed all that, however. I think it out now, make up my mind—and nothing can budge me.”

He wears two rings—one with the family crest given him by his father on his twenty-first birthday and the other a friendship link ring given him by a girl he declines to name. He occasionally wears a bow tie.

He wears a wristwatch presented to him by Frank Sinatra.

His spelling is faulty.

He cannot read music and was rejected for both the United States and British armed forces on account of his right arm. He likes poetry but has read little.

He would like to have attended a coeducational American college. He pos-
senses an extensive collection of swing and classical records and is a direct descendant, on his father's side, of Robert, the Bruce, of spider fame; and on his mother's side, of General Jerome, who was on Napoleon's staff.

He won many prizes as a boy for his skill in tennis and swimming. His mother was born in Reading, Berkshire, England; and he thinks talk of any difference between blondes and brunettes "sheer nonsense."

His screen idols are Robert Montgomery and Cary Grant.

He cannot part with an old straw beach hat—with a feather stuck in it—which he has had for four years. His favorite study subjects were geography and ancient history.

He was frequently spanked by his mother for being late to dinner.

He has a special fondness for Ethel Waters, hamburgers "with everything," Paul Robeson and long walks in the English countryside. He used to collect stamps but lost interest in them, and thinks matrimonial vacations "a good thing in many cases."

He fell off a spirited race horse at Nas-sau in 1936 while learning to ride. He immediately got on again to overcome any resultant fear.

He has tremendous vitality and lives in a modest white cottage with his parents. His customary reading posture is sitting on a couch with his knees drawn up.

His favorite singers are Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee who used to sing with Benny Goodman's band. He admits to a "certain cockiness" prior to the injury to his right arm; the accident deflated him and taught him a lesson he has never forgotten.

He has tried skiing but "always falls."

He cannot stand man-in-the-street radio programs. He has wanted to become an actor ever since the age of seven. He goes to night clubs in streaks, prefers shirts of quiet colors and hopes someday to visit again the far places he was too young to appreciate.

His breakfast in winter usually consists of oatmeal, orange juice, two boiled eggs and milk; for summer he substitutes a dry cereal for the oatmeal.

He deplores those who maintain a running line of conversation while dancing in a ballroom. "That's hardly dancing."

He likes Jack Benny, chocolate eclairs, the "Suspense" program, Count Basie and the French pastry known as mille-feuilles. He looks forward someday to re-visiting the Louvre when he is better able to understand its treasures.

He has a vivid childhood memory of being lost in London in company with a French nurse who could not speak English; his family always tied a tag around his neck and through this practical device they were found at the zoo. He firmly believes it possible for two stars to be happy though married, citing as examples Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable and the late Carole Lombard.

He hopes—when he has enough money—to make but one or two pictures ("good ones") a year, maintain a flat in New York, a house in California and spend most of his leisure in travel.

Peter Lawford's dominant ambition is to appear in remakes of many Robert Montgomery pictures such as "Night Must Fall."

He thinks that he may be ready to achieve this "ten years from now when I have had the necessary experience."

The End

---

**Straight Line Design**

**cleans teeth best**

**say dentists 2 to 1**

---

**How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey**

There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!

- Straight Line
- Concave
- Convex

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design."

---

**Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best.** Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 50% more tooth surface per stroke.

---

**Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend**
Siren in Slacks

(Continued from page 61) two weeks off and had been in Palm Springs but four days when she was called back to the studio for retakes.

On another occasion, when she was selling War Bonds in a swanky club in Philadelphia, she became furious because the swanky folks weren’t buying them, and suddenly demanded that all those in the audience with husbands and sons in the service stand up. When they did, she let them have it full face, getting madder and madder as she talked. The startled society folk bought over $1,000,000 when she was through.

Though she has gotten over some of her sensitiveness, a slight tiff with a good friend still puts her in tears. She gets very low over the sadness that she sees behind some of the gruesome sketches in her favorite book of “Kley’s” sketches and will say, “Poor guy! Wouldn’t this one make you cry?” Producer-director Otto Preminger had a time getting her to put enough wallop behind the slap she gives Dana Andrews in “Fallen Angel.” She couldn’t stand doing it, and kept hitting at him half-heartedly, with Dana himself pleading, “You’re just making it harder for both of us, Linda. Give me one wallop and get it over with!” Finally she drew back and let him have a veritable hay-maker—then burst into tears.

She’s constantly surprising those who meet her for the first time, with her unusual combination of brains and beauty. She loves good books, gets misty-eyed over “Moonlight Sonata” or “Ave Maria,” is a gifted young artist and sculptress and has worked very hard for the past three years assisting in the cleaning, the mopping up and in other general ways in the obstetric ward of a Santa Monica hospital that’s been desperate for help.

SHE’S always painting or sketching between scenes on the set, and one morning a prop man looked over her shoulder at an abstract creation that was forming and which featured a large open eye combined with flower blossoms, looking all in all the way a hangover must feel. “People will really think I need to go to a psychiatrist after this one,” Linda laughed. “But I just happened to think of it last night and I had to get it out of my system.”

She has never had an art lesson. Which seems incredible when you see the collection of oil paintings, scenes, portraits, the water colors that fill the guest bedroom that now serves for her sacred “art room.” The music teacher back in Dallas would be surprised too. For it was in the music appreciation class that Linda first started sketching, when the other kids paid her five cents apiece to sketch illustrations for their musical notebooks. She would take home loads of the notebooks at night and dream up different pictures that expressed.

They call him
“GQJIO!”

He’s Jerome Courtland, Shirley Temple’s hilarious boy friend of “Kiss and Tell,” who gives with his real-life antics in April Photoplay.

GIVE YOURSELF
A BEAUTIFUL
Crowning Glory

COLD WAVE PERMANENT., AT HOME!

* You can treat yourself to a perfect, soft, natural-looking permanent—done at home—in three hours or less with the simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold Wave Permanent Solutions... Simply put your hair in curlers, dampen each curl with Crowning Glory and, in less time than you believe, you have a lovely new permanent—ready to set in your own most flattering style... And all you need is—

CROWNING GLORY!

Crowning Glory

Ask for Crowning Glory Cold Permanent Wave Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters and Notions Departments.
Keep friendships aglow...

WITH

SkyMail

LIGHTWEIGHT STATIONERY

Why postpone those letters longer... pick up a box of SkyMail and keep up those precious friendships. Write any old way—on your lap, at your desk or on the wing, but write! The moment you mail your letter you’ve started something—made someone happy... have the excitement of a reply to look forward to. SkyMail for letters that fly! Easy to write on... fun to get.

For your choice letters—TIMBERLINE—The latest thing in quality stationery from the land of the sky. Sheer yet strong, it has an elegance and character all its own. Your pen glides smoothly over its delicate cream-toned surface. It breathes the spirit of the mountains. So... pick out those Stern’s evening reproduced inside the envelopes. If your dealer can’t supply you:

SEND A DOLLAR FOR A BOX (POSTPAID) of SkyMail (125 sheets, 50 envelopes) or TimberLine (72 sheets, 36 envelopes). Or if you want a lot for your money, Trav-L-Notes (150 sheets, 75 envelopes).

Make sure it’s made by ROCKMONT

DENVER, COLORADO

one Walter Damrosch piece.

As in most everything else that she does, Linda paints in spurs, whenever the impulse comes, sometimes working all night on one that she’s enthused about. Nobody is allowed in there but their German shepherd dog Chief and Pev, who comes in at regular periodic intervals to look for the water color sketch that Linda painted him from memory one time while away on movie location. She doesn’t think it’s technically good and usually has it somewhere out of sight.

“I don’t like my bum stuff around. This one isn’t right, darling. I’ll paint you a good one,’ she says. ‘I like this,” says Pev. She’s doing an oil painting of Chief now and finding it tough going to get him to pose. Often now, you’ll find Linda in slacks down on her stomach on the art room floor, trying to hold Chief’s head up with one hand and paint with the other.

She is literally a siren in slacks. When they love them, owns some twelve pairs, and says she feels almost “indecent in a skirt.” Around the house she usually wears slacks, a colorful print bra, a vivid scarf around her hair. She’s strictly a tomboy at heart. And while, with her poise and beauty, you can imagine her easily meeting and chatting with a king, you can also imagine her wondering all the time if she could get away with turning cartwheels down the palace stairs.

She’ll turn down the most social soiree to go bicycling with her good friend Ann Miller, usually goes through three candy bars when she goes to a show, and loves to sit at the counter of Schwab’s Drugstore thumbing through fan magazines for free while she downs a chocolate malt. She loves to eat at drive-ins and has a positive craze for hamburgers, which she can and often does eat three times a day, especially if Pev is away. She builds up mammoth “Dagwood burgers” in the kitchen at home. On which she puts a little of everything from a rub of garlic, fried and raw onions, relish, tomatoes, chopped olives and pickles—to an old theater program.

During a recent personal appearance back in Dallas, Texas, with “Fallen Angel,” at which they turned away thousands from two theaters, and Linda waved to 125,000 more who lined the street to see her in the parade, she was told that she’d had an hour before the next function in which she would be free to do anything she’d like to do. Her companions were startled to hear her say, “Okay—want a mug of Weber’s Root Beer. You’ve never tasted anything like it! I remember a little stand . . .”

She directed the big limousine across the Trinity River towards her home community in Oak Cliff, getting excited over every familiar landmark they passed. When they pulled up in front of the dusty little root beer place to find it closed, with a sign saying, ironically, “Thanks For Your Past Patronage,” one of their “past patrons” sat there, as disappointed as a kid. None of the remembered wild-colored jaleopies. No smart-aleck young shouts. The old Bambi-luck came back into her eyes, as though she were saying to herself, “What’d you expect, kid? You can’t come back.”

She’s constantly misplacing and losing things and would often probably lose her shirt if it weren’t for her husband. Nobody would be surprised who knows her. He has her call and say casually, “By the way did I leave my fur coat over at your place?” She forgets her house keys and has burgled her own home by cutting the screen of the maid’s room. And, in her excitement over some drive, has been known to leave her best broadcloth bag forgotten by the side of the second hole on the Riviera Golf Course, remembering it again at about hole nine. No casualties ever result, inasmuch as Pev helps her remember where she put the fur coat, has ten keys made for the house, finds and rescues the black broadcloth bag, and, in general, always has the situation well in hand.

Linda’s allegiance never wavers when it concerns anything or anyone she’s fond of. Her friendship with Ann Miller is something new under a Hollywood sun. They’re entirely without envy or jealousy, they have almost twin temperaments, buy clothes alike, and each all but lives the emotions of the other one. A tired Linda, leaves a letter set in the evening, thinks nothing of going over to Ann’s and talking for four or five hours, reasoning her out of a romance with someone she doesn’t think is worthy of her. Likewise, it was to Ann and her mother, whom Linda affectionately calls “Mommie,” that she turned when she despaired of getting Pev Marley and things in general were piling up on her. So great was Ann’s faith in Linda’s fighting ability, however, that she bought her bridesmaid’s dress a year before Pev proposed, which was when Linda bought her white wedding suit and fondly hoped he’d see it before the moths did.

There’s nothing casual about the love of Linda. She’s a very intense person who knows what she wants. Though she has dated many Hollywood swains, there have never been but two men really in her life . . . her childhood sweetheart, Jaime Jorda, the Sonora man of whom she once wrote to her back at Sunset High, and the ace cameraman, Peverell Marley.

Today, even the most confirmed skeptics who advised against it admit her marriage to be a success. She could have told them always that it would be.

In her marriage, as well as the matter of other things for which she’d fought,
Linda knew what was right for her. Her depth, wisdom, intelligence and humor have been a steady influence on her. They counterbalance each other perfectly. Against her impulsiveness, he studies and weighs everything from every side. "He's saved my life more than once," she says. "If I ever get stubborn and go against him, I almost always wind up wrong."

Pev is a perfectionist, where she takes care of the big things and leaves the little ones more or less on their own. Since that first day on the Twentieth Century-Fox test stage when she saw the mechanical hulk that they said was a camera and Pev calmed her down, kidded with her, and began teaching her how to use it, help professionally has been invaluable to her. She takes no credit for her ability to stand perfectly still in focus for a close-up, or for anything else connected with the technicalities of picture making, saying, "Pev's drilled it into me since I was fifteen. He's still her severest critic and whenever he sees some little flaw in something his beautiful wife is doing on the screen, he nudges her at a preview and says, "What did you do that for, Kiddie?" I've told you . . ." He addresses her alternately as "Duckie," "Stinkie," "Kiddie," or with a "Hey, Queenie."

That's the awful one," she laughs—"Queenie!"

She has calmed down a lot since her marriage to Pev. They seldom go to night clubs or parties because, as she says, "if you're going to spend all your time with rooms full of other people, you might as well not be married. When you work in pictures and go out gallivanting, it's time to go to bed when you get in, so that you can get up early to work in pictures again. Some of them do that don't spend ten minutes with each other. Our marriage is not one of those ten-minute affairs."

They spend most of their evenings reading, playing chess, or with Linda painting, or both of them studying their scripts for the next day. They each have an eight-mm. movie camera, concerning her operation of which Linda, who's an avid camera fiend, says teasingly, "Pev sticks in amateur movies. Without reflectors, baby spots, or sixty guys to help him, he's no good. He just clicks it and lets it go." And Pev admits that his wife is the best cameraman at home.

Determined that their two careers of motion-picture star and cameraman won't conflict, they've whipped up a coming-home routine that's a little like a production number from a picture with no dialogue. Linda gets home from Twentieth around 7:00 P.M., which gives her forty-five minutes to herself to bath and dress and relax in solitude before Pev gets in. When he arrives, she's downstairs all dressed, hands him a drink silently, and he goes upstairs for his half hour alone. Later on—much later—one of them says, "Okay?" and if the other says "Okay," then says Linda, "We're off.

To be a perfect companion for Pev, Linda has taken up his two loves—golf and deep-sea fishing, the latter one of which called again on her fighting reserve. For she gets seasick, car-sick, airsick, and is allergic to horses, cats and rabbits, breaking out into red whelps and sneezing in spasms whenever she goes near one. The smell of fish is no help. She worried about how she'd make out on her first deep-sea fishing binge. She took along six Motherais sea-sick pills which, in the excitement of watching the marlins jump, she forgot to take. And when Pev yelled, "Hey, somebody throw out some live bait," he was surprised to see his squeamish wife up on the bait box, reaching for dipperfuls of the live eighteen-inch anchovies, and throwing them with wide sweeping gestures into Avalon Bay.

Determined to play a golf game that would make it interesting for him, Pev put in long, hard sessions with the golf pro at the Riviera Country Club, and tells you proudly now that she sometimes beats Pev . . . "That is, on a hole or two." While Pev, who usually breaks seventy-nine, relates proudly about how Linda once made a five, par hole in four, "That's quite a stunt," he says.

Their comfortable white two-story home high up in the Palisades overlooks the golf course and the ocean, their two "Promised Lands." And most of Linda's fighting spirit is kept busy now fighting against the temptation of ducking work, of picking up her golf clubs and going out the front door, or her fishing reel and going out the back.

In the midst of the beautiful furnishings, the rich carpets, the valuable antiques, the lamps from the "Ming Dynasty or something" and the other things, you're not surprised to see the little old merry-go-round horse that Linda found in an antique shop and loves, and which they use for a clotheshorse in the hall. The little horse with the faded green and red saddle into which guests casually pitch their hats, is the Bambi-like touch of its youthful owner who, in the merry-go-round of her own life has had no time for carnival carousels.

But today—she's riding steady as she goes. The doubts and disappointments that hid behind the Mona Lisa smile are no more. And if anyone wants to know why Monetta Elyse Darnell smiles, now—it's because she has the happiness she's fought for. She can relax and forget the Alamo.

The End

"Don't let them kid you!"
says RAY MILLAND

starring in the Paramount film, "Kitty"

"You can't tell a good American by the color of his skin, the church he goes to, or the way he spells his name.

"People from every race and every country have helped to make America great. Let's all remember that, and show the world America means what it says about Democracy!"

Have you discovered delicious Fleer's Gum? It's the refreshing peppermint-candy-coated gum in the handy piece-at-a-time package. It's chewy, chockfull of flavor. Enjoy a box of Fleer's today!

Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., MAKERS OF FINE CHEWING GUM SINCE 1885
Honeymoon in Mexico

(Continued from page 44) Until Ben got back, Esther was a good enough sport to spend her time doing all the things the stud and the people in Mexico wanted her to. She rehearsed with the cape for the scenes in which she must play a bullfighter, she studied her script, she attended dinners given by government officials, press associations, exhibitors. She was made Queen of the Mexico City University football team for their final game of the season, she appeared on the radio, she attended the bullfights on Sunday.

Then Ben returned, and that's where I, Hymie Fink, the nuisance, came in. I fig-
ished it would be a real scoop for Photoflash to play to catch them on Mexican soil. So I caught the same plane Ben was on.

The Mexico City airport looked very much like a regular American airport. But the reception was not. Senoritas come rushing toward you, carrying gardenias, which they toss at you. Then that William ran toward her ever-lovin' and well, there is nothing so beautiful as an American girl set up like Esther.

WHILE I got snarled up in the customs, the honeymooners sped away. That didn't worry me then. I knew I was booked into the same hotel as theirs.

But—how was I, an innocent cameraman, to know in Mexico City the "smallest people" never get up before two in the afternoon, breakfast at three, have dinner at eleven P.M. and go to bed about six P.M. I left them the next morn-
ing at nine, down in the lobby of the Reforma Hotel, which is the biggest and newest in Mexico City and almost like any American hotel anywhere. The hotel was another soul there except a cleaning woman. At three in the afternoon, one of the elevators opened and out stepped a tall handsome young man with a tall hand-
some, black mustache. I knew I nearly kissed her; I was so glad to see her. She was Geor gia Young, Loretta's sister, and the man was her husband, Ricardo Montalban, who plays the second lead in Esther's picture. I got some nice shots of them and had just fin-
ished when out came the love birds. They were going shopping.

The main street of Mexico City is called the Paseo de la Reforma. It's wide and beau-
tiful. Esther and Ben were stopped every two seconds by autograph hounds, beggars and street singers, who will give out with any tune for a pean, which is about twenty-five cents to us, but a fortune to them. Esther was fascinated by the Mexican woolens. She bought material for herself and by way of a gag, a poncho of many colors for Ben. Then she poked into the little silver shops but de-
cided she would wait to buy until they went to Taxco, which is the real silver city of the country.

That night they dined—about mid-
night—at Caro's. This is run by A. C. Blumenthal, whom all Hollywood calls "Blumey." It's a nice club, sumptuous for Mexi-
co, but nothing we'd be excited about at home. The food is good, but the prices made my hair stand on end. I never saw such prices. Dinner for four, without drinks, ran to nearly a hundred (American dollars). What the drinks cost, I don't know as a coke is my speed. But when I saw Esther and Ben doing a rumba to-
gether, I knew any price was worth it.

After that first day, things really began to get mixed up. The kids wanted to go to Guadalajara and Cuernavaca and to Taxco and Xochimilco and a place whose name I've forgotten where the swimming pool is entirely covered with gardenias and you swim through them. They did all that, too, trying to throw me off the trail all

"What happened when I LOST 38 POUNDS!"

—As told by Mrs. Ann Weir of East St. Louis, Ill.

WHEN I WAS MARRIED," says Ann Weir, "I weighed 127 pounds. But after I had my fourth child, my weight went up to 166. I read reducing diets, tried reducing exercises—but no results! Those exercises just put on muscle!

"I had read about the Dubarry Success Course but feared it would be expensive. When I found how little it cost, my husband gave it to me for Mother's Day. My doctor approved, and in six weeks I lost 22 pounds. I kept on and lost 16 more...right where I needed to lose them. Off came 9 inches from my abdomen, 6 from my waist and 6½ from my hips!

"So here's what happened when I lost those 38 pounds: I regained my slender waistline, I wear my clothes with assurance, I have more energy and I look ten years younger."

HOW ABOUT YOU! Are you satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the energy to live a full life? The Dubarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to lose or gain weight, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafeld at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?

Dubarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of Dubarry Beauty Goods and Make-up Prepara-
tions for your type.

Dubarry Success Course

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Ann Delafeld, Directing

505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new book telling all about the Dubarry Home Success Course.

Miss

Mrs.

Street

City, State.

Accept for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

120

NOW ONLY 25c

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.

Dept. FP-346

266 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
the time and me sticking to them like that.

The agony of it all was—from my angle— that they kept doing these sights at night when they couldn't be photographed. For example, in Taxco, which is the quaintest little hill town you ever saw, Esther and Ben, after going down the street of silver shops, went to see the cathedral. This is a beautiful structure. The local legend is that a Frenchman named Barda originally discovered the silver mines in and around Taxco. He was so grateful to God that he resolved to express his thanks with gold and built this cathedral with its gold altar. It sure is an impressive sight.

Nothing in Taxco has changed in 600 years. If anything new is built, it has to be put up in the old manner and made to look old. The people are very poor but friendly, and the street singers here were so good that Esther and Ben began dancing in the streets much to the joy of the hysterical crowd.

All this time the honeymooners were trying to duck me. I didn't blame them—but I had a job to do. They didn't blame me, but we played hide and seek all over Mexico.

How they got away from me in Taxco and escaped to Acapulco I'll never know. I caught up with them, though, in Cuernavaca, and they told me about the fun they had in Acapulco. They had gone swimming in Acapulco Bay where they also tried to spear fish in the deep clear waters, but the fish were so beautiful they didn't have the heart to spear them.

Xochimilco was a flop for me because my honeymooners were flitting around in the dark again. I couldn't photograph a thing—but I sure enjoyed the sight. Xochimilco (which you pronounce Sochi-milco) is a series of canals winding for miles through flowering banks of blossoms. Little flower-hung boats just big enough for two passengers and a guy at the back who poles it along the water go along these canals followed by mariachis (get me—that's Spanish for street musicians), who sing so romantically (particularly if you hand them a peso). Other little boats float by offering tortillas, enchiladas and such food for sale, and it certainly is a glamorous sight.

We all drove back to Mexico City the next day, which was a Saturday, and by this time Esther and Ben enjoyed being regular tourists so much that they kept right on sightseeing and visited the Palacio de Bellas Artes, the great monument de la Revolution and Cortes Palace. And they went shopping again for Christmas presents for their whole family. From what I saw, I know it was definitely a silver and wooden Christmas for the Williams and Gage families this year.

That Saturday night, Esther and Ben attended a formal ball given at the American Embassy at which they were guests of honor. Esther had brought along a beautiful evening dress and Ben his tuxedo, and everyone said they were the handsomest couple there.

Sunday I found out I could get a plane for home. Esther left for Puebla to start work on "Fiesta" and Ben stayed in Mexico City to make arrangements about some radio shows he planned to do from there. He was looking for a job to keep him busy in Mexico until after the first of the year so that he could stay there for Christmas with his wife and resume their interrupted honeymoon. But even if it was brief, and I kept butting in on it, we bet there has never been a gayer, more colorful one.

P.S. When I got back home, America never looked lovelier.

THE END
Stormy Passage for Joan and Phil

(Continued from page 29) separated. You know there is nothing I can say.

That is completely true. Behind this parting lies no mysterious cause. There is nothing Joan can say, because you can explain the boredom that suddenly engulfs two people who were temperamentally incompatible right from the start.

Not that Joan and Phil knew that horrid fact when, at the end of his six-weeks acquaintance, they were married. Actually, they knew no facts at all about one another except that at that moment they were madly infatuated. That was almost three years ago, and once again, Joan woke me up with the news, and a few hours later I was with them. A blind reporter could have seen that Phil Terry was intelligent, well-bred and sincere and though he was in his thirties and had never been married, he looked very much like the best-husband type. I hoped very much that this was the good companion for whom Joan had always been seeking. I knew she was longing for a quiet domesticity than she had ever experienced. She yearned for more youngsters besides her beloved Christa, her own, if possible, but if not, then by adoption. Phil, on his part, said he had waited for just the sort of wife he believed Joan could be.

Despite their brief acquaintance and the fact that the basis of their elopement was a terrific romantic crush, I believe their marriage could have succeeded if Phil had achieved any outstanding success in his career. He is not, outwardly, dramatic as are Gregory Peck or Clark Gable, for instance, but he is just as ambitious.

Joan was still under contract to M-G-M when they were married, and Phil played in a couple of films there. When Joan left Metro, Phil signed with RKO. He had one good picture and he clicked very solidly in it. If it had been followed up by other hit productions he undoubtedly would have been a star. But it wasn't. Pan-Americana" and "George White's Scandals" were his next two-two also-rans. He did do The Lost Weekend" at Paramount and "To Each His Own" and he was excellent in both of them—but each time he was overshadowed by the leads and performances. He finished "To Each His Own" several months ago. Since then there has been nothing.

Meanwhile, Joan had done "Mildred Pierce."

It represented a big gamble, for Joan had kept herself off the screen for over two years, waiting for a strong acting part. Determined to show that she was more than a personality and a beauty, she turned down dozens of scripts until "Pierce" came along. With its box-office smash, other great roles were quickly lined up for her, while Hal Wallis, M-G-M and Warners began dangling long-term contracts before her. Still wanting to be quite free to play only the right parts, she signed none of them, but her days were suddenly crammed with conferences, phone calls, interviews, photography. Men as a class don't take being relegated to the background. That seems to be a basic psychological fact.

Joan, loving Phil, tried to keep him equal to her in importance. He was always the host, the one who gave the orders whether it was her New York apartment on her Brentwood house. Nevertheless, that was just what they were—"her" New York apartment and "her" Brentwood house and "her children," with Phillip coming into that setting, very charming, very intelligent, but unfortu-

"Sensible girl," you say? "And practical, too," we add! For here is another woman who has discovered that Midol can help her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree. One who has learned that by taking Midol, much of menstruation's functional pain is often avoided.

Midol tablets are offered specifically to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in these three ways bringing fast, needed relief from pain and discomfort:

Ease Cramps—Sothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're 'Blue.'

Try Midol next time—at first sign of "regular" pain—see how comfortably you go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

"I keep going and comfortable, too with Midol!"
The Countess de Petiteville

Bearer of a historic 1000-year-old Norman name, the Countess de Petiteville is active in the French Red Cross and in the cultural life of Paris. She has a fine, cameo type of beauty, with dazzling white skin. "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin a clearer, brighter look," she says. "Makes it feel smoother!"

The Countess says: "The Mask refreshes my skin, gives it a more wide-awake look!"

Make your skin look lovelier—in one minute!

Follow the Countess de Petiteville's beauty lead! Mask your face—all but eyes—with luxurious Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. It has the power to loosen and dissolve bits of chapped, curling skin and dirt particles! After one minute. tissue off the Mask. Off comes loosened debris, too!

Your "re-styled" complexion looks so much clearer and fresher... feels so much softer! And all in just one minute!

"A quick, light powder base, too!"
"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream another way, too—as a powder base. It goes on so smoothly—holds powder so well!" says the Countess.

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
FIBS? they're so easy to tell!

and so easy to use!

Women who use tampons should learn about FIBS. Because FIBS have those smooth, gently tapered ends that tell you at a glance insertion must be both easy and comfortable.

FIBS are the tampons that are "quilted"—a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate. This "quilting" prevents tiny cotton particles from eluding to delicate internal membranes.

Besides, quilting makes a very real contribution to your comfort—keeps FIBS from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size which could otherwise cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

It's melody time again with Photoplay selecting recordings of songs you loved from your favorite films

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

A patriotic primer for teen-age tolerance that is not only a stirring RKO short subject but a fine song sung from the heart by Frank Sinatra (Columbia). Appropriately enough, "America, The Beautiful" is the companion piece.

DOLL FACE

Perry Como clicks with two top-drawer tunes from his newest picture. The first is a GL-jive mixture, "Dig You Later (A Hubba-Hubba-Hubba)" with "Here Comes Heaven Again" saved for the romantics on the B-side (Victor). Another song from this 20th Century-Fox film musical is the novelty, "Chico, Chico From Porto Rico," disked by the diminutive DeMarco Sisters of Fred Allen airwaves note (Majestic).

EASY TO WED

If your ears were cocked to the sound track as your eyes feasted on Van Johnson and Esther Williams, then you'll remember this new M-G-M film's theme song, "Come Closer To Me." Here's Larry Stevens to sing it (Victor) without forgivable distractions. For good measure the musical mate is "It's A Grand Night For Singing."

ROAD TO UTOPIA

Hope and Crosby, the nation's most popular partnership, are mirthfully merged for as many reprises as your needle can groove. This Decca-rative disk has Bing and Bob cavorting in "Put It There, Pal" from their newest Paramount path, paired with the even more amusing but older "Road To Morocco" (Decca).

TARS AND SPARS

This belated but still welcome Coast Guard cinema gives Freddy Martin's orchestra ample opportunity to display its distinctive dance temps with "I'm Glad I Waited For You," patiently sung by Clyde Rogers. The reverse is a dance digest of Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2, inviolate by talented Jack Finn (Victor).

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF


SARATOGA TRUNK

Still another haunting melody from a picture which primarily relied upon its Max Steiner score for changing moods. This one is called "Goin' Home" and Bob Eberly sings it nostalgically (Decca). The more familiar theme song, "As Long As I Live" is on the reverse. Johnny Johnston (Capitol) keeps pace in the swoon sweepstakes with his own individual treatment of the latter song.
Glamour for Today... and tomorrow

Look your loveliest today and help keep your skin young-looking for tomorrow.
You can do this with "Pan-Cake"... the glamour make-up that also safeguards
the skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs tomorrow.
Once you try "Pan-Cake", the original Max Factor Hollywood creation,
you'll realize why it's the favored make-up with millions.

"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look

"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying

A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching

Pan-Cake * Make-Up
Originated by Max Factor * Hollywood
Cowboy Crosby

(Continued from page 51) Bing. Just a whistle stop—without the whistle. The old train tracks were abandoned long ago. Ain't nothin' much to whistle at but a good-lookin' white-faced hell anyway.

The only buildings still breathing are the store that combines a soda fountain, groceries and a bar, and a house cut up into rooms used for a post office, a telephone office and a schoolroom. The postmistress is telephone operator, school teacher and a good cook on the side.

Business booms when Bing comes. More mail, more phone calls—when the line isn't down. All seats filled around the stove. So the folks are mighty glad to see Montana's reins dropped down out in front, to know that Cowboy Crosby's back in town.

They always count on him to come and go hunting, and in the summertime, to go fishing for rainbow trout in the creek that runs right through his ranch. But his last trip out had 'em worried at first. As it did everyone who knew that he was ill. Wornout he was and feeling a shade slow from a back infection when he finished "Blue Skies" at Paramount, and so Bing's physicians ordered him to the ranch to rest. "Ordering" Bing to the ranch is like ordering a kid to an ice cream store. Just give him his boots and saddle and don't fence him in. He's perfectly at home on the range where the deer and the antelope roam. And where Bing "rooms" farther than all of 'em. As pals of his who visit him there and try to keep pace with him walking or riding soon find out.

He started feeling better when he got within sight of the brown six-room ranch house that nestles on the slope of rolling sage foothills that look down on the vast stretches of Independence Valley, a goodly part of which he owns. "A little crowded, but it's homey," says Bing, of the 9,700 acres that make up his front yard.

After a few weeks at the Quarter-Circle-S Bing had all the old bounce back, felt better than he has for years. Under Chinese Charley's solicitous eyes he ate venison steaks, deer liver, hot biscuits, put away a lot of solid chow. He went hunting in the hills back of the ranch and bagged his quota, including one buck that dressed out at 268 pounds.

His horse, Montana, and his dog, Bullet, a Labrador retriever given him by a Sun Valley friend, are his constant companions around the ranch. Bullet's a bird dog, but usually runs interference for Bing as a deer dog too, barking into the aspen thickets on the hills and flushing the deer out.

His ranch foreman, Johnny Escret, a former famous wild brone rider and Hollywood stunt man, has been a good friend of Bing's since he first doubled for him in "Rhythm on the Range" at Paramount. Johnny and the ranch hands are always glad when "Bing Bing" comes, for he makes another good hand around the Quarter-Circle-S. He rides, ropes, brands and helps em git the little dogies along. When he's a riding, he wears levis or khakis, a fur-lined jacket, wool shirt, a wild kerchief around his neck. When he "dresses" for dinner, he usually switches to the old Army woollen uniform that he wore overseas when entertaining the boys.

There's no formality about the ranch, except around the kitchen ... where the seventy-two-year-old Chinese cook reigns undisputed king. There's no sampling or mixing between meals allowed, and if you're not there when he rings the bell you just don't eat. He rings the first one at 5:30 A. M., followed by one at 6:00 that means come-and-get-it or you don't get.

A lesson in luxury...

It's easy to enjoy the sheer, caring luxury of pure linen sheets ... merely launder your cotton sheets with Linit, the superior starch that makes cotton look and feel like linen.

Linit is different ... the thin, fluid Linit mixture penetrates the fabric, makes ironing easier and gives a soft, smooth, dust-resistant finish to all household fabrics.

Sunny says: It's so easy to use Linit ... simple directions on every package ... for starching all household fabrics, curtains, cotton dresses, children's clothes ... even daintiest underthings are restored to "newness" by light Linit starching.

... adds the "finishing touch"
He never catches Bing, who’s always up before the blue of the night meets the gold of the day, usually before 5:00, in order to get in a walk before breakfast. Explaining why the Hollywood guests abuse the bell that rings at 5:30 A.M., he says, “Of course, you don’t have to get up,” adding amiably, “that is, unless you want to eat.” At their startled looks he shrugs resignedly, “It’s a rule of the house. No rise-ee, no eat-ee.” So they rise and eat. The bell rings again at 12:00 sharp. Only the dinner hour is flexible, and every night finds dinner being served at a different time. On a cloudy day, or when it starts getting dark earlier, Charlie rings the bell earlier and the only way Boss Bing figures this one out is that in China they must cook by the sun. Anyway, they all stand by from 5 o’clock on “alerted” for evening chow.

At the end of a meal, guests are startled again to see Bing shove his chair back from the table, pick up his dirty plate and head for the kitchen, saying over his shoulder, “Come on you guys, get the lead out of you. Bring those dishes out.” They watch while the ranch foreman and his wife gather theirs up. “It’s a rule of the house,” says Bing, all innocence and dead-pan.

Nobody who goes there knows whether to blame the plate-totin’ and the no-risee-no-eatee-business on Chinese Charlie or on “Confucius” Crosby, whom they half suspect of making the “rules of the house,” to help keep off the ranch hands.

His Hollywood pals find out other things. Though he has a station wagon and two pick-up trucks there, he seldom uses them. When he doesn’t ride Montana in after the daily mail he walks—eight miles. Wally Westmore, Paramount make-up head, accompanied Bud Fraker, Paramount cameraman, to the ranch to get in a little good rest and hunting. When they fell for his casual, “Like to take a little walk?” they found themselves ploughing through two-and-a-half feet of snow for three miles down to the lower ranch. They rode home in a truck. On another morning when he asked equally casually if they’d “care for a little canter,” he led them twenty miles on horseback up into the hills to hunt. When the snow got waist-deep, they all had to get off their horses and lead them up the hills, with Bing ahead, breaking trail. Finally Westmore balked, panting, “Bing, Bing—this is where we get off! The twenty miles back with the horses heading hurriedly for the home barns, was an even rougher ride. The next morning there were empty saddles in the old corral. When their host asked them politely if they’d like to go over to Tuscarama and “sorta case the town,” they hurried into the station wagon but fast. While Bing just laughed, swung up into the saddle, and Cowboy Crosby rode again.

In the eighties below zero weather, the visitors felt their blood slowly turning to orange juice, while their pants froze solid from the knees down, and even the dials of the shutter speed on the camera froze. Bing gave them his cracker barrel seat around the stove in the store to thaw everything out, while he roamed around shooting the breeze with the clerks, nonchalant and warm.

Around the ranch house at night, Bing usually reads or catches up on a little homework such as polishing his boots with olive oil, grease cleaning a rifle, or rubs liniment on the muscles of aching guests. He always hits the sack by 8:00.

Telephone communication—what there is of it—around Tuscarama is a very chummy deal. The ghost town has not two, not three, but an all-party line. And in keeping with a sense of equality and fair play, when anybody gets a call, everybody’s phone rings. If they should desire, they
NEW EASY PLAN for MARRIED WOMEN
A DRESS for YOU for Ordering Only 3 Dresses for Friends

Mail Coupon Today for FREE Samples

Read this thrilling news! You can pay one penny ever, for your choice of gorgeous new dress in your own favorite style, size and color. Select your dress from more than 100 newest Hartford Frocks styles—and it's yours just for sending orders only 3 dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! Not one cent to pay now or for other time—everything supplied without cost!

Experience Not Needed — Use Spare Time

Imagine showing your friends and neighbors a vast complete selection of gorgeous, exquisitely-designed Hartford Frocks—score of more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of beautiful fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns—just as possible as any store in town. And think of all the low money-saving prices. And for one thing, only 3 dresses at the lowest regular prices. YOU CAN SELECT YOUR OWN DRESS TO BE SENT TO YOU without paying one cent for it! And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress, until you have a complete wardrobe.

Gorgeous Style Presentation Sent FREE

Mail Coupon Below

Yes—we send you gorgeous presentation showing scores of latest fashions with actual sample fabrics in dresses, luncheons, children's wear, sportswear, suits, coats, children's wear, etc. Your friends and neighbors will be excited when they see your orders when they see the beauty of the styles, the huge selection, and learn the low money-saving prices. And for one thing, only 3 dresses at the lowest regular prices. YOU CAN SELECT YOUR OWN DRESS TO BE SENT TO YOU without paying one cent for it! And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress, until you have a complete wardrobe.

Mail Coupon Below

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.     Dept.B9ool, Cincinnati 19, Ohio

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.     Dept.B9ool, Cincinnati 29, Ohio

I want to get a dress for myself for ordering 3 dresses for friends, or members of my family. Please rush me the new Hartford Frocks Style Presentation FREE as soon as possible.

Name:__________________________________________
Address:_______________________________________
City: __________________________________________

3 Rich Oils
— triple action results

Clean—gleam—glory! Laco's 3 rich oils—olive, castor oil and coconut oil—give more glamour to your hair. Contains no alcohol, no free alkali, no harsh chemicals. Laco Genuine Castle Shampoo—at all toiletry counters everywhere. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Maryland.

FREE SAMPLE FABRICS

Free money-saving samples and styles absolutely FREE. You choose and send your own special designs—lively lingers—bouncy blouses—suits for the fairer sex—dresses for the manly sex. Make your own plans, buy at LOW prices—and make money in spare time. Visit your nearest Laco Dealer and mail coupon below with 25¢ for list of samples. Absolutely FREE. Rush coupon today.

LACO GENUINE CASTLE SHAMPOO

THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 4095, CINCINNATI 3, OHIO

BE A NURSE
LEARN QUICKLY EASILY AT HOME

Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE, Age 18 to 45. High school not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many own while learning. NURSES' CAPPING and Placement Guidance included. EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.


DON'T CUT CUTICLES

This clever preparation removes rough, dead cuticle without a scissor, and helps keep nails more flexible, easy to shape. Manicare brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one. Keep nails nice. Avoid hangnails or brittleness. Use Manicare!

Manicare 35¢ a jar

SOLD BY LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, DRUG STORES AND 10% STORES

Klondike Klowns—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope hit their stride in the Paramount picture, "Road To Utopia"
Heart of a Yankee

(Continued from page 35) dreams. Better, Lois told him, as they sat across a table from each other when the clam house was empty, to make a grab for a star and miss than never to grab at all.

Years later when Van Johnson had become the most popular motion-picture star in every box office, he met Lois and her husband and told her that she had been responsible for his trip to New York.

"And Lois said," Van told me, "that she was glad it had turned out well, but even if it hadn’t, it would have been the right thing to do. ‘You’d always have been sorry,’ she said, if you hadn’t tried.’"

The offer of a better job was what, oddly enough, brought about his final decision. When he told Lois about it, with glee, he expected her to cheer with him. But when he told her about the new job, over her mobile face came an expression that was first disappointment and then contempt. Yes, contempt—and nobody had ever looked at young Van Johnson with contempt before and it startled him.

For a moment he was speechless, and then he said slowly, ‘ Aren’t you pleased? It’s more money—and a chance to do better and—?’

Lois never pulled any punches. She said, “Oh sure, I’m pleased. I’m tickled to death. If you’re satisfied, I guess it’s just as well because that’s probably all you have in you. Fold your wings, pal, and settle down into the good old safe rut. Nothing can happen to you there—nothing. You can go right on doing little dramatic sketches at charity socials for the rest of your life for all I care. But don’t forget what I told you. A few people are born with some special gift for reaching the hearts of others. Don’t ask me what it is or how it’s done because I don’t know and neither, as far as I know, does anybody else. You’ve got a nice kind of baritone voice—not very important, you’ll never be a Lawrence Tibbett. You can dance, but you’ll never make Fred Astaire get up early in the morning. You can act some—maybe you can learn to be a really good actor like Spencer Tracy. I don’t think so. But you’ve got that other thing and that’s rare—it’s rarer than acting or dancing or singing. When you’re old and fat, just remember what I told you.”

That night Van Johnson told his father he was going to New York. It wasn’t easy to do. His father had never been out of Newport, Rhode Island. He had never been on a train, never been to New York, never wanted to go. His philosophy was exactly the opposite of Lois Sanborn’s. A man’s life, he believed, happened in his mind, away from the crowd.

“How long you going to be gone?” Van’s father said.

The boy looked at the big quiet man sitting there in his chair where he sat every night, not an old man, but he seemed old to Van’s restless, vital youth.

I am his son, the boy thought, and I am all he has. We’ve been everything to each other all these years since Grandma died. He thought of the sun-baked days on the beach, the games and checkers punctuated by chuckles, the cold swims at dawn, the talks across the dinner table, the books they’d shared and discussed, the evenings listening to good music on the radio. And he knew that he was charged up for his father’s whole life, leaving him alone, destroying his plans for the partnership in business and the heart-filling companionship at home.

Yet he knew, too, that strength was the keynote of his father’s character. And in a way Van Johnson knew that youth must be served. Knew that in his veins flowed the blood of men who had put to sea, left their homes and their loved ones to look

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

There were difficulties during the war in supplying mothers with a complete variety of prepared baby foods. Happily, these days of scarcity are almost over. Today you will find your dealer’s shelves plentifully supplied with the varieties you need.

Mrs. Dave Gerber

When baby looks like this...

It means food’s on the way—and it better be good! Enjoy peace of mind like so many young mothers who, at doctor’s suggestion, serve Gerber’s Baby Foods. For Gerber’s is made to taste extra good, with uniform, just-right texture always. The choice vegetables and fruits are carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked the Gerber way by steam . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Every step is laboratory checked. Be sure to get Gerber’s—with “America’s Best Known Baby” on the label!

Baby Cereals, pre-cooked, rich in iron

Serve Gerber’s Cereal Food and Gerber’s Strained Oatmeal at alternate feedings to give variety, and help baby’s appetite. Both cereals are rich in added iron and B-complex vitamins needed by most babies over three months old. Serve by adding milk or formula, hot or cold.
It's on the way back

More and more is being distributed—the same consistent high quality that has been the Beech-Nut standard for years—and now it’s on the way back, for your enjoyment.

Be sure to ask for Beech-Nut Gum
—by NAME

It's on the way back

Youthful, irresistibly exciting, the lovely fragrance of Djer-Kiss LASTS!
Men like it! You'll adore it!

Van said slowly. "Maybe I won't make it. But, Dad, I have to go and find out."

His father's quiet, deep eyes met his squarely. "Yes, son," he said, "I expect you do."

All these things were going through Van Johnson's mind as he stood in Grand Central station for the first time. He began to walk around from one level to another in this strange, confusing, walled-in world. Black and white signs over the train gates announced departures for places all over the United States.

There was a train back to Newport in an hour and twenty minutes. His father would surely be glad to see him.

The people hurrying all around him ignored him, showing him, had eyes that were cold and unfriendly, it seemed to him. Friends were important. Here nobody cared whether he stayed or went home, whether he starved to death or made good, nobody in the whole world from New York to Hollywood cared a hoot whether a boy named Van Johnson tried to get into pictures or not.

ONLY Van Johnson knows how nearly he came to taking that train back to Newport—and oblivion.

"I had just about made up my mind to go home all right," Van told me one day when we were lunching together in his dressing room. "I don't suppose I was the first guy that New York scared silly."

"No," I said, "I don't suppose you were. What made you stay?"

Van looked at me seriously. He seemed to be making up his mind whether to tell me or not. Then he grinned and said, "Believe it or not, it was a movie theater. I had to kill the time before I started back, and I was scared to go out of the station for fear I'd never find my way back. I was headed for some place where I could sit down and wait for the train when right in front of me I saw a movie—right inside the station. I'd never been in just a newsreel theater, but it was a movie—and it was the first thing I'd seen that was like home."

He took a long breath, remembering. "I was telling Joan Crawford about it the other night when I was at her house to dinner. You know her, don't you? I think she's about the most wonderful woman I ever met. I can't explain it exactly but—I think she's the kind of a woman who does things inside herself before she does them outside. If she wants to change or grow, she wants to do it inside for herself first, and you know a lot of people do it the other way around. Anyway, she asked me about when I first came to New York, so I told her about the newsreel theater and she said, 'The universal language, Van. It's one of the great forces for understanding and international unity in all the world—the motion picture. Right then it was the common factor between Newport and New York.' That was it, all right. I went in, just to spend the time waiting for the train and I saw some motion pictures, and when I came out I knew I wasn't going home at all—at least not right then. I knew I was going to stay and try for it."

"What actually did you do?" I said.

"How did you go about getting a job?"

Van got a sort of funny, sheepish look on his face. I don't think, even on the screen, you quite get the impression of how big Van Johnson is. He takes up such a lot of room, somehow. His quarters at the M-G-M studio are large enough—a wardrobe—dressing-room combination and a sitting room with heavy chairs and copper lamps and bright colors—but he always seems to overflow them. You keep sort of trying to get out of the way.

Then he said, "I had to go as far as M."
M" he said, noting my bewildered expression, "in the classified ad directory. I started with the theatrical agents at A", naturally—and I kept going to their offices right on down through B C D E until I got M for Murray. He saw me. His wife ran in the outer office and it was a dull day and we got talking and I expect she saw I was pushing up bottom about that time. She was very nice and friendly to me and I probably wagged like a homeless pup because up to then I hadn't spoken to anybody but waiters in lunch rooms and receptionists who didn't even bother to answer from the time I left Newport. Any- way, he saw me, and got me my first job— dancing.

His New York days, Van insists, were just like all other New York days when a boy or girl is trying to get started in the theater.

"It's just the same old story," Van said frankly. "I was lonely—I wasn't ever exactly really hungry but I wasn't ever exactly full, either."

At first he had stayed with his mother and stepfather at their home out in Sheepshead Bay which helped for awhile. But the distance was a handicap, so he had to find a roof in the center of activities.

"It was a bum room," he said, "the smallest they had, at the Knickerbocker Hotel right off Times Square and I could tell you right now how many figures there were in the wallpaper both ways. I read a lot—and that was good for me because I hadn't been much of a reader—too busy. And I saw every show I had the dough to see. But—Times Square got me. It belongs to everybody, you know that. I worked hard, too."

He did work hard. He was turned down of the chorus of "As Thousands Cheer"—in fact, he was turned down for a good many shows and parts. He got his first break in a Broadway musical called "New Faces."

"Mine was new all right," Van said, "but evidently that wasn't all you could say for it because nobody paid any attention to it. But I danced in the chorus as long as it ran and I got experience."

Buster West and Lucille Page took him on a vaudeville tour—and that was more experience, though it wasn't Broadway, and he was afraid he was wasting time on the road.

Right on top of that came his real break. He heard a lovely, husky, inspiring voice say, "But my dear boy, you ought to be in pictures. You ought to go to Hollywood. That's where you belong."

Other people had said it, of course—other aspiring youngsters like his good friend June Allyson, then a chorus girl, for June was movie-minced too. Together they used to dream out loud and the dreams were always of Hollywood.

But Mary Martin was the first star who ever said to Van Johnson, "You ought to be in pictures."

At the time he was just one of "Eight Men Of Manhattan" who sang and danced with the star in her after-the-theater show at the Rainbow Room.

That pepped him up—that single sentence from Mary Martin—for quite a while. But there was another, a third woman. She pepped him up daily and he considers she had more to do with his success than anyone else in New York. Her name is Sue Read, she is a drama coach, and when Van Johnson recently did "Seventh Heaven" on a big radio show, Sue Read in New York got a wire signed Van and it had only one word in it, "Remember?"

For it was Sue who coached him in that part day after day in New York, that and all the other roles a young man should know. Every morning he went to Sue's studio and kept up his voice work, his dancing, his dramatic work, and Sue never let him rest, never allowed him to let down for a minute.

So that when he went into two hits in two years—"Pal Joey" with Gene Kelly and "Too Many Girls"—he knew a little more about what he was doing. He knew enough so that a talent scout from Warner Brothers saw him, came around backstage and offered him a six months' contract in Hollywood.

"You ought to go to Hollywood," Mary Martin had said.

The stage had been always only a training school. It never touched him, never made him want to stay in the theater, never took hold of his heart even a little bit.

Motion pictures—that was what he was shooting at. Now his chance had come.

Wild with excitement and hope, young Van Johnson packed his suitcase—not the straw one, but not a very elegant one either—and his one small trunk and started for Hollywood. He felt as though he was walking on clouds. He couldn't wait to get there. He had never seen a movie camera nor a sound stage nor the inside of a studio. But now—

What happened to Van Johnson in his first six months in Hollywood is one of those things you can hardly believe.

For in the cinema capital, Van Johnson was sitting all alone in Dave Chasen's restaurant, with a ticket back to New York in his pocket and a broken heart under his sweater. If a girl named Ball and a guy named Grady hadn't happened to drop into Chasen's that night—but that's the rest of the story.

Hollywood had a change of heart—or did you guess? Next month Mrs. St. Johns concludes the heartwarming story of Van.
ANN TODD, Number One English film actress, has been nicknamed the “pocket Garbo” by her enthusiastic British fans. That’s because of her striking resemblance to our own Garbo. You’ll be seeing her in “The Seventh Veil,” a Universal-released English film ... Miss Todd, slim and small, has long golden hair falling in a page boy to her shoulders. She has expressive dark blue eyes and very high cheek bones. But her best feature is her enormous mouth—“Very much an American mouth!” our scout tells us ... It wasn’t until she let her hair grow long that she really gained recognition, for short hair was a prissy style on her, but she looks more glamorous with a long bob.

JOAN FONTAINE, in New York recently for a visit after completing the RKO film, “From This Day Forward,” liked the simple coiffure she wore in one of the “Affairs Of Susan” sequences so well that she has adopted it for her off-screen use. She wears her hair parted in the center with two huge chignons at the back ... A delicate blonde type, she uses a clear red lipstick, goes in for striking color contrasts. If cyclamen is the accent note, she switches to a lipstick shade to match.

WHEN making a picture, it’s often necessary for the stars to have their hair shampooed and coiffed daily by the studio hairdressers. That’s so they’ll be at their glamorous best in every scene ... When not working on a picture, they have their hair “done” once a week, at least, and sometimes twice.

TO answer a question often asked, frequent shampooing with a good shampoo will do no harm, if the soap is thoroughly rinsed out. The hair, like the face, gets dirty. Brushing it daily, for the oft recommended one hundred vigorous strokes with a stiff-bristled brush, cleanses it of the day’s accumulated dust and grime, and stimulates scalp circulation ... Parting the hair in sections and rubbing the scalp with a clean portion of the bath towel each time a new area is attacked, helps to keep the scalp clean between shampoos. Do this every second or third day. If the scalp is dry, massage in just a little greaseless scalp pomade ... When there isn’t time for a wet shampoo, or if you have a cold, use a dry shampoo ... Brilliantine, either in liquid or solidified form, when rubbed on the scalp and on the hair ends helps counteract dryness and dullness and restores a natural sheen ... A little hair lacquer on an upswung coiffure will defy gravity and keep every hair in place.

TAKE a tip from the world’s most glamorous women and change your hair style often, so you’ll inspire your friends to interesting comment on your appearance. You’ll also put yourself in a “variety is the spice of life” mood.
What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 66) town that I am costing Bud practically every cent he makes. Naturally, I can't say that I'm not the extravagant person, without spoiling Bud's secret.
Another thing: Bud is so jealous that I can't even walk to or from school with another boy without hearing from Bud about it. When we go dancing, he won't exchange dances, and when I was cast in a school play he told me that unless I refused to kiss the boy I played opposite he would break our engagement.
I still love Bud, but now I'm tortured by doubt. Suppose he still has to help his sisters after we are married. Suppose that, instead of ending his jealousy, marriage only makes him more jealous.
Mimi H.

Dear Miss H:
To be quite frank with you, I don't think that marriage with Bud at this time, at least, would be successful.
A jealous boy friend is not likely to be a magnanimous husband. Sisters who are unable to live within their incomes before a brother marries are not likely to consider it necessary afterward, particularly since they must know that you are well aware of the deception that Bud is practicing on their mother.
I truly feel that eighteen is too young an age at which to undertake the highly serious responsibilities of marriage. I receive too many letters in this department from both girls and men who have married early and now regret their haste.
Certainly no girl should marry a man of whom she has as great an amount of doubt as you have about Bud.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Mr. McD:
I'm not certain that my thoughts on your difficulty will accomplish much, but I'll do my best to be constructive.
First of all, you were hasty in your speech. Perhaps it will comfort you to know that at least twenty per cent of the problems described to me could have been averted if one of the persons involved had kept silence until anger cooled.
Why don't you have a talk with the man in the case, remembering to keep your temper. Find out if a romance really existed between them. Ask for frankness. If these two people have fallen in love, I think that you are civilized enough to drop it at that and to allow your wife to do as she thinks best. However, if your friend insists that there is nothing be-

ARE IGNORANCE AND FALSE MODESTY
Wrecking Your Marriage?

Every wife should know these
Intimate Physical Facts!

There comes a time in many married women's lives when their husbands start showing an insufferable indifference. And yet the wife often has no one but herself to blame. False modesty has kept her from consulting her Doctor. Or she very foolishly has followed old-fashioned and wrong advice of friends.

Too many married women still do not realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness. And what's more important—they may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—zonite.

No other type liquid antiseptic tested is
SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No well-informed woman would think of using weak, homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues. ZONITE positively contains no carabolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no creosote. ZONITE is non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. Despite its great strength—you can use it as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

Zonite principle discovered by famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you can be sure that ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

FREE!
For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-36, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

133
Dear Miss Colbert:

There is a certain boy in our high school whom I would like to meet. I've thought of many possible ways, but they don't seem right. I don't know anyone who knows him. I can't bring parties to my house, so that's out. I don't even have him in any of my classes at school.

He is clean-cut, very intelligent, and has a nice family. Please don't advise me to forget him and concentrate on other boys. I have plenty of dates, but I want to go out with this particular boy.

I thought you might be able to make some suggestions about ways to meet boys without appearing to chase them.

Doris N.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I've been married fourteen years. Two years after our marriage, I had a baby girl who died at birth. The doctor told me that I could never again bear a child.

We were unhappy until we adopted a little girl, a year old. For a long time it seemed that we were the happiest three people in the world. Then my husband began to change toward Dorothy, finding fault with everything she did at first. She grew up, never remembering her birthday or even buying her a Christmas gift.

For the least mistake, she scolded her bitterly and sent her to her room. She is now ten, and is pathetically anxious to please her father, yet he never shows any affection for her. Not long ago he asked me to send her away to school and get her out of our home or he said he would leave.

Can you suggest some way in which I can keep our home together?

(Mrs.) Helen C.

Don't let yourself pass this by!

Tampax is scientifically correct for its purpose. Perfected by a physician, it is daintily small but very absorbent and efficient. Only pure surgical cotton goes into it and individual patented applicators are provided... No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. No ridges or bulges to show under sheer clothing. Millions of students, business girls, housewives, travelers, sportswomen keep Tampax handy in purse or desk drawer—takes up very little space. Quick to change. Easy to dispose of.

Sold in drug stores and at notion counters. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply will go into purse. For 4 months' supply get Economy Box and join the modern legion of Tampax users. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies {  
REGULAR  
SUPER  
JUNIOR

Dear Miss Colbert:

It is likely that when you were first married, you devoted yourself, with great concentration, to the welfare of your husband. Your every thought was probably of him—a situation calculated to make the average husband a happy man.

Then this little girl was brought into your home and the focus of your attention between himself and your wife, you should write to your wife, asking her to see you and to talk over your problem. If you will be as frank with her as you have been in your letter to me, and if you will be as constructive as possible in planning your future with her, I think you may preserve your home.

Claudette Colbert

[Image of a poster with a picture of a woman and the text: "Invitation to Romance"

radio girl perfume

A rare, captivating perfume that bespeaks romance. Its delicate fragrance is so completely feminine, so appealing, it will tempt his heart.

10–25¢

at Beauty Counters, everywhere

24 yards quilt pieces

- Over 4 pounds
- Large and colorful
- Excellent quality
- Beautiful new materials
- Given sewing outfit and 2½-yard quilt pieces with order

Hargis No. 181. Large new goods that will please you. Wholesale. Does not carry the name of any other manufacturer. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.


[Image of a poster with the text: "When Prayer Fails"

The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people often have only pain, poverty and sorrow. Why? Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman found the answers to these questions. His eyes were opened by the strangest mystic he met during his twenty-one years of travels in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and world-wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 5,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives. No obligation. Write for your FREE copy today.

Institute of Mentalphysics, Dept. U-136
213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.
shifted from your husband to your child. At first, it is possible that he comforted himself for the loss of your interest by thinking that as soon as it grew older and more self-sufficient, you would be able to devote more time to him.

Because the baby was adopted, you have probably leaned over backward in order to give her every advantage. It is entirely possible for some deeply maternal women to neglect a husband, without being aware of it, because of a profound interest in a child.

Why don't you examine your behavior in the light of this fact? Assurance of love is a wonderful improver of disposition; if you can convince your husband that his jealousy is foolish because he holds an equal place in your affection, your troubles may vanish.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am writing to you on behalf of our sorority. Most of us are fifteen. Every month we have a social meeting to which we invite fellows. We are at a loss to know what to do for entertainment. The boys don't seem to want to do anything except smoke, and we don't want to do that.

We have grown beyond that stage and have no interest in necking, although the boys still do. Can you suggest anything that we could do to hold their interest? They don't care for dancing, nor scavenger hunts. We have discontinued our social meetings and parties until we hear from you, because we want these affairs to be lots of fun, but proper, too.

Helene A.

Dear Miss A:

I think a little footwork will bring about a happy result, and I mean that literally.

Since the boys don't like to dance, which is a chief night-party pursuit, why don't you hold your monthly social meeting on Sunday afternoons?

The possibilities of such a switch are endless. One month you could plan a skating party. You could plan hikes, terminated by a picnic lunch which the girls could pack. If you are near a riding stable, you might plan a Sunday afternoon ride with a barbecue afterward—the whole affair breaking up early.

I'm certain that the mothers of the girls in your sorority will be happy to help you plan an afternoon's entertainment so that every moment will be filled and the boys, as well as your club members, will have a wonderful time.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 89-49 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Three Minutes to Glamour . . . that's all the time it takes to give your hair gleaming highlights and a flattering effect that complements your own coloring. For with modern hair "make-up," that most subtle of beauty aids, it's so easy to achieve real femininity with a completely natural look!

After Your Next Shampoo, just dissolve a package of Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap film vanishes! Your hair gleams with dancing highlights and new color.

The 12 Smart Shades of Marchand's Rinse offer you a variety of interesting color effects, no matter what shade your hair may be. You can highlight your natural hair shade . . . accentuate its color . . . blend little gray streaks . . . or even tone-down the harsh-looking effects that may follow over-dyeing or over-bleaching!

Absolutely Harmless, Too . . . that's Marchand's wonderful Make-Up Hair Rinse. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and does so much more for your hair.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 26) and shaken like a puppy.
Tom Neal has never been better as the boy and what a relief to find him out of Jap roles for a change. Ann Savage, who plays a no-good, does a beauty of a job. Edmund MacDonald is the gambler responsible for Neal's "detour." We feel you will have a bond of sympathy for Neal, both in person and story and that always makes for a good show.

Your Reviewer Says: A strangely appealing little affair.

✓ Getting Gertie’s Garter
(Edward Small—UA)

DENNIS O’KEEFE on the screen seems forever to be carrying personal things from ladies’ bedrooms. Well, if it makes him happy and vitally gives us pleasure, why complain? This time it’s a garter that has O’Keefe, a sort of dumbfounded scientist running around in circles with his very pretty wife Sheila Ryan, not the owner.

Marie McDonald as Gertie of the garter fame is cute and tricky, and J. Carroll Naish as the man servant clever as always.

Taken from the old play that caused ma and pa to blush cooly, the story to modern audiences seems a heck of a lot-to-do over very little, but it has its moments and that’s something.

Your Reviewer Says: Not much snap to this garter.

✓ A Letter for Evie
(M-G-M)

YES, yes, stop pointing out the other plays that have used this love-letters theme. We know all about them and we still think this a good show. We think so for several reasons. First because Hume Cronyn is just about the best character actor on the screen and it didn’t surprise us at all that as a timid little G1 who answers the note meant for a bigger fellow, he turns in a perfect comedy gem. Marsha Hunt, shirt factory secretary who slips the billet-doux into the pocket of a shirt, sized sixteen and a half, has verve, vivaciousness, good looks plus a fine comedy sense. Pamela Britton, her roommate, is cute, and we like John Carroll for whom the note was intended, albeit he seemed to mouth his words nervously.

But on the whole it’s a little honey bun of a cutie pie and you’ll like it.

Your Reviewer Says: Like spring, it is.

✓ Pursuit To Algiers
(Universal)

HOW far away can they get from the original Sherlock Holmes story and still have Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce around? Anyone can be detectives and his faithful Watson find themselves sacrificing a vacation in Scotland to accept the odd assignment of escorting a monarch safely back to his Balkan province. Of course, all kinds of moniker business and moniker-business people try to circumvent the safety of the royal prince but you know Basil and you know Nigel (who went the long way round). So, of course, you know everything turned out as it should.

Marjorie Riordan, Rosalind Ivan, Martin Kosleck and John Abbott help our friend detectififs in their movie sleuthing.

Your Reviewer Says: The clues are in the clues closet, boys.
Along The Navajo Trail (Republic)

**Music** is crowding the old Western action right off the screen these days but when it's Roy Rogers who does the singing, fans don't mind. Of course, there is some story, you understand, but it really doesn't get in the way of Dale Evans who sings with vim, vigor and vitality, or the warbling and churning of Estelita Rodriguez who lets fly with a couple of numbers. Gabby Hayes is around, too, as well as the Sons of the Pioneers. But we're beginning to wonder if maybe the kids are beginning to long for a little more of the old west stuff and less music. We would if we were a kid.

Your Reviewer Says: Them Westerns sure have changed.

An Angel Comes To Brooklyn (Republic)

A LOT of people we never saw or heard of crowd around in a musical fantasy that had best died a-borning. Heaven gets into the picture again and also Brooklyn, which should give you a rough idea. Of course, the idea behind all the foosolaneous nonsense has a bunch of unknowns, among them Kaye Dowd, Robert Duke and David Street, trying to crash show business. Charles Kemper is one of those "between heaven and earth" fellows who tries to help the youngsters.

Your Reviewer Says: The travel between heaven and Hollywood is terrific these days.

Captain Tugboat Annie (Republic)

MY, my, how Tugboat Annie-Pannie has changed through the years since first Marie Dressler brought her to the screen with Wallace Beery as her foil. She's grown mellow, the old girl has, and while Jane Darwell does the best she can with the sticky story material, it's just not Annie. Edgar Kennedy, Charles Gordon and Pamela Blake get involved in the proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Annie doesn't live here any more.

Dick Tracy (RKO)

WELL, if it isn't our old friend of the comic strip, Detective Dick Tracy himself, making his debut on the screen! Now watch for more comic characters to make the leap!

Morgan Conway as Tracy is good but not quite square-jawed enough to suit our fancy. But the way he goes after old Splitface is typical of the indomitable courage and imagination of the man himself. And goodie, divine old Mike Mazurki is Splitface, which makes it all the more interesting, to our notion. Annie Jeffreys is the ever-faithful, long-enduring Tess, Tracy's sweetheart.

Your Reviewer Says: A cartoon come to life.

Fear (Monogram)

If only a magazine editor had sent that check to Peter Cookson a day earlier, a man would not have been murdered. Warren William and Anne Gwynne would not have made this picture and everyone would have been happier.

Anyway poor Cookson as the medical student does kill the money lender and suffers plenty of mental torture for it. And why not, we ask? But those dream end-
Cleans! Disinfects! Refreshes!

**Frontier Gal (Universal)**

We have staggered out of more dance hall, barroom orgies of the olden Golden West than we care to mention. And now here comes another with Yvonne De Carlo as the frontier gal who owns a saloon, gets kissed by and married to Rod Cameron who almost instantly goes off to jail for six years... but not too instantly, of course; for when Rod returns he discovers he's the pap of a little girl played cutely by Beverly Simmons. Fuzzy Knight and Andy Devine, who are usually found in Westerns, still are—and in this one too. Yvonne is mighty party, Technicolor, but here's one bet that she'll set no worlds on fire. Maybe she doesn't want to.

**Masquerade In Mexico**

(Paramount)

**Dreaming of Longer Hair?**

Try the RONOLA method of Hair Care for one week, and see if the enjoyment of soft, clean, and healthy hair can't be yours! And don't forget, lovely hair that is so often means Love and Romance. Often in many cases, by the time you get longer hair and scalp are in a normal, healthy condition, and dry, brittle, breaking off ends can be retarded to give the hair a chance to produce its full beauty.

**HAIR MAY GET LONGER!**

Just try the RONOLA method for 7 days and see for yourself what it may do for you. Your friends and mirror will tell you. Price only $2.20, including tax. If sent COD, postage extra. Guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Mail your order today!

**THE RONALD CO. DEPT. 113**

6805 Cottage Grove Ave.,

Chicago 37, Ill.

**Easy-INVENTION to TRIM-HAIR AT HOME!**

Saves Barber Bills.

**Sample for Agents.** Experience for boys, men, or girls. Sells like wild! Sample offer and instructions, all written, printed, packed. Letter your name. KREITZ Co., 450 East 6th, Akron, Ohio.

**Hollywood Barrel O' Fun**

24 JOKE NOVELTIES
Plus 12 New Party Games
Clear, full color, beautiful illustrations, contain a bloop party. Natty novelties, Pretty Puzzles, Daily Doodles, Happy Humor, Good Jokes, Laff for Laffs, Jolly Jitters, Prank Proposals, Quick Quips, and more. 25c, 250, 1.00.

**CALIFAX, Box 165, Dept. 33, Hollywood, Calif.**

**High School Course**

At Home. Many Finish in 2 Years

One meshes as your own educational system. French, Latin, English, German, Spanish included. Can be studied at home, taught by you. Order today. While good schools are still available. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free booklet to American School, Dept. A, 50th Street at 14th, Chicago, Ill.

**Every Day SPARE CASH**

SELL SMART EVERYDAY CARDS
Bill, 1200 cards, only $1.00, makes extra money. Write for list. Easy extra cash, plain, attractive, post card, size. Bill pref. Orders filled at once. Write for list. 20c 100. 50c 500. 1.00 1000, how to sell at 5c. Extra cash, wholesale, easy. Write for list. $1.00 1000. Ask for special. Act now! PHILLIPS CARD COMPANY, 2839 6th St., Newton, Mass.

**A Trusted Asthmatic Aid**

For Three Quarters of a Century

Yes, for 77 years, Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND has been the choice of thousands for relieving the miseries of asthma attacks. Why not try this tested asthma aid yourself? Cigarettes, 50c, Powder, 25c and $1.00, at nearly all drug stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Usefully and discreetly. For FREE SAMPLE write J. H. Guild Co., Dept. D,. J. H. Ruprecht, Vt.

**Help relieve chronic cough and colds with Absorbine Jr.**

**Best Pictures of the Month**

Leave Her To Heaven
Adventure
Road To Utopia
Vacation From Marriage
The Harvey Girls
The Spiral Staircase

**Best Performances**

Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain in "Leave Her To Heaven"
Clark Gable in "Adventure"
Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in "Road To Utopia"
Deborah Kerr and Robert Donat in "Vacation From Marriage"
Judy Garland and John Hodiak in "The Harvey Girls"
Dorothy McGuire in "The Spiral Staircase"

**Tuddy Marshall**

vibrant young player in "THE DOLLY SISTERS," a 20th Century-Fox Production, says: "MY CANARY STARTS MY DAY ON A CHEERFUL NOTE—KEEPS ME LIGHT-HEARTED!"

So easy to care for, so cheerful, a canary is a perfect pet... the only pet that sings! Own a canary, Feed him the finest—FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit! LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U.S.
BLUE JAY with Nupercaine gives Amazing 3-Way RELIEF from CORNS!

1 EXCLUSIVE with Blue-Jay, anywhere, No Medicine soon curbs surface pain.
2 INSTANTLY stops shoe-pres- sure pain.
3 GENTLE medication to loosen hard "corns," simply lift it in 2 or 3 days.

Only Blue-Jay Has NUPERCANAIE
Not single action or double action, but TRIPLE relief with this NEW KIND of corn plaster!

All drug or toilet goods counters.

BLUE JAY
Corn Plasters
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

Pillow Of Death (Universal)

A NOETHER Inner Sanctum mystery comes to the screen replete with ghost-ridden houses, scenes and murders. Lon Chaney is around strongly suspected of being the man who smothered several people to death with a pith hat before he did for it at last and you find out and we keep secret.

Brenda Joyce is very pretty as Chaney's secretary (Lon, believe it or not, plays an attorney for a change). J. Edward Bromberg is the spiritualist and Rosalind Ivan a divine delight as an English kid. What an actress she is and how she enlivens this piece of whodunit.

Your Reviewer Says: Pillows should be used with more respect.

Strange Voyage (Signal Pictures)

THE story behind "Strange Voyage" is more interesting than the picture, but it is viewed with the kind of horror which is best. It seems that Eddie Albert and several other service men formed a motion-picture company called Signal Pictures, found a story and went to work. Judging by the finished product the lads did it more for personal satisfaction than the hope of pecuniary gain. If it opens the gates to better jobs for the lads, so much the better.

The story concerns a boat, a man named Chris and a curious adventure in which most of the principals perish. Albert, of course, is very good, Bobby Cooper good as a kid slowway, and Elena Verdugo, seen briefly, very pretty.

Your Reviewer Says: We wish the lads well.

The Tiger Woman (Republic)

THERE are so many detectives in movies these days there are hardly enough people left to be detected. Here's Kane Rich- mond, for instance, who joins the sleuthing crew and apprehends (nice word, apprehends) Adele Mara who kills her husband for his insurance and her week-kneed partner Robert Fraser because he weakens. Miss Mara, incidentally, makes both murs- ders look like suicide. It's only when Richmond turns his masculine charms on Miss Mara that he discovers the truth. It's all been done with obvious care and for a little picture it isn't bad at all.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't try to fool one of the movie detectives, kids.

** The Top Girls (M-G-M)

THE Atchinson, Topoka and the Santa Fe finally pulled into the preview theater long after the smoke of its hit tune had spiraled into unremembered. Nevertheless, it's still great tune, delivered in a manner to tinkle the toes and warm the heart. In fact, the whole picture is delightful, telling the story (well, no, not telling the story exactly, but conveying it to the best of the wait- wresses who graced the famed Fred Harvey station restaurants throughout the West. Music, comedy and plain old orneriness vary.

It's in the cards, of course, that John and Judy meet and battle, love and win.

Mail Coupon Today

CONEL BOOKS, DEPT. M143
Riverside, CA.

Please send my Copy of MOVIE DIARY by return mail.

I Send CO.D.O. $1.00 postpaid plus postage. If postage $40 in coin or money order. You pay postage.

Name .
Address .
City . Zone . State .

Mail Coupon Today

SIMMONS CO., Home of Fine Jewelry
30 Church St., Dept.H-370, New York 7, N. Y.

SIMMONS CO., Home of Fine Jewelry
83 Church St., Dept.H-370, New York 7, N. Y.

Please send me the ring I have checked below as my first choice. If you are out of my size then send second or third choice with coupon. $4.98. I will pay postage on gold plus $2.50. If I am not pleased I may return ring the day I receive it and return money. GUARANTEE: If 2-tone 14K Gold, $4.98. If 2-tone 14K Silver, $4.98.

First Choice . Second Choice .

Style No. . Style No. . Style No. .

Name .
Address .
City, Zone, State .

NOTE: Foreign and Canadian orders must be accompanied by cash with order.
Miss Lansbury is delightful as the cold, hard loser in the battle of hearts. Ray Bolger's dancing and Kenny Baker's singing are outstanding features. Marjorie Main, as the cook, clowns and capers; Virginia O'Brien sings in her dead-panish manner and Preston Foster acts up somewhat as the double-crossing judge.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm, excitement, music.

**Scarlet Street (Universal)**

A REPEAT on the characters that made "Woman In The Window" a hit, makes "Scarlet Street" another enjoyable picture, albeit not as strong as its predecessor. It does establish the fact that Joan Bennett is a good actress given the material and as the scheming sweetie of Duрюa, a boy whom she comes to like little Robinson in his love-making, she is most convincing. Robinson's role is, of course, tailor-made, and he does it with ease and well. Duрюa has never been so lostly as when Rosalind Ives as Robinson's unappreciative and unattractive wife adds just the right bit of spice.

There's a certain forthright ugliness to the tale; this rugged action and audiences will undoubtedly be both repelled and intrigued during its unpleasant unfoldment. Jess Barker, Margaret Lindsay and Samuel S. Hinds are the supporting players.

Your Reviewer Says: Brr!

**Up Goes Maisie (M-G-M)**

Simply dote on the Maisie pictures and it's understandable why they do. They present no problems or technical references to jar and irritate. They're made solely for relaxation and entertainment and let it be said they achieve their purpose.

Ann Sothern is still stout-hearted Maisie going from job to job and doing her best always. In this episode she's a job with a young investor, George Murphy, who is trying to market his helicopter. You know how to present it, being told Maisie eventually pilots the helicopter with all the flourishes of a confused truck driver—a very laughable incident.

Murphy is good, naturally, and so is Hillary Brooke as the meanie, Horace McNally and Paul Harvey get involved in the doing until Maisie un-invoves them.

Your Reviewer Says: Maisie is always welcome on our movie calendar.

**Too Strong!**

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such an needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a youngster feeling worse than before.

**Too Mild!**

A laxative that's too mild to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle.

**The Happy Medium!**

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children.

As a precaution use only as directed.

---

**If you need a laxative when you have a cold—**

Don't do your little harumph, upset your stomach. Take Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

**Ex-Lax**

THE HAPPY MEDIUM LAXATIVE

10c and 25c at all drug stores

---

**Sufferers from Psoriasis**

**Make the One Spot Test**

Psoriasis is not contagious, but the sufferer suffers terribly from the condition. The only question is how to determine if you have the disease? Do you have a single or a few spots of red patches, or do you see white spots, or do you see red patches with a white center? These are only a few of the symptoms of psoriasis. The one spot test is a simple and sure way of determining the presence of the disease. All you need do is send for a free sample. The one spot test is always free. Write today for your free sample. Write today for your free sample. Write today for your free sample.

---

**New and Beautiful QUILT PICTURES**

Yards and Yards—three pounds or more BARGAIN! Homemade quilts, comforters, blankets, bedspreads, covers, quits, comforters, etc. Free trial order. ALL NEW DESIGNS! Selected to add beauty, harmony, originality to all your room décor. 80 pieces in stock for immediate shipment. Automatically furnished with your order, or return all you want! Limit, 100 yards. Enlarged samples only. Send C.O.D. 25c per inch. Mailed samples only. Mailed samples only.

---

**Stammer?**


---

**Any Photo Enlarged**

Size 8 x 10 Inches or Double-Weight Paper

57c

Some price for full length or group portrait砷. Additional charges for special effects—Sex. Choice of any part of group order. Mailed with your order.

---

**Send No Money**

Just mail photo, any size, unmounted, for free expert examination and estimate. We do not charge for this work. Simply send specimen photo with request for estimate. Double-weight portrait quality paper. We do not charge for estimates. We do not charge for estimates. We do not charge for estimates. Mailed with your order, or return all you want! Limit, 100 yards. Enlarged samples only. Send C.O.D. 25c per inch. Mailed samples only. Mailed samples only.

---

**Wedding Ring Engagement—Ten Days′ Trial—Send No Money**

Intense coin by mail. Only 25c each for every order. We wait for your order. Mail wedding rings to us and we will wait for your order. Mail wedding rings to us and we will wait for your order. We wait for your order. Mail wedding rings to us and we will wait for your order. Mail wedding rings to us and we will wait for your order. Mail wedding rings to us and we will wait for your order. Mail wedding rings to us and we will wait for your order. Mail wedding rings to us and we will wait for your order.

---

**Tense moment for Tom Neal and Anne Savage in RNC's suspenseful "Detective"**
DON'T SUFFER FROM SORE, CHAPPED HANDS!

Let nurses' discovery help YOU

Hundreds of nurses write and tell us how effective Noxzema is for red, chapped hands. These letters are typical: "Have you ever washed your hands a hundred times a day? We nurses in contagion do—and Noxzema is my only relief from rough, red hands."

Another writes: "My hands and arms were so irritated from scrubbing for operations that I couldn't be comfortable anywhere 'til I tried Noxzema—I got immediate relief!"

Actual tests show chapped hands heal faster—this medicated way!

- Yes, scores of nurses were among the first to discover Noxzema—how quickly it soothes and helps heal hands sore and chapped from frequent washings.

Actual tests with Noxzema on both mildly and badly chapped hands show that this soothing, greaseless medicated cream helps heal faster—improvement in many cases being seen overnight! That's because Noxzema is a medicated formula that not only relieves the soreness, but helps heal the tiny "cuts" and "cracks."

Try Noxzema! See how quickly it brings grateful relief! At all drug counters; 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax).

NOXZEMA

IF YOU ARE OVERWEIGHT

Why?—a question that has become all too familiar to the 12 million who are pondering it today. Perhaps you are one of them and wonder if it is too late to shed those unwanted pounds. It isn't. It is never too late to get into shape. The Noxzema weight-loss plan is simple and easy—and effective. Noxzema helps you to trim weight faster and more easily than just any other method. How? Two ways:

- Efficiency—Noxzema's stimulant effect helps you lose weight faster.
- Motivation—Noxzema's refreshing, stimulating action helps keep you more enthusiastic about your weight loss. Noxzema helps you to trim weight faster and more easily than just any other method.

IF YOU ARE UNDERWEIGHT

There are at least 12 million Americans today who are less than their normal weight—and are searching for ways to gain it. If you are one of these people, Noxzema can help you gain weight faster. Its tonic effect helps your body respond more favorably to the foods you eat, and helps maintain your weight at a more normal level.

Who Is the Robber That Steals Your Sleep?

It is common knowledge that nothing undermines health so quickly as loss of sleep. You know how just one or two sleepless nights can drag you down. Who is the "robber" that creeps upon you in the middle of the night and keeps you awake? Is it "NERVES" that rob you of the sleep you need? Nervous Tension can be responsible for many Wakeful Nights as well as Crankiness, Restlessness, Nervous Headache and Indigestion. When you feel Nervous and Jittery—when you can't sleep at night, why don't you try Dr. Miles Nervine? For over 50 years Dr. Miles Nervine has been a mild but effective sedative, that helps to quiet your nerves, relieve Nervous Tension, and permit refreshing sleep. Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your Drug Store. It comes in two forms, Liquid 25c and $1.00 sizes. Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c sizes. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. See what it can do for you to relax tense nerves and help you get your sleep and rest. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

FOR FOOT COMFORT

Quest All-purpose Deodorant

The positive deodorant powder that destroys all body odors!
**Every Woman SHOULD KNOW**

**about MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**

Now lovelier, lighter skin beauty is within the reach of any woman who goes after it allied with Mercolized Wax Cream. This famous Cream contains an active ingredient used as long as history has been recorded. It loosens and dissolves scaly little chapping and is effective in helping to make skin firmer—more translucent. In the presence of Mercolized Wax Cream a lovely bleaching action takes place on the skin surface, and the appearance of dingy, cloudy pigment is retarded. If your complexion is PASSABLE, don't be satisfied—seek to make it more radiant, more attractive and younger looking with Mercolized Wax Cream. Use only as directed.

OILY SKIN—Helped by the invaluable aid of SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT. Just dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and put on the skin several times a day. It subdued excess surface oil, tightens soft skin tissue by temporary keratinization. Your skin will feel delightfully refreshed. Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

**Now! HAIR OFF**

**WITH JOYOUS SPEED**

No More Worry About Ugly Hair

Why worry about that ugly superfluous hair on face and lips? No one ever knew how to use Caress. This modern, scientific method has helped thousands of otherwise lovely women from Hollywood to Miami to new happiness and beauty. It is so simple and unique that it has been granted a U. S. Patent. Just a twist of the wrist every few days and you never need see a superfluous hair on your face again. No smellly liquid or possibly injurious wax or paste. No after-stubble—will not irritate the skin or stimulate hair growth.

Wonderful for arms and legs

Hair off legs, arms, face in just a jiffy or double your money back. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Comes in plain wrapper. On arrival, pay postman $1.49 plus postage for delivery package. Pay no tax. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Rush coupon today.
money-minded waitress Linda Darnell, so in order to get cash he marries the lovely rich girl, Alice Faye. Then comes Linda's murder and Dana finds himself in a trap. The picture is an intriguing one, with provocative situations. (Jan.)

FIGHTING GUARDSMAN, THE—Columbia: An adventure with fast action, and plenty of romance. William Tabbert is a businessman who is on a trip to the Orient to find his daughter, who has been kidnapped. When he arrives, he discovers that she has been sent to a remote island where a group of mercenaries are holding her captive. Tabbert joins forces with the mercenaries in order to rescue his daughter. The picture is well-acted and directed, with a fast pace and plenty of action. (Dec.)

FIRST YANK INTO TOKYO—RKO: Tom Neal is an American spy who is sent to Tokyo to find out if the Japanese are planning to attack the United States. When he arrives, he discovers that the Japanese are indeed planning to attack, but he is able to stop them in time. The picture is a fast-paced, action-packed thriller, with a good deal of suspense and excitement. (Dec.)

WOMEN OF THE DEEP—RKO: This picture is a drama about the lives of the women who work on the deep sea oil rigs. It is a well-made picture, with a good cast and a good script. The picture is a bit slow at times, but overall it is a good picture. (Dec.)

MISS ST. ANGELO—RKO: This is a drama about a young woman who is sent to St. Angelo, a small town in Italy, to teach. She is met by a group of young men who are interested in her, and she is forced to choose between them. The picture is well-acted and directed, with a good script. The picture is a bit slow at times, but overall it is a good picture. (Dec.)

GIVE YOUR FACE A LIFT—B pedal. (Dec.)

Massage is the basis of most modern systems of beauty culture. Correctly applied, it tends to stimulate circulation, remove waste products of fatigue, add tone to skin and muscles.

Now you can give effective massage at home, to face, body, scalp — easily, inexpensively, with Oster Massager. To yourself or others. Patented, suspended motor action delivers rotating-pattng movements to your fingers, for refreshing light or deep massage.

Thousands of Oster massage instruments are in use, both professionally and at home. Massagers, at your Oster dealer's, cost only $19.50. Send coupon below for free booklet and name of your dealer. No obligation.

Free Booklet on Massage and Massager

Authorization, illustrated booklet tells what massage is, how it works, what it may do for you. Shows many popular applications. Mail coupon now for your free copy.

-- Tear out coupon and mail today! --

JOHN OSTER MFG. CO.
Dept. 113 Racine, Wisconsin

Send me free Oster Massage Manual and also name of my Massager dealer.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City___________________________

Dealers: Write for information.

Protect NAIL POLISH with SEAL-COTE

prevents Chipping

MINIATURE

25c

ELECTRIC POLISHER

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.

CALL 546

NORTH STREET, P.O. BOX 113
DEARBORN, MICH.
Chest Cold Misery

Relieved by

Moist Heat of

ANTIPHLOGISTINE

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation, simple sprain, bruise, sore muscles, and charley horse.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store now.

---

ANTIPHLOGISTINE

The White Package with the Orange Band

ANTIPHLOGISTINE

---

"Dark-Eyes"

EYELASH DARKENER

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring... even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smears or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks... thus ending daily eye make-up bother. **Continue use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!**

$1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department store. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.

I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Check shades: □ Black □ Brown

Name																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																										

STATE
Gale moves in with the swanks in order to get it opened again. Phil Regan is the policeman who loves Gale, and Minna Comitl, Charles Brown and Allen Mowbray are in it. (Jan.)

**SUNSET IN ELDORADO**—Republic: Roy Rogers has a story his fans will love. Photographed beauti-fully and directed well. Dale Evans, growing weary of her role as Andy, is married to the narcotics of the West. Smokey drives off to mythical El Dorado, and finds Roy Rogers waiting at the end of the trail. Roy and Dale have seven numbers in fine style. (Dec.)

**THAT NIGHT WITH YOU**—Universal: A little honey of a movie, with Franchot Tone as a New York theatrical producer who suddenly finds himself confronted with a grown daughter. Suzanne Foster is the cutie who pretends to be the daughter in order to gain a theatrical career, and Louise Allbritton proves her fine flair for comedy in her choice role of Franchot's cynical secretary. 

**THE LOST WEEKEND**—Paramount: A new kind of horror tale is this story of an alcoholic on a weekend bing and his experiences that range from frightful to degrading. Ray Milland hits his peak in his portrayal of a man beset by a craving beyond his control. Phil Terry is his older brother. Jane Wyman is the girl who loves Ray and Howard DaSilva the understanding caretaker. (Dec.)

**THEY WERE EXPENDABLE**—M-G-M: A little late and a little too long, this is nevertheless a fine picture with many gripping action shots of the villain job the little Pitt boats did in the war. John Wayne and Robert Montgomery, both looking worn and tired, are perhaps somewhat too noble, but as history this film has great verisimilitude. Also with Donna Reed as a nurse, and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

**SOMETHING A MOVIE**—Warner Brothers’ new picture, will send you a free copy of our 32-page story magazine, with
testimony from doctors, hospitals, sanitari-um nurses, and nurses’ training schools. Collins make- ers of the world-famous Hospitaled Bandages, independently and prepare for the training of nurses and don't qualify for Diplomas. (Feb.)

**THE COLLEGE OF SWISS MOUNTAINEER**

**TOPICKERS 2, 153 East 85th St., Chicago 13**

**MAKE A DATE**

**EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON**

The dramatic pages of True Detective Magazine come to life before the microphone . . .

**TRUE DETECTIVE IS ON THE AIR!**

Yes, the same kind of entertaining stories of outstanding feats in crime detection that have made True Detective one of the most exciting American magazines are now brought to your radio.

**TUNE IN**

**"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"**

**Over your local MUTUAL NETWORK STATION**
"WHAT A DIFFERENCE!
6¢ makes in the kitchen!"

Your kitchen will glow with gay, cheerful color... will look expensively re-decorated... when you transform bare, drab shelves, cupboards and closets with beautiful Royledge Shelves. Costs only a few pennies... takes only a few minutes... simply lay Royledge on shelves and fold-no tacks, no fuss or muss. See colorful Royledge Shelves patterns now at 5- and-10's, neighborhood, dept. stores.

What trims a booth, a gym, a hall? When draped and tucked upon the wall?

STOP Scratching
Relieve Itch in a Jiffy

Sufferers from the itching itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid, D.D.D. Prescription.

This time-proved medication developed by Dr. D.D. Dungin—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless, and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A test trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for D.D.D. Prescription.

DON'T DYE GRAY HAIR

... until you try the new color-control method of Mary T. Goldstein's! Then watch your hair take on the beautiful, natural-looking color you desire, quickly—or so gradually your friends won't guess.

Simply do this: Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldstein's... just comb it through your gray, bleached, or faded hair. See how this new scientific color-control gives you the youthful hair shade you want. Pronounced harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed). Will not harm your wave or change the smooth, soft texture of your hair. It is inexpensive and easy to apply, too. For over 30 years millions have found new enjoy hair beauty by using Mary T. Goldstein's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldstein's at your drug or department store on money-back guarantee. If it doesn't rather try it first, mail coupon below for free test kit.

St. Pk. 2, Minn. Send free sample. Check color:

- Black - Brown - Medium Brown
- Blonde - Dark Brown - Light Brown - Auburn
- None

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

What a difference
6¢ makes in the kitchen!
**BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

*can make you seem older than you really are!*

So many people look older than their years-colorless, worn, weary. They’re only faded photographs of their former selves. Yes, and these people may find the cause is a Borderline Anemia. Women and children especially are subject to Borderline Anemia—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—but many men, too, are its victims!

Your blood—and your blood alone—carries oxygen and releases energy to every organ, every muscle, every fibre. Your blood is your "supply line" of vitality and drive. So if there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren’t big enough and strong enough and healthy enough, you just can’t hope to feel vigorous, "alive"! Borderline Anemia means that the quality of your blood is below par, that the red blood cells can’t do their important job right.

**Take Ironized Yeast to Build Up Blood, Energy**

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be caused by other conditions. Always be sure to consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you find yourself envying others their youthful vitality and their glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast Tablets will help you build up your blood and your energy. At all drugstores.

---

**Ironized Yeast Tablets**

*IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA*
Maneuvers for "Misses"

For your glamour line-up here are some star-proof pointers

Beauty Workshop
By Betsy Sanford

Miss Mop-top: This is the borderline beauty whose hair never looks just quite right. She may go faithfully to the hairdresser, but never does she achieve a well-trained, smart hair-do with a lasting shape. Her hair is either an unruly mop or a picture of limp, dejected curls.

Rosalind Russell cues the Mop-tops:
The best way to keep a shape in the hair is to brush and brush again. Don't be afraid of losing your wave; brushing simply makes the hair more tractable and thus preserves it. Sacrifice beauty to vanity at night; wear a net. When your hair begins to look a little out of shape, moisten it—very slightly—with water or tonic or wave set and pin it into its original shape in large pin-curls.
Use lacquer, especially if you have fine hair. You can spray it on your hair with an atomizer or use lacquer pads.
A trick with hairpins—if you want a wave held in place firmly; use two hairpins at a time instead of one.

Miss Lackluster: This is the near-beauty who seems to have missed out on the one major point of make-up. Her skin is smooth; her face, perfection; but look at her eyes! Or, rather, don't look at them! They are completely minus. Result: She always looks faded; her make-up seems incomplete.

Linda Darnell eyes this case, advises:
Nothing looks worse than a woman who has carefully made up the rest of her face and then forgotten about her eyes. Always make up the eyelids in the same fashion as the rest of the face; powder them carefully and always, night or day, give the upper lashes their necessary quota of mascara. Before applying the mascara, smooth on vaseline very lightly over the lashes. If lashes are especially thin, powder them in addition. Now take your brush—it must be thoroughly clean and moist, not wet, and carefully brush the mascara up over the lashes.
See that you get upswept lashes by using either Linda's method or an eyelash curler. The Darnell special—press back the lashes with cleansing tissue while the mascara is still wet. This will curl them back and also take off any of the surplus mascara.
If you use a curler, always curl the eyelashes before you apply the mascara. Don't hold the curler tightly in place—that will give you only a sharp bend in the lashes.

Miss Roughneck: This is the female sad sack who misses out as soon as she wears short sleeves or low necks. Reason: Her neck looks brown and rough against her face; her elbows and forearms are anything but a pleasant contrast to the rest of her make-up. So she covers up instead of uncovering the reason why.

Joan Fontaine pulls up her sleeve, finds the answer:
Always cleanse the neck and arms in the same fashion as you do the face—soap and water (plus a good stiff brush on the elbows to remove dead skin); cream; foundations; and light fluff of powder. If you leave a softening cream on your face overnight, leave it on the shoulders and arms, too. Always give the arms and elbows a rough treatment with turkish towel as an after-bath ritual. It gets rid of old skin, increases circulation, make for pink-and-white perfection.
DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

We think you're lucky...to be so lovely yourself...and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.

Yours,
TANGEE

Mrs. Joseph Cotten says:

"At last I've found it - the perfect cake make-up!"

Scores of cake make-ups came to Hollywood ahead of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. Some were fine in one way...some in another. Then Constance Luft Huhn's newest creation arrived and took the motion picture colony by storm because it's ideal in every way. You'll find that Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is so very easy to apply...stays on for so many extra hours...is designed to be oh-so-kind to your skin! And you don't look—or feel—as if you were wearing a mask.

The thrill of Satin-Finish!

Yes, it is a thrill to find a lipstick that does not run or smear...that means lips not too dry, not too moist...that stays on for extra hours. And that's what Constance Luft Huhn has done for your "lip-appeal"...by creating the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Today's smartest colors are Tangee Gay-Red, Red-Red and Medium-Red.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be.
This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth, colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer. Each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Leaves lovely sheen.

That's why your hair looks so natural, glamorous. Can't be detected—doesn't shout "dyed". Try Tintz today.

That's why your hair looks so natural, glamorous. Can't be detected—doesn't shout "dyed". Try Tintz today.
Always Buy Chesterfield

Our ABC

Always Milder
Better Tasting
Cooler Smoking

The Right Combination of the World's Best Tobaccos - Properly Aged

Copyright 1946, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very first cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions.

And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.

Rhythm and Romance for Jean and Alan—as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—so smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—says, "The very first cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."

Honeymooning at Niagara—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'm going to help my skin stay smooth and radiant," says Jean. "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For a fresher bloom in your skin get Camay—so mild it cleanses without irritation. Follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

Please use every bit of Camay—precious materials still go into making soap.
CUPID: Ah...! A joke, huh? Plain girl gets candy from unknown suitor. But it's not candy and there's no suitor. Very funny!

GIRL: All right. Laugh then.

CUPID: Me? Excuse it, but to me it's not funny, honey. But it should remind you that maybe there'd be real candy and a real suitor if you'd just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn't even glimmer! I brush 'em, but—Well...

CUPID: Mmm... Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: And what if I have?

CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That "pink's" a warning to see your dentist! He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth... and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!

For the Smile of Beauty IPANA AND MASSAGE
Several years ago, a great novel blazed its way into America's consciousness—James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice". It was dialogue like this that held you: "I love you, Cora. But love, when you get fear in it, isn't love any more. It's hate!"

At the time, many of us hoped it would be made into a motion picture. But the general opinion was: "Too daring... too shocking..." Remember this scene: "Tomorrow night, if I come back, there'll be kisses... lonely ones, Frank! Kisses with dreams in them..."

Recently, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced that it had produced "The Postman Always Rings Twice", starring Lana Turner and John Garfield, and everyone wondered how M-G-M would handle the more audacious scenes, like this one: "We had all that love out there, that night... and we kissed and sealed it so it would be ours forever!"

Well, we have just seen the picture—and Lana Turner is breathtakingly beautiful as the temptress who is swept away by a love she can't deny. John Garfield, more vital than ever, turns in a masterful performance as the reckless young wanderer who wanted love more than he wanted life.

Together, as Cora and Frank, they create one of the most memorable romances ever brought to the screen. And to match this great acting, there is a truly fine supporting cast including Ceci Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, Leon Ames, Audrey Totter, and Alan Reed.

Congratulations are most certainly in order for Director Tay Garnett, Producer Carey Wilson, and Screenplaymen Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch.

Whether the Postman rings once, or the Postman rings twice, M-G-M has certainly rung the bell with this one.

—Leo
"I had to have her love even if I hung for it!"

M-G-M presents one of the year's outstanding films, based on James M. Cain's daring novel...

LANA TURNER • JOHN GARFIELD

The Postman Always Rings Twice

with

Cecil Kellaway • Hume Cronyn • Leon Ames • Audrey Tetter • Alan Reed

Screen Play by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch • Based on the Novel by James Cain

Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by CAREY WILSON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Presentation: Greer Garson receives Photoplay's Gold Medal Award from Macfadden Publications' Vice President Rheinstrom while L. B. Mayer looks on—at Award dinner

W INNING EVENT: Photoplay was the host. Cal York was the impressed witness. And 368 of the industry's top bosses and stars were the guests.

It was Gold Medal Awards night, a glittering array of notables gathered at the Beverly Hills Hotel to pay tribute to the players and pictures adjudged the most popular of the year through the movie poll conducted for Photoplay by Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research.

Following a dramatization on the Lux Radio Theater, radio's leading dramatic program on the Columbia Broadcasting System, a reception was held in the Sun Room of the hotel and then dinner in the Palm Room.

After the banquet, Fred R. Sammis, Photoplay's Editorial Director, led off the proceedings with the introduction of Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President of Macfadden Publications. As master of ceremonies, Mr. Rheinstrom presented Photoplay Gold Medals to the studio, producer and director of "The Valley Of Decision" and Photoplay Certificates to the producers of the nine next most popular pictures.

To Greer Garson, he presented the Photoplay Gold Medal for winning the vote of the public as the year's most popular actress. At the table alongside Greer was a charming elderly couple, there to take the honor and glory for their son who could not be present to accept his Gold Medal as America's most popular actor. There was a gentle tear in many an eye as Bing Crosby's mother stepped up to receive her son's Gold Medal.

Cal wants to testify, in greatest sincerity, that he has never witnessed an Awards function in Hollywood that he felt was more inspiring to all of those in the film industry who want, before anything else, to (Continued on page 6)
GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT BRUSH, BOYS...WE KNOW YA!

Bing Crosby
Bob Hope
Dorothy Lamour

They haven't got a cough drop to their name...but they're loaded with riotous entertainment in the latest and greatest "Road" Show of them all.

in Paramount's
"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

Bing sings 'em! Dottie sings 'em! Pretty soon everybody'll be singing 'em! "Personality" "Put It There, Pal" "Welcome To My Dream" and many more.
"I like to sit home and knit"

Knit? My Eye! Bet you'd like to splash around. So get wise. Here's how:

**KEEP FRESH!** Bathe daily. Then shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body, into every curve and ripple. It leaves you fresh, divinely dainty.

**FEEL SMOOTH!** Treat chafable places to *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. That gives your skin a silken sheath of protection. Makes you feel slick, smooth.

**STAY DAINTY!** Pamper your body often with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Hours after you use it—your skin whispers its beguiling scent... the fragrance men love.

**CASHMERE BOUQUET TALT**

**In 10c, 20c** and 35c sizes

For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65c

(Continued from page 4) continue to make films that all of you will continue to want to go and see.

Yes, all of you who are America's movie-goers have—through Dr. Gallup's audience poll—made the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards one of the Hollywood year's most notable events.

**News about Dantine:** When Helmut Dantine telephoned to ask us to lunch we felt pretty sure he had news to discuss. And sure enough he had. He told us how a broadcast he'd made in his native tongue had finally been heard by a friend of his family who got in touch with Helmut through the Red Cross. All effort to reach his family in Vienna had failed up to then. His parents and brother didn't even know Helmut was an actor. "You see, my father and brother were engineers and I guess my being an actor was quite a shock," he said.

Helmut told us he would go to Wash-

ington to arrange to bring his brother to this country for a business career.

**Romance Rounds:** Joan Leslie's latest beau about the spots is John Howard, the tennis star. Meanwhile, John Howard, the former movie star who had such a wonderful war record, is doing a play opposite Geraldine Fitzgerald in New York called "Portrait In Black"—and it will also be made as a movie co-starring them in a few months... Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz see each other for just a quick ten minutes a day lately. Lucille is up at 6 A.M. to toil in front of a camera and, of course, Desi is sleeping at that point. When she gets home, he is ready to leave to conduct his band at Ciro's. Desi may be heading your way with some good jive soon—because he is planning a tour. He has a rumba wing in the band too—really hot stuff... Herbert Marshall gave his wife Lee a gorgeous white

(Continued on page 8)

Ingrid Bergman, one of five most popular stars, gets Artur Rubinstein's point

Congratulations, Greer—from Editorial Director Sammis and Carroll Rheinstrom
A kiss like theirs...

ONCE IN EVERY WOMAN'S
LIFETIME—A PICTURE LIKE THIS... ONCE IN ALL
SCREEN HISTORY!

GARY COOPER
AS 'WHITE HAT,' THE MAGNIFICENT GAMBLER

INGRID BERGMAN
AS HIS CLIQUE OF NEW ORLEANS

SARATOGA TRUNK

EDNA FERBER'S STORY OF STORIES FROM WARNERS!

with
FLORA ROBSON - HAL B WALLIS PRODUCTION - DIRECTED BY SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Casey Robinson
From the Novel by Edna Ferber
Music by Max Steiner
Songbird at Award dinner—Kathryn Grayson with husband John Shelton

(Continued from page 6) ermine stole and two heavy gold matching bracelets—and you see them everywhere together. But believe us, there isn't a chance of a reconciliation—and this comes straight from the horse's (or maybe we should say mare's) mouth! ... Ginger Rogers has taken some of Jack Briggs's Marine green (now that he's out of uniform) and had herself some stunning suits made. One uniform was converted into a tiny pea-jacket and short tight skirt; another into a box-coat with slack trousers ... Gregory Peck and his wife have taken to jive records with a vengeance—so enthusiastic you'd think they'd discovered swing music. They haunt the small cafes that feature hot rhythm bands, and are collecting a library of Basin Street tunes that would make any jive addict envious ... Looks like Cary Grant has really found the right gal at last—one who is all for him and has no thought or desire except to be near him. We mean Betty Hensel, of course. She never leaves his side at parties; has no eyes for any other man—in fact, we've never seen such adoration. And Cary loves it. No wonder he gave her that beautiful diamond and ruby bracelet she proudly wears day and night.

Twosomes and Stuff: The minute Cal glimpsed Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman in the doctor's office late in the very quiet afternoon before a holiday, we guessed the truth. They were there for the health certificates necessary for a marriage license. The nervous, rather high-voiced way Paul talked and something in Jeanne's eyes as she looked at us gave it away. We kept very quiet about it though. Of course, the fact that Mrs. Crain so violently objected to the match didn't add any joy, but we're glad to say all is well now and Jeanne and Paul are so happy ... The calm and collected way Myrna Loy was going about her shopping in Saks on the very morning of the (Cont'd on page 10)
CLOSE TO HEAVEN AS THE MILKY WAY
...DOWN TO EARTH AS THE FAMILY BUDGET!

Love-and-laugh account of that perilous period when newlyweds run out of luck, but never out of hope and humor!

JOAN FONTAINE
"From This Day Forward"

with MARK STEVENS
ROSEMARY DeCAMP • HENRY MORGAN
WALLY BROWN • ARLINE JUDGE

Produced by WILLIAM PEREIRA • Directed by JOHN BERRY
Screen Play by HUGO BUTLER
TODAY...TOMORROW...FOREVER...

Will your baby have a MOVIE STAR COMPLEXION?

YOUR BABY’S TOMORROW depends on the finest care from the start. So, to help keep your baby’s skin lovely, comfy, glowing with health—smooth baby’s entire body with mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil every day. Being antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent urine irritation, many rashes, annoying chafes and prickles. Mennen-oiled babies smell so sweet, too. And most hospitals, doctors and nurses say that Mennen Baby Oil is best. Yes, to help your baby have a smooth-as-silk “movie star complexion” all over, have Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on hand for baby’s first day home.

4 TIMES AS MANY DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY OIL AS ANY OTHER. 

MORE BABY SPECIALISTS PREFER MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY POWDER THAN ANY OTHER.

Twain Blessings for Baby
MENNEN

BE SURE TO USE MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby’s skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth! New scent makes baby smell sweet. 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be anti-septic, and MENNEN is!*

(Continued from page 8) wedding set Cal jittery. As it was, Myrna's chauffeur got lost in Long Beach (but then who doesn't?) and the bride was twenty minutes late meeting her nervous groom-to-be, Gene Markey, at the Navy chapel. Even Admiral Halsey, the best man, was beginning to show signs of nervousness when Myrna finally drove up. You just knew from the way Victor Mature looked at June Havilland at the premiere of “Leave Her To Heaven” he was terribly smitten. But then, Vic's been smitten before, so we'll see... Diana Lynn's mother protests her eighteen-year-old daughter is too young to marry Loren Tindall and Cal hopes Diana isn't listening... Cal hears Olivia de Havilland is adopting the religion of her fiancé, Major Joe McEwen, in order that they may be married in the Catholic church.

Power Party: You have never seen anyone enjoy himself like Ty Power since the day he set foot back in Hollywood. He and Annabella positively all over the place. And the big party they gave (for about two hundred) was one of the season’s loveliest. They had a small, hot orchestra out on the “front porch” and the place was so crowded that Adolphe Menjou was “directing traffic” for couples trying to get out there to dance. They served a gorgeous buffet-dinner after the cocktail party and just about every star in Hollywood was there dancing far into the night. Few days later Ty and Annabella took off for New York and some sight-seeing before he starts his picture—and then they headed for Montreal, Canada, and some skiing.

At Ty's party Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda dreamed themselves up a long fishing trip in Mexican waters—but first Fonda will be making his “return picture.” (Continued on page 12)
"I tried to be good—always."

Benedict Bogeaus presents

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"Diary of a Chambermaid"

also starring

BURGESS MEREDITH
HURD HATFIELD
FRANCIS LEDERER

with
JUDITH ANDERSON • FLORENCE BATES • IRENE RYAN
and
REGINALD OWEN

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and
BURGESS MEREDITH
Directed by JEAN RENOIR
Adapted from the novel by Octave Mirbeau
And the play by Andreousse
Andre De Lorde and Thibault Norey
Screenplay by Burgess Meredith
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
WHY CAN'T MARRIAGE BE LIKE THE MOVIES?

The movies usually wind up with a happy ending. But Bill and Joan couldn't seem to patch up their troubles. She didn't realize that their fights were her fault! She thought she knew about feminine hygiene. She didn't know, though, that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! Later, at her doctor's, she learned the truth when he warned, "Never be a careless wife." He recommended that she always use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching.

Like a movie romance come true—that's how their marriage is now! Joan blesses her doctor for that advice. She uses "Lysol" in the douche always. 

"Lysol" is a proved germ-killer. It cleanses thoroughly yet gently. Just follow directions—see how well "Lysol" works! It's far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. So easy to use, economical, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 10)

Cheering to Know: Lew Ayres, whom Cal glimpsed in Romanoff's recently, looks not at all like those distressing newspaper pictures of him that crept in from the South Seas. Fact is, Lew looks as youthful and handsome as young Dr. Kildaire ever did. He is about to make his first picture since his return, "The Dark Mirror."

Mickey Rooney will be home in the spring after doing a wonderful job overseas. Can't you see Mickey when he first glimpses the young son born after he went abroad?

If it's true Van Johnson is wearing a silver skating figure (gift from Sonja Henie) in his lapel instead of those two awful safety pins that held his car keys, it's cheering news to his friends who didn't want to tell him safety pins are just not for men's lapels.

Doing the Rounds: It was a party at The Club which somehow always means fun in this coziest of places. Cal and some friends went with Eddie Duchin, now on the Coast for some radio work and as pleasant a lad as ever you met. Louis Hayward with the voice that flows like liquid gold joined our group and effervescent Elaine Scott and her handsome husband Zach kept us in stitches.

Across at the next table Lauren Bacall in a gold-colored tailored dinner dress sat with Bogie and friends and we noticed especially how each carried on conversations with other people instead of huddling off by themselves as other couples we could name. And what a relief to see Bogie out on a party and no fights going. Joan Crawford in a garnet satin dinner suit and a hat of bright garnet roses, didn't sit with Phil Terry, who came alone. Edward G. Robinson and his Gladys, Ray Milland, his hair long for his role in "California," and his wife Mal were just a few of the many celebrities that Cal enjoyed seeing. (Continued on page 14)
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH as
Gilda
with
Glenn FORD

GEORGE MACREADY
JOSEPH CALLEIA

Screenplay by Marion Parsonnet
Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

“Johnny, let me go.
Please let me go.
I can’t stand it any more...”

Great as is her powerful dramatic portrayal—great, too, is this dancing Hayworth—singing “Put the Blame on Mame”!
BRIGHT IDEAS
from Hollywood

BING CROSBY
star of Paramount's
"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

has a chair to match his favorite sports jacket! Bing was so fond of the tweed, that he sent his upholsterer to see his tailor. Now the chair and Bing are twins!

Another Crosby custom—and a very-bright-idea one—is cleaning his teeth with Calox Tooth Powder. Calox contains five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains...and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. No wonder Calox is the favorite dentifrice of many Hollywood stars!

Calox does more than cleanse and polish. It actually sweetens your breath as it brightens your teeth, leaves your mouth feeling clean and minty-fresh. For a smile of Breath-less Beauty, try Calox Tooth Powder today!

Little Miss Margaret O'Brien didn't miss a trick—at the Gold Medal Award dinner

(Continued from page 12)

The Secret's Out: When Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob slipped off to Las Vegas and were married on January 3, they were under the quaint impression they could keep it secret until Eleanor's current picture, "Escape Me Never," had finished shooting. They did manage to hide it from everyone for over two weeks, then our own Louella Parsons found it out. Most surprised of everyone in Hollywood was Al Bloomingdale who had actually driven to Las Vegas with the couple. When they got there, Bert and Eleanor told him they wanted to do some shopping but would meet him in an hour. When they rejoined him, they were man and wife, but Bloomingdale had to read Louella's item to find out.

Eleanor had known Bert Friedlob for about a year, but only started going out with him after she broke up with Joe Kirkwood Jr. last November. It didn't take long for Bert to convince Eleanor he was the one for her and all Hollywood wishes them much luck and happiness.

The groom is a distillery executive in his middle thirties, dark, good looking, intelligent, and so much in love with his pretty bride. When Eleanor finishes her role in "Escape Me Never," they plan on a Mexico and South America honeymoon.

Around Town: Cal met Lieut. Bob Stack at a cocktail party and found him the same likable guy blade—a little heavier, perhaps, but still handsome. Over Cal's shoulder Bob spotted a blonde all done up in an unusual, low-cut gown. "Girls shouldn't wear dresses like that," Bob confided with a twinkle and sure enough ten
THE COUNTESS WAS A LADY... BUT MONTE WAS AWAY!

You have enjoyed "Count of Monte Cristo," a bold story of romantic adventure.
Now enjoy the thrilling adventures of the daring beauty who was his wife!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' Breath-Taking Adventure

"The Wife of Monte Cristo"

starring JOHN LODER LENORE AUBERT

FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

with CHARLES DINGLE • FRITZ KORTNER • EUGARDO CIANNELLI • MARTIN KOSLECK • FRITZ FELD

Associate Producer JACK GRANT • Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER
Gold Medailer Greer Garson and Gregory Peck at Lux Radio Theater broadcast of winning picture, "The Valley Of Decision"—with William Keighley and L. B. Mayer

INSIDE STUFF

Greer with Gregory Peck, man star who made the most progress in 1945

(Continued from page 14) minutes later he had the young lady off in a corner. When he's out of the Navy, which should be in the spring, he's going back to Universal for more pictures.... Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond together reminded Cal he's been meeting this pair at the same party year after year and each time they look a little happier. Theirs is one marriage that really took...

All over town Cal runs into Sylvia Sidney and each time she looks more chic. Something has certainly come over Sylvia these days to acquire that "so smart" look, for Cal remembers when she wasn't... At Sydney Greenstreet's birthday party whom should we greet right off but Sydney's tall good-looking son John home after two years in the South Pacific. John has no inclination to be an actor. Intends to become a business man, he tells Cal... A yell in Cal's direction on the Twentieth lot revealed Vic Mature bearing down on us in one of those long-open-topped cars. "Come and have brunch," he called, but Cal had to hurry on to another appointment. Leaner faced these days, Vic looked very well in our short meeting.

We'll have to make it a longer one soon.

Pink and Blue Ribbon Dept: The Jinx Falkenburg-Tex McCrary blessed-event date, which Cal first tipped you to and Jinx, for some unexplainable reason, denied to one and all of the press, is now an admitted fact. And that's more, she goes around bearing about it.

The same goes for Kay Kyser and his gorgeous Georgia Carroll, who will be parents come late spring. And they too refused to admit the story until they just couldn't keep it a secret any longer.

Also on the stork's list are the Jackie Coopers—and the kids are so happy about it. Jackie looks simply wonderful in his civvies—which fit just like the day he took'em off—as he proudly showed pals at Mocambo who gathered around to take a look at his pre-war suit—plus vest!

After fifteen years the Pat O'Briens are going to have a baby—just when they'd planned to adopt a third one.

And the Bill Lundigans are going to be ma and pa soon.

The Alan Laddys are supposed to be having their second—but nobody has verified this yet.

One more prediction for the basinet Brigade: Cal will bet you that Betty Hutton is officially on her way to becoming a Ma—though nothing has been admitted as yet.

About Bing: Well, there have been more rumors flying around east and west and cross-country about the one and only Bing Crosby than Garbo in her most elusive days ever managed to create. There were the exaggerated stories about the state of der Bing's health—the rumors that he is quitting the air for keeps—the yarns that he had signed for this (Continued on page 19)
The World's Most Exciting Brunette
JANE RUSSELL

So thrillingly alive—she couldn't live without love! So breathlessly beautiful—she couldn't escape from men! So tensely dramatic you'll always remember her—and this great new hit!

Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG.
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

For “He loves me knots,” remember this: He'll adore your topknots, curls or swirls when your hair is Drene-lovely! Drene your hair and it shines with all its natural beauty.

Today’s Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair silkier, smoother, easier to manage.

“After your Drene shampoo, try a new hairdo for Spring,” says Jerry Courtney, famous Cover Girl and Drene Girl.

“There's nothing like a becoming new hairdo to boost your spirits any time!”

You'll love the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved.

Jerry shows you these easy-to-fix Drene styles you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do. First insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

\[\text{Drene} \]

**Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action**

\[\text{Bouquets to you} \] when you turn a center-part page-boy into this full chignon with just a jeweled barrette. “This hairdo is so easy to fix,” Jerry explains, “right after your Drene shampoo.” Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair beautifully behaved. You'll find, too, a good permanent helps keep page-boy rolls neatly in place.

\[\text{You don't need daisies to tell you he loves you . . . with your hair swept up in this tilted topknot. “See how Drene brings out all the natural sheen of my dark hair,” says Jerry. As much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any drab film on hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.} \]
Inside Stuff

Greer who has a pair of Gold Medals (having won the Photoplay Award last year) chats with popular Van Johnson and Donald Crisp

(Continued from page 16) or that new radio show and would be back on the ether soon. But the fact remains that there are no facts on the matter. Because Bing, who has been having himself a time in New York for months, is perfectly willing to go on playing indefinitely—he's still plenty tired though not really ill by any means. Too, he still has a contract with his old sponsor—and his future radio plans depend upon whether he's released from it or not. He just wants to do his shows by transcriptions—and not be tied down so much any more. And that's the rub—most sponsors don't go for that and want him right at the mike at miketime.

Welcome Home, David: We couldn't have been more pleased when Mr. Goldwyn invited us to a come-back luncheon for David Niven. Catered elegantly by Chasen's and served on one of the Goldwyn sound stages, the luncheon found all of David's old friends gathered round the board.

"Gretchen," we heard him call to Loretta Young as he grabbed her affectionately. Cal recalled that in his first days here the English lad was so broke he had no place to live or money to live in if he had had, So Loretta, whose real name is Gretchen of course, took him home to her mother who made him a member of the family. Cal sat next to Mrs. Nigel Bruce who has Niven now as a house guest until he can find a place for himself, wife and child who are still in England.

"He has flu, poor dear," Mrs. Bruce told us, "and like all men is positive he's much more ill than he is. Last night he came in feeling so miserable I took his temperature for him. When it registered only one degree above normal he was sure the thermometer was off."

Mr. Goldwyn told us how David tricked him into a release by taking a cable calling him back to England and the war. And David said that after wandering among the graves of 27,000 Americans searching for the name of a boy buried there, he decided that there were 27,000 good reasons why he should keep his mouth shut about the war. And he told us, too, how he'd actually wept tears at leaving Hollywood expecting never to see it again.

And now he's back, debonair, charmingly doing a bit older for his experiences, and all Hollywood is glad to have him among us again.

Open House: What started out as a quiet evening at home ended up, as it so often does, an open-house, everybody-dropping-in affair. Big Jim Davis of M-G-M, after three years in the Navy, came by to nurse a bruised heart, said heart having been injured by the lovely Cleatus Caldwell who preceded Lana Turner in Bob Hutton's affections. Zach Scott popped in without having had his dinner so Cal whipped up a turkey sandwich or two to keep him happy.

How beautifully free you feel

Whenever you hear a woman speak enthusiastically about Tampax, you are listening to a typical user—and it's natural for her to talk that way. This modern sanitary protection has no hampering belts and external pads. So you feel just as free on Tampax days as on any other day of the month!

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed in applicators for easy and dainty insertion. Your hands need never touch the Tampax and you are unaware of its presence when it is in place. No odor can form with Tampax. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines will show in skirts. Moreover, changing is quick and disposal is easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax and feeling "beautifully free" every month. Why shouldn't you be one of them? You can buy Tampax at any drug store or notion counter. A whole month's supply fits into your purse. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

3 absorbencies

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
Crowning Glory

Cold Wave Permanent...at Home!

* You can treat yourself to a perfect, soft, natural-looking permanent—done at home—in three hours or less with the simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold Wave Permanent Solutions...Simply put your hair in curlers, dampen each curl with Crowning Glory and, in less time than you believe, you have a lovely new permanent—ready to set in your own most flattering style...And all you need is—

CROWNING GLORY!

Ideal for Children's Hair, Too

The dainty softness of your little girl's hair will be accentuated by a natural-looking Crowning Glory Permanent given at home. Crystal-clear Crowning Glory Solutions are as effective and easily used on her baby hair as on yours.

Complete with Curlers...

$2.00 Packet

Ask for Crowning Glory Cold Permanent Wave Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters and Notions Departments

Fashion note: Elizabeth Taylor's first formal dress was designed especially for the Award dinner. (More fashions on page 81.) She's with Col. Julius Klein

Turhan Bey came by Cal's and was surprised to find everyone including Yvonne De Carlo playing the ouija board. And incidentally, Cal's house is one of the few places Lana and Turhan can meet and feel comfortable, for Cal happens to know these two have gone from romance to sound friendship which is rare in Hollywood. But then, Lana and Turhan are rare and unusual people.

Bob Hutton, whose so very honest humor just naturally creates fun, had us all laughing and when Kurt Kreuger laughs, it's one big shout followed by a lot of little ones. Kurt is a pleasant guest to have, Cal decided. With his dark blue (but near-sighted) eyes, very blond hair and ridiculous laugh, he is so very different, somehow, from his screen self.

Altogether it was a riotous evening and Cal wishes you could have come too.

Vanishing Von: Well, Van Johnson really "pulled a Bob Walker" and took off without saying a word to studio or friends and hopped a plane for Chicago. When he landed he said he'd come there just to see Sonja Henie and "take a few ice-skating lessons." Actually, even though his studio bosses were angry, poor Van hadn't had a day off for years—just going from one picture right into another—and he said too, though the papers didn't print it, that he was so dead tired, he just had to leap away from it all and get a few days' relaxation away from the Hollywood grind. (Continued on page 22)
"TO WHICH MAN DO I BELONG?"

The love story that will live with you today, tomorrow and forever!

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES presents

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • ORSON WELLES • GEORGE BRENT

"TOMORROW IS FOREVER"

THE GREAT DRAMA OF OUR TIME

with

Lucile Watson • Richard Long • Natalie Wood

Joyce Mackenzie

Directed by IRVING Pichel • Produced by David Lewis

Screenplay by Ernest Leacock • Music by Max Steiner

An INTERNATIONAL PICTURE • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
INSIDE STUFF

Henry Willson finds Diana Lynn a good listener—at Award dinner

The Lips he chooses are Irresistible

And you, too, can have thrilling warm lips radiantly alive with Irresistible—the lipstick that brings glorious color to your lips and breathtaking moments to your heart. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer yet be smooth-spreading, non-drying. Your most becoming shade with matching rouge and face powder available at all S & 10¢ stores.

Add a touch of Irresistible Perfume; it's wicked—it's wonderful

Lipstick by Irresistible

(Cont'd from page 20)

Well, he got it and, of course, the romance rumors about himself and Sonja popped all over the place again. But, as we said before, don't take this pair too seriously.

Van dashed back in time to do a long-promised Command Performance radio show which is just broadcast to the boys overseas—and it was a laugh riot. He, Sinatra, Bob Hope and Dinah Shore put on a burlesque version of "The Rover Boys" and oh—the way they kidded the Johnson boy about his curls and freckles. They should have kidded him about his weight, too, for he is really putting it on. Van had better be finding something besides those daily tennis games to take it off—because tennis isn't doing it.

In one part of the hilarious half-hour show, Bob Hope asks Dinah, "What's Johnson got that I haven't got?" And Van bats in with, "Nothing—but you've had yours so much longer!"

The Flynns: The lovely Nora Eddington may return to the roof of her husband Errol Flynn. Since their arrangement of separate homes, Nora has had practically every swain in town casting covetous glances in her direction. Un-sophisticated, natural and so pretty, Nora has intuitively handled her life and marriage with great wisdom. One evening at the home of mutual friends, Cal noticed, Nora came in alone rather late and quite casually looked around. Errol was there. With all the tact in the world she stood near him, sheltering him from the gregarious females that constantly flutter about. Not possessively, remember, but charmingly. There was pride and something else, too, in Errol's eyes.

At cocktail time at Romanoff's recently Cal and Nora met by appointment for a chat. Practically every man in town passed and repassed our table glancing longingly at Nora in her plain gray suit, her long brown hair flowing. Despite Cal's glares, several did join us and we were both amused and delighted at Nora's naive conversation of home, of her baby Dierdre and of "my husband, Mr. Flynn."

Talk of the Town: That Joan Crawford has worked her way back to a coveted spot in Hollywood and can now pick and choose is the talk of the town. But you see Joan built her comeback house on a very solid rock, for what Hollywood doesn't know is that Joan has fortified herself with religious study the past two years and through her new faith couldn't fail. If her broken marriage to Phil Terry is not mended, close friends assert it is because it had no chance from the start. Joan is an exciting, glamorous person. Phil is con-
INSIDE STUFF

Smiles—the while Frances Gifford chats with Mervyn LeRoy at Gold Medal event

servative. At a party recently, Cal hears, the women gathered together in the powder room and unanimously agreed Joan was the best groomed and most glamorous woman present. And coming from other women, that's a compliment.

Dancing Duo: Maybe the best thing that happened to Rita Hayworth was Tony Martin's return from overseas—and his Army discharge which is giving him plenty of time to pay her mad attention at a time when the up-to-then very unhappy gal could use it most. What a rush! Night after night you see the two of them literally burning up the dance floors and warming up the room with the glances they toss each other's way. Looks like a serious crush to Cal—but when they're at Ciro's or Mo-mombo or Le Rue, they're now refusing to let photographers take their picture together. Rita said she didn't think it would look right—since she had done nothing definitely yet toward divorcing Orson Welles though they've separated. But you can bet it won't be long now.

Tony Martin is due for a new and terrific screen break. He looks wonderful—and lost only a few pounds during his stay in the Army. And his singing voice is as wonderful as ever. He goes right into "Till The Clouds Roll By" to sing two beautiful Jerome Kern numbers (one of them is "Only Make Believe" from "Show Boat") and the bobby-soxers can really go mad over this picture, because Frankie-boy Sinatra is in it, too—but so far, only sings one song in it, "Old Man River." However, when "Show Boat" is filmed, Cal will betcha that Tony Martin plays the romantic lead—with either Judy Garland or Kathryn Grayson opposite him. Here's hoping it's little Judy—don't you agree?

Town Topics: Ava Gardner, who finally got two big screen breaks she'd been pleading for ("Whistle Stop" and "She Went To The Races"), is letting her groom Artie Shaw talk her out of doing any more movies and may give up her career altogether... You'd never

Don't be that kind of a Cover Girl!

You can't cover up underarm odor—but you can guard against it with Mum

YOU SIMPLY can't resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so feminine. So alluring.

But you're only fooling yourself. For even the loveliest of perfumes won't cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away past perspiration, but you still need protection against risk of future underarm odor. And Mum's the word for that.

So take 30 seconds to smooth on Mum after every bath, before every date. Snowy-white Mum keeps you sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even after dressing. Won't dry out in the jar. Ask for Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

23
IT'S HARD TO TELL the age of anyone whose skin is so beautiful. For isn't it true that it’s the appearance of your skin that "dates" you?

No matter how lovely your skin is today, take the advice of many beauty experts and make every effort to see that your skin retains the natural moisture which gives it that peach-bloom glow of youth.

Protect the natural moisture of your skin by guarding against the things which dry out the skin: Neglect of proper skin care and too much exposure to winter’s blustery winds and summer’s hot, drying sun.

Choose Your Creams Carefully. Not necessarily the most expensive but creams that will do something for your skin. Try the two creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Contains "cholesterol" . . . a special ingredient that protects against loss of natural skin moisture. Also soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream. Especially prepared to remove make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings.

Both creams contain genuine Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia.

Music by Desi Arnaz, who’s Ciro’s maestro—for Lucille Ball and Frank Sinatra

recognize Johnny Weissmuller, all spurred up around town with not only a short haircut but a new moustache. Getting ready for some indoor, slick movie parts, after all those years yelling his lungs out as "Tarzan" . . . Anita Colby fooled everyone by showing up at Randy Scott’s enormous cocktail soiree without Clark Gable, who has been so devoted again. No doubt about it, the Colby is still more beautiful than any movie star in town. Clark betook himself to Manhattan for a fun fling when he discovered a lot of things in the script of his next picture that he didn’t like. He won’t come back to work until the changes he wants are made . . . It was heartwarming to see Susan Peters and her wonderful husband Richard Quine with that large party at Ciro’s for the opening of Desi Arnaz’s band. Desi has been giving her guitar lessons, too—and so far, she can even do one good number, the Cuban "Tabu"—and sing the lyrics in Spanish. Lucille Ball, Desi’s wife, and Susan are close friends . . . June Allyson and Dick Powell, "evicted" from their hotel, managed to get to and live on that boat they bought from Humphrey Bogart all during the rainy season—and loved it! . . . You can look for Joan Crawford to divorce Phil Terry as soon as "Humoresque" is finished—and before she starts her next starring picture, "The Secret" . . . Janet Blair and her husband Lou Busch are headed for the rocks—the way they’ve been tiffing . . . Olivia de Havilland amused a group at Mocambo one night saying that her cute Maj. Joe McEwen had proposed marriage only that day. And when she asked him, "Why?" he answered, "Honey—so I can get some reading done!"

It's Hope Again: A Paramount switchboard operator is still confused. "A party by name of Linda is calling Bob Hope from Chicago," said long distance.
Robert Mitchum takes Bill Williams "for a ride" as fun stunt on set at RKO

"We must have more information," said the studio operator. "Will you please ask the purpose of the call?"

"Party says it's not important," replied Chicago, "but her daddy told her she could call."

Her daddy? Immediately the call was put through to Hope on the "Monsieur Beaucaire" set.

"Mr. Hope," said the operator, "I have a personal call for you from your daughter Linda, in Chicago. Go ahead please."

"Linda!" shouted Bob. "How can you be in Chicago?"

"Why, I live here with mommy and daddy," came the child's frank reply. "And we just got a telephone in. Daddy said 'now we can talk to anyone we want to,' and I only want to talk to you, Mr. Hope. You're so funny...."

Bob has sent Linda Hackett an autographed picture.

"Anyway," said Bob, "this is one thing that couldn't have happened to Crosby!"

A Line or Two: Cary Grant told a friend, "I've married two beautiful women, one of them the wealthiest woman in the world, and both lovely. I've made a fortune and had my share of fame. And yet I feel lost somehow. In fact, I was happier when I was struggling to get some place. Really happier...." John Payne took himself out of bed with flu to go to the hospital and peek through the window at Gloria De Haven when she had their daughter. Dorothy Lamour and her husband William Ross Howard, now in civvies, talk of nothing but their new son. John Ridgely Howard. Bob Hope took himself off to Palm Springs with his family for his first vacation in years. He intended to remain six weeks. He was there one day when Paramount recalled him for more re-takes on "Monsieur Beaucaire." We leave Bob's remarks to your imagination.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formula, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 625 Fifth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

**The Blue Dahlia (Paramount)**

**HERE** we go again, with another tough, hard-boiled mystery drama in which almost everyone gets thoroughly beaten up at least once. In the movies, though, a beating that would send any normal person right off to a hospital for months only slows up the players for a few minutes.

Anyway, Alan Ladd comes back from the wars to find that his wife, Doris Dollowing, has been very busy in the playing-around department. So, after a swift right to the jaw of the current boy friend, Howard Da Silva, owner of a night club called *The Blue Dahlia*, Alan walks out on Doris. Unfortunately for him, she gets killed the very same night, and from then on Alan gets involved with some very lethal baddies while trying to solve the murder and, at the same time, avoid the police.

There is an assortment of suspects, including William Bendix, Alan's pal who's not quite recovered from combat and doesn't remember what happened the night of the murder, Will Wright and Don Costello, Da Silva's partner. Wandering in and out of the picture, trying to help Alan is Veronica Lake, the estranged wife of Da Silva.

Raymond Chandler, the noted mystery writer, wrote the story which belongs to the tough, realistic school of whodunits, and if you like the type, we're sure you'll enjoy this one.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Lower your fists—we give in.

**Because Of Him (Universal)**

**WEE** happy and fans should be happy too, that in "Because Of Him" Deanna Durbin has a better film than her last two. Still not good enough to match the standard of her earlier pictures, the comedy nevertheless shows marked improvement. Miss Durbin again turns to comedy and, oh happy days, she plays it straight. As a young waitress (living and dressing elegantly in true movie fashion) she seeks a stage career. As a means she obtains the autograph of ye olde hamme, Charles Laughton, the reigning matinee idol of the New York stage. Atop the autograph, however, is a letter recommending the star to his producer. While Laughton, who knows nothing of the letter, is away on a vacation, Miss Deanna presents the signed recommendation, is feted and catered to until Laughton unexpectedly returns. Then come the big old plump complications.

Laughton, playing Laughton raised a degree or two, is superb. You'll enjoy him immensely. Franchot Tone, the playwright who is torn between love for Deanna and repugnance for her publicity stunts (engineered by her friend Helen Broderick) is first rate. Deanna sings, of course, and beautifully, but somehow we felt her "Goodbye" number while pursuing Tone through a hotel failed to click.

Stanley Ridges is the producer and Donald Meek the valet.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Enjoyment and pleasure are here for the taking.

**Tomorrow Is Forever (International)**

**WHAT** a picture this is in a month of good movies. The sophisticated, formally dressed audience at the Hollywood premiere openly sniffed or wept at the tragic story of Claudette Colbert, a young woman whose husband never came back from World War I. Bedridden by her employer, George Brent, and his aunt, Lucille Watson, Claudette and her baby are taken into his home, never to leave, for George and Claudette are married and with their sons live happy, contented lives.

From Europe comes a chemist, crippled and deformed, to work in Brent's plant. A man of charm and intelligence, he is invited to the home of his employer where he meets Claudette—the wife he wouldn't come home to from the last war. How the truth gradually dawns upon her, how he prevents her from reaching into the past to recapture memory and thus destroy her future, and how he persuades her to let their son go to war is beautifully told and acted. Welles is wonderful, Claudette superb both Brent and Miss Watson handle their roles beautifully. The boys, Sonny Howe, and especially the older son, Richard Long, are splendid. The little girl, Natalie Wood, befriended by Welles, is both quaint and tragic, with an immense appeal. We feel you'll love every moment of the story. Only once in the very final scene does Welles go overboard, but that, so small a matter, can be forgiven.

**Your Reviewer Says:** We recommend it highly.

(Continued on page 137)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 137
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 149
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 144

**By Sara Hamilton**
Ignorance, Indifference and Neglect May Lead to a Troublesome Case of Infectious Dandruff

Don't be dumb about so important a thing as your scalp and hair.

Common symptoms like excess flakes and scaling, itching and irritation may, and often do, indicate the presence of infectious dandruff . . . the stubborn kind that may hang on a long time and embarrass and trouble you.

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff, start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily. This is the easy, delightful treatment that, in a clinical test, brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the dandruff sufferers within 30 days. It has helped so many . . . may help you.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"
Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" germs . . . those ruthless little invaders that can grow in vast numbers on the scalp, threatening its health and the appearance of the hair. Many a noted dermatologist calls the "bottle bacillus" a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Begin to Disappear
While Listerine Antiseptic mops up on germs, it also helps to rid scalp and hair of those distressing flakes and scales. And almost immediately itching is allayed.

Even after a few treatments you begin to see and feel improvement. Your scalp tingles and glows, feels wonderfully alive! Your hair feels delightfully fresh! Listerine Antiseptic does not bleach it.

Get in the habit of making Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing. It pays! Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

the tested treatment
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and MASSAGE
Breathtaking in the wonder of her loveliness!

Glamorous in the magic of its songs, stars, story!

**AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ON MY MIND**
by Harry James, Lionel Newman and Charles Henderson

(I DON'T MEAN A WORD I SAID)
by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson

MORNING PROPAGANDA
by Herbert Magidson and Matty Malneck

DO YOU LOVE ME
by Harry Ruby

Do You Love Me
in Technicolor!

Maureen O'HARA
Dick Haymes
Harry James

Directed by Gregory Ratoff • Produced by George Jessel
Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Based on a Story by Bert Granet
Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
What About Tommy?

This month Photoplay's editorial page presents a distinguished producer's views on a problem we all face

BY SAM GOLDWYN

The war is over. GI Joe is marching home. The problems of total warfare are giving way to the problems of total peace. Joe is going to need a job. Joe is going to want a place to live. Joe is going to have a lot to say about the way he wants his country run.

Joe needs our understanding and our help and he is going to get it. But let's look for a minute at Joe's kid brother Tommy. Tommy is seventeen. He never got to war. He grew up in a world atmosphere of bloodshed and violence, where death was an everyday occurrence. Now the war is over and we hope he is never going to shoot a Jap or fly a fighter or drive a tank. With millions of veterans facing the task of readjustment, not many people are going to have much opportunity to worry about Tommy.

So Tommy will start looking around for the excitement he has missed, the adventure he has been denied. Where is he going to find it? In the decent amusements of American life? Or in petty, and not so petty, crime.

We all know what happened after the last war and how the Tommys of that generation ended up as the gangsters and jazz-age playboys of the post-war years. Are we going to let this happen again? Already the rate of juvenile delinquency is rising rapidly—the first sign of the approaching storm. FBI records show that during the first six months of 1945 arrests of boys under twenty-one increased almost twenty-four per cent. Seventeen-year-olds are the predominant offenders.

This is principally a problem for our welfare agencies, our government and our legal authorities. But we have a responsibility too—we who make the movies and you who see them. We can help Tommy find his place in the sun, or we can push him a little closer to the borderline of crime.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Hollywood faced this same alternative. You know what happened then. The screens of the nation were suddenly flooded with films glamorizing the gangster as an adventurer who operated outside the law. Millions of impressionable young Americans watched these films and left the theaters subconsciously associating themselves with these glorified public enemies. Envyng them, they began to emulate them. Sometimes it took the relatively harmless form of imitating the racketeer's slang, his dress, his "toughness." Sometimes it was not so harmless; we read about those times on the front pages of our papers.

While motion-picture companies were busy making sensational capital out of this social cancer they were at the same time neglecting their prime responsibility to the youth of America. Instead of utilizing their tremendous power to lead the Tommys of our nation back to school and to the pursuits of a peaceful life, Hollywood was devoting its time and talents to shoddy melodramas. No one will ever be able to estimate (Continued on page 136)
RUNAWAY BRIDE

She, like so many girls today, had to choose between them—her home and her heart. Here is the dramatic story of Jeanne Crain’s decision

BY RUTH WATERBURY

T WAS early morning on the last day of the year 1945.

Inside the Blessed Sacrament Church of Hollywood a nuptial high mass was being held. The Rev. Father Eugene Ivonovich, S. J., was reading the beautiful, solemn words to the strikingly handsome young pair standing before him. The group of people gathered together to watch the ceremony was very small, only about a half dozen really, and no member of the bride’s family was present.

It was, in fact, not the bride’s parish in which she was being wed, nor her own priest who was celebrating the mass. Actually, she and her groom were only there by grace of a dispensation from the Bishop of Los Angeles. But that the girl standing there, so slim and graceful in her white gabardine suit, was deeply in love was touchingly visible.

Outside in the street before the church, newsboys were calling out an extra. “Where is Jeanne Crain?” they cried, in imitation of the newspaper headlines, and only a few blocks south from the church, at NBC and CBS, radio commentators were broadcasting appeals to Jeanne Crain to get in touch with her mother, adding that, if she would, all would be forgiven.

Some ten miles west of the church, in a simple little apartment in Westwood Village, Jeanne Crain’s mother, Loretta, and Jeanne’s two-years-younger sister Rita sat frightened, hoping that the phone would ring, hoping that the doorbell would ring, hoping that they might hear the footsteps of the lovely girl around whom their lives had always revolved.

But they heard nothing at all. It was the first time in the lives of these three that they had ever been (Continued on page 93)
Rhapsody for two
—Paul Brinkman and his Jeanne Crain, of "Leave Her To Heaven"
There were those rumors.

You heard them. So did Dane Clark. Here he speaks forthrightly—for himself

DANE CLARK first burst upon my consciousness in two widely divergent concepts. The first was that the exuberant young Warner Brothers actor had come along faster than any character player since Jimmy Cagney hurled his first grapefruit. With just one or two pictures to his credit, and those not starring parts, his fan mail was astounding.

The second impression wasn't so rosy—by a long shot. If you could believe what you heard, while Dane was booming to stardom before the cameras, in private he was behaving in the manner of a fourteen-karat, bottled-in-bond, A-1 Heel.

They said that Dane couldn't "take it"—but that he could dish it out by the shovelfuls.

There was a loud whisper that in a temper one day he had struck an extra boy. Then I heard that Dane and his wife were quarreling because she could not stand his arrogance and conceit. So, with the latter reports still ringing in my ears, I held up my hands when Photoplay's editors asked me to find out whether all this was true or false. "I can't do an interview with that 'hoodlum.'" Time has a little way of taking care of these impossible guys, I've found out. Their careers don't last very long. There the matter dropped.

Two weeks later I was attending a very gay cocktail party given at the apartment of Photoplay's Sara Hamilton. Many of Hollywood's younger players were present, including Hurd Hatfield, Cornel Wilde, Craig Stevens, Don DeFore, Helmut Dantine and there, wandering around from room to room, was Dane Clark.

I took a good look at him. He was certainly a personable enough looking young man. In fact, there was something very open and likable about his face and expression. He was well groomed but certainly not turned out in a typical Hollywood sartorial fashion. He spoke with interest (Continued on page 126)
Dane Clark, of "Her Kind Of Man," is this kind of man—stubborn, a fighter, outspoken
Jennifer Jones

MY PARADOXICAL FRIEND

She's a symphony in contrast—

wide-eyed girl and woman to be reckoned with

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Mr. Selznick gave the party for Jennifer, with his delightful mother acting as hostess, in the house he has rented from Miriam Hopkins, the house which once belonged to the late John Gilbert. It sits high up on one of Beverly's highest hills, this house, with windows opening on patio, gardens and swimming pool and, far, far below obscured here and there by lower hills, a vast view which extends even to the sea.

There were, I should say, about one hundred guests; among them the Henry Fondas and Jimmy Stewart, who was their house guest, Anita Colby, the Reginald Gardners and Sir Charles Mendel with whom I arrived, Ingrid Bergman and her delightful husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, the Keenan Wynns, the Joe Cottens, the Charles Boyers and Jennifer, of course, who came with the Cottens, Jimmy Stewart and Anita Colby.

There were cocktails and canapes in the patio. Then, inside, the buffet supper table held cold turkey and ham, spaghetti with meat balls, chop suey—no California party being complete without at least one Chinese dish—salad, cakes, fruit, champagne and coffee. We all served ourselves with a little of this and a little more of that and, will power and self-discipline vanishing, still more of that—and repaired to the small tables set up in the drawing room.

While we were having coffee Abe Burrows, who sings the funniest songs I have ever heard to old familiar tunes, entertained us. He sang of Hollywood citizens, of the stars and the producers and the roles the stars have played and everyone howled with laughter. One of his songs, about Bernadette, delighted Mr. Selznick, and Jennifer. It was good to see her turn to him, her quick alive expression broadening into a smile, for she smiles more than she laughs, her eyes twinkling.

There's no question Jennifer (Continued on page 74)
Now there is a new understanding in Jennifer. She has grown up.

As the sultry half-breed in “Duel In The Sun”

Jennifer with her producer, David O. Selznick, whom many insist she will marry if and when he is free.
Striking fact: Alan Ladd, next to be seen in Paramount’s “The Blue Dahlia”
The wacky antics of a delightful pair, fun-loving Alan and Sue, otherwise known as . . .

The MAD LADDS

Barbecue trip with a cowboy—no doubt a sudden “let’s go” brainstorm

At the moment Mrs. Alan Ladd is compiling a book for extremely private circulation only. It is called “Life With Father By Mother” and it really is a volume.

Bound in the choicest hand-tooled leather in Father’s favorite shade of spruce green, the larger part of it is pictorial—snaps of Alan and Sue, snaps of Alan, Sue and Alana, snaps of Alan and directors, of Alan and pals, of Alan and members of the supporting casts of assorted productions.

Photographically the shots are merely the kind you have seen a thousand times, but what makes these so good are the comments which Mother—that is Susie—has written beneath them. Sometimes these comments are merely one word, sometimes several paragraphs, but do they tell volumes!

To give you merely one example of the book’s pungent contents, there is the shot of Alan plus the cast and the director of a production on which practically no one was speaking to anyone else at any time, except when the film’s dialogue demanded. But in the photograph, they are all remembering their duty toward their public and you never saw so many hearty smiles on so many handsome, adoring faces. Under this Mother has slyly written, “When good fellows get together.”

That crack is typical of the entire Ladd approach to life. You have to know the Ladds with real intimacy to know what they are actually up to. Know them superficially and they appear like an astonishingly normal young couple, very much in love with one another and their home and their daughter. And they are that, too, all except the “normal” part of it. They are utterly, wildly, crazily mad for one another and their home and Alana, but they are pure fakes when it comes to the usual, rather solemn stories that are done about them. Actually they are nuts of the first order. If they weren’t, they couldn’t endure one another—Father would, I assure you, drive the average Mother frantic— (Continued on page 78)
Spring song: Shirley Temple, young matron with teen-age appeal, pretty wife of Mr. John Agar. You'll see her next in "Suddenly It's Spring"
INSIDE their booth in a Beverly Hills restaurant a blondish young man and his pretty little brunette wife were quarreling bitterly, paying no attention to the girl with the reddish-brown fluffy hair who was sitting in the next booth with her back to them. Or to the rigid set of that red-brown head, as its owner became furious overhearing the man's abusive language. The wife began to cry softly.

"Can you hear 'em, Mom?" whispered the girl to her parents across the table. "He's making her cry now."

"I w-i-i-l," said the girl sobbing. Not even noticing who her pretty ally was. The man glared at Shirley, but said nothing.

As they left the restaurant, Shirley told her surprised parents, "I guess I've lost a fan, but I don't want him anyway. The idea of his talking to her like that!"

She wasn't Shirley Temple, the star, speaking of her public, but Mrs. John Agar, the sergeant's lady, battling on another wife's side with a new woman-to-woman attitude. In Shirley's life now—all accent is on the Agar.

The Little Princess who has brought so much laughter and happiness through the years into the lives of millions is definitely a young matron now. Time, tide and Temples roll along. This was brought home to the 12,000 loyal subjects who jammed Wilshire Boulevard several months ago watching her come out of the church on the arm of the tall young man with the steady eyes and the firm jaw. And to the hairdressers, cameramen, press and old friends who formed the line waiting in the midst of strolling musicians, trays of bubbling champagne, canopied tables, rose arbors, (Continued on page 70)
V is for versatility: Dana Andrews, starred in "A Walk In The Sun" and "Fallen Angel"

A is for Andrews, parson's son, who left the fold to be a tough guy

BY ELEANOR HARRIS
D is for Dana

D is for Dana. He comes from Texas, he's one of nine children, his father was a Baptist minister. . . He loves to eat such a confusion of foods as caviar, hamburger with onions, abalone, rare roast beef, raw milk (three quarts a day) . . . He is six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair and is thirty-four years young. . . He has been a plumber's assistant, a graduate of a teacher's college, an accountant, a gas-station attendant, a would-be opera singer, a would-be writer . . . He has been married twice, first to a woman journalist who died, leaving him a son David . . . Now to Mary Todd of Santa Monica, California, who is the mother of small K (for Kathryn) and S (for Steven). . . He chops all the wood for the two fireplaces in their house—and then is afraid to light the gas jet to make them burn. . . He likes to listen to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto Number Two in C Minor—and Frank Sinatra! . . . He spends thirty minutes in the shower every morn singing and shouting under hot and cold water . . . He intensely dislikes hats, night clubs, ale, cats, crowds, short socks and California sodas—only Texas sodas will do him! . . . He spends his spare moments taking photographs of still life and still friends; or working in his workshop to repair the toys of the neighborhood kids; or going to movies with his wife . . . But the best roof he can find is the sky, under which he plays tennis, rides horseback and goes to picnics with the rest of the Andrews family . . . He reads a book a month, always with a glass of beer . . . He makes a huge income but his Baptist upbringing with too many children and too little money makes him only permit himself ten dollars a week for toss-around money . . . He waxes poetic about his Dana-designed home, the comic strips "Red Ryder" and "L'il Abner," his family—and his acting career. . . His biggest use of the United States mail is his endless chess game (by mail) with actor James Gleason. . . If he had his way, he'd buy all the men's clothes in Hollywood—and wear 'em all himself! . . . But he thinks his wife looks best in blue jeans and a plaid shirt, so that's what she wears like a uniform around the house . . . He can cook a complete roast-lamb—salad—vegetable—and-deSSERT-dinner on request and often does to give wife Mary a breathing spell . . . He spends hours training his beloved cocker spaniel Michael—who, as a result, can almost talk! . . . For an evening's gaiety he takes Mary to only one spot, the Bar of Music on Beverly Boulevard, where they courted while single and still court while married . . . His best friend is Director Lewis Milestone and his favorite topic of conversation is politics which he talks for hours and hours. . . His best loves: His wife, daughter Kathy, sons David and Steven.

M is for Mary: She loves him to do her blonde hair
Ten years hence, Van feels, will be time to do his real biography if he has proved his self-promises.

IN THE annals of Hollywood there is no record of a conquest as swift and complete as that achieved by Van Johnson. It is no secret that there are, now and again, machine-made stars. The need for a certain type of star to play certain types of stories arises, some competent actor or actress who fits that bracket is chosen, groomed, cleverly publicized and sold. Such stars, as a rule, occupy a relatively solid position so long as the brilliant machinery of a major studio operates behind them.

Then there are those who grow steadily, surely and magnificently in public favor, by increasing richness, lovable personality and artistry, such as Bing Crosby, Judy Garland and Spencer Tracy.

None of these things happened in the case of Van Johnson. Nobody was more amazed than his own studio when the box office, that final arbiter, swept the boy from New England into the top brackets.

Nobody unless it was Van Johnson himself.

His decision to go back to New York and the stage, his conviction of failure in Hollywood, had been so complete. His youth was impatient of course, as all youth must be, and the first six months in Hollywood,
He might have been—Van Johnson, bookkeeper.

He is—Van Johnson, idol of millions—the reasons why set forth in this memorable biography

while he cooled his heels at the Warner Brothers Studios out in Burbank, had seemed endless. One picture he had made, opposite a not-very-well-known actress named Faye Emerson and—believe it or not—with his sandy blond hair dyed black. A gloom-enshrouded murder yarn.

The night he went into Dave Chasen's with his tickets back to New York tucked away in his inside pocket, he conceived himself to be through with pictures. It wasn't a gesture, there was nobody to make a gesture to or for. With his lower lip thrust out and his blue eyes narrowed, he was trying very hard to be philosophical about it. A sturdy New England realism came to his rescue. If you were a flop, you were a flop and you went on from there, facing the issue squarely.

Sitting alone, in the merry cheer of Chasen's, waiting for the famous short ribs of which he had heard so much, he tried to work it out. Maybe he needed more stage experience. Sure, that would help.

But all the time his heart was broken and he wanted to put back his head and howl. There were fine actors and actresses on the stage and it was a great thing to be a star on (Continued on page 111)
Joan Leslie, who hates to be late—and is, hates to take advice—and does

BY WYNN ROBERTS

PERSONAL HISTORY: She was born in Detroit exactly twenty-one years ago. Stopped loafing at the age of two and went on the stage with her two older sisters with pauses at Toronto and Montreal for education out of mere books. These were convent schools, Our Lady Of Lourdes in Toronto and St. Mary’s in Montreal and she has remained the most devout Catholic ever since. Before she was twelve she had covered most of the United States, Canada and Mexico. She still has itchy feet.

Her favorite tune: Right now it’s “It Might As Well Be Spring” although she prefers the way it sounded in the movie to any popular recording on same. Before “Spring” it was “If I Loved You.” Her all-time favorite is “Mary Is A Grand Old Name” from “Yankee Doodle Dandy.” She admits that’s probably because it was sung to her throughout the film.

She lives with: Her mother, father and unmarried sister. Mrs. Dick Russom, her married sister, lives in Washington where her soldier-husband is stationed, and the Brodels, which is the family name, spend young fortunes talking long distance. They even go so wacky they call up over all those miles to listen to Dick, the husband, play the piano, which he does in a manner which charms this music-wise bunch.

Her favorite foods: Anything in the dessert line and the gooier the more adored. Because of this sweet tooth, tea is her favorite meal, not so much because she likes tea, which she does, but because of the cakes and such that go with it. In the solid foods department, she goes for roast beef way past medium; jellied consomme any flavor; chef’s salad; chow mein as her mother fixes it; all vegetables. Actually she enjoys all foods, including spinach and (Continued on page 102)
She loves to play around with recipes which are printed on the sides of boxes.

Joan's theory: Practice makes perfect.

She's twenty-one, loves to "act" her age and does in "Janie Gets Married."
She was a Samba siren when they met. Now she’s Mrs. Haymes

Vagabond

El Senor Richard Haymes, cosmopolite, born on the thirteenth and kissed by fate and Betty Grable

BY HERB HOWE

COCKTAILS and glamour stars were promoting good feeling among United Nations diplomats at the studio party but there was language trouble.

“All they can say in French is oui,” moaned a frustrated diplomat.

“That’s all that’s required in Hollywood in any language,” said a rangy youth in pure Parisian.

Startled by this burst of elegance from a character attired like a cowboy, the diplomat peered sharply for wiring. He knew there was some trick for doubling foreign tongues into actors’ faces.

When fountains of Spanish and Portuguese began playing from the same source, all the delegates swarmed, eager to have their sentiments translated to the glamour babes who were saying oui and si to everything.

Mr. Richard Haymes was revealed that day a cosmopolite and bounced to the pinnacle of international society, landing practically in the lap of Miss Elsa Maxwell, enthroned thereon as arbiter.

Mr. Haymes has a record for landing nice, like a cat. Born on the unlucky thirteenth, he has been kissed by Luck and Betty Grable.

Seeing him, long limbed and easy jointed, with twig nose and tawny hide, casual yet earnest of manner like Jimmy Stewart, you pick him as the typical American boy—old Huck Finn from Twain and Truman country.

It’s jolting to learn he was originally El Senor Haymes, an Argentinian, sprouting up from the pampas amid gauchos and llamas. However, his father was English and his mother Irish and he did not hang around the Argentine long. At the age of two he hit the road. With precocity he seemed to feel, well in advance of Wendell Willkie, that it was One World and his oyster.

Landing in New York with his mother and brother Bob, he saw his mother resume her stage career. She was a woman of gifts and gallant enterprise. Using her maiden name, Marguerite Wilson, she sang in many musical shows, among them “Blossom Time” in New York and “The Merry Widow” in London. Whether or not she descends from Irish gypsies, as her son suspects, she has wanderlust and the courage for (Continued on page 75)

Skipper, the little Haymes edition, is in his glory when his Dad is tossing him around—has fun mimicking Dick
on a Gold Stallion

Fortune's pet and paradox—Dick Haymes, next to be seen in "Do You Love Me?"
LIZABETH SCOTT is not one to go rushing pell mell along the road of life. Her next steps are carefully pointed toward a mink coat, a house of her own and a husband—in the order named. She wants the coat to be dark and very becoming, the house to be charming yet practical, and the husband to be some of each.

The coat and the home are the natural result of being a movie star and feeling that she can now afford to act like one. Mink is a gal’s badge of success, and an investment besides. She’ll need the home any day now for her growing glass menagerie and Mexican masks, which she started collecting because columnists and biographers seemed to think it strange that she didn’t have a hobby. The husband-hunt, well, that’s the natural result of being Lizabeth—intense and questing.

“I want him to be the very essence of what every girl dreams of,” she says in her eager, deep-throated way. “Intelligent, keen, observant—with a vast amount of enthusiasm for everything, especially me. It’s a large order, but what’s the use of wishing if you don’t make it a big one? I want him to love me with a great fury because that’s the way I’ll fall in love.”

And that’s the way it’s apt to be. Three years ago Liz decided she was going to be an actress and today there’s practically no one can dispute it. She has a joyous hunger for experience and she wants it rich and full. The kind of girl who throws back her lovely head, quenches her thirst and orders up a career, a symphony or an omelette. “Maybe it’s the Russian in me. I take everything seriously.”

It is now a half year since the Scott became an overnight screen success in “You Came Along.” Before that there were detours by way of fashion modeling, understudying Tallulah Bankhead and screen testing for roles that didn’t materialize. Apparently she is a person who has been climbing a long hill and has reached the spot where she can sit down for a minute and enjoy the view.

Being Lizabeth, who will never quit straining onward and upward, she enjoys the view backwards as well (Continued on page 128)

The girl who throws back her golden head and orders up a career, a symphony or an omelette

Saga of Liz

BY DOROTHY DEERE
Sonnet to a sweater: Lizabeth Scott, starred in Paramount’s “The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers”
When the man

... look for a personality puzzle, for this stormy Welshman of

BY CAMERON
A CERTAIN retired Welsh steel mill superintendent, aged seventy, and Paramount Pictures of Hollywood have a problem in common.

"I go into my club," says this gentleman, "or maybe into a small bar and head for the back room to lift a small one with the lads and I have to interrupt this important and life-sustaining enterprise to listen to guff and gabble and goggle-eyed talk about that son of mine. This is merely because he is a Hollywood cinema star.

"I am very tired of it. My son is a nuisance."

Paramount is delighted that the nuisance son is a motion-picture (or cinema) star. They call him Ray Milland and dote on his celebrity. They agree with an enormous segment of the population that he is not only a star, but an artist.

The trouble is—they can't get this through Ray Milland's head. He does not behave like a star. He certainly does not behave like an artist. He wants to be bothered as little as possible, preferably not at all, by trappings, publicity and plush gestures. He wants to talk about gasoline motors. He talks about gasoline motors.

The fellow should be riding the top of the world and digging his spurs in, what with all the acclaim that has come his way because of that picture, "The Lost Weekend," but he brushes away the crescendo critiques as if they were flies with designs on his ointment.

He too has a problem. This is akin to his father's woes in the Welsh bistros. Liquor is Milland's problem—but don't bug your eyes out, Bertha. Liquor is Milland's problem in a unique way.

In "The Lost Weekend," as probably everybody from the W.C.T.U. to the Bartenders' Association knows by now, Ray plays the part of a drunk. Not an ordinary, run-of-the-screen comic drunk, but a victim of alcoholism to whom whisky is as vital as oxygen to a deep-sea diver. He turned in an astonishing piece of acting, was so convincing, in fact, that rumors were immediately launched that Milland had played through the entire picture as boiled as a bootleg-owl in a distillery. Nonsense, of course, Milland is an industrious workman who would no more think of tippling on the job than a deacon would dream of getting swacked at a Sunday school convention.

But let's be reasonable. More or less everybody takes a cocktail at parties. There are respectable businessmen who have a glass on the way home after work without getting accused of acute elbowbenditis. With Milland, it's different. He's an actor.

"I get looked askance at," he reports, "I know a nice quiet little place I used to go to (Continued on page 108)
Should A Woman

It's that age-old battle again—with some fresh fuel thrown

"Very definitely," says Anne Baxter

I think a woman should tell her age—very definitely—and for one good reason. If she doesn't look her age, she should have credit for keeping herself in shape so well. Most women spend hours getting facial massages, using all kinds of creams, going to body reconditioners. They're always striving to look young. But when they refuse to tell their age, they get no credit for their efforts. And what woman doesn't want compliments? Besides, if she doesn't look as old as she really is and still won't tell the true number of years on her little brow, people are bound to put it ahead anyway. They won't give a woman the benefit of the doubt at all in this profound matter of, "And how old are you, my dear?"

'It's immaterial," says Dorothy Lamour

I think it's immaterial whether one tells one's age or not, but I'm sure people who simply forget their age are happier and more interesting. Whenever I've been asked my age, I've told it, but I don't recommend the practice. One of the most charming couples I've known once said that although they had been married thirty-five years, they had no idea how old each other was. As they said to me, "If you think about your age, you limit yourself. What you are, what you wear, what you do should be directed by how you think and feel—not by your years." I know another couple in their seventies who received an unexpected $5000 and paid off a piece of income property. Their children protested that they should use the money for a trip. "Heavens, no," said the mother, "we want that property paid off so it will provide an income for our old age." They weren't old because they never thought so.

"Stop worrying about it," says Cornel Wilde

Of course, in Hollywood or in the theater, a girl can take two or three years off her age and you can forgive her. But when she takes off too many, she becomes stupid.

The main fault of women in the profession, it seems to me, is that they start taking off two or three years. Then, as they grow older, they increase the deduction to four or five years. By the time they have attained the age where wrinkle removers are the thing, they coyly admit they're thirty-nine. I remember such a case. A famous theatrical personality recently was married for the umpteenth time. She announced her age as thirty-nine. Yet, in the text of the story about her marriage, it was stated that she marched to the altar first in 1910—which would make her about four years old when she first became a bride.

Women, in my mind, should stop worrying about their age—and just live so fully that every minute is something to treasure—and remember.
Tell Her Age?

on the fire by six modern bright lights

"Nobody's business," says Maria Montez

No one could get me to tell my age! Frankly, it's nobody's business but mine. Half of the fun in a woman's life is listening to people guess her age. If she showed them her birth certificate records, proving she wasn't wobbling about on a cane, they'd not believe her. They'd insist the whole thing was a fake. So why fuss about it? Besides, a woman's life is centered around a man in most cases. She builds her appeal on a certain mystery which is supposed to surround her. And what is a better way to keep that appeal than by being mysterious about age. Every man wants to think the light of his life is young. I think it's silly to do anything that would take away any part of that mystery.

"Certainly," says Joan Fontaine

Certainly a woman should tell her age: At least, I'm not afraid to admit I'm twenty-seven. Even though I suppose some people will raise their eyebrows and say, "Humph! I saw her in pictures when I was just a child."

If a woman doesn't tell her age, people invariably fake it and add about ten years to it. An actress, of course, has a tougher time in this age business. A non-career woman can be forty-two and people will say, "She's remarkably young for her age." But when an actress is forty-two, these same people remark, "Well, of course, you know she's just strung together with piano wire." But, really, why worry about it? There'll come a time in every woman's life, anyway, when she'll do a reverse act. People will claim she's younger than she is. To which she'll proudly say, "Oh, no, I'm a good five years older than that, my dear."

"Why hide it?" says Clifton Webb

Seriously, age doesn't make much difference to me. I've known young women who were old because their outlook on life lacked enthusiasm and spirit. And I've known older women who kept their minds young and were, therefore, far from being ancients. But, frankly, I must admire any woman who says to me, "Well, Clifton, I'm forty-five, but I still have a lot of fun out of life." What's the point of hiding your age, ladies? Most people know it anyway or can guess it pretty darned close. I remember talking to a woman who was fifty-five—and I knew it—about a show I'd seen over twenty years ago. With a too, too preciously coy smile, she said, almost with a curtsey, "Oh, yes, my Nanny took me to see it." That, to me, is really on the corny side. Old things are something to be proud of. It's wonderful to have heard the music of by-gone days and to have seen the shows that were so great. Why deny yourself glorious memories that are so much a part of life, simply because you don't want to date yourself?
YOU NEVER COME BACK

Here a lad, back from war to a world he did not leave behind, sits down at his typewriter and with forceful honesty speaks of his "regained generation"

BY LON McCALLISTER

I am returning to college on the GI Bill of Rights. In between I'll be in pictures. "The Red House" comes first.
I've always lived with my mother and grandparents whom I love. But the Army's lack of privacy makes me long to live alone.

Sitting here by the same old brick fireplace—Mac at my side, albums on the rug, the machine playing Brahms—is wonderful. Yet I can't help knowing something is wrong. And though the moment is what I dreamed of, the house the place I planned to return to and the setting and the atmosphere almost perfect, still something is wrong. And it's always difficult to admit you are the "something" that is wrong!

Away from the things remembered it is hard to realize—and impossible to recognize—that you change; that you will return—if you are fortunate enough—a very different person. Whatever happens to you never, at least during the first weeks, actually happens to you but rather to the person you invented while you were away—the soldier you pretended to be. But suddenly you realize objectivity does not work. You have returned, but that fictional character, The Soldier, is with you. It is at that moment, I think, everything collapses for a brief though endless moment. At this writing, unfortunately, I am at that moment.

And these are my strange thoughts, which I present to you as clearly as I can.

Scratching the new surface: The Army has given me truth. And an ability to speak and write the truth as I know it. For that I am thankful. Like every man displaced for many months the Army has made me the confused cynic, the sometimes too idealistic idealist, the practical realist, and a much more intelligent twenty-two than I might have been without the experience. I cannot say how maturity might have come about in a peaceful world, for now—like it or not—I am a member of a generation which came of age during great physical and moral conflict.

What I am about to say may cause resentment or repulsion, interest or misunderstanding, or possibly a visit from a psychoanalyst. In any event, it is as I see things and as I want people to know I see things.

First—and this is quite normal among the returning men—I have changed greatly. I am not the very young, the very naive, the very uncertain juvenile who gave up a way of life and now returns not wanting that way of life again. Two years ago in Photoplay Thornton Delehanty, an intelligent writer, said of me: (Continued on page 133)
SHE has come—has been seen—has conquered. That is sufficient to sum up twenty-year-old Angela Lansbury. But maybe you would like to hear more about this British refugee child, who probably never would have landed on our shores if Germany hadn't marched into Poland, if children were not evacuated from London and if—this is the big if—Angela Lansbury hadn't had all the confidence in the world in Angela Lansbury.

Thus far, you have seen her as the Cockney maid in "Gaslight," as the love of Dorian Gray, as the sister of Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet," and now as the tough but good-hearted entertainer in "The Harvey Girls." In each she has been totally different.

It is fascinating to watch her reaction to direction which she absorbs as a sponge does water. Her eye for detail is uncanny, her technique is probably unsurpassed by anyone in her age category. But don't make a mistake. This girl is no bag of tricks. She's a born actress.

Two-and-a-half years ago, she arrived in Hollywood. She arrived, to be quite precise, on the "Challenger" after sitting up all the way from New York. It was on October 16, 1942. There was nobody at the station to receive little Miss Lansbury, nobody to wish her happy birthday, which, strangely enough, it was, and there were not many dollars in the shabby handbag which she clutched under her arm. But she had a stout heart and gumption. She wanted to get into the movies. Why wouldn't she? She had been brought up in the theater world. Had gone to dramatic schools in London and New York and both on scholarships which she had won by playing the balcony scene from "Romeo And Juliet." But there she stood on the cold, smoky, unfriendly station of downtown Los Angeles. True, her mother was out here, but there was no bank account. All the money the two had went to support her twin brothers who were back East at school.

This meant Angela had to get busy. Promptly she landed herself a job at Bullocks-Wilshire in the cosmetic department. And though it constantly was in her mind, this urge to (Continued on page 104)
Blonde Accent

Or Angela Lansbury, British spunk girl whose steppingstone to Hollywood was a cosmetic counter

In a sketching mood with her dog the faithful watcher

Her marriage to Richard Cromwell was a hectic affair—performed at night in a jail

Seeing double? They're Angela's twin brothers enjoying with her a look at family snapshot book

BY INGA ARVAD
TRIANGLE

There's a new girl in John Payne's life and he loves her, which is all right

with Gloria De Haven who had a lot to do with the introduction

BY HOWARD SHARPE

O N THE first day of this extraordinarily significant year, Kathleen Hope Payne was born to John Payne and Gloria De Haven. A fetching six-pound-eleven-ounce bundle with dark, downy hair, blue eyes and rosy skin, whereby John became the father of a girl for the second time.

This matter of gender had caused the Paynes some concern.

"Button," he says, referring to the lovely twenty-year-old Gloria De Haven whom he married in the last month of 1944, "thought I wanted a boy. I'd told her month after month that it didn't matter, girl or boy, whatever happened was swell—but anyway Button, when she came out of it, kept repeating, 'It's all right? A boy? Or— It's all right?"

"It took a while before I could get it into her head that she'd had a girl and then she began to wall. When we got that stopped, she looked up and asked, very solemnly, 'Can I keep her?'"

As you may have surmised, Kathleen was "kept." Thus she issued into this era of peace with a father who undoubtedly will give her every material thing she can ever want. He had knocked out his career in order to keep his appointment with the Army but he had used what money he had to buy investment property along the coast above Malibu, against the day when those properties would make up to him the income lost while he was in the service. He is a shrewd man. The land has already tripled in value.

Also, in the short time since his return, he has set three excellent pictures circulating, starring John Payne. "The Dolly Sisters," "Wake Up And Dream" and "Sentimental Journey." Another, "City Of Flowers," is on its way. He is only thirty-three and his potentiality is one of the strongest in Hollywood.

But Kathy will have more to admire in her dad than his ability to make money. When she is older she will discover him to be a sensitive, thinking man. If you wanted to pull one word from your vocabulary and make it apply more than any other word to John, you would have to say "sincerity." Sincerity is almost a disease with him. He loses, sometimes, his sense of humor in it; and at least once, when he and Anne both knew that it was no use—that nothing on earth could turn their marriage into the vital, developing, exciting thing it should be—he allowed the word to cost him a year of misery and further years of indecision and doubt.

That was not only because of their daughter Julie. John had made certain promises on the day he had taken Anne Shirley as his wife and he was, and remained, in love with her long after it was obvious that they should never have made their vows together.

Because John has always wanted, and needed, a great deal from a marriage. He believes that the response he demands in the girl he loves can be made only to the stimuli he himself offers—that she is more or less perfectly desirable to him as she mirrors his own desire, his own need. So he blamed himself.

"A man," he says, "needs only two things in life, but he's got to have those. A job (Continued on page 131)
Baby's in the nursery so this is a two-alone moment for John Payne of "Sentimental Journey" and his "Button"
Imagine a guy who'd kiss and tell a gal she got lipstick on him—that's just what Jerome Courtland told Irene Dunne.

The scene in "Together Again" called for a very young fellow to back Irene Dunne against a wall and kiss her authoritatively.

In the script, that was as far as it went. But on the set at Columbia the day they took it, it went on a lot farther—and funnier. Actually, the camera recorded the most typical young male reaction it has caught in many a day. That was because the lanky, black-haired, seventeen-year-old playing that impetuous character, while trying hard not to look his six-feet-three, thought the camera had stopped.

He reacted spontaneously. Irene Dunne is a very beautiful woman, utterly charming and feminine and a great celebrity. It was the first time the kid had ever been before a camera (even though only his back showed) and the first time he had ever bussed a pair of lovely and famous lips. So what he did as he came out of that big moment was to hike up his pants, cut out with a dance step and yip like a wolf.

"Keep it in," shouted Director Charles Vidor. "Keep in the reaction but cut out what Cojo said."

The young actor whirled about in consternation, but it was too late. The shot was in, the line was out, though what he had said certainly wasn't torrid. Instead it was disapproving. He'd demanded of the stellar Miss Dunne, "Say, did you get any lipstick on me?" (She had, plenty.)

Cojo, be it known, says that to all the girls, including his mother, whenever he smacks them. He is not averse to kissing—no, indeed—but he loathes lipstick mixed into it. In case you don't know who Cojo is, let us explain that is the family nickname, and what all his friends call Courtland Jourolmon (Co for Courtland, Jo for Jourolmon), now of the 873rd Ordnance Co., somewhere in Yokohama. And Courtland Jourolmon, dear readers, is none other than Jerome Courtland, who stood out so forcefully in "Together Again" and then practically
Here’s your “Holy cow,” bewildered hero

of “Kiss And Tell” who takes success

with a shrug and won’t stop growing

BY MILDRED AMES

Cojo at age three, stages a rebellion

He and Shirley formed a quick, firm friendship, but he stood for no nonsense from her

Cojo’s now in the Army, a yank in Yokohama

stole “Kiss And Tell” from Shirley Temple as its “Holy Cow” bewildered hero.

“Together Again” happened in the fall of 1944. On December 27, Cojo was eighteen. In January of 1945, he got his draft notice, and in March, 1945, he was in boot camp. But a lot of things had happened to him before the autumn of 1944, and a lot between then and that induction—love came to him, for instance. Right now, with him it is dull, dull, dull, as it is with all the GIs in the armies of occupation, but he's trying to take that with intelligence and patience.

Cojo wasn't born in any theatrical trunk, but he was practically destined for fame right from his aristocratic cradle, which rocked back and forth in the fine old Southern ancestral mansion of the Jourolmons in Knoxville, Tennessee.

There's a story about that name business, too. The Jourolmons, like most deep Southerners, are practically incapable of saying a three (Continued on page 99)
RESENT the way many people who had nothing but praise for Lauren Bacall have turned against her and are now saying, "She's just a flash. What has she got?" Bacall has what she always had—That Look—and as for me, I'm still interested... I'm also against those people—I believe they're the same group—who protest that June Allyson doesn't dress fancy enough for them when she goes shopping in Beverly Hills. They insist that June should wear make-up and that she should be garbed in a dress instead of slacks. They want her to come on as if she were making an entrance in a picture, and maybe in Technicolor yet... The thing that I like most about Lana Turner—you guessed wrong—is the fact that when Lana phones a boy friend and asks him to dinner, she'll take the check. I know this, for I have seen her do it at the Beverly Tropics.

* * *

I am surprised by the way Yvonne De Carlo registers on the screen, so sexy I mean. For when you meet her off the screen, well, it isn't that apparent... Practically the same is true of Bob Mitchum, for I have sat around Victor's with him and the boys and didn't believe he would be much on the screen. But he is plenty much on the screen, and Bob Mitchum is going to be one of the biggest actors in the business... I am
continuously fascinated by Joan Crawford, who is an amazing and persevering woman. Joan shouldn’t have to look hard for film stories, for her own career would make an interesting motion picture. It was my favorite character, Mike Curtis, who was peeved with a certain interviewer and said to his secretary, “Write that guy an anonymous note and I’ll sign it.” I would like to see a picture in which Errol Flynn wasn’t so darn brave. I’m a fellow who likes a blonde as well as the next guy, but I must admit that Virginia Mayo doesn’t send me. As a matter of fact, I get her confused with any number of the Hollywood blondes. I don’t have this trouble with Carole Landis, for there is something about her that stands out. I occasionally go to the Westwood Village Theater on a Friday night, regardless of the movie playing there, for I want to see Van Johnson. Van goes there because he knows that the college kids will mob him after the performance. And I enjoy watching Van Johnson enjoy being pushed, shoved and shrieked at by his admirers. It doesn’t matter what role John Wayne plays, whether he is a cowboy or in uniform or in civvies, he always looks and sounds the same to me. And what’s more, he always gives the same performance. The best definition of a movie star, I believe, is Ed Gardner’s which is: “A movie star is just a plain girl who’s beautiful.”

I am not a fellow who can look at an actor or actress and truthfully say, “That person is going to be a big star.” I must admit that I could have seen Dorothy Lamour running that elevator in the department store or Gregory Peck guiding tourists through Radio City and I never would have hurriedly signed them for pictures. I can’t spot a talent or a personality in that fashion. However, I do want to give you a tip about an actor who is going to be a star, a big name in this business. He is Larry Parks. You may ask, and justly so, why, after stating that I can’t pick talent, that I then proceed to prophesy that Larry Parks is going to be something. I do this because I have special information. I am a dual personality. I am part columnist—part producer. The part-producer part of me has been busy making a movie titled “The Jolson Story,” and in it this Larry Parks is playing the role of Al Jolson. I have been on the set continually and I have watched Parks. He is sensational in the role of Al Jolson. In fact, Parks is so good that Al Jolson, who has been around watching his career being filmed, believes that Parks is wonderful, also. The part of me that is part-columnist had to scoop the part of me that is part-producer and tell you this.

I know that Peter Lawford and Robert Walker are the best of friends, and they must be, for practically the only time you see Lawford without a girl is when he’s keeping Walker company. I sometimes wonder if Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester, when they are at home alone, play roles from their favorite pictures. A good parlor entertainer is Harry Ruby, the songwriter, who will tell a group of movie celebrities that his next song is, “When I Grow Too Old to Make Love, Who Are You to Remind Me?” I never see Hurd Hatfield shopping at Schwabs but that I wonder if he is on his way home to take a sly glance at his portrait to see if he has changed. Movies do that to me, and not only is Hatfield still Dorian Gray, but I have a slight suspicion that Mickey Rooney actually believes that he is Andy Hardy, and that sometimes Spencer Tracy wonders if he did invent the electric light. The physical size and power of Victor Mature is evident, yet he insists, for he has told me, that he never exercises, except for the camera. With practically every waitress and model trying to get into the movies, I am somewhat taken back by Nora Eddington’s refusal to believe in herself to the extent of having a screen test. She, whose beauty was enough to get Flynn married again.

When I stroll along the Hollywood beat going to the familiar places I meet many types. And each type has a routine. There is, for example, the agent who brought Jane Russell or Greer Garson to the attention of the proper people, and says so to impress some slick chick who is about to be wowed. There’s the ex-picture star who is still giving a performance, but now it is at the club or in a restaurant. This type usually tries to impress the waiter who is an (Continued on page 136)
Guy Madison loves to go off alone to the beach, to swim or just lie on the sand. His next picture, “Suddenly It’s Spring”

Tall and Tawny

BY DIANE SCOTT

FATE put the golden touch on good looking Guy Madison when he took his bell-bottomed trousers into CBS studios one afternoon and became the star of a real Hollywood story so fantastic that it's doubtful if even Hollywood would have ventured to film it.

Today, thanks to that fate and the faith of his discoverers, his future is gilt-edged. From a three-minute bit as the gum-chewing, heckling sailor in “Since You Went Away,” he zoomed into stardom in the muchly coveted role of the returning serviceman in the RKO production, “Till The End Of Time.” And from advance reports, Madison seems set for a similar run.

With his fabulous success and his tawny golden coloring he is in truth a golden Guy. But the real metal of Madison is in his depth, his loyalty, sincerity and spiritual-mindedness, revealed only to a very few who know him well. It was to this quality which producer Dore Schary referred, as he watched Guy rehearsing a scene the other day. “I know I must be getting old,” he told us. “He’s the first kid I’ve ever seen that I wish were my son.” Big words from a big man.

Upon meeting him, the magnetic impact of Madison hits you as it must have hit the 43,132 fans who wrote him after seeing him for the first time on the screen. His healthy tanned physique and swinging
Here he is "straight"—Madison, the Guy with the gilt-edged future and the stubborn chip on his chin.

Guy's an expert archer, makes his own arrows

stride belong to the out-of-doors, the sun and the sea. He has crisp, curly blond hair that varies in shade from being white like an Albino's in the summer to the deep golden color it is now.

There's strength in his face and he carries the suggestion of a chip on his chin that shows he can't be taken advantage of or pushed around. You can knock the chip off with any teasing remarks about his curly locks, a sore subject with him. He's constantly whipping a comb out and combing his hair, trying by sheer force to smooth the wrinkles out.

He has the same clean-cut, All-American look of Marines on recruiting posters. Tender but tough. He could be any good-looking American serviceman. Which is the quality in him that first caught the attention of Henry Willson, assistant to the president of Vanguard Studios, when he met him in the corridor at CBS that day. The same look that impressed Helen Ainsworth, Hollywood agent, when she was thumbing through a Navy magazine which showed the picture of Madison, the sailor, climbing the mast of a ship. She sent word to him in San Diego to come to see her on his next pass. When they ran into Henry at CBS en route backstage to the Janet Gaynor show, the executive asked Guy to go with him immediately out to see David O. Selznick and (Continued on page 122)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:
As soon as my husband was returned to this country from a hospital in England, I went to him. I found a room not too far from the hospital and visited him whenever possible. He is now entirely well and he will be a civilian soon.
Meanwhile, I have been living near the camp at which he is stationed, and we have been seeing one another frequently. I know we are deeply in love. Yet, the other night my husband asked me to return to my home and get a divorce.
He says that he loves me, but that he is convinced that our marriage was a mistake as we have nothing in common. He says that he never wants to marry again.
His behavior toward me has always been wonderful, considerate, and affectionate. When I beg him to let me stay with him, he simply says that he doesn't want to hurt me, but that he does want me to go home. Isn't there something I can do to make him realize that our marriage is more than an overnight thrill? We had dated one another a year before we married, and I thought we knew one another, but he insists that everything is changed.
Can you tell me how to hold him?

(Mrs.) Elvira S.

Dear Mrs. S.:
There is an old, little-known proverb that reads, “I hold my love but lightly for I know that things with wings, held tightly, want to go.”
Although I have no desire to offer myself as an expert on the psychology of men who have spent many months in the Army, followed by many more in a hospital, I have a strong suspicion that many of them have reached the point where they are convinced that they feel another month’s rigid confinement to a certain fixed routine will drive them stark mad.
Perhaps your husband feels, at this time, that he wants nothing on earth so much as to be utterly, entirely, breezily free of any kind.
It seems to me that, when a man is in that state of mind, the only thing to do is to comply with his request. Don’t cry and make a scene.
Be sweet and agreeable. Go on home and get yourself a job to keep your mind off your problems. Don’t file suit for divorce. Just wait patiently.
After a taste of the freedom your husband expects to be so rich and rare, perhaps he will return to you, quite content to join you in building a home.
Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I am an unhappy girl of twenty-four. Four years ago I was engaged to Tommy. He broke our engagement saying to me: “Jean, you’re a nice girl, but I can’t stand you any longer. Since I’ve been engaged to you, I feel locked up in jail. I can’t talk to another girl, I can’t dance with another girl, without having you ask silly questions about whether she is prettier than you are, or talks better, or dances smoother. You’re even jealous of your own sister. I can’t stand this, and it’s getting worse, so I’m through.” Every word he said was true.
For three years I couldn’t get him out of my mind, and I didn’t go with another boy. Several months ago, however, I met Joe and fell in love with him. I think he loves me, too.
I was determined that he shouldn’t find out how jealous I am, but it isn’t easy. He is handsome and other girls are always stopping us on the street, just to talk to him. When we pass strange girls, they cast eyes up at him and smile; he smiles back. Then my suffering inside starts; I hold my hand tight over my stomach to make the pain be still. I grit my teeth to keep the words back so that I don’t say anything to make him feel the way Tommy did.
But, can I marry a boy, knowing that I am crazy with jealousy this way? Sooner or later I’m going to say something, I’m afraid, then what will Joe think?
Please, can you help me?

Joan M.

Dear Miss M.:
I am sincerely glad you wrote to me, because your problem, while a very serious one, can be solved.
Since you live in a large city there is undoubtedly a medical foundation—a clinic—accessible to you.
You see that yours is obviously a minor malady of the personality; such extreme jealousy is, to the mind, as a badly sprained ankle is to the body. If properly treated, you can recover completely; if neglected, all manner of ills might result.
If you could see a good psychiatrist, I’m certain that he could treat you, and in a short time you would find yourself completely cured. However, you are quite right in not marrying until you are free of this illness.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I am twenty years old and in the Navy. I married a girl last August whom I had only known a couple of months, but everybody else was getting married, so we figured it would be a good idea if we did too. (Continued on page 116)
Cornelia's complexion is soft, clear—eyes, blue-violet—hair, burnished brown

She's lovely! she uses Pond's!

"When Bob comes home from sea he's going to be a lawyer, and we hope to live in Virginia," Cornelia says.

Cornelia has a lovely air of exquisite grooming. And, like so many engaged girls, her complexion is "Pond's-cared-for."

"I'm awfully choosy about using a very good cream," she says. "Pond's is absolutely perfect for me—so cleansing and soft."

She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second coat of Pond's, making quick circles around her face. Tissues off. "I cream twice—for extra softness and extra clean-ness," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Cornelia's way every morning, every night—for in-between freshening-ups, too. It's no accident more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big luxury size jar today!
Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Musically noting the recordings of songs you loved from your favorite motion pictures

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO

Rumba music is what to expect from a movie with this title and rumba music is what you get. Appropriately enough, Xavier Cugat, undisputed maracas master, spins two of them, "Oye Negra" and, of all things, "The Walter Winchell Rumba." Both are hip-notic. (Columbia)

MAKE MINE MUSIC

The new Walt Disney film is important enough to combine the talents of the Andrews Sisters and Guy Lombardo on one recording as they pay musical tribute to the jaunty cartoon character, "Johnny Feedora." (Decca)

WAKE UP AND DREAM

The new romantic baritone, Skip Farrell, ably abetted by Frank DeVol's fine orchestra (Capitol) selects for his disk debut two melodies from 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming filmsusical. Skip lyrically advises, "You Can Cry On Somebody Else's Shoulder" and "I Wish I Could Tell You." (Capitol)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Remember this now famous Bergman-Cooper Spanish saga? Ned Washington has put a lovely lyric to Victor Young's sultry theme melody and called it "A Love Like This." Carmen Cavallaro (Decca) plays it to perfection, with emphasis on the keyboard. The immortal "Warsaw Concerto" on the reverse makes this a real discovery.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

No one who saw " Anchors Aweigh" will forget Gene Kelly's inspired singing and dancing of "The King Who Couldn't Dance." Now Columbia has made a joyful album just as you heard it on the M-G-M sound track. A little imagination will make up for the missing cartoon animals.

DOLLY SISTERS

Although this nostalgic hit has made the rounds of movie marquees, it's not too late to recommend the way Perry Como (Victor) or Harry James (Columbia) interpret "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." After all, this timeless tune has been sung since World War One and even before that, when a musician named Chopin originally conceived it as "Fantasie Impromptu." For the unadulterated version, try Al Goodman's "Polonaise" album. (Victor)

ROAD TO UTOPIA

It seems that almost everyone but Toscanini has recorded at least one tune from this merry musical package. Co-star Bing Crosby (Decca) chirps "Welcome To My Dreams" and "It's Anybody's Spring" while Dinah Shore (Victor) and Johnny Mercer (Capitol) prefer the more rollicking "Personality."
My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness!

JUDY GARLAND
one of the Stars of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Ziegfeld Follies"

Why don't you try Judy Garland's Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap? It's wonderful how they leave skin softer, smoother! Smooth the creamy lather well in, rinse with warm water, splash on cold. As you pat gently to dry with a soft towel, skin takes on fresh new beauty.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle care famous screen stars recommend will make you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!
Super Matron

(Continued from page 39) to wish them Godspeed.

The Little Princess is no more. Today in her stead is the radiant young woman who spends all her time thumbing through household magazines for ideas on decorating her new home, learning to cook, and doing some serious planning about ways to cut corners a little and live on her husband's income, upon which she insists, and with which she's thoroughly in accord.

She's Little Mrs. Muffet who sits on her kitchen tuffet trying out recipes, worry about whether she's using too many degrees Fahrenheit or whether a "tossed" salad means to flip it lightly or give it a deep steady turn. Also when "for Goodness sake's" a salad with a pretty name like "Western Way Salad" asked you to smear raw eggs on lettuce.

She sits there opposite you wearing a new gray chintz apron with red geraniums on it and a turquoise ruffle around it that looks slightly out of place amidst the rich furnishings of the Temple living room, but Shirley's getting such a bang out of wearing it she doesn't want to take it off. She holds her toy Pekingese, "Ching-Two," snuggled up against her and tells you seriously, "I should make a good cook, if I just put my mind to it."

Despite the new domestication and the apron, she still bears the outward appearance of a little girl who's just on the verge of whipping up her first batch of fudge. Her satiny skin, with its warm amber-pink tones, and her saucy brown eyes are framed by fluffy masses of brown hair with red glints in it. Which causes her husband to frequently address her as "Red."

Shirley carries no false dignity. There's no overplaying of her new role as matron. Outwardly she hasn't changed. But there's an overtone of serious purpose underlying the humor now, as like any other newlywed, she goes about feeling very seriously the responsibilities of marriage. She was determined to learn to cook "or bust" before her Army sarge came home again. "Jack just loves to eat!" she says. "He likes good meats and desserts. You know . . . French pastry . . . things like that. I can just see myself spending hours squeezing little pink and white things out of tubes. And he can eat three breakfasts! He just loves English muffins in the morning." She doesn't think she will worry about making the muffins. "You can buy 'em so much easier."

She's been studying one of her wedding-present cook books called "The Joy of Cooking," which makes it sound "like more fun," she says.

She learned about the Baked Potato Crisps, a favorite recipe, one evening from the home economics expert and food fanatics who made up the "gang" of Shirley's fraternity that meets occasionally at Zazu Pitus's home, next door to the Temples. Ann Gallery, Zazu's daughter and one of Shirley's best friends, suggested that her mother invite her over for the cook sesh. "Shirley, bring your notebook and come right over," Zazu phoned.

While she was there, her husband called giving distance from Camp Kearns, near Salt Lake City, where he was stationed then. The call was switched on over next door where Shirley's mother was in the middle of every-seeding the Baked Potato Crisps. She told him what she was doing and he couldn't believe it.

"That's swell, Red," teased Sgt. Agar, "maybe there's hope for you yet." Shirley is also spending many excited hours supervising the carpenters and painters working next door, as both she and Mrs. Temple refer to the building which once served as a recreation house and is now being converted into her new home. "I'm going 'next door' now. How are things coming along 'next door,' Mom?" Shirley asks when her mother has made an unannounced trip over to see.

"Next door" is a beige stucco and wood building located about 150 feet from the Temple home on an elevation overlooking the blue Pacific. It's built on its own lot by the Army, and Mrs. Temple has been the meeting place of Shirley's gang for years.

When last viewed on her wedding night, "next door" held nine tables loaded with wedding presents that had been bought from a kitchen can-opener to many valuable new and antique silver pieces. Today all the silver is stored away carefully while Shirley is tearing out the big stage and enlarging the place by adding a bedroom.

"It's going to be very pretty, but it's surely messy now," says Shirley, telling you excitedly about the color scheme she's working out, the chintzes and drapes she's bought. "The walls of the living room are a light turquoise, the rugs and drapes a deeper blue-green. We're using gray chintz with turquoise bamboo shoots and large red roses for the furniture. And the bedroom will be done in yellow—I hope—if we can find the chintz."

She's very serious about doing all of the housework and cooking herself, says Mrs. Temple. "Jack is very definite about wanting Shirley to live on just what he can give her. His income will be adequate, if they manage well. And I believe they will. Actually Shirley is quite an economical girl. She likes very plain things, knows how to buy them and has always taken very good care of her clothes."

Shirley says she doesn't know what her husband is going to do now that he is out of the service. "I guess it's pretty hard for fellows to land a job now," she says, all seriousness. "He studied business administration in school, so I guess it will be business of some kind. But I don't know what field."

She doesn't anticipate any friction between them over her continuing motion-picture career. "Jack feels that I can do it. He'd never interfere. Of course, if I ever thought that my career would cause anything, I'd stop before there could be trouble," she says earnestly.

Thus far the chief subject on which they differ is that of onions. To eat or not to eat them, that is the question. "I can't stand them, Shirley, making a face. "French fried ones aren't so bad, but Jack loves big raw onions. When I was dating I just hated anyone to eat onions, but now I don't care so much different after you're married. They wear off pretty quickly anyway."

As it turns out, however, Jack doesn't eat them now. And Shirley warns about "Golly, Jack, you can eat all the onions you (Continued on page 72)"
MRS. ROBERT MONTGOMERY... as famous for personal charm as her celebrated husband is for brilliant acting.

"Sensational!"
says Mrs. Robert Montgomery,

"And that's why TANGEE GAY-RED is starring on Hollywood's smartest lips"

Yes, Tangee's exciting new lipstick shade—Gay-Red—is the hit-color of Hollywood. In that exotic city (where a girl's face is her fortune) this Tangee sensation is being acclaimed by the loveliest ladies of the film colony. Try Tangee Gay-Red... it gives you a lift... makes your lips look young and gay. Remember—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's outstanding creation—the Satin-Finish Lipstick.

Use Tangee
and see how beautiful you can be

AT LAST... A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

Some cake make-ups you've used are fine in one way... some in another... but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not make you look as though you were wearing a mask.
Don't big low "war-widow" girl handsome. baby. and big sounded sounded very not few medicine "He their concerned— the keep the going. "It She The

(Continued from page 20) want! But he doesn't. I don't know why."

Like most wartime marriages, Shirley's wedded life has consisted of a few hours or few days together. A brief fur- 
thought. Or a visit to wherever he was sta-
tioned.

One time when Jack came home un-
expectedly, Shirley was attending a big Canadian dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The ambassador of Canada was right in the middle of his speech when the headwaiter came over to Shirley, saying in a low voice, "Your husband is at the door."

"Oh no," she smiled. "He's in Utah."

Then she looked up "and sure enough, golly, there was Jack. I had to listen to the Ambassador's speech for thirty minutes more and I was dying. It was a very nice speech and I wanted to hear it, but I couldn't wait to go get Jack and bring him in."

Many of the guests there had never seen Shirley's husband and for some reason they thought the good looking Army sergeant was her cousin. "He had his arm around me. He looked like a husband for goodness sake!"

When Shirley visited him she stayed at a hotel in Salt Lake City, which was about thirty miles from the base. Sometimes Jack brought some of his buddies in to meet her. Once they invited three of them up to the room for the evening.

"One boy was from the Bronx. He called it the 'Bron-Ax.' He said he thought it sounded classier that way. I told him it sounded like a medicine or something. Another one's wife is going to have a baby. He talked about her a lot. She must be pretty swell."

They spent that evening just sitting around the hotel room playing the spelling game and drinking ginger ale. "It was all such fun."

Shirley is very proud that other girls think Jack is handsome. "He has lots of fans," she tells you.

Once when she was visiting him in Salt Lake City, a girl named "Diane" called Shirley on the phone saying, "I think your husband is out somewhere."

She came up to their hotel room and knocked on the door asking to see Jack. Shirley answered it. "He didn't want to see her, so I just told her he was in the shower and she went away," she laughed.

Cupid had a powerful ally during Shirley's "war-widow" days. She was literally shoving all her girl friends down the last long aisle. Most of the odor of orange blossoms was wafted over them on Sunday afternoons when the girls gathered at Shirley's home to keep her company. Usually they'd make a big group on the floor and talk—if not about matrimony, then about cooking. "If they can't all get married, at least they can learn to cook," Shirley said.

Now all of a sudden, Jack has been dis-
charged from the Army and is home to stay —and it's hard for Shirley to believe it's really truly true. She beams and says, "It's heavenly. Just!"

There isn't the time these days to teach her young friends all the things she's getting from ... life. One of them, for example, is going to have a baby. She talks about it a lot. She must be pretty swell."

They spent that evening just sitting around the hotel room playing the spelling game and drinking ginger ale. "It was all such fun."

ARE YOUR DREAMS HAUNTED

By a handsome man star, a lovely girl star?
Would you like to see both your favorites in beautiful color portraits?
Then fill in the coupon below and send it to:
Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

Please Print Color Portraits of

(Man) ..............................................................
(Woman) ..........................................................
(Your Name) ....................................................
Are you in the know?

This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—
- She's a curfew keeper
- She should be prom-trotting
- She's still wearing makeup

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and daintiness go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times—that's why Kotex contains a deodorant. Yes, locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep you sweet-and-lovely!

In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?
- Miss Dinah Mite
- Miss Mite

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making any business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin really protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive safety center. Never a panicky moment with Kotex!

Do you choose the colors of your clothes—
- To copy your gal pal
- To suit your color-type
- Because they're hi-fashion

A color that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriends your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has flat tapered ends that don’t show... don't cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?
- Yes
- No
- Not always

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't always precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing... doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch...so you're carefree because you're more comfortable!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins
Jennifer Jones, My Paradoxical Friend

(Continued from page 34) has been deeply impressed by David Selznick's spirit and integrity as a man and as a producer, though I knew she was devoted to her children and had Bob Walker's word she was a "wonderful mother." I could see the reason in her notoriety, standing, with wide-eyed humility, at the altar of Thespis.

Today it is different. Jennifer tells me she has a new interest, the greatest interest, her sons Robert Jr., six, and Michael, five. "I want the boys to develop by themselves," she says, "to be, not be influenced by the fact that their father is a star and their mother also. I want them to discover the beauty in life—what makes life a good thing."

She is, of course, on the friendliest terms with Robert Walker. It has been said this is because she wants the children to be on intimate terms with their father. It is much more than that, I'm sure. Jennifer and Bob are essentially good friends with the greatest respect for each other's talents. I have seen them together at parties, and the friendship they manifest is not a thing of convenience. It is warm and spontaneous and real. It was when Jennifer played Elizabeth Barrett and Bob produced Robert Browning in an American Academy production of "The Barretts Of Wimpole Street" that they fell in love, you'll remember. Jennifer was playing the saintly Bernadette that their marriage came to an end.

Speaking of Jennifer's different roles as an actress, I have been, I want to pause here to make this prediction... that Jennifer's portrayal of the half-cast Pearl in "Duel In The Sun"—as well as this production itself—will prove to be a very great contribution to motion pictures. "What are you going to do next?" I asked the new, grown-up Jennifer as we sat together the night of the Selznick dinner. "I don't know," Elsa," she said, "but I hope it will be something as different from anything I've done yet as well as "Alice In Wonderland." I'd like it to be comedy, I think...."

"But right now—Duel In The Sun" was sure to be a huge success. "I've always been a stage, almost a year, I can't think of anything I'd rather do than get in a donkey cart and go somewhere and hibernate. For weeks and weeks. Lie in the sun, rest, walk along country lanes, climb mountains that don't take themselves too seriously, read..."

In other words, right now Jennifer is, above all, a young woman enjoying the good life she has found together with her maturity. She'll always be a great actress, of course, but only when she has grown up and her characters have warm human dimensions. But I'll be surprised if she ever again is an actress above all. Or if, now that she has found herself, she ever again suggests a paradox.

So I say hail and farewell to my paradoxical friend Jennifer Jones, who in a simple, completely unconventional way has grown to be a charmingly definite young woman.

And of this I'm certain. Wherever Jennifer goes personally, whatever she does professionally, she will always be that one person, the epitome of the true American woman, the American woman herself, the one who makes it clear that the United States is a land of integrity and dignity and honesty.
Vagabond in a Gold Stallion

(Continued from page 46) joyous living.
Whenever she accumulated a roll she picked up her boys and sailed festively for distant ports.
They settled in Paris for ten years because its beauty and joie de vivre were agreeable to the Haymes temperament.
Money was never contemplated except in dire emergency. They did not worry about how they could afford to do a thing; they did it and wondered how later.
Soon Master Haymes was a familiar figure along the pony paths of the Bois and among the yo-yo set in the Tuileries and Luxembourg Gardens. Schooled in Paris and Lausanne, he became a playboy on the French Riviera while still a boy and that is precocious in a place where most play- boys are bald and bulging.
The young Master made his entrance into Riviera society head first and virtually nude. The debut occurred in the pool of the Cannes swimming club. His ambition was aquatic and not social. He longed had nursed a desire to swim in the pool. Having neither the francs nor the sponsor to gain him entrance he took direct action. He climbed the wall and dived. Club members lounging around the pool were dumb-founded by the bolt from the blue in a G-string. They gaped as Master Haymes proceeded to give them a show. He flipped and stunted like a baby seal performing for fish. He got no fish, but the fascinated spectators made him a member.

OVER-STIMULATED by success, Master Haymes went to Antibes a few days later and dived off the rock. The rock is not so high as Gibraltar but it is not for kiddies, or for life-loving adults either. In addition to height, rocks and currents there is wind velocity to calculate. Hell-diver Haymes failed to calculate. A strong breeze upped and carried him willowy form in the direction of the maritime Alps. For a second it appeared he might split an Alp, and an Alp's a lot more than an atom.
Alas that there was nothing to turn out yield him the Mediterranean and get out of his way. He was acknowledged the champion of the entire sea for two years. Medals were bestowed and dating dowagers rewarded him handsomely for teaching them to float bosoms up.
While Master Haymes was diving triumphantly on the Cote d'Azur the dollar decided to do likewise. It dived off the gold standard from a value of twenty-five francs to eight. This was one of those emergencies. The Haymeses were living on dollars.
"Get your hats, boys, here we go again," cried Mrs. Haymes cheerfully. "We shall be lucky to hit the deck of a tramp this time."
"It looked," says Dick, "like a long row home for us. But Mother was always resourceful. Somehow she heard of a tub cheap enough to take us. It was called the Gildersteen or some such name.
"We arrived at Le Havre at night and walked the docks past the luxury liners sparkling with lights—the Paris, the France, the Champlain that we rode when affluent. No Gildersteen. We were about to turn back when we spotted an object floating out in the harbor. It looked like a piece of garbage passed up by a revolting gull. The Gildersteen! I can see my mother stepping daintily on to the deck—sort of testing it—for fear she might tip the poor thing over.
Dick, then a ripe fifteen, opened his pipes for the public for the first time. He sang through the summer at the Hotel Monmouth in Spring Lake, New Jersey.

Rhapsody in WHITE

"When I unwrapped it—it smelled so good—I thought I must try it right away,"...
"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs,"...
"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things."...
"Everything came out shining white and with half the work."...
"My neighbors all ask what I use that makes my clothes so white."...
"I could not keep house without Fels-Naptha Soap and Chips."...

In these and in thousands of similar phrases, American women write the Story of Fels-Naphta Soap—a never-ending tale of praise and appreciation. It is, in simple truth, a nation's Rhapsody in White.

Fels-Naphta Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
His emolument per week was twenty-five dollars. In the fall he returned to school, organized a band, played and sang for parties and taverns.

About then, our prodigy began boiling up a bouillabaisse of talents. He sang, he danced, he even took a flyer at Hollywood where, as an extra, he specialized in playing corpses and doubling as a stunt man for heroic stars more precious to studio stockholders than Mr. Haymes.

Since he couldn't make too good a living at dying, he bounced back again to New York, leading orchestras, composing songs.

In Tin Pan Alley he sequestered Mr. Harry James and sang him some Haymes compositions. "Bobolink" was good. The rest were crow, thought Mr. James, who then hired Dick as vocalist. This led to romance. While singing with the James band he met a beautiful Samba Siren from the Copacabana night club, approved her dancing, singing and other gifts, and signed her to a marriage contract. Their first number was Richard Jr. whom he calls Skipper; their second Helen Lane Haymes yclept Pigeon by papa.

Feeling that California was the place to raise the large family he had in mind, Mr. Haymes shuttled off for Hollywood.

Came a wire to shuttle back to New York. It was signed by Mr. Bill Burton, the agent, whom he did not know and who did not know him except through a mutual acquaintance and some recordings. But that was temporary. They became blood brothers, three musketeers compressed to two, and Mr. Burton assumed direction of the Haymes career.

EVERYTHING is sudden with Mr. Haymes.

A warm, impulsive, appreciative cub enthusiasm sweep him like squalls, blowing down his bank account and prostrating Mr. Burton who has paternal solicitude for Dick's comfort in old age.

One of these costly typhoons hit Mr. Haymes while seeing Lassie in "Lassie Come Home." He had to have a collie like Lassie. Unable to buy that priceless dog he purchased its nearest canine relative at a price he could ill afford then.

"Please," said Mr. Burton, "keep away from elephant pictures."

Mr. Haymes abstained from elephants but bought a nice big house in a block of ground, conceived a passion for expensive landscaping, had to have a seashore championship tennis court and a swimming pool worthy the Mediterranean diving champ. Mr. Burton groaned: "With all your gifts why couldn't the Lord have included a little economic sense?"

"My ambition is not to be rich," said Mr. Haymes with dignity.

"In that you will succeed," cried Mr. Burton, "definitely!"

Along with his spending policy and unbalanced budget, Mr. Haymes is a touch. His is the open-handed hospitality of the old Dons. His home is yours and anything you admire, please take.

Generosity being the secret of magnetic personality, Dick is gifted by friends in return. Of grateful nature, anything from a friend excites a storm of enthusiasm and sends him off on a hobby.

Gordon Jenkins of his radio show gave him a camera. Photography became the man-eating passion. He cleared out his den, painted the walls black and disappeared into this dark room for two weeks. When he emerged the fever had run its course; he was ready for a new hobby.

On Christmas Mr. Burton, whom he calls Pappy, presented him a magnificent Palomino stallion. Dick was ecstatic. to the verge of delirium. The stallion, by name Thunderbolt, was rechristened Pappy, and its owner went mad over horses. He now has a stable of seven and is
looking for acreage to start a stud farm. “I should have known better,” sighs Mr. Burton. “Next time I will give you cash. Maybe you will make it a hobby.”

“My ambition,” said Richard, “is not...” “I know,” broke in Burton, “is not to have a bean.”

Pappy Burton’s apprehension is a pappeternal pose. He knows the wolf will not be at the Haymes portal. If it does arrive it will be invited in and made at home.

Never one to forget a good turn from a friend, Mr. Haymes presented Betty Grable to Harry James. He had known Betty fifteen years and he felt this beautiful favor to Mr. James merited some return. He took Mr. James’s dog named Flannagan. Mr. James squawked. “After what I have done for you?” said Mr. Haymes reproachfully.

This made Mr. James feel cheap. Now Mr. Haymes is making love to Mr. James’s wife and making money at it.

“Is Betty the delectable cream puff in person?” asked an old Grable gourmet.

“She brings out the cannibal,” replied her lover of “The Diamond Horseshoe.” “She’s always fun. Never worries. I can’t stand worrisome women.”

“The Diamond Horseshoe” was a frolic for the old chums. Neither worried. Only once. That was after they ate all the hot dogs in the picnic scene. This was not required, but they are artists. They suffered for their art. Both were forced into temporary retirement until the bicarb took effect.

For embracing Miss Grable and singing for radio and records simultaneously old champ Haymes got some $10,000 a week. That’s Pappy’s calculation. Spender Haymes wouldn’t bother to know.

With “State Fair” and his own radio show Dick is up in the stratosphere rating. “Radio makes me sweat,” he says, “I walk on cool and finish dripping. You have to keep looking from your script to your watch. The concentration makes you tense. It’s good for you. Keeps the mind agile.”

He’s enthusiastic about all his activities. He rather favors pictures, those with Betty anyhow. They are playing now in “The Shocking Miss Pilgrim.”

“It is wonderful. A big family, Bill Perlberg producing, Seaton directing and Betty starring.” Mr. Haymes exults.

Miss Grable is embracing him shockingly as Miss Pilgrim, and he is getting ten grand for submitting. They’re having a wonderful time.

Mr. James is hollering for Flannagan again. But Flannagan has chosen to follow the footsteps of master Haymes, the vaga-bond king. Flannagan has hit the road. He is off to be a cosmopotite and king of the waggies.

The End

She Goes Dancing with

ROBERT WALKER and VAN JOHNSON KISSED HER

And she tells about all this and more with a gaiety that will make her—
as irresistible to you as a reporter as she is to the stars as a date

Florence Pritchett is her name

In the MAY Photoplay

---

Long for Kisses?

Your skin must be kissable—like satin, so smooth.

Bothered by dry skin, now?

New 1-Cream Beauty Treatment (with exciting Jergens Face Cream) works wonders smoothing dry skin.

How you take this quick, new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment:

Easy! All you do for this 1-Cream Treatment—use Jergens Face Cream daily as though it were 4 creams:

1. for Cleansing—always when removing make-up
2. for Softening your skin
3. for a Foundation—every time you make up
4. as a Night Cream—helps prevent dry skin troubles

A skin scientists’ cream—Jergens Face Cream—made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Thrilling many a clever girl already. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Help your complexion look smoother, younger. Give this 1-Cream Beauty Treatment a faithful 10-day trial—starting now.

JERGENS

FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin
JOSEPH COTTON
is one of the stars of

The Mad Ladds

"You wouldn't want to turn around and rush like mad for Palm Springs and that red hot sunshine, would you?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

Over the weeks they did slow down to fifty. Most of the time they hit ninety. They didn't stop to sleep anywhere. Two days later they were in Palm Springs—well, Susie knew enough to pack all kinds of clothes when they started out—bathing suits as well as snow suits, tuxedos as well as riding pants. When the travel bug hit them at night they didn't try to analyze—it just does. There was the night, last fall, when Alan went on suspension with Paramount. The phone kept ringing, reporters asking why, friends, shouting at him. Just before dawn Alan said, "Let's go somewhere."

"The tail light's broken on the car."

"All right. Let's go somewhere."

"All right," said Susie. "Where?"

"I don't know. Let's wear riding clothes."

They headed out through the San Fernando Valley. They'd covered some fifty miles when Alan said, "Let's go to Joel McCrea's."

THE dawn was just breaking over the mountains as they pulled up before the McCrea porch and there were Joel and Frances (who are happily nutty too) about to go out on a pre-breakfast canteen. Two women friends of theirs and four close friends rode till nearly ten before they turned back. "Then I twisted Sue's arm until she asked Joel to let us stay there a few days," Alan explains.

The bug for horseback riding hit them when Alan thought he was to play in "California." He's the same kid, just as Sue had, but he wasn't expert at it, and he can't stand doing any sport at which he isn't tops. (He is a superlative swimmer and diver, a dreamy dancer, an exciting golfing, tennis player.) He felt that his horsemen would know him as an amateur if he didn't study riding before "California." Accordingly he bought two horses before that and learned to ride unlike Susie did likewise.

But what started it to be merely something to build up a film role has now become a real passion. He rides every single day and I swear he'd bring the horses home to our bedroom if he could," Sue said. The mania goes so far that the now has his own type of camping equipment ever made—silver saddles, leather saddles, woolen riding clothes, leather riding clothes, vaquero ties, silver riding boots, all made himself when they get home. She's the most desirable young woman in the world, and his point of view, is that he likes her to go along while he shops. He buys her absolute clothes, art /ms of things, often while her back is turned, but he never can wait till he gets home for her to open the package and discover what it is. Then he is disappointed in this most desirable woman in the world. (Continued from page 37)
When you make up, think of tomorrow as well as today...choose "Pan-Cake", the original, which because of its exclusive patented formula does two things...it creates glamour for today and safeguards the skin against sun and wind which may bring drying, harshening, aging signs tomorrow. Try "Pan-Cake" once today and you'll be devoted to it forever.

Pan-Cake Make-Up

Frances Langford in "THE BAMBOO BLONDE"
An RKO-Radio Picture

Originated by Max Factor Hollywood
The dream says: wonderful.

Marge is never without lovely Leigh's smouldering Risqué.

It is a wonderful, crazy thing.

The jeweler's package contained the most exquisite wide gold bracelet set at half-inch intervals with diamond charms telling the story of her romance—a diamond telephone, a diamond letter box and a diamond contract and so forth. It was a lovely thing and Susie delightedly wore it, even if the date was only December 18. But on Christmas morning, she did really think Alan was a dream boy. For there under the tree were packages and packages, all with cards saying "Love to Susie from Alan", and all unopened.

"You remembered," Susie breathed reverently.

"To the letter," Alan breathed right back at her, with that ugg he puts on screen.

And he had remembered to the letter, the dog. Inside all those beautiful packages, there was not one single thing.

Susie, however, was once a star herself. She most certainly batted an eyelash, but with mock adoration now. "Just what I wanted," she sighed.

"My bride, my bride," said Alan, and he clasped her in his arms, just as the two of them went into a gale of laughter.

Next morning Sue took a picture of all the empty boxes. She put it in the book. Under it, it says: "Father's Christmas generosity."

You see, "Life with Father Ladd" by (and with) Mother Ladd is a wonderful, crazy thing.

THE END

---

Photoplay Fashions

JOAN CAULFIELD

Joan Caulfield, of Orange, New Jersey, made her way to the Hollywood studios and the bright future her performance in Paramount's "Miss Susie Slagle's" assures her via the New York stage where she was the original "Kiss And Tell" girl.

Hyacinth blue straw cloth hat with soft veil by Wilshire. In all colors. $5.00. At Franklin Simon, New York City and Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 92.)

All photographs in Photoplay Fashions by Ben Studios

All flowers by Irene Hayes
Miss Caulfield, who is twenty-three years old, with very blue eyes and misty gold hair, will be seen in "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Blue Skies" following "Miss Susie Slagle's." She loves tennis, dancing the rumba, movies, the works of the late Thomas Wolfe and Chinese food. She dislikes spoiled men, overdressed women and is annoyed at people who are late for appointments.
Opposite, in a two-piece Doris Dodson dress of alpaca with appen-zell lace. Beige, navy or gray. Sizes 9-15. $10.95 at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo., and Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa. Below, Miss Caulfield wears a dress by Minx Modes. Green, yellow, blue or pink. Sizes 9-15. $9.00 at Saks-34th Street, New York City and Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer on page 92.)
MARY ANDERSON

Mary Anderson, from Alabama, has overcome the movies' reverence for Southern womanhood by campaigning for meanie parts—and getting them. Witness her performance in Paramount's "To Each His Own" in which she plays Olivia de Havilland's sister. "Please don't give me honeysuckle and tell me to stand at the garden gate," she says. "I've been fighting against roles like that for years. I want to show my talent for being nasty!"

(For store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 52.)
Opposite: A buttoned-to-hem dress with bustle bow by Debutante Frocks. In navy with pink yoke and brown with aqua yoke. Sizes 9-17. Under $20.00 at Hartley's, Miami, Fla., and Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.

Below: Miss Anderson wears a bolero and side-wrap skirt of "Suma Kool" and jersey blouse designed by McArthur Ltd. Sizes 10-18. Many colors. Suit $10.95, blouse $6 at Hale Brothers Stores, California and McCreery's, N. Y. C.

(For a description of hats on these pages see page 92.) Jewelry by Jordan

MARY ANDERSON
NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"— she as a dragonfly's wing, marvelously close-clinging, and all-out smart! These lovely stockings are full-fashioned, of course; but, more than this, skilful knitting brings you better-than-ever fit! Ask for fine hosiery "As You Like It" at your favorite hosiery counter.

Many Parisian and New York couturiers are making a valiant attempt to bring back the padless sloping shoulders. But Hollywood will have no part of it. Stars know broad shoulders—in anything from suits to negligees—slim the hips and so enhance the figure.

Jennifer Jones's new dinner dress is fashioned of heavy black satin. Its tight bodice has a heart-shaped neck and short square sleeves. Its simple full skirt touches the ground. The wrap Jennifer wears with this dreamy dress is, if possible, even dreamier... a little tight-fitting jacket that reaches her hips and has large and long puffed sleeves. With this she wears a white ermine stock scarf tied about her neck, the tiniest of white ermine halo-bats and a wee round ermine muff and she looks for all the world like one of those romantic Civil War portraits.

Vivian Blaine has introduced a new "note" in costume jewelry. She wears a musical staff pin and clef earrings of gold. Across the staff, in tiny rubies, is her initial "V."

Ginny Simms's pink sheer wool cocktail suit is the talk of Hollywood. Actually she could wear it anywhere, at almost any time. It consists of a snug-fitting short dress with a high soft neck, short sleeves and a straight tight skirt. The hip-length coat is box-like with long sleeves. Ginny accessories this suit with a tiny round hat of the same fabric, dark brown gloves, bag and pumps.

Pat Scott, Randy's beautiful wife who used to be a movie actress, has come up with something new in the way of a (Continued on page 88)
The Look . . . Definitely Spring! The blouse, of course, vicki lynn. Spring pastels. About $3.

At leading department stores.
NOTHING FINER THAN PEARLS . . .  
NONE FINER THAN DELTAH!

Glamorous movie stars who know fashions and fashion accessories best, invariably depend on the flattering beauty and multi-colored iridescence of DELTAH simulated pearls. And so will you, once you wear these lustrous, luminous, most versatile of all gems. You'll find they go perfectly with everything you wear, daytime or evening. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched.

(Continued from page 86) cocktail costume. She wore it recently when she and Randy entertained with a tremendous and beautiful soiree. It consists of a stunning white crepe, short-skirted suit-dress in which the skirt is a straight sheath. The blouse, softly draped at the neck with almost no sleeves has bright gold buttons. The severely tailored dressmaker hip-length coat has gold buttons, too—but huge! With this cocktail costume Pat wore a black hair band on which was pinned a white water lily. Black pumps and gloves and a perfectly huge black cloth bag completed her outfit.

To Make You Lovelier...

Clip your favorite pin on a black velvet ribbon and tie it high at your neck . . .

Sew two colored scarves together and make an apron to liven up a black dress . . .

Wear a little Victorian cape over a simple dress for a new fashion note . . .

Wear a triangular scarf tied over one shoulder and knot the ends in your belt . . .

Pin or clip a sparkling pin on your flat dinner bag—to add a glamorous touch . . .

Make yourself a big floppy beret out of the same material as your new spring suit . . .

Clip gay bows that match or complement your spring clothes on your plain patent leather pumps . . .

Don't relegate your sweater to sports wear. Team it up with a long dinner skirt and dress it up with costume jewelry. It will afford a different look for "at home" evenings . . .

Bind your hair high and bind your head in velvet ribbon—and look like a young Diana.
"ALWAYS TO-GETHER"... A Carole King Original with embroidered posies edging the snow-white, square-wide collar 'n cuffs and big, bold buttons marching down the jacket front. Bucha Spun Rayon in junior sizes 9 to 15.

About $15.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.
It Begins... Where Nature Ends!

... to mold your bosom beauty. NATURE'S RIVAL—
the outstanding padded bra—bewitchingly
supplies that vital curve.

Washable water-repellent,
permanent padding launders perfectly.
Will not mat. #3506, blush
color, A and B Busts.
Sizes 30 to 36. $2

NATURE'S RIVAL AT FINER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST MERCHANDISE MART CHICAGO
CALIFORNIA PLAYBOUND: Barbara Hale set for casual diversion in her Cruiser-Combo*. Trim fitting halter ties in three places, complimentary brief shorts. Patented originality, adroitly charm-revealing. Gem-tone pastels in Sunray rayon. Sizes 22 to 28; about $8.00. At better stores everywhere. 611 MISSION STREET • SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIFORNIA
PATRICE MUNSEL . . .
Brilliant Young Star of New York's Metropolitan Opera and Radio's "Family Hour," shows you the NEWEST STRATEGY OF ALLURE

Starlight Sorrow
For a festive evening costume, Patrice does her fingertips the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" way—sweeping them completely in Dura-Gloss BLACKBERRY to give them a longer, dramatic look.

Dinner at Home
Patrice changes her fingertip make-up to harmonize with colorful, tangerine dinner slacks. Doing the "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss Laurel—leaving moons exposed—for a vivid, striking costume.

Day in Town
Doing her fingertips the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" way, Patrice gives them a clean-cut, tailored look in keeping with her smart Adrian suit. She applies Dura-Gloss FLARE RED to her nails, leaving both moons and tips exposed.

DURAGLOSS
Fingertip Allure

GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!
So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique

1. Quick Trick
For lasting fingertip allure, try this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—two coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick
When time is short, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—one coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write the manufacturers listed below:

Blue straw cloche hat
Wilshire,
65 West 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Alpaca dress with appenzell lace
Doris Dodson,
1120 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gabardine dress with checked gingham
R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Black dress with pink yoke
Debutante Frocks of Chicago,
237 South Market Street,
Chicago, Ill.

"Suns Kool" bolero and side wrap skirt
Jersey Mumsen

McArthur, Ltd.,
1572 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

White straw hat with daisies (About $12.75)
Goldenberg,
15 West 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Hats on costume
White with sweet peas
White with hyacinths (About $13.00)
Alfreda
15 West 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Blue with plaid bow (About $3.95)
Park Avenue Junior,
42 West 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

FILL BOXES (About $2.50)
Betmar,
3 West 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Gray with buttons (About $8.00)
Burnt sugar and beige (About $5.00)
John Frederics, Jr.,
By Betmar,
1 West 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

April showers bring May flowers and May brings Jeanne Crain in a lovely portrait on your Photoplay cover
Runaway Bride

(Continued from page 30) separated for more than a few hours. Now it had been more than a week since they had heard from one another—a terrible, tragic week that had begun on Christmas Eve, when Jeanne had walked out of her home, walking toward the man she loved and her mother and sister had opposed—the handsome, dashing Paul Brinkman.

Properly speaking, this story begins in a movie theater when Jeanne Crain was ten years old. Jeanne, her mother and sister Rita were very close. Papa was outside the circle because, while the girls were still very young, their parents separated.

It was all very politely done. The girls continued to see their father, and do to this day, and Mrs. Crain, being a Catholic, has never considered the possibility of re-marriage. Their father was their male mentor on anything that demanded male advice, and from him Jeanne and Rita undoubtedly get their never-ending interest in study. But with their mother they formed a circle that was never so much as dented until two and a half years ago when Paul Brinkman came along. Her mother lived nearby so that Grandmother Carr really ran the home.

JEANNE was dreamy. Rita was logical. Mama reasoned everything out with them. They were all, from Grandmother to Rita, entirely contrasting personalities, but they nevertheless seemed to like everything in common—sunsets, poetry, heavy books, good music, food, study, swimming, all sports, clothes. The girls were brought up with certain definite principles. The truth as an absolute ideal; generosity; free and open discussion on all subjects and a strict observance of their religion.

They were, of course, all together that day in her tenth year when a movie made such a definite impression on Jeanne's sensitive mind.

It was an adventure movie, "Captain Blood," starring a sensational new star, Errol Flynn.

"I've never forgotten what that movie did to me," Jeanne tells you now. "I could hardly sleep that night, thinking of Errol Flynn. Practically from that moment on she was determined to become an actress and to grow up and marry someone just as romantic as Errol Flynn.

A few years later she met Paul Brinkman, who had tried to succeed in pictures as Paul Brook, and who had been called "a second Errol Flynn." Jeanne saw Paul at a Sunday afternoon "brunch" party at Marshall Kester's ranch. She didn't meet him, for it was a big party, and she didn't even hear his name. "But I knew at once he was the one," she says.

He knew glancing across the crowded room that she was the one for him. Unfortunately, just as he was trying to find his host to introduce him to this dream doll, she slipped away. Brinkman tried to describe the girl. "She's so beautiful," he said, "slim with brown hair that has reddish highlights. She wears it in a long bob and her eyes looked grayish but wonderful and..."

"Calm down," said the host. "I entertain so many people. How can I remember exactly who was here? Besides Hollywood is full of beautiful girls."

There was nothing extraordinary in the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Kester didn't remember Jeanne Crain's name. Besides, it's a local custom for people to bring other people to Hollywood parties. It's all very casual. Nobody knew Jeanne Crain's name at that time, except the Crains and the paymaster at Twentieth...
LATER, after they had been properly introduced, Paul asked Jeanne if she saw him that day. Jeanne said, "No."

"The first thing I confessed to Paul after we were married," Jeanne says now, "was that that was the biggest lie I ever told in my life. I did see him that day and my heart began to beat like crazy."

Paul Brinkman throttled down his car to run along beside the little sedan, until the chorus of horns behind him made that impossible. But before he stopped being a one-man traffic jam, he noted down the license number and, equipped with that, he drove all the way down to Los Angeles Traffic Bureau, which did him no good whatsoever. Los Angeles doesn't casually tell what license plate belongs to whom.

Two months went by and then the modern god, Publicity, played Cupid. Paul Brinkman, now running a small war plant, met Jeanne while both were lunching at the Farmer's Market. He re-introduced himself and asked for a date. However, Jeanne (though delighted) was leaving shortly for location on "Home In Indiana," and it wasn't until many weeks later that they saw each other again.

The amazing part of it was that at their second meeting Jeanne didn't like Paul particularly. "He's too sophisticated," she told her mother. "He's got more money to spend and well, he's just too worldly." Jeanne didn't know," said her mother. "I think he's very charming."

Actually Mrs. Crain didn't think much about Paul, any more than she thought about Lon McCallister or (later) Henry King Jr., son of the famous director, or any of the other mob of boys, most of them from Loyola University, who were always hanging around Jeanne and Rita. She took refuge in the (Continued on page 96)
on your way up?

success of a dress
fresh as paint...new
as Springtime!
striking shoulders, a
handspan waist
and what a skirt
for swirling!

7.50

it's a Laura Lee original

Featured in America's finest junior departments. Where exactly?
Write to Laura Lee Frocks, Inc., 1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis
(Continued from page 94) safety of numbers and her trust in her two beautiful girls.

Besides, the family circle (Grandmother Carr had just died) was now entirely concentrated on Jeanne’s career in movies. If Jeanne had to be on the set at seven, which meant arising at five, they all went to bed the night before at eight, so she’d have enough sleep. Mrs. Crain drove Jeanne back and forth to the studio daily and saw to it that her idealistic nineteen-year-old daughter got proper food, a lot of rest and plenty of time for study. As far as her child’s earnings were concerned, since she was less than twenty-one, the California law automatically put fifty per cent of them into War Bonds, twenty-two per cent more went to taxes, ten per cent to an agent, leaving Jeanne a very modest personal income on which to live.

As for Jeanne, herself, with her native good sense and intelligence, she divided her days into what she called her public life, her public-private life, and her private-private life. The first meant her work and all that it demanded. The second meant things like her public dates with Lon McCallister, which her studio suggested and which Jeanne was agreeable to, since she has always been very fond of Lon. Her private-private life was when she was just being herself, at home with Mama and Rita, or double-dating with Rita.

But in the spring, summer and fall of 1944, the boys of eighteen to twenty began disappearing, on their ways to New Guinea, to Europe, to Attu, to China. But Paul Brinkman, as head of a small war plant, was told to stay home, and so, in what free time Jeanne had after finishing up “Home In Indiana” and “In The Meantime, Darling,” and “Winged Victory,” he was around, to take her places.

Actually, up until the fall of 1944, Jeanne had few dates alone with Paul. The very first one had been on New Year’s Eve of 1943. They went to a very small, private party together at the home of Tex Feldman, and when the lights were put out, in accordance with the old custom, at midnight, Paul kissed Jeanne.

“I was wearing a white taffeta dress embroidered in gold,” Jeanne says, “and I felt so grown up, and Paul kissed me so sweetly and in that moment before the lights were turned on again he said, ‘This is the girl I’m going to marry.’ He said it just like that—no ‘will you’ or anything.”

She wasn’t sure that she was Paul’s girl, that first moment of 1944, or even later in the summer, but his continual romantic wooing was winning her more than she knew. He taught her to play tennis—he being an expert at it; he rode horseback with her. A rich boy from birth, he told her (she, who had never been outside of California except on the “Home In Indiana” location trip) about the foreign lands he had visited, the foreign, romantic sights that he had seen. Her mother told her she was too young to settle down to one steady date and she abided by that advice. Nevertheless, when she and Rita were together, she found it hard to keep off the subject of marriage. The girls mentioned no names, but they discussed the weddings they would have. Rita would be Jeanne’s bridesmaid, Jeanne would be Rita’s.

When Christmas of 1944 came around, Jeanne wanted to give Paul a present. Her mother wouldn’t permit her giving him anything more personal that a very nice billfold. Jeanne obeyed, but Paul gave her a beautiful bracelet. This she knew her mother wouldn’t permit her to keep, so she hid it. It made her roman-
tically very happy, even though she was troubled, too. That bracelet was her first secret from her mother and sister.

The real romantic turning point came one early 1945 evening when Jeanne went out to The Tail of the Cock, a little restaurant which is not a show-off place like the Strip places but one where quiet, nice people go for very good food. Jeanne was with Henry King Jr. and she felt a wave of possessive jealousy sweep over her, when only a few tables away, she spied Paul with another girl.

Later that evening Paul and Jeanne talked long and ardently to one another by telephone. The upshot of it was that they agreed they'd never date anyone but one another.

"Oh, baby, you're so young," her mother said when Jeanne told her of this promise. "Please wait before you settle down to one man."

"I've waited a year and a half already." "Darling, do be cautious. Are you sure that Paul, charming as he is, is 'the home type'? Please, Jeanne, think this over a little longer. Promise me you will go for a little while without seeing Paul. If your love is real, it will survive the separation. If it isn't, you will have discovered the truth without hurting yourself or Paul too much."

Jeanne looked at her mother, whom she loved so deeply. "How long do you want me not to see Paul?"

"Six months. Can you agree to give yourself and Paul and me six months more?"

"Yes, mother, I can and I will."

JEANNE lived up to her word. Almost that is, and she probably would have lived up to it completely, if the night of the Japanese surrender had not come along. She did not see nor talk to Paul for more than four months. She worked and studied, studied along with Rita, who was attending U.C.L.A. and was majoring in psychology. The charmed circle was almost exactly what it had been two years earlier, until that night of the Japanese surrender. Paul called up, when the news broke. He begged Jeanne to see him, if only a moment.

"Oh, mother, may I, may I?" Jeanne begged.

What could her mother say? That was a night unlike any other in history, a night that would live forever in history. Against her better judgment, mama yielded.

Absence had done nothing except make Jeanne's love grow infinitely stronger. Now she dated Paul, night after night, and there was no longer any doubt that these were the dates of a young couple madly in love. August melted into September, into October, into November. Paul's war plant closed down.

"What will Paul do?" asked Mrs. Crain.

Jeanne is a dreamer. Jeanne truly believes that wishing will make it so. "Oh, something," she said.

"But what?"

"He's going to manufacture radios—he's got new patents—I know there aren't many materials now—but in the future it will be wonderful."

Mrs. Crain continued to drive Jeanne to and from the studio, but otherwise the charmed circle was troubled.

It became December 24. In the Westwood apartment, the Christmas tree was up, the Christmas presents lay under it. It began to rain. Jeanne had always loved the rain.

Jeanne had to work that day, so very little after dawn, she and Mama stood on their doorstep.

"Oh, Mother, isn't it a lovely day?" she cried.

She phoned her mother from the set, late that afternoon. "Don't come for me,
After hours later they were there. "Mother, Paul and I are not going to wait any longer," Jeanne announced. "We're going to have the bans published. We're going to get married. Please give your consent."

Her mother gasped, "Oh, Jeanne, I simply can't. You're still too young. Your future—your career—so much lies ahead of you. Darling, you've still so much time. Wait at least until Paul gets settled in his new work. Wait...."

"No, dear," said Jeanne. "I want to go to the church now and see about the bans and . . . ."

It was then that Mrs. Crain made her big mistake. She admits it now. She cried, "Jeanne, I forbid you . . . if you go tonight . . . Jeanne, I will not consent . . . Jeanne."

She saw Paul's arm about her daughter's waist. She saw the door closing behind them. She heard their feet moving away from the door, down the path that led away from the house.

It was Christmas Eve. She sat up all night long waiting for Jeanne's return. By morning she started phoning. But Jeanne was not at the Brinkman home. (Paul lived with his parents before he and Jeanne were married) nor at the home of any of her friends.

Jeanne had simply, but very thoroughly, disappeared.

Sleepless, worried, Mrs. Crain was to remember Jeanne's words: "It is fate that Paul and I met. It is fate that we shall marry. You lived, your life. I've got a right to live mine." Next month you will see how Jeanne worked out this most important step of her young and glowing life.

---

Have YOU

A Love-Problem?

MILLIONS OF WOMEN
married, single, young, middle-aged . . . are facing love-problems these days. Listen to some of these women solve their problems. Every morning, Monday through Friday, the fascinating radio program, "My True Story" presents a complete real-life drama from the files of True Story magazine. It's different from any other radio program on the air.

Tune in your
American Broadcasting
Company station
10:00 EST • 9:00 CST
11:30 MST • 10:30 PST

Coupled color
For you who are 5'5" and under

Dusky black or navy embraces color in brilliant duet for this slim hip swathed frock of rayon crepe. Choose it in black with aqua, navy with pink. Sizes 12 to 20.

Little Money Dress Shop—Fourth Floor
$7.90

Oppenhein Collins
Mail and phone orders filled while quantities last. WI 7-8200
(Please state size and second color choice.)
Add 1% City Sales Tax on prepaid orders for N.Y.C.
33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.
Introducing Cojo

(Continued from page 61) syllable word, even if they do know all the meanings.
When they pronounce their name, they say something like Jourrrrrr, which completely deceived Director Charles Vidor.

Vidor is a Hungarian. English, even when spoken with pear-shaped tones, throws him plenty. But Charlie gets the credit for discovering Cojo, even though three years back Walter Pidgeon said the kid was a natural star. We'll come to that yarn in a moment—but when Charlie first asked what Cojo stood for, he was told Courtland. When the boy pronounced his last name Jourrrrrr, Vidor thought that was his first name. In fact, he said to Cojo, "How should we spell Jerome?"

"Why, I don't care, sir," said Cojo, who has the most polite manners and is as naturally easy-going as Gary Cooper.

Charlie Vidor is just as naturally impatient. "How many 'r's,' how many "e's," he demanded.

"Why, I don't care. Does it matter, sir?" asked Cojo. It was weeks before he realized Vidor's mistake, together with the fact that Charlie had thought he was an idiot who didn't know how to spell his own moniker. By that time, his profession was set—and Cojo let it go at that.

Some of this easy approach was because he originally regarded the bit in "Together Again" as a kind of vacation prank. He was visiting his mother and his stepfather in Hollywood, where the latter is the very distinguished architect, Walter Wourdman.

He expected in the next couple of weeks to return to his prep school, Riverside Military Academy, at Gainesville, Georgia, and he had moments of regarding "Together Again" as a sort of a waste of his otherwise free time from lessons. But he didn't know his own talent for being completely natural in front of a camera. Once Columbia got a shot at his rushes, they started racing toward Cojo's mother to secure her okay on a contract. She was so amazed that she called up Walter Pidgeon for advice. Pidge recommended an agent, the agent went to Columbia, and Columbia began talking about putting Cojo in "Kiss And Tell."

Now part of the reason that Cojo was so natural, rather than impressed with Hollywood, is because he had been visiting it or New York and meeting celebrities ever since he can remember. He was nine when his mother and father separated, each of them getting half-year custody of him.

Even today, Mary Jourolmon is only in her mid-thirties, and she is strikingly beautiful. She looks identically like Cojo—or vice versa—the same straight black hair, the same sparkling eyes, the same luminous, intelligent face. She had always wanted to sing, and she knew James Melton. The moment she broke up her marriage, she went to New York and got Jimmy to arrange a radio audition for her. That was all she needed. She was engaged that very afternoon, and for three years thereafter, as Mary Courtland, she sang, mostly old Southern airs and spirituals, for NBC.

When the show she was with was brought to Hollywood, she came with it, only to meet Walter Wourdman and fall in love and give up all thoughts of a career. But since Walter Wourdman was the architect who did the Chester Morris and the Bob Montgomery houses, and many other movie homes, Mary, who has a natural talent for friendship, was very quickily in her famous-people element and lanky Cojo, spending his summers with her, grew as accustomed to fame and
took it as casually as most kids do sunshine. Actually, his major ambition—after he got over the usual kid routine of wanting to be a fireman and an explorer and a flier (he even tried for that in the Army but was too tall to make it) was to be a singer.

That's where Walter Pidgeon, a fine musician, came in. Can you imagine the debonair Pidge sitting around, night after night, nightly playing accompaniments for a fifteen-year-old kid? Well, he did—which will give you a fair idea of Cojo's charm and the excellence of his voice.

His musical taste is excellent, too. While his three-years-younger sister swarms over Frankie and rolls her eyes over Bing, Cojo collects symphonic records strictly. These and snakes. He is particularly keen for snakes and does not like, though he respects, his mother's edict that they are not to be brought into the house. But generally speaking, he hates the radio. So what was "Kiss And Tell?" The story of "Corliss Archer!" When they told Cojo that maybe, perhaps, he would get to play Dexter Franklin, he groaned, "That dope!"

The amusing part was that if he didn't particularly want the part, F. Hugh Herbert, who wrote the original role, didn't particularly want him for it, either. Harry Cohen, head of Columbia, and George Abbott, the Broadway producer who was bringing the play to the screen, both were delighted with Cojo, but Herbert kept remembering the boy who had played it on Broadway. In fact, he attended a rehearsal Cojo was going through, prior to his screen test, and talked about his performance. "Why can't you be more like him?" he demanded.

"Why, he was a kind of a short Yankee type, sir," said Cojo. "I don't think, if you've got that type in mind sir, there's any sense testing me."

Mr. Herbert, with the shouts of Messrs. Cohen and Abbott ringing in his ears, gave in.

Cojo's mother—whom he calls "Mommym"—wasn't too sure whether, by this time, the kid really wanted an acting career or merely more time off from school. So she didn't make it too easy for him. Westminster Village, where the Wourdimans live, is better than a mile away from Columbia Studios. Mr. Wourdiman used the family car to take himself to his office. Thus, if Cojo meant to get to Columbia, he had either to go by bus—which takes forever because of bad connections—or hitchhike.

Mr. Herbert, in fact, when his superlative notices on "Kiss And Tell" came out, his only comment was, "Well, maybe I can pick up a hitch easier now." (So what happened to him on his first three-day pass in Japan? He wanted to go to Tokyo—and the only way he could make it was to hitch. He did.)

He was excited about "Kiss And Tell" but no more impressed than he had been with "Together Again." He and Shirley, because of their ages, formed a quick friendship but he stood for no nonsense from the little queen. There was, for instance, the day he beat her at Ping-pong and Shirley stamped her feet angrily and said, "Oh, darn you!" She got a spontaneous Cojo reaction. He bled a quick hand toward the spot where Mama Temple used to play the hairbrush and said, "Now, don't be a rotten sport."

Just before he was sent overseas he signed a long-term contract with Columbia. There's no doubt of the triumphant career that will await him on his return to civilian life. Cojo is pleased by that but it doesn't occupy his whole thought.

The subject who does is fifteen but already five feet nine, and part Norwegian, part French, named Marit Coja. She is an outdoor type of girl, very horsey, yet musical and serious-minded. There's a little soda parlor in Hollywood, called Brownie's, which Cojo and Marit sit at every afternoon before he sailed. Cojo and Marit sit at long horseback rides together eight miles away from Columbia Studios. Cojo calls them his "Clubhouse" friends, which makes everything very pleasant all the way around—and a couple of distant, elapsed years can reveal the character of any love.

Meanwhile "Mommym" is stacking up the fan mail, which is now coming in by the hundreds of thousands and trying to send out the right answers to him and Cojo is having what he calls "a very managed tour of the Far East" while trying to be a good soldier and both of them—and Columbia—are pretty much what he has, please heaven, stopped growing.

The End

Sweeping into popularity on the wind of high quality belied by a whiff of a price... True Form girdles, turning your torso into a slim arrow headed straight for compliments. Designed to mould your figure... priced to balance your budget.

At better stores $5

Fashion-figure Bras . . . . . . $1

'NEATH IT ALL... YOUR

TRUE FORM

PHILA., NEW YORK

Jerome Courtland with his mother, who was a singer before her second marriage. Atwater Kent and Cojo's stepfather, Walter Wourdiman in a moment of high humor.
Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in fortified food.

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified supplementary food-drink, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health, including those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and Vitamin C can't do their complete jobs in body-tissue building without high-quality protein. Vitamin B1 and energy-food act together for vitality. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus also need each other. You get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine? If you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals needed for robust health.

Read what you get in 2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE

- more VITAMIN C than 4 ounces of Tomato Juice
- more VITAMIN A than 2 servings of Peas
- more VITAMIN D than 10 ounces of Butter
- more FOOD-ENERGY than 2 servings of Ice Cream
- more NIACIN than 6 slices of Enriched Bread
- more CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS than 2½ servings of American Cheese
- more PROTEIN than 3 Eggs
- more VITAMIN B1 than 3 servings of Oatmeal
- more IRON than 3 servings of Spinach
- more VITAMIN G than ¾ pound of Sirloin Steak
- more VITAMIN B than 3 servings of American Cheese

New Way TO GET MORE GOOD FROM VITAMINS
She's Like This
(Continued from page 44) cold parnips, always hesitates about eating new dishes but has never failed to like one, once tried. She loathes dieting but has to do same. Recently she painted herself a motif for her bedroom door—"nothing is crueler than a crucifer."
She's most excited right now about: That twenty-first birthday. Up until then she was a ward of the court, which told her what she couldn't do with her own earnings. It kept her, for instance, down to $800 a year for clothes which, for a young actress, is really tough going. She's splurging now on Adrian evening gowns and suits, which she adores wearing on hospital tours to startle the boys. Being twenty-one lets her sign her own contracts, which means she can fight more for the parts she wants. She can stay out nearly all night without landing in theboosegow, and does once in a while. She remained at the Photographers' Ball till three A.M., slept till one the next afternoon, forgetting all about her ballet lesson, a sin of omission that never happened to her before.
What she wants to be twenty years from now: A perfect, glamorous, exciting wife and a brainy, progressive, ideal mother, with at least three children and many more, if her husband can afford them, and definitely out of pictures.
She yearns to: Act her age. At fifteen she played Gary Cooper's wife. At sixteen, she was Jimmy Cagney's spouse. Not until "Janie Gets Married!" was she permitted to be young and capture a young husband. It made her positively giddy.
For a real-life husband she wants: A tall, healthy athlete. She'd prefer he weren't an actor, but she won't quibble if, in addition to being a sportsman, he's also humorous, understanding and has a good education. She doesn't even consider the thought that she might marry more than once or outside her church.
What she cooks best: Cookies, all kinds; tea and coffee, salads, all varieties. She loves to play around with all the outlandish recipes published on the sides of boxes, such as trying to make cake from bran flour. The results are seldom worth the effort. In fact, she confesses that while she could provide her husband with a fairly good breakfast and lunch, it would be wisest for her and her husband to have dinner out every night.
The only things she hates: Herself when late, and she always is late; the sun on the windshield when she is driving home after another with bad eyesight; because she has to live up to any hurled at her; herself picking at her nails; her bad habit of letting conversations die, because she is timid socially; columnists who keep asking her why she doesn't go out more to night clubs; the ringing of the telephone; dogs barking at night and people coying about them. Lately, with Bob Williams, a publicity man; Johnny Sands, young Selznick player; Johnny Miles, leading man on her own home lot.
She reads: Her scripts; biographies; the Oxford Book of English Verse; the Shakespeare Sonnets and all romantic poetry. At the drop of a hat she will recite to you Marlowe's "A Passionate Shepherd To His Love" or Wordsworth's "She Was A Phantom Of Delight." These send her.
What she wants no more of: Advice. In her nineteen years of acting, she's been advised by every person who her mother, father and older sisters through Gary Cooper, Fred MacMurray, Jimmy Cagney to Humphrey Bogart. She has learned to listen with respect but also and then follow her own judgment. The only person she has ever encountered who

FOR YOUR HAIR
Spring Freshness...ALL YEAR ROUND

Loveliest Lustre...Quick, Clean ...with Blended Vegetable Oils

Capture the beauty of the stars in your hair with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—so easy to use, so quick, so delightfully cleansing!

No other shampoo can adorn your hair with loveliest lustre, more natural-looking sparkle and brilliance, daintier springtime softness, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from blended vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, completely...not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—leaves scalp refreshingly clean, hair radiantly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the coupon.

Free Trial Size

Includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Magna Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one application of each with easy directions for famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet: "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 554, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.................................................. Please print plainly

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

City.................................................. State..................
didn't advise her is Bob Hutton. She advised him. That's why he's her favorite leading man. "He made me feel so much more secure myself," she says.

If she couldn't act she'd: Go to college and study French and psychology; try to write and paint (she draws not at all bad caricatures right now) to work to acquire enough social pose to be a superb hostess though she would never want big parties.

What she loves most: Her family and her career; simple, spontaneous parties that feature singing; Lake Arrowhead in the summer; tennis games; swimming; a Ping-pong tournament between friends; badminton in her own back yard. Ambitiously she is like the young Joan Crawford—she studies everything. When Warner Brothers was closed by the strike, thereby locking her out of her dance studio, she hired her own studio, so she missed only one lesson.

Her favorite colors: Bright ones. She used to wear blue because it was most becoming, but now she finds she responds to the seasons. The clothes she likes best to wear are slacks and blouses. The slacks are usually black but her blouses, in spring, are the blue of hyacinths, the pink of tulips, the yellow of narcissus. In midsummer, they get scarlet as poppies and in winter they become either very black or pure white.

Her suppressed desire: To beat one particular director over the head until he is put out of business for some time.

Her greatest enthusiasm: People, all kinds of people. "I've traveled enough, and I've had money enough and attention enough to know that only people, that is, friends, are exciting, kind and real," she says. That's why she hates night clubs and big parties. "You can't get to know anybody at them." That's also why she's not afraid of growing old. "I'll know so many more folks by then and have time for all of them."

THE END

It's The Silver Anniversary of

The Society for Crippled Children, Inc.

Make it truly great
by buying their lovely seals.

Send contributions to them at
Elyria, Ohio

Today!
English with Blonde Accent

(Continued from page 56) get into the movies, the agents who were handling her affairs didn’t give her too much encouragement, neither did her friends. “You’re not the type,” they contended. “You look so different.” . . . “You’re not a pretty little blonde” . . . “You are too tall” . . . “Your eyes are too big” . . . “Your accent is so British.”

Oh yes, there were plenty of things against her, or at any rate it seemed so at the time. Today whatever may have been to her disadvantage she has turned into an asset. Maybe she learned how while she stood there behind that counter selling creams, powders and perfumes to the women of Hollywood. Today the only comment Angela has about the months as a salesgirl is, “At any rate, it smelled good.”

There came a time in the month of July, 1943, when Angela took what she called “a vacation without pay.” Somehow through a friend of hers she got on to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. There she learned that George Cukor wanted a girl to play the part of the Cockney maid in “Gaslight.” At the same time, she was told that an actress was needed for the love interest in “Dorian Gray.” Cukor gave her a test, the first she had ever made in her life. The very first time she ever stood before a motion-picture camera in a studio—and she wasn’t a bit scared. She was, however, amazed. She was impressed by the way everybody went about their business as if they were selling potatoes or digging trenches. But, as she says, “I knew what they wanted. I knew my lines and just went ahead. You see, I had a character to bite into. If it had been a test which was just supposed to show how I looked, I would have been scared, but in this case I had a job I knew, which was acting.”

Shortly after her visit to M-G-M, Angela’s agent notified her that he had a contract ready for her to sign with Metro and, what was more, the contract was a very good one. It’s been getting better ever since she walked Angela’s story behind “a Gaslight” an unknown and came out a sensation.

Angela Lansbury has been called a beauty, extremely plain, glamorous homey, attractive. The truth is that she seldom looks the same. There is a changeling quality that goes with the moods of most good actresses. So it is with Angela. But there are still some factors about her appearance that are fixed. She’s tall, about five-foot-seven. She has undeniably beautiful skin, huge blue eyes, as expressive as those of a young doe. Everything registers in Angela’s eyes. Her smile starts there. Irony can be read in them and her set somehow is balanced between those eyes and the most sensitive mouth in Hollywood, which looks very much like mouths had to look in the Victorian era: Full, small, sensual but controlled.

She’s blonde and superior, with a great facility for getting on with people. She knows no discrimination. As a child she used to walk into the street and talk to the workmen. She had long conversations with the milkman, and yet she was the favorite of her grandfather, the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, a Member of Parliament. She hasn’t changed a bit. Her manner, her conversation is as friendly and charming toward a grip on the set as it is to her big boss, Louis B. Mayer.

She’s probably one of the most determined young women in Hollywood. Today it seems as if nothing and no obstacle could ever get in her way which she would not be able to remove quickly and efficiently. In fact she gives you the impression of capability far beyond her years.

She’s one of the few who doesn’t talk about reading books. She reads them. You never see Angela without a book under her arm, but she’s also interested in painting and she’s good at it. She sees a great number of movies. She can dance. She can sing. There isn’t an hour of the day where she isn’t doing something to improve either her mind or her talent. Boys of her own age are scared of her. She’s not the jitterbugging type and not a Daddy’s girl. She goes out a great deal and never does anything for the effect. In fact she belongs to the very few who learned at an early age one of the most difficult tasks, namely: The art of living. Mrs. George Lansbury comes to mind like a meteoric and quick success. It is the former but not the latter.

She was, as you know, born in London. Her mother Mayma Macgill was one of yesteryear’s darlings of the English stage. And ever since Angela can remember she has been part of (Continued on page 106)
The original and exclusive unforgettable perfumes, with a double devotion to your loveliness... perfumes with the magic plus of effective, refreshing, deodorizing qualities endowed by our sensational Lodorante discovery. Lavish freely all over the body. L'Orle PARFUM LODORANTE envelops you in an aura of fragrant freshness and protects your social grace because the fragrances stay perspiration-proof all day long.

Choice of Bewitching Fragrances:

- CAFE SOCIETY
- SYNOPSIS
- TRESPASS
- BEWARE
- DARE ME
- TUMBLEWEED

$1.00 to $3.00
(All prices subject to Federal Tax)
In Leading Stores Everywhere

L'ORLE'S COLLECTION OF PERFUME ACCESSORIES IN SAME MATCHING FRAGRANCES

- "RARE ESSENCE"... Pure Rare Essence for the purse, $2.50 + "CONCENTRATED PERFUME"... $5.00 to $15.00 + "FRAGRANCE ENSEMBLE FOUR"... Perfume Accessories Kit— the set... $5.50 + "LITTLE MISS L'ORLE"... The Teen-age fragrance kit.
- "CUP CAKE" FRAGRANCE only—the set... $5.00 + "PARFUM-AIR" CONDITIONER... For your home or office, $2.00 and $5.00 + "LODORANTE DUET"... Liquid & Cream Parfum Lodorante... the set... $2.00

Copyrighted 1946
PARFUM L'ORLE, INC.—6 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
YOU FEEL SAFER when your napkin has this triple-proved deodorant!

THE VERY IDEA OF OFFENDING AT SUCH TIMES GIVES ME THE FIDGETS.

WAKE UP, DARLING! THAT NEW MODESS HAS A TRIPLE-PROVED DEODORANT RIGHT IN IT!

Why let the dread of offending haunt you—when Modess now has a triple-proved deodorant?

YES, TRIPLE-PROVED: proved effective by Modess chemists; proved tops in 26 tests by impartial laboratories; proved a hit with thousands who've tried the new Modess!

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no sprinkling or spilling!

FREE! SEND for “Growing Up and Liking It,” a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation. Write Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 343-G, Milltown, N. J.

GREATER SOFTNESS! 3 out of 4 women found Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

GREATER SAFETY! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

COSTS NO MORE, so next time get luxurious new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant. Box of 12 is only 22¢.

(Continued from page 104) the theater. In 1934 her father died and left his little family, consisting of Angela and her two brothers, Edward and Bruce, to a still young and very beautiful mother to take care of. It was hard going, very hard indeed. When children were being evacuated from London during the awful days of the blitz, Angela refused point blank to leave. She insisted on learning how to act, on going to a dramatic school. When Moyna Mackrell took her to America, to be guest of a well-known rich New York family, she promised to take care of seven extra children. The other children never did arrive in this hemisphere, because the C of Benaris, on which they sailed, was sunk.

The first few years in America were filled with privations—Angela at thirteen knew how to turn a penny twice before spending it.

Before her marriage to Richard Cromwell, Angela lived with her mother in house she bought in the hills. It practically hung on the edge of a cliff with view which took your breath. And was a welcome you get! Warm, hearty and friendly that your heart went out to these two lovely English women.

“Angela was such a dignified, self-contained child,” Mrs. Lansbury would tell you. “There always was something about her which made people keep their distance. She never wanted anyone to touch her. There was that day in the crypt of the House of Commons when the twin were christened and the clergyman tried to hang a cross around Angela’s neck. It was a great honor, but she started screaming, pulled off the cross and threw it on the floor. She never liked to have people take what she considered liberties with her.”

It’s incredible how well Angela and her mother get on. There isn’t the usual mother-daughter attitude at all. The two are like sisters. Angela’s explanation on why they are so congenial is simple and to the point. “Mother moves down to me, and I move up to her. That’s the secret of a good relationship.”

Make A Date
Every Sunday Afternoon

The dramatic pages of True Detective Magazine come to life before the microphone . . .

TRUE DETECTIVE IS ON THE AIR!

Yes, the same kind of entertaining stories of outstanding feats in crime detection that have made True Detective one of the most exciting American magazines are now brought to your radio.

TUNE IN
“True Detective Mysteries”
4:30 p.m. EST 2:30 p.m. MST
3:30 p.m. CST 1:30 p.m. PST

Over your local MUTUAL NETWORK STATION
Incidentally, it was because of her mother that she finally met Richard Cromwell.

"Dick and I," says Angela, "smiled at each other vaguely on vague occasions for a long time. I thought I’d like him—and I thought he might like me, too. But nothing happened until some time last April when Jerry Asher invited Mother and me to dinner, saying that Dick Cromwell wanted to meet Mother whom he had admired so much in 'The Clock'. I nearly didn’t go. What girl wants to tag along when a man is so anxious to meet her mother?" But she did go and there began a romance so quiet that it escaped Hollywood's most attentive gossipers for months. Then one day last September Angela went to Mr. Mayer's office and inquired, timidly, whether he would mind if she were to be married.

Mr. Mayer astounded her by giving his blessing and adding, "But if you really want to do it, do it now. The studio has so many plans for you that there is no telling when you'll get away if it isn't now."

THAT'S why it was all so frantic. Dick had designed a combination ring for her—a band of diamonds (engagement) entwined with the conventional plain gold wedding band. Their plans were so hasty that this sentimental tribute had to be delivered to the bride, instead of the groom, before they took off for their wedding.

They had planned to be married at Lake Tahoe but, due to an oil leak in Dick's car and a flat tire, they barely made it to Independence, California, by nightfall. The courthouse was closed and they had no marriage license and no hotel reservations. Well, you know how young love is! Dick dug up the sheriff who turned out to be an extremely energetic and helpful soul. He found the county clerk, who was just preparing dinner for a tired, hungry husband. And he found a motel where they could change their clothes—and the manager wouldn't take a penny for the use of his cabin! The clerk met them (after she had fed the husband) at the court house and made out a license while the kind, kind sheriff hunted up a justice of the peace and, himself, changed to a white shirt and black tie because he had every intention of being best man!

"He certainly deserved to be best man!" says Angela. "And he was. The district attorney's secretary was the other witness—the poor county clerk had to rush home to soothe her ruffled husband!"

They how they came to be married in the jail building. It was the only place available! But when it came to the actual ceremony, it was as solemn and tender as they could have wished it.

She even had flowers. At the last moment her mother had tucked a box into the car with a bouquet of tiny white roses inside, carefully packed in damp cotton and tied with a white satin ribbon. "Just in case there should be no florists open"—which there certainly were not!

When they reached Bishop that night, the car was boiling briskly and it went right on doing it all through a brief honeymoon which took them to Tahoe (at last) and to Reno (Dick said she might as well make up her mind immediately about a divorce), to Virginia City, Carson City, San Francisco and Carmel. All in a week!

Now they are "at home" in Dick's hill-side house above Hollywood, both skin-softening, smoothing effect.

This even finer Jergens is in the stores, very same bottle, still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No hampering oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

10¢
When the Man Is Milland

Continued from page 51) occasionally, but I can't go there any more. Even the barkeep rolls a leering eye at me. Strangers nudge each other and mutter: 'There goes Milland, tying into another snootful.' Then they sit like buzzards, waiting, waiting for me to fall on my face.'

Consider the letters he gets. The first big crop of mail came from members of the United States armed services who saw the picture overseas, long before its domestic release. Twelve hundred men and women wrote confidentially to Ray Milland. These are possibly the most unusual fan letters any star ever received. Not one asked for a picture or an autograph. No one said that Ray Milland was his favorite actor. Many of them mentioned Ray not at all. They wrote about themselves, didn't give addresses in some instances, apparently finding relief in telling their story to someone they thought would understand it.

"I feel shabby about it, but I haven't answered those letters. I don't know how to answer them. From what little I do know, each case of alcoholism is individual. Generalities won't help these people. What do I do? They need help as much as any cancer victim ever needed help. Do you suppose Alcoholics Anonymous could take over?"

With all this on his mind, and with the feeling of responsibility this would inspire in any decent citizen, Ray also has to contend with the task of repelling gossip hounds who still want to insist that his married life is on the rocks. It is not on the rocks. It is about as happy an alliance as any two persons, male and female, ever achieved. What Ray wants to do is lead a normal life, to go skiing, to own a sixty-foot cruiser, to listen to good music, to see as much ballet as possible, to play with his five- and a-half-year-old son Danny, and not to be bothered much. Especially, he doesn't want to be bothered much.

Ray walks by people on the Paramount lot, where he has worked for twelve years, and does not speak to them, more often than not. He was taken to task for this by a friend of long standing.

"I want to be nice to everybody," Ray said, "but I always wait for them to speak to me first."

The friend explained tersely that it was up to him to speak first, that he was the star, that he had to make the gracious gesture. Ray didn't accept this theory whole heartedly, but he has been making a commendable effort lately. The smiling responses he gets rather astonish him.

He refuses to discuss his work seriously. Immediately after "The Lost Weekend" was released, there was talk about an Academy Award. Ray seemed rude when friends mentioned it.

"I was embarrassed," he said. "If I said nothing, people thought I was ungrateful, or dumb. If I got into a row, I'd go back to the States."

He refused to discuss his work seriously. Immediately after "The Lost Weekend" was released, there was talk about an Academy Award. Ray seemed rude when friends mentioned it. "It was embarrassing," he said. "If I said nothing, people thought I was ungrateful, or dumb. If I got into a row about it, people said, 'There goes Milland with his hand out already for the Oscar.'"

"I wanted it, sure. Who doesn't? Ever stop to think this is the only industry in the world that has an absolute pinnacle? You win that Academy thing, and you are it. Where else could you find a job in which that sort of thing could happen to you?"

What Ray Milland values more than awards or acclaim are opportunities to hurry up to Al Bu, a town down to Balboa, California, for sailing and fishing. He doesn't go off those high jumps as a skier, although he's pretty good. "Those leaps are for professionals. I'm neither a professional nor a nut. But the
whole family skiis. Mal just won a silver star for it and Danny is learning, with lots of falling down." He admits that he is a first-rate angler. Off Bahia, he goes after swordfish, tuna and deep-sea bass. He has owned a yacht but doesn't own one now—a sixty-foot cruiser is his chief ambition this side of Paradise. He can tell you precisely how a gasoline engine works, if you don't stop him. He is more than likely to tell you if you do stop him. He doesn't repair his own car.

"No fun. Too simple." His recent and temporary separation from Mal was a heartbreak thing, but quickly repaired. Mal is an unusually beautiful young woman. She dresses smartly. Ray is proud of her and proud of her clothes. His best friends admit that sometimes he is a hard man to live with, Welsh and moody, and he confesses that this is true. But there is utterly no question about his devotion to his wife, or about her devotion to him.
The Millands live in a ten-room English type house in Beverly Hills. They are pretty quiet about it. They go out seldom. Friends who want to see them, come to them. Ray's best friends are Jerry Asher, a publicist, the Fred MacMurrays, Eddie Rubin and Roy Crane and Ann Sothern and it's hard to think of others. These people drop in at any time, mix their own drinks, do what they please. Ray may or may not pay much attention to them. Often as not, he is sunk in an armchair listening to a suite from Daphnis, or Swan Lake, or Chloe. At any rate, the music is likely to be ballet music.

He has a theory that his small son should be taught ballet because it would make him graceful, but Mal has successfully objected to this. Like all females, she considers it a miracle that her men-folks don't drown themselves. Danny always goes fishing with his father, and hasn't fallen overboard yet. Mal does not understand gasoline motors, either.

She approves of the skiing and the three thousand symphony records and of just about anything else that Ray Milland thinks or does.

Ray's happiest experience, as he tells it, was in taking his wife on her first trip to Europe in 1936.

"I always took Europe for granted. I was born there. So I was astonished by her delight and her wonder. It was the swearest thing that ever happened to me. I have much more fun watching people have fun than in trying to have fun myself.

"He is a work horse, actually. He immediately made three pictures on top of "The Lost Weekend." He has never complained about being used as leading man to introduce bevy, liberally, of new Paramount girls. It was always safe to team them with Milland; he was a nationally advertised commodity, sure of an audience, and the girls always got a good start with him. The list of newcomers who made their debuts with Ray includes several notables, especially Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake; but if you should cast him tomorrow opposite Susie Applebloom, he would take it in stride. He gets two weeks' vacation a year.

"Next year? A year ago, he tried to be a Hollywood agent years ago, being out of work as an actor, and failed. He was enchanted to go to work for Paramount at $250 a week in 1933, and he could be happy today on less. He is a romanticist, as his preference for ballet vouchsafes, and he regrets that he did
not arrive in New York aboard that happy craft, the *Ile de France* in the Nineteen-twenties, when the world was nonchalant. He is six-feet-two and lean. In his extreme youth, he served as a member of the British Household Cavalry, the King's personal bodyguard; when he donned tight pants to act in "Kitty," a costume picture, he used his Fort Knox, as Paulette Goddard, it was widely remarked that Milland could wear pretty britches as well as any man living. He never sat down as if he were afraid his seams would burst.

In his social moods Milland is quick, inquiring, polite, sarcastic, amusing. In his dark-of-the-moon periods he is as dour as a mortician at the Fountain of Youth.

"He has an inferiority complex," one of his close friends and admirers whispered confidentially, as if imparting the combination to Fort Knox.

An inferiority complex is something your psychiatrist says happened to you because you fell in love with your hobby horse at the age of four, or because you developed nausea over your grandmother's cooking. In Ray's instance, it is explained that he got an inferiority complex because he had two lovely sisters. He himself, according to this scientific gossip, was tall, awkward and suppressed. He became an actor as a defense mechanism.

Believe this if you like, consult a Viennese head-feeler or rub a crystal ball. It's fiddle-faddle. The guy has no more got an inferiority complex than Winston Churchill has mumps. An actor with an i.e. would be clamoring for flattery and avid for publicity. Milland has been a star for years. He knows his worth and he knows his job. His legs are long enough to reach the ground. He likes kudos but gets no more elated about it than, say, Sinclair Lewis gets excited when he finishes a new novel. He has no more pose than a country doctor.

Proof of this is that he doesn't go to the poseur's extreme, the "I want to be alone" stunt. Milland is available if you make sense and if you don't push him around. But, as aforesaid, he won't play at being a motion-picture star, won't go night-clubbing, won't be lordly.

"A gasoline motor works on a very simple principle. You take the carburetor. . . ." He isn't impressed because, after all, he made three distinct grand entrances into Hollywood, having crossed the ocean to make them, and failed twice. He takes his current fame in the stride of a businessman hurrying from one not-too-difficult appointment to the other. Unquestionably, Ray has glamour. The women say so. You don't stay up there as a major star for years if you haven't. He doesn't seem to notice that either. He is as casual with fame as a baby with a hundred-dollar bill.

Ray likes to argue, but he also has the sensationally charming habit of being a good listener. He is an ardent Californian, pointing out that merely to be allowed to live in a place where you can live on a sunny beach getting tanned in the morning—and decide to go bobsledding in the afternoon, and do it, is the next thing to heaven on earth. Why knock yourself out of making like a star? Engines, ballet, a small boy, a pretty wife, fish to catch, these are the important things—when the man is Milland.

**The End**

---

**JUST SUPPOSE**

The ad reads: "We have 26,000 pairs of Nylons on sale today!"

And you rush down to get your share. . . .

But when you arrive at the store

**YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY THEM—**

because price ceilings are no longer in force those precious nylons cost more than your pocketbook can spare.

**IT CAN HAPPEN!**

Instead of $1.35 or $1.55 a pair for those scarce nylons, you could be charged as high as $5.00. Not only nylons, but clothes, rent, food would skyrocket beyond the reach of your income.

**HOLD THE PRICE LINE**

1. Never pay more than ceiling prices
2. Buy what you really need
3. And remember . . .

**BONDS ARE BRACERS IN THE INFLATION DAM!**

**KEEP BUYING THEM!**
EVELYN BYRD LAPRADE—This lovely young member of the distinguished Byrd family of Virginia is delighted with Pond's new "sheer-gauge" powder. "It brings exquisitely clear, subtle color to my skin!" Miss Laprade says.

Heart of a Yankee

(Continued from page 43) Broadway. But the fact remained—he didn't want to be a star on Broadway, he didn't want to go back on the stage. His whole ambition, his whole desire was centered, as it had been for years, upon the movies. And the long, lonely six months had added fuel to that flame. He didn't know anybody, he had nowhere to go, they wouldn't even let him in the actors' commissary at Warners most of the time, so he had spent afternoon after afternoon, evening after evening, at the movies on Hollywood Boulevard, the big palatial houses like Grauman's Chinese, The Egyptian, Warner Brothers and Paramount. He had a regular circuit of all the neighborhood houses, sometimes seeing again pictures he'd already seen, sometimes seeing anything of Garbo's three or four times.

"I was," Van told me with a grin, "undoubtedly Hollywood's most persistent fan. If they wouldn't let me on the screen, I could at least go and see them."

| In a long letter to his dad, Van had explained that he was on his way East. | | | | | | | | | | | | |}

"I just didn't make the grade," the boy from New England wrote, "and while sometimes I try to kid myself I never could kid you, Dad, and so you'll know how darn unhappy I am. I still think pictures are the one and only. I'd still rather be in them than anything else, and besides I've fallen in love with California. I had a little car—I've sold it now of course—and I did some driving around, down to the beaches and up to the mountains and this is a beautiful place to live. I've had that much out of it anyhow. I'm not squawking. I expect if I really had anything somebody would have spotted it. But at the same time, it doesn't seem like I've had quite a fair chance. Of course being in front of a camera for the first time was so exciting I nearly exploded. You know how it is, Dad. You dream about something and think about it and then it happens and you know it's true but you don't believe it just the same. There I was, and the lights and the cameras and the director and all the things—but I sure do look different than I expected, but partly that is because they made me dye my hair black, so probably if you ever do see it, which I don't think you will, you won't recognize me at all. I feel pretty low."

"You'll feel glad I'm home," Van had said, "and I'll remember how we used to talk and how I used to say someday I'd get to Hollywood. Well, I got here and now I'm going back and I think before I stop in New York and see about a job I'll come up and see you, so keep your eye peeled and I'll be along and lots of love from me, Van."

He had written his father a great many letters while he was in Hollywood—but up to that very last one they had all been hopeful. Even when things were toughest, even when he'd been taken over to Columbia for a couple of small parts and things hadn't gone so well.

But Van wasn't destined to make that trip back to New York, it would appear on the surface, because a certain group of people converged that night at Dave Chasen's. The cast that was to play destiny to Van Johnson consisted of a New York detective named Gorman, the then District Attorney of Brooklyn and now Mayor of New York, William O'Dwyer, that brilliant young actress Lucille Ball, and the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer casting director, Billy Grady.

Everything, Van says, happened at once. Gorman and O'Dwyer arrived and there was a shot in the arm, because O'Dwyer always makes everybody feel better just by being there. "And the point was," Van tells...
it, "that when Billy Grady came in I wasn't sitting there with my leg between my legs and looking licked and forlorn, I was having quite a good time with a couple of very important guys." For Billy Grady came in just after Lucille Ball, and Lucille, who'd met the big blond boy from Rhode Island somewhere, called his attention to Van Johnson.


Bill Grady looked—and when he looks he sees. Not just what's there, but what might be there, which is why he is tops as a casting director. He didn't say anything, he didn't tell Lucille Ball and he hasn't told many people that he'd seen Van Johnson in "Pal Joey" in New York when the boy had a bit part a little better than a chorus man. That he'd suggested then he come to Hollywood, but somehow the deal got mixed up with this and that and Van went to Warners.

So he strolled over and said, "What are you doing? It's funny you wouldn't look me up." But to me the other day Grady said, "I knew why he didn't. It was pride. He has a lot of pride, that boy. He didn't want to admit he was licked because he was too young to know that everybody gets licked sometimes and it doesn't matter."

Van said he was going back to New York the next day and Billy Grady said, "Oh, I wouldn't do that. You better come out and see me first. Maybe you're ready to learn the picture business now."

It was, Grady told me, nobody's fault exactly that Van Johnson had failed in those first attempts. "Inexperience," he says, "that's all. You may have the greatest personality on earth, but you have to know how to put it over. I figured this boy had the most likable personality I ever saw—and if he was willing to learn the tricks of his trade he'd be important."

Next day, Van Johnson went out to M-G-M and that was the beginning of the greatest success story of modern motion pictures. They brought him along slowly, carefully. They eliminated that awe of the camera and managed to keep the thrill and excitement that motion pictures are and I think always will be to Van Johnson. If you enjoy seeing his pictures, he enjoys making them even more.

"The War Against Mrs. Hadley" introduced him to a public that reacted with violence and he was beginning to be talked about as M-G-M's coming "bet" when the all-but-fatal accident happened.

A routine—for Van—trip to the studio one night where they were going to run a Spencer Tracy picture for him. He was driving—his own car now—and with him were Keenan and Evie Wynn, his two closest friends in Hollywood. Crossing a main intersection a car didn't stop for a red light—and the spectacular career of Van Johnson almost ended. The fight for his life went on for days and they held up the picture in which he gave his first great performance, "A Guy Named Joe."

And in those days and nights in the hospital he faced death quietly and without fear and something at the core of him became strengthened.

From there on, his work moved on and up and you know it all as well as I do—"Two Girls And A Sailor," "Dr. Gillespie," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo."

But of the personal life of Van John-
son, the things which this swift and incredible personal triumph (for there has never on the screen been a triumph more directly connected at all times and in every way with sheer personal charm and magnetism) not so much is known. And that, you see, is because you can take a man out of New England but you can never take New England out of a man. He is still the boy who was brought up with all the rigid and almost austere formulas and manners, the self-respect and reserve, the lack of easy familiarity of a small New England town.

Now, he lives in a large and exclusive hotel—and hankers with all his being for a home.

"Then why in the world don't you buy a house?" I said to him one day when we were seeing some tennis matches in company with a group of other tennis enthusiasts.

For a moment, Van watched with awe and admiration the perfect technique of Bill Tilden defeating Les Stoffel, and then he said simply, "But what would I do? I never had a servant in my life, I wouldn't know how to give orders, I wouldn't know how to run a house."

Which brought us, naturally, to the subject of marriage, for a man who admittedly wants a home, and doesn't know how to run one, needs a wife.

There are a number of reasons, I find, why Van Johnson hasn't married. The most important is, of course, that he hasn't found the right girl, hasn't been swept off his feet by anyone so that the old, old feeling of having to marry her takes possession. He is still thinking of marriage with his head, not his heart. During his five years in Hollywood Van Johnson has liked a lot of girls, gone out with them, had fun with them and ended up being their best friends and prospective uncle to their offspring. Gloria De Haven was his favorite dancing partner until she got married, you often saw him with June Allyson at the movies, the two of them laughing their heads off like a couple of carefree children, occasionally he managed a dinner date with Lana Turner and then there has been the slightly spectacular friendship with Sonja Henie, the ice queen.

All too obviously, his heart has never been broken by any of them and he has grinned his way cheerfully through their marriages and wished them luck.

---

Here Comes The Marine

Tyrone Power

Back in civies
Back in Hollywood
With
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Telling you
The kind of a guy
He is today
in May Photoplay

It's on the way back
...to YOU

More and more is being distributed - the same consistent high quality that has been the Beech-Nut standard for years - and now it's on the way back, for your enjoyment.

Be sure to ask for Beech-Nut Gum
—by NAME

"It's The Best Band in The Land"

The New and Better
BANDMASTER
Adjustable, Expansion
Stainless Steel

WATCHE BAND

TAX FREE $2
POST PAID

Check These Features
★ Guaranteed Stainless Steel  ★ Super-Flexible — Adjustable
★ Will not Tarnish or Rust  ★ Fits Any Watch — Any Wrist

BANDMASTER MAKES ANY WATCH LOOK GOOD
...AND GOOD WATCHES LOOK BETTER!

Yes, Bandmaster, at its truly low affordable price is the expensive looking, expensive performing, tarnish-proof watch band the world has been waiting for! So flexible, so lightweight, and so everlastingly smart! End bothersome buckle-fussing with shabby, quick-aging leather bands. Order your easy-on, easy-off Bandmaster today.

RUSH THIS COUPON

De Luxe
18-Kr. Gold Plated
BANDMASTER WATCH BAND
WITH STAINLESS STEEL, TARNISH-PROOF BACK

TAX PAID $3
POST PAID

GENERAL SALES SUPPLY—Dept. B28
608 So. Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush Bandmaster Expansion Watch Bands checked off below. If not delighted I may return within 3 days for refund.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHECK ONE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stainless Steel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold Plated</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gold Plated - $5

I am enclosing $payment in full

Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $ plus postage

Name
Phone Print Clearly
Address

City Zone State
There exist great friendships between Van and Irene Dunne, whom he frankly worships off as well as on the screen, and Joan Crawford, and his dramatic coach, Lillian Burns.

"I want to get married," he told me, seriously, "and I hope it will be a non-professional. I'd like children. My father and I mean so much to each other, naturally I want a son. Maybe I'm wrong—maybe I'm selfish—but it seems to me I'd like a wife who made her all-time job."

The second reason he doesn't buy a home and goes on feeling restless and unsettled in a really beautiful hotel apartment is that even yet he doesn't feel secure in Hollywood, he still wonders if Van Johnson has come to stay, his ambition and real desire to be a fine actor is so great—that he can't quite be sure it's all true.

We were talking about this incredible swift rise to fame and fortune one day in my library. Van was wandering around, poking among the books.

"Have you read all these books?" he said to me, finally.

I said, "No—not all of them. You get sets of authors like Meredith and Hardy and Wells and half of their work is magnificent and the rest you don't bother with."

He took down a volume of Dickens and said, "But you've read all these."

"Oh—Dickens," I said. "Of course you read all of him over and over. And Mark Twain and Jane Austen."

He was examining my complete Jack London in a dozen different bindings and he said, "I've only read 'Call Of The Wild' and 'The Sea Wolf.'"

"It took me years to get that set," I said, "picking up a volume here and one there. It seems strange that they make pictures about him and they publish sets of him in Russian and French and everything else, but we haven't a real set of London in English. You can borrow 'The Star Rover' if you'll bring it back."

With dignity he said, "I always return books." (He did. He was crazy about it.)

When he sat down and curled his long legs over the arm of my biggest leather chair, I asked him what had been in my mind for some time. I asked him if he could himself define the results upon him, on his emotions and character and growth, of this sudden thing which had happened to him, this success so far beyond even his wildest dreams in the old days when he wanted to get into the movies.

That, it seemed to me, was the basis of any future, of the whole story of Van Johnson. Here, broken down into simple terms, was an ordinary good-looking, American boy, brought up in a small town, going to a regular high school, living in a two-family house, slated to be a bookkeeper in his Dad's real estate office, by all the rules never to be known outside a reasonably small circle of his friends and perhaps never, like his father before him, to go outside the state of Rhode Island in which he was born. Instead within five years he had become one of the most famous young men in the world, he had achieved great renown in his profession, his earnings were more per week than he had normally figured to make in a year and opportunity lay golden ahead even from there.

Van looked a little pitiful when I put the question to him.

He said, slowly, "I don't think anybody can answer that. You feel just like yourself inside, except you begin to get sharing part of the time and excited and triumphantly the rest of it. You feel humble and pray to be worthy and do a good job and then you feel proud and want to get on with it and do more and more and better..."
and better. I figure that while I didn't get into the service, I've practically got enough points to get out because in the movies I've been in uniform all the time. I wish it had been on the level because I'll always feel funny about not having been in, but I wasn't, and I couldn't help it and so now I'm getting out of my war years, too—and my accident, and the trial trip as a movie star. Now—I've got to make good. Really make good. I thank God often, every Sunday in church, because people have been so kind to me. I look at myself every morning when I'm shaving—you have to look at yourself then—and I say to myself, 'Johnson, you are a lucky stiff.' But from here on the going gets tough, the way I figure. I've got to justify what's happened to me, I've got to be a better actor and do finer pictures all the time and I've got an awful long way to go.

"I would like to make Clark Gable my model in everything."

He stopped and took a long breath, for usually he isn't much of a talker, while I thought that every actor in the business except Clark Gable makes Gable his model and ideal.

I heard my granddaughter outside the door, coming for her afternoon visit, and Van went out and got her.

He stood there a moment with her in his arms, and then he said slowly, "When you write this story—this biography as you call it, let's remember I'm twenty-nine. In a sort of way that's too young to have your biography written."

Kristie chortled at him and he said to her, "Let's get your grandma to do us a favor. Let's ask her to call this the first chapter—and then ten years from now when you're old enough to know, she can write the second one and see if I lived up to the chances I've got—and then by that time we can wait another ten years for the last chapter if I'm still around and you can write that one, Miss Kristie."

Maybe he is right.

Ten years from now I'll maybe do that second chapter—he'll be only thirty-nine then. So we'll just call this the opening volume.

THE END

HE'S COY
HE'S JOHNNY
HE'S NEWS
And

He's in May Photoplay
in a gay story
about this terrific dancer

THERE IS NO LIPSTICK LIKE A WESTMORE LIPSTICK
Created in Hollywood, style center of the world, by Perc Westmore, the country's foremost make-up authority!
Designed to give you exactly the lustrous, flattering lips you want.
You will be delighted with the creamy texture, staying quality, and true, vivid reds of Westmore Lipsticks.
When you put Pepsi-Cola in the picture, Sam, you got the happiest ending ever filmed in Hollywood.

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66) She had been married once before and was given a raw deal, and now that I'm married to her I find that I'm not happy. She is a very sweet girl and very much in love with me. To be very truthful, Miss Colbert, my trouble is that I've decided a guy of twenty is too young to be married. I'm not ready at all to settle down; I want to be free to do all the things a single guy has a perfect right to do. For this reason I think it is unfair to this girl to stay married to her, but I'm afraid to explain, as I don't want to hurt her. Would like to hear what you would do if you were a guy in my position.

Don K.

Dear Mr. K:

When I first started to conduct this column, I was receiving literally hundreds of letters from both men and girls, asking for my views on wartime marriages. I sometimes sat at my desk in those days and wondered what would become of the service men and their girl friends who were rushing into ill-considered matrimony. And now my mental question is being answered in every delivery of mail.

I'm sorry to say that, in my opinion, it is too late for you to decide that you are too young to be a married man. You should have reached that decision before the ceremony took place. Marriage isn't a pleasant trip to be taken for a week or a month, then to be ended and written up as an interesting experience. Aren't you lucky to have this girl deeply in love with you? You should read the letters from service men who would give a great deal to be in your shoes. And what do you mean by saying "I'm not ready to settle down"? Apparently your idea of marriage is a union of boredom with deadly calm. What is there to prevent you and your wife from enjoying all the young occupations—dancing, skating, boating, theater-going, tennis, even traveling? Why not have fun together?

I don't think you have given marriage a chance. I think you should attempt to be a good husband to your wife, and to keep your marriage as a fine and permanent thing.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here is my problem: Maida and I have been friends for a long time. At first she was sweet and nice, but all of a sudden she has become bossy and mean. When we go out together, she definitely chooses the time and place, and I have nothing to say on the matter. If I do make a suggestion, she flares up and an argument starts. She always says, "Do you want to start something?" or "Listen, who do you think you are?"

Sometimes I have a good notion to tell her off. I think if two girls are going to be friends, they should talk over their plans instead of having one decide what she wants to do and forcing the other to do it.

What do you think?

Alice Jean T.

Dear Miss T:

I think you should look around among your school friends and find another chum. Don't fight with Maida, and don't terminate your comradeship suddenly. Simply drift away.

Find another nice girl and invite her over to your home for dinner, and take the initiative in suggesting a movie on the weekends, or a study session during school days. In other words, don't confine yourself to one or two friends. Have as large a group as is possible for you to see with regularity and enjoyment.

Sadly enough, there are some people in the world who can't be happy unless they are giving orders; when you encounter any of those constitutional fuchrers, the thing for you to do is to get away and leave them to give their orders to the breeze.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen and very much in love with a paratrooper, who is still overseas. We plan to be married when he comes home. Before going overseas, he suggested that I go out on an occasional date, just as long as I remembered that we were in love. However, I didn't go out on dates until about a month ago when a man in the office asked me to see a movie with him. I had six or eight dates with him when I learned that he jugged the truth. He is thirty-two, not twenty-four as he had told the office people; he was not a discharged veteran as he had said, and he was working under an assumed name.

When I put all this together, I refused the next time he asked for a date, and when he demanded a reason, I said I disliked phony people.

At which point he blurted out that he is divorced, he was expelled from college, he has spent seven years in the penitentiary for counterfeiting. He has been out on parole for a year which ends soon. He
Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married eighteen years to a man who has never been dependable, a good provider, or a nice human being. He married me when I was sixteen; he was an itinerant construction worker, so my life became a confused jumble of hunger, no work, frequent moves, sudden flashes of prosperity, and constant mental and physical brutality. Finally he went to Alaska, leaving me destitute during the winter with an eleven-month-old baby to support.

I had met and grown to like his mother, so she and I made a home. I went to work while she cared for my daughter, and our existence became pleasant. My husband finally grew homesick and wrote that he was asked back to make it up to me.

When he returned, he stuck to that resolve for about six months, then the old routine began again. But by that time I had begun to study and go to night school. I took my daughter and moved to another town, where I secured an excellent job, worked with police and without a husband, and I was coming back to make it up to you.

There I ran into a boy from my home town. He was an officer in the Army and I realized after several months of pleasant, casual friendship that I was in love with him. I promised to get a divorce from my husband, then this man went overseas.

When I filed suit for divorce, my husband came to me, claiming that he realized his mistakes and wanted another chance. He appeared so heartbroken and so sincere, he was broke and out of a job, that I decided to give our marriage one more chance. I wrote and told the boy overseas exactly what I had obligations—then stopped writing.

Now, as in the past, it becomes apparent that my husband is simply a ne'er-do-well. He hasn't kept a single promise that he made to me. There is only one thing of which I am positive: He loves our daughter devotedly, and she adores him. He is that frequent combination, an utterly useless man with immense charm.

Now, I have learned that my overseas man is coming home. In a town as small as this, I am certain to see him, so I am faced with a decision. Should I take my daughter and leave town, starting out on my own to build a business career for myself, as I now know I can do; or should I renew my romance with the soldier, divorcing my husband?

Harriet B.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Our problem is that of most teen-age...
**BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

deprives a girl of glamour ... and dates!

Medical Science says: Thousands who have pale faces—whose strength is at low ebb—may have a blood deficiency.

So many girls are "too tired" to keep up with the crowd—watch romance pass them by because they haven't the energy to make them attractive!

Yes, girls who are often fatigued and colorless may find that a blood deficiency is cheating them of beauty and sparkle. And medical studies of large population groups reveal that up to 68% of women—countless men—have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

It's your blood that releases energy to every muscle and fibre. Your blood is the supply line of your pep. If there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big and healthy enough—you can't feel alert, "alive."

You can't have full health and energy if you have Borderline Anemia. Borderline Anemia means that your red blood cells are below-par.

Build up your Energy by Building up your Blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly.

But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast helps build up blood and energy.

**BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause

Tiredness • Listlessness • Pallor

Energy-Building Blood. This is a macroscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Ironized Yeast tablets are highly concentrated to nourish the blood and maintain energy during stress. They are valuable in times of deficiency and provide extra energy during the periods of rapid growth and development to school children.

**TABLETS**

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married Tommy when we were both young. Not until after marriage did I realize that Tommy was a drinker. He would go out with men friends, get drunk, come home and beat me. I left him, but then I found out that we were going to have a baby, so I had to come back. He sobered up, after the doctor read him a penny lecture and was finally at the hospital, then it all started again.

Once again he beat me, so I decided to leave. I put the baby in a nursing home and went to work as a waitress. Well, Tommy kept hanging around, but he was broken-hearted, so I took him back and we had another baby. And then the same routine. That time I left for good, I swore.

But Tommy got picked up for drunk driving and a serious accident and was sentenced to five years in prison. I went to him and had a long talk, and agreed to be true to him.

Well, about ten months ago I went to a movie with a girl friend of mine and met her brother who is a really fine man. He loves the kids and is as good as gold to me. I wrote Tommy, telling him I was going to get a divorce.

A week ago I went from Alcoholics Anonymous called on me and assured me that he thinks his group can bring Tommy out of his bad habit and rehabilitate him. He asked me to stand by him. I'm still in love with Tommy, even if he is pretty useless, but I know that Edgar would be the finest husband a girl could want. Do you think I owe the greatest responsibility to trying to make a man of my husband and risking the welfare of my two babies, or to making a good home—of which I am sure—with Edgar?

Gladys F.

Dear Mrs. F.:

No matter how much you admire and respect a man, you shouldn't marry him unless you are really in love with him. I'm certain that you revere Edgar; but I'm also very much afraid that you are still in love with Tommy. In that case, there is nothing for you to do but...
Valerie’s Boss led her quite a mad chase

From Somewhere on Guam
Dear Lady:

After reading your column in Photoplay—a very dog-eared book by the time we got it—we decided that perhaps you would have the answer to our melancholy mood.

Though we haven’t got pink toothbrush, excessive scalp problems, or scaly skin, we find much to be desired in our social life. Most of us have been out here at least twelve months and we haven’t even had one date, yet we do want to be popular, really we do.

We have consulted our friends and find that many of them have the same trouble. Those who do not have the same trouble are happy talking to mosquitoes.

It has been suggested that our social failure is due to the fact that there is a great local scarcity of girls. Do you feel that to be the truth, or is somebody just trying to make us feel better? Please be frank with us, as we want to know.

P.S. Well, we have to do something for a laugh.

Dear Joe:

Thank you for giving me something over which to chuckle.

Don’t judge the extent of your social success until you land in San Francisco—at which time I’d like a report.

The best of everything to you!

Claudette Colbert

(In order to clear old business from the “books” of this column, I wish to publish excerpts from a group of letters which were received in response to the complaint against American girls lodged by “Five Gunners” and printed in the December, 1945, issue of Photoplay.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I went out with GIs quite a bit when I first came here but I soon found out that most of them had just one idea. Therefore, I stopped having so many dates and found new interests, working in a hospital, taking sewing lessons, going to night school in addition to my job.

I wonder if you will write to the five gunners and tell them that there are still some girls who haven’t gone “khaki wacky,” no matter what they hear.

D. M. W.

Dear Miss Colbert:

The girls are not the only ones at fault. Several of the girls in the office in which I work have met boys under proper social conditions, and have dated these boys from four months to a year before discovering that the boys were married and even (in several cases) had children.

I'd better stop before I get off the deep end, but I'm getting sick of girls getting “kicked around” when it's the boys who need a good swift kick. Let them stop screaming about the injustices done to them, and correct some of their own mistakes.

Pat L.

Dear Miss Colbert:

My sister's fiancé wrote her a "Dear John" saying that he was sorry, but he had found a nice little English girl whom he loved and was going to marry, so he thought he should break his engagement.

My own boy friend, not in front-line

— But GAYLA HOLD-BOBS kept her hair-do in place!

- Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.
service, has written me letters about all the different girls he has met; English, French and now German. He blames his "fraternization" on homesickness—which excuses everything, I presume.

For some odd reason, men seem to expect to have a rare old time, butterflying around the world, but they expect girls to sit at home being Penelopes like mad. And if the girls don't—then we're a lot of disgusting trollops. It is to laugh.

Nan G.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm a college girl and here's what happened on our campus: There were about six girls to every boy, so the boys (mainly 4Fs) became unbearably conceited and demanded all manner of things from the girls they dated. Some girls put up with this sort of thing, but most of us simply called a date strike. We kept busy with studies or war work in the hope that the men who return from overseas are not going to be like those we have seen during the past few years. Tell those five gunners, please, that it is always the loud minority that gets the publicity, but that if returned service men will look around with some discrimination they will find truly clean and worthwhile girls.

Phyllis C.

(That should take care of that. And we hereby declare this particular controversy closed. C.C.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

In the January, 1946, issue of Photoplay, I became interested in the letter of "Be-linda P." the secret widow of an officer killed overseas.

Perhaps I may have the privilege of being helpful. This young widow is entitled to a fifty dollar per month widow's pension, a death gratuity and all arrears of pay coming to her deceased husband.

If she has her marriage certificate, or can secure certification of her marriage she should notify the Veterans' Bureau in Washington. They will send her the necessary forms to be filled out.

It is likely that her husband had made her beneficiary of his insurance. The marriage may have been secret from her parents, but I doubt that it was secret from the Army.

I believe this whole matter might be handled in such a way that the boy's parents would never know of the marriage. She sounds as if she could use the pension to which she is entitled. I have written in an attempt to be helpful.

A Veteran's Widow

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Caudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
HEN MARY ANDERSON, rising young film actress who plays in "To Each His Own," visited her folks in Homewood, Alabama, she was a glamorous blonde. But because her dad didn't like her hair that way, instead of waiting for it to grow out to its natural color, she had it tinted back to its original soft brown. You'd never guess it because as her hair grows out from the roots it's the same shade . . . Mary's skin, ivory colored and as lovely as an old cameo, looks best, she says, with a powder that matches. Most of it she brushes off with a powder brush . . . To make her lips soft and luscious looking, using a lipstick brush, she first outlines her mouth with a dark shade of lipstick, then fills in with a pinkish shade. When finger blended, the effect is dreamy . . . Mary always carries with her, and uses, smelling salts! She claims a whiff now and then is head clearing and invigorating . . . Because she has fun using all kinds of bath luxuries (bubble bath, bath salts, bath oils), brother Jimmy, just returned from four years' service in the South Pacific area, once gave her a celluloid fish for Christmas!

JOAN CAULFIELD feels she's lucky. (We think she has plenty of initiative!) When on her way to the dentist's she saw George Abbott's name on the building directory and on a hunch stopped in to see him. That's how she became the original "Kiss And Tell" girl in Hollywood in "Miss Susie Slagle's," "Blue Skies" and "Monsieur Beauchaire" . . . This slender, blonde and blue-eyed beauty with the cute freckles is charmingly unaffected. She dislikes anything conspicuous. A woman appears most glamorous, she says, when dressed simply and with natural-looking make-up. She recommends the bright, joyous new spring lipstick and nail polish shades which have the feeling of Victory.

GINNY SIMMS, stunning radio and screen singing star, offers this beauty tip: Instead of sprinkling a blouse or a slip with plain water, mix a little cologne with the water, so that the article will smell sweet after being ironed.

ROSEMARY DE CAMP, in "From This Day Forward," brushes her way to beauty! . . . She owns a hair brush, two toothbrushes (one for morning, and one for night), complexion, powder, lipstick and eyebrow brushs; an eyelash brush for applying mascara; a nail brush; a brush for coats and dresses; one for hats; a sturdy one for tweeds; a steel brush for suede shoes; different brushes for her various colored shoes!

Something new has happened to deodorants . . . a super-fast cream deodorant that stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

NEW, Superfast

ODORONO CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢
Men Do Not Forget!

(Continued from page 63) Daniel O'Shea. They grabbed a cab and within an hour Guy was back again in Janet Gaynor's dressing room with a contract to sign.

It was more typical of the American appeal that caused Selznick to write the special role into "Since You Went Away" for him, and to buy the Niven Bush book, "They Dream Of Home," with Madison in mind. When he turned the property over to RKO on a story deal, it was with the underlining that Guy was to be starred in it with Dorothy McGuire. No Madison—no deal.

Guy has a great sense of gratitude towards all who helped him. But he's especially grateful to Dore Schary, and to Henry Willson, who has given him the affection and advice of an older brother.

"You just have to have two people who have faith in you, who have confidence and stand behind you, backing you up," says Guy. "And you can't let them down."

"Till The End Of Time," as it has been newly titled, covers the problem and adjustments of returning GI's, but the star of the picture has been going through more adjustments in Hollywood than any of them face. He's being rehabilitated into something he's never even been. And running into problems no GI Bill of Rights could ever solve. It's confusing enough after three years in the Navy, to be wearing suits with pockets in them again, to be walking around without a little white cap on his head. It's confusing to bridge the gap between his former life and the Ridge Route mountains to Bakersfield, and the new one on the opposite side of the Ridge. It's extra-confusing being changed from a sailor into a movie star.

A somewhat naive Madison who says what he means and vice versa, can't always understand the Hollywood humor, superlatives and double talk. The yakety-yuk-yuk gags leave him cold. He can't compete at the big parties where guests all but knock themselves out trying to top each other with gags. He usually freezes at big gatherings anyway. The other day his steady girl, Gail Russell, who once went through the same thing, got the solution. They would get themselves a joke book and study it, she said. Then they'd take their share of the spotlight too. "Whenever you crack a joke I'll listen for it and I'll laugh—and loud. And you can do the same for me." So now he tells you, "We're always the two characters at a party laughing all by ourselves."

Being a movie star is the hardest work Guy has ever done. The permit picking he did in Bakersfield for seventy-five cents a week at the age of thirteen, and the stretch he did as a telephone linesman when he was nineteen years old. Yet, in many ways, his present "job" is harder than any of these. He's on the screen all but two minutes of the picture. And he worked seventy-four out of the seventy-six shooting days. Without any more dramatic experience than the lessons he used to hitch hike up from Dago to take, he's emoting opposite one of Hollywood's most established stars. He has worried about this, about the big money put into the picture and how much of it all hinges on him. "You can see it in their eyes when you foul a line up," he says. He rehearsed his lines day and night, working and studying very hard. During the lunch hour he was fitted for clothes or something. And at night he learned to ice skate and jitters bug for his role.

The jitterbugging proved mighty tough duty. He started practicing it on a deserted sound stage, rehearsing with little pert brown-eyed Jean Porter, with whom he
really cuts a rug in the picture. And a perplexed dance director found that the only tune Guy could keep time to was "Anchors Aweigh." He'd beat out the march in a jive off-beat and Guy would get into step, then he'd switch to a hot record and it was no go. Madison is probably the only hecaton in history who can do a perfect Lindy to the strains of "Anchors Aweigh."

On the surface he appears phlegmatic, and unemotional—almost nerveless. Which was exactly Dorothy McGuire's impression of him the night they made their first test together. It was a very dramatic love scene that would have given the most experienced actor a little trouble. Guy had come up from Banning that night to do it. He'd just gotten out of the hospital and it was the third trip he'd made to Hollywood that week. He was dog-tired and very nervous. But the crew on the sidelines marveled at his wonderful control and "Ice box nerves." Unless he's told them, they still don't know that he was almost ill just from sheer reaction the next day.

His natural reserve is often taken for conceit. Which Gail will tell you is far from right. "He thinks he's the dullest thing in the world," she says. Guy doesn't worry particularly about the interpretation people may or may not put on this reserve. As he says simply, "If they're going to be friendly, they'll pick around and figure you out."

Friendship is a very serious deal with him. In his home town of Bakersfield, for instance, he counts off just three real friends, by his rules. His best pal, Danny Shull, who's now in the Navy stationed around China, Simon Santiago and Elen Setterbalm. An Irishman, a Spaniard and a Swede. He mentions two buddies in the Navy "who were on my side 100 per cent."

One of them is the son of a rubber mattress manufacturer. "They always thought I'd make it out in Hollywood," he says.

H

He has no use for intolerance or discrimination among groups or races, but he does believe in individual discrimination. And he picks his people carefully for what's inside them, one by one.

He isn't bitter over the fact that he was always an outsider in the popular clique of kids in Bakersfield, with whom you had to own a jalopy, wear snappy clothes and not be averse to taking a drink out of ye flask to be "in." He simply doesn't go for people who think like that. Coming from a large family, with his father's salary as an engineer having to be split up many ways to get around, Guy didn't have the jalopy or the clothes... "oh maybe three or four shirts, shoes and one pair of pants." He couldn't take part in football or school athletics because he had to work before and after school. He worked out in the gymnasium at school a few minutes whenever he could, swam in the irrigation ditches, and hunted rabbits with his bow and arrow. He never was welcomed by the snobby gang who got together in the evenings at their regular hangout, the town's best pool hall. "I just wasn't in," he says.

Today when he could be, but definitively, "in," he still has no use for cliques of any kind.

One of his most loyal friends in Hollywood is Loren Tindall, another ex-Navy man, a talented concert pianist and Columbia Pictures star, now on loan-out to RKO for "Till The End Of Time." It was through Loren and his crowd that Guy met the smoky beauty Gail Russell, who forthwith became his first serious Hollywood date. Usually all the gang, Gail, Henry Willson, Diana Lynn, Guy and whoever else happens to be around, gather out at the home of Virginia Smith, a secretary at Columbia, and

Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia's young social crowd. To help keep her fair, fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week. "It's my favorite beauty pick-me-up," she says. "I can see the results right away!"

Glamorize your complexion in only one minute!

Mask your face—all but your eyes—in a luxurious white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action—it loosens and dissolves little skin roughnesses and clinging dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off—clean.

Your complexion looks smoother, brighter—more exciting! And the Mask makes it feel beautifully soft. Now—make-up goes on smoothly!

"A quick powder base, too!"

"For a quick, non-greasy powder base, I smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on lightly—and leave it on!" says Mrs. Earle.

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
a hospitable soft-voiced woman, who hails from the South, and at whose home Loren Tindall stays. Virginia fixes a midday breakfast for all of them, and they spend the day talking, laughing, lunching and listening to Diana or Loren play the piano.

On these Sundays you’ll usually find Guy, in khakis and sport shirt, stretched out in front of the fireplace with his shoes off, listening very quietly while Loren plays his own “Concerto,” or another of Guy’s favorites, “Claire de Lune.”

“I love it,” he says frankly, in connection with Loren’s classical offerings and especially Claire-de-Lunish stuff. “Music stirs your emotions,” he goes on seriously. “It helps to bring things inside of you out to conclusions you otherwise wouldn’t reach.”

Those who think of Guy Madison as being unemotional and certainly don’t associate him with “Claire de Lune,” should be around when he’s talking about his family, his friend Danny or his dog “Discharge,” the half-pointer half-police dog given him by a buddy in the Naval Hospital at San Diego the day Guy was discharged. He shows you proudly the sleeping bag Danny sent him from China for Christmas. And which he keeps on top of the studio couch in his Beverly Hills apartment in a sort of double-deck bunk effect. “I can sure use this little baby,” he says, flopping down on it, trying it out.

A SK him what Hollywood means to him and he says, “At first I’m afraid it was just money. I thought a lot about the money in it. About what I can do with it for the folks. Help buy them a ranch, or get them some of the things they’ve always worked for too. I can only hope that I’ll really enjoy the rest of their lives, that’s something I’d really like to do.” Adding, “Of course that’s really selfish in a way, because of the satisfaction that I’ll get from doing it too. But it would sort of help pay them back for the things they skipped to give things to me. Not that they would think of being paid back.” He breaks up quickly, “but well—I just want to anyway.”

He’s been doing a lot of thinking lately about the good that a motion-picture star can do. “I think if you can give something to people through motion pictures,” he says seriously. “I think God has given you the ability, the chance. And that you should enlarge on it. Develop it.”

Honesty is a “must” for Madison. He doesn’t mind your knowing that he wants to improve his vocabulary, that he’s eager to get better acquainted with the dancers, with the ballet, ballet, with everything he hasn’t been exposed to in large quantities before. He spends hours pouring over stacks of news magazines, chiefly because at any gathering where they start discussing the political situations, “I feel like a dope.”

Guy has a two-room studio apartment in a private home, a big white house with green shutters on a palm-lined street in Beverly Hills. He keeps the attractive apartment with its gabled ceiling, antique maple furnishings and green carpets, very spicy and span. And he makes his own bed the Navy way, drawing all corners of the white candlewick spread very neat and tight. Neatness and cleanliness are a ma-nia with him.

He doesn’t go for girls who are always putting on acts. “I just don’t think it’s necessary,” he says. He likes a natural beauty, not too much make-up—and that’s a good description of Gail.

He doesn’t like off-color stories, doesn’t approve of drinking to excess and doesn’t like to have the night clubs. He feels more at home in khakis and jackets and likes to get out of formalities like ties and shoes just as soon as it’s socially possible, no matter where he is. Henry Willson is never surprised when some guests home with him and find a
visiting Guy stretched out on the divan with his shoes off. While over at Gail Russell's home these evenings, a typical evening for these two is to sit in front of the fireplace with their shoes off, listening to recordings, watching the flame.

Guy is always happiest when he can be out of doors. He has a yen for sail boats, and likes to sail over to Catalina in the sixteen-footer a pal of his owns, taking along his bow and arrows to hunt goats and wild bear in the mountains on the isle. He loves to go off alone to the beach, to swim far out, or maybe just lie on the sand soaking in the sun. You'll usually find him, winter or summer, along the more isolated stretch of beach called "Castle Rock," because of the gray hulk of rock that juts out towards the ocean there. It's pretty deserted there in the winter.

Guy used to dream about being a commercial fisherman some day. And if he doesn't, as he says, "make out in Hollywood," he still may become one. He'd rather be a motion-picture star than anything and intends to work like all get-out to make the grade. "But if I don't, I won't worry too much. I'll just do something else. Get some other kind of a job. I can do lots of things. Maybe go to South America. I'd like that.

"Don't misunderstand me," he breaks off. "Movie making is a mighty fine business. It would be hard to leave. And certainly there's more money in it than most anything else. That's what scares some people when they think they're slipping on the screen or just aren't going to make a go of it. The money they can make here. That's why they forget what they once believed in sometimes, and do things—well that they wouldn't otherwise do... just to hang on and stay.

"It would be so easy to change and not even realize it here. To lose what you started out with and to forget what you meant to be and do. That's not for me."

What he means is that if becoming a success in Hollywood ever conflicts with any of his own ideals, then he'll sail off in a boat and sell fish.

He looks at you with that suggestion of a chip on his chin. "This is the straight stuff. This is how I am. You wanted to know..."

Yes, it's the straight stuff. And we thought you'd want to know this golden Guy.

THE END

---

Howe's
about getting the dope
in his usual
delightful manner.

HODIAK
is the result!

Don't miss this spicy
bachelor report

Next Month!

---

You pay your watch the finest compliment of all when you endow it with a smart, brilliantly designed BRETTON band—exquisite example of the master craftsman's art. Thrillingly beautiful in an ultra-modern sense, every BRETTON band is the last word in quality and perfection.

Bretton
First Among Fine Watch Bands

BRUNER-RITTER, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York
Heel or Hero?

(Continued from page 33) and politeness when he was spoken to. Certainly there was nothing of the brush-off about him to substantiate the story that people on the Warner lot ran a mile when he appeared on the scene. "Hmmm,mmm," I said to myself.

"Come and sit by me," I invited the next time Dane wandered in my direction and I patted the spot beside me on a divan in a quieter corner of the living room. He looked a little surprised—but not half as surprised as he was to appear a second later.

"Why did you strike an extra man on the lot? You should pick on somebody of your own size," I said. I have never been noted for my tact but even I realized that there was some sort of a connection. If I had hoped to catch him off guard, I had succeeded.

Dane didn't have time to "assume" an expression. The hurt and reproachful look in young Clark's eyes showed an honest astonishment. "You, too, Miss Parsons," he said. I had the uncomfortable feeling that I had just stepped on an innocuous boy across the face. I was sorry and I said so. You have to be an awfully small potato not to admit it when you really feel you have wronged someone. "All right, Dane," I said with much more sympathy in my voice, "tell me about it."

"I can only think," he began, "that there's a systematic campaign going on against me. I think I know who has started these stories which are whispered to two or three people and then suddenly gets over an oncoming storm, grow louder and louder. "At first," he went on, "I didn't pay any attention. Then I realized I had to defend myself as best I could. I can no longer ignore the letters I was getting from people who read in the columns that I was no good—that nobody liked me—that Warners should get wise to themselves. I didn't want my bosses to hear all this and think that I was difficult or that I didn't appreciate the chance that had been given me."

"But why should these stories start?" I asked.

Dane replied, "I'll tell you this much: I was convinced they came from someone in my own profession—from the very lot where I work."

"Jealousy?" I asked.

He hesitated before answering, "but it is better for me not to make any guesses and just do my best to live down the bad reputation these falsehoods have given me."

I realized that the story must be continued, "was the one that I am battling with my wife and that we are planning to separate. We have been married five years."

"If you are a great success, don't you think everyone will be happy? Why, we have just bought a home—our first real home. Margo is a lovely person and I would be the biggest fool in the world if I didn't want it all. She's done to help me get started. I wouldn't be out here today if it weren't for my wife."

"I wish you knew her," Dane continued with enthusiasm. "Her name was Margo Yoder and she is Pennsylvania Dutch. She has more persistence and more courage than anyone I know, man or woman. You see, I had studied to be a lawyer and while I never felt I would be a good one, law was the only thing I knew."

"One day, Margo said to me, 'You'll never make it, Dane. Don't be afraid to turn over a new leaf and make a fresh start. I think you have a natural ability for acting. Why don't you try Hollywood?'"
"That scared me. I knew she was right—it was my private dream—and yet we were almost broke. For myself—I honestly didn't have the courage to try to make a brand new start.

"It was while I was straddling the fence between law and a couple of shows I did on Broadway that Margo finally got my mind for me about Hollywood," Dana said. "Frankly, I hadn't set New York on fire with my acting talents, either. But at least I was happy just trying to be an actor—and I had never been happy trying to be a lawyer. But Margo was insistent and she kept after me until we took our last cent out of the bank and headed for Hollywood without even the hint of a job in sight. All we owned in the world was our old jalopy."

Dane laughs when he says that he was one of the few actors who ever appeared on Broadway who did not have a talent scout seek him out for a test.

"I could've even gone to the studios and say, 'Your representative approached me on Broadway.'" So Dana represented himself and got in—small parts in such pictures as "Sunday Punch" and "The Glass Key."

"Then one day I presented my face at the Warner studio," he laughed, "and asked for a job!" He got the job, but it was a struggle—first in a small part in "Rear Gunner" which didn't help much, and then a battle to be cast in "Action In The North Atlantic." The critic acclam started with the release of this picture. Warners were smart enough to see what he had and forthwith put him in "Destination Tokyo," "The Very Thought Of You," "Hollywood Canteen," "God Is My Co-Pilot!"

In this movie business of ours, it is the young people who name the favorites. And in "The Very Thought Of You" the youngsters went for Dane hook, line and sinker.

On the screen he registered a real charm. He wasn't too handsome. But he was real in the way lots of girls' sweethearts and brothers are real. I believe in my heart, after talking with him, that Dane never meant to be difficult off the screen. He admits his mercurial disposition; he's up one minute higher than the proverbial kite and down in the dumps the next. Naturally his manner reflected his moods and he probably was short with people time and again, but that doesn't mean the stories were true.

However, it was enough to get them started.

TO INDULGE in a little character reading, I think he must have been headstrong and spoiled as a child. It is pretty obvious that he does not like to be crossed. I think now he is going to take a lot of guiding. He has real charm—but he is going to have to learn to watch his tongue. He is completely lacking in tact. If he likes you, he'll tell you. If he doesn't—he's equally frank. While I don't advise Hollywood newcomers to be insincere, I do say that tact and a little blarney sometimes pays—or as some sage said, "You can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar."

I can understand how Dane could have antagonized some people—perhaps an older, more experienced player on the lot who may have misunderstood his candor for brashness and freshness and reacted accordingly. "I'm not trying to pretend that I have never made any mistakes," Dane told me very friendly. "When success comes as suddenly as it did to me, you wouldn't be human if it didn't catch you a little off balance. I had no idea I would ever have anything like this—the hundreds of letters from strangers, the interviews and write-ups."

He has a sense of humor because he added with a laugh, "One of the write-ups hasn't been so hot. One was so unkind I tried my best to keep it from my wife. She likes me," he said, "and she wouldn't like to know that she was married to such a heel!"

Well, I like him, too—darned if I don't. "Maybe getting off on the wrong foot could be due to your youth," I told Dane. I thought him very young. He looks about twenty-three or four.

He grinned. "Thanks for the 'out,'" he laughed, "but I'm not so young. I was graduated from law school, remember? I'm thirty-one."

"Better not tell," I smiled. "Remember lots of kids who go for Dane Clark are just in their teens."

"Well, they'll have to like me in spite of my advanced years," he was quick to say. "That's one thing I don't intend to lie about."

From here on in, I am going to watch the career of this boy with a real and personal interest. He's too intelligent not to realize any mistakes he has made and to rectify them. He has brains and he has the background of a good solid education. And he knows how to work. Success did not come to him the easy way or because he had pull.

My money says that Dane Clark is here to be a movie hero for a long time—that he was never a "heel." And here's a little toast that he'll never make me sorry I said it! The End.

---

No curative power is claimed for

PHILIP MORRIS, but

AN Ounce of PREVENTION

is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS!—proved
less irritating to nose and throat . . . famed for finer flavor and aroma . . . keener smoking pleasure!

CALL FOR

PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette
Saga of Liz
(Continued from page 48) as the view forward. Six months make a difference in any gal’s life and in the movie world the difference is both amusing and awesome. Her second picture, "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers" (now completed), was, of course, not nearly so tense an experience as her first.

"In a way, that breathless feeling inside was exactly the same. If I have one thing, it’s a great belief in myself—but stepping in front of the camera for 'You Came Along' I knew I was still an unproved quantity. I felt sensitive—imagining I saw dubious looks on everyone’s face. I know now that the feeling of having to make good occurs with every role but I began 'Martha Ivers' with the knowledge that others now had a little belief in me too."

She feels her two pictures have definitely added to her education. Already she has learned that no two directors, or no two leading men are alike. Directors, as the public knows, are sometimes more colorful than the people they guide through the reels. John Farrow, first megaphone in her life, is a "rather austere gentleman" never without his cane which he leans on, waves like a baton, or uses like a teacher’s pointer. Lewis Milestone, her second director, is an afternoon tea enthusiast, "any scene, no matter how important, is stopped for tea and chatter every afternoon promptly at four. It’s very stimulating.

"I like to discover the varying traits and mannerisms of different people. What’s most important, however, is the basic integrity of a person and I was fortunate in having two very fine directors. The difference was that Mr. Farrow felt he had to explain everything to me carefully and in detail—because it was my first picture, of course. Mr. Milestone has a way of saying 'Go ahead and do it your way—I’ll watch.' It helped my ego, I felt I had definitely progressed!"

HOLLYWOOD is never without its rumors and a current one hints at a rift between Lizabeth and Bob Cummings, starred in “You Came Along.” Anyone wanting to check on the gossip won’t find confirmation in Lizabeth’s conversation:

"If anyone helped me through those first screening days, it was Bob Cummings. Between scenes he’d sit and tell me funny stories about his Army service, or maybe about the new home he’s planning to build. Nobody could stay too tense with that wonderful sense of humor of his around.

“Our first clinch—and my very first screen kiss—was hurried through one morning because he was about to be married that afternoon. ‘Couldn’t you have waited until the picture was done to be married?’ I asked him. He was afraid he’d have had to keep his mind on his work, but it turned out quite satisfactory—"

When Van Heflin, fresh out of uniform, turned up as her second screen partner she began to feel like a welcoming committee for returned fighters. The welcome was not quite so warm, however, because there was only one embracement in the script. "Just a brief, tender kiss—a kiss of appreciation really, but something new for my repertoire. Van is such a wonderful actor he’s really an inspiration."

Add educational data gleaned from "Martha Ivers": The fact that you can appear on the screen with an actress you've always admired and scared to death acquainted with the lady—Lizabeth and Barbara Stanwyck played their scenes with male leads Heflin and Kirk Douglas, and only one brief scene together. This course of fan worship is something "It is also beginning to enjoy. Shortly
after her first picture was complete but not released she made a personal appearance trip back east. the clamoring autograph hunters left her not too elated:

"they hadn't even seen me—they couldn't possibly have any real regard for me as an actress—so it all seemed a bit insincere. more of a tribute to my publicity campaign than a compliment to me."

recently she did a broadcast in hollywood and the fans waiting outside tore the belt and two buttons off her suede coat. it made her very happy:

"they knew me when they saw me, this time—and it was a fine, brazen feeling. i'll admit it scares me to have people want anything i have—an autograph or a button—so badly. but i've had such a great desire to have people like me, it's good to know that they do." she's a collector of "good luck" pieces, which she carries in a small leather case in her purse. originally there was just a blessed cuban medal sent her by an aunt who is a nun, and a small white opal ring given her by her mother. "I was nine years old when mom bought the ring and I've had it longer so many times I finally decided to carry it." the first fan gift was personally presented by an indian prince visiting the set of "You Came Along." it is a rare seventeenth century coin issued by the emperor shah jahan in commemoration of the building of the taj mahal.

"it will bring you nothing but luck," its royal donor told her. "the taj and the coin were both created by the emperor in commemoration of his love for his beautiful wife—it has to be good, because love is good."

"the luck started almost immediately," says lizbeth. "it was on the day mr. wallis was to view the rushes from my first scene and I was terribly nervous. at Warners, where i made my first test, they had plucked my eyebrows, made my mouth all over and given me a fairy hairdress. Mr. wallis, when he brought me to paramount, had said, 'they did the wrong things to her—I want her just as she is, hair down, eyebrows and mouth natural and so on.' I was so worried that perhaps when he saw me 'as is' on the screen he might be disappointed. just a few minutes after i got the lucky coin the entire wallis staff came over to say they'd seen the rushes and 'congratulations!'

another piece she values greatly is a tiny silver gremlin sent her by a Polish flier. "he'd carried it with him on forty-nine missions and come back safely from every one. Believe me, gremmy is now my constant companion." liz is quite a fan herself and, the feminine public will be interested to know, a fervent subscriber to the van johnson craze.

"I'm simply mad about his sweetness and his sincerity. I've always been convinced that anyone who had what it took to make kids adore him must be a very fine person. I'm through Van takes an interest in everybody and everything—I watched him at the broadcasting studio talking to the station employees. How was Joe doke's baby doing, and did Mrs. smith get over her cold—he remembers everyone and is really concerned about them."

introduced to Van during rehearsals for their broadcast of an air drama together, lizabeth reacted in typical fashion. "I simply lo-ove you," she said frankly and emphatically. came the night of the broadcast and came orchids from Van. "I love you, too," said the card, and she's still tempted to frame it.

her gay side reveals itself in a passion for color—red, orange, green, plaid and stripes "do things" for her. during those days when she was understudying talulah and because of the bankhead vitality never getting a chance to step in front of the footlights she used to "window-shop" for all those luxurious clothes and accessories she'd buy when she became a star.

now that luxury is within her reach, she still window-shops "but just to admire—I've gotten over that frustrated longing to possess them." when she buys, it's something tailored and suit the over-designed. she's "demented about cotton shirts" and buys them by the half-dozen in percale and broadcloth to wear with wildly colored skirts.

one of her special dresses is made from a Mexican fabric which designer edith head imported for her own use.

"every time i'd go into her office i'd stand and look at it longingly, until finally, i guess, she just couldn't stand it. one day she called me over and said the material was mine—I'd never really asked for it, but Miss head is a readily understanding and generous person."

the house she will either build or buy will have plenty of color, of course. "i want it to have a minime charm and marceline solidity. i've moved three times since i've been here and always into a small apartment that didn't seem quite like home."

"i'm practically being evicted now. my apartment building has been—and maybe it's a good thing because my glass animals were beginning to crowd me out of the place anyhow. i never knew it could be so much fun to collect anything. people were always surprised that i didn't have a hobby of some sort so i asked myself what i'd like and settled on glass. i'm going into blown glass dishes next."

the house will have ground around it, rioting with highly colored gardens and a tangle of mass of trees. "when i was small i used to visit an uncle who called

KNOW THE JOY OF Lovely Curls and Waves

In 2 to 3 Hours at Home Give Yourself the NEW

Complete Cold Waving process takes
only 2 to 3 hours.

Cold Wave means longer lasting curls and waves.

Perfect comfort—no heat, no machines
or heavy clamps.

"Takes" wonderfully on soft, silky hair
and coarse hair too.

3 full ounces of salon-type cold wave
solution with KURLIUM®, 60 curlers,
appliances, neutralizer and complete instructions.

Only Charm-Kurl SUPREME con-
tains KURLIUM® the fast acting
hair beautifier which assures perfect
results on any head of natural hair.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, COSMETIC COUNTERS AND 5c AND 10c STORES

EACH KIT CONTAINS:

SUPREME COLD WAVE with KURLIUM®

Now only $98¢ Plus 14¢ Tax

The new Charm-Kurl Supreme Home kit gives a better Cold Wave, because it is
given closer to the scalp by an entirely new
gentle process, resulting in longer lasting,
smooth, lustrous natural looking curls. In
fact, the result produced by the new
Charm-Kurl Supreme will compare with
any beauty shop cold wave costing up
$15.00 or more. Satisfaction guaranteed
or money back.

Charms-Mosher

Palm Beach

Staten Island

Jersey City
his grounds 'The Jungle'—and that's what I want, a perfect conglomeration of trees. And I'd like my house to be high up on a hill, so that when I come home at night I can see it a mile down the road. When I get there I'll walk in and light up all my fireplaces.

Recently Liz vacationed at Palm Springs—for three whole days before the studio called her back. "I don't know how I stood it even that long. The first day I settled down into an eccentric of rest and relaxation—and by the second day I was wondering 'How long can a vacation be?'" So far, she hasn't had "too much time to romp about town," which is all right, because she saw plenty of night clubs as a New Yorker. A favorite pastime is reading, settled in a deep chair with her feet over the arm. Current literary rave is "This Is My Beloved" by W. B. Yeats, who has "an amazingly poetic soul." Her musical taste is symphonic, with Shostakovich recently having been replaced by Delius, "whimsical and fanciful, the notes are like fairies and elves in the air."

Periodically Liz goes on a French pastry binge, letting herself go on a "Lost Weekend" of eclairs and such—and coffee—lots of coffee, with a disgraceful amount of cream. A bad cup of coffee makes me very unhappy, so I like to brew my favorite brand at home. I never go back to a restaurant which serves me a poor cup of it—"

SHE likes tea, but mostly for tea cup reading. "Maybe it's my fantastic imagination—and by a lot of turbaned Indians and Chinamen in my cup—it means I'm going to travel. Wish I'd see something about the Bahamas, because I want to go there some time."

After the mink coat, the house and the husband are all accomplished, step number four will be a family—no special number of children but "as many as the Fates see fit to bestow." They won't have to be beautiful children, she'll take them fat or thin, short or tall, because "I think individual defects, a definite part of personality—the most charming woman I have ever known had a large mole on her chin."

Meanwhile, "I think of my acting career as a circle surrounding all the other things I hope to do. I don't particularly care what my roles are, just so I can make good in them. I hate it when people write me when they've only had one picture on the screen and say, 'I've seen you in innumerable pictures and you were fine in them all.' I'd do much rather they'd criticize me—it would be sincere and very helpful if they'd be honest with me!"

That's Liz—honestly, it is!

The End
**YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!**

In addition to the appearance angle, there's the matter of longer wear. Here's how Shinola Shoe Polishes help: Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leathers—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear.

You don't need a full-length mirror to see that your shoes are showing...you know they are. So why not make it a habit to KEEP EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA?

---

**Triangle**

(Continued from page 58) he loves, and a woman he loves. He is capable of loving the woman only if he has the self-respect that comes from doing his job well...And here's the rub—many women think of a man's job as a rival; they work hard to undermine him, to belittle him, to hurt him; and in the end they kill everything—the man, the man's job, and love.

With typical sincerity he doesn't pretend to have figured the problem out from the woman's standpoint—what the answer is for career women, actresses, for example. But he does speak with conviction about his own career woman.

"Button wants to quit being an actress eventually (she's making 'Till The Clouds Roll By' now) and work only at being my wife—and the mother of as many children as we can get. Button," he said with fervor, "is quite a gal. She's a wise little thing. She has a basic understanding of me that I never thought I'd find in anyone, especially in a kid of twenty. When I'm sick she doesn't drive me mad with attentions; she knows just want to be alone and wallow in bed until I'm well.

"And she has a sense of the times, especially so far as children are concerned. She's aware that the present, after what's happened to the world during the past five years, is a time of insecurity for youngsters—that if ever they needed parents with a sense of responsibility, a knowledge of the world and—and strength, it's now. And she's satisfied with me." He laughed. "Who was it said, in effect, 'Genius is fine, but give me a dependable man'?”

---

**Haunting as Music?**

Rough, raspy hands are as outdated as a 1912 gramophone. Use SOFSKIN CREME to soften your skin and smooth away roughness. SOFSKIN is so good for your hands many beauticians prefer it. Make it part of your daily grooming schedule for hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, too. See how thrillingly soft and white your skin can be.

---

**New Shampoo Made Specially For Blondes Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY**

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Given hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

---

**Blondes All Ages—All Shades**

**IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1**

---

**SOFSKIN CREAM**

For lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN COMPANY FINDLAY, OHIO
Thrilling...effective...the new

FLOATING FACIAL*

really gets at pore-clogging make-up remnants that help cause blemishes and blur fresh make-up effects...

ASTONISHING TEST—Remove your old make-up—one side with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet some cotton with lotion and wipe the Albolene side. Now clean the cotton strips! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge...from left-on make-up debris, grime, grit...

"ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY on application—and a cream must liquefy quickly and thoroughly to properly prepare your skin for truly subtle, flattering make-up effects...

The Floating Facial! It's modern, exciting! A cream so dainty...crystal clear...that literally floats away complexion- fogging debris—even stubborn cake make-up—safely, gently, thoroughly. Leaves skin soft, satiny, dewy-moist...immaculately clean! Naturally your fresh make-up must look infinitely softer, more flattering...there's no background of facial rubbish ordinary creams may miss.

Albolene needs no harsh rubbing or double cleansing. It's all-cleansing—free of the water used in most "beauty" creams. And Albolene lubricates as it cleanses—a big "must" for dry skins.

Do try a Floating Facial today! So inexpensive. Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. 10¢ trial jar to big 16 oz. size at $1.00.

again, "Okay," she said. The two infants went bobbing off to a nearby toy-littered square of sand where they became part of the scenery, relatively quiet.

"But Julie hasn't a cold," remarked a friend who had witnessed the incident. "She never sees a headache child.

"Her pal has the cold. It wouldn't be fair for Julie to swim and leave the other kid sitting on the beach."

"Democracy?"

"Well, yes. That, and just plain manners."

And out of his own childhood John learned something else that was to help him to be a wiser father. The lad found great companionship in his dog, a Dane that weighed 160 pounds. During one of their hikes the dog bounded away on a sudden scent and didn't come back. That evening there was a telephone call to the house. The game warden had caught him worrying a deer and had used his gun.

No one had prepared John for rank injustice, for hurt that had no reason behind it. But the incident and the whole pattern of his childhood taught him that life is a series of crises and that a child must not be spared tragedy in a brief, informing shape if there is anything to be learned from the experience that will help it to meet tragedy again with eyes that are unafraid. There was the time when Julie's cat crossed the street in front of her house and, immersed in cat thoughts, did not look up soon enough to avoid the grocery truck.

Julie did not cry that day. But when she went to bed her father came to pull the blinds against the too-bright moon and to wish her good dreams; he knelt beside her bed, suggesting a topic for her prayers, said, "Bless the children all over the world tonight, Julie."

She didn't speak for a moment. Then she said, "No. I don't know them."

The war was still going full blast. He said, "You know what the war is. A lot of children will lose their fathers and mothers tonight. Bless them, will you, Julie?"

Her lower lip crept out, her eyes hardened. "Kitty died today..." She could say no more.

What's the most popular room in your house?

If it isn't the kitchen you're off the beam!

Read what

Joan Fontaine

is doing with hers, in May Photoplay

132

I don't say hairnet...

... I Say

Elinet

10¢

Miss Margery Stoneridge, lovely Television Workshop star

For her television appearances, Margery Stoneridge appreciates the sheer loveliness of Elinet. Of silky mesh rayon that looks practically as fine as real hair...with elastic...full sized for all the new glamorous hairdos. Next time...every time...be sure you say "Elinet." Ivy Product Co., New York, N.Y.

in popular hair shades of all chains

MOCKERSINS $3.75

Whether leisure or pleasure bound you'll love to be seen in these authentic South-west all leather Mockersins. Your choice of Fiesta Gold or Adobe Natural. In all sizes for women or men.

LAZAR BROS.
P. O. BOX 332
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Enclosed find $_________ for which please send me
_________ pairs Mockersins. Color: (goldene) (natural). 
Shoe size: Men_________ Women_________

Name
Address

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Special offer: 50¢ OFF Domain Shoes on orders of $50.00 or more.
Out of the impasse he said suddenly, "All right. Suppose I'd been killed in the war? What would you do?"
She looked up at him. "I'd live with Mommy."
="And if Mommy..."
That did it. She cried a brief moment, for the cat. Then she prayed for all the children in the world, as earnestly as possible.

STILL, it must have taken the two years he spent in the Air Force to make what amounted to a small miracle in his personality and character, so that when Gloria De Haven passed by he was able to recognize in her the answer to his dream. Sitting on an Army bunk after supper, listening to the other fellows talk about their girls, he began to see a common denominator in this whole business of romance and marriage. There was the young chap with the picture of a girl who was waiting for him at home, and whom he had to look after. Wasn't this because the war was over so they could begin a family; there was the married man with the snapshots of his children on the shelf above his bed; and there was the wolf, busy at his trade. The only neurotics in the outfit were, John discovered, the wolves. They were the ones who so often sat drearily, staring into space, and who shouted in their sleep.

So he came home, finally, knowing what he wanted. It was not solitude, and it was not half a dozen girls ready and eager; it was peace, hard work, a home, a wife in every sense of the word—and children.

That, after all, is why a blue-eyed, black-haired little mite with every prospect of being beautiful and every chance for happiness was born last New Year's Day in St. Vincent's Hospital. For John, Kathy embodies a personal, rewarding thing. She is his future and she is all his, every month of the year. In her he can watch a part of his own personality emerge from the initial chrysalis and grow, because of his watchfulness and help, without too much of the frustration and pain he knew as a child, but with all the hope and imagination he can engender in her developing mind. Because of her, if a silly quirk or even a major difference should endanger the security of his marriage, he will think thrice, work triply hard to hurdle the obstacle and maintain what is, so soon after its beginning, a genuine home.

THE END

You Never Come Back

(Continued from page 55) "Although McCallister may not have other clear an idea of what he wants out of life, he knows pretty well what he doesn't want." These words were very true—two years ago. I can now tell Thornton I know much of what I want out of this new era and what—with an intelligent approach—I intend to get. . . .

OR, instance, a private life: Everyone says it is impossible. Motion-picture stars don't have, can't have, private lives. That is one of the first fallacies I intend to disprove—primarily for my own happiness, which may be very small on my part but is, I feel, it can be done. And during the next few years many of the younger actors and actresses will, I am sure, prove this theory.

As to the rare times when a private life must be completely private. To the point where even one's family is at times excluded. This again is a normal reaction from barracks life—this desire for complete independence from parental domination, which is wonderful during the
formative years but must be overcome if the full development of a man's character is to be achieved. I have reached that point in my life—and rather late, I might add. There are thousands coming home with the same thoughts and the same problem to face: How are we to leave the fold and yet prove to your family that your love has not diminished? It is a difficult but certainly not an impossible challenge. It is a necessary change. These words will not enhance my popularity with parents, unfortunately, unless they happen to be very liberal, understanding parents. But this is what I believe.

ABOUT education: It seems important to me that we continue to learn. Not necessarily in the classroom, though competitive thinking and discussion with intelligent students is a help, but also through lectures, concerts—definitely through motion pictures of value. I am returning to college on the GI Bill of Rights this month. Not that a degree inspires me; it is rather the chance for self-betterment and the ability perhaps someday to intelligently assist people less fortunate than myself. I will be twenty-two and a sophomore, which probably makes me sound rather stupid. But there are millions of fellows returning with the same problem, so in one way the age difference cancels itself out. For our schools this year and the next and the next will be filled with returned veterans. I hope the professors will be ready for worldly freshmen.

ABOUT a way of life: I do not want to hurt people in any way. (A typical post-war reaction.) But I am equally strong in my desire not to be hurt myself. I have many faults which only time and education will right. There are moments now when I am accused of being too outspoken, but if my accusers can criticize constructively then I do not think they rate recognition. Hollywood—like every city—unfortunately has too many important and unimportant people willing to criticize destructively. These are the ones I will fight. In the past I have been too passive for my own good, perhaps I should say for my career's good. Now that I am back, I already have the reputation of being “difficult,” but at least I am difficult with only those supposedly above me in the industry.

ABOUT friends—and a thing called tolerance: If a man is truthful with himself there are always several qualities of which he is invariably proud. I might as well mention mine for I'm sure no one else will.

Lon McCallister with his pet rooster who is his camera subject here
I am most proud of my real friends. They are actually few, the close ones, but sincere and good. Surely good fortune is present as long as good friends are present. A balancing fault is my possessiveness in friendship.

Another good quality is my tolerance. The equality of men, which I believe sincerely, and the recognition of intelligence and talent over color and race, I can remember, and not proudly, when I was much younger all the unkind jokes we children would make about any and all minorities.

Today I've come a long way from that ignorance. I've learned that races and national boundaries don't make any difference to many of us—all over the world—who understand each other through thoughts.

I have found it true of my Russian friends made in Alaska—young men filled with a sincerity of purpose and a feeling for friendship which goes beyond a difference in language. They are a happy people, sometimes loud with laughter and rough at play, but there is always a look of "wanting to be friends" in their eyes. In Fairbanks we American soldiers liked them and they liked us. But it seems to me that elsewhere in the world we have given them little opportunity to understand, much less like, Americans. The only remedy, regardless of so many newspaper editorials, is a mutual understanding and trust and a belief in the goodness of other countries and not just in our own righteousness.

Many books will be written about the problem of the Japanese in America and what I want to say is of little importance, but here it is. During the war no magazine would allow me to mention my Japanese friends in articles—even my college friends and fraternity brothers were excluded from print. Here in the West we accept the kids with the yellow tinge to their skins as Americans, for their minds think as ours, which is the important thing. They are as much—and many times, I feel, more—a part of the American tradition as the "little legionnaires" and small minds in America who condemn them for color rather than creed.

Of one very important thing I am positive: Our new one-world policy will be successful because so many of us understand each other.

Life today goes far beyond the making of pictures, or the city of Hollywood, or even these United States. For within our lifetime we shall probably someday escape our World and reach another planet. We have that seemingly distant possibility and so many others, and I for one have no desire to be left in the backwash of a stagnant, middle-road, non-imaginative mind.

A SUMMARY: Thank you very much for remembering these past few years the little soldier named California and the horse-loving Sparky. I hope the McCal- listers recently returned will be as acceptable in his new ways. Like all returning fellows I will do my best to be worthy of everything the politicians and the finest writers in the land and we are fighting for. I don't believe any of us wants something that is not coming to us rightfully.

All we want is a chance. And if some Ger- trude Stein of the '40's decides to label our generation with an honest adjective, let her call us the "regained generation." For as the young men and women of the first world war were tagged "lost," let us—under all our potentialities—move forward with the combined idealism—realism which these past years have given us. And which we will make full use of in the days to come.
What about Tommy?

(Continued from page 29) The damage done by these gangster films to the young men and women of our country.

Now it is happening again. Not long ago a film was released with one of the most notorious criminals of all time as the principal character. Because this gangster-hero met his end in the last reel the picture pretended to be "moral." But in the other seven reels he was portrayed as a fearless, handsome desperado, whose power attracted beautiful women and subjugated strong men. What do you think Tommy's reactions were when he saw this film? Do you think he left the theater with the lesson that "crime does not pay?"

I don't think so. I think Tommy remembered only the romance and danger and excitement that the racketeer enjoyed before he made his final mistake.

The popular box-office success that this film has had alarms me. I wonder how many Tommys watched this picture with mounting interest and found in it some sort of answer to the emptiness in their young lives. I wonder how many more young criminals our theaters will breed before we all wake up to what is happening.

I have already tried to bring before the attention of all Hollywood producers our obligation not to exploit and glorify the very worst element of our society. But you, as fans and film-goers, must also do your part. Your support is needed if we are to succeed in discouraging another wave of gangster films and, with them, another gangster era. It is up to you to stay away from such films. If these movies are not patronized you can be sure they will not be produced.

Crime films do not pay. Remember this the next time you go to the movies. Remember what happened before. Remember Tommy. He needs our help too.

The End

That's Hollywood for You

(Continued from page 63) unwilling audience, but listens because he believes he will get a larger tip. There is the "Good-time Charlie" who is just delighted that he ran into you, didn't know you when you were in town, and you two must get together. Give him a ring, any time. He doesn't give you his phone number and it isn't in the book. Then there is the director who acts out all the scenes for his players, despite the fact that he only turned director because he was a flop as an actor. Of course there is the casting director who says you are not the type, after having turned down an Englishman for an English part, a native of Russia for a Russian, and a French actor for the role of a French soldier. And there is the guy who is always at the preview, and after the showing, joins the sidewalk conference and says, "Darryl, you did it again." But he never tells Darryl what he did. All these wise and many more, are part of the Hollywood scene.

**

I believe that the distinction of being the most beautiful woman on the screen is a contest between Hedy Lamarr and Maureen O'Hara, especially when they are showing off in Technicolor. And what a contest! I would say that there is no actress on the screen who is as sexy—in a refined way—as Ingrid Bergman. It was Marguerite Chapman who during a discussion said that a temperament actor is a fellow who's trying to get his profile into the camera while you're trying to get yours in. And that's Hollywood for you!

The End

AMBROSIA

Don't let improperly cleaned skin mar your beauty! Cleanse with Ambrosia—the liquid facial cleanser that removes stale make-up, dust and grime...gives your skin a fresh-as-a-daisy feeling! Try Ambrosia today.

Nothing cleans like a liquid

AMBROSIA

A high school course at home. Many finish in 2 years.

Do you possess the time and ability to permit enrollment in regular high school work? Are you planning any career work for which a high school education is a necessary step? If so, the Ambrosia School can help you. No regular school is needed. Ambrosia School graduates have been successfully admitted to many kinds of courses that require a high school education.

American School, Dpt. 3-15, 68 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago 67

Available for immediate delivery!

-**-

Radio—5 tube
A. C. and D. C. 28.95 & 35.95

Automatic Electric Irons 6.95 & 8.95
Plain Electric Irons 4.95 & 5.90

Electric Toasters 4.45 & 7.95

Electric Cookers—2-Burner 6.95 & 8.95

Send 32¢ stamp for illustrated catalog listing over 600 hard-to-get items—Electric Appliances, Cooking Utensils, Hardware, etc.

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO.
671 N. CLARK ST., Dept. M-4, CHICAGO 10, ILL.
NO DULL
DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair softly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods.

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

LOVALON rains
The hair is as it is in 12

EXTRA MONEY
SHOW FRIENDS EXCLUSIVE GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS

Up to 100% profit for you, Examine
must not exceed, Members and

FREE SAMPLE 3
15¢ each on approval. Use
these cards to fill 5

Orthodox, Gift Wrappers, Social Notes. Write to day

TRIAL SIZES FROM
THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS. 70 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

HEADACHE?
TAKE A TIP
FROM ME

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS

10¢ and 25¢

CAUTION—USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 26)

✓ A Walk In The Sun
(20th Century-Fox)

HERE is an example of a really fine picture, realistically and honestly set forth to the best of everyone’s ability, but one that we feel will sell slowly at the box office. First, because it’s a war story and the public seems to want lighter fare. Second, because the theme is not new nor the action gigantically colossal. And yet we, as a reviewer and picture fan, think it a most touching and beautiful story of our own boys and of one incident in the hardships through which they endured, suffered, lived, hoped and died, even without leadership. To us who feel it a privilege to share vicariously these experiences, we think it a fine picture, though we can almost predict its future with movie-goers eager to be rid of memories.

Outstanding in the cast is Nick Conte, a brash, glib machine-gunner who admits he couldn’t shoot a target at Coney Island and yet handles his weapon of death with deadly skill. Dana Andrews as the sergeant who takes over when the lieutenant is killed on a landing barge and the ranking sergeant cracks up is plain wonderful. Scarred, sick and at times unsure of his next move, Andrews is our idea of how a lad under such stress and strain behaves. Casual and easy conversation goes on between members of this lone platoon that sets out to take a farmhouse in Italy and the men. We only know it seemed real to us.

George Tyne, John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges, Sterling Holloway, Norman Lloyd, Huntz Hall and others round up a cast that’s hard to beat.

Your Reviewer Says: It went to our heart.

Best Pictures of the Month

“My Reputation”

“Tomorrow Is Forever”

“Because Of Him”

“The Blue Dahlia”

Best Performances

Barbara Stanwyck in “My Reputation”

Orson Welles, Claudette Colbert in “Tomorrow Is Forever”

Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton in “Because Of Him”

“I REFUSED to look old at 23!”

Young mother, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., loses 53 pounds!

To see Kathryn Folts now—a slim, typical southern beauty, you’d never think she weighed 175 a few months ago. “I looked and felt old at 23,” she says, “and couldn’t seem to lose. Then my doctor recommended the DuBarry Success Course. In three months, I lost 45 pounds; I kept on till I lost 53—I went from a 38 or 40 dress to a size 14.

DuBarry Success Course

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SD-8, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs.

Street
Zone No.
City
State

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

137
T** This** is by far Barbara Stanwyck's best performance since her memorable role as 'Dudley Indecent', or even her unforgettable 'Stella Dallas'. And this is by far one of the most civilized, intelligent and adult pictures to hit the screen.

This picture is the story of an attractive young widow and mother of two boys, living in a convention-bound community and overwhelmed by a street-laced mother. It is told with dignity and a well-bred forthrightness that will appeal to every adult woman, especially, since it deals with a woman's emotions.

George Brent, too, seems inspired by Barbara's performance and as Major Landis with whom she becomes involved, he couldn't be better.

Her mother, who still wears widow's weeds after twenty-five years, is played, and played understandingly, by Lucile Watson. The sons, played by Scotty Beckett and Bobby Cooper, keep right up with the older members of the cast in delivering fine performances. In fact, we couldn't find a flaw in the entire engagement, well-directed and produced film.

Warner Anderson as the attorney, Eve Arden and John Ridgely as Barbara's friends also handle their roles in an expert manner.

Your Reviewer Says: Here's what we consider an A picture.

**They Made Me A Killer**

(Paramount)

This is another Pine-Thomas release, and the boys have a neatly done-up package with a well-developed, melodramatic story.

Of course it wouldn't be complete without cops and robbers and exciting chases in hoppered-up cars, but actually it all makes sense.

Robert Lowery is the proud owner of a car he can make do 120 mph. The car is used by a bunch of gangsters, among them Edmund MacDonald and James Bush, to make a getaway, and Lowery is innocently implicated in the robbery. Right then you find yourself rooting for him, caught as he is in the clutches of circumstantial evidence.

And his girl, well played by Barbara

Look closely and you'll note that both Gig Young and Errol Flynn would have to plead guilty for sneaking a peek
Britton, they try to clear his name, tracking down their small list of clues. There is a scene of good suspense in a roadhouse, while Britton is being pressed to sing and Loyce is in the clutches of the bad men for the second time.

Lola Lane is the girl in the gang and you will also see Frank Albertson and Elisabeth Risdon. We don't say this is an A picture by any means, but it's carefully made and a good second feature.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad at all.

**Deadline At Dawn (RKO)**

AGAINST a background of murder and the necessity of solving it before dawn, a tender and charming little love story develops between Bill Williams, a sailor on his last night of leave, and Susan Hayward, taxi dancer.

Bill gets drunk with Lola Lane and when he comes to on the street, he finds he has a roll of bills that doesn't belong to him. He persuades Susan Hayward, whom he meets in a dance hall, to go with him to return the money to Lola, but when they get there they find her dead, with suspicion resting on Bill. His leave is up at dawn, so they have to find the murderer by then, and the search leads them to a lot of strange characters.

Paul Lukas is a philosophical taxi driver who discovers what they're up to and helps them in their efforts. Joseph Calleia is Lola's gunman brother, Marvin Miller her blind ex-husband and Jerome Cowan a theatrical producer. You'll like Bill Williams as the innocent, honest young sailor and he gives considerable sincerity to his role. Susan Hayward is very good as the girl who feels she's too helpless to face his plight alone and Paul Lukas, as always, turns in a polished, finished performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Love and murder get entangled again.

**Breakfast In Hollywood**

(Golden-UA)

If you're a woman who listens to Tom Brennan's "Breakfast In Hollywood" radio show, you'll want to see this in-the-flesh portrayal, but if you aren't, we don't think you'll exactly be enchanted. The story of how the heart-of-gold master of ceremonies finds time to be kind to old ladies and patch up romances in the midst of his other jobs and radio work is a little on the syrupy side, but you'll doubt enjoy seeing Hedda Hopper wearing a few fantastic hats, Spike Jones crash out with two numbers, Andy Russell sing "If I Had A Wishing Ring" and the King Cole trio score with "It's Better To Be A Lover Than Yourself." Bonita Granville and Eddie Ryan are the cute romancers and Beulah Bondi, Billie Burke and Zasu Pitts the women who are also influenced by going to the broadcast.

Your Reviewer Says: For "Breakfast" radio fans.

**Detour To Danger**

(Planet)

PLANET Pictures does not pretend to be a wholly professional organization, as they make their features on 16 millimeter color film which is in demand particularly by small clubs and foreign markets. Their aim is "good clean entertainment" and as such, "Detour To Danger" fills the bill nicely. The story is about a vagabond, Jeff Grant, who gets involved with gangsters at a swank summer resort, falls in love with the proprietor's daughter, Nancy Brinkman, and saves the day for them both.

The sound and photography are little indistinct in places, and the music

---

**FOR WOMEN WHO DEMANDED a higher type of Intimate Feminine Hygiene**

FOR WOMEN WHO DEMANDED a higher type of Intimate Feminine Hygiene

**GUM GRIPPER**

TIGHTENS FALSE TEETH

OR NO COST

Amazing NEW Plastic Retainer LISTS FROM 4 TO 6 MONTHS

NOW—a big gift—you can make loose, slippery dental plates fit snug and comfortable. Just talk to comfort hunts—false teeth—fit firmly. "Gum Gripper" enables you to retain that feeling of almost having your own teeth again.

APPLY IT YOURSELF—AT HOME "GUM GRIPPER" plastic valplastic plastic valplastic retainer plates quickly, makes them hold tightly and fit like new. Just squeeze from tube, spread evenly, put plate in mouth, wear it while "Gum Gripper" sets in firm. No heating necessary.

USE ON ANY DENTAL PLATE "Gum Gripper" will not harm denture or irritate gums. Sanitary, easy to handle, makes mouth smart and clean. Prevents sore spots. Application of plastic "Gum Gripper" is guaranteed to last 4 to 6 months—or no cost. Can be bought or washed. (C. F. C. W. T., W. J. W., W. Y. W. &c., W. J. W., W. F. W., W. J. W.)

"Best I've Ever Used"

"Always I used, I have not removed my lower teeth for 2 months."

SEND NO MONEY—Order a tube today—it's only 1.00. Will out and mail coupon below. You'll be delighted! Satisfaction guaranteed on your money back.

FREE GUM GRIPPER

127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 14, Ill.

---

**Zonitors**

(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE! Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals Frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. 229-A, 700 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State
DON'T COVER UP A “PROBLEM SKIN”*

(YOU MAY MAKE IT WORSE!)

See how quickly this famous cream helps heal ugly blemishes*

Don't take chances with ugly, externally-caused pimples and blemishes. "Covering them up" may actually make them worse! Instead, help heal them with Medicated Noxzema. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is for pimples and blemishes. That's because it's a medicated formula. It contains special ingredients that not only soothe and smooth rough, dry skin but aid in healing blemishes and irritations. See for yourself how much Noxzema can do to improve the appearance of your skin.

Get a jar today at any drug counter. 10c, 35c, 50c (plus tax). *externally-caused

NOXZEMA

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN 4 COLORS

Your favorite stars of the screen come to life in these beautiful LIFELIKE photos, ready for instant framing to add new lustre to your room and home . . . new charm to your album or scrapbook. Get them today . . . it's the chance of a lifetime!


These photos are printed on heavy coated paper. 8x10 in FULL COLORS. your choice of any eight listed above for 50c—$1.00—set of 34 only $2.50. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

IRVING KLAW, 212 East 14th St.
Dept. M-77
NEW YORK CITY 3, N. Y.

HEY, MOM! Don't be a Diaper Drudget! 


FREE . . . To get one full day's supply of Diaper Liners write: Dennison, Dept. D-145, Framingham, Mass.

FOR THE SEAT OF YOUR DIAPER TROUBLES

Dennison

DIAPER LINERS
Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Tenderness Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use soothing, cushioning Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Instantly relieve pressure on the sensitive spot. Smoothly remove callouses when used with the separate Medications included. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Counter. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

LOOK FOR THE PATENTED HEART SHAPE WITH PINCHED EDGE

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Alfred Drake, original Broadway "Oklahoma" star, is taken in tow by Janet Blair in "Tars And Spars"
The Virginian (Paramount)

Unfortunately this remake of the classic Western isn't as good as the original was, but it's still romantic and fairly exciting and the Technicolor scenery is beautiful.

Joel McCrea is the Virginian, the cowboy who falls in love with pretty Barbara Britton, the Easterner who's come West to teach school. Brian Donlevy is the rustler who's been getting away with everyone's cattle until McCrea goes out after him, and Sonny Tufts is as good as Joel's weak pal who gets involved with Donlevy. Fay Bainter and Henry O'Neill are excellent, and the supporting cast all do pretty good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant fare.

Woman Who Came Back (Republic)

Oh dear! Poor Nancy Kelly, surviving a bus wreck, returns to her old family homestead in Massachusetts believing she has inherited an ancestor's curse of witchcraft. Nobody, not even her doctor fiancée John Loder, can talk her out of it. When the doctor's small niece comes down with a mysterious ailment and his sister all but attempts suicide, the talk around Massachusetts is that Nancy is indeed a modern witch and something should be done about it. Finally long-buried papers hidden away in a church clear the mystery and Nancy is freed of her obsession. Ruth Ford and little Jeanne Gall both do good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Which is witch?

1 Ring Doorbells (PRC)

Those who read press agent Russell Birdwell's book, "I Ring Doorbells," will think movies rang the wrong bell so far as any similarity to the book is concerned. Fortunately it turns out a fair enough little picture, strictly grade B of course, with Robert Shayne playing the reporter and Anne Gwynne the girl friend. The newspaper office setting provides Roscoe Karns, John Eldredge, Pierre Watkin's and Harry Shannon with ample opportunity to display their talents and yelling their (at times) talky dialogue. While it isn't a big picture, it still carries enough value to keep one fairly interested.

Your Reviewer Says: Ring again, mister.

Whistle Stop (Nero)

Here are plenty of gloomy doings for you if you want to wade knee-high in them, and in a little whistle-stop community, too, where you wouldn't think a firefly would glow out of focus. And yet when Ava Gardner returns to the town she finds George Raft still a saloon loafer and a general no-good dressed to the teeth. So Ava gives her attention to Tom Conway (out of his Saint role for the picture) and Raft, piqued and ruffled, goes to work. Then Conway frames Raft on a murder charge and just when it looks like curtains for Georgia, his pal Vic McGlaken clears Raft of the charge and takes the rap himself. And incidentally, that sunset George and Ava walked off into (unless they've eliminated it by now) was whipped up by the local union of sunset builders number 241, without a doubt.

Ava is beautiful, of course, and the cast fair, but the overhanging gloom is hard to take.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy, heavy, what hangs over?

Tips from Famous Decorators!

WAKEFUL TONIGHT Dragged Out Tomorrow

Yes, wakeful nights are unpleasant but the effects next day are still more unpleasant.

If Nervous Tension sometimes keeps you awake at night, or makes you irritable and edgy in the daytime, try Dr. Miles Nervine. This time-tested sedative has been making good for sixty years.

Get a bottle of the liquid or a tube of the tablets at your drug store. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Don't dye gray hair

... until you try the new color-control method of Mary T. Goldman's! Then watch your hair take on the beautiful, natural-looking color you desire, quickly—or so gradually your friends won't guess.

Simply do this: Buy a bottle Mary T. Goldman's, just comb it through your gray, bleached, or faded hair. See how this new scientific color-control gives you the youthful hair shade you want. Pronounced harmlessness by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), will not harm your wave or change the smooth, soft texture of your hair. It's inexpensive and easy to apply, too. For over 50 years millions have found new hair beauty by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store on money-back guarantee. Or, if you'd rather try it first, mail coupon below for free test kit.

[Ad for Dr. Miles Nervine and a coupon for a free test kit.

Dye in a bottle]
New—Hair Rinse
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and... Removes this dull film
1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings...plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.
   1. Black
   2. Dark Copper
   3. Light Brown
   4. Golden Brown
   5. Nut Brown
   6. Light Auburn
e. Light Auburn
   7. Tiffin Blonde
   8. AUBURN
   9. Expert Blonde
   10. Dark Auburn
   11. Light Auburn
   12. Lustre Gold
4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radiken, all new, approved ingredients.
Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any drugstore dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a FREE SAMPLE:
Golden Glint Co., Seattle, Wash., Box 2366 C-20
Please send color No. as listed above.
Name
Address

GOLDEN GLINT

"FACE LIFTING WITHOUT SURGERY OR PEELING"

FACE MOLDING
Is entirely different from the regular facial. It restores sagging muscles to their normal position lines and bags will disappear. After years of tireless research Mr. Gardner, one of the World's Greatest Facial Experts, brings a new gleam of hope to women who face the years ahead. No excuse for anyone to have a double chin, don't rub up on the neck, to do so you rub the lines from your tummy into your face. Lotion for pimplies and acne, other priceless secrets. A few minutes at home each day all you need for a beautiful facial contour an up-to-the-minute book that the smartest woman will appreciate. $4 at newstands or send check, money order, to Gardner's Beauty Clinic—612 Thirtieth Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

The Shadow Returns
(Monogram)
A nother bright boy continues to astound, bewilder, confuse, belle and mystify the police who seemingly can't solve a murder if they try with both hands. This time it's Kane Richmond, nephew of the police commissioner (his own uncle yet) who assumes the "Shadow" disguise in order to prove people are not leaping off balconies wholesale but are being shoved off. He proves it, too, we guess—proceedings being a little confused at moments. Barbara Reed is the object of Richmond's affections. Tom Dugan isn't.
Your Reviewer Says: "I have a little shadow."

Portrait Of Maria
(Mundales-M-G-M)
LOOKIE, Mexico sent us a good—will picture with Dolores Del Rio playing an Indian girl who really meets a tragic end. Pedro Armendariz plays her Indian lover who fights to save her from the far—from—merry villagers who are an unholy lot if you ask us.
It seems Miss Del Rio is ostracized for her mother's sins and when she poses for an artist who attaches her face to a nude painting—well, the villagers will have none of it. The actors are made to speak English through dubbing. It's wonderful how well the lips and words are synchronized, but who thought up that English, we wonder. It's plain silly in spots.
Anyway, it's all pretty depressing but maybe those lovers of foreign films will think it is wonderful. It's a cinch we didn't.
Your Reviewer Says: Mucho gracias just the same.

Behind Green Lights
(20th Century-Fox)
THIS is a nice little B picture, but you have probably seen many like it and won't have much trouble guessing how it's all going to end. Nevertheless, William Gargan gives a good portrayal of a hard—balled yet honest police officer with a kind heart, trying to get along with politicians in addition to doing a good job at his detecting. Carole Landis is the chief suspect in the murder, who falls in love with Gargan.

Olivia de Havilland looks over the sweeter difficulties of Lieut. Sonny Tufts in "The Well-Groomed Bride"

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple riles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PIPE FOR
EASY APPLICATION
Pazo ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful Pazo ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple riles.

PAZO SUPPOSITORY TOO!
Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories. So Pazo is also made in handy suppositories. Same soothing relief! Get Pazo in the form you prefer, at your drugstore today.

A Product of THe GROVE LABORATORIES INC. St. Louis, Mo.
Mary Anderson's talents we felt rather hidden in an incongruous bit as the gangster's wife, and we wish she could be given better parts.

The story deals almost exclusively with one night's routine in the police station, and the excitement that comes along in between.

We don't guarantee you'll like it, but we've seen worse.

Your Reviewer Says: Melodrama in a police station.

### Swing Parade Of 1946 (Monogram)

If you can manage to ignore the tired plot, all about a girl who wants an audition and a boy with money who wants to open a night club and his father who tries to prevent it because he wants the son to enter his business, you may get a good deal of enjoyment out of Gale Storm's singing and dancing, especially number one which she does with dance director Jack Boyle.

You'll also like Connee Boswell singing the new hit, "Just A Little Fond Affection," and "Stormy Weather." There's lots more music, too, with Louis Jordan's symphony five and Will Osborn's orchestra. Completing the cast is Phil Regan, who makes a personable appearance, and the Three Stooges.

Gale Storm, incidentally, has been improving rapidly with each new picture and we like her.

Your Reviewer Says: This is just another musical.

### A Guy Could Change (Republic)

Well, we're sorry, but we don't think much of this one. The hero, Allan Lane, becomes embittered at his wife's death in childbirth and allows the child, Twinkle Watts (a little smart-ass pants if ever we saw one), to languish without care while he "tries to forget" in chasing after women. The heroine, Jane Frazee, works at a drive-in and, although she loves Allan, she walks out when she realizes his low motives. It's an overly sentimental and corny story, but if you're in the mood for a tear-jerker, here it is. Added to the sob stuff is something about a convict Jane

Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid meet a stirring crisis in "Devotion"
Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

Simple Chest Cold
Sore Throat
Bronchial Irritation

Simple Sprain, Bruise
Sore Muscles
Charley Horse

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band

THE IRON that Lifts Itself!

A touch of a finger and it lifts itself. Stands on its legs. No tilting.

The Iron that Lifts Itself is


It's new... it's exclusive... it's PROCTOR


Your Reviewer Says: This guy could stand a lot of changing.

✓ Diary Of A Chambermaid
(Bogues-UA)

This harks back to the days of heavy musk rather than Chanel No. 5. In fact, both musk and mustiness cling to the story which has a sort of highbrow-pink family journal feeling about it.

Paulette Goddard is the vivacious chambermaid who comes to the home of Reginald Owen and Judith Anderson in nineteenth-century France. Miss Anderson, playing a role which has broken the lives of those around her, tries to tighten her bond on her son, Hurd Hatfield, who hates her, by throwing the chambermaid at him. Francis Lederer is the amiable valet who also falls in love with her, but he has dire ways of expressing his devotion.

A third suitor is Burgess Meredith who is not only producer and author of the screen play, but who enacts the role of the crazy old neighbor who eats flowers—yes he does—and makes passes at Paulette while he capers like a Punch and Judy show.

Despite the hodgepodge this presents, the picture, due largely to its excellent cast, has moments of mounting excitement. Also, thanks to Jean Renoir's direction, it has a new kind of romantic element personified in Hurd Hatfield. Let the current lovers look to their laurels—here comes Hatfield!

Your Reviewer Says: "Chambermaid" will appeal to the parlormaid in you.

Sensational Value!

HOLLYWOOD Type CUFF BRACELETS
Wide Bright Nickeled Metal—Non-tarnishing ENGRAVED
With Your Name or Initials

ONLY $1.00
Including 20% Federal Tax.

Be first with this new, sensational jewelry novelty that is sweeping the country. Order yours now!

Please specify name or initial to be engraved. Send money order, check, or cash. Stamps cannot be accepted.

Hollywood Specialties Co.
Box 24-K—Union Station Detroit 11, Mich.

Beautiful NAILS

At a Moments' Notice

Have you torn, thin, short, or discolored Nails? DON'T WORRY! Just apply NU-NAILS and in a jiffy you have long, tapering fingernails. Can be worn any length and polished any shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Waterproof. Removed at will. Help not accompany malingering hands.

N. U. NAILS ARTIFICIAL

3255 W. Fairbanks St., Dept. 160, Chicago

PICTURE ON RING $1

The newest in smart Maternity DRESSES

Daring trims for comfort and conversing lines. All at surprisingly low prices. A dress for every occasion.

FREE from HOLLYWOOD

New catalog sent upon request in plain envelope. Write:

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 51, BOBY Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

PHOTO MATCHES

Your baby, home, family group, or favorite photograph sharply reproduced on standard-size match packs. Send one photo for exact duplication. No C.O.D.'s, please. Order now for yourself and friends. Box of 50—5c. Includes postage.

INDIVIDUALIZED PHOTO MATCH CO.
Dept. P-11 East 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.
WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS
Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny tubes, or glomeruli, are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When distortion of kidney function permits poisonous substances to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness and pus-ey, heavy, achy and diseased or scary passages with smarting and burning somehow shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Don's Pills, a stimulating diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 49 years, and will be the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood, Get Don's Pills.

let Nadinola's 4-way action help you CLEAR UP EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES GENTLY LOOSEN BLACKHEADS LIGHTEN DULL DARK SKIN

Don't give in to unsightly skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 4-way treatment cream that helps to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin, rapidly and safely. It counteracts caused pimples—ease freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Its special medicinal ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it feel softer, look smoother. Buy Nadinola Cream today and use as directed. A single treatment size jar is positively delightful! Do take care of your complexion or your money back! Only $1.00 at drug and beauty counters. Full size 10c. Also...

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

NADINOLA, Dept. 29, Pure Tobacco
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition of Nadinola's 4-way action booklet, complete with actual photographs and vivid proof of the wonderful results from just one jar of Nadinola's

Name
Address
City, State

HEAD COLD Congestion
HERE'S WARM RELIEF WITH MEDICAL SMOKE

Have you tried the new
SAFETY-PLUS

DRUGSTORE
drugstore

SANAPAK is shaped to fit without bulk—faced with soft cotton to give you the greatest possible wearing comfort. And they're made with three special layers, including the famous "Pink Back" to give you triple protection. Order on SANAPAK—they cost no more than ordinary napkins!

FREE Sample Cigarettes

BLOSSER's Medical Cigarettes
THE BLOSSER CO., Dept. 3-2, Box 1707, Atlanta, Ga.
Send me FREE Sample cigarettes, without obligation.
Address

City and State

BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

FEAR—Monogram: What a lot of awful things can happen from an innocent little check! The moneylender being killed and the detergent of Peter Cook in the film is all right, we suppose, but why, why, why don't the movie-makers stop trying to solve things by dreams? (Mar.)
IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don’t dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the cholecalciferol laxative. It’s thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
10c and 25c at all drug stores

NEW BOOK—Quarterly: Another good old Western, but this was almost too much for us, with more cruckery thrown and broken than we’ve seen yet. We do like Rod Cameron and Yvonne De Carlo but don’t think they’re either quite ready to star, especially without anything sensible to do. But lots of people will love it. (Mar.)

GETTING GERTIE’S GARTER—Small-UA: Dennis O’Keefe as a demuregulated scientist trying to keep his pretty wife Sheila Ryan from knowing about his mix-up (quite innocent of course) with Marie McDonald (Gertie of the garter) is not very funny but, then we hear the story shocked our grandmothers, but it didn’t shock us. (Mar.)

HARVEY GIRLS, THE—M-G-M: When a Harvey Restaurant opened in the West in 1860, Judy Garland took the same train as the pioneer-waitresses to marry her correspondent fiancé. Discovering John Hodiak wrote the letters as a game, Judy joins the girls and has all sorts of experiences before her feud ends in true love. The music is wonderful and the people fun. They include Angela Lansbury, Preston Foster, Virginia O’Brien, Ray Bolger and Kenny Baker. (Mar.)

HOW DOO YOU DO—PBC: Of all the silly claptrap and ridiculous goings-on, this takes the prize! Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, isn’t funny to us, nor is the music fun, nor the cast very helpful—which also includes Harry Von Zell, Cheryl Walker and Ella Mae Morse. So, frankly, we can d00 without it. (Feb.)

JEFF HERDERS—Planet: When a returned GI finds his father about to be drafted into this Western range, he calls on his soldier buddies for help and they arrive and take over like a motorized division. June Carter, Johnny Day, Pat Michaels and Steve Clark are the principals involved. (Jan.)

KITTY—Paramount: This romance of the eighties, Pygmalion story, set back in an eighteenth century of striking contrasts, stars Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland, both finely cast. There is intrigue and lavishly to delight the senses and the eyes; the story-interest holds to the end. You will also like Patrick Knowles, Cecil Kellaway and Constance Collier. (Feb.)

LAST CHANGE, THE—Firsta: A story of refugees and prisoners of all nations, speaking in many tongues, fleeing the Nazis is this out-of-the-way film made in Switzerland, important in its appeal for racial tolerance. It is different and artistic, and uses English subtitles to help you along. John Hays, Ray Reagan and Luisa Rossi are good, though unknown to American audiences. (Feb.)

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN—Fox: Readers of the Ames Williams’s book will like this faithful transition to the screen, enhanced by color. Gene Tierney does the best job of her career as the psychologically over-passionate woman who disarranges so many lives. Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain are excellent. An outstanding treat. (Mar.)

LETTER FOR EVIE, A—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt, a shirt factory secretary, slips a note in a large-sized shirt, envisioning a big handsome soldier. The note reaches Hume Cronyn by mistake, a very funny yet
gatheringly timed little GL. Pamela Britton is La \( \text{ord} \), the roommate and John Carroll the soldier for whom the note was intended. It's cute. (Mar.)

MAN ALIVE—RKO: Pat O'Brien forgets his wife's birthday, so he gets very drunk and exchanges clothes with a fellow who promptly dies, leaving Pat's wife, Ellen Drew, believing herself a widow. Pat, upon returning home, advice and continues to play dead while Rudy Vallee courts Ellen. The cast is too good for this sort of thing. (Jan.)

MAUSQUADE IN MEXICO—Paramount: Well, we didn't like Arturo De Cordova or Patric Knowles, we did like Dolores del Rio. It's a thoughtless mess, cast, everybody seemed to be whirling in activity, and plot, at once, seems quite unfair. Outside of that, the Mexican setting, we're happy to admit, was interesting. (Mar.)

MISS SUSIE SLAGLES—Paramount: This meager and somewhat unbalanced, in \$6.98 REQUIRED. \$2.50 SEND the and to send Electric other many \$3.99 scaly definite 51.UU tl SEND thrill PHOTO PHS and 10 K Gold Top and massive Gold Sterling Silver stamped in ring... $4.94

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: At last year Jane Russell's first picture appears, and we're sorry but we were disappointed. We liked her leading man Jack Buetel (who could her dream) much better. The picture is a unique kind of Old West tale and has a strange, fascinating attraction despite many ridiculous moments. Walter Huston turns in a brilliant job, and Thomas Mitchell is in it too. (Feb.)

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY—Paramount: Packed with radio personalities, this has Art Linkletter as emcee of the air show and Rudy Vallee a first sponsor determined to find Jack Haley for his show. From Stanley Lupino-Langford and Helen Walker are the romancers, and Ozzie Nelson, the Vagabonds and Bob Graham pop in and out of the affair. (Jan.)

PILLOW OF DEATH—Universal: 'Inner Sanctum' comes to movies with ghost-ridden houses, scenes, murders, and Lon Chaney a very suspect attorney, Brenda Joyce as his pretty secretary, Edward Bromberg a spiritualist and Rosalind Ivan a delight as an Englishwoman. The pillow, incidentally, was used for smothering. (Mar.)

PURSUIT TO ALGIERS—Universal: Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, inevitably Sherlock and Why not? First time same pair has ever got one, do they! to escort a monarch安全地 back to the Balkans might villain and villain, but of course everything finally comes out all right. (Mar.)

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Paramount: Bing and Bob have never been so relaxed and enjoyable, as a pair of vaudeville-vaudevillers was held for Alaska with Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father's mine. The boys pay the bill as they charge the villains, Douglas Dumbrille and Jack LaFoe. We howled with laughter. (Mar.)

SAILOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—M-G-M: Cast anything but little sometimes too cute, as one Allyson as the bride-in-arms and Robert Walker as her eager groom are just right for their roles, and are amusing in their first experience at amiable bliss. The film just misses being a tremendous hit. But it's still cute. (Mar.)

SAN ANTONIO—Warner's: Errol Flynn in another Western is his unusual character, turning out a nicely restrained performance as the fearless, cleverer-than-anybody hero, took down cattle rustler Paul Kelly and winning beauties Alexis Smith. and all in Technicolor, too. (Feb.)

SARATOGA TRUNK—Warner's: Ingrid Bergman is lovely how about her as an actress and it is by giving us an entrancing Clio, emotional, beautiful, in her first picture, Giovanni Tassini, whom Ingrid tries to renounce for a marriage of wealth and revenge. The story is unbalanced, but cute and if you don't care for Greta Robins in it, you won't be able to help admiring Florence Bates character. Erich von Stroheim. (Feb.)

SCARLET STREET—Universal: The same woman "In the Window" try it again, and it's still good but not quite. Joan Bennett, Taina Elg and Robert Mitchum make the dark tale live, and we think you'll be interested, fascinated and replied at the same time. (Mar.)

SCOTTLAND YARD INVESTIGATOR—Republic: Erich von Stroheim is the latest movie art thief and gets a false Francis and Lindsay Smith in one heck of a mess. Doris Lloyd and Forrester Harvey are outstanding as financiers and Stephanie Bachelor and Richard Fraser play the romantic interest. (Jan.)

SheBA ANN FROCKS—Fine Rubber Heels & Soles! Your neighbors, friends, others will order on sight—when they see your new charming turning-drag Show. SheBA ANN FROCKS, original costing for less than exclusive store prices. Famous New York and Hollywood designers fashion these shoes and dresses to suit. Groom new fabrics, exquisite workmanship, lavish use of fine materials. Can be used as your house without extra cost for $1.00. Send order, postpaid, 200, extra charge. Original returnable within 10 days. Send gift cards. SheBA ANN FROCKS Dept. 63 350 S. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles 10, Calif.

SHOE MAX—SWEETIE PIE—SWEETIE PIE—Women's, Men's, Children's Styles. Wear and Send FREE CATALOGуй. NEBO, California 251.

SHEBA ANN FROCKS-Dpt. M-18, Dallas, Texas

FREE FROCKS—penelope taking orders for SheBA ANN FROCKS.

NAME __________________________

Address ____________________________________________

City ___________ State ___________

FREE DRESSES—on exclusive details on June 24th this year, pay postcard free for your DRESS MAILED FREE, incl. Tax, Full Figure, $1.00 each, $10.00 a case. Send for FREE CATALOG to SHEBA ANN FROCKS—Dept. M-18, Dallas, Texas.
They say I'm a vamp

Nonetheless, this may intrigue you, and we will ask Lee Montgomery, Adele Jergens and Charlie Winninger. It could be better, but we've certainly seen worse. (Mar.)

VING YOUR WAY HOME—RKO: This little movie mainly has Marcy Maggie, a petulant ingrid Bergman is a doctor of psychiatry who falls in love with Gregory Peck. The last scene has Bergman trying to escape, but Ingrid helps him escape the police and then comes her desperate effort to bring his memory back. (Jan.)

SPIDER, THE—20th Century-Fox: Nick Conte is very good as the detective who gets involved in a lot of killing, and the picture shows promise of the girl who involved him. Kurt Kreuter and Martin Kosleck are on hand. (Jan.)

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE—RKO: This exciting suspense novel is solved by Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire and George Macready. The mystery doesn't get solved, but what mystery does? The psychological twist in this case is a murderer who can't bear physical imperfections in people, Eda Lachester, Sally Allgood and Kent Smith lend good support. (Mar.)

STORK CLUB—Paramount: Betty Hutton is good but not quite the Stork Club hat-check girl who gets established in a swanky hotel suite with bills paid by an anonymous admirer. When Don DeFore gets the fan's face, he's the worst. Barry Fitzgerald is very good and Andy Russell in his screen debut is sure to click. (Jan.)

STRANGE CONFESSION—Universal: Brenda Joyce, who wants some easy money, leaves her husband Lon Chaney into burrowing through a medical discovery, so he has to go to the city for a career. He returns when he learns the uncompleted drug has been given to his first love by who believes in its imperfection, and then he goes berserk. (Jan.)

STRANGE VOYAGE—Signal: Eddie Albert and some service men formed Signal Pictures to make an independent production and they represent each other. This is about a curious adventure, a boat, and death. People thought Eddie good and it's interesting though not a strictly "Hollywood" job. (Mar.)

SUNRONNET SUE—Monogram: Gale Storm sings new and old ditties in her father's burlesque saloon until his society to go and lose his money. She has cause it'll ruin their social position. So Gale moves in with the swindlers in order to get it opened again. Phil Reagor, Lowanda, Charlie Brown and Alan Mowbray are in it too. (Jan.)

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE—M-G-M: A little lady and a little ladybird, A starlet and a top model, a fine picture with many gripping action shots of the Pall Mall job the little PT boats did in the war. John Wayne and Robert Montgomery are perhaps somewhat too noble, but as history this film is great. Also with Donna Reed and Jack Bheth. (Feb.)

THIS LOVE OF OURS—Universal: Sentimental melodrama, this, with Merle Oberon as a dancer who marries Charles Korvin, has a daughter and then in desertion runs away. She spends years seeking for her child before she and Korvin meet again, and then comes the readjustment with her daughter who has believed her dead. With Claude Rains, Carl Esmond and Sue England. (Jan.)

TIGER WOMAN—Republic: Kane Richards sleuths Adele Mara, who killed her husband for his inheritance and then her boy friend Robert Fraser because he tried to hack out it resembles "Double Indemnity" and isn't so bad. (Mar.)

UP GOES MAISIE—M-G-M: Ann Sothern continues her good-hearted blundering, this time as secretary to personal pilot, inventor of a helicopter, Hillary Brooke is that sleepyfish. Maisie is always welcome with us. (Mar.)

VACATION FROM MARRIAGE—M-G-M: Quite the outstanding coming to from London, produced by Alexander Korda, is this story of a rather dull English couple who become worldly wise through their separate sojourns in the South of France and of their comic reconciliation after three years apart. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr, (Mar.)

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?—M-G-M: That delightful Corporal and his fast talking pal, respectively played by Robert Walker and Kenneth Welsh, are joined this time by a trio of chuckles and laughter, especially in the boys' frus- trated attempts to "train" Fred MacMurray, the French girl, and Chill Willis the sergeant. (Feb.)

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF—M-G-M: With elaborate color, a gay locale and bright stars, this still isn't a good picture. Irene Lunile is so outrageously naive that she actually believes it when Fred Astaire tells her he's her guardian angel. Fred and Frank Morgan are confidence men who are out to get her money. (Jan.)

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When diamond dusting becomes from "Diamond Dust" to "Diamond Dust"—and why not—�ew as effective and imaginative in your windows as the old-fashioned lamp. Make your windows sparkle, and the stores profit by the change. Send your name and address to the nearest Diaphanous M-G-M: Educational Department, 1520 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I get vim from vitamins Brenda

No Matter What Your Age

GRAY HAIR

CHEAT YOU

Now comb away grey this easy way

Gray hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handbags all you have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and obliterates gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make this no-risk Test:

Get a bottle of the new Kolor-Bak as your drug or department store—today and test it. Under Kolor-Bak it must make you look younger and far more attractive or your money back.

SERGEANT'S

VITAMIN CAPSULES

They are the secret of your health and beauty. They're rather like the parakeet that Brenda Koltussen and Niacin. every day ... they're made especially for dogs with vitamins A, B, D, G and Niacin. They help guard a dog against diet deficiency diseases.

You'll find them with other Sergeant's products, at your nearest drug or pet store.

Do you have a copy of the new Sergeant's Dog Book? It's full of good ideas on dog training and care—and it's FREE. Get it at any drug or pet store, while Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

WHEN YOU WON'T SAY YES—Columbia: How tired we are of women psychiatrist, career women trying to love, and Rosalind Russell (who can be so good) acting coy. Nevertheless, this may intrigue you, and we will ask Lee Montgomery, Adele Jergens and Charlie Winninger. It could be better, but we've certainly seen worse. (Mar.)

Women's Huaraches Imported From Mexico

* Genuine Steerhide

# All sizes in

* Choose the best of the new, soothing foot-bracing stocks.

ORDER BY MAIL FROM SPRINGER'S

276 San Francisco—SF - PA, Texas

FUN WITH AMAZING GYPSY-DREAM FORTUNE-TELLING CARDS

There's hilarity telling fortunes new easy way, with sensational Gypsy Dream fortune-telling deck. Fascinating friends, have loads of fun. Easy cards tell a story. Easy instruc- tions in each deck. No experience, no reading, necessary. Free Guide to Fortune Telling includes Cards. Ten Club mailingPhilatelic, BEND No MONETY. Mail name and address, pay 15c per card and 20c per deck. SPRINGER CO., Dept. U-122, 209 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS When diamond dusting becomes from "Diamond Dust" to "Diamond Dust"—and why not—�ew as effective and imaginative in your windows as the old-fashioned lamp. Make your windows sparkle, and the stores profit by the change. Send your name and address to the nearest Diaphanous M-G-M: Educational Department, 1520 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

LIEFETHODS, 1234 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 26-5, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FREE BOOKLET!

Be a Designer of Smart Fashions

Fascinating gold. Originate your own distinctive costume. All the tools you need—crayons, starting point for career. Learn at home—spare time.

NATIONAL SCHOOL

1326 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1384, Chicago 5, Ill.

Photo ring

Any photo or picture of your friends, relatives, children, pets, etc. reproduced in 3½" x 5". Limit共和国 the ring shape, or any 1" x 1" frame. Completely finished and mounted on glass, ready for framing. Only 50c.
LEARN NURSING AT HOME

Earn while training — Opportunities everywhere
THOUSANDS NEEDED NOW
Demand for nurses today greater than ever before!

FREE LESSON
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
Dept. 103, 1276 North 8th. Street
Chicago 14, Ill.

FREE BOOK
Send for Booklet
We write for your locality

FREE LESSON
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
Dept. 103, 1276 North 8th. Street
Chicago 14, Ill.

FREE BOOK
Send for Booklet
We write for your locality

BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER
LEARN AT HOME FOR LESS THAN A DOLLAR A DAY

Play by note Piano, Violin, Tone Band, Gaiter, Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument. Wonderful method. Simple as A-B-C. No "memorizing" or trick music. Costs less than 1 a day. Over 750,000 students.

FREE BOOK and Print and Picture Sample explaining this method in detail.

U.S. School of Music, 3064 Bruns Blvd., New York 10, N.Y.

Please send me Free Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument)...

Name: ____________________________

Street: ____________________________

City: _____________________________

State: ____________________________
Announcing the new Improved
POSTWAR ARRID

No other Deodorant
stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely.¹

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for!
The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives
you the maximum protection possible against perspi-
ration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes!
No other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream...
mets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar
Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

Springtime Evening Drama
The new, long Sarong skirt... slim and sleek.
The casual black top, with the season's smart-
est sleeve! Wear it with short daytime skirts,
too... but always protect it (and you) from
perspiration and odor. Use Arrid daily! No
other deodorant stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely... only Arrid!

Only safe, gentle Arrid
gives you this thorough protection
1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so
effectively, yet so safely.¹

2. Nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as
any other leading deodorant cream.

3. Does not rot clothes. Greaseless and stainless, too


5. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Just rub in
well, no waiting to dry!

²Also 10¢ and 59¢

ARRID... nearly twice as effective
in stopping perspiration
as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid
Grace Moore • Georgia Gibbs • Jessica Dragenette • Jane Froman
Diana Barrymore • Carol Bruce • Barbara Bel Geddes

Black's the thing this Spring!
And heavy gold jewelry is lovely with it! But
you'll spoil your dress and glamour, if you don't
guard against perspiration! Use Arrid daily! Arrid
is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration
as any other leading deodorant cream.
LOOK LIKE SPRING—

Banish your winter face! The cold has roughened your skin, left dead cells. Brush them away with a stiff brush and soap and water; soften the skin by cream patted in briskly to increase the circulation; keep it glowing with a brisk face tonic and ice-water packs. Banish the blackheads, too, but never by squeezing them—use a prepared mask, leave it on for the required number of moments, then rinse it—and the blackheads—away. Watch your powder—spring calls for a powder change, so be prettily extravagant, throw out the old, introduce a new shade with a rosy cast as its flattering base. June Haver says: “Your face has a frame—your hair; keep it in shape by constant brushing, by getting it out into the springtime sun. Use a tonic on your hair, too.” And this is important—watch your diet. Fats are necessary in winter to give heat; but concentrate now on green vegetables and fruits. Make a pledge to drink a glass of cold water every time you think of it—and think of it often.

BE A SCENTED BEAUTY—

“Turn over a new spring leaf and stop boarding perfumes and colognes,” June suggests. To be used properly they must be used in quantity—cologne sprayed over the body after the bath for that exhilarating fresh feeling; perfume used not a drop here, a drop there, but applied on wrists, behind ears, in the hollow of the neck... perfume on bits of cotton tucked into the neck of your dress, into the band of your new spring hat, into your purse, sprayed on your hair. Remember, left on the dressing table, they only end up as unpleasant alcohol. Most of all, remember the little deodorant bottles and jars, for without them all the scents in the world are useless.

BE SMART ABOUT THE LITTLE THINGS—

Spring calls for crispness, for fresh feminine beauty unmarrined by chipped nails and rough hands. Watch the little things you must—at the first sign of a rough nail edge, file immediately with your emery and you’ll save your nail. Should the nail tear, keep a piece of mending tape handy, cut it to the shape of your nail, press it on, clip the excess. Then cover the nail with colorless sealer before you apply the polish. Nails chipping, no time for patchwork? Then remove all the polish, for nothing is more detrimental to beauty than chipped nails. A quick cure for rough hands: Hand lotion or cream and the proverbial pair of white cotton gloves. “Wear the cotton gloves over the cream or lotion for at least an hour,” says June. “They see to it that the oils are absorbed, will give you pretty white hands in half the time.” Be well groomed and be as happy as that trilling robin outside your window—and keep that way through spring.
Ineffably lovely... young as spring itself, the lasting fragrance of Djer-Kiss bespeaks romance! You'll adore it!

dear, dear DJER·KISS

The World's Most Romantic Scent

by Kerkoff

You'll like REGENT's crushproof box

REGENT

The milder, better tasting cigarette

(Continued from page 149)

Charles Frohman, Robert E. Keene; Michael Haus; Frank Reicher; William Monk, Lester Dorr; Lew Jessica, Rebel Randall; Breck & Voma; Emma Vogan; Robert Buell, Sherry Hall; John Adam Cyril Delevanti.

SWING PARADE OF 1946—Monogram: C. Lawrence, Gale Storm; Danny Warne, Phil J. gan; Mercer McGraw, Edward Brophy; Maria Fin Mary Trent; R. J. Benson, John Eldredge; P. Warren, Russell Hicks; Pete Warren, Leon Balian.

Windy, Windy Cook and the Three Stooges, Cem Bowell, Louis Jordan and his Tympny Fyve, W. Osborne and his Orchestra.

TARS AND SPARS—Columbia: Christine Br ury, Janet Blair; Howard Young, Alfred Dra Junior Cassidy, Marc Plante; Penny McDonald, J. Dommel; Chuck Enders, Sid Caesar; Lieutenant Scnly, Ray Walker; Chief Buzan Mate Gurna; James Flavin.

THEY MADE ME A KILLER—Paramount: T. Darling, Robert Lowery; Jane Reynolds, Barba Britton; Steve Reynolds, Byron Barr; Jack Chas Edmund McDonald; Frank Chance, James Bus Betty, Lela Lane; Ag, Elizabeth Risdon; Al, Fra ALbertson; Roach, Ralph Sanford; Lafferty, J. Harmon; District Attorney, Paul Harvey.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—International: El ooth (MacDonald) Hamilton, Claudette Colbert Erich Kaiser and John Wallace, Orson Welles Larry Hamilton, George Brent; Aunt Jessie, Luc Watson; John Andrews (Drew), Richard Long; Ma garet, Natalie Wood; Cherry, Joyce Mackenzie Bryan, Sonny Howe; Drew, as a baby, Mich Ward; Hr, Ludlow, John Wengraf; Charles Harilton, Douglas Wood; Norton, Ian Wolfe; Puds. Tom Wirick; Secretary, Lane Watson; Bully, Henry Hastings.

VIRGINIAN, THE—Paramount: The Virginia Joel McCrea; Trampas, Brian Donlevy; Steve Seaton, Pamela; Molly, Barbara Britton; Myr, Tay Fay Bainter; Nebraska, Tom Tully; Mr. Tay Henry O'Neill; Sam Bennett, Bill Edwards; Hon Wyper, William Frawley; Betty, Paul Guilfoyl Pete, Marc Lawrence; Bally, Vince Barnett.

WALK IN THE SUN, A—20th Century-Fox: Sh Tyne, Dana Andrews; Rivera; Richard Conte; Fred man, George Tyne; Windy, John Ireland; Set, W Lloyd Bridges; McWilliams, Sterling Hollowa Archibaug, Norman Lloyd; Set, Porter; Herbe Rudley; Frances, Richard Benedict and Huntz Ha Carwell, George O'Brien Jr., Steve Brod Matt Willis, Chris Drake, Alvin Hanner, Vic Cutler, Joy Norris, John Kellog.

WHISTLE STOP—Nero; Kenzy, George Rel Mary, Ava Gardner; Caitlin, Victor McLaglen; La Lentz, Tom Conway; Fran, Joe Curtright; Jan Jan Nigh; Mollie Veech, Florence Bates; Erst Chest dale; Sam Veech, Charles Judels; Ti Barker, Jimmy Ames.

WOMAN WHO CAME BACK—Republic: D Matt Adams, John Loder; Lorna Webster, Nam Kelly; Reverend Stevens, Qta. Kruger; Ruth Gi son, Ruth Ford; Noah, Harry Tyler; Peggy Glass Jeanne Gall; Besie, Almira Sessions; Sheriff, Parde McDonald; Dr. Peters, Emmett Vogan.

Just imagine—

If you were

BETTY GRABLE'S RANCH GUEST

You'd meet the maestro,

HARRY JAMES

and the little queen,

VICTORIA ELIZABETH

So hit the Grable-James trail at a gallop

IN MAY PHOTOPA
Photographs by Blackwell, Hesse Studio — Hollywood

Maybelline Mascara, Cake or Cream form, in Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, in Black or Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Brown, Blue-gray Green, Violet and Gray

Do you see the difference?

Compare these two natural color photographs of the same girl. Everything alike, except the eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means — plain faces become pretty, and pretty faces beautiful.

A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara gives lashes that long, curling, velvety-dark appearance. The depth and color of eyes are subtly accented by Maybelline Eye Shadow — and lovely, expressive eyebrows are easily formed with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Try these exquisite beauty aids and see the wonderful transformation in your charm and expression. For the finest in eye make-up — the favorite of millions of smart women everywhere — insist on MAYBELLINE.
For Gracious Living

Wherever the better things of life are enjoyed and appreciated... Schlitz is a natural and expected part of the setting.

JUST
the kiss
of the hops
No harsh bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
In the studio, I learned that my husband and I—"ne Allenson—had married! An antic report from NE ALLYSON
See Page 38
It's captivating—the clearer, fresher, softer complexion that comes with your *first* cake of Camay! So tonight, change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay’s daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin.

MRS. CALDEMEYER'S STORY

Maryland Hayride: Off on a fun-filled hayride, under bright Baltimore skies, Muriel and Dan pair up. It’s his hand, and heart, to "the loveliest girl of all"—to Muriel of the softly luminous complexion! "I thank Camay, and its mild care, for my skin’s fresher glow," says Muriel. "My very *first* cake brought a new, clearer look.

Coming—a home for two! A Colonial—in Evansville—with wide terraces planned for buffets and barbecues. "I'll go to Evansville as Dan’s bride—and to look the part, to keep my skin’s sparkle, I'll stay with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Really mild—Camay cleanses without irritation. Make your skin lovelier, too—full directions on every Camay wrapper!
CUPID: Loafer, huh? And who was it just now helped you catch the bride's bouquet? And who—

BRIDESMAID: Bouquet, hah! Listen, Cupid, I've caught enough brides' bouquets to start a florist shop! I want to catch a man—

CUPID: You'd never know it the way you go around glooming at people! Don't you know what a sparkling smile can do for a girl... and to a man?

BRIDESMAID: Sure... but who's got the sparkling smile? Me? Nuh-uh! I brush my teeth, but... well, dull, dingy...

CUPID: Oh? And "pink" on your tooth brush, too?

BRIDESMAID: Only since last week.

CUPID: Well, didn't the dentist—

BRIDESMAID: What dentist?

CUPID: What dentist? Listen, you sweet little idiot, don't you know that "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away? He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

BRIDESMAID: ...so then the cute little rabbit went lipperty-lip down the road, and—look, Little One, what's all that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: In a word: Plenty! A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you'll help yourself to healthier gums and sounder teeth. And a smile full of sparkle! Start today, Sugar!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers
We're off on our tandem in a whirl of delight! We've just seen M-G-M's high-spirited new musical hit, "Two Sisters From Boston," and—oh, those sisters! It's a youthful, exuberant romance of New York at the turn of the century—those flamboyant days when it was definitely naughty for a young lady to show her limbs—no matter how attractive!

Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about. And we do mean hurly-burly!

Jimmy Durante shouts delightful ditties in a Bowery beer hall.

The great metropolitan Opera tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throws his magnificent voice into the finest songs.

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. And everybody sings!

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "an- chors aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters from Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola: "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"
IT'S TERRIFIC!

I'M FAIL ME!

I YAM SPEECHLESS!

BUT FOLKS...

HA-CHA-CHA-
CHA!

M-G-M's marvelous musical entertainment... romance, songs, heart-throbs, fun!

A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION • Original Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY
Additional Dialogue by JAMES O'HANLON and HARRY CRANE
Directed by HENRY KOSTER • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Contrasted candidly: Cornel Wilde and wife Pat dine at Ciro's

Lana and Llamas: Three of Lana Turner's best beaus were at her farewell party when she took off for South America with Photoplay's own Sara Hamilton—but nobody could guess which one would be at the plane to meet her when she got back. Her wardrobe was a sensation—and some of the gifts (including a llama for Lana) that those South American swains sent her during her tour would have your eyes popping. And here's a giggle—and as someone said—quite a break for the Brazilians. When Lana left Hollywood, about the only words she could say in Spanish or Portuguese were "Si, si!"

Blessed Eventful: Well, kiddies, the newspapers missed entirely the best sidelight on the blessed-eventing of Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont. Of course, you know Maria had her baby, christened Maria Christine, almost to the minute when her astrologer long since had told her she would—on Valentine's Day morning. But you haven't heard about what a nervous wreck the whole thing made of Charles Boyer! He and Jean Pierre are pals, you know—and, if possible, Charles worried more about the baby's arrival than the floor-pacing husband did. In fact, it was Boyer who pounded on Aumont's door the night before saying, "Hurry, hurry! You'll be late!" That was at 4:00 A.M. of the morning the stork arrived. Then he and Aumont dashed to the hospital where Pat Boyer joined them—and they all (Continued on page 6)
CROSS LADD... AND YOU'VE DOUBLE-CROSSED YOURSELF!
Fool around Ladd's woman ... and you're a fool! For Ladd's gun and Ladd's fists say you can't get away with that, brother — not in his territory!

With the three famous finds of "The Lost Weekend" including that now-famous 'natch' girl!
“I’m too busy to bother with men”

Ridic! You pine to be popular. So give your charm a swift-lift. Here’s how:

KEEP FRESH: After your bath dust Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body. It sweetens your skin, leaves you excitingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH: Pat some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places to give sensitive skin a pearly smooth sheath of protection.

STAY DAINTY: Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often—for coolness, comfort and because it imparts to your skin the fragrance men love.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes
For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢

(Continued from page 4) paced together! Just before the baby was born, Jean went in and kissed Maria and when he came out of her hospital room, he sneezed. Boyer almost had a fit. He said, "How could you do such a thing? Your baby isn’t born yet and you will give it a cold!" And the moment the little girl arrived, Boyer rushed Aumont home, telling him positively to stay in bed for two days and not go near that hospital until there wasn’t a sniffer left in him.

We-Told-You-So Department: About that radio show that Ginger Rogers would do with her husband Jack Briggs producing, Ginger has been against radio work to any extent for a long time—but with Jack giving up his movie career to concentrate on radio production, guess she figures the best way to prove her devotion is to give him a fine start by starring in his first series. And that she will do... And how about that prediction months ago that Brian Aherne was really serious about Eleanor LeBrot—and no one else—even though at the time he was being seen around quite a bit with Garbo—and being "linked" in the columns with her? Now Brian and Eleanor are man and wife.

Sorry, Jean: Sorry to have to tell you that it will be many a day (if ever) before Jean Arthur returns to movies. That swell little actress had to leave the cast of the Broadway hit "Born Yesterday" because of illness—and she had a big hunk of interest in the show too. But that isn’t all. Jean is much more seriously ill than supposed, and may have to go away somewhere for several months before she can work at any kind of entertainment.

Fun Facts: More fun at the tremendous party that the Eddie Robinsons gave. It all started out with a big dinner to a gypsy orchestra—but soon someone yelled, "Throw the Gypsies out!" and first thing you know—the party had turned into a star-studded jam session. And a lot of people suddenly discovered that Ray Milland is really a thwarted crooner and piano player! You should have heard him doing his own version of a Sinatra—to say nothing of that "Tea for Two" (Continued on page 8)
Strange Woman...
The lonely one... she kept her shadowed secret as long as she dared!

Strange Sweetheart...
He loved her... he loved her sister... but he couldn't belong to either!

The Sister...
In her heart, a dangerous yearning for a desperate love!

The "Friend"...
They couldn't fool him - they couldn't trust him!

Four unforgettable dramatic stars in the drama you'll remember them for!
IDA LUPINO · PAUL HENREID
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · SYDNEY GREENSTREET
In the new "Devotion"

Screen Play by KEITH WINTER · Original Story by THEODORE REEVES
Music by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD
DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT
If your answer is "NO", chances are you know about and use Midol.

If your answer is "YES", and you haven't tried Midol, you may be passing up comfort which millions of women now enjoy!

You see, Midol tablets are offered specifically to relieve functional menstrual pain. Their action is prompt and sure. They contain no opiates, yet get to work quickly in three ways to bring welcome relief from menstrual pain and discomfort: Ease Cramps—Stimulate Headache—Relieve Migraine—when you're "Blue".

Let Midol prove that you can enjoy life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" might make you miserable. Get Midol today at any drugstore.

**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from page 6) stuff at the ivories. He loves it—but it isn't often he gets around to giving out with the hidden talent.

**Speaking of Swimming**: Here's how Katherine Hepburn may be getting that inexhaustible supply of energy. She gets up around 6 A.M.—rain or shine, winter or summer—and takes an hour-long swim! Of course, we mean when she's in California. The swims are followed by a really brisk rubdown. And when she's making a picture, she sometimes has to get up before it's light to leap into her pool.

**Where's There's Smoke**: In "Laura" Dana Andrews smoked pack after pack of cigarettes in a long soulful way, if you remember—and in "Fallen Angel" it was the same story. But it looks as if his weed days are gone. He's been smoking a corn cob pipe all through "Canyon Passage" and he's developed a mad passion for the thing. Even drags it around to parties.

**Hereabouts**: After all that to-do about career versus marriage, Ann Miller and Reese Milner tied the knot when everyone thought they would despite all that ridiculous, exaggerated publicity. She'll be Mrs. and make that movie too—and personally we don't think the groom really gives a damn whether she spends a lot of time in front of a camera or not... David Niven is still waiting for his "Primmie" to arrive with the two babies—and excitedly telling all his chums, "Wait till you meet her—you'll be crazy about her." . . . Joan Caulfield back from New York with her pockets full of the wonderful press notices she got in "Miss Susie Slagle's"—her first picture to be released although she has already made three!

**Wardrobe Blues**: June Haver loves those period pictures she's been playing in—but she has just one little peeve about the whole situation: They don't give her a chance to build up her own personal wardrobe as a lot of stars can do—enriching their closets with gorgeous gowns they've worn in a movie and then arranged to buy from the studio. Junie says, "About the only thing I've been able to salvage in my whole career so far is a bathing suit I wore in 'Home in Indiana'—and there was nothing old fashioned about that!"

**Bing and Bob**: Isn't it swelegant having Bing back on the air? But listen to this! The latest is that Crosby and Bob Hope will co-star in a radio series in the near future. Both are nuts about the idea—but the show would cost the sponsor about thirty thousand a week. Don't doubt any sponsor would be glad to pay it for these two— "an American institution" they are, by golly.

**Of Van and Fans**: Van Johnson discovered something new in bobby-sox devotion when he came out of a drugstore on Sunset Boulevard to his parked car. It had been there about twenty minutes—and of course when he returned to it, (Continued on page 10)
Wrapping your heart with happiness...

Two grand people
...made for each other...and having
such a wonderful
time finding it out...

They get married
for fun...and have
it...for the BEST
of your life!

...tying it tight with love!

JACK H. SKIRBALL · BRUCE MANNING present

MYRNA LOY · DON AMECE

So Goes My Love

A UNIVERSAL RELEASE with
RHYS WILLIAMS · BOBBY DRISCOLL · RICHARD GAINES

Directed by FRANK RYAN · Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL
INSIDE STUFF

Candidly funny—Ingrid Bergman and Pat O'Brien join the laugh riot with Jimmy Stewart—dining at Ciro's

Let the Glamour of "Make-up" add a Garland of brightness to Your hair

Use Your Head . . . and make the most of your hair! It can be one of your loveliest features, as flattering to your complexion as the lipstick and dress shades you choose with such care . . . so color-bright that you're always at your best. And it's all so easy.

3 Minutes, at Home . . . does the trick! That's all the time it takes to use Marchand's wonderful Make-Up Hair Rinse. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — it's absolutely harmless, as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair!

Here's All You Do . . . After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. In seconds, all trace of soap film is gone! Your hair shines with new color, sparkles with dancing highlights, and is easier to manage, too.

For Every Shade of Hair . . . Yes, with Marchand's 12 smart Rinse shades, you can achieve a variety of interesting color effects. For example, you may highlight your natural hair color, or even tone down overbright hair. Sound interesting? Try it — after your next shampoo!

(Continued from page 8) there was the usual swarm of followers. Van stopped and autographed all of their books and then got into his crate. As he stood on the running board, he glanced at his light-colored convertible top—it was covered with lip-prints!

Newsome: Don't want to disilllusion you—but even though they were a romantic screen pair in "Her Highness and the Bellboy"—don't be expecting to see June Allyson and Bob Walker teamed as lovers in any more pictures! Just what caused all the friction between these two while working nobody will vouch for, but the desire not to work together any more is mutual. And the other day when they were called into the boss's office about doing another movie together, both flatly refused! . . . Ida Lupino's new romance has her studio bosses crazy—for fear the rest of the world will find out who it is . . . Helmut Dantine still rushing Marguerite Chapman . . . Poor Joan Fontaine, taken so very ill—just as she was throwing a big party (for over a hundred people) as a "farewell for myself!" She was headed for a month's vacation in Cuba—on doctor's orders. But had to call both the party and the trip off at the last moment. It will break her heart if she isn't well enough to start "Viennese Waltz" opposite Bing Crosby in April. Never have seen her so excited about any role yet. Well, who wouldn't be? . . . Cute and talented Marsha Hunt and Bob Presnell Jr. had a wonderful honeymoon in a mountain lodge up in the snows that look down on warm and sunny Hollywood. If their theme song wasn't the popular "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow!" it should have been!

Atomic: Expect a startling announcement from the direction of Greer Garson and Dick Ney! . . . There's a vow of a feud already started between Joan Crawford (the new queen of the Warner lot) and Bette Davis.

Strictly Miscellaneous: Paul Brinkman's giving Twentieth Century-Fox some headaches by spending so much time on the set and on location with Jeanne Crain. You can't blame Paul for wanting to be with his pretty bride, but the studio feels it would be just as well if Paul didn't give her so much advice on her acting . . . After a careful scrutiny of Peggy Ann Garner, Cal doesn't see any need (Continued on page 12)
HER EYES PROMISE Love...
HER LIPS SNEER "Death!"

Savage priestess of the Leopard Men
... sworn to bring back Tarzan's body
for her fiendish jungle ritual!

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'
"TARZAN
AND THE
Leopard Woman"

Starring
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
BRENDA JOYCE
JOHNNY SHEFFIELD
ACQUANETTA

Produced by
SOL LESSER •  Associate Producer and Director
KURT NEUMANN

Original Story and Screen Play by CARROLL YOUNG - Based Upon the Characters Created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek . . . DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.

These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they're made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

(Continued from page 10) for her going to Terry Hunt to streamline her figure, but Peggy Ann, who's determined to grow up to be a glamour girl, evidently thinks it's necessary. Maybe we're getting old. Bing Crosby's not only the most popular star in America, as proved by our own Gallup poll, but he was also voted the most popular star in Britain. Guess everybody loves that guy . . . Keenan Wynn's hobby is overhauling an old car until it runs like new. In these days of broken-down cars and flat tires, that's a handy guy to have around the house . . . Clark Gable wants to make "Fountainhead," but Warners own the book. Metro won't loan Gable, and Warners won't sell the novel, so everyone's quietly sulking . . . Cornell Wilde's wife Pat is high up on the fan mail list at Twentieth Century-Fox, Cornell's studio. Reason for all the mail is that the fans want to see her co-starred with Cornell . . . Paul Henreid's starting construction on a twenty-four-unit apartment building. When it's finished he'll rent only to ex-service men and their wives who have at least one child and one pet. That's Paul's way of helping out the service men who are having a bad time with the housing shortage . . . You'll hear Cary Grant sing for the first time in "Night and Day." Good too . . . Bob Alda's getting up a book of his private Italian recipes. Bob's the best Italian cook in town, and everyone clamors for an invitation to dinner . . . Wayne Morris can't buy shirt large enough to fit him, so he and Grant Withers and Forrest Tucker, al big men, have pooled their supply. That's why Wayne was wearing the handsome white shirt on the lot the other day. Only strange thing was that it was initialed FT . . . James Brown is rapidly catching up with the Bob Youngs, who have four daughters. Jim and his wife just had their third daughter.

Offs and Ons: Alan Curtis and pretty model Sandra Lucas flew to Las Vegas and were married at the Last Frontier Hotel. Let's hope the third time is the charm for Alan, who's been married twice before.

Too bad Gail Patrick's marriage to Arnold White ended in a divorce action. You'll remember that Gail met the handsome Navy Lieutenant on a War Bond tour, and (Continued on page 14)
What a TREASURE they're after!

Groucho
The Look!
Harpo
The Ogre!
Chico
The Leer!

The Marx Bros.

"A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA"

Their 1946 Howl-Raiser

with
Charles Drake • Lois Collier

Lisette Verea • Sig Ruman • Dan Seymour • Lewis Russell

Directed by Archie Mayo • Released thru United Artists

A David L. Loew Production
Canaries like to sing. Keep them healthy and happy, and they just naturally will sing. Usually, the difference between a listless bird and one who fills your home with his sweetest trills is a matter of diet. That's why most canary owners always feed French's Bird Seed and Biscuit, the diet containing the Tested Twelve ingredients.

A proper canary diet must be blended of many ingredients — must be carefully proportioned and thoroughly tested. French’s Bird Seed and Biscuit is all of these things. Feed it to your bird—always. He’ll be happy because it’s tasty; he’ll be healthy because it contains the ingredients that are proven to be good for him—the Tested Twelve. Millions of singing canaries have made French’s the most popular bird diet in America.

These are the Tested Twelve:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Canary Seed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Millet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yellow Millet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rape Seed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soy Bean Grits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yeast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sesame Seed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poppy Seed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn Syrup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuttlebone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charcoal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheat Germ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

IN ONE ECONOMICAL PACKAGE! →

French’s

BIRD SEED →

and BISCUIT →

(Continued from page 12) that they were so much in love then that White overstayed his leave before returning to his post.

Nancy Kelly eloped to Las Vegas on Valentine’s Day and married cameraman Fred Jackson Jr. They met on the set of “Follow That Woman.” Sonja Henie alleged in her divorce suit that Dan Topping deserted her although she had given him no reason to do so, and so won her divorce. The pros and cons on the romance situation between her and Van Johnson are hot and heavy. But just because they waltzed on the ice doesn’t mean they’ll waltz to the altar.

The wartime romance of Kim Hunter and Marine Capt. William Baldwin couldn’t survive the peace, so Kim di-

Handsome two-ing—Robert Preston and his Mrs. in attendance at Carthay Circle

voiced him on their second anniversary. Too bad that even their one-year-old daughter couldn’t save this marriage.

Peggy Cummins, whom you’ll see as Amber in “Forever Amber,” decided that marriage with Bob Landry wouldn’t work out because her career demands so much of her time, so the two have dropped all plans to wed.

Home Is Where the Hat Is: Lana Turner’s beautiful Bel-Air home has been sold over her pretty head. That means when Lana gets back from South America she’ll find herself homeless. Jane Withers has been going crazy trying to find a house for John Dall who’s heading back to Hollywood. Jane swears the house is for John and not John and Jane.

Home is also where the husband is Bette Davis’s new groom, William Grant Sherry, is an artist and prefers to live in Laguna Beach, so Bette has sold her house in the Valley. She’s rented a place in Brentwood, but will live in Laguna when she isn’t working. Nearest thing to bedlam is Ida Lu-
STIFF PINO’S HOUSE. SHE’S TAKEN IN FIVE PEOPLE WHO CULDN’T FIND A PLACE TO LIVE.

AND POOR LIZABETH SCOTT! SHE’S BEEN EVICTED FOR THE SEVENTH TIME, AND NOW THINKS IT’S A WASTE OF TIME TO EVEN UNPACK HER TRUNKS.

WORST OF ALL IS SUSAN PETERS’ PRECIPITATION. SHE’S BEEN GIVEN NOTICE TO MOVE OUT OF HER MALIBU HOME AND HAS TO GO BACK TO THE HOSPITAL TO LIVE UNTIL RICHARD QUINE CAN FIND ANOTHER PLACE.

STORK FEATHERS: IT WAS A BOY FOR MARJORIE WEAVER AND DONALD BRIGGS. YOU’LL REMEMBER THAT MARJORIE MARRIED BRIGGS AFTER HER FIRST HUSBAND, KENNETH SCHACHT, WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION DURING THE WAR. BUT THE REPORT PROVED IN ERROR. SCHACHT TURNED UP NEW AND NOTABLE: DON DE FORE AND HIS PRETTY WIFE DINE OUT AT CIRO’S.

NEW AND NOTABLE: DON DE FORE AND HIS PRETTY WIFE DINE OUT AT CIRO’S.

ALIVE AND RETURNED TO HOLLYWOOD. BUT MARJORIE HAD BEEN BRIGGS’S WIFE FOR TWO YEARS AT THAT TIME AND WAS EXPECTING HER BABY, SO SCHACHT AGREED TO LEAVE HIS WIFE TO HER NEW HAPINESS.

BOB CUMMINGS AND HIS PRETTY WIFE WELCOMED A SON, ROBERT RICHARD, WHO’LL HAVE JACK BENNY FOR HIS GODFATHER. JACK HAS OFFERED TO GIVE THE BABY VIOLIN LESSONS, BUT BOB HAS REFUSED TO ALLOW IT.

DEANNA DURBIN JOINED THE RANKS OF GLAMOUR GIRLS WITH DAUGHTERS WHEN LITTLE JESSICA LOUISE WAS BORN. FUNNY HOW SO MANY OF OUR STELLAR BEAUTIES HAVE DAUGHTERS INSTEAD OF SONS—HEDY LAMARR, ANN SOTHERN, GENE TIERNEY, LANA TURNER, RITA HAYWORTH, BETTY GRABLE, MARIA MONTEZ—TO NAME A FEW.

LOOKS TO CAL AS IF THE STORK WILL BE RUNNING HIS LONG LEGS RAGGED FOR A RECORD SEASON BY. THE VAN HELFINS ARE ON HIS LIST. AND SO ARE THE GREGORY PECKS. AND THEN THERE’S GINNY SIMMS AND HYATT DEHN (HE IS LISTED AS HYATT VON DEHN IN NEW YORK’S SOCIAL REGISTER)—JUST BACK FROM A TRIP EAST AND SHOPPING FOR A BASSINETTE. AND EDGAR BERGEN AND FRANCES WESTERMAN SHOULD BE PA AND MA BEFORE MAY IS OVER.
If you could count the users of Tampax

If you could count the millions of users of Tampax, you would find them living in country houses, city apartments, even tents. You would find them on trains, boats, planes and islands—in both hemispheres, six continents, seventy-five countries, and speaking dozens of languages. The sun never sets on them.

Those who have followed the history of Tampax are astounded by the number of women already using this monthly sanitary method, because the change from external protection to internal protection seems so decisively revolutionary... Just imagine discarding the harness of belts, pins and external pads by the one swift decision to use Tampax!... No odor, no chafing, easy disposal. In place you cannot feel it and you need not remove it for shower or tub.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator... Sold in 3 "absorbencies" at drug stores, notion counters. Month's supply slips into your purse. The economy box contains enough for 4 months' average needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

{ REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR }

Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland were scheduled to have their babies the same week of the same month—but the stork flew in at Deanna's four weeks earlier than expected.

**Weather Report:** Gail Russell-Guy Madison: Gail blowing cooler.

Kurt Kreuger-Cathy Downs: Fair and mild.

Janis Paige-Rod Cameron: Chilly winds, icy weather.

Ella Raines-Philip Reed: No storms in sight, just gentle rain.

Barbara Hale-Bill Williams: Hale melting, temperature rising, forecast sunny skies ahead.

Cary Grant-Betty Hensel: Weatherman out to lunch. No prediction available.

Olivia de Havilland-Major Joe McKeon: Mercury rising, temperature torrid, heat wave approaching.

Joan Leslie-John Howard: Breezes balmy, but forecast uncertain.

Ida Lupino-Helmut Dantine: Brrrr!

**Around the Town:** Hedy Lamarr's planning to establish her own cosmetic business very soon now. But don't expect to look like Hedy, girls, that's expecting too much of make-up... Of all things, burglars made off with the knob of June Haver's front door. When she returned home from a party, June found the doorknob missing and signs that the door had been jimmed. Luckily the burglars were unable to get into the house... Not so lucky was John Garfield, who reported to the police that burglars had made off with all his patio furniture stored in the garage... Bette Davis calls her husband by his last name, Sherry, instead of William Grant. May she picked up the habit from Nora Eddington, who always calls Errol, Flynn. So did Lili Damita—pronounced Fleen... Will Rogers Jr. will portray his father in "The Story of Will Rogers" on condition that his salary for the film will be turned over to charity tax exempt. After this picture, he sticks to politics... Sight of the month is Harvey, the boxer puppy given to Lauren Bacall and Bogart as a wedding present from Louis Bromfield. Harvey had his ears clipped and kept pulling off the tape, keeping the ears from healing. So Lauren put a snood on the dog to give his ears a chance to heal... A fan of Helmut Dantine's managed to get a pass key made for his apartment, but the manager caught the girl as she was about to make an entrance. She won't tell how many pass keys were made and now Helmut is wondering what else is liable to drop in unexpectedly...

Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are about to become a husband and wife team on the screen. The picture will be a comedy, and the studio hopes it will be the first of a series...

Tony Martin went back to the Chez Paree in Chicago at $5000 a week. When he first appeared there before getting into the movies, his salary was $50 a week. Bob Walker gained ten badly needed pounds on his last visit to New York. He did it the hard way, too. Quantities of cod liver oil...

The story goes that Maria Montez had a violent quarrel with her oldest sister Adita and ordered her out of the house. Adita flew back to the Dominican Republic immediately and now Maria's so sorry about it all. No one concerned even remembers now what the fight was all about.

**Lawford on Matrimony:** Peter Lawford doesn't plan to get married for at least six or eight years, he says, but he has definite ideas as to the kind of girl he hopes to marry then.

"She won't have to be beautiful—just nice looking, with a sort of wind-blown naturalness." (Continued on page 19)

**Mature lost for an answer?** Vice and June Haver at CBS Frigidaire Star Time
"It's a Boy!"
—and his life expectancy is brighter, and longer by 15 years—thanks to medicine's "men in white"

Cold figures... with a warm, wonderful significance. This table based on figures from several leading insurance companies tells in seven lines as much as a five-foot shelf of volumes on the amazing strides modern medical science has made in protecting and prolonging life.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YEAR</th>
<th>MEN</th>
<th>WOMEN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1900-02</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901-10</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1909-11</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920-29</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930-39</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939-41</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

THAT'S the significant showing made when three leading, independent research organizations put this question to 113,597 physicians in the United States: "What cigarette do you smoke?"

Figures were checked and re-checked!

And more doctors named Camel as their smoke than any other cigarette!

Doctors, like all of us, smoke for pleasure. Camel's rich, full flavor appeals to their taste... Camel's cool mildness registers with their throats... just as with smokers the world over!

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat.

The best proving ground for a cigarette is your own taste and throat. Your taste is the place to "test" the flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Your throat will tell you most conclusively how Camel's cool mildness agrees with it.

CAMELS Costlier Tobaccos
It's dark... it's exciting... it's the new Cutex color for intrigue. Put it on your long, temptress nails... wear it—then let men beware! • And when in lighter mood try the new Cutex Proud Pink:
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 18) And she won't be clothes crazy, either. I like a girl who wears the casual sort of clothes that look all right either indoors or out. "She'll have plenty of personality and she'll have a good mind. I want to marry someone who can talk intelligently and listen intelligently about a variety of things. She should have a sense of humor, too. That's one of the most important things of all."

Peter wants to get all youthful impulsiveness out of his system before he settles down and marries. When he weds, he says firmly, it's going to last.

Personality of the Month: You can walk right up to Miss Vera-Ellen and with our permission say, "You are a paradox." And if she asks why, and of course she will, for Vera has an inquiring mind, you can say she's that rarest of rarities—a rather tall girl with curls and dimples who really looks cuddly. In her nutshell, that's Vera-Ellen.

On the screen you saw her first in "Wonder Man" with Danny Kaye, especially in that wonderful Balinese number with Vera and Danny dislocating their necks in the fascinating fashion of the natives. You'll see more of her in "The Kid from Brooklyn" where she goes from one specialty to another.

Work? The girl's a fiend for it. Long, long hours—no, days and weeks—of practice for her routines leaves her disheveled and droopy, her hair sticking out like animated daisy petals, but does she care? Never. Vera-Ellen is a professional, has been since childhood. Dancing is her creed, her life and to it she gives her mind and strength and never frets about the time involved.

Her one ambition is to dance professionally in Cincinnati, her hometown, but every time a stage production in which she's dancing hits the Ohio town so do the floods. Back in Cincinnati she began dancing at nine, became the chief amateur entertainer at all the local functions, and then moved on to New York to try out with Billy Rose.

"I don't want a job in the chorus," she sassed him. "I want a specialty number."

Three weeks later she became a specialty dancer in Billy Rose's night spot Casa Manana, and eventually moved on to the musicals "Panama Hattie," "By Jupiter" and eventually "Connecticut Yankee" where Sam Goldwyn saw her, liked her, signed her.

Things she reluctantly admits to are that once she was a part of a Major Bowes unit, that she loathes shows on the road and that in her very first dramatic job she spoke one line: "There it is." The show was "Very Warm for May." Her mother dreamed up the name Vera-Ellen replete with hyphen and all. Her complete name was Vera-Ellen Rohe. In 1943 she married Lieut. Robert Hightower but recently separated from her handsome husband.

Food? She ate the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary out of food the day we lunched with her and looked about inquiringly for more. Her dancing, of course, keeps her down to the 111 pounds which is a nice balance for

BEAUTY BANDS TO "Hold that Line!"

For proper make-up and cleansing, never allow cream to get into hairline...yet, always be sure to clean all the way to it. To "hold that line", use easy-to-make Sitroux Beauty Bands! First, fold Sitroux Tissue diagonally, to form triangle as above.

Second step—pin Sitroux Tissue triangle securely to hair on each side, with hairpins or bobbies.

Third—tuck top flap under and you're all set! Soft, absorbent Sitroux is ideal for removing cream, too—for toning down make-up and dozens of other daily "beauty-duties". Caution: never waste Sitroux!*

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties...but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

TISSUES
her five foot five. Her tiny nose turns up just a bit, her blue eyes dance with her feet, her natural blonde hair won't stay curled two numbers at a time and she's earned a pilot's license. She can swim, too, skate, ride and sail. She brought her mother on from her home town of Cincinnati to keep her company. At present she's dancing in "Three Little Girls in Blue" for Twentieth Century-Fox, who agree with Goldwyn that Vera-Ellen is a hyphenated wonder.

Romance Ramblings: Turban Bey and Yvonne De Carlo are a new and constant twosome... Suzi Crandall and Rory Calhoun are seen everywhere together... Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are reconciling after that quarrel which hurt them both... It looks serious between Louise Allbritton and Charles Collingwood. He's a war correspondent just back from France. Louise is so afraid she might lose the cigarette lighter he brought her from London that she keeps it in a special case. It's no larger than a quarter and almost as thin... It's news when Errol Flynn takes his wife anywhere, so eyebrows were up when Flynn and Nora Eddington went Mo- canboing a few nights ago... Eleanor Parker's rich husband hangs a new hunk of jewelry on her every month.

Knit one, purl two—John Garfield takes knitting lessons from amiable Joan Crawford on set of “Humoresque.”

INSIDE STUFF

on their wedding anniversary.

People and Things: Richard Greene returned to Hollywood with his pretty wife, Patricia Medina, and a hunger for hamburgers, which he hadn't had in England. You'll remember Richard was one of the first Hollywood stars to drop his film career to return to England at the outbreak of the war. Twentieth Century-Fox, where Greene is under contract, is testing Pat, who's very pretty and looks like a bru- nette version of Cornel Wilde's blonde wife.

You'll see Joan Crawford's personal wardrobe in "Humoresque," in which she'll be wearing her own Adrian-designed clothes. Joan also insisted that Adrian be given screen credit for them. Incidentally, since her parting from Phil Terry, Joan's been one of the most popular girls in town. All the wolves are howling around Joan, who looks more beautiful than ever.

Stirling Hayden will be back in pictures again as soon as his divorce from Madeleine Carroll is final. He's going to Reno because Madeleine couldn't get there until April or May and Stirling wanted it over with before his return to the movies.

Red Apple Department: Lon McCallister's version of the little red schoolhouse is the Actor's Lab in Hollywood, which he's attending under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

George Montgomery and Dinah Shore plan to build a ranch house in Montana, so they're attending night school. George is studying architecture and Dinah interior decorating.

"You don't have to love your neighbor" says ALAN LADD

starring in "THE BLUE DAHLIA," a Paramount picture

"If he's a right guy, you like him; if not, you don't. The important thing is to judge people as individuals... by their words and deeds, not by their religion or race or color. Give him a chance to show his stuff... the same chance you'd want!"

One of a series of messages presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.

FLEER'S is the delicious candy-coated gum, with the extra peppermint flavor. It's attractive, delightful! Five cents for twelve flavorful Belettes that pop out one at a time from the handy pack. You'll like Fleer's... Try it today!

Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885
Blissfully memoed—Shirley Temple and her husband, happy civilian John Agar

Fair Exchange, etc.: David Niven is driving Laurence Olivier's car in Hollywood. Olivier left it in storage when he and Vivien Leigh left for England four years ago. David left his own car in London when he returned to America, so Olivier is using that one in England.

Wayne Morris, out walking his dog one evening, met another man walking his. The two got into some general conversation about dogs and finally got on the housing shortage.

"We're expecting our second baby in June," said Wayne. "And we'd give anything to find a larger house."

"Well, my kids are off to boarding school," said the stranger. "And ours is much too big for us now."

Upshot was they switched houses.

Sweden's Popularity Poll: Photoplay's movie-goers poll for 1945, conducted by the eminent Dr. George Gallup's American Research Institute, as you know, awarded Gold Medals to Greer Garson and Bing Crosby. A nationwide, year-round vote proved Greer and Bing to be, without doubt, the most popular stars. It also showed Ingrid Bergman and Bette Davis vying with Greer for first place and Humphrey Bogart vying for first place with Bing.

Mark those names well... It isn't only in these United States that they are firsts. Almost without exception they also top a 1945 poll conducted in Sweden exclusively for Photoplay. Sven Blomquist, Director of the Swedish Gallup Institute, states that Ingrid Bergman was voted the most popular actress over there and Gary Cooper the most popular actor, with Greer Garson and Bette Davis contenders for first place among the women and Bing Crosby and Humphrey Bogart for first place among the men.

More than your feathers say "Ostrich," Angel

You're playing "Ostrich," too—when you fail to guard against underarm odor.

You certainly know your negligees, Honey—as that smooth little ostrich number reveals.

The trouble is you're imitating that bird in more ways than one. Why act like an ostrich and close your eyes to underarm odor? Others will notice—even if you don't.

Your bath washes away past perspiration—leaves you fresh as a primrose. But for protection against future underarm odor, smart girls go for Mum.

Snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you safe all day or evening. Keeps you nice to be near. And who doesn't admire that charm in a girl?

Gentle Mum is safe and quick to use, even after dressing. Harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out the jar or form irritating crystals. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

**Gilda** (Columbia)

Don't worry, kids. Despite the threat of solid drama—and there's plenty of that—she actually does do two songs and dances as hot as the smoke from a swamp fire. Who is she? Rita Hayworth, of course, more luscious than ever even though the picture isn't in Technicolor.

And there's more exciting news about "Gilda." You'll see a Glenn Ford you never saw before. The Marine Corps seems to have given this talented actor added strength and stature, not to mention attractiveness.

He plays the first role of a young American whose embittered love affair has set him on the shady course of loaded dice and marked cards down in Buenos Aires just before the end of the war. He is saved from a wharf hold-up by the sinister operator of a gambling casino, splendidly done by George Macready, and goes to work for his rescuer. They become fast friends until Macready comes back from one of his mysterious trips with a wife—none other than Rita as Gilda, the girl who Glenn thinks betrayed his love. As embittered as Glenn himself, she has married Macready to goad Glenn and win him back.

The melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers—never a dim moment! Yet for all its story holes and questionable characters, you'll find the picture engrossing from the first to the last flicker.

Special mention should be given Steven Geray for his charming characterization of Uncle Pio, the philosopher of the casino washroom, and Joseph Cawthar for his sympathetic chief of police.

Your Reviewer Says: "Gilda" will haunt you.

**The Seventh Veil** (Sydney Box-Ortis—Universal)

Here is the English counterpart of the American "Spellbound." Both pictures are based on what happens in the subconscious mind and the ways of psychiatry in dealing with its curious quirks. And both are exciting in their different approaches.

The American story takes a murder as its motivation and becomes in effect a first-rate whodunit, whereas the British, who are fonder of what goes on in the recesses of the human soul, choose emotional conflict for theirs—in this case the veils which enshroud the subconscious mind and obscure its operations.

"The Seventh Veil" tells the story of an English girl, Ann Todd, who becomes a great pianist under the guidance of her crippled guardian, James Mason. Because of his physical handicap, he will not allow himself to think of love, but neither will he permit her to have any other love in her life. He spirits her away from an early romance with an American music student, tries to break up an affair with a noted painter. Her flight from her guardian, the girl suffers an accident which unleashes the psychological turmoil of her years of frustration. It is then that the psychiatrist enters the picture to solve the riddle of which man she really loves.

Ann Todd, known abroad as the English Garbo—and you'll catch a resemblance when you see the film—gives a lovely, sensitive performance (with Elieen Joyce, England's leading woman pianist, expertly doing the offstage job on the keyboard). You won't forget James Mason—Britain's number one heartbreaker—who plays the dark, dynamic, cripple. Also excellent are Herbert Lom, as the psychiatrist and Albert Lieven, the artist lover.

Your Reviewer Says: It's good—so are the other six.

**Dragonwyck** (20th Century-Fox)

Dragownwyck, high on a hill, is a house of hate, presided over by Vincent Price, patron of a fabulous estate, whose mind nurtures evil spirits of greed and scheming. To this home of subversive currents comes Gene Tierney, fresh from the farm, as companion to the young unlaced daughter, Price is the first aristocrat she has ever seen and naturally the innocent, imaginative lass falls in love with him.

They are married after the strange death of Price's wife, contrary to the wishes of Gene's simple, Bible-reading family, who caution her against the illusions of elegance and splendor. Sinister developments brought on by the loss of their son and heir cause the romantic scales to drop from her eyes. Glenn Langan is interesting as the doctor of the fey cults of Dragonwyck's lands, who also loves her. Vincent Price gives a masterful portrayal of the decaying, power-mad monarch, and Gene Tierney is lovely as the winsome idealist. Walter Huston and Ann Revere are very earthy as Gene's parents, and a brief character bit by Jessica Tandy as a crippled maid is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong melodrama.

(Continued on page 24)

By Sara Hamilton

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 135
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures, See Page 143
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 138
"Did I dare to tell her?"

As Spencer said "Good night" I could tell from the troubled look in Marian's eyes that he was walking out of her life as so many other attractive men had done. And I knew it was for the same reason! As one of her older friends, dared I tell her what this intimate reason was? Or should I stand mute by seeing her make the same mistake that so many women make over and over again?

For a long time I hesitated then I broke it to her as tactfully as I could. She flushed scarlet.

"Why, Ann, it's unthinkable! I'm so fastidious! It can't be true. It can't!"

"But, Marian," I protested, "surely I would not put myself in this humiliating position if it were not."

"Of course. Forgive me."

"Do you remember Blake . . . how quickly he drifted away? And Tompkins? How eager he was to meet you and how soon he lost interest?"

Marian nodded.

"Well, darling, that was the reason. Blake came right out and said so and Tompkins and two or three others hinted as much. I wanted to tell you then but the subject seemed so delicate I just couldn't."

Marian gulped. "I'm ever so grateful," she said. "What a fool I've been. Wait and see how different things are going to be—and I'm getting Spencer back!"

Don't make the mistake of assuming that your breath is always agreeable. It might be off-color this very moment without your knowing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath)*. You may offend others without realizing it.

Don't Take Chances

Isn't it silly, then, to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution? This wonderful antiseptic helps to make the breath sweeter, more appealing. Never, never omit it before social and business engagements.

While some cases of off-color breath are systemic, some authorities declare that most cases are caused by the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. At once your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember to use Listerine Antiseptic the next time you have a date. It pays.
Little Giant (Universal)

At last, here's an Abbott and Costello picture minus people running into doors, falling downstairs and being hit on the head in dimal efforts to make you laugh. This one will give you laughs for far more legitimate reasons, because Costello really comes into his own as a comedian playing a vacuum salesman who thinks he's a psychic. Abbott has a dual role as Lou's employer—they're cousins, not twins (thank heavens for small blessings). Lou is a farm boy from Cucamonga, California, who comes to the big city after having taken a correspondence course in how to sell vacuum cleaners. He is a big failure at first, but when he is thought to be psychic, there's no stopping him. We admit that one prospective customer throws a shoe at him and that he gets sick on a cigar, but somehow these situations seem possible rather than just slapstick. Abbott does all right, too, as both the employers, and Jacqueline deWit plays his wife who thinks Lou's cute.

Your Reviewer Says: I'll take your mind off the atom bomb.

Rebecca (Selznick International—U A)

(Note: This picture is now being re-issued. If you missed it the first time, below is a condensation of the review run in Photoplay in May 1940.)

Psychological studies are always difficult to screen so that they make sense to the lay mind and still maintain pace. "Rebecca" poses even a greater problem. The main character never appears, is, in fact, dead. Yet she dominates the whole. Rebecca, the corpse, was the first wife of hero Laurence Olivier; she has been drowned in a small boat and Olivier, wandering around Europe, meets and marries Joan Fontaine, a shy but pretty professional traveling companion. Back to his great country estate Manderley, Olivier carries his bride and there she discovers — but that's the secret of "Rebecca's" recurring surprises and plot twists. The mood of haunting fear is magnificently contrived. Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine handle their roles expertly and all the supporting cast is good, especially Judith Anderson, George Sanders and Reginald Denny.

Sentimental Journey (20th Century-Fox)

Here, a poignant, sensitive departure from the usual tear-jerker woman's picture that will not disappoint those drawn to the box office by its title. Maureen O'Hara gives a sympathetic portrayal of the young actress who, knowing of her imminent death, adopts a child in the hope that it will give her husband, John Payne, something to cling to after she is gone. Although Payne is a talented producer of her New York plays, she feels that his immaturity will preclude any readjustment to life without her. After her death, her plan seems doomed to failure because the little orphan's world is one of fantasy and Payne fails to understand her.

Even though she dies in the first half of the picture, Maureen, especially beautiful, reappears before the child advising her how to gain her foster father's affections. Payne's performance is strong and William Bendix is capital as the comic Man Friday of the trio. Connie Marshall, a talented youngster, definitely makes a mark for herself. Also effective are Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the doctor, Mischa Auer, Glenn Langan, Kurt Kreuger and Trudy Marshall.

Your Reviewer Says: A four-handkerchief picture.

The Hoodlum Saint (M-G-M)

This doesn't make a great deal of sense and it's packed with hokum, but the sure-fire performances by William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest.

Powell is his usual polished self as the aggressive newspaperman who leaves his job to make more money and ends up as a millionaire with faith in nothing but money. Then he hears the legend of St. Dismus, patron saint of toughies and, with no faith in the Saint's teachings, sermonizes the story to discourage pals from borrowing money from him.

Esther Williams is so attractive as the girl who turns down Powell and his mil-

(Continued on page 26)
MRS. GEORGE MURPHY—
delightful wife of the debonair
screen star.

“Entrancing!”
says Mrs. George Murphy

“No wonder the smartest lips in Hollywood
are cheering for TANGEE RED-RED!”

Tangee Red-Red is not only a favorite in hard-to-
please Hollywood—it’s the world’s most popular
lipstick shade. This rich, rare red is both exciting
and inviting—both alluring and enduring...because Tangee’s exclusive Satin-Finish means
lips not too dry, not too moist...lipstick that
stays on for many extra hours.

AT LAST...
A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

The perfect cake make-up is here! Some cake make-
ups pleased you in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up
is ideal in every way! It’s easy to apply—stays
on for extra hours—is designed to protect your
skin—and does not make you look as if you were
wearing a mask.

Use Tangee...
and see how beautiful you can be

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee
and creator of the world famous
Tangee Red-Red Lipstick and
Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.


(Continued from page 24)

millions because of his lack of idealism, and Angela Lansbury as the torch singer who tries to put out Powell's torch for Esther is excellent. James Gleason, Lewis Stone and Rags Ragland head the very good supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: What have you got to lose?

✓ The Bandit of Sherwood Forest (Columbia)

O flavor is lost in the romance and adventure of your favorite legend as Cornel Wilde rides through fairy-tale hazards in this picture-escape from reality.

As the fabulous Robin Hood ages, his son, played by Wilde, takes up the sword and bow and arrow when an unscrupulous regent, Henry Daniell, attempts to de-throne the youthful king of England. With the artistry of his famous father, Cornél makes an energetic and colorful hero.

Anita Louise supplies romantic interest as a lady in waiting of the court who helps Wilde track down tyranny. Jill Esmond is the queen mother. Russell Hicks plays the elder Robin and Edgar Buchanan is the comic Friar Tuck.

Outdoor technicolor has seldom been equalled in richness.

Your Reviewer Says: The kids will love it—

✓ A Yank in London (Corporation Ltd.—20th Century-Fox)

In trying to bring about a better understanding between the English people and the American GI, this British picture does a good job. One gets a most enlightening view of the life and inner emotions of the English people during the war.

Dean Jagger, the Yank, starts off on his London furlough with a chip on his shoulder towards all English subjects, only to cool off, warm up and end by falling in love with Rex Harrison's girl, played by the capable and charming Anna Neagle. The furlough begins in the gorgeous mansion of Robert Morley, a duke who has turned over the major part of his home to the Americans and lives with his small family and now becomes in a small suite of rooms. A touching part of the story is how Dean gets under the skin of the hard-boiled housekeeper, who falls under his charm and eventually mothers all the boys in the house.

Dean, as the Yank from Texas, has a chance to come into his own and proves capable of capturing everyone's heart.

The only possible reservation is that the film might have been a bit shorter.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's get to know our British friends better.

✓ The Well Groomed Bride (Paramount)

There are giggles—bubbles aplenty in this Army-Navy race for a girl and a bottle of champagne. In search of sparkling stuff for a carrier launching, Navy Lieutenant Sonny Tufts falls in love with Olivia de Havilland, who's also in search of the same champagne for her wedding to Army Lieutenant Sonny Tufts. A light and airy comedy of errors, the picture has some hilarious moments as the trio out-chase each other to see that the best man wins.

A far cry from his emotional starkness of "Lost Weekend," Milland's comedy has zest and sparkle. Miss de Havilland is a crisp, delightful foil for the sparring, and Tufts is amiable as the beautiful but not-so-sharp second. James Gleason has some funny scenes as a harassed Navy captain, and Constance Dowling comes in to make a beautiful complication.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun in the services.

✓ Young Widow (Stromberg—UA)

At last you'll see the much-publicized Jane Russell, whose only other screen appearance was four years ago in "The Outlaw," as yet not generally released. Miss Russell still has a lot to learn about acting, but we think you'll like her very much as the young widow grieving for her dead husband and unwilling to accept a new love.

The picture takes a long way as it picks up momentum and interest when Jane meets Louis Hayward on the

(Continued on page 24)

On millions of lips you will find, each day, the tumbler "Park Avenue" by Federal. You have seen it! You have used it! It is the most famous tumbler ever made.

And, in millions of discriminating homes (including your own) you will always find Tumblers, Tableware, Kitchenware, Occasional Pieces, Beverage Sets and Ornamental Pieces fashioned by Federal.

So when you buy glassware, look for the Shield of Federal. It stands for fine design and craftsmanship in utility glassware continuously demonstrated during 46 years of quality manufacture.

Let the sparkling beauty of Federal-fashioned glassware give unusual distinction to your daily service.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY
COLUMBUS 7, OHIO

Louis Hayward offers consolation to Jane Russell in
"Young Widow"

(Continued from page 24)
A BRAND-NEW ALBUM OF COLE PORTER HITS!

"NIGHT and DAY"

starring

ALLAN JONES

Includes:

Hear the top RCA Victor artists in their latest hits—at your dealer's... on the radio... on juke boxes


Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 4:30 p.m., Eastern Time, NBC.
Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

rca VICTOR RECORDS
The Love Affair of Their Lives and Yours!

IRRESISTIBLE
WHEN CHARLES BOYER TURNS THE CHARM ON JENNIFER JONES

AND ERNST LUBITSCH PULLS THE STRINGS

Cluny Brown

Produced, and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH

Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt

Based on the Novel by Margery Sharp
WHILE Britishers during the war years were adjusting themselves to our gay and garrulous GI's, England has been subjecting us to a similar invasion in motion pictures. And in these days when friendship and understanding among nations can mean the difference between a world of happiness and a world dying of self destruction, it's good to have English films in our American movie theaters.

It doesn't, of course, make that much difference whether you like the newest British movie stars. But as a rooter for the UNO, you can afford your curiosity about the new faces and new accents you're beginning to see on the screen of your neighborhood theater.

There's James Mason, about whom some of you already are writing Photoplay. Dark, handsome, and frequently satirine, he'd just as soon be villainous as heroic. In "The Seventh Veil" he's both. Mason is tall, has brown eyes and hair, is thirty-seven, not married and took his Master of Arts degree at Cambridge while playing the sinister Marquis of Rohan in that other British cinematic drama, "The Man in Gray."

Ann Todd is just a year younger than James Mason. Married three times, currently to Nigal Tanye, author, she has a five-year-old daughter whose pert nickname is "Pippin." Besides the distinction of playing opposite Mason in "The Seventh Veil" she competes in "Vacation from Marriage" for the favor of Robert Donat with another impressive British actress, Deborah Kerr.

Deborah (she pronounces her last name "car") portrayed three different ladies, all attractive, in "Colonel Blimp." In "Love on the Dole" she played a London slums girl and in "Major Barbara" won the prize role of the Salvation Army girl by her reading of the Lord's Prayer.

Other heartbreakers among the men besides James Mason are Stewart Granger who performs with great distinction in both "The Man in Gray" and "Madonna of the Seven Moons," and Rex Harrison, the fellow who's in Hollywood now starring in "Anna and the King of Siam."

Granger isn't conventionally handsome but is tall—over six feet—and passably dark with brown eyes. At the beginning of the war he served in the Black Watch. He's thirty-three as of this May and his real name is Jimmy Stewart which he changed for obvious reasons.

Rex Harrison is known as the Gary Cooper of Great Britain, probably because he's the silent type and is tall, lean and lanky. He's thirty-seven, married to Lili Palmer, Viennese actress, and distinguished himself during the war as an officer of the Royal Air Force. We've seen him over here before, notably in "Night Train" and "Major Barbara" and currently in "A Yank in London" and "Blithe Spirit."

Another British leading lady worth noting is a lovely young actress, Patricia Roc, of whom Walter Wanger thought so well he chose her as the first to be brought to Hollywood as part of the deal between Universal Studios and J. Arthur Rank, Britain's leading film impresario. You can see her now in "Madonna of the Seven Moons" and "Millions Like Us" and next summer in the Wanger production, "Canyon Passage." Pat is quite small, blonde, blue eyed, actually named Felicia Laine (being married since 1940 to a fellow with good judgment named Murray Laine), likes music, antiques, swimming, riding and boating.

Yes, there are many new screen faces about which Photoplay readers should know and for which England's to be thanked. And put this in your memorandum book—several of those mentioned on this page will soon be on your list of favorites. (If we turn out to be wrong, please don't mention it in front of the boss.)

Fred Astaire
With courage she faced her break with Orson Welles. To

Return engagement at Mocambo—before her marriage she and Tony had fun dates
for Romance

dance time, Rita Hayworth has regained her gaiety—with Tony Martin

The ballroom spotlight made a halo of burnished gold around the head of the red-headed girl as she stepped onto the floor to the tune of "I Can't Begin to Tell You."

The good-looking, dark-haired man who circled her waist with his arm began singing softly the words of the song, "So take the sweetest phrases the world has ever known, and make believe I've said them all to you."

Except for a few admiring glances in their direction, the hundreds of bobby-soxers and their partners left the redhead and the black-haired boy to their dancing and soft singing.

It wasn't a swanky ballroom—not the exclusive Mocambo, the famous Trocadero or the jumping-jive Palladium. On the contrary, it was just a popular spot outside Culver City which featured a good band at popular prices.

Suddenly, pandemonium broke loose. Four "candid cameramen," who had just entered the door, started loading their cameras and popping flashlights into the air. "Hey, Rita—" one of them called, "how long has this been going on? How long have you been coming down here to dance with Tony Martin? Trying to give us the slip?"

The redhead and the man stopped dancing. But they were laughing. "All right, boys," said Rita Hayworth, "go ahead and take your pictures. What do you mean, give you the slip? That can't be done for long."

"Gee," said one of the little bobby-soxers standing in the circle watching the excitement, "Rita and Tony have been coming down here about ten nights now and having lots of fun dancing just like us kids. They were having fun—just like us. After her divorce from Orson Welles and all the trouble Tony's had—the war, 'n' everything—I feel," she hesitated for the words she wanted and finished, "—kinda sorry for them!"

(Continued on page 109)
His “now” is a new life, he says. Ty, of “The Razor’s Edge,” with his wife and her mother

RETURN OF THE

If course the guy started with two strikes on him, being who he was. They sort of waited for him, if you know what I mean. But now he’s the most popular man at Quantico, and that’s as it should be, but believe me it takes something for a movie star to make the grade with this gang we’ve got here.”

I had come across the letter, written from the Marine Corps OCS, by one of my younger brothers, Thorny. The guy he referred to was Tyrone Power.

I kept thinking about what Thorny had written as Ty and I sat talking. It takes a good deal to make a home run with two strikes on you. Usually it takes a champion.

The young man sitting opposite me looked like a champion. I found myself staring at him, trying to estimate the change. For it was there, a marked and vivid change, one you would always have to take into consideration. He looked even handsomer than I remembered him and I had always thought him by far the best looking of any of the young men on the screen. He looked lean and hard and in fighting trim; he looked as though he found life a fine thing. But the difference lay deeper, for, as you remember, Tyrone Power was always like that.

Then I knew what it was. Even in civilian clothes, even in dark brown slacks and a light brown tweed sport coat and a most flamboyant tie, you thought of Tyrone Power as a Marine, not as a movie star; you thought of him as a pilot landing medical supplies in an area where the atomic bomb had landed not so long before. It occurred to me that by the time he got to Quantico the Marines from boot camp had probably forgotten he had ever been a movie star. It occurred
Saipan days—when Ty was with Air Control

"The top moment of my life was when I saw Annabella on the dock," says Ty

Marine

It took Tyrone Power to live this story. It took this gifted writer to tell it.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns
returns of the marine

Sun, snow and skis for Ty and Annabella's happy vacation in Montreal

well. In the Marine Corps they do everything by the alphabet and my name began with a P and Rogers began with an R and there weren't any Quackenbushes in our outfit, so we were always in the same group. Until he made Aviation and Intelligence and went to Quonset and I went to Corpus Christi for my flying, we were together all the time. I lost three close friends—and Thorny was one of them. I wish he had come back.

I wished he had come back, too. He was one of the finest brothers any woman ever had. I said, "He would be so pleased to know—"

We didn't say anything for a minute. What I had meant to say was that I knew how pleased Thorny would be that Ty Power had appeared at my front door soon after he got back to say, "I'm sorry about that. He was a great guy." It was a tribute and an act of kindness my brother would have appreciated—does appreciate, perhaps. Those who went over in this war must always be glad to know their comrades do not forget them.

As I watched Ty's young face, I thought—he is one of the men who really suffered in this war, he has too much imagination not to, he would see the smiling mask put on over fear, he would break his heart over the incredible bright courage of a boy in pain, he never got really impersonal over Saipan and Okinawa. Setting his transport down between artillery bursts, landing aid of all kinds on airfields where bombs were still falling, he would always have known those fighting were men and his brothers. Some pilots could shut out the little things—the way a boy fell with one young hand outstretched, the faces of men going in to take a beach—but Ty Power wouldn't be able to shut them out. He would have to go ahead knowing all of it.

That must have hurt. Yet he had come back to us all stronger and, in an odd way, gayer and more charming and more in love with life than ever.

ANNABELLA, his beautiful French wife, had said to me, "You will find Tyrone changed." (She pronounced it Teerrrone and she never calls him Ty.)

"For the better?" I had said.

She had looked at me seriously for a moment, her enormous, dark brown eyes in strange and lovely contrast to her gold hair. Then she had nodded. "Oh yes—for the better. You will see."

I was seeing.

Perhaps he read my thoughts, for he said suddenly in a warm voice, "I never knew it would be so good to be home. We were too busy out there to think as much about home as perhaps you at home figured we did. It was another life. One life had stopped and you had crossed into another that was war. You lived with other men, you lived in ways you would never have thought possible, you had a job to do and it took everything you had to do it, all your thought and energy and time. But that moment when I saw Annabella standing on the dock in Seattle—well—" He stopped, he laughed a little, wanting to explain, yet a little embarrassed as young men always are in telling of a deep emotion. "Well—that was it. It was the top moment I've ever lived when I stood there at the rail and saw her waiting for me and knew it was over and I was back in one piece and my other life would begin again. It was as though once you'd died and gone to hell and then you'd come back and there was an angel holding open the door of a heaven you'd ceased to believe existed at all."

He waited a moment and then said, "That was a great life, too, that other life—and what got you through it in spite of hell was the other guys. Once you've seen men be—men—once you've seen how brave and decent and unselfish they can be in the damndest spots you can imagine—it makes you love humanity because it can rise to those heights. But—getting home—you know I always feel like Annabella was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. But when I saw her there on the dock—I tell you that was something! And the thing is—when I looked around at the other guys—I knew they were thinking the same thing "About the women that were waiting for them."

The way he said it made me, for the first time, feel sorry for the women who hadn't waited. They missed something.

"Now you're home," I said, "and press on you'll be back at work."

"Yes," he said, and hesitated a little.

"They've got a great set-up for you," I said.

Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the man who made "Wilson," which I think is still my favorite, I always figure I'd been getting ready for Tyrone Power's return for some time. No young star in the history of the motion-picture industry ever had such a break. "The Razor's Edge," that incredibly deep and beautiful novel by Somerset Maugham, was very, very so pleased when they cast Tyrone Power as Larry that he had consented to come out and work on the script himself—Tom Costain's best-selling romance of "The Black Rose"—and the dynamic adventure thriller, "Captain from Castile." That was a dream! (Continued on page 113)
Lana Turner

Violets for Lana, star of "The Postman Always Rings Twice"
Jeanne, starred in "Centennial Summer," is an avid reader.

WHEN Jeanne Crain ran away from home on Christmas Eve and seemingly disappeared, she actually went only about fifteen miles away to the Marshall Kester ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

The choice of her hiding place was typical both of her romanticism and her good breeding. A giddier girl might well have stayed at the Brinkman household, which would have meant, although Paul's parents were there, mean-minded people whispering about her. A less romantic girl might have registered at some hotel. Jeanne, however, chose wisely. She had originally met Paul at the Kesters'. They were Paul's friends, and henceforth, his friends were to be her friends. In the Kester household, she could see Paul exactly as she had seen him in her mother's home, well chaperoned but in an atmosphere which was domestic and informal.

Although she was hardly twenty, Jeanne knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted marriage with the man she loved, and she would do nothing that might throw the slightest cloud upon that marriage. When she had said to her mother on parting, "It was fate that Paul and I met. It is fate that we shall marry. You lived your life. I've got a right to live mine," she had spoken her truest beliefs.

Possibly, Jeanne would have conceded that her original meeting with Paul, and the immediate flash of attraction between them, was accidental, but when they had passed one another in the traffic, and when next they bumped into one another at the Farmer's Market, Jeanne regarded it as Divine intervention. Her faith in Di
This was her choice—this was the way
Jeanne knew it must be—to take
the hard road to happiness

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Vine guidance is so strong that she is completely fearless and beyond worry.

For instance, once on location at Laguna, where she and a photographer had driven for some picture taking, she lost the keys to the car in a big open, grassy field. The photographer was immediately frantic.

Jeanne was not. She moved away from him quietly and stood for a few moments with her head bowed in prayer to St. Anthony. Then raising her head and smiling, she walked swiftly across the field, turned slightly right, stopped and quickly stooped down. When she stood up again, she had the keys in her hand.

This very faith made her believe in the rightness of her love, once it had come to her. The fact that Paul was a Catholic strengthened her decision and even though, by the time she was settled at the Kesters', it was Christmas day, she sought out a priest, after attending the earliest mass, and asked for his help. And right there again, she got what was to her Divine aid.

For ordinarily, under the laws of the Catholic Church, those desiring to be wed must wait three weeks—or for the passing of three Sundays, at least, on which occasions the bans are read. But Jeanne and Paul went straight to the Bishop and secured a special dispensation, allowing them to be married without the usual bans being read. They were then able to be married Monday, the last day of 1945.

In every other respect, however, the week between December twenty-fourth and January first was very trying on all concerned. The distracted Mrs. Crain kept calling Paul but he would not talk to her. Neither would his parents. She called all Jeanne's girl friends but none of (Continued on page 121)
You think of fairy dust and dreams when June talks of her home with "my husband"

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

Color Pictures by Fink

The "tough" guy took a wife—June, of "The Sailor Takes a Wife"

Cornered—by June. Dick's in "Cornered"
If June Allyson Powell opened the door of her charming Brentwood home to admit you clad in skeleton leaves and with her hand covered with fairy dust, there would be nothing startling about it. For more than a touch of Peter Pan clings to this girl who is one of Hollywood's foremost stars. She is a wife filled with a sense of wonder at her happiness, a woman filled with a sense of high adventure as she assumes the duties of her first home. She brings a clear-eyed candor and wisdom to her problems and yet you are sure, as you talk to her, that she will never, never be that humdrum thing, completely grown up.

Somehow you know that, although she hastens to tell you she has been married only "seven months day before yesterday," she will always refer to Dick Powell softly as "my husband" at every opportunity, for the choice of phrase comes, not from its novelty, but because that is the way she thinks of him. And that when she speaks to him she will always call him "Richard."

"He calls me 'wife' or sometimes 'buzzard,' but I'm not much good at nicknames. Old-fashioned, I guess." She adds ruefully that being old-fashioned, can sometimes get her into trouble. As when she told Dick shortly after their marriage that she believed every good wife should run her own house. He agreed and now she is running hers. "By the trial and error method," she grins. "I'm in the 'error"
They were thrown out of their hotel, lived on a yacht, moved into their house before it was ready.

CORNER ON HAPPINESS

stage right now, I'm afraid.

For this is literally her first house. She does not remember ever living in a house before and the thousand and one responsibilities that rest on a housewife's shoulders amaze her.

"I have enough bread in this house right now for an army," she said. "I ordered four loaves every delivery from the bakery man and it turns out he delivers every other day. I've simply got to catch him and make him stop. And yesterday I bought a cord of wood. It looks so marvelous stacked up in the wood shed so high," and she flung her arms to the ceiling, "and I got so entranced with the idea of all the fires we could have that I wanted to know immediately when he delivered again. He said anytime I needed him, so I told him every Saturday would suit us! Thank goodness Richard is so patient! He seems to get a kick out of it."

She had a little trouble with the cleaning. She, personally, wished to send her husband's suits to the cleaner. She told the driver firmly that she wanted them back the next evening. He looked so startled she relented a little and added that the morning would do, or whatever time the following day suited him. She chuckled gleefully. "'Where you been, lady?'" she mimicked the driver. "'If you see these suits again in two weeks you'll be lucky.'
But I’m learning,” she added triumphantly.

Her most heart-breaking experience to date was the first dinner she cooked for her husband. She had been wanting to try her hand in the kitchen and finally the big day came. She wasn’t working and the housekeeper was off. Steak, baked potatoes, Brussels sprouts, a salad, a bakery cake seemed simple and good man food. She started dinner about 2:30. She had read somewhere that potatoes went in first so she duly started these while she prepared everything else and arrayed herself in a charming dirndl, “like brides in the movies,” she says. When Richard came home she had the fire blazing, she settled him in his big chair with his slippers, his cigarettes, and a book, although there was no light as yet for him to read by, “but it made it look light,” she pointed out, and she tossed on the steak.

When she served dinner the steak had curled at the edges and would have broken the jaw of a strong man, the potatoes were raw, and the Brussels sprouts whimsically enough were either hard as marbles or like mush. Her eyes get wistful and sweet as she says, “And Richard thought the best thing to do was make a joke of it. So he tossed the potatoes in the air and said, ‘What do we care about food?’ and I started to laugh but they made such a thud when they hit the chair (Continued on page 117)
It's like this to be
Mrs. Gregory Peck

Both dogs are tolerant, especially Perry, who believes in humoring humans—in this case Greg of "Duel in the Sun"
BY GRETA PECK

When you live with a person it's not always easy to describe what he's like. All those little personal characteristics become too familiar to be recalled one by one.

I remember a quarrel Greg and I had one time. It was a silly little spat that came up over nothing. Both of us have quick tempers and an argument can get going a mile a minute even before we know what it's all about. We make up quickly, too—usually whoever feels the guiltiest does the making up.

This particular time, however, we went around for a couple of days not speaking and feeling like wretches. Even so, I wasn't going to make the overtures. Not me, my pride was hurt. I stayed that way until the second night, when Greg came home and went right up to my room. When I went up later there was the new camel's hair coat I'd once mentioned I'd like to have hanging over a chair—with a scarf in my favorite colors sticking out of the pocket, and a big bottle of Chanel 22 standing on my dressing table.

I ran to him—crying—asking myself, "How can you be mad at a man like that?" Now, when someone asks "What's it like—being Mrs. Gregory Peck?" I think back to that quarrel.

Being Greg's wife, I know, is the same as being any woman who's lucky enough to be married to her favorite man in all the world. He never wants to comb his hair—and he has a bad habit of leaving his clothes around until you pick them up in self-defense. He makes dates for us and forgets to tell me about them. He's glum sometimes—and good for a million laughs the rest of the time. He's hard working, and straight thinking—and hates to admit it when he's wrong. But what's most important, he can admit I am wrong and keep on loving me!

The first time I saw him, backstage in Philadelphia, I sneaked a look at the call-board to see who he was. Gregory Peck—hmm, he certainly picked a fine stage name for himself, I thought—but somehow it seemed to fit him. I never knew it was his own until I met his parents some months later—and found out he wasn't a full-blooded Indian as he'd told me the first time I went out with him.

About that first date of ours—we went to the Merry-go-Round Bar in Boston and there's a little story he likes to tell about pretending to be a palm reader so he could hold my hand! He got away with it. I've always hated to spoil his illusions, but who do you suppose started the conversation about palm reading?

For Christmas this year, he gave me a bracelet made to resemble a gold belt, with a buckle of diamonds, and for my birthday he gave me (Continued on page 94)
DREAMBOAT

Put on your prettiest face for here's your invitation to step out

HAVE you ever asked yourself if it's all caviar and champagne when you date a movie star? Do you glide across star-dusted dance floors as he sings softly into your ear? Is the world transformed into a place of moonlight, orchids and distant violins because you happen to be out with a man who earns his living playing in pictures?

I can't answer for all celluloid dreamboat dates but I can tell of several—of Van Johnson, happy as a bird dog, and of his way with a kiss; of Helmut Dantine with a bit of Bogart and a dash of Boyer; of Bob Walker, who is no stumbling, uncertain Harperee when he picks you up in his snazzy beige Lincoln Continental; of Peter Lawford who manages to out-flirt the best of them and still be flattering enough to his lady of the evening.

But to get down to individual cases: Van of the smile and the disarming enthusiasm is a versatile companion. Tonight you may be doing a mean rumba at one of the local night spots, but tomorrow night will undoubtedly be spent in the balcony of a movie house. Actually, you are likely to find yourself spending many an evening in the movies, if you spend any time with Van. He is movie mad and about three nights a week you'll drive in his modest Ford convertible over Culver City way where he has all the old pictures starring the "greats" of yesteryear shown. Parties given so constantly in Hollywood are seldom attended by this "boyishly boyish" boy. His work means too much to him, so during the week he retires early.

Whatever you do, don't wear your hair up. One of his pet antipathies are coiffures that look as if they took four days at hard labor to prepare. Be chic and well dressed but keep it not too studied looking. Van runs around dressed in a very casual manner (Yale boys call it "studied carelessness"), so keep your costume simple.

Sharpen your wits and sense of humor for you're going to have the life kidded out of you. The evening will be a gay one, perhaps not making too much sense, but fun withal. He has one quality that will impress you no end: The ability to never forget a name or a face. This comes from long training in good manners and consideration, a most singular quality among young men who have zoomed to the top. However, you'll have a lot of trouble deciding just what goes on with young Johnson. His actual personality and character is as elusive as quicksilver—first you have it, then you don't. Despite the elusiveness, the one thing that will come out very definitely is, "He's a nice guy."

As to Van's kissing technique... Imagine the patio of the Bel-Air Hotel filled with golden sunlight and the perfume of the bougainvillea in which bees are humming. Heavy hurried foot-
steps run across the stone floor. Van, spying you, waves gaily and calls, "Hi, there, how are you? What're you doing? How have you been? When are you going back to New York?"

You answer (at least, I did), "In about five minutes I have to leave for the plane. Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?"

Sliding to a stop he does a ninety degree turn. "Sure!" he yells. In the same second he bends down and, with one swift motion, implants a great big gentle kiss upon your too hastily prepared mouth. And by the time the beautiful fog lifts he is charging off, turning only to wave and grin again.

IMAGINE! Your next date is with none other than the devastating Dantine. Nighttime is beginning to slip quietly over the California hills and people are scurrying in and out of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Waiting patiently in your room wondering whether or not he will be late, you add pretty-ing touches to your appearance, for this is your night with a fascinating foreign gentleman.

The phone rings and Helmut, as usual, is right on time. He will bow low over your hand when he greets you. Then he will grin at you, showing magnificent teeth. Out the two of you go, climb into a slightly battered chartreuse Buick convertible and you're off!

Helmut is the perfect host or companion for an evening, the type all women adore. He makes his date feel extra special, like pie a la mode. He orders anything you want and commands the attention of the waiters with a well-bred nonchalance. Tweedy and yet smooth, foreign and still American, he loves sitting in intimate Russian places listening to gypsy violin music.

Facing you so-o attentively when you speak, he is a past master at appearing to be interested in anything and everything you say. Dancing is a favorite pastime of Helmut's and his voice with its intriguing accent speaks softly into your ear while you Waltz around. You will be held in a firm, close, cheek-to-cheek grip. When the evening is over, you'll be escorted politely home by way of a drive around the Hollywood hills, with Mr. Dantine looking scholarly (in an interesting way) in his horn-rimmed specs.

The pièce de résistance comes the next morning, if you're as lucky as I was, when he sends you red roses in thanks for a lovely evening. He's a charmer, this Dantine, for everything he does is the height of good taste, yet across all of this is spread a cloak of naughtiness embroidered with oomph.

Next you are off with an actor who loves fifty-seven varieties of dates, Bob Walker. This young man who stumbles mentally and physically in his roles of Hargrove, (Continued on page 125)
Her horse is white with big black splotches—her garb western.

**If you**

RANCH GUEST

A once-a-week treat for its owners;

HOUSE-GUESTING with Betty Grable and Harry James could mean an impressive session at their sumptuous farmhouse in fashionable Coldwater Canyon, with a view as expensive as it is expansive, where you'd have a lovely, lavish time in a correctly "movie star" household.

But if you're lucky you'll draw one of those exclusive bids to the Grable-James ranch—and have the time of your life with two of Hollywood's very swellest people!

The small white ranch house, which Betty and Harry wouldn't trade for any mansion they've ever owned, is set in the midst of sixty-some acres in the sparsely settled district of Calabasas, California—thirty miles from the studio as a station wagon flies, which makes it strictly a once-a-week treat for its owners. The holiday has a late beginning, because unlike other working gals, a screen queen works all day Saturday. For this reason, Betty rushes ranchward straight from the studio. You won't need
were the

OF BETTY GRABLE

a never-to-be-forgotten weekend for you

a road map, however—you’re getting a
lift out from gay, slim-ish “Mom,” Lillian
Grable. And riding along with you, mak-
ing it a very short trip, is that extremely
entertaining cherub who gurgles to the
name of Vicki.
Land-marking the road to The Baby
J is a sleepy little store, hitching-post
out front, wooden porch festooned with
Mexican gourds and peppers. You
couldn’t miss it if you tried, because
sitting on their horses, gulping cold pop
like country kids, is a welcoming com-
mittee of two. Your host and hostess,
after an old rancho custom, have ridden
out to meet you.
Despite their rural surroundings, Mr.
and Mrs. James on horseback are still a
spectacularly photogenic couple. Their
paint ponies could be twins—except
that they aren’t. Betty’s mount is white
with great, shiny splotches of black;
Harry’s steed is black with large splotches
of white. If anything could make them
handsomer, it’s the hand-tooled black
saddles with trim and bridles of sterling

BY
DOROTHY DEERE

Vicki James is a
contented young
lady. Thinks it’s
fun to dress up
in western garb
Mommie approves so Vicki's going to have a special ride with dad, Harry James, whose next is "Do You Love Me?"

An understanding moment between Betty and her horse

Their horses are not twins—there's a difference in color scheme
The mistress of the rancho hates to leave for work Monday morn

Vicki is a happy little replica of mother Betty Grable—has her dad’s easy-going disposition

silver. Western riding shirts of red and gray, and black riding pants, and under Betty’s big black sombrero her cheeks are pink with exercise and pleasure. You’re thinking of the various Grables you have seen—in plumede and sequin and pin-up costumes—and wondering if, maybe, this one isn’t the prettiest of all.

Baby Vicki isn’t suffering from any such mental confusion—she’s spotted Mama and Daddy almost before you did and is uttering squeals of delight. “Up?”—with her arms out-stretched—brings the usual results.

Harry rides close to the car, lifts her out the window and into his saddle. It’s a happy cavalcade that makes the last miles to the Baby J—the paint ponies leading the way, Vicki gleefully clutched in Daddy’s arm and Betty wheeling back to shout information into the car window now and then.

“Here it is...” she calls, with a sweeping gesture as her own acreage begins, “Isn’t it wonderful?”

She’s absolutely right. No hypocritical, duded-up pretense at a ranch is this, but a swelling stretch of fresh green fields, ripe for grazing and growing. As you near the gates you see the corrals, twenty steelwire-fenced exercise pens for the racing and riding stock the Baby J will raise. The stables and operational buildings spread clean and white, but very business like.

“These were all here when we bought—” calls Betty. “Weren’t we lucky—imagine trying to buy the fencing for those corrals now—”

THERE is a small caretaker’s house close to the gate, occupied for the present by Pop Grable, who is ranch manager. A quarter-mile farther, and scarcely larger, is the ranch house proper—a square-set cottage with a prim porch, its windows temporarily gilded now by the setting sun. Tall pepper trees stand protectively around to give shade when needed, and a small, square lawn is separated from the road by cornerstones of rock.

“Look at this one,” says Pop Grable, who has hurried up to shake hands as you (Continued on page 106)
Energy in repose: Johnny Coy, whose next picture is "Ladies' Man"
That toe-inspiring Johnny

Coy who's up when he's down

and downright colossal

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

He thinks on his feet

WHEN Johnny's down—he's up! When he's licked, he's about to win. When he's finished, he's starting. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the Story of Coy. It is also his philosophy of life, at the age of twenty-five. "When you're at the bottom, you can't go any place but to the top," says he emphatically. And he's proved it.

Right now he is rocking the country in his latest picture, "Ladies' Man"—after rousing the country in "Bring on the Girls," "Duffy's Tavern," "You Hit the Spot," "That's the Spirit," and "On Stage Everybody." He did it all with his dancing feet. Oh, maybe he was helped by his square grin, his blue eyes, his crisp brown hair, and his lightning-like body, which is five-feet-nine-inches of jet-propulsion speed. But most of all, it was his dancing feet—and the way he thinks while he's dancing on them!

Look in on him a scant six months ago, for instance, when he was facing a minor catastrophe—which he tackled like his major ones. Right at this moment, he was standing in his kitchen in his new Hollywood apartment. It was a shambles. Around him lay bits of sandpaper, dried buckets of paint, stiffened brushes—he had (in the shortage of help) painted his own kitchen with painstaking care. Then he made a horrible discovery: He had used water paint, entirely wrong for a kitchen—and an impossible kind to paint over! Equally painstakingly, he was now sandpapering off his mistake.

In this crisis he did what all hoofers do while they think. He danced a few tentative tap steps among the sandpaper and the paint buckets—and instantly, like magic, came the answer to his problem. He rushed, tapping gently the while, to the telephone. There, while he soft-shoed in one spot, he called all his pals, beginning with Bill Eythe and ending with Virginia Welles, Buff Cob, Robert Walker, Bonita Granville, Sonny Tufts and Diana Lynn.

"Come over tonight to my new joint—to a Slack Party!" said he.

"What's a Slack Party?" said they.

"Come and see," sang Johnny into the phone.

They all accepted. Then Johnny rushed out to the nearest department store. There he purchased a dozen slack suits, in all sizes and colors—but equally inexpensive.

When his guests arrived that night, he forced slack suits on them, and quickly followed the suits with paintbrushes—and the crowd went to work on Johnny Coy's apartment!

What's more, they had fun. They organized thoroughly enough to satisfy Walter Reuther himself. Of course, they all relaxed at decent intervals. But by the end of the evening, the (Continued on page 101)
To Maureen O'Hara

For beauty with a Celtic flare,
For drama with an accent rare,
A hat enchanting—inspiration
Of female dreams and male flirtation!

SONNETS ON

Salute to spring in not-so-strict rhyme and

To Gene Tierney

The subtlety of artful glance,
The sorcery of skilled romance;
For this—a wisely simple air,
A knowing nod to savoir-faire.

To Bette Davis

Mind of keenness, Eve symbolic
Of progress tuned to modern logic;
For her a Chinese headnote smart,
Sage emblem of an ancient art.
Al fresco fairness, candid air,
A touch of whimsey, talent rare;
Her hat—the Tyrol's bid for fame,
The feather—cue to Circe's game!

Bonnets

Ribbons to six fair femmes on Easter Day

Classic beauty, brilliant chic,
Possessor of a charm unique;
Hers is a hat of gay temptation—
Posed picture of sophistication.

To Ingrid Bergman

Al fresco fairness, candid air,
A touch of whimsey, talent rare;
Her hat—the Tyrol's bid for fame,
The feather—cue to Circe's game!

To Sonja Henie

Miniature of piquant grace,
Dimpled Nordic, fair of face;
Beribboned bonnet, joy in bloom,
The grace-note of an Easter tune.
You need a wife in Hollywood, says Mr. Hodiak, who had better be careful because already the girls are whistling

BY HERB HOWE

John Hodiak, starred in “Somewhere in the Night”

“HOLLYWOOD is no place for a bachelor,” said bachelor John Hodiak moodily.

From the standpoint of male morale this is the most shattering statement to come out of Hollywood and a great big lie if there ever was one.

Tall, tawny-eyed like a lion, his hair the same hue as the jungle king’s mane but better combed, of course, endowed with the baritone of Ukrainian choir-singing ancestors and the blood of Cossacks, no doubt, Mr. Hodiak is that woman-wilting combination of strength plus gentleness. The tiger grip and the tender heart, you know. Women are too confused to define precisely his catalytic effect. One says he arouses the maternal. Another says the filial. “By me he arouses,” says a third, “the connubial.” It is plain he arouses.

Mr. Hodiak does not complain of dearth of opportunities for fraternization in Hollywood. On the contrary. A lone wolf on the Hollywood steppes is pursued by sleighs of baying babes. But before he would ever admit a thing like that, modest Mr. Hodiak would walk to the nearest guillotine and

Even the hens feel it—and swarm. John with his dad on their ranch
Toy time: John, of "Time for Two," gets a big kick out of playing with his little nephew Richard

He's the woman-wilting combination of strength plus gentleness. Here the woodpile gets benefit of the strength see his handsome Slavonic head roll in the gutter.

Particularly unnerving to a reticent romantic such as J. Hodiak is the side-show exposure. Ordinary love birds may sit on a bench in the dark merging heart beats and bubble gum with no interference, but let a pair of movie pigeons alight anywhere and sirens sound, searchlights wave, photographers appear in explosions and the old bagpipes start skirling Lohengrin before the guy knows the gal's name or her papa's aim.

Most revolting to honest "Lifeboat" Hodiak is the custom of simulating la grande passion for purpose of being named in the scuttlebut news. Sometimes an ambitious player arranges this for himself, often a studio inspires it, or a pal may suggest Mr. Hodiak could do a little girl a good publicity turn by plying her with Prince Romanoff's hamburgers in front of a lens. "Please," says Mr. Hodiak, gently burning. "Don't suggest it."

Definitely this is not his way of woo. Nevertheless he has been seen, as the scuttlebut stylists put it, with Miss Anne Baxter,
and the bags have been piping hot notes. Twenty-four, lustrous and patrician, Miss B. is the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, who besides designing his own nest and that quake-proof Tokyo hotel, is the most famous American architect next to Chic Sale. It was observing Mr. Hodiak gallantly paying for Miss Baxter’s cokes two Saturday nights running that set the village matchmakers to cackling. “If you go with the same girl twice you are engaged,” said Mr. Hodiak. “If you go with two, you are a wolf.” The way his lip tightens when he says wolf you can tell Mister Hodiak is a one-girl type and doesn’t run the gamut from A to Z but only from A to Baxter. Inadvisable to ask him fresh questions. The golden sunshine in those orbs can turn to steel-rod gray and he is said to punch faster than you can say Hamtramck—the place where he grew up six feet spouting Russian in Russian drama in knee pants.

Master John was not born in Hamtramck. He arrived there at eight from Pittsburgh where he was born at an earlier age. His mother is Polish, his father Ukrainian. They came to this country forty years ago in the manner of all our best American forbears, as immigrants. In Hamtramck, a Detroit suburb of 60,000 industrial workers, they found a parish of Poles, Ukrainians, Russians and variegated Slavs, hard-working, church-going, socially exuberant salt of the earth, devoted to pinochle, robustious song and husky prancing to accordion and fiddle. A wedding feast lasted three days and Slavic New Year’s, smartly advanced to January 14, allowed for an extra fortnight of celebration. John’s father sang in the choir and acted in the parish plays, Ukrainian and Russian dramas. In one of these, in the role of a Russky orphan, occurred the world premiere of our own little Master John. There was no ovation, but Johnny nobly carried on without popular demand. He became so good by the time he reached high school that, acting in English plays, he won a drama scholarship to Northwestern University. This he could not (Continued on page 75)
Handyman Hodiax checks the motor. He spends weekends on the ranch, lives in town weekdays.

Saturday-night rummy session—all in the family. John, his mother and dad and his cousin, Mary Hodiax, concentrate while Nick does the kibitzing.
Dear Diary —

Today's the day that we left for the White House! This morning we got up very early, and we were rushing around throwing things into our suitcases when my girl friend, Ann Westmore (She's Wally's daughter. He's the one who stays married. To the same wife, I mean), who lives across the street from me, came over to say goodbye just before she went to school. We went through the whole routine—you know—parting is such sweet sorrow and we put on enough ham and corn to feed the entire nation—but it's lots of fun. And just before she left, she very ceremoniously gave me my going-away present—four bobby pins. Love that girl!

Pretty soon after, she left, Edwina, Ann's mother, came over with our real going-away presents. A darling pair of those elastic panties in pale blue satin for me, a box of candy for the train and a beautiful-smelling bottle of perfume for Mummie. Wasn't that super of them? Just then the car came and we kissed Edwina goodbye. Mother, Daddy and I got into the car and drove down to the station. Howard, my brother, couldn't go with us because he had to go to school, poor boy. We smothered Daddy with hugs and kisses and frantically waved goodbye to him as our train pulled out.

We walked down the corridor carrying a great big lunch basket, looking like two refugees. After we got settled in our bedroom, we tried to watch the scenery out the train window. Finally we resolved to read instead. Mummie had the porter make the bed up and we curled up cozily on top of it in our dressing gowns and I had a wonderful time reading two horse books.

Then we opened up our big basket. The cook had packed a wonderful picnic lunch for us—fried chicken and everything that goes with it. We nibbled on chicken and potato chips, got crumbs in the bed, got sleepy, took a nap, woke up, ate some more, read some more and now here it is time for bed.

Oh, I just love to travel on trains! Especially at nighttime in the upper berth. It swells you to sleep.

Goodnight. . . .

January 4, 1946

Dear Diary: This morning we got up at the crack of dawn. I crawled down and got into bed with Mummie. After we were fully awake, I pulled up the window shade to find snow on the ground! The first I'd seen since leaving England. All the rivers were frozen and it was pouring rain.

We got to Chicago at one o'clock and Warren Slee (M-G-M's man in Chicago) met us. He was so nice. He asked us what we wanted to do, and since you can't do very much in two hours—we caught the three-tentrain, had a good dinner and now to bed early. I'm so excited.

See you tomorrow—in Washington.

January 5, 1946

Dear Diary: This morning we got up at the crack of dawn. I crawled down and got into bed with Mummie. After we were fully awake, I pulled up the window shade to find snow on the ground! The first I'd seen since leaving England. All the rivers were frozen and it was pouring rain.

We got to Chicago at one o'clock and Warren Slee (M-G-M's man in Chicago) met us. He was so nice. He asked us what we wanted to do, and since you can't do very much in two hours—we caught the three-tentrain, had a good dinner and now to bed early. I'm so excited.

See you tomorrow—in Washington.

January 6, 1946
Dear Diary: Mummy warned me not to take off my shoes in the White House. Course, I forgot and did—and giggled half late. I was having conniptions! And when we finally did get there I felt as if butterflies were dancing or horses prancing inside my tummy. That's the only way I can express my feeling of excitement. But it wasn't such a bad feeling. In fact, I rather liked it.

Well anyway... we got off safely with all our luggage and Hank Shields, M-G-M's Washington man, met us there. We had some pictures taken and Mr. Shields took us over to the Shoreham Hotel, which is perfectly beautiful. Its grounds are so pretty with cherry trees and rolling lawns covered with reddy-brown leaves and our suite of rooms has the nicest view. We can see all the Shoreham grounds and the park, which is practically next door, the suite is super de luxe, and the food—um-m-m-m.

Mr. Shields said he thought it would be nice if we could go over to the Children's Hospital and meet little Joey Justh, who has been in an iron lung for over fifteen months, and all the other children who are recovering from infantile paralysis, so I put on my blue wool dress with the beads and my white fur coat.

When we got there, the nurse said we could go in and see little Joe. He's only eight years old. We went into his room and there he was lying in a big iron lung. I talked with him and gave him one of my books on horses. I have never in my whole life seen anything like little Joe. He is so brave and wonderful. There was a little smile on his lips all the time he looked up at me. And in between the wheezing and sighing of the lung he would murmur a word of gratitude. The nurses said that in all the time he has been there, never once has he complained. And you could see that very courage in his little face. It made my eyes fill up with tears, but I stood back and wiped them away so he wouldn't see me. It made me realize how needed those dimes are. I just wish everyone could have seen little Joe, then I know the March of Dimes would be bigger and better than ever before. (Continued on page 77)
I gritted my teeth. If that guy says another word about the clothes I'm wearing!

It was my first month working for the National Cash Register Company in Hollywood and the sales manager had a definite mania that no well-dressed salesman would appear in anything but a navy blue suit. I always pretended I didn't get the idea. I had one decent suit to my name, a brown sport jacket and slacks. My sales record's okay, I told myself, what difference does it make what I wear?

Oh-oh! As I fingered my first monthly check I saw the sales manager closing in on me with that navy-blue-suit look in his eye, "Alan, now that you have your salary—Alan, wait a minute!"

I beat it out of there in double-quick time. Lord, if I have to dress the way he tells me! In twenty-four hours I'd signed up at the Ben Bard School of Acting. What I considered the sales manager's mulish attitude about clothes changed my whole life.

The laugh is that in my screen work I still can't wear whatever I feel like—the type of part determines the costume.

When I was all of sixteen I couldn't decide whether to go to college or music school. Should I study for opera? Or would it better to choose another career? These thoughts went with me to a dance at which Hal Kemp was playing. He had been in town four years before when I was a moppet of twelve and, in a fatherly way, had praised me for studying music.

In fact, he had said, "Maybe someday you'll sing with me, little Janie."

So, gathering all my courage I went up to Hal and reminded him of the old promise. He looked me over and—what did he have to lose? In my home town the folks would feel obligated to applaud a little.

But they applauded a lot. So much, in fact, all my uncertainty disappeared.

My career as a band singer, which led to my screen contract, then and there was under way—all because years before Hal had patted me on the head and said, "Study hard, kiddo."
"TEAK or chops, Miss?" There was no reason why that question from the grinning black waiter on the dining car should have rendered me speechless.

No, no reason at all. Except that I'd never been out of Los Angeles in my life before and there was I, a girl of fourteen, on the train bound for my first big swimming meet at Phoenix, Arizona, being sent there by the Los Angeles Athletic Club which was paying my expenses. The possibility that I might disappoint the club by losing the match and the responsibility of spending other people's money nearly killed me. Every item on the menu seemed fantastically expensive.

Before this time I had always swam for fun. I wished I was home splashing around in the ocean, carefree!

In twenty-four hours my outlook had changed. I'd won the match. I found success meant more to me than I ever had dreamed. I knew how much depended on success and now swimming no longer was a hobby with me, but a career.

On the trip home I didn't dread the approach of the waiter with the menu. I had learned to accept responsibility—and enjoy it.

Talking of the times

a night and day turned the fate

trick for these four

filmdom philosophers

In all my life I've never had as much excitement as I ran into—literally—in a recent twenty-four hours.

I was on my motorcycle, returning from breakfast with friends, anxious to finish decorating a crib for the new baby my wife was bringing home from the hospital, when it happened.

Crash! Smash! Crack-up! I was carted off to the hospital and they tell me things were pretty desperate for awhile, that it was touch-and-go whether I'd pull through...

There was, of course, much consternation and telephoning. My wife had to be notified, worse luck, for she was in no condition for any such shock. I, unconscious, naturally didn't know what went on.

When I finally recovered, the baby was ensconced in our house. That changed my life plenty!

Also, I don't ride motorcycles any more. Studio orders!
My Hollywood Friends...

Butch, best man at my wedding and the kind of a guy who lets you take off your shoes in the parlor

By Susan Peters

It would require an entire series of articles to chronicle all the gay times I've had with "Butch." (Butch is Cesar Romero's Hollywood cognomen and he will henceforth be referred to as such.)

My friendship with Butch was born of war. We met the day he entered the service and our entire association, until recently, was set in strange scenes, among new faces—and mostly on borrowed time. There were no planned parties, no movies made together, no Hollywood activity for a pivot point. Our fun was improvised from scratch and our friendship grew out of a melting pot. Because it did, I know him more thoroughly than might have been possible in an everyday world and I'm very glad. He's such a wonderful guy.

All we had for a starter was a goodbye. Place: The U. S. Coast Guard Reception Center at Long Beach, California. Time: 9:00 A.M., June 10, 1943. Reason: My fiance Richard Quine (now my husband) was reporting for active duty and I was seeing him off. I was seated in a dreary little waiting room while Dick checked in—and I had been there for a couple of hours. I was not happy. All morning I had been watching mothers, wives and sweethearts bid their loved ones tearful goodbyes—and I had not been free of a tear or two myself. Most of you know exactly how I felt. I was
The Coast Guard congratulates the Coast Guard on the marriage. Cesar Romero and Dick Quine went through boot camp together. Cesar, out of the Coast Guard, is in “Carnival in Costa Rica”
miserable, worried and already lonesome.
Then I saw Butch. I'm sure I startled him, for I almost kissed him! I introduced myself to an obligato of tears and asked him to please take care of Dick for me. Now it certainly must be disconcerting to a man on his way to boot camp to have a ward thrust upon him! Especially when the ward in question is six feet three inches, weighs 195, and looks perfectly capable of taking care of himself! But Butch took it like a father with eleven kids making it an even dozen. He smiled and said sure he would. I guess he knew what I meant.
When train time came, we were old friends—the three of us—and Susie had two sailors to worry about instead of one.
The boys had been in boot camp about a month when I decided to pay the two old salts a surprise visit. Their station was at Alameda, California, just across the bay from San Francisco. I contacted Warrant Officer L. D. White, explained my plan and he very graciously invited me to the Saturday review as his guest.
The band was playing, flags were flying, and some 500 Coast Guardsmen were Hup-2-3-4'ing, to the right flank harrrich, for the base officers when I arrived on the parade grounds. It was all very exciting and I was duly excited, but spotting two particular (Continued on page 71)
THE day is over when women sit and expect to be waited on. And I, for one, am convinced that any female who does is going to do just one thing—sit. I might add—alone!

We still shall have glamour, never fear. We'll have it right down to the last Eve. (And a new word for it, I hope.) But the new glamour, I think, will be active and competent and vigorous. It will do its stuff in the kitchen instead of in the drawing room or the boudoir.

All of which explains why I plan the kitchen as the room in the bachelor girl's house I'm going to build sometime this year in Bel-Air, California.

"Come in, darlings, come right into the kitchen! Dinner in a jiffy!" That's what I shall be saying soon to my guests, irrespective of who they may be. Whether they are home-folks like my mother, or the young man of the moment, or my friends. And they'll love it!

I have lived the life of a bachelor career girl long enough to have found out that my friends enjoy dining home with me. Men especially like it. They adore doing a whole chicken on a rotary barbecue. And there are few who do not think they are the best steak broilers alive. Matter of fact, most of the men I know—and all of the men I like best—enjoy sharing household things. It will be neither too functional nor too Louis XIV, my kitchen. Constructed of light woods and glass brick to give the illusion of being made of light and air, it will be furnished with the comforts that are solid. Sofas. I shall have sofas in it, two or three, done in washable denim slip-covers, bright blue, terra cotta, or possibly yellow. Chairs, too. Plenty of chairs. Big swallowy ones. For nothing will be more of an anachronism in Tomorrow's house than a kitchen in which you cannot cat nap, read, relax, or romance and dance.

There will be a radio in my kitchen, or a connection with my Capehart so that I can play the classical music.

Joan Fontaine of "From This Day Forward"
Darling

It'll be a one-story house—each room will invite in the outdoors

I love while I cook. There will be shelves for the books I am reading at the moment, for when stirring a Hollandaise, or a tedious peu de creme, thank heavens for a year, in the interest of coziness there still will be, of course, all of the gadgets... Machines to wash and dry dishes. Pots and pans made of paper. Receptacles that by legerdemain will cause garbage to disappear. A deep-freeze in which pies by the dozen will keep for a year, chickens, crocks of golden butter, giant stalks of asparagus, crisp beans, sweet crimson strawberries put away when they are plentiful and cheap. There will be an open gas- or electric stove, an electric rotary barbecue, a huge charcoal broiler, the flames of which will paint the kitchen with wild warm lights...

We might as well plan our kitchens so they are comfortable and attractive, since there is every indication that this is where we'll spend a good portion of our time, every last one of us. I thank heaven every day of my life that I can cook and sew and scrub a floor, that I can wash and dry dishes and market and keep a budget with the best of them. I thank heaven for the domestic science course I took in high school and for the general housework I did ("living in," too, mind you!) in order to earn my living when I was in my teens. Also for the nurse's aide course, which taught me to use my head to save my feet.

It will be simple, my house... a one-story job, built of redwood, which doesn't need painting, doesn't have termites and is beautiful. In addition to the kitchen it will have a bed-sitting room featuring very large wardrobes. Closets for golf, tennis and riding gear. Closets for magazines. All kinds of closets to swallow my possessions whole, leaving no clutter behind for someone—guess who?—to pick up. There will be a library sitting room semi-convertible, thanks to many windows, doors, sliding walls and disappearing ceilings, to the out-of-doors. For each room in the house, kitchen included, will be planned to invite the outdoors in.

Since ornaments require care, there will be few of them in my house. Because silver takes polishing, no silver. For linens, those plastic things that do not need laundering. And very few of even these since, for one, I am an advocate of the bare board. My glasses will be beautiful, colorful, but inexpensive so any breakage will be merely of glass, not of heart or of purse. For china, I shall use the lovely open-stock California pottery, earthenware, which can be broken with one hand and replaced, readily and reasonably, with the other. And I shall ask the sunrises and sunsets, the hills and palms and acacia to do duty as drapes.

As the basic plans for my house indicate, I have no plans to be married. Actually, I like living alone. I would no more give up my solitude and freedom—the warm glow I get when I open my own front door and shut it behind me thinking, thank heavens, I'm alone—than I would give up the food I cook and eat, the air I breathe.

Besides, no man could stand anyone so everlastingly efficient as I am for more than twenty-four hours. I want children. I'd like to have Junior doing his homework at the big table in the "fabulous" kitchen I shall build. But I have yet to find a man as attractive as a good, solid twenty-four hours' work on a picture you love. And until I do...

Now, mind you, I can have (Continued on page 130)
Arturo de Cordova—moonlight south of the border

THE man in the superb dark blue is Arturo de Cordova whose personal nuclear radiation from the screen has made North Of The Border as torrid as South Of The Border.

You notice at once about Arturo de Cordova his politeness—that's why he's sitting in the least comfortable chair, with the sun in his face. Then, all in a breath you note brown eyes that laugh, deep down, with joy of life, a smile that matches those lively eyes and a pair of shoulders that are comparable in all Hollywood only to Vic Mature's.

"You ask me," Arturo repeats, the twinkle in his eyes very deep and his expressive mouth pulling down humorously at the corners, "to compare the Latin-American and the North-American girl. Isn't there"—his voice is melodious—"some easier way of committing suicide?"

"Seriously," he continues, "there are vast differences in custom and culture in the two Americas. Both systems have their admirable points. I hope my little girls get the best of each. But the two traditions certainly are different.

"Perhaps," he grinned, "we might open this dangerous subject by reviewing my own courtship."

Born in Merida, State of Yucatan, Mexico, Arturo went to New York City at the age of seven, attended Public School No. 9, studied dairying in Switzerland, then returned to Merida to take up life there. Almost at once he met, at the home of some friends, the beautiful and appealing Enna Arana. "It required three months," he recalls, "before her father would let me in the house."

During that time Arturo serenaded his beloved, with Miss Arana listening from behind closed blinds. He knew she was there, but until the third month she never spoke, then only a guarded word through the tight-drawn jalousies. Had she shown herself it would have been a breach of decorum so grave that a conservatively raised Mexican boy of good family might easily have decided she wasn't marriageable!

Friends of the two families finally persuaded Enna's father to let the young man pay his court in person. "I was engaged five years," Arturo says. "No. (Continued on page 98)
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Arta Parvin Folwell, to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr., of Washington, D.C., formerly a Lieutenant in the Infantry.

Arta helps sort and clean surgical instruments to be shipped to Europe. Since 1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee has been sending supplies throughout the free world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect, sort, and clean them before they are sent.

She’s like “a dainty rogue in porcelain,” with an adorable jeune fille look!

POND’S

Her ring—
a stunning diamond in a square setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND’S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Geraldine Spreckels
The Lady Mogra Forester
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Duchess de Richelieu

SHE’S Engaged! SHE’S Lovely! SHE USES Pond’s!

IT WAS AT A PARTY in Atlanta that Arta and Stephen met, and it’s easy to see why she danced into his heart.

Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm, friendly brown, her complexion pink-and-white and baby soft. “I use lots of Pond’s Cold Cream on my face right along,” she says. “It makes my skin feel really super.”

Yes—she’s another engaged girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond’s complexion! And this is how she cares for it:

Arta smooths snowy Pond’s generously all over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and makeup. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second creaming of silky-soft Pond’s, working it round her face with little circles of her cream-covered fingers. Tissues off again. “I like to cream double each time—for extra cleansing, extra softening,” she says.

Pond’s your face twice a day—as Arta does—every morning when you get up, every night at bedtime. In-between cleanups, too! It’s no accident so many more women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxury jar of Pond’s Cold Cream today!
DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I did my war-waiting on the farm of my soldier husband's parents. They have a dairy herd of fifty cows, so in four years' time I took care of an ocean of milk and raised my own flock of chickens, ducks and turkeys, making fairly good money on them. I saved all this, thinking that when Bud came home we could have a place for ourselves.

But first, I told myself, we would get away from the farm for at least three months. Being cooped up for four years is terribly hard on a girl's outlook. I'm dying to go into the city or somewhere so that I can buy a few new clothes, listen to good orchestras, dance, dine at restaurants, see some shows.

But Bud, who spent many months in England, then in France, then in Germany, then was bought to Australia, then to India, says that he never wants to budge from the farm again. He and his father spend the day building new fences, planning bigger herds.

In the evening, Bud settles in front of the fire to read or doze. He doesn't want to drive around the country to visit.

You may think I'm crazy, but honestly I feel like hopping on the train and getting away for a few weeks at least. If I did, I would be written off as a flibbertigibbet by Bud and his parents and I don't know what the consequences would be, but I've a mind to do it anyway. What do you think?

Mary Alice H.

Dear Mrs. H:
Both you and your husband are suffering from war nerves, although the manifestation has taken different forms. Because you have been held to one spot and one job for years, you ache to escape; because your husband has been on the go under pressure for four years, he wants to subside. This is the reaction of most returned veterans.

Since you have been so brave and patient, don't you think you could hang on for a few more months? You will find, as others have, that after a short while, your husband's interest in seeing friends and places will return.

Also, you must remember that travel conditions are still critical, hotel accommodations are a must, not obtainable, and one must stand in line to be seated in most good restaurants. Now is not the time for an extended holiday.

However, if you feel that you can't endure another week of being on the farm, can't you take a short motor trip to visit some relative or friend? This would serve as a retreat.

I have one additional suggestion to make. Sit down and write to the Chamber of Commerce of every city you hope one day to visit; ask them for literature about their industries, traditions and points of interest. Because, for the time being, an armchair voyage. You'll find that your trip, when you eventually make it, will be ten times as much fun because you are so well informed.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
Having been away, working in a large city for over two years, I have returned to my home town to find tremendous changes, some of which I expected, due to the return of our boys from service. What I did not expect, however, was to learn what has taken place in the boys themselves whether they saw horrible action or not.

I am twenty, single, and have always maintained the high standards expected of a "good girl." Heretofore there has never been a single doubt in my mind that I represented the type of girl every fellow is proud to be with and wants eventually to marry. Now I am beginning to wonder.

After dating the same boys I practically grew up with, I find that since returning from service they are no longer interested in good, decent girls. My evenings on dates used to be spent in good clean fun, but are now spent in trying to reason with my escorts. I have finally resorted to spending lonely evenings at home, disgusted and in tears, and wondering if innocence has lost its value in the world.

I am sure that I do not give my escorts a false or misleading impression of myself for I have compared notes with many girl friends, only to find their predicament equal to mine.

Cora Lee H.

Dear Miss H:
As you have discovered, by comparing notes with your friends, your case is not unique. Your male contemporaries have been out to see the world; they have associated with types of men living according to standards that, no doubt, shocked your friends into silence. Now that these boys, upon returning to their home towns, feel that to establish their worldliness they must assume an attitude (if they don't really subscribe to it) of wolfishness.

So your problem boils down to a familiar quandary: How to handle a wolf with kid gloves. First (Continued on page 131)
"WITH THIS RING I THEE WED..."

There’s a hush in the pews, throats tighten, eyes fill... as a strong young voice repeats the age-old words, and a shining circlet slips on a slender finger... for life.

For such a moment, such a memory, a man could choose no finer ring than an Art-Carved Ring by Wood—first name in engagement and wedding rings. Here are rings beloved by brides for almost a hundred years. Here are precious metals, brilliantly carved... here are diamonds chosen by experts steeped in quality traditions. Within every ring there’s the proud mark "Art-Carved." Look for it—at fine jewelers—let it be your guide to a ring she’ll wear—with pride—for life. Diamond rings from $75 to $5,000. Wedding rings from $9.
FRANK SINATRA'S handwriting interested me. I wondered what was beneath all the disturbance he is causing—making teenage girls swoon and go without meals for many hours while entranced by his singing. Yes, even Washington received him favorably.

Some friends of mine introduced me to Frank Sinatra. He was very much relaxed, as it was a small gathering. I was the only person he didn't know. Someone mentioned that I was a professional graphologist. From then on all were anxious to hear about themselves. There didn't seem to be a way out so I read briefly for all present.

Frank Sinatra's writing was anything but the way I expected it to be. Judging him by his appearance and conversation, I expected an easy flowing script, indicating a person of rather even temper.

Instead, his letter formations are uneven, as seen in this specimen of his handwriting, showing mixed emotions. Sometimes he likes the limelight—more often he would like to run as far away from it as possible.

His large inflated capital, such as his F in Frank and his S in Sinatra, show much ego and arrogance. He is capable of being quite bold and brazen when aroused by opposing forces. Then again he can be quite meek—in fact there are times when he is actually shy and needs solitude.

There is a tremor in his script which shows tired nerves. He needs so very much to get away from it all and think things out more clearly at intervals. His writing, at the time he wrote a sample for me, showed a great deal of turmoil present; so many deep rooted thoughts that will probably never come to the public's attention.

His three-cornered Y's show argumentativeness. He will fight things out to a finish. His heavy bold script shows he can be very manly in asserting himself for what he thinks is right and honest. He is nobody's fool, possessing a strong will and plenty of aggressiveness which is shown in his heavy pressured long T bar in his name Sinatra.

After observing his handwriting, I couldn't help thinking how misunderstood he must be by many people—both by those he knows and his multitude of fans.

The little bobby-sox girls who only see glamour and get sort of a second-hand love interest and superficial thrill when listening to him croon, never realize that actually he is serious and often unhappy when he is alone with his thoughts.
My Hollywood Friends

(Continued from page 63) sailors in a sea of sailor suits is a job for the F.B.I. Finally the command came to pass in review. Not in A Company. Not in B Company. Now came C Company and all I can say is I was hysterical. My two Hollywood Joes hup-2ing-3ing-4ing, six inches in mud, looking so stern, so tough, and sooo tired. By gosh, they were platoon leaders and had to look more stern and tough than the next guy ... and yell louder. As they passed the reviewing stand, they gave the command "Eyes Right." Well—Butch and Dick's eyes kept right on going when they spotted Susie, knee-deep in gold braid and scrambled eggs. Dick stumbled and almost fell. Butch broke up, started to laugh, tried to cover up by barking an order and it came out: "Glub ulp ha-ha harr! —" which was rather confusing to his platoon. In spite of me, C Company won the pennant and the boys were so proud they didn't even berate me for perpetrating my plot on the parade.

During the months they were stationed there, I spent my time commuting between Hollywood and San Francisco. I practically went through boot camp myself ... Butch and Dick's descriptions of obstacle courses, mess cook, guard duty, etc, were that vivid—and funny. When they had liberty, we went dancing—if their feet didn't hurt, até in Chop Suey joints—if they didn't sick from a typhoid shot but mostly we talked and talked and talked.

It was during those evenings I grew to know Butch well. I too had seen the dash-ing, suave Cesar Romero on the screen, dancing and romancing—and I thought he was super. But Butch is much more than that. Oh, he dances divinely all right. He's dashing and suave and gay and charming, but he's deep, understanding, extremely intelligent, and ninety-nine per cent heart. He's comfortable to be with. You enjoy his company, and you can yawn, stretch, kick off your shoes and not worry about his thinking you're bored. He laughs a lot. He's one of the few people I've ever known that can laugh boisterously at a story or incident he's telling and make you laugh harder because of it. He's moody

IN THE SPRING
A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Ah, Spring! When birds are a-titter ... when the sap begins to run again (no offense, Junior) ... and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

Now's the time when harried mothers are more than ever grateful for Fels-Naptha Soap. With clean shirts in constant demand, it's a real relief to use this faster, gentler soap...

There's relief from endless hours in the laundry. Relief from ordinary washing wear on collars and cuffs. Not to mention relief from wear and tear on Mother's disposition.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Youth!
(and from the ladies, in chorus)
A-h-h-h, Fels-Naptha!

Richard Quine, of "But Not Goodby," watches Susan's gin rummy hand while she chats with Cesar "Butch" Romero
Dick was very grateful for Butch and vice-versa. Service life goes down easier when you have a buddy to help you wash your dress blues. While they were stationed together, they did shows at hospitals and bases in the area on liberty nights. Their act was admittedly corny and on occasions I added my kernels to the cob. It was via these appearances that I realized just how popular Cesar Romero is with the public. He’d walk through a hospital ward and the men would chorus: “Hi, Cisco.” They loved him. He was a real guy and they were all on the same wavelength.

In November of 1943, Dick and I were to be married. Dick and Cesar both got leaves and on the day Butch stood up with us, The Quinte left on that honeymoon and upon returning to San Francisco, found a note at the hotel desk. The bugle had sounded for Butch. He had been assigned to a ship and was off to join her crew. He wished us all happiness and signed it: “God bless you both, Butch.” We missed him very much.

His service career was a proud one. As a Boe’s Mate aboard the Coast Guard transport U.S.S. Cavalier, he won the admiration of officers and crew alike, for he was a hard-working, conscientious fighting man. His ship took part in the invasions of Saipan and Tinian, going in on the first wave. They landed their troops and stood by under heavy fire to evacuate the wounded in one of the toughest and most vital engagements of the Pacific war.

Upon his return to the States, Butch toured the country, speaking at war plants, rallies, anywhere and everywhere—selling War Bonds and speeding up the job at hand.

It was in Chicago that we first met after his return. I heard him speak at a Bond rally. I have never been so moved by a speaker. With great sincerity and deep but controlled emotion, he griped his audience and sent them away vitally aware of war’s sadness—and the need of their doubled efforts.

Hearing Cesar that night made me feel not only his worth as a man but as an actor. No, he wasn’t acting those words he spoke. They came from his heart, but the depth of feeling he displayed made me realize his potential value as a dramatic actor. In a previous article, I listed the qualities I believed to be imperative in making a great star. They are: Charm, grace, ability, personality—and a great heart. Cesar Romero has them all.

Butch was discharged from the U.S. Coast Guard, a chief petty officer. He had enlisted as an apprentice seaman and had earned every advancement the hard way. Now that he has returned to Twentieth Century-Fox, his career will resume as before... I hope, with something added. I'd like to see Butch given dramatic roles so that everyone may know the Cesar Romero I heard speak that night in Chicago.

Butch looks the same as when you last saw him: Six feet three inches, 190 pounds—maybe a little huskier. An occasional strand of silver in his black wavy hair adds a little extra—like ice cream on pie. His mustache could give lessons to most mustaches. His bearing is proud like a victorious toreador and his effect on the gals is much the same as that of the toreador on the bull. He’s one of the most popular men in our community and ranks high on the list of eligible bachelors. I hope he’ll fall in love with a terrific girl—cause he’d make a wonderful husband... but if it does happen, I’ll always doubt
that she’s half good enough for him.

He lives in a charming New England Colonial home with his mother, father and sister. They’re lovely people . . . from an old and respected Spanish family. The house has its own personality. It’s chock full of comfort, informality, gay spirit—and dignity. Dignity is a long suit with Butch, but he gives it a new twist. He knows inherently when and where to be dignified. This dignity stuff can be a bore in the wrong hands, in that it borders on the “stuffed shirt” category. Butch could do a rumba in Macy’s window—without a shirt—and still be dignified. If I could tell you why, I’d be very pleased with myself. It’s just part of the charm that’s Butch, and the dictionary doesn’t explain it.

His friendship is more highly valued than most in Hollywood because once it’s created, an atom bomb couldn’t destroy it. His really close friends are members of long standing. In fact, they’re all sitting back in comfortable repose by now. No one ever says, “I wonder what’s happened to Butch? Haven’t seen him in a long time.” They get on the phone and buzz him often enough so that a “long time” never has time to happen. Or—just sit tight and in a tomorrow or two he’ll drop in out of the blue and make you feel that he’d been there all the time.

I still haven’t told why he sat between Dick and me at the theater; our long, long walk in the snow; the old, old ranch; our evening at the Chicago Hospitality House; gin rummy on the train (he plays a rotten game); Henry, the poor little sailor, the bearded lady—oh, a hundred things. Anyway, you can take it from me—they were fun.

War-time acquaintances usually wind up in different cities when the smoke clears away—and all you have left is a serial number. I’m luckier. I have Butch’s phone number and he has mine—which reminds me of a gag that Butch, Dick and I used in our camp show split weeks. People were forever asking why Cesar never married, and this was the answer we gave ‘em:

Dick: “Tell me, Butch, why is it you’ve never been married?”

Butch: “Why should I get married? I’ve got hundreds of dames, sitting at home, tearing their hair out, waiting for me to call them.”

Me: “Then, why don’t you call them?”

Butch: “I’m sick of those bald-headed dames!”

Which is as good a reason as any—and besides, it has nothing to do with his friends—and besides, I have plenty of hair.

The End

Desire his Kisses?

Of course, your skin must be kiss-attracting—smooth, satiny.

Dismayed by skin that’s dry?

New 1-Cream Beauty Treatment (with smo-oo-th Jergens Face Cream) is “dream stuff” against dry skin.

Here’s the way to take this thrilling 1-Cream Beauty Treatment

Devote a few quick minutes every day to smooth-skin treatments with new Jergens Face Cream. Simply use this versatile cream as though it were 4 creams:

1. for Make-up Removal; strict Cleansing
2. for Softening
3. for a charming Foundation
4. as a Night Cream—doesn’t tolerate dry skin; helps against dry-skin lines

Nice to know: Jergens Face Cream is made by the skin scientists who make Jergens Lotion. Be delighted—like girls everywhere—with the easy skin care of Jergens Face Cream. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin
Rhapsodies in Red
master-blended for true
color. Louis Philippe
shades to sing you a song
of loveliness...and repeat
their flawless performance for
lipstick and rouge. For an encore,
you're beauty-bound to choose
Louis Philippe cake make-up
in a harmonizing tint of
sheer delight.

Louis Philippe

Lipstick creme base of satin sheen and incredible clinging power. 9 luscious
shades. Rouge creme or dry, to match. Cake make-up with the creme-y base
that protects as it beautifies. 6 harmonizing shades. At cosmetic counters everywhere.
Family Bachelor

(Continued from page 56) afford to pursue. He thought he should go to work like the other fellows who dropped out of school about junior year to take jobs on the line in the automotive works.

All was not polka and play acting in Hamtramck. There was poverty in the squalid sections of houses crowded too closely along narrow streets. During the depression things were literally tough. John roistered in the streets and alleys with other kids, scavenged for scrap iron to earn movie money, played baseball well enough to get an offer for the St. Louis Cards farm team, witnessed bug eyed the gang wars and saw a mobster’s punctured corpse in a wrecked car, and tried getting a little tough himself until papa restored his rectitude by warming up same in the woodshead.

"I was a dese, dem and dose kid," said Mr. Hodiak whose diction and modulated speech are a treat to sound engineers. "Foreigners find it hard to pronounce the English 'th,' and most of the kids had foreign-born parents like mine."

At eleven Master Hodiak made up his mind to be a great movie star in the style of Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Doug Fairbanks. At eighteen he was an old stage horse-smoring drama in three tongues. Twenty, and he had rubbed up his diction to such high polish he won a radio audition followed by spots in soap operas. For three years in Chicago he played Lil Able, creating the Dogpatch talk from his father’s Ukrainian accent and a Southern friend’s you-all idiom. Came the M-G-M talent scout—confidently expected by our young prodigy who is a fatalist, believing things destined for you arrive on schedule and there is no point walking up and down sweating it out.

This philosophy does not rule out arduous preparation for the hoped-for things, nor prayer, nor regular church-going. His religion is too deep inside for surface talk but is manifest dynamically in all he does. It motivates the heart as much as the mystic soul, a religion which though orthodox, is with him one of warm brotherhood. The heart of all Slav’s religion, says Dostoevski, is fraternity, communal Christian brotherhood of man.

"I shall never have money," Hodiak said with a little surprise when asked what he planned to do with his prospective fortune. "There are too many things needed to be done with money." He was thinking just then of the need for kids’ club centers in towns like Hamtramck, the kind of nice respectable clubs adults have that kids would take a pride in. He hopes to be able to do something about this.

On arriving in Hollywood with a movie contract he lived frugally and did his own cooking in a single-room, bachelor apartment. His salary was small, as the beginner’s usually is, and it still is not commensurate with his popularity record.

A good part of his earnings he set aside for purchase of a home for his mother and father. Last year he found the spot and had the cash for it; a six-room-house to which additions can be made easily, a three-car garage which he converted into guest quarters for his sister Anna and her children; orchards of citrus, fig and walnut trees and plenty of space for vegetable and flower gardens.

"My mother has green fingers," he says with pride. "Everything grows for her."

He has had little time to bask under the trees and soak up sunshine. Since hitting the beach in "Lifeboat" with Tallulah Bankhead two years ago Hodiak has span dizzily through "Song of Russia," "Marriage Is a Private Affair," "Maisie Goes to... by CHERAMY

A perfect love of a perfume... joyously fresh and as sparkling as a pretty smile... and oh, so lasting! So captivating, too... you’ll want to wear Frolic always and always.

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; debutante size, $1.10. Toilet Water, 1.75. Dusting Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50c. (Plus tax)
“A Bell for Adano,” “Sunday Dinner for a Soldier,” “The Harvey Girls,” “Time for Two” and “Somewhere in the Night.”

Work is the tether to a footloose movie idol’s sportiveness; there’s time for nothing but work and its accessory claims. Hodiak finished work on “Time for Two” at four o’clock in the morning and at ten the same A. M. began scenes in “Somewhere in the Night.” His six-hour vacation was spent packing up and driving his coupe, which he calls Kelly, from M-G-M in Culver City to Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, a scenic excursion of six miles he failed to relish because of yawning.

His daily schedule is a boa constrictor to bachelor romance. He gets off the mattress at 6:00 in the morning and goes to bed at 8:30, taking with him the script for the next day’s shooting.

Two years of this and Mr. Hodiak, who never took to likker, took to coffee tipping. He husted eight cups for breakfast and failed to eat breakfast. Soon he had the tremblers; quivered like a cornstarch rabbit. Normally a solid 175 pounds and steady all his days, he couldn’t imagine why his head was oscillating from side to side and wondered vaguely what polar bears take for relief. The doctor said to take, instead of eight cups of coffee, a glass of milk—a drink called a baby in these parts and considered odd for a bachelor to have.

Restored and feeling fine now, he intends tapering off on work too. Loving it excessively as he does he thinks you are liable to over indulge and get punchy. Although he doesn’t exactly worry he concentrates on details and lies awake figuring to improve.


Completing “Somewhere in the Night” he declared himself a tour of veterans' hospitals and a session with the boys back in Hamtramck. He has gathered in his sister Anne and her family; his cousin Mary Hodiak; his brother Walter, back from Okinawa, and his tribe, to form a Hodiak family community on San Fernando Valley acres.

“Now it is time to think of starting my own family,” says Mr. Hodiak. “Happiness starts in the family and sort of ripples out to the community and the world at large. All the best fun is in sharing.”

Family and home are essential to happiness in Hollywood because they are all a man has time for after work.

“A man needs a wife here more than anywhere,” says the eligible Mr. Hodiak. “What kind do you favor?” asks a snoop.

“Any kind.”

“Feet over size thirteen are hard to fit,” he is reminded.

“She can go barefoot,” says Mr. H., “so long as she doesn’t paint her toenails.”

Hear that, girls, your prospective prey does not like conspicuous females, or chichi or artificiality in any form, particularly not in the female form, hey. About all he asks is that she be fairly bright, natural, companionable, humorous, honest (up to there he was reasonable), fun loving and of course Hodiak loving.

As for the kind of girl who would like Mister Hodiak: any kind, according to his own polling poll.

There are no two opinions about him in Hollywood. Even the battling sexes agree, and thus give hope for One World and peace in our time.

That he is beloved by all is a dismal thing to say of any man, sounds so obituary, and we shall be glad to retrofit if proof is produced that Hodiak is not the apple of everyone’s eye from A to Z including B.

THE END
My Washington Diary

(Continued from page 59) Because to me he symbolizes the whole thing. It made me more than ever want to urge people into giving and helping, so that little Joe and all the other children can be made well, so that his dreadful disease can be destroyed forever.

Then we got into the car. There was a lump in my throat so big I couldn't talk. Mr. Shields broke the silence by asking us if we'd like to go to Mount Vernon. I was thrilled at the idea, but I just couldn't seem to get happy again. It was funny. Everyone was trying to cheer everyone else up. We'd try to act gay and I thought, "What a bunch of awful actors we are" but finally I realized that little Joe wouldn't want us to be unhappy—not on account of him. So I tried my best to be as happy as possible.

By the time we reached Mount Vernon I think we were all feeling better. We got out and told the driver where to meet us and walked up the long driveway and into the house. I was really excited now! We went into all the rooms and saw George Washington's furniture and dishes. When we were in the room that he died in, it made me feel all funny inside. It was just as if I were stepping into the pages of my history book at home.

We went over every inch of the grounds. The smoke house, the slave house, the kitchen (it's a separate building), the place where they keep the carriages, the stables, and "his" and Martha's tomb. That's what impressed me most. I felt funny all over again. I wanted so badly to take a piece of the ivy that was growing around his tomb for a souvenir, but Mummie said that if everyone took a piece there wouldn't be any left. But I found a bit that had broken off, so all is well.

Before leaving I had to get my girl friends little souvenirs at the Mount Vernon souvenir shop. I got them and myself some darling bracelets. Some Marines helped me pick them out. I got a ring for Howard and a key chain for Daddy.

The driver picked us up then and took us on a sightseeing tour of Washington. I think the buildings are just beautiful, especially the white marble ones. The ones I remember most are the Treasury, the Mint, the museums, the Cathedrals of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Pentagon building, Agricultural building, the Capitol of course, and oodles of others but I can't remember their names. There were so many pretty statues of horses rearing up in the parks. What a beautiful statue my horse King would make!

By this time it was getting dark. That's when we saw the Lincoln Memorial. It's something I will never forget. It was raining softly and the lights from the city shimmered and twinkled and the night, or dusk, was so quiet and peaceful, and there was the statue of Lincoln. The only light in the Memorial was that coming from behind the statue, which made it look luminous. As we walked up the marble steps getting closer and closer, I felt almost hypnotized. When we were on the platform right in front of the statue, it was as if Lincoln himself were sitting there looking down at us, not just a piece of marble. Those eyes! I felt as if I were in a different world, so far away from everything but that kind and real-looking face. It was so peaceful and beautiful that I wanted to cry or do something, but I just stood there off by myself.

It must have been fifteen or twenty minutes before any of us said a word. Then Mummie said, "We'd better go now," and I was so startled it took me a few minutes
January 7, 1946

DEAR DIARY:

I was so tired this morning. I couldn't get to sleep until three a.m. I kept thinking about that statue of Lincoln and about Little Joe. I called over to Mummie and asked her if she was awake. Then I told her I could still see Lincoln looking at me. Also little Joe. You know, they're rather alike. Especially their eyes. I kept thinking that all night long. Mummie let me sleep late this morning though, so I wouldn't be too tired, because today is the biggest day of my life!

We had breakfast, bathed and got dressed. Mr. Shields came, we had lunch and at two o'clock we were ready to go to the White House. I had on my black velvet dress and my first pair of long stockings—seamless ones—and my beautiful white fur coat. I felt so dressed up.

We drove over to the Carlton Hotel where we picked up Cornelia Otis Skinner and Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Then we were off to the White House. We showed our passes at the gate and the cars whizzed up the drive. We got out and walked up the steps through the open door and into the White House. I was so thrilled. All the nice butlers and colored men were so glad to see Mr. Roosevelt Jr. and he was so nice to them. They took our coats, but I just hated to part with mine. I wanted to leave it on, but I guess it would've looked kinda silly.

The ushers took us downstairs to the Diplomatic Room. There were so many people and cameras and microphones and—oh—I was so excited! Mrs. Truman came in and I must-nd talked with her. She's very nice. Margaret came in to give her mother some peppermints just before the broadcast. The announcer came over and introduced himself. Then we got down at a little table in front of Mrs. Truman's desk. I thought we'd probably rehearse, but we didn't.

At three-fifteen everyone got very quiet. We were on the air! My butterflies and horses started coming back, but they soon left. At three-thirty it was all over.

The broadcast, I mean. Then we had the newsreel pictures taken. Miss Skinner was on one side of Mrs. Truman and Mr. Roosevelt was on the other. They were sitting down and I was standing in back of Mrs. Truman. We said part of our speeches for the newsreel and had still taken. While this was going on something terrible happened to me. I'm afraid I have a very bad habit of taking my shoes off wherever I am. And just before we got to the White House, Mummie asked me to be sure and not take my shoes off while we were there. I promised I wouldn't, but when we were up there I forgot. I slipped my right shoe off and it got lost under Mrs. Truman's chair. It was awful! I got the giggles and was fishing around with my foot trying to find it. Finally I did, but I was so embarrassed, because nobody knew what I was laughing at.

After that, we went up to the Lincoln Room and had tea. The Lincoln Room is beautiful and I was just dying to see some of the other rooms. After we had tea and cakes and stuff, a lady asked us if we would like to see some of the rooms and we said we would. We went to the Blue Room, the Red Room, the Green Room, and the East Room that looks like a ballroom. They had so beautiful crystal chandeliers and gorgeous furniture.

I kept hoping I'd find Falls peeking around some corner. But of course he isn't there any more. But somehow whenever I think of the White House I think of Falls. I wonder if the Trumans have a dog around. I didn't see him. I kept wishing that I'd brought my chipmunk Nibbles along. I could have brought him. He isn't any trouble and he really should see all of this.

The time to leave came much too soon—even though we were the last ones to go. We put our coats on and drove away. I felt just like Cinderella in Wonderland. I kept pinching myself to find out if I were dreaming. But I wasn't. This was all real—and happening to me.

And when twelve o'clock comes it won't leave me. The White House and all of it will still be fresh in my mind. It will never vanish as long as I live! And you'll always have it too, dear, dear Diary. Goodnight.

Elizabeth
Add color to your life this gayest way!

For perfect results with precious ease, you do it with dye, and you do it yourself—with All Purpose Rit. For a world of "new" things, start with a dated blouse or faded gloves or a scarf you're tired of wearing. Into a bath of Rit they go—and out comes a wondrous new wardrobe. Isn't it easy, isn't it fun! All Purpose Rit is the gayest way to add new color to your life and save a pretty penny as you do it.

ALL PURPOSE RIT is guaranteed to dye any fabric—even Celanese, nylon and rayon mixtures. 25c

Do a scarf and gloves in Tropic Mauve—spike them with a blouse and hair ribbon in Honeymoon Blue.
For town, have blouse, gloves and hatband all of Summer Lime. For five and on, a blouse in Tropic Mauve—gloves and bag in Summer Lime.

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION,
1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Illinois.
Please send All Purpose Rit booklet U4, "Highlight Your Costume With Color."

Name
Address
Lana Turner, starring in M-G-M's “The Postman Always Rings Twice”

Pink of Perfection

Woodbury
Flesh

Lana Turner

...of the rosybud skin! Capture her look of pink-toned perfection, of bewitch-and-bewilder beauty— with Woodbury Film-Finish Flesh! Luscious, petal-soft pink—so color-fail—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. Pretty in the box... AND... color-true on your skin! Compare its velvet texture—more flattering than the powder you're wearing. And Woodbury color stays fresh... its cling masks tiny flaws for hours. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

Pretty Smooth! Before powdering, fluff on Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base. Make-up ok-i-n-gs!

Woodbury new film-finish Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP... all 3 for $1
1. Big $1 box of Woodbury Film-Finish Powder.
2. Star-styled lipstick—your just-right shade
3. Matching rouge—your just-right shade
Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

Marie McDonald

... Starred in “Getting Gertie’s Garter,” a United Artists production
It's easy to think of summer fashions—but advisable in these days of fabric shortages...

A McKettrick convertible, the scarf of which can be worn as shown above, or to the right—or covering the exposed shoulder. A Crown Soap 'n' Water rayon shantung. Black with aqua, yellow or pink. 10.18.

About $9.00 at Filene's, Boston, Mass., or Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 92)
The new fullness at the hips and an excellent shoulder line recommend this Style-Trend bouclé dress by Henry Rosenfeld. Beige, white, gray, aqua, lime or pink. 10-18, about 14.95. Available at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 92.
MARIE MCDONALD never doubted she would be an actress. Neither did those who saw her in school plays, as a Powers model, or as a singer with Tommy Dorsey’s band. It was during the filming of “Guest in the House,” in which she spent much time in a bathing suit or a negligee, that she was given her now famous nickname, “The Body.”

A harem type skirt which ties in front highlights this Lorn hardy dress which is fashioned from a printed rayon crepe, Yale fabric. Available in all pastels. 14-20. $12.95 at Mande Brothers, Chicago, Ill., and Saks 34th Street, New York, N. Y

For the store in your vicinity, write to the manufacturer listed on Page 92.
Mix Gray with Color . . . and Look!
SIGNE HASSO is Swedish but there is nothing about her which suggests the Vikings. She is only 5' 5" tall and weighs only 115 pounds. Neither is she a blonde. Her beauty lies in her most divine sea-green eyes and red hair. Her name, pronounced "seen yeh," means "bless you" in Swedish. You will next see Signe in the United Artists production "A Scandal in Paris."

Opposite: Korus sweater, available in all colors. 34-40. About $6.00. Skirt with belt attached by Markon, 100% Hockanum wool. Gray with yellow, blue or deep red belt. 9-15. About $8.00. Sweater at A. Harris, Dallas, Tex., and Macy's, New York, N. Y. Skirt at Macy's, New York, N. Y.


(All shoes by Wohl)

(For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on Page 92)
COTTON S that will spotlight you... oh so beautifully in your "home" career.

Highlighted especially are the long-awaited zipper front-closing, fine quality percales... features of Happy Home frocks. Each is a value in styling and workmanship.

Reliance Manufacturing Company,
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago
1350 Broadway, New York City

Cinemodes
By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Joan Crawford, who dearly loves tailored dinner things, has found a wonderful way to wear her jewelled clips. The other night, when the jacket of her heavy white crepe dinner suit had a large exotic flower of sparkling sequins appliquéd across the shoulder line, Joan wore a huge diamond clip on the cuff of the long-sleeved jacket.

Have you any of Pa's old stick-pins (studded or otherwise) around the house? If so, take a fashion tip from Diana Lynn. Diana found not only some of her Dad's but her Grandpa's pins, too, and had them soldered to bobby-pins. (First removing the long pin, of course.) She wears the studded bobby pins all through her hair—and the effect is lovely.

Lunching at La Rue the other day June Allyson wore a suit which really was not a suit. The dress was a print... a lovely bright yellow background widely spaced with gray pussywillows. The skirt, almost a dirndl, tightened into a snug belt of gray kid. The blouse had long sleeves, the cuffs of which were linked with cat's-eye buttons. The coat, three-quarter length and boxy, was lined with the print of the dress. With this ensemble June wore a tiny turban of the print, black pumps and a black shoulder slung bag. A perfect costume for California at any time of the year—elsewhere for spring when the days are warm and the nights are cool.

Bogart and Bacall who have long worn tailored suits or slacks almost matching are now wearing husband-and-wife (Continued on page 88)
Peasant simplicity... completely disarming in a Vicki Lynn.

In white only. About $3 at leading department stores.

Junior sizes 9-15. Others, 32 to 40 as well as extra sizes.
Continued from page 86) jewelry. Their wedding rings are identical, of flexible gold. So are their watch bands which have their initials in tiny rubies.

Dorothy Lamour attended her first formal party since the birth of her baby recently. Her dress was any girl's dream—be she sixteen or sixty! The skirt was a drift of pink and black net, the very top layer being black. Caught here and there in the drift were tiny pink roses. The bodice, also of pink and black net, was plain, tight and off the shoulder. And on one "off shoulder" was a cluster of the same pink roses that were caught in the skirt. To keep this gown from being too ingenue Dorothy wore elbow-length gloves of pale pink suede, and black sandals and carried a black bag.

Speaking of suits that aren't suits, as we have been, the dinner ensemble Joan Bennett wore to a party at The Club was a conversation piece. Fashioned of a heavy satin in light gray, it had a snug-fitting basque jacket with long sleeves and a full gathered skirt. Her dream hat was layers upon layers of gray maline, laced through with rose-colored velvet but a tiny confection; nevertheless, which tilted forward on her lovely head. Joan carried a rose-colored velvet purse and wore gray sandals of a much darker shade.

The dinner dress Joan Fontaine wore to the Adrian party was something to write about. Which we do forthwith. . . . It was black crepe with the pencil-slim skirt slashed almost to the knees and the low strapless bodice edged with a wide full ruching of black crepe. Then—over her bare shoulders, fitting close to the neck and falling softly to the black ruching Joan wore a full bronze-colored cape of heavy net which gave the skin a wonderful glow and a bit of a covered-up look. It would be fetching on anyone. On la belle Fontaine it was ravishing!
FOR YOU FROM CALIFORNIA

Wide open spaces for sun tanning

...in this cool one-piece Calcutta* cotton print

cut for comfort by Lynn Lester. Sizes 10 to 18.

Blue, lime, rose. About $11.00

*FABRIC BY CALIFORNIA CONVERTERS, INC.

Write Western Fashions, Los Angeles 14, for store nearest you featuring Western Fashions Authentics.
The line of your figure is your Lifeline...target of all eyes. A wrong line above waist or below can spoil the precious first impression you make...impair the way you feel and work. For your upper Lifeline, Life-Bra lifts—holds—corrects—molds. For your lower Lifeline, the new Life-Girdle brings alluring new curves, with elastic comfort and tailored-in material control. Working together, these superb Formfit creations GLORIFY YOUR LIFELINE ALL THE WAY!

Glorify your Lifeline...WITH FORMFIT ALL THE WAY

THE FAMOUS Life-Bra...brings alluring "lift" to glorify your upper Lifeline. $1.25 to $3.50.

THE NEW Life-Girdle...brings new trim, feminine curves to glorify your lower Lifeline. $7.50 and up.

The Formfit Creation

Look for this label. It is your assurance of quality—in fabric, tailoring, fit, long life.

THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

To Make You Lovelier...

Make a peplum of any stiff fabric—taffeta or pique are especially effective—and wear it over a basic dress.

Sew two big handkerchiefs together and knot them at the waist, sarong fashion. This will provide a wonderful new look for shorts or a bathing suit.

If you're weary of a high neckline, slit your dress about four inches down the middle making an inverted V. This will provide a keyhole neckline—and what is more provocative?

Don't be timid about teaming up your slacks and shorts with the gayest flowered print blouses you can find.

Lift your hair off your neck and tie it with a colored net or sequined net, for a well-groomed and flattering coiffeur.

Crocheted shortie gloves are perfect with summer cottons and rayons—also cooler than leather or suede.

Watch out for the new blouse...It can be worn either forward or backwards. If you want a little collar with buttons down the front you wear it one way. If you want a high neckline with buttons down the back wear it the other way.

A sequined ascot at your throat does wonders towards making you glamorous for evening.

Make a sleeveless vestee of that fabric which looks like leopard and wear it over a black, shirt or blouse.

Wrap your waistline in a gay scarf as a cummerbund with shorts or slacks.

Tie a white silk scarf high around your throat ascot fashion for the "dandy" look so important this spring. Anchor the scarf with a big safety pin wrapped with colored grosgrain ribbon.

Starched straw lace is wonderful (and so inexpensive) for cool-looking bonnets and pillboxes to wear when the sun shines.
"SQUARE SHOOTER"... a Carole King Original. Deep dashing color and bright white are sharply squared and boldly buttoned for a sure-fire hit in your "beau's eye." Of rayon Shantung... a Verney fabric. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About $11.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.
NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"? Close as ivy on a wall these smart stockings will hug your legs! They're full-fashioned and meticulously shaped, in the knitting, for perfect fit. Try them today, and rejoice in their filmy sheerness, their dainty seams and their amazing serviceability. See them at your favorite hosiery counter.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

When shopping for clothes shown on the preceding pages be sure to tell the salesgirl the fashion appeared in Photoplay. This will enable her to direct you to the department where the fashion is available.

**Off-the-shoulder Dress**
McKettrick, 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Boucle Dress**
Henry Rosenfeld, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Print Dress**
Lombardy, 134 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

**Gray Sweater**
Koru, 737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Gray Skirt**
Markon Garment Company, 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Shoes**
(All colors, all sizes about $4.00 to $5.00)
Wohl Shoes, St. Louis, Mo.

**Gray and Yellow Plaid Dress**
Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

UNDER A HONEymoon

Wherever you're going to holiday this summer—whether you'll be with him—or hoping to meet him—watch for Photoplay's June Fashions

RECORDINGS
Lovely Barbara Whitmore
National winner of Columbia Pictures' talent search contest.

The first and only "lipstick"
that really stays on!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that isn't greasy—won't rub off—and that will keep your lips deliciously soft, smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid, in the most exciting tones of red ever created. It's so permanent. Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. Regular size bottle that lasts a long, long time is only $1 plus tax, at all stores. Or,

MAIL COUPON FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZES

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 6105, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, I11.

☐ Please send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:
☐ Scarlet—flaming red, definitely tempting.
☐ Parisian—spectacular with dark hair, fair skin.
☐ Regal—exciting with dark hair, medium skin.
☐ English Tint—inviting coral-pink for blondes.
☐ Orchid—exotic pink. Romantic for evening.
☐ Gauy Plum—enchanting with fuchsia, wine or purple.
☐ Gypsy—vivacious with dark eyes, olive skin.
☐ Medium—natural true red, flatters all types.

Name

PLEASE PRINT

Address

City

State

93
Your Favorite Two-Way Stretch is Back

Look what's for you...Real-form Lastex
2-way stretches with the wonderful Raschel knit fashion to fit features that give such blessed comfort and control. Won't roll, creep up or run.

Real-form
Girdles of Grace
358 Fifth Ave., New York

Pull-ons, panel-front girdles and panty girdles...also with zippers. Up to $5...at your favorite store. Write for booklet, Dept. P

It's Like This to be Mrs. Gregory Peck

(Continued from page 43) the ring to match. He had the bracelet hidden at home for two days—he could hardly wait for the time to give it to me. When he brought the package out and put it on the table, I didn’t notice it at first. He stood there jiggling on one foot and then the other, like a big kid. “Gee, you don’t seem very interested,” and he pushed the box at me. “Well—open it, and put it on!”

He had the same look on his face—the same pride and excitement—when he brought me my very first present, in the lean days back in New York. It was just a gadget, a little gold-plated angel for my lapel. I loved it so I nearly cried myself sick when I lost it in a movie theater one night. We waited until after the last show and went down on our knees looking under almost every seat in the house.

I’m so wild about my new bracelet I had to count every tiny gold square in it—there are 500 of them, not much bigger than pin-heads, and thirty-two diamonds in the buckle. Actually, however, it isn’t any more valuable than my little gold-plated angel—except that it symbolizes some of the accomplishments without which Greg could never have been a completely happy man.

He was born with a sense of humor—and also a deep sensitivity. Both qualities got a real work-out in those early days when he was opening and closing in the longest series of flop plays in New York. In one of his early performances, the critics tore him apart. I still ache when I think how completely crushed he was. It was as if his whole life hung on their words. And then, when he got the role in “Morning Star”—it was a long time before he was sure Guthrie McClintic really wanted him for the part—he sent me a crazy telegram: “Do you hear bells? I don’t mean dinner bells.” It looked like a good job at last and we could finally afford to get married. Well, “Morning Star” didn’t go over either, but Peck got sensational reviews.

If he has to be at what he does—or he won’t do it. He gave up the study of medicine because, “if there’s one thing the country doesn’t need, it’s a bad doctor.” Right now, he has just completed building a guest apartment over our garage—and in spite of the paint and plaster he splattered on himself, he saved enough for the walls. It’s really an expert job, and he doesn’t mind saying so.

It took him a little longer to make up his mind about his screen-acting. From the very minute we headed for Hollywood, I kept saying, “This is it—I know this is it!” Greg, himself, wouldn’t even see “Days of Glory,” his first picture. “I’ve got a feeling I was amateurish”—he said, “Why should I see the picture and prove it?” He never did see it—and he was working on his third picture before he felt that we were really here to stay. “Sure, the producers like me, he’d say, “but the public has something to say about it too. How do I know they’ll accept me? They were the days when columnists found Greg a very tense and serious young man—when I’d say, “Don’t ponder ten hours every time they ask you a question—just give them one of those wonderfully silly answers you’ve always given me—”

He still doesn’t like picture premiers—and I’ve found out that being a screen actor’s wife is a highly specialized job. It’s really a shock to see your husband making love to someone else—and in front of thousands of people! Those early items about the Peck (Continued on page 96)
A flatteringly feminine bustle effect captures the charm of yesterday’s fashion...in a modern way. Plaid gingham two piece in black and fuschia; black, yellow and orange; black, green and pine. Sizes 9 to 15. About fifteen dollars.

Write for the name of your local shop... Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri.
WE'LL MAIL G.O.D. FROM HOLLYWOOD

"Romance" JUMPER

and "MELODY" BLOUSE

(Continued from page 94) “sex appeal” were our favorite jokes at home—he insists he's strictly a character man. He screen-tested for Flight with Chisholm with Geraldine Fitzgerald, and when the screen test was too igniferous for a priest and a nun, they put Ross Stradner, with a cooler type of beauty, into the picture. I can't say I wasn't pretty thrilled. At first I thought he was telling about their having to close the set. Chorus girls from a musical picture nearby spent so much time watching Greg, it was decided the character needed more than soul to “The Kingdom.”

That first love scene on the screen, however—well, I might have known he’d be good at it. There’s never much for bitterness when you hang on to his arm at a premiere and remind yourself, “Well, it’s me who’s with him!”

WHEN you’re working every weekday, all day, you hate to dress up on Sundays. In addition, Greg just hates to dress up. He has his first dinner jacket now, because we recently were invited to a formal party. It was my— and the tailor and I ganged up on him. We went down to “The Yearling” set and made him stand still between scenes for fitting. The suit turned out fine, but the day of the party I was still trying to buy him a white collar. I finally showed up at the studio with two, one too small and one too large. When I finally got him dressed, wearing the big collar as the lesser of two evils, we were late to the party. “All that fuss,” he said, and “everybody’s having too good a time to even notice my new suit.”

On the distast side, he likes gay, colorful clothes. “I like my women feminine,” says the boss of our house. “When it comes to the twenty type, I’m glad someone else married ‘em.” I once decided I’d like to be ultra-smart, one of those women who wears nothing but extremely simple and well-cut navy and black. It didn’t last long. “What are you getting, Conner about?” he asked one day, “Where’s that yellow suit of yours—how about putting it on? My new suit is lemon gabardine, worn with a black blouse and turban—so everybody wins.”

An opinionated man, this Peck—but he makes it easy to live up to his ideas. “When a man comes home he wants to look his best,” he says. He’s especially pleased with the harem hostess pajamas he bought me—blue and green and purple, complete to gilt slippers with turned-up toes. “A man’s entitled to a pajama that looks less like a nightgown,” he says. “I look like A Thousand and One Nights!”

Always, between two people, there are moments that one of them will never forget. For me, it’s that time with my Nick and Greg standing scared and white, holding our just-born son Jonathan in his arms, and afraid to breathe. Jonathan is now walking in the street and yesterday Peck senior has become a completely relaxed parent. Nowadays, when he’s making his fifty-yard dash through the breakfast room, he stops and scratches Jonathan in the head. And when he’s away, he waits until Sunday to really play with him.

Greg doesn’t care which one of us Jonathan looks like—always. He’s sure he’s going to be tall like his Dad. “I just hope he doesn’t get gangly and bony like I was,” Greg’s told me. “Gee how I used to envy those boys up on the beach—they got all the girls in sight.”

Which brings me to that part of being a screen actor’s wife that makes it an entirely different life than any other A-list fiancée. The Pecks are heading for Sunday when we were listening to a radio commentator who suddenly announced that the Gregory Pecks were expecting their second month feeling—because I really wasn’t sure myself. All I’d done about it was to call my doctor and make an appointment for consultation. Greg looked amused for a minute, then quizzical, and suddenly, “True!” he asked. “I thought so,” I said, “But thanks!” he said, taking my hand and being the first to congratulate me!

What made me really feel guilty was saying that to him. I thought about him for so long before he was born. We'd made plans to spend it at a spot we both love, the Camel-back Inn in Arizona. You can’t plan a lot of things, generally have fun. But Greg’s an adaptable fellow—he started whistling and working on that garage guest-apartment instead.

The weather’s nice to note that expectant fatherhood is no longer so hard on him. He’s still got the map he made the first time—when he rode over and over the fifteen miles between home and hospital, carefully charting telephone boxes and service stations and what not. “There isn’t a thousand-to-one chance of emergency,” he’d say. “I’ve got it down now so I can re-view it.”

Greg says he’s not tired even with the Peck No. Two getting a really blasé reception, but Greg says, “I’m not a bit nervous. This time I’ll know they’re supposed to look purple at first!”

BECUSE he’s a big fellow, maybe, Greg is an expand-er at heart. He loves our little gray house at the top of Coldwater Canyon. Saturdays nights and Sundays he gets up with the birds and takes heroic hikes across miles of summit to visit King Vidor and other of our cliff-dwelling friends. Especially since our dog Peck has become a family man—he’s beginning to consider where we might add on another wing, or maybe we should start looking for a bigger house.

Perry is pure white, and slightly smaller than Seabiscuit. He does tricks, like finding a hidden pack of matches in a visitor’s trunk, and then waiting for the visitor to lie down. “Over there—under the piano—” says the master sternly. Then standing with his back turned, he says, “Quick, tell me—did he do it?” Perry is a very tolerant animal—he’s lying with his head on his paws, which comes under the heading of Humoring Humans.

Recently, I was shopping in a department store, I heard one salesgirl whisper to another, “That’s Mrs. Gregory Peck!” It was very nice, realizing that the name meant something to others, as well as to me. “But being married,” I said, “isn’t it to Gregory that is, having his own interests, he also expects me to have mine. Whenever he can, he joins me in them. Occasionally, Gregory comes home and we’re doing it duet. We’re working on twin cases and after only a couple of lessons he’s doing still life so well you can almost distinguish his vase from his plate of oranges!"

Someday, he says, we’ll satisfy his urge for travel. “You want me to tell you about that narrow escape I had off Bango Bongo? I was in the middle of the rocks and the waves trying to suck me thirty fathoms deep?” he’ll ask, “Well, I haven’t had any—but someday, I’m going to.” I am much more entranced by his plans to visit Ireland and Scotland, and the Scandinavian countries—especially Finland. Even though he’s telling people, “I didn’t know I was going to.” Someday, I want him to say, “I got that little vagueness of hers, that habit of never letting me pin her down, but talking me into letting her get her own way—every day, in every way!”

By which you will see that neither of his faults is exaggerating statements. But if my husband has faults, I keep thinking they are always interesting faults. I’m stuck with them, but Mrs.—I love the guy.
WATCH IT, AMERICANS!

Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Negro... It's all in the way you say it... How are YOU saying it?

Be careful—any one of these words said in the wrong way increases racial and religious prejudice.

The prejudice...
That razed churches,
Ruined businesses,
Persecuted children
Brought unemployment
And WAR!

If you want a truly free world, follow the example of Jimmy Stewart, Van Johnson, Ingrid Bergman, Shirley Temple and...

TAKE THE PLEDGE OF AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD NOW

I pledge allegiance to this basic ideal of my country—fair play for all.

I pledge myself to keep America free from the disease of hate that has destroyed Europe.

In good heart I pledge unto my fellow-Americans all of the rights and dignities I desire for myself.

And to win support for these principles across the land, I join the American Brotherhood sponsored by The National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Subscribe to their educational program by donating whatever you can spare to:

The American Brotherhood
P. O. Box 66, Church St. Sta.
New York 8, N. Y.

But above all, LIVE IT!

Write For Our Illustrated Catalogue

La Chaqueta" Imported Wool MEXICAN LOAFER JACKET

Pictoressque embroidered jackets from Old Mexico give you eye-catching color in office, classroom or sports wear. Toasty warm on cool days. Small, medium and large sizes for misses and women.
Red, blue, green, white—give second color choice.
No C. O. D.'s, please... $20
Send check or money order.
Order by SPRINGER'S
Mail from
276 San Francisco St.
EL PASO, TEXAS
Man from Mexico

(Continued from page 66) that wasn't slow work—very fast for Mexico. Sometimes there it's ten years before the girl's family concludes you are a steady young man.

And how different from "going steady" in the United States! During that five years' engagement, including the evening he proposed to Senorita Arana, Arturo never spoke to her alone. If they sat at home, Mother sat with them. If they went out, to a friend's house, to a dance, even to the movies, Mother or Father, or both, sailed majestically along.

"To understand this," Arturo explains, "you have to comprehend the traditional respect—deep in its conventional form—that a conservative Mexican feels for the women in his family. The greatest compliment any Mexican can offer is to invite you into his home, to meet his wife. He may not be a perfect husband, in any number of several ways, but he feels that his womenfolk are the true traditional lifestream that preserves family, with all its benefits to the race. Likewise, he doesn't keep his daughter secluded until marriage because he distrusts her—you'd be forced to fight a duel for suggesting such a motive—but because he thinks everyone's attitude toward her should express consistently how precious she is!"

Asked if all this aitright seclusion doesn't total a trifle rough on the girls and wives (to say nothing of the daughter's long-waiting swain), Arturo answered "You see—I told you this whole topic packs dynamite. I think the most important good neighbor policy that can exist between Latin America and North America is for each to respect the other's way of life.

"The whole world admires in North American girls qualities which perhaps our strict seclusion policy has made slow of development in our own. I speak of poise, self-confidence, smartness—all that comes from your girls' early selecting their own clothes, their own boy friends, even their own favorite radio singers and cosmeticians.

"Of course," Arturo risked his life, this "North of the Border" a conservative Mexican might remark that some American girls have too much self-assurance.

"On that question of familiarity between young people, if a Mexican boy puts his hand on the hand of his girl friend, he is virtually making an improper proposal. And if she lets it stay there, ever so briefly, he has lost caste. She has stepped over the line. She has, to put it bluntly, said 'Yes.' That's the reason a Latin occasionally holds an American girl's hand and shortly thereafter gets his face slapped. And he is quite bewildered when it happens. In my newest American picture, 'Masquerade in Mexico,' one woman warns another about the character I say. She says, 'Be careful of this man. He speaks fluent English, but he still thinks like a Latin.'"

Differences in customs, the genial Arturo believes, help answer why there are now four big studios near Mexico City, with two more building, and "one of those already built is better equipped than most Hollywood studios."

The reason this Latin American is so industry-minded is because he and Do- liores del Rio have formed Mercurio Films and we shall have to spare him two pictures a year, to be made at Churubusco Studios, just outside Mexico City.

Of Latin American movie tastes he has this to say, "The Hardy Family series is very popular, possibly because a principal character is a judge—a very important person in Mexico. 'The Human Comedy'
didn’t make any sort of hit below the border. The Latin Americans just couldn’t see anything romantic in the lovable old telegrapher and the chirpy messenger.”

While he was talking movies, Arturo chuckled over what his American audience would think if they saw the twenty-odd Mexican films he has made. “Here,” he said, “everyone insists on ‘glamorizing’ me—whatever that means. At home I act in somber pictures. No—‘morbid’ would be a better word. In one of my recent ones—‘Twilight’—I played an epileptic!”

The actor’s own children have seen only two or three of his pictures. “You see,” he explains, “we don’t need censorship in Mexico because—remember—Mother or Father always accompanies the young people to the theater. If they feel a film is moving into censorable material, they simply get up and take the children home. A really large family, with Mama walking regally in front, constitutes quite a procession marching up the aisle.”

On the subject of sports he said, “It may be shocking to you that our young ladies, properly chaperoned, attend bull-fights. Yet on the other hand if you invited a Mexican girl, brought up conservatively, to attend a prize-fight, she wouldn’t go. But if she did, you’d see the most shocked face you’ve ever seen. A matador killing a bull wears clothes, but two men cavorting around in brief trunks would be considered, South of the Border, no sight for a lady. It’s very hard for Mexicans to understand the general carelessness—frankness if you like—that United States Americans display.

“A Latin American man, coming to sunny California, say, after never having been outside his own region, is so astonished that he might be forgiven for thinking himself in a veritable Paradise. In order not to miss anything he goes down the street wiggling his head—this way” (Arturo acted the head movements hilariously) “or waggling it—this way. Such a new visitor is not being evil-minded, but he is definitely enjoying the world’s greatest outdoor museum of fem-

Fashion right... Eyes right, too...

Modern-designed, scientifically made, they keep your eyes in the “Safety Zone”

AO Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb both ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays, while admitting plenty of “seeing light” and providing the eyes with a “Safety Zone” in which they remain cool and comfortable.
Slate coverall and Protection permanently a friend's form-fitting wear.

To 1)81 15, its color wrapped (carefully selected) Money the choice.

Main 2nd 11, its color the rate.

BROADWAY On NO MONEY — WE MAIL C.O.D. Guarantee: Money back if you're not fully satisfied.

STYLED ESPECIALLY TO FLATTER YOU WHO WEAR SIZES 9 TO 17

On the beam . . . straight from fashion's Main Stream! Look at that ripped-in bawdy waist; the deep fringe on the smart cap sleeves; the expensive detail! Wear it and rate ravest! In luxury rayon, metal-buttoned from cardigan neck to hem. Lime, melon, aqua. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, and 17 . . . and NOW . . . ORDER IT at its unbelievably low price!

SEND NO MONEY — WE MAIL C.O.D. Guarantee: Money back if you're not fully satisfied.

Broadway Fashions

BROADWAY FASHIONS, INC. 1181 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y. Please send me "BROADWAY" JUNIOR @ $5.84 plus postage.

1st color choice

2nd color choice

My Name

My Address

City . . . . . Zone . . . . State

To save C.O.D. fee and speed delivery, send $6.00 by check, money order, or cash (securely wrapped) which includes mailing and handling.

ineline pulchritude. (We will pass up discussing some indoor natural history schools, such as night clubs.)

"That right-left, right-left glance of the newcomer in the United States has led to a well-known Mexican joke. When a male visitor comes to the United States for the first time with a fifteen-inch neck, he returns with a fifteen and one-half or a sixteen. It develops neck muscles—all that wiggling and waggling for wider vision!"

In a purely personal way, Arturo has a North of the Border Problem—that old housing shortage. His hotel was doing the best they could, but he would have to sleep over a friend's garage, or accept some hospitality after each five days. "It is amazing," he said, "and very exciting. Last week I had a palatial suite; this week I am assigned to what I feel sure must have been meant for a clothes closet. And today I must flee to Palm Springs, where a friend has promised me sleeping-room, so I will be eligible here again Monday. It is fun, and I am lucky; people are always so nice."

But it wasn't so nice when a cherished plan fell through because of "no vacancies." He intended to bring his family to Hollywood and place Arturo, eleven, and Alonzo, ten, in a junior military school. Also, the move would have given Maria, eight, and Lourdes, six, his two daughters, the hat taste of "both civilizations" he wants them to enjoy. He spent days trying to find living quarters—any kind—but finally gave up.

IN spite of Arturo's commuting between the capital of Mexico and the capital of the film world, the de Cordova family life is close. The family visits in Yucatan only when Arturo is in Hollywood. He has bought a home in Mexico City and when he is making a picture there, the family is in full flower. There are trips, too, North of the Border. Late this spring, when the star was getting ready to go south to do a Mexican picture, he secured Beverly Hills Hotel accommodations for Mrs. de Cordova and the two boys. There was a whirl of shopping and, for the boys, visits to the studios and to (carefully selected) American movies. Then the four took off for Mexico City to rejoin the "little sisters."

For all his cosmopolitanity and capacity for philosophy, Arturo is an essentially simple person. Call him an outdoor man, and you have summed him up. As a boy he played soccer in England and France; his friends say he is a "truly great" swimmer; he is adept at golf and tennis. He doesn't play cards of any kind and never gambles, not even on horse races. He enjoys good conversation and a drink with friends.

Life is so rich for this man that his diallike is few—three, in fact. The first is phonies. Once he thinks anyone is putting on a false front, he's through. "Sincerity," he says, "is the most important element of character, in anyone." His second diallike, curiously enough, is public appearances. That dislike applies especially to premières. It's deep and ingrained. He likes to express himself before the camera, but becomes painfully self-conscious receiving attention from a crowd. A shy Latin! His third aversion is in the true Latin tradition: he has a violent diastase, almost hatred, for anyone who speaks vulgarily or even disrespectfully, of a woman. Once that happens, the offender can be sure that he is permanently off his list.

All in all, Arturo de Cordova is one of the finest ambassadors between two countries whose friendship will most certainly increase.

THE END
He Thinks on His Feet

(Continued from page 51) Living room was painted (evenly and beautifully) a solid white.

"Which only leaves three more rooms and the bath," said Johnny to himself as he climbed into bed that night.

So the slack parties went on relentlessly. "I had 'em every second night for ten days straight," says Johnny. "Never asked the same people because I was afraid they mightn't come! But at the end of ten days, the whole place was done—and looked elegant."

It does, too. The living room is white with gold brocade drapes and chartreuse and maroon furniture. The kitchen is yellow and white. The bathroom is green, trimmed with an off-purple to match its tiles. His bedroom is white from floor to ceiling, and his housekeeping-sister Molly's bedroom is pink.

"The furniture I bought myself at auctions," he relates now, "and then had upholstered in the style to which I wanted it accustomed." He pauses, and then adds with a grin, "The only trouble with my painting system is that everyone who came to my Slack Parties is now redecorating his own home! Bill Eythe was the first to do it. And you know where that leaves me—an actor by day and a painter by night! I can't refuse any of 'em. Didn't they all help me out?"

When it came to buying a car in Hollywood, Johnny thought on his dancing feet once more. He was then twenty-three, fresh from taxi-ridden New York City and had no idea how to drive. So when he located a 1940 convertible, colored black, he told the owner, "I'd like to buy it—but why, when I don't know how to drive? Then his feet did a quick, quiet tap routine near the running board and he added, "Tell you what: I'll buy it the day I know how to drive it! You teach me!"

The owner turned pale, as he had just driven the car out from Oklahoma to the Golden West and was tired of driving; the fact that nobody likes to teach a novice how to drive in a car not yet owned by the novice.

But he agreed. Everyone agrees to Johnny's plans—maybe because they always are accompanied by Johnny's grin. There ensued three furious days of lessons. By the end of that time, Johnny was driving. He bought the car—along with three Virginia hams he found that had been left by mistake in the spare tire compartment! Two of these he joyously gave as Christmas presents to Buddy de Sylva, Paramount producer, and to director Sidney Lanfield. Neither big shot ever dreamed that they'd come by mistake into Johnny's hands—after a long drive from Oklahoma!

The third ham he kept for himself and Molly, the pretty sister who lives with him in Hollywood—or, rather, who lives to cook for him in Hollywood! He likes eating home about four nights a week, you see; and he likes to eat well at night. In the morning, Molly's job is a cinch. Then he's brother only downs a glass of orange juice and a cup of tea. Lunch he never touches. But at sundown he likes to stow away everything within reach, and particularly a thick steak. Between day and break and dusk, when he's working on a picture, he eats handfuls of vitamin pills the way you and I eat peanuts—several dozen a day. And when he seeks out a restaurant at night, it's always a high-season place: The Beachcombers, for Chinese food; or the Villa Nova, for Italian.

Luckily for Molly, who is pretty enough to have plenty of beau, she and Johnny live in the friendliest apartment house in the U.S. Whenever she goes out on a...
date, leaving Johnny helpless (he can't cook at all), he just goes begging around the apartment house—and somebody always gives him a meal! It's the same way when Johnny (or anyone else in the building) gives a party. He then skips around from door to door collecting ice-trays—and in ten minutes he's the owner of enough ice cubes to take any party through a long night! Another thing about this unusual apartment house: The surrounding tenants actually enjoy Johnny's dancing routines—which they hear him thumping out sometimes at two in the morning.

“Oh!” says the woman who lives under him, when they meet in the lobby. “You were doing a shuffle step with jive around one this morning. And at two you were doing ballet. Right?”

“Right!” says Johnny. And that is just about perfect neighborliness for a dancer! Right?

But things were not always right for Johnny. In fact the reason for his tremendous success lies in his darkest moment. If he hadn't thought on his dancing feet in that tragic crisis, there's no telling where he'd be now.

It was four years ago, when Johnny was twenty-one. He was also unknown, very poor and living in New York City with high dreams and a low reality. He had come back from a stint in the Canadian Army (he's a son of Montreal) to a marked lack of interest on the part of New York.

“When I worked, I got $125 a week,” he says now. “But the catch was, I hardly worked at all. There'd be three months between a week's work. Naturally, I had to live on something. What I lived on was what Mother sent me from Canada, from my dead father's savings.”

But then Canada passed its war-law that no more money could be sent across the border. So suddenly Johnny's small trickle of money ended. Meanwhile he remained in “the cheapest hotel on 49th Street,” and the weeks plodded meagerly by, while he went jobless and his bill went unpaid. His world fell apart very unexpectedly one afternoon at four. There
HINT FROM Joan Bennett—

"FOR ROMANCE—HAVE SOFT HANDS." You easily can, using Joan Bennett's hand care—this famous Jergens Lotion.

Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

MORE PERFECT THAN EVER, NOW. Because of wartime research in skin care, Jergens skin scientists now make you an even finer Jergens Lotion.

"Gives longer protection;" "Hands feel even softer, smoother:" is verdict of women who tested this postwar Jergens.

Oh, surely! Those 2 ingredients, so well-thought-of for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them, are still contained in this more effective Jergens Lotion.

On sale, now—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No objectionable oiliness; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research.
he was on his way to Hollywood and eventual stardom.

"That's why," he says firmly now, "I really believe that everything that happens to you happens for the best. If I hadn't been penniless and thrown out of that hotel—I'd never have reached Hollywood at all!"

Everything has certainly happened for the best for him now. And he's very, very happy. Every morning he takes a shower to the tune of "On the Sunny Side of the Street." He moves through the day in the same gay mood. When he's waiting for a conference or a taxi, he's doing a time-step. When he's breezing along Hollywood Boulevard in his black convertible, he picks up people who need rides and belows out songs with them while they ride. He plays badminton and tennis whenever possible. And sometimes, when he's alone at home and the radio plays something toe-inspiring, he peels off his clothes down to his shorts and goes into a spontaneous whirling, leaping, jumping dance—for the sheer joy of living!

UT on most days when he's not working at the studio, he spends a quiet, peaceful day at home minus dancing. He always wears the same at-home costume: loud pajamas and a quiet bathrobe. And he usually combines reading omnivorously—mostly the best sellers and the Book of the Month—with listening to his enormous collection of records. This includes everything you can think of, from classic to modern. But his favorites are all of Victor Young's recordings—which means the score for "The Loser's Weekend" and for "Love Letters." Somehow Johnny managed to get the studio recordings of those scores. After them he loves Tchaikovsky—and "Come to Baby, Do!"

"Some day," he says now, "I want to sing." A grin. "I think I can sing now—but the studio doesn't agree with me! But some day I'll show 'em."

Meanwhile, he is happy enough without singing. He's a devoted reader of the comic strips "Blondie" and "Snuffy Smith."

His closet is full of what he loves best: Loud, loud sport clothes. It is also empty of what he hates worst: Hats and gloves. And his drawers are bulging with his favorite item of accessories—wool socks. He has forty pair, all knitted by his Mothe and sent him from Montreal where she lives. "And some of 'em are plenty fancy," he adds. "Some of 'em sport reindeer—and a couple of them have naked women knotted over the ankles!"

Love? Well, right now he's fancy free. There was a time, though—a short time. It was while he was with Phil Spitalny's orchestra, several years ago—and after a couple of up-and-down years in New York as a dancer. With Spitalny, he went to Chicago. And there he met a girl singer who sent him solid. To be near her, he hurriedly resigned his job when Spitalny continued his tour. He stayed in Chicago—and jerked sodas in a drugstore near where she sang! Since he didn't know chocolate from vanilla, that job ended rapidly. Then he went to work in the Chicago Rivet Company, doing manual labor on hot rivets. And what happened? The girl left Chicago for an engagement in Florida—and Johnny, dejected, joined the Canadian Army!

"That's one thing that didn't work out at all," he says now. "But you know what I think? I think it's all for the best!"

Only sister Molly is with him in Hollywood—but there are five other sisters, where she came from. Two of them are married in Montreal. The other three work there—one in a railroad office, one in a business office, one in a bank. But their name isn't Coy. Johnny's real name is John Maver Ogilvie. The Coy name came as a result of a stuck pin down a list of 60 names, when his first agent first booked him in his first night club in New York. "John Ogilvie doesn't stick in your mind—but Johnny Coy does," said the agent.

He was right about that. Johnny Coy is stuck in everyone's minds. Why? Because—as we keep saying—he thinks of those dancing feet!

The End

---

The Postman Is Waiting . . .

To pick up your vote for the woman star and the man star you prefer to see in Photoplay's color portraits

So fill out the coupon below and mail to:

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please print color portraits of

(Men) . . .

(Woman) . . .

(My name) . . .
He's home again! Nothing like American women! No colors like Revlon "American originals" to idealize American beauty!

What's this? The one color that defies convention—imaginative—like the new fashions! A capricious carmine...with a tender passion...plucked from the heart of his carnation...turns siren on your matching lips and fingertips. And suddenly...it's spring!

"Bachelor's Carnation" Face Powder breaks all the rules; too. Packed with beauty surprise! All this...and that incredible Revlon "stay-on" power!

"The handonest things!"  
"Bachelor's Carnation" Match Box set 1.75 Face Powder 1.00 Lipstick 1.00  
Plus Tax  
COPYRIGHT 1946. REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.
Why not bring out the natural glossy highlights of your hair like Powers Models?

(Continued from page 49) alight from the car. He is pointing to one of the rocks which has a clear-cut fossil—the foot and spine prints of something huge and mysterious. "We dug it up out of the field, and several folks who have seen it are pretty sure that we've got something valuable in there."

Pop is on the jolly side, burly-shouldered, booted and big-hatted. There isn't time to see much before dark, but he'll lead you around to stretch your legs a bit. Mom and Betty are going inside to "warm up the place. It's nice to have oil heaters, the nights can get pretty cool out here." Harry is off at a canter to stable the paint ponies.

"Look at him," says Betty from the top step. "What do you want to bet he takes a turn around first? We're so crazy about the place—we never get tired of riding round and round."

Something darts across the road as you follow Pop; you get a quick glimpse of brown and bright red plumage. "Ring-tailed phesant," he informs you. "We get a lot of them."

Taming things more sedately is a waddling line of ducks, with the leader seeming to have a rare distinction and dignity. "He's a screen actor," says your guide, "the original Donald Duck of the movies. Guess he's got a touch of DeBille, too. I sunk a bath tub into the ground for him and he prefers it to a pond." Just like any other actor, Donald departs with admiring "gal friends" still following.

The tinkle of cow bells, or we should say goat bells, signal that you are about to meet the comedians of the ranch family. Inside a large enclosure all their own are two of the giddiest quadrupeds you have ever encountered and who, because they have been privately called after two very prominent Hollywoodians, shall be nameless except as Goat One and Goat Two. As Pop approaches the fence they are merely coquettish; noting a stranger they go down-right show-off, butting and bounding like tipsy ballet dancers, filling the air with jangling.

Admiring the antics is your mistake, because Pop considerately lets them out of the pen to accompany you back to the house. Depending on how familiar you are, or aren't, with the disposition of goats, the walk takes on a great precariousness. Goat One dashes up ahead, which is all right until there's a tinkle of hooves from the rear as Goat Two leaps (over your head, you'll swear) to join him. "Playful as dogs," says Pop, as your nerves join the jangling.

Watching you hurry toward shelter is host Harry.

"That's the trouble with you city girls," he says with obvious enjoyment. "Did Betty tell you about the time she got stuck in the mud? Waded into a wet field and sank knee deep. Every time she'd lift a foot she'd leave her boot in the stuff. I would help her figure she'd better next time—and boy, was she mad!"

Inside, the little ranch house is warm and gay, with the kind of brightness that is Betty's way of saying it's happy to have you. A thick white string rug covers the living-room floor and touches of Betty's favorite bright red are everywhere. Large, comfortable armchairs are slip-covered in a red and white pattern, and old-fashioned coal oil lamps have a red cherry border around their antique glass shades. In front of the colossal upholstered couch is a softly polished old cobbler's bench, serving the modern pur-

Miss Jane Gilbert, starring Powers Girls, is thrilled the new beautifying Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair shining-bright and lustrous for days!

Positively never leaves any excess dull, soapy film. Men can't help admire shimmering highlights in a girl's hair. They like the soft, silky feel of it under their fingers.

So, girls—why not take a tip from gorgeous Powers Models who are famous for their naturally lustrous hair? Powers Girls use Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair! Kreml Shampoo is an arch conspirator for ensuring your man. And here's why—

Silken-sheen beauty lasts for days. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it actually brings out the natural sparkling highlights that lie concealed in the hair. Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silkier, easier to set.

Wonderful to soften dry, brittle ends. Kreml Shampoo is so mild and gentle on your hair. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Rather, it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. It never leaves any excess soap film that makes your hair so dull and lifeless looking. So be glamour-wise and always wash your hair with Kreml Shampoo—a trump card in any woman's bag of beauty tricks! All drug, department and 10¢ stores.

If You Were the Ranch Guest of Betty Grable

KREML SHAMPOO
A product of R. B. Smiler, Inc.
FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIEST TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

For the waves. For the curls. For the coils.
Kreml Shampoo makes your hair look so marvelously different that all the other outdoors—outside!/To combine beauty and strength—Kreml Shampoo is made to bring out the highlights of your hair. More lustrous than ever! More beautiful than ever! It is the new beautifying Kreml Shampoo that makes your hair look like real silk!
pose of coffee table. On it, a copper bowl glazed with large red apples, and convenient to any place you choose to sit are other copper or 'tole platters and bowls holding oranges and nuts and candies. There's even a white-iced gingerbread house, held over from Christmas because it was too pretty to eat.

It's a room for quiet living and fun, for talk and music and small card games such as Betty and Harry like to play with their best pals. John Payne and Gloria de Haven.

There's a red leather bar in the corner, which so far has come out second best to a refrigerator full of cold soda pop and a small slot machine which nobody has remembered to stock with nickels. All of which is just as well because at the moment alluring noises and substantial fragrances are drifting out of the kitchen.

The kitchen is spanking clean with linoleum and (proudest items in the house) porcelain stove and refrigerator. Starchy white curtains and a decor of plump red strawberries everywhere it can be used—shelf borders, on Vicki's enamelled high chair, on the tablecloth, and across the hem of Betty's apron. Betty, who doesn't pretend to have time in her busy life to do her own cooking, is nevertheless a whiz at serving up a steaming pot of coffee.

"I came out here for a rest and spend all my time in this blamed kitchen," she says happily.

There are cold cuts and a huge pot of beans home baked by Betty's cook and heated in the ranch house oven. And there's opportunity to observe that Vicki, in her high chair, has her mom's violet eyes and "Harry's angelic disposition—she's always happy." The baby has her parents' musical discrimination also, because although most music goes unnoticed, a James record on the air brings an ecstatic expression of recognition, "Daddy go toot-toot!"

And soon, because life at twenty-two months is uncluttered with etiquette, Vicki drops her head on her chest, crosses her fluttering eyes and is ready for retirement.

Bedding down is done in true ranch style. The family bedroom has two double-tied bunks, deep and comfortable looking, and a maple chest of drawers. Brown, white and red spreads, and a white and brown string rug make things cheerful, but you note it's a room held down to essentials.

"Ranch, and undeniably a tenderfoot, you will sleep in the guest room, in an easily accessible bed with snowy-white candlewick spread.

There have slept—a full minute it seems—when comes the crack of dawn and a loud, clear ringing from somewhere outside—the ranch house bell, calling the hands to breakfast. Inside, there is a sudden burst of other noises, a series of screams, both of consternation and laughter.

That does it, you're out of bed and rushing to the front window to help the commotion. The goats—the same One and Two—have mistaken Mom Grable's highly polished limousine as something new for mountain climbing. One of them is helplessly straddled across the hood, and both keep up a loud bleating and pawing until rescued by a ranch hand.

"Where else could you start the day with a Hal Roach comedy?" asks Betty, while Mom ruefully ponders the new paint job her car will be needing. Rancher Harry has already left the house, getting an early start with horse and rifle. Pheasants, doves and quail abound, with an occasional fox, coyote or deer.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, is one of America's most beautiful society leaders. She dramatizes the exquisite planes of her face with the flawless color flattery of Pond's "sheer-gauge" powder. "I love the way it goes on," Mrs. Drexel says. "So soft and fresh!"

**Why does Pond's powder have such gorgeous, extra-smooth color "ON"?**

Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge!"

All face powders are not alike! And similar shades "in the box" can look quite different on your skin. That's why society beauties are careful to choose a powder that's "sheer-gauge." Like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, they've found that Pond's "sheer-gauge" powder gives smoother, lovelier color on the face. No clots of thick color ... no graininess. Just sheer-clinging, fine-textured color flattery! Now every Pond's shade goes on "sheer-gauge"!

"Sheer-gauge" means lovelier color for your face, too!

Two stockings—same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so "sheer-gauge"!

Special Pond's Make-up Trio

A lovely box of Pond's Powder, with matching Pond's "Lips" and "Cheeks." A $1 value for only 79¢, plus tax. Wonderful for prices, for gifts—for you!

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty!
"He's a great hunter—of tin cans—" says his wife. "Actually, that's all he ever has the heart to shoot, unless it's a hawk that's threatening our chickens. He's really a fine markman, but the first day he bought his new rifle he lined up some cans on a fence and missed over half of them. Then he asked me to try to knowing I'd never shot a gun in my life—and I plugged the first can right through the middle. If sixty years from now you hear we're being divorced, you'll know it's because he's never forgiven me for hitting that can!"

The Baby J has milk cows and chickens, Rhode Island reds and bantams, but of main interest are the rapidly growing stables. "Deviled Egg," of the James racing stables, recently upset both the handicap and his owners by coming in a big winner.

"We didn't think he was ready for a good race," Betty tells you. "I was working when I heard the news and they almost had to close down the picture!"

Among the saddle-bred horses in the stalls is a brown beauty named Peanuts, and in the tack room, next to Betty's black and silver saddle, hangs a smaller one of hand-tooled brown and brass. Peanuts and his complete equipment were a Christmas present from the Jameses to Betty's small nephew Peter. Peter, aged eleven, was too overcome to react in the usual small-boy fashion. He stood, instead, with quiet tears running down his face, taking in the magnificence of horse-flesh and leather.

"It's just too good for me," he sobbed, "Way too good for me!"

"It was the funniest thing," remembers his aunt. "All of us so happy and all of us in tears!"

Today, an event of another sort is taking place—undoubtedly the most important inauguration since Lincoln's. Miss Vicki James, appropriately outfitted in miniature blue jeans, will try out her new buggy and pony.

The buggy, runabout style, was a gift from the members of the James band—very shiny black, with dashing red wheels and shafts. A case of putting the buggy before the horse, because not until this week has "Colleen," a beautifully friendly young animal, been found to fill it. Daddy James holds the reins and tiny Vicki sits straight and proud on the high seat—they go slowly 'round and 'round in front of the stables and you find yourself joining in the ranch hands' lusty cheering... Sunday goes too quickly—no one goes into the house except to eat, and long before sundown the mistress of the rancho starts yawning. It's the fresh air, and exercise—and the fact that she must be up at 6 A.M. Monday, to don the whale-boned corset and long petticoats for her role in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."

Before you leave, however, you take a long look at a great, spreading knoll that rises along the horizon. Someday, Betty and Harry will build on its top a large and permanent ranch home, with swimming pool and wide porches looking over their entire acreage. The trim little cottage, plus a suite of managerial offices, will become Pop's—but right now you look back at its starchily curtained windows:

"Gosh—I hate to leave it," says Betty. "Tell me, do you think the big house will ever be as much fun?"

You do think so—so long as the team of Grable and James are your hosts, and so long as they keep on being people!

The End

Straight Line Design

cleans teeth best
say dentists 2 to 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey
There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Straight Line</th>
<th>Concave</th>
<th>Convex</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by a resounding odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend
Intermission for Romance

(Continued from page 31) One of the cameramen who had been in the group that night that it was discovered that Rita Hayworth was “going around” with Tony Martin, told me that story. And it almost knocked me off my pins. A little bobby-soxer, a little girl who might be having dreams of her own being rich and famous, feeling “kinda sorry” for Rita Hayworth, a famous beauty whose face was recently described in a magazine as “one of the natural wonders of America—like the Grand Canyon.” And yet if you knew Rita as I know Rita—I somehow understood how that kid felt! It is as though the gods, in a capricious moment, had said, “We shall make a woman of great beauty—she shall have everything, talent, fame, youth. But happiness she will know—only in bits and snatches.” At least, it has been that way with Rita, so far.

She is as patient and generous a girl as I have ever known. And yet love has always hurt her and brought her unhappiness. Her first marriage to Ed Judson was a terrible experience for a girl still in her teens. She tried her best to make a go of what was a losing proposition for over five years.

I know what she went through at that time—things that can never be told. But her unhappiness made me feel very close to Rita. Before she married Orson Welles, she and I used to see each other often. She would pour out her heart to me, her troubles, her hopes and her ambitions. I felt I knew her better than any one of the young actresses.

But there was a long time, during the interval of her marriage to Welles, when I didn’t see Rita. It was a job she had taken on, not I, trying to keep up with the mental standards of the Big Brain whom she had promised to love, honor and obey. I used to see them dining out occasionally. Welles holding the floor before an audience of his cronies—Rita, with all her beauty, somehow out of it and inconspicuously in the background.

“How long can that last?” I used to think. And it didn’t—too long! When her marriage came to an end, I was the first one to be told the news, and while I wasn’t surprised, my heart went out to her—for I know how deeply she loves when she loves—and what a crushing blow it must be to her to have her second marriage on the rocks. And now there was a little daughter—Rebecca, whom Rita adores. Even though we had not been seeing one another, I was the first to break the

AN ATOMIC BOMB
is coming your way
and
HERB HOWE
is dropping it
when he gives you
BETTY HUTTON
in a combustible story
NEXT MONTH

VIGNY’S
BENNY CATCHER

fills your
date book

It’s the saucy scent
that won’t take “no”
for an answer

$3.75, $7.50, $12.50,
$22.50, $45.00
by the dram $1.50

(plus federal tax)

109
ice and ask Rita to have lunch with me. "I'd love it, Louella," she said, just like the Rita of old. "I'm working but there is a quiet little place near the studio." So that is where we met after two years of an interrupted friendship.

She came into Billingsley's in studio make-up, a simple sport coat around her shoulders. She looked beautiful. But more surprising, she seemed an entirely different girl from the repressed beauty I had known before. We had talked only a few minutes before I realized that she is different. She's become a woman of the world—smooth, polished, telling what she feels you should know and keeping the rest to herself with the poise of a much more mature person.

I said, "When I saw you last, Rita, you were terribly in love with—Victor Mature, remember? You two came over to the house and told me you hoped to be married. I don't think Vic has ever really gotten over it. And you—?"

She tossed back her heavy head of red hair in that gesture so characteristic of her on and off the screen. "So much has happened since those days," she said. "Vic and I seem like kids—talking about rushing into marriage just because we were young and in love with each other. Marriage isn't that simple, believe me."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me that you will never marry again," I put in.

She smiled a little as she replied, "Oh, no. I'm not that disillusioned. Of course, I'll marry again. It is the only really happy life for a woman and I want children—lots of them, a big family. But I'll be careful next time. I'll never rush into marriage again. Very soon, when I finish 'Down to Earth,' which I'm making now, I'll divorce Orson. Possibly sooner, if I have a day off."

If I detected a faint sigh under those words, I want to quickly add that there was not a trace of self-pity. Nothing in the world would make me believe she is carrying even a candle flicker for Welles, much less a torch. It's over. Finished. Done with. But she will say nothing of regret that she married Welles.

As though she were speaking of something that had happened quite awhile ago, she said, "I'm glad I married him. I have Rebecca—who means everything to me. And then, Orson is a very brilliant man. I learned a lot from him.

The point is," she continued, "Orson should never have married. There are so many things so much more important to him. He wants to act. He wants to write and his latest interest is politics. His marriage came last on that list. So, how could there be happiness when we so seldom saw each other? Two careers in a family are hard enough to handle. A half dozen of them are impossible!"

"Social affairs bored Orson. He is too interested in other things. On the other hand, I'm young. I like to dance and to be with congenial friends. When I work on a picture I work hard. When I have time to play, I like to go out and enjoy myself. Once in awhile he would take me out, but I know he would get very bored after a little of it. With us—it was just that Orson had his life and I had mine—and they didn't converge at any point."

BEYOND that, she will say no word against the father of her adored baby. "Since I have Rebecca," she went on, "I'll never be completely lonely again. I don't need a husband right now. When I go home my baby puts her arms around my neck and says, 'Mommy, Mommy.' She's just learning to say a few words, and there's nothing to take the place of that."

My ambition right now is to devote my life to being a good mother to her."

"But, Rita," I laughed, "You've admitted yourself that you are young and love good times. What about this talk about you and Tony Martin finding one another so romantic?"

Once again she gave that little toss of her heavy hair. "You know me well enough to know, Louella," she said, "that I couldn't be in love again so soon. I've reached a lull in my emotional life—a 'breather'—isn't that the expression? It comes to everyone—a time when you have to stop and take stock and add up the experiences that have happened to you before moving on to others. I'm at that stage now.

"Of course, I like Tony. He's fun and a good dancing partner. More than that, he is a fine, kind person. And he's been through a lot of trouble. Luckily, that is in the past now and most of it forgotten in his fine war record. But his troubles in the beginning of the war left scars that have changed him and made him a very different man."

"That's why, when he first came home and called me for a few dates, we decided to dodge the spotlighted places and go somewhere we could just dance an evening away without everybody saying we were in love. I've known him a long time, you know. We aren't just new friends, and since we first met, we've both been through a lot. Now, everyone knows that we have dates and that we are friends. It would be silly to try to hide that. There is no reason for it. We're both free—and over twenty-one," she laughed.

"Sometimes a real love comes out of such a friendship," I suggested.

But Rita was slicking to her story. "I shall go out with many men during the next year," she insisted. "Tony, too, if he
Asks me. And I promise you I won’t be thinking of marriage. First,” she smiled, “I’m getting my divorce in Los Angeles—and that takes a year, you know.”

It was almost time for her to report back to the studio and I didn’t want to make her late. She’s one girl who never does anything temperamental like keeping other players and her director waiting. But I did manage to ask, “And how does Tony feel about you?”

“That’s something you’ll have to ask him,” she tossed it right back in my lap.

So perhaps it was just a coincidence that a new picture I had to review took me out to the M-G-M Studios the next day—the same studio where Tony is making “Till the Clouds Roll By.” If you think I didn’t manage to slip on that set for a little talk with him—you’re crazy.

I thought I had never seen him look so well. Three years ago he was beaten and crushed when his commission in the Navy was sensationally investigated. After that, when he was drafted into the Army, he went through a little private hell of prejudices and suspicions which he feared he might never be able to live down. But his record in the China-Burma-India Theater of war was so splendid that it erased everything else and brought Tony Martin home—a bigger star than ever before, I believe.

He seemed so gay, laughing and kidding on the set that I didn’t have the heart to bring up the troubles we all hope he has been able to forget. So I hit on a much more agreeable subject to both of us—Rita.

You can bet he didn’t mind that. “I’ll tell you frankly,” Louella,” he said, “I have more fun with Rita than with any other girl. If anything is bothering her—she never shows it. She’s always gay and beautiful.”

“So you two are congenial,” I hinted.

“Congenial?” he laughed. “That’s a mild word. We were kidding the other night

---

For Thrills...

Action... Drama

TUNE IN

“TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES”

Every Sunday Afternoon

Now . . . thrilling detective stories taken from the files of True Detective Magazine are brought to your radio. Every program based on fact . . . every program packed full of action . . . and drama. For exciting radio entertainment, tune in “True Detective Mysteries” this Sunday and every Sunday afternoon.

4:30 P. M. EST • 2:30 P. M. MST
3:30 P. M. CST • 1:30 P. M. PST

ON ALL MUTUAL NETWORK STATIONS

---

Look for this new, excitingly different idea in deodorants.

Ask for new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant... stops perspiration troubles faster than you can slip on your slip. Because it contains science’s most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords other greatly needed blessings too: Will not irritate your skin... or harm fine fabrics... or turn gritty in the jar. And really protects up to 3 days.

Change to new ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-fast... super-modern... excitingly different.

ODORONO CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars... 39¢
about how we both love to dance, sing—and eat!

"But, seriously, I've known Rita a long time. We were both in 'Music in My Heart' at Columbia, and I liked her from the moment we met on the set. But our paths didn't cross then. I was married to Alice Faye at that time and Rita was also married.

"But when I came home and got out of the service she was the first girl I called. I wanted to tell her how crazy all the guys 'over there' were about her and her movies and her pin up pictures. They sure think she is tops. And she is.

"The wonderful thing about my friendship with Rita is that she is as free as the air, and so am I!" Tony went on. "Neither one of us has any strings on the other. But we usually find we want to be together. I wouldn't call it love—at this stage of the game—but who knows, it might be later.

"In a way, I think it is a good thing that we are going to be separated for a month. That will give her time to meet and go out with other men. Am I wrong—or did he look not too happy when he made that generous remark?"

"You picked out a good time to go back to Chicago for a personal appearance at the Chez Paree," I laughed. "Rita will be busy making her picture and probably too tired to step out and she'll know you'll be too busy singing and working every night to have many dates."

"I thought of that," he grinned.

"So what can you say now? I don't have a crystal ball with which to do my fortune telling. But somehow I have a feeling that this romance may turn out to be a big thing in their lives. Bigger, perhaps, than they suspect.

"For, above all, they speak the same language—and very often that language turns out to be love. It's happened before. And it could happen to—Rita and Tony, two friends of mine who have earned and who deserve, real happiness.

The End

Rita Hayworth and Tony Martin go to a small dance place near Culver City
Return of the Marine

(Continued from page 34) for any actor, even one as good as Power. For he is, as you remember, a very good actor indeed. Remembering how good he was in "Blood and Sand," "The Black Swan" and "A Yank in the R.A.F." I got excited thinking about the fun and satisfaction it is going to be to have him back.

Yet I couldn't help noticing his hesitation.

"He said, 'I'm an actor. I come of a family of actors. I love it. No man could be anything but happy beyond measure at the opportunity to play those parts in those stories. From the time I was a little boy, literally living in the theater, having my lessons in my mother's dressing room, watching my father star in great Shakespearean roles, watching my mother—one of the loveliest actresses who ever walked on a stage—I never once thought of being anything but being an actor. Sometimes—"

He stopped and grinned, "other people disagreed with me. I used to sit on park benches and wonder about that, when I was out of a job. Do you know to this day I can never see anybody sitting on a bench, waiting for a bus or a street car, without stopping and offering each a lift or trying to talk to him. I've got a sort of complex about people sitting on benches. Sometimes they look sort of surprised. I suppose they could just be sitting there because they wanted to, but to me it always seems they must be broke and defeated and cold at the pit of their stomachs... Anyway, it never entered my head to be anything except an actor—but right now—"

I said, "I don't quite know what you mean."

Tyrone Power said, "Neither do I, exactly. Except that I want to do something. I want to be in what's done. Not just me, but every man that was overseas—we can't just let it go and forget about it. Maybe for a little while in getting home, but not for all time, no matter how easy it would be. Of course I don't know anything about—running things or government or—"

Then he said with quiet directness, "Do you think there is something else I ought to do?"

I saw then what he was aiming at. You find it in many men just returned from overseas.

"No," I said, "I think you should do

They'll give your baby the right start, too!

These two Gerber's Cereals are made for one purpose—to serve the special needs of baby and build healthy little bodies.

First of all, Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are excellent starting cereals—they mix to a creamy, smooth consistency. They are rich in added iron, so necessary for babies ready to start on solid food. For just about that time, your doctor will tell you, the supply of precious iron you give baby before birth, begins to run low.

As a further aid to baby's well-being, both Gerber's Cereals contain generous amounts of B complex vitamins (from natural sources), calcium and phosphorus. Furthermore, both cereals are made to taste extra good! Millions of babies have done well on Gerber's Cereals. When buying, look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box) and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (either hot or cold).

On vacation—Tyrone Power and Annabella stop in Chicago and visit the Pump Room of the Ambassador East Hotel
what you know best how to do. I don’t think anyone can do more than make such a picture as ‘The Razor’s Edge.’ If most people in the world learned what Larry knows in that, it would help immeasurably. And as long as you are Tyrone Power, you can make yourself heard.”

It wasn’t, however, until I was in New York a few months later that the right phrase for Tyrone Power occurred to me. An invitation came to attend a reception to be given in his honor at the Hotel Pierre, and though I do not usually go to receptions, I went to that one. My respect and admiration for this young man are sufficient to make me feel that anyone invited to do him honor should accept that invitation. The big rooms were full of flowers and lights and people who hadn’t seen him since he came back from war. Across the crowded room I saw Ty Power greeting old friends, being introduced to new ones, looking very pleased and happy and alive, with his wife standing there beside him in the receiving line.

The phrase came to me then. A young American.

The best we have to offer. Typical, in spite of his fame and his achievements, of our nation. There was nothing about him that suggested an actor or a movie star and yet he looked as though he owned the earth. I have seen that same assurance, that same swagger about many other young men, coal miners and shoe clerks and bankers and mechanics. In Ty, perhaps because his profession is what it is, it seemed to come into focus sharply.

A young American.

INSIDE I felt proud and warm. And it came to me, too, that since he has been away four long years, I would like to bring him back to you, to remind you of what he is and what he stands for and how proud all of us ought to be of this kind of young American. To show you how he lives and what his marriage is like, where he came from and how he got to be what he is.

I suppose it’s typical, too, of young Americans that their ancestry is as mixed as it can be, French and Irish and English mostly. He is, in fact, the third of his family to be Tyrone Power, his great-grandfather being the first. That magnificent old Irishman—there are many stories of him and his doings in County Tyrone—was born in Ireland, as was his

No One Year Subscriptions

Because of the unprecedented demand for PHOTOPLAY we cannot possibly print enough copies to supply all who want subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY.

New and renewal subscriptions may be deferred as much as two months until places on our subscription list are available.

Therefore, to limit subscriptions to the number that can be supplied each month, PHOTOPLAY is reluctantly forced to refuse both new and renewal one-year subscriptions. However, we are accepting, subject to delay in servicing, two-year subscriptions at $3.00 and three-year subscriptions at $5.40. These prices apply to U. S. and U. S. Possessions of and Territories, Canada and Newfoundland. For subscription prices to all other countries see information at foot of contents page.

We will continue to accept one-year subscriptions for the members of the armed forces.
son Harold, one of England's most famous concert pianists. Tyrone the second, a shining and proud name in American theatrical history, was born in London. Young Tyrone Power himself was the first of the long line to see the light of day in America, on the fifth of May, 1914, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Power had played Shakespeare with her husband until two months before he was born and then gone home to her own mother for the big and blessed event. So even Ty's parental influences all had to do with the theater.

As a matter of fact, he was only two months old when his father and mother—some of us old timers remember Patia Power—went into the then new art of the motion picture and when he was a year old they brought him out to Hollywood, because they had signed a contract with the old firm of Selig Pictures.

The first really big event of his life came when he was seventeen months old. His sister Ann was born in Hollywood. Probably you have known a brother and sister who had an unusual closeness, who seemed to understand each other without words, as though they had been cut out from the same piece of cloth, or were especially attuned to each other. With only seventeen months between them, they grew up almost as twins. There was another reason for their closeness. Incredibly as it seems to look at him today, the first seven years of Ty's life were a constant fight to keep him alive, he was so frail. Thus Ann became his inseparable companion.

The other day when I was at the Powers' for lunch, I saw a small person called Pixie, with copper-gold curls and bright blue eyes who soon made it apparent how she got her name. Like a tiny Peter Pan, she flew between Aunt Annabella and Uncle Ty then flitted off down the sloping lawns, under the orange trees, and came back to light on Annabella's lap or Ty's knee with the assurance only possible to a much-loved child. Pixie is the two-and-a-half year old daughter of Ty's sister.

"You see," Annabella explained, "Ann and I lived here together when our husbands were at war—and Pixie was born here. Sometimes I think she hardly knows which of us she belongs to most, because her mother has had to be in Honolulu with her husband for quite a long time. So Pixie is ours, aren't you, Pix?"

So, you see, the love between Ty and his sister has gone on meaning much to him. It was for her and his mother that he fought through the grim days following his father's sudden death in 1931.

At seventeen Ty found himself head of the family, a family without too much in the way of reserve funds. Hollywood not only closed all its doors to him, but, as he said to me the other day, "It actually kicked me right out of town. Starved me out, might be a better way to put it. We didn't have to eat and we weren't in Hollywood. And when I started out, broke and convinced I wasn't any good to anybody, I was sure I'd never see it again."

But Ty came back—the hard way.

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

Great natural dignity and an infallible style sense make Mrs. Vanderbilt's handsomeness unforgettable. For a quick complexion "re-styling," she has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

"It makes my skin feel softer... look brighter and clearer," she says.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times weekly.

Make your complexion look clearer... more radiant... smoother!

Mask your face with a satiny white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream, covering everything but your eyes. One minute later—tissue off! "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens particles of chapped skin and imbedded dirt. It dissolves them!

After the Mask, your skin looks brighter, finer-textured, even lighter! It feels fresher and softer—all "smoothed-up" for a perfect make-up job!

"Delightful powder base!"

Mrs. Vanderbilt finds "Pond's Vanishing Cream a delightful powder base, too!" Smooth on a light film—and leave it on. Keeps make-up fresh for hours!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
ANN
DVORAK
REPUBLIC
Pictures Star

Overnight...
LOVELIER HAIR FOR YOU!

You, too, can look lovelier, more glamorous, with one overnight application of Glover's for natural color tones, sparkling highlights, the soft beauty of hair well-groomed. Try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mango Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in the complete 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today!

FREE TRIAL SIZE
Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special caricature, with useful booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S
Glover's, 10 W. 31st St., Dept. 555, New York 1, N. Y.

Prize Winning Beauty


FORMULA 301
Powder Base and Complexion Beautifier
"The Foundation for an Exquisite Complexion"
ANTISEPTIC - ANTISEPTIC - PROTECTIVE
At Drug and Dept. Stores
At all Ten Cent Stores — Trial Sizes 10c and 20c

RAT PREPARATIONS Co., 522 5th Avenue, New York 18
If unavailable in your locality, order from us.
10c  20c  39c  $1.00  $1.50
(Add 20% to 10c) MV3

NAME:
ADDRESS:

You'll like Regent's King Size — 20% longer smoke

POPPULAR PRICE TOO!
QUALITY TOBACCO'S, MULTIPLE BLENDED
MAKE REGENT THE MILD, BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE!

Beauty Spots

Diana Lynn of "Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

By Mary Jane Fallon

Diana Lynn, the girl with the laughing blue eyes, was as wide awake as the morning sunlight streaming into her New York hotel suite as she told of her fun dancing the night before at the Stork Club. That's the way this slender and graceful nineteen-year-old movie heroine prefers to exercise—by dancing . . . . Diana, in Paramount's "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," is an accomplished pianist. Piano playing, she says, is a wonderful way to develop grace of hand movement. She takes good care of her hands, frequently massaging them with either a hand lotion or cream. On her long, graceful fingers she keeps her nails filed short and, when she uses nail polish, tints them with either a pink or rose shade. The light shades blend prettily with her fair complexion and honey-colored hair, which she shampoos often, and wears brushed into a simple, loose pageboy . . . . Her trick for attaining a natural-looking cake make-up job is to match it to her skin tone. She says girls sometimes make the mistake of putting on too much of it and using either too dark or too light color. At the studio she learned how to dip the powder puff first in face powder, then to touch it to dry rouge. With the powder and rouge thus blended, it appears natural when lightly smoothed over her cake make-up. Because of her fair coloring, she uses a brown mascara and eyebrow pencil. Diana says she has found her whole expression has a happier look when she extends the brow line slightly upward at the ends with the eyebrow pencil. Then, so this artifact will not be too noticeable, she softly finger-blends it . . . . For clear, sparkling eyes she recommends the daily use of an eyewash and lots of sleep.

Prances Gifford, whose latest picture is "Arny Brat," uses the side of the brush, instead of the front, when applying her mascara. With long, slow strokes she sweeps through my hair, as a golfer continues the stroke upwards after the ball has been driven down the fairway. This is so the fine little hairs at the ends of the lashes will get the benefit of the mascara and will appear longer.

Eve Arden, busy Universal star, has found a way to give her hair a quick dry cleaning when a full-dress evening pops up and there is no time for a beauty shop appointment or even a quick wash-bowl shampoo. . . . After a ten-minute session with a good dry shampoo, her hair is clean, fluffy and still in curl. A thorough brushing and the application of a hair tonic completes Eve's treatment.
Corner on Happiness

(Continued from page 41) that I cried instead. And my husband was so upset because he thought he had hurt my feelings."

The Powells have one ironclad rule. They never harbor unpleasantness. "If you get them right out in the open quick they just aren't anything," she says. But they both believe that if you keep them in, by four o'clock you're apt to be really sore, by six you've dreamed up a lot of other things to be mad about and by seven you aren't speaking and it's too late.

Dick Powell's wife thinks the most wonderful thing about her husband is his appreciation. It doesn't matter how small a thing she does for him he notices it and tells her about it. It makes her so glad she has pleased him that she starts looking around for something bigger to do for him. And she herself is very appreciative of his tact and thoughtfulness.

If there is something he wants changed or something he wants her to do he waits until he has found a way to let her know without hurting her feelings. Before her marriage, she confesses, she had nothing but suits in her private wardrobe. She liked them and that was that. Richard never said a word about it but went to a favorite designer of hers and ordered her several lovely dresses. She hung them in the closet and now when he says, "Why don't you wear that pink thing tonight? You look lovely in it," she wears it. "What would you do?" she wants to know.

The Powells' marriage didn't get away to a flying start as far as the breaks were concerned. June was working at the time and they lived at a hotel. They stayed until "their time was up," as the hotel put it. But June says candidly, "We got thrown out, just like anybody else does these days." She had been ill and their house was nowhere near completion. But she told the decorator to put in two chairs and a bed, for they were moving in regardless. While he hunted out the bed they lived on a friend's yacht. "It wasn't so bad," she says. "Sort of fun. And I learned to call the galley 'the galley' and not 'the kitchen', but it was so cold." And then they moved into their half-finished dream house amid painters and carpenters and plumbbers with literally a bed and two chairs.

So they have really watched their house come alive. And it is a lovely house. Spacious, yet simple and friendly. There are fruit trees in the front yard and flowers in irregular patterns. On the polished dark floor in the living room is a magnificent braided rug with warm reds in it. June's dressing room is the delight of her very feminine heart and although she brags about it and fusses about it, she doesn't want anyone to see it until it is finished to her satisfaction.

And it is more than a house. It is the Powells' home. Not Dick's. Not June's. A concrete sign of their mutual affection. For the brightness of the sun through the large glass windows, the yellowed exterior, the chintz, are June. The copper, the books, the huge chairs in which she all but disappears are Richard.

The nursery they are building at the back belongs to the future. But they have a definite eye on that future. "Of course we want children," says Mrs. Powell, looking like a radiant child herself. "Until then I'm practicing raising them. Want to see?"

And she introduced me to "Heathcliffe." Heathcliffe is a three-months-old red cocker spaniel. "I always knew my dog's name would be Heathcliffe even when I didn't know what kind of a dog he would be. Seems a bit big for this one but he'll grow up to it." And she confidently put him through his paces.

It would seem (Continued on page 120)
Wear your hair up or down. Simple in the morning, elaborate at night.

With a Helene Curtis Cold Wave, you can wear your hair in any style you like.

Your beautician knows this new different permanent is the one sure way to give your hair the soft natural curl that is the foundation of all today's coiffures... $10 to $50
THIS EMBLEM means your hairdresser is a member of

the Helene Curtis Guild of Professional Beauticians...qualified to analyze your hair...

competent to interpret today's hair styles for you
Background for Beauty

Crisp, snowy curtains dress up a room just as a freshly laundered jabot adds chic to your favorite suit. Dainty organdies, marquisettes, voiles and rayons take on new freshness and beauty when they are Linit-laundered.

Linit restores the original finish to all household and personal washables. It penetrates fabrics evenly and smoothly. Linit helps shed dirt and dust, keeps things clean longer. Linit is simple to mix, easy to use.

Sunny says: On every Linit package you'll find complete directions for starching sheets, shirts, table linens, lingerie ... and all washable fabrics.

Linit adds the "finishing touch".

(Continued from page 117) that what with being a top star at M-G-M, being a devoted wife, learning to run a house and training a dog she is a pretty busy girl.

Her answer to this: "Oh, no. When I'm not working I have loads of time. So I've been trying to find a hobby. A woman should have a hobby." She looked so solemn and old fashioned as she said it and so ponderous at the suggestion that it be china painting.

She changed like quicksilver to an animated small boy. "Well, drawing, anyway," she said.

She first thought of collecting silver but her husband pointed out that it could run into large sums of money and she might lose interest. So she tried first books and then knitting. "But I just can't knit," she admits. But one afternoon in her back yard she fell in love with a tall evergreen tree. She thought with longing what fun it would be if she could capture it on paper. She tried and when her husband came home that night he knew it was a tree. That did it. She bought all the paraphernalia she could lay her hands on and spent her days happily covered from head to toe with charcoal sketching everything that came her way, with a marked preference for her husband.

She sketched him at the dinner table and forgot to eat. When he was in bed with the flu, she sat daily at his bedside and did pictures of him. At last her model rebelled. He maintained that she was wearing out her hobby as well as him. So he agreed to sit for her an hour a day. No more, no less.

The hardest thing for June since her marriage has been to remember that she is a motion-picture star. "I forgot," she says simply. "I guess it's because being one isn't like what you think it will be."

She thought for movie stars there were never any ordinary things to be done. "Like Richard having to put up the book shelves or fix the plumbing. Actually, it's just a regular normal life like any other where the wife works." Then she qualified that. "Except less social. We have been to only two parties since we were married. I think it's because our work takes a lot out of us along social lines as well as just hard work. I mean, you are making a picture, being interviewed, having your hair dressed or being sewn into a costume and talking to a thousand and one swell people all day, and when you get home you just want to relax and be alone."

June feels that sometimes it disappoints other people when she forgets she's a star. When they lived at the hotel she started off for work every morning in her favorite sweater and knee-length blue jeans. If someone stopped her for her autograph she felt apologetic and insisted on explaining to her admirer that she dressed this way just to go to work and they'd dress her all up at the studio. And if she felt she were upset about it she had an irresistible impulse to ask them to dinner and get all dressed up to make up for not seeming to be what they thought a star should be.

But she is what a star should be. She is wistful, joyous loveliness. She is a breath of freshness and sincerity. She will never quite grow up. And it brings a warm spot around your heart to think of a great American favorite lying on her tummy before the fire with her heels kicking in the air, gleefully working out of her adored husband the secret of his Christmas present to her so that he will have to dash off first thing in the morning and buy one more little thing that will be a surprise, taking the best things she finds in her life and treating them with the reverence and hope and effort they deserve.

The End
Runaway Bride

(Continued from page 57) they had heard from her daughter. She did not have the Kesters’ number, and she did not even think of them, since Jeanne knew them so casually. She went to Twentieth Century-Fox and enlisted their help, and it was the studio that brought the radio appeals to Jeanne—and which Jeanne never heard. The studio did not think of the Kesters either, but anyway, the Kesters weren’t talking. Young Jeanne, in enforcing her marriage plans, was being neither cruel nor deceitful, according to her own lights. To a girl who so truly believes God is love and that love is stronger than death, there could be no yielding that would permit love not to be stronger than her mother’s appeals.

When to Jeanne the hallowed date of Dec. 31st appeared and she could stand before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament Church and have a nuptial high mass read to unite her life with Paul’s, then only could she get in touch with her mother who had opposed this union. Mrs. Marshall Kester was her attendant, and Doctor W. L. Marxer, the Brinkmans’ family physician was best man.

When the service was finished, like all newlyweds, they kissed.

Jeanne whispered, “Oh, darling, I shall never forget this moment.”

“Beloved, I know you won’t,” Paul assured her. “You won’t be able to, for I am going to see to it that it lasts forever for you.”

Paul gave Jeanne such a beautiful wedding ring. It is of platinum, carved between two hands to look like a vine that winds itself around bagette rubies and diamonds.

They had a wedding breakfast at nine in the morning. It included only the members of the wedding party and Paul’s parents, but no relatives of Jeanne’s were invited. Immediately, the studio moved in on the young couple, and the demands of fame began. But Mr. and Mrs. Brinkman Jr. lived up to every request made of them. For three solid hours they stood still while enacting them. For another hour, they answered scores of reporters’ questions. It was late afternoon before they were able to slip into Paul’s convertible and drive, far out in the desert, to Furnace Creek Inn in Death Valley.

“People misunderstand all about Death Valley.” Jeanne’s voice was hoarse from a laugh. “Oh, it’s so beautiful. The hotel has been cut out of a ledge of solid rock high up the side of one of the mountains. It seems to hang between heaven and earth and stretching out before you as far as your eyes can see, is what looks like one gigantic lake. It really isn’t water at all but borax, glistening in the sun, and all the mountains ringing around what’s called Bad Water (which is below sea level and is the lowest spot in this country, and I guess in the whole world), are full of color—green for the copper in them, red for the iron, blue for the turquoise. The nights are very cold and the days so hot you want to loll around in the swimming pool. I just can’t imagine a lovelier spot for any honeymoon and Paul and I had an absolutely perfect week there.”

The reason they had only a week was because Jeanne was due back for a Sunday broadcast of “Seventh Heaven” with Tyrone Power. The role of Diane has always been Jeanne’s favorite and once she and Lon McCallister had dreamed of playing Diane and Chico together. But the very fact that the radio people wanted Jeanne to be with Ty on his first return to civilian broadcasting showed her how

---

**BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

**can keep you listless and rob you of fun!**

We all know people who seem always tired and “down in the dumps”—who look pale and unattractive. Yes, and very often their listless, letdown condition results from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Medical studies have indicated that thousands of men—as many as 68% of women—have this deficiency... have a Borderline Anemia!

It’s your blood that releases energy to every organ, muscle, fibre. A deficiency in your blood—in which the red cells are too small or not rich and red enough—can sap your stamina and pep. Borderline Anemia means a lower efficiency of the red cells so essential to looking and feeling fit. Borderline Anemia can cause lack of color and reduced energy.

**Build up your vigor by building up your blood**

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast will help you build up your blood and your energy. Ask your druggist for genuine Ironized Yeast Tablets.

**BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

—a fero-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause

**TIREDNESS + LISTLESSNESS + PALOR**

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

**Ironized Yeast Tablets.** Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can’t generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

**Ironized Yeast TABLETS**
very far her career had advanced. She was very happy over the chance, but even happier that Paul approved of it.

"You see, that is one of our big bonds," Jeanne explains. "An ordinary man might have complained that his wife was breaking off their honeymoon to return to her career, but Paul understands about such things. Why, he was as excited as I was that Sunday when we were driving back to town for the performance!"

All the way back to town, Jeanne had known Paul had some secret in store for her. It was the secret of their honeymoon home. He'd told her he'd got one for them, but where it was or what, he wouldn't reveal. Jeanne, knowing all about the housing shortage, would have been prepared for something quite dreary, except that she couldn't quite believe Paul would ever do anything drearily.

They drove along through Hollywood, into a section that is no longer smart, like Beverly Hills, nor chic like Brentwood, nor luxurious like the Valley estates. It was simply a neighborhood of nice, middle-class homes. Paul drove them along a very nice little street. The car began climbing. Jeanne saw that the street was about 20 blocks long, and she looked, not too happily, at the rather dull dwellings on either side. They wouldn't be too bad, but still.

THERE, suddenly, right where the street did end, she saw a pair of high gates. They swung open, and there she and Paul were in what appeared to be a private park.

Before them, along a winding road, stood a big house with a wonderful, antique door, lighted on either side by gorgeous old carriage lamps. Beyond the big house, she saw, dotted here and there, two or three other houses, but they were all painted white, and all situated among flowers and lovely trees, and giving the air of having been there, most happily, for a long, long time. (Which is a most unusual and charming air for anything in brash Hollywood to give.)

Paul swept up before the carriage-
lamp-lit doorway. He swooped Jeanne up in his arms and carried her into a two-story room furnished in priceless antiques in flawless, glamorous taste.

"Your honeymoon home, Mrs. Brinkman," he cried. "The swimming pool, the tennis courts, the bridge trails are about a half mile away from here but still on the grounds."

"Oh, Paul," Jeanne gasped. "Is this for what? What are those other little houses?"

"Servants' houses."

"Not servants for us?"

"You, darling, everything's for us as long as we want it."

Now, actually, the estate belongs to Huntington Hartford, the attractive young heir to a great A & P fortune, who is a friend of Paul Brinkman's. But even before Hartford had bought it, it had been owned by the famous Irish tenor, John McCormack, so that it had always been you see, a place where charming people had spent happy hours. Everything about it represents luxury and fine taste and romanticism, and Hartford, back in New York for months, had been delighted to loan it to his pal.

I went to interview her there when I got the facts of her love story. I wish I could tell you how very beautiful she looked in her slim, dreaming beauty, standing there in that exquisite room. I thought I had never seen a more lovely sight, that girl in that room, until Paul entered it. Then I knew his handsome-ness was the final touch that was needed to complete the picture.

JEANNE and Paul began talking at once about the home they are building. Because they loved the Hartford estate so much, Hartford had sold them a piece of land. Their acreage is higher up on the mountain than his, up where they get more sun, and they have the most delightful place for their house.

It will be, when finished, a California type of farmhouse, which means one story and rambling, and eventually it will be a sort of "U" shape, curved around a swimming pool. But right now, with building costs and building delays what they are, Jeanne and Paul are being both wise and gay—once again the characteristics of the bride. They are putting into work only one side of the "U"—"a kind of Curving L" Jeanne calls it, which will have in it a large living room, a large bedroom, a sunny, bright kitchen. No maid's room, you notice, no dining room. Not for now. That comes later, when things are more normal. The young Brinkmans can cook both cook, Jeanne so-so and Paul well. Temporarily, they'll take care of their own meals and borrow one of the maids from Hunt Hartford to do the cleaning up. But they are putting very hard to get the house started and up because they want so much to be in a place of their very own, be it ever so unfinished.

Yes, they were most eager to talk about their future house, and about Paul's radio business which will undoubtedly thrive when the station comes on the air. But when I asked them about the quarrel with Mrs. Crain, they grew quite silent.

Finn, smiling that gentle smile of hers, Jeanne said, "It's been pretty exaggerated. It was unfortunate it had to happen but . . . " She stopped and for the first time I noticed the firm set about her jaw.

She met again, after a moment, and said, "We saw Mother and Rita today, Paul and I, and it's going to be all right. Everything will be all right. You see, it has to be—since it's love that's involved, love on both sides."
I had to leave it at that, finally, for there was a kind of stubborn serenity in Jeanne that no amount of questioning could shake. But as I left, I knew I had quite truly looked on the face of love—in Jeanne and in Paul, too.

It was more than a week before her mother and I could make our time coincide so that we could get together. In that week, Rita's birthday, which the sisters had always celebrated together, had come and gone. The sisters had been together that day, too, but it wasn't a threesome. It was a foursome, it being a luncheon party with Paul in a swank but noisy restaurant.

I said to Mrs. Crain, bluntly, “Well, how is it going?”

She echoed Jeanne's words, quite without knowing it. “It's going to be all right. It has to be.” That was a long pause before she added, “If my little girl is happy, that is all that is important. She's going away on location next week in Margie.” and it will be the first time that Rita and I haven't gone with her on those trips. Now Paul will go with her. Well, maybe that's the way it should be. Rita and I miss her very much. Naturally we do, but her painting smock and her books are still at home, and Jeanne says she will be home with us, every once in a while.”

I thought of the Huntington Hartford house in that lovely private park, and of the priceless furnishings with it, and I mentally contrasted it with a pleasant but very simple little apartment which Jeanne had shared with her mother and Rita. The difference between the two does symbolize the growth and development of Jeanne Crain. She was a lovely child in the one environment. But now she is no longer a child. She is a celebrity and a beauty, a wealthy girl, through her own earning capacity, and now, through love, a woman. This instinctively, Jeanne has recognized. That faith in the eternal rightness of things that has always guided her led her to her love. And that same faith, I truly believe, will protect her love against any hazards that Hollywood can set up against it.

THE END
When the young wife knows only 'half the truth'... 

whispered in secrecy by well meaning but ignorant neighbors!

Ignorance of intimate physical facts has wrecked many a happy marriage. Pity the poor young wife who listens and follows the advice of women whose knowledge may prove ineffective or even dangerous to health.

Too many married women still do not realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness. And what’s more important—they may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic Tasted Is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No well-informed woman would think of using weak, homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. She certainly should know by now that these 'kitchen makeshifts' do not and can not give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

In fact—no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all these tested is SO POWERFUL yet so SAFE to delicate tissues!

ZONITE positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no creosote, zonite is non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. Despite its great strength—you can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary without risk of injury.

Zonite Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure that ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts-mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-56, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening free booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name__________________________
Address_________________________
City__________________State__________
Men Do Not Forget

“Lovely Lips Welcome Me”

“Maybe my lipstick inspired Bob’s poetic remarks. For after I discovered Don Juan Lipstick, he talked more about my lips.

“They are the same lips I always had...but Don Juan does something nice to them, and because I use Don Juan Lipstick as directed...my lips stay on me (and stay lovely), when I eat, drink or kiss.”

Don Juan Lipstick is smoothly applied and is not drying or smears. In fashion favored shades. Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other shades, too.

need so much energy that you’d better get six good nights of sleep beforehand.

Hold your hat! It’s your turn with Mr. Peter Lawford. And you are really in for something, as Peter is the original laughing boy. In his half-way English accent he’ll ask you for a date and will arrive in his bright blue convertible Mercury either right on time or two hours late. He’s a cute one, this Peter, succeeding in having so darn much fun himself that you can’t help but follow along in the hilarity—and it’s certainly hilarious!

Attend a pool party with Peter and the chances are you’ll find yourself swimming fully clothed if Peter feels like stretching his muscles. At the beach you can sit and admire his “faggio” while he wrestles, cavorts and pulls gags, acting like a healthy, young colt who was fed an overdose of enzymes. However, go to Miacoma with him and the sudden change is fantastic.

The minute he enters a night club this youthful gentleman dons an amazingly sophisticated coat. Outdoors he is the boyish type, but indoors you had just better look to your laurels.

Peter has a roving eye plus an extraordinary kind of foolish sense of humor. His manner of expressing himself is, to say the least, novel, for he has collected a series of remarks and sayings capable of leaving you rolling on the floor or wondering what he’s talking about. Get this boy wonder on a dance floor, but know the latest steps or you’ll be a “dead pigeon.” He rumbas like a dream in a completely unorthodox but fascinating way. Jitterbugging, Peter excels in, having spent hours in the dance halls where big name bands play.

GET set for the extraordinary—you’re dating the “beautiful hunk of man”—Victor Mature! Vic wanders in and out of your evening with no apparent intention of sticking around more than a few minutes. He hunches over the table and you, talking a blue streak and waving and calling to other people. You’ll be a miracle woman if you get him to dance a waltz, or you might hear him sing under his breath. Don’t be surprised at the colossal amount of food disappearing down his gullet, and hold your ham sandwich or before you’ve salted it, Victor will have it.

Probably the most exhausting date you could ever have would be with the “Man from the Movies” because of the constant running in the company of this verbose, enthusiastic man, you’ll long for the peace and solitude of the far-distant planet he made famous. Your ear will be talked off, but at least by extremely intelligent conversation. His voice rising from his “Congress gaiter” shoes will hold you spellbound, for it issues forth with all the splendor of a Shakespearean actor. The stentorian tones may be disconcerting but once he smiles at you with a beguilingly child-like grin, the heavy air is lifted. Duck your head or the cigar smoke will blind you. Dance the samba with him and you’ll be of the opinion that the dance should have stayed in Brazil. Just sit quietly and say “yes” “oh,” “really” and “you don’t say” and you’ll find yourself a colossal success.

Dates with Hollywood’s married men lack romantic flavor, naturally. But many Hollywood husbands are stimulating, witty and attractive enough to be purely platonic treats.

Spend an evening in the company of “The Groaner” and your reaction will be to groan with delight. As you all know, Bing Crosby has an unequalled sense of humor, one exhibited humorously and all circumstances. His rumba turns out to be the Mexican Hat Dance without the hat. He gives you a free concert by singing in your ear when he dances and even bursting into a few quiet strains during dinner.

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing 4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all these 4 Important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, adlerless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25c for 1 rinse
10c for 2 rinses

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

BIG PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS
SIZE 8 x 10 INCHES
Double-Weight Paper
$1.75

NO SHIPPING CHARGE
SEND NO MONEY until photo is received. If photo is unsatisfactory any size and will get full refund of price. GUARANTEED FAIRLY. You buy photo only on faith. If you are not satisfied, return enlargement promptly. Take advantage of this unusual offer. Your photo will be returned only in the U.S.

WARD ART STUDIOS
Des Moines 2, lowa

AVAILABLE for IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

Automatic Electric Irons
6.95 & 8.95

Plain Electric Irons
4.95 & 5.95

Electric Curling Irons
2.45 & 2.95

Electric Toasters
2.95

Electric Cookers—3-burner
6.95 & 8.95

Send deposit with order—balance C.O.D.

40c S&H stamp for illustrated catalog listing over 600 hand-tooled items—Electric Appliances, Cooking Utensils, Hardware, etc.

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO.
671 N. CLARK ST., Dept. M-S, CHICAGO 10, ILL.
This guy just plain loves to sing. Don’t expect him to wear a tie, but at least he’ll never forget his shoes. Between discussion of horses, he draws on a pipe. Bing makes you chuckle at even the littlest things, thanks to his colorful vocabulary and ability to use same. His humor, gags and ideas are, to say the least, original and far reaching.

Annunziatos and limericks will heighten the conversation you may hold with Mr. Minniver, suave Walter Pidgeon. Here is the past master of the subtle, suggestive remark. A real Fascinator, he leaves women gasping, thanks to his glib, smooth manner and delightful gallantry. Restaurants famous for their cuisine will serve as the locale, but be warned. If you order those tiny, sweet French peas, your meal will be vegetable-les for Walter adores them. Listen closely or the majority of his remarks and humor, both offered in a superbly clever manner, will pass over your head. Sharpen your faculties and wits and have fun.

Your next date? Errol Flynn, it shall be—the Robin Hood of the glamour boys, the devil—may-care man of filmland. Being alone with Mr. Flynn is almost an impossibility because he’s so often surrounded. Date him and you date any number of gentlemen, some stag, others with dates. You may find yourself at a huge party given by Bruce Cabot or you may be the center of the round table full of men at Mocambo. Errol travels in a group known as the “wolf pack” and they stick closely together. He dances once in a blue moon, preferring to sit on the sidelines talking and watching. Greenish eyes will twinkle at you and a running line of flirtatious dialogue (a little on the corny side) will hold your attention. But don’t underestimate Flynn’s ability to discuss subjects other than drinking, dancing and gals. He’s an extremely literate gent when he wants to be and he’s no slouch at most any subject that comes up.

So the dreamboat date book is complete and you have the gayest of memories to tie up in blue ribbons and put away among your souvenirs!

THE END

Accent from Vienna

PAUL HENREID

exciting screen lover, family man superb!
You’ll see him at home in intimate pictures, know him as a person in a fascinating story in June Photoplay on sale May 10 or as soon thereafter as transportation permits

FIBS are so easy to use!

Whenever you buy tampons, remember that FIBS give you two features that are extremely important:

**Rounded Ends.**
Yes, FIBS have smooth, gently tapered ends that are bound to make insertion easy— as you can see at a glance. And your first experience with FIBS proves it’s true!

**Quilting.** FIBS are “quilted” to keep them from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

This quilting also prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes—a feature fastidious women always appreciate!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!*
Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Photoplay again goes on record with rhythmic recordings from your favorite films

SPELLBOUND

No small part of the success of this masterful Ingrid Bergman-Gregory Peck psychological thriller is the haunting musical score by Miklos Rozsa. Recreated on record by Al Goodman (Victor) it emphatically emphasizes the importance of movie music and the mood it helps sustain. This twelve-inch platter is further enhanced by a splendid arrangement of Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 for Piano and Orchestra on the reverse side.

FALLEN ANGEL

Linda Darnell's devotion to the coffeepot juke box in this Twentieth Century-Fox hit is understandable because the song and the singer are perfectly united. It's the dreamy ballad, "Slowly," carefully crooned by Dick Haymes. (Decca)

ABILENE TOWN

A western with a song more geographically associated with Broadway. "Snap Your Fingers" is the title and Bobby Sherwood's sizzling trumpet and orchestra (Capitol) give it the appropriate lilts.

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD

This movie based on the zany radio stunts has a potential hit tune in "If I Had a Wishing Ring" and it is blessed with a Tommy Dorsey recording featuring T.D.'s incomparable trombone (Victor). The companion piece is a lovely London import, "We'll Gather Lilacs," written by a former silent screen star, Ivor Novello.

DOLL FACE

Here's a merry musical with an overabundance of Hit Parade cinema candidates. Kaye Smith (Columbia) selects two of them, "Somebody's Walkin' in My Dreams" and "Here Comes Heaven Again."

GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE

Another movie musical enhanced with a delightful score. Dick Haymes platter previews "I Wish I Could Tell You" (Decca). Benny Goodman pairs it with the title tune, to make for one of the better records of the month (Columbia).

DO YOU LOVE ME

Johnny Desmond, newest baritone entry in the swoon sweepstakes, who first gained recognition singing overseas for homesick fellow GIs, is now repeating his success for civilians. Hear him do things with the theme melody from this new Twentieth Century-Fox film. A corny ballad from the same production, "I Didn't Mean a Word I Said," is disked by Sammy Kaye, the juke box Edgar Guest. Instead of singing the lyrics, Kaye recites them and doesn't even bother to put his tongue in his cheek. (Victor)
"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look.

"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying.

A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching.

Give your beauty a younger, more glamorous look today... and help keep your skin young looking for tomorrow. Do this with "Pan-Cake"... the glamour make-up that also safeguards the skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs tomorrow.

Originated by Max Factor Hollywood for the screen stars, "Pan-Cake" is now the favored fashion of millions.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

Originated by Max Factor* Hollywood
Come into the Kitchen, Darling

(Continued from page 65) a pale, lily-white hand, if I have to. But I'd be bored. Besides, it will be much more fun, I think, in my new life in my new house to be active and competent and vigorous and so perhaps find the new glamour.

As I see it, glamour from now on will not only act differently but will dress differently, too; for the new servantless world—let's face it—is bound to affect our clothes drastically. We can't very well teeter on spike heels, or trail chiffons in the kitchen. We will tend to low heels, I think, simple hair-dos that can be done in the morning and stay done, less make-up, no nail goo. And our dresses that are gay, imaginative, tubbable and inexpensive. (Price never has had anything to do with making clothes attractive, but only the spending of imagination.) Cotton dresses like the divine cotton cooking things I love to put on when I come home after a rough day in the studio.

I doubt if there will be any more Paris, any more looking abroad for fashions. That world, too, is gone. And a good thing. The smartest girls in the world, for my money, are the girls who work in offices; with their slim figures, gay little hats, ears and eyes alert and alive, and huge bags containing everything you would need on a desert island, typewriters included.

So, my chickadees, here's to the glamour girl of today and tomorrow. Here's to the girl who can mix him a cocktail to perfection, cook him a dinner to remember (or let him cook one for her), give him a well-coordinated attractively capped summary of Today's problems, tell him the latest quip and, in the same breath, that he's awfully nice.

You will not find her alone in Tomorrow's kitchen, which, like Grandmother's, will be the heart of the house—but will look, oh, so different!

The End

WATCH

for

WILDE

Cornel will be with you

in an intimate at-home story

and a dashing color portrait

Next Month
How long can pride keep a woman from the man she loves?

This young woman's stubborn pride caused unhappiness—and finally divorce—for her and the man she loved. Read how fate stepped in and played a strange trick on them both in "This Time—For All Time", a complete book-length true to life story in May True Story.

9 OTHER THRILLING STORIES AND 9 FEATURES IN THE BIG MAY TRUE STORY . . .

READ—"Graduation Dress", a complete novelette about a woman who refused to grow up until years after her marriage.
READ—"A Gift For Mr. Chen", another heart-warming tale about your favorite Chinese couple.
READ—These gripping, romantic stories—"Love, For Instance", "Try To Understand", "Hoop of Fire", "Don't Go Away".
READ—These exciting serials—"The Question Between Them", "The Secret of Eva Sterling", "Spurned Wedding Gift".
READ—These helpful, up-to-the-minute departments and special features—"True Story Homemaker", "How Did You Meet?", "Home Problems Forum", "What America Is Talking About", "Today's Children", "Sweet Land of Liberty", "The Village Pump", "This Month and Next".

ALL IN THE NEW MAY TRUE STORY

ON SALE NOW!  GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

Enjoy listening to "My True Story" Every Monday thru Friday Over The Stations Of The American Broadcasting Company
**FALSE TEETH**

KLUTH HOLD THEM TIGHTER

KLUTH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger this one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. KLUTH lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chattering plate. Also prevents stains from building up on your false teeth.

**Send Money Today**

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this Fully Guaranteed Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovely hair and be envied by so many.

**JUEL COMPANY**, 1930 Irving Park Rd., Chicago 13, Ill.

**If You Do Want Longer Hair**

**Mail This Introductory Coupon!**

**JUEL COMPANY, Dept. L-29**

1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

I, , want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELLENE System for days. If my hair doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

I am enclosing $1.00.

Send G.O.D. plus postage.

**Dear Miss Colbert,**

I am sixteen and a student in high school with an interesting post-war problem involving my brother who has come back to us, safe and sound, after three and one-half years in the Army, two of which were spent overseas.

I have three brothers younger than myself, and this veteran brother, plus one other, who is still in the Marine Corps. Now I know we are supposed to be thankful of a returned veteran, but I think thoughtfulness goes just so far and no farther.

My brother thinks everyone should be up at six in the morning, even on Saturday and Sunday. He fumes over the way we bathe in the beds (his included, because I wanted to do him a favor), and every chair, table and magazine has to be in perfect order all the time. He says clothing should be hung up the instant you take it off and that there should be at a place where you should be decided upon and everything should always be kept in its place.

It isn't bad enough to have someone yelling at you all the time to police up a mess but in addition to that, my brother thinks I should be a female hermit. He tells my mother that I am too young for dates and that she should be at home every evening. I had been going to movies with boys for two years and I certainly never did anything to bring shame on my family. Now my brother is full of work hints about my boy friends and their business attentions. He says all boys talk about girls and that he doesn't want his sister to be the butt of their remarks.

Now tell me, Miss Colbert, how does a girl cope with a situation like this?

Ann Louise P.
laugh over it with your brother. Try to see his side of it; try to remember that he has been through a course of training so complex that by comparison it makes high school geometry seem as simple as a baby’s abacus. He means well in regard to your dates. You can be sure he has seen grim things happen to girls your age. Perhaps your mother can straighten him out on this. But remember that he loves you or he wouldn’t bother with trying to give you military training.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fourteen years old and in ninth grade at school. We girls have a club that meets once a week and one a month we have some sort of a simple little party. Last month we decided to invite our entire football team.

Our best player this year is a colored boy who is a very nice person and a lot of fun. You should hear him play a piano!

When we had everything set we voted on the member of the faculty who was to be invited to chaperone us. When we asked the teacher selected, he asked us for our guest list, which we showed him.

When he saw that we had invited our best football player and musician, this teacher simply said, “I will not chaperone a party where he is to be a guest.”

Now, our problem is, what do you think we should do in a case of that kind?

Harriet G.

Dear Miss G:

Thank you so much for writing to this column about your problem, which is a very real, tremendously important one. I do not feel that I am well informed enough on matters of school policy throughout the United States to give an opinion on the behavior of this teacher from the standpoint of instructions he may have received from his principal or his school board.

I can only say that I think he behaved badly when judged from a humanitarian standpoint.

I should be deeply grateful to other teachers throughout the United States, if—busy and hard pressed as they are—they would write to this column, telling how they have solved a similar problem. Perhaps, by comparing notes, we shall arrive at a happy method of using Christian principles in scholastic life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Do you imagine that there are about twelve girls in America, between the ages

—

PETER LAWFORD

puts on his thinking cap, pulls out his best British accent and tackles his personality quiz in June Photoplay—to accompany a rich color portrait
Hair Drama in 3 acts

Laco's three rich oils—olive oil, coconut oil and castor oil—give triple action results! Contains no alcohol, no free alkali, no harsh chemicals. Get Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo at drug counters everywhere. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Md.

Dear Miss Wilson:
I am quite sure that you will soon receive many letters from American girls. Surely some fine and lasting friendships should result from this handshake across the seas.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am wondering what you think of an elderly lady of fifty-five years thinking of enrolling in a dramatic class.

Please be frank and if you feel like saying there's no fool like an old fool, I won't be insulted. To tell the truth, I almost think myself. I have been interested in the universities for quite some time and have been told there is no age limit. However, I do think it would be rather difficult for me at first to become accustomed to mingling with younger folk. I fear they would think I have queer ideas for one age.

Mrs. George S.

Dear Mrs. S.
First, I want to assure you that I don't look upon fifty-five as "elderly."

Adeline deWalt Reynolds, one of the most successful interpreters of grandmother roles in Hollywood, didn't start her career until she was a grandmother. Beethoven's finest work was composed after his fiftieth birthday. There are endless examples of the successes of men and women whose abilities didn't come to full flower until after the mid-century mark. By all means, enroll in the dramatic class and enjoy it to the full. I prophesy that the younger people will welcome you eagerly. There are few plays in which there are no mature roles, and one seldom finds college girls who want to enact matronly characteristics.

I should like to offer you, in closing, a verse that I have always liked. It is an excerpt from "The Old Player" by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Call him not old, whose visionary brain holds o'er the past its undivided reign. For him in each exuberant season there Who bears eternal summer in his soul."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a girl of thirteen and just finished having a dreadful fight with my mother because she does not understand me.

When I graduate from high school, I will be eighteen years old, and at that time I want to become a taxi driver. I have chosen to be a taxi driver because they have very interesting adventures, meet exciting people, get to see the trains come in, and take people to lovely parties. They also make very good money, and with my money made from taxi driving I am going to buy a ranch out west in Arizona or Montana and cater to the dudes.

My mother says that I should take a secretarial course in school because she absolutely forbids me to be a taxi driver when I am eighteen.

Sharon Lee P.

Guaranteed GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

10 KT. & 14 KT. Yellow Gold Mounting

Choice Only $5

Any Set (2 Rings)...$9

Guaranteed DIAMOND RINGS are橋手 made with genuine diamonds in 10 KT. or 14 KT. gold. Choose only $5. With genuine diamonds selling at such unbelievably low prices, why buy anything else? By buying these genuine diamond rings, you avoid the temptation of buying imitation stones set in cheap gold plated metal. Each of our rings is stamped with our name. Your name is not engraved in your order today but we send no money unless you wish.

GUARANTEE: If not delighted with rings, return within 10 days and get your money back. Mail coupon below by number which ring or set you prefer. Must be accompanied by a size wrap of string or paper around finger and send with coupon.

Additional Coupon Offer: $1.00 OFF on purchase of any ring or set. Use coupon below. No Postage or handling charges. Mail coupon immediately.
Dear Sharon:

Ah, would that all the woes in the world were as easily assuaged as yours, and all the tears as readily dried!

I have been accused, in the past, of siding too resolutely with parents when the interests of children collided with the viewpoints of elders. However, in your case, I must champion your cause. If a girl, at the age of 15, a taxi driver, or a big game hunter, or an actress, or a famous writer, or a tight-rope walker in a circus ... that girl simply has imagination.

Your mother, if she were discerning, would say to your dream, "Of course, darling. Taxi driving is a fascinating pursuit. By the way, have you read "The Book of Naturalists" by William Beebe? You might find it interesting."

You would be happy in your young dream; your imagination would be fed. Who knows what is to happen in five long years!

Of only one thing am I quite certain: In five years the chances are fifty to one that you will be a grant in taxicab except as a means of getting you and some wide-shouldered senior to a school dance. In the meantime, keep your dream and don't argue about it.

Claudette Colbert

(On a recent issue of Photoplay my column carried a letter from Marguerite C., a telephone operator, who was deeply discouraged over the fact that she was working late hours to the detriment of her social life. Other girls working nights write to me, telling how they had solved the problem. I was overwhelmed by the sincere, helpful response. Some of the suggestions are printed below."

A nineteen-year-old telephone operator writes: "There are sixteen of us who pal around together at work. We have birthday parties for each other after work, each contributing fifty cents toward a gift. We take turns having the parties at our homes. Sometimes these parties don't begin until ten-thirty, but we wait for a grand time.

Several of the letters suggested that Marguerite C. was missing some of the fun of her job. Norma H. wrote, "I love to talk by calling. I try to use my imagination to what the subscriber looks like and what he thinks about while he's waiting for his call to be completed."

Mrs. Isabel B. made a suggestion: "I have a pet peevew I hope someday the movies will stop showing telephone girls chewing gum and talking foolishly. Telephone operators haven't time to 'listen in,' to 'answer back,' or to chew gum."

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 3549 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

---

DON'T NEGLECT BLEMISHES!
THEY MAY GET WORSE!

Read how thousands have improved their skin with nurses' discovery!

- Don't neglect ugly externally-caused pimples and blemishes! "Covering them up" with cosmetics may actually make them worse. If you're unhappy over the appearance of your skin, start using Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream today!

Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is. Now thousands of women use it regularly to keep their skin smooth and clear.

Noxzema does so much because it's more than a cosmetic cream; it's a medicated formula, with special medicinal ingredients that not only help smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but also help heal blemishes and similar skin irritations.

Try using Noxzema as an overnight cream and as a foundation base for just 10 days. (It's gentle; vanishes almost at once.) See if it doesn't help you as it has thousands of others!

At all drug counters; 10c, .35c, .50c. (plus tax)

NOXZEMA

What puts addresses on to stay And speeds each package on its way?

AMAZING MONEY SAVING OFFER $1 for BARGAIN

GIVES YOU THIS NEW 1946 "PRESIDENT" MODEL
With Latest Features
- Takes full NATURAL Color pictures, indoors or outdoors
- Takes 16 black-and-white slides on ordinary 8-exposure roll!
- New film track brings entire picture to sharp focusing
- Guaranteed for Life-time Service!
- Takes FULL COLOR Pictures Indoors or Outdoors NATURAL! THRILLING!

Here's that wonderful new 1946 model COLOR CANDID-TYPE CAMERA you've been waiting for, at the amazing introductory price of just $9.98 less than half what you'd expect to pay for an ordinary camera—plus FREE Album and Art Corners. Precision built, Durabulum, Equipped with genuine Simpson Lens, Beautiful, modern plastic case. An excellent gift.

SEND NO MONEY! ACT NOW!
Just pay postman only $3.98, plus postage, for COLOR CAMERA with beautifully embossed hand bound PHOTO ALBUM and 100 NEW ACT ART CORNERS included FREE of extra cost. Or enclose $5.98 for CAMERA, ALBUM and ART CORNERS, postpaid.

You save postage and $1.00. Return CAMERA within 10 days for refund if not satisfied...and keep the Album and Art Corners as a gift from us...if you don't feel you've struck THE GREATEST CAMERA BARGAIN EVER!

THE CAMERA MAN, 14 W. Lake St., Dept. 154, Chicago 1, Ill.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 25)

train going to New York. He follows her to the apartment of Penny Singleton, where she's going to stay, and from then on tries to become an integral part of her life. Hayward gives a smooth, charming performance, and you'll find him more likable than ever.

Marie Wilson is very cute as the not-so-bright but very popular blonde who's also living with Penny until the latter's husband returns from the war, and Penny herself is excellent. The picture has rich moments of comedy as well as emotional scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: A familiar but effective theme.

Junior Prom (Monogram)

THIS catchy musical offers plenty of easy-to-take entertainment for both youngsters and their parents. The story concerns the teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their candidates.

An excellent showcase for some skillful young talent, the revue stars a youthful crooner, Freddie Stewart, who makes the most of his chances. June Preissler who's an eye-catching acrobatic dancer, Judy Clark, Noel Neill and Warren Mills, with Frankie Darro and Jackie Morgan doing a thoroughly job.

The picture features the swing music of Eddie Haywood and his orchestra, Abe Lyman and his band and the currently popular brand of jive by Harry "The Hipster" Gibson.

Your Reviewer Says: It gives with a good beat.

Best Pictures of the Month

Gilda
Dragonwyck
Sentimental Journey
The Seventh Veil
Buck

Best Performances

Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford in "Gilda"
Gene Tierney, Vincent Price in "Dragonwyck"
James Mason, Ann Todd in "The Seventh Veil"


**HEADACHE?**

**TAKE A TIP FROM ME**

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES

NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS

AND

10¢

25¢

CAUTION: USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

**I GOT RID OF BLACKHEADS**

Nadinola's 4-way action helps amazingly to combat ugly blackheads, externally-caused pimples, dark dull skin

One glance may kill romance—If your skin is dark, dull or needlessly blemished! That's why thousands of girls and women trust to Nadinola cream, the clinically-proved 4-way treatment cream. Quickly, gently, Nadinola helps to loosen and remove ugly blackheads—to clear up externally caused pimples—to face freckles—to lighten, brighten and freshen your skin to creamier loveliness. See for yourself what Nadinola can do in days—what wonders it works in weeks! Full treatment-size jar of Nadinola cream just 5c, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10c.

**SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET**

NADINOLA, Dept. 25, Paris, Tennessee.

Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition beauty booklet, richly printed in full color, which shows and tells the wonderful results from just one jar of Nadinola.

Name________________________________________

City_______________________________________State_______

**How Much Do You Know About Your FAVORITE STARS?**

**MOVIE DIARY**

**NEW MOVIE DIARY GIVES YOU ALL THE INTIMATE FACTS THAT ENABLES YOU TO KEEP COMPLETE RECORDS ON MOVIES**

Do you know what musical instrument Van Johnson likes to play...what Bing Crosby likes to do best...how old Lauren Bacall really is...who is Sinatra's favorite singer...what is Betty Hutton's natural color hair...how old is Alan Ladd...Where did Clark Gable start his career...how Judy Garland reached the top? Now you can know the answers to these questions, as well as details about the personal traits and backgrounds of such popular stars as Humphrey Bogart, Errol Flynn, Gloria de Haven, John Hodiak, Cary Grant, Betty Grable, Lana Turner and scores of others.

Life-like Portraits of Stars Included

Yes, this unusual MOVIE DIARY—the only book of its kind—tells you all about the movie stars, and enables you to keep a complete private record of the picture you see. Be your own movie critic! MOVIE DIARY contains special pages to list each movie you see, the stars in it, and your personal comment on it. In addition, the book contains beautifully-lithographed portraits of 60 Hollywood stars, portraits which you'll or to keep forever! And you can keep them forever, because this book is sturdy as well as attractive.

SEND NO MONEY!

Fill in and mail the coupon. MOVIE DIARY will promptly be sent by return mail. On arrival, deposit 10c with your postman, plus small postage charge. Look through the book—all 132 pages of it—for 5 days. If you don't agree that this is one of the greatest values you've ever bought, return it and we'll refund your purchase price in full. But act quickly while the supply lasts.

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

CONEIL BOOKS, DEPT. M434

Riverside, Conn.

Please send me copies of MOVIE DIARY at 50c each. If I'm not satisfied, I'll return books within 5 days and you'll refund my purchase price in full.

I send CAILD. I'll pay postman purchase price plus postage...

Name________________________________________

City__________________Zone____State____________

Canada–75c per copy, Send cash or Canadian Postal Money Order with order. You pay postage.

Address_______________________________________

137
GOT A BOIL?
HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll feel the moist heat go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll see how it helps bring the boil to a head. The moist heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good—does good.

GET A TUBE OR CAN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST.

BEFORE USING THIS PRODUCT, READ THE LABEL CAREFULLY.

UNIVERSAL DETERGENT—For Oils—Antiphlogistine

Free Booklet: The Marvel Co., 11 East St., New Haven, Ct.

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly. Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

✓ Tarzan and the Leopard Woman (RKO)

If you're a Tarzan fan, then this latest in the series is definitely for you, for it's one of the best to date. This time, Tarzan (played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller) and Brenda Joyce get all involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stronger cult, and one thing happens after another with a rapidity that never allows time to flag.

Acquavetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men, and her machinations keep the plot developing. Johnny Sheffield as Boy is growing up, and quite able to hold his own in the fight scene with Tommy Cook. Cheetah the chimpanzee is our favorite actor in the picture, and gets plenty of laughs for himself. Edgar Barrier is the heavy, and Dennis Hoey the British commissioner.

Your Reviewer Says: We liked it.

Meet Me on Broadway
(Columbia)

A NOTHER backstage musical, rather hackneyed, but you'll find it pleasant fare. Fred Brady is the theatrical producer who tries to break into the legitimate by staging an amateur show in a country club. Marjorie Reynolds is his singing and dancing star, but the material given her is none too good.

Once Brady lands the country club show, he gets involved with Jinx Falkenberg while trying to get her father, Gene Lockhart, to finance a Broadway production for him. Naturally Marjorie suspects his attentions to Jinx, so she gets herself involved with Loren Tindall. Spring Byington as the ex-vaudevilleian socialite is very good and Allen Jenkins gives his usual comedy performance as Brady's songwriting pal.

Your Reviewer Says: You've seen it before.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed
✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed
✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ABILENE TOWN—Lever-U-A: A Western to end all Westerns, this one is set in 1860 and has all the fixin's—Aun Dvorak, the barroom queen with heart of gold, Randy's interest and flapper, thousands of people getting killed, cattle stampeded—you know. If you like Westerns (you do), (May.)

✓✓ ADVENTURE—M-G-M: Even if this is not the best vehicle in the world for the return of Clark Gable, it is one you won't want to miss, for Gable is as wonderful as ever. With Greer Garson as a librarian intellectual who falls hard for the seafaring guy, and then changes her mind twice. Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell give fine support. (May.)

✓✓ ALLOTMENT WIPES—Monogram: Kay Francis tries very hard to be a bad lady racketeer out to trim service-wives of their insurance and aliments, and Paul Kelly of Army Intelligence poses as newspaperman to teach her down. You might like it—it's also got Otto Kruger, Gertrude Michael and Teala Loring. (Feb.)

REDUCE
Easily • Safely • Sensibly

There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to an alluring figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibas you may, perhaps, challenge the standards of the loveliest movie star!

LOSE UP TO 15 Pounds
Next Month

In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose up to fifteen pounds next month—and lose them safely. You won’t have a drawn, flabby face. You won’t feel half-starved and you won’t feel weak. In ten days you’ll have new life and vitality. You will see the text and some of your own improvement in your figure. Send for your copy of Madame Sylvia’s amazing book No More Alibas.

Was $1.00
Now Only 25c

This 128-page book formerly sold for $1.00 in stiff-back binding. Now published in paper cover you get the identical information for only 25c—postpaid. Write TODAY.

BARThOLoMwEw HOUSE, INC., Dept. PP-546
285 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, swelling of the ankles, thirst, nausea, and dirt. Examine packing with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Don's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, useful successfully by millions over 40 years, Don's will help you, and help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Don's Pills.
NOW YOU CAN READ THE "LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL" $100-PRIZE WINNING LETTER FOR MAY

IN MAY

RADIO MIRROR

MADAKERADE IN MEXICO—Paramount: Well, we didn’t like Arturo de Cordova or Patric Knowlen, but we thought, on the contrary, that the technical side of the Mexican film, everybody seemed to be whirling with inactivity, and the music, singing and dancing were only fair. Outside of that, the Mexican setting, we’re happy to admit, was interesting. (Mar.)

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE’S—Paramount: This interesting and unusual picture is the story of interwoven lives, held together by a woman (played by Lilian Gish) who runs a boarding house for medical students. It’s tender and emotional, and you’ll like Sonny Tufts in a new kind of role, Billy de Wolfe, Verona Lake and Joan Caulfield. (Mar.)

MY REPUTATION—Warners: By far Barbara Stanwyck’s best work since “Double Indemnity,” this is a good adult and intelligent picture of one of Weber’s fights for her love against a convention-bound town, and won against her own young men. Her star-studded mother Lucile Watson, her lover George Brent, her friends Eve Arden and John Ridgely are flawlessly interpreted. (Apr.)

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: At long last Jane Russell’s first picture appears, and we’re sorry you ever disappointed. We liked her leading man Jack Buckel (who should be another Alan Ladd) much better. The picture is a unique kind of old West tale and has a strange, fascinating attraction despite many ridiculous moments. Walter Huston turns in a brilliant job, and Thomas Mitchell is in it too. (Feb.)

PILLOW OF DEATH—Universal: Inner Sanctum comes to movies with ghost-ridden houses, scenes, moments, and Lon Chaney in a well-diined, Brenda Joyce is his pretty secretary, J. Edward Bromberg a spiritualist and Lon Chaney a delight as an Englishwoman. The pillow, was used for smothering. (Mar.)

PORTRAIT OF MARIA—M-G-M: A Mexican good-will picture with Dolores Del Rio playing an Indian girl who meets a tragic end. Pedro Armandarias tries to pull her from the immoral and vindictive villagers. English is dubbed in, and the dialogue sometimes pretty silly, and perhaps foreign film fans will enjoy it less. (Apr.)

PURSUIT TO ALGIER—Universal: Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, inevitably Sherlock and Watson, in this time sacrifice a vacation (they never do these things) to escort a monarch safely back to the Balkans midst villains and impostors, and of course everything finally comes out all right. (Mar.)

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Paramount: Bing and Bob have never been so relaxed and enjoyable, as a pair of vaudeville men headed for Alaska where Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father’s mine. The boys pretend to be crooks while chasing the villains, Douglas Dumbrille and Jack La Rue. We laughed with laughter. Their story is unbalance and emotional, but it’s still cute. (Mar.)

SAN ANTONIO—Warners: Errol Flynn in another Western is his usual charming self, turning in a nicely restrained performance as the feisty, cleverer-than-anybody hero, tracking down cattle rustlers Paul Kelly and Deanna Durbin with the help of Alexis Smith. All in Technicolor, too. (Feb.)

SARATOGA TRUNK—Warners: Ingrid Bergman shows how complete and superb an actress she is, giving us a good, bouncy, splendid and busy Gus Cooper plays the Texas-cowboy whom Ingrid tries to renounce for a marriage of wealth and revenge. The story is unbalance and emotional, but if you don’t care for Flora Robson in the role, you won’t care much for observing Florence Bates’ characterization. (Feb.)

SCARLET STREET—Universal: The same characters from “Woman in the Window” try it again, and it’s still good but not quite. Joan Bennett of Esther G. Robinson, Dan Duryea and Rosalind Ives make the dark tale live, and we think you’ll be intrigued, fascinated and repelled at the same time. (Mar.)

SHADOW RETURNS, THE—Monogram: Kane Richmond, one of the police commissioners, assumes the Shady disguise in order to solve a series of murders which are baffling all the city’s police force. Barbara Reed is the object of his love, Tom Dugan isn’t. (Apr.)

SHE WOULDN’T SAY YES—Columbia: How nice it is, we are of women psychiatrists, career women trying to avoid love, and Rosalind Russell (who can be so good) acting coy. Nevertheless, this may interest you, and you’ll enjoy the picture. You like Lee Bowman, Adele Jergens and Charlie Winnington. It could be better, but we’ve certainly seen worse. (Mar.)

SING YOUR WAY HOME—RKO: This little movie makes a lot of noise, and stars Ray Milland, singing her way home to America from liberated France. He’s a crack British officer, Janis Storm, John Halsey for comedy, and Donna Lee, a fifteen-year-old prima donna. (Feb.)

Radio Mirror in May

Read the human, heart-warming letter that won first prize and $100 in the nationwide “Life Can Be Beautiful” contest this month. Read, also, the eight runners-up—the letters that received additional prizes in this monthly quest for real-life experiences that prove life can be beautiful. Study the contest rules in your copy of May Radio Mirror—send in your entry—and you may be among the winners for June!

AND REMEMBER . . . LISTEN EVERY MONDAY THRU FRIDAY TO THE ADVENTURES OF PAPA DAVID AND CHICHI IN RADIO’S “LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL” . . . Over The Stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Also in May Radio Mirror . . .

“Until We Meet Again”—A story by famous songstress Dinah Shore of how she patched up a lovers’ quarrel for a G. I. and his former girlfriend.

“Spring Story”—A romantic, happy story of a young girl’s experiences on the “Ladies Be Seated” Program.

“Easter in Tennessee”—A thought-provoking piece, full of the spirit of Easter by Tom Breneman of the famous “Breakfast in Hollywood.”

Plus—A five-page living portrait section devoted to the stars of “Young Widder Brown” And Many Other Exciting, Inside Stories By and About Your Radio Favorites!

ALL IN MAY

RADIO MIRROR

ON SALE NOW! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

EX-LAX

THE ‘HAPPY MEDIUM’ LAXATIVE

10c and 25¢ at all drug stores

FOR INVENTORS INVENTION RECORD FREE

Write today for full information on patent protection and "Bound of Invention" sent FREE. Confidential Service. RANDOLPH & BEAVERS, Registered Patent Attorneys, 909 Columbian Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Slenderizing Dream DRESSES for Stylish STOUTS

And EXTRA SIZES

Oh, yes, gowns can give you away! Or help camouflage those extra pounds—In splendid style, just the way large sizes of Jams of Hollywood Dresses are designed. The triumph of stouter grace that is so utterly flatteringly flattering them. A dress for every occasion and at surprising low prices. Sizes 20 to 38.

FREE from HOLLYWOOD

Yodora checks perspiration odor
the Soothingest Way

- Made on a face cream base. Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy. Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try it—it feels the wonderful difference!

Sweep Easier and Faster with a WAGNER Carpet Sweeper

Mr. McKeown & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Fragrance for Enchantment

Extra money for you

Silver Photo Ring

For Men and Women

Custom Made Design with Your
Photo Hand-Painted in Oil.


Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger measure for exact size.

Fisk Industries, Dept. 125
Fisk Building, 230 W. 57 St., N. Y. 19

Radio Girl Perfume

An exotic perfume that whispers romance. Its truly rare and different scent lingers, lending charm and loveliness to every moment. 10¢-25¢

At Beauty Counters Everywhere

**Wagner**

Komb-Kleened Sweepers
Better, Easier "Pick-Up"

How long since a man kissed your hair?

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

R.D. BASCO/M.—M.G.M.—Bob Baurerm, Wallace Beery, Jimmy, Margaret O'Brien; Abbey Bening, Marjorie Main; Peter Van Eyke; John Loder; C. J. Sprague; Dora; Frances Rafferty; Jimmy Holden; Marshall Thompson; Miss A. C. Walker; Muriel Stone; Earle Williams; Warner Anderson; John Fulton, Donald Curtis; Andra Martyn, Constance Tatlow; Jean Hagen; Lucy Logan; Renie Riano; Hannul, Jane Green; Genevieve Tobin, Henry O'Neill; Elmer MacCoy, Frank Dubi.

BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE—Columbia: Robert of Nottingham, Cornwell White; Mary Elizabeth Terry; Barry Armstrong; Lloyd Innes; Napoleon; Martin Milner; Don Douglas; William Tabbert; Bob Ophion; Taylor Holmes; Willard Parker; Robert Bray; John Burton; Joel McCrea; Alan Curtis; Alan Kellogg; Doris Nolan; Donald Crisp; Strauss; Borden; John Howard; Walter Miller; John Barrymore; John Ford; Tom Wells; Scott Elliott; Torpey; Boyd Irwin; Terry; Tommy, Mr. Van Vesty; Mr. MacNab; Keith Hichcock; Doctor, Francis Pierlot.

GILD—Columbia: Gilda, Rita Hayworth; Johnny Farrell, Glenn Ford; Bath Milburn; George Macready; George Macready; Vincent Price; D. J. Turner; Glenn Langan; Chick; Alphonso Alfonso; Spring Byington; Katherine, Connie Marshall; Bleecker; Nora, Marion; Thomas Langford; Don Douglas; German; Lionel Monson; Little Men; E. Marcel; Hubert; George J. Lewis, Maria, Ross Kelly.

HOODLUM SAINT, THE—M.G.M.—Terry Elton; O'Neill: William Powell; Kay Lawrence; Father White; Tony Curtis; "Dusty" Miller; Angelina Lansbury; "Snoopy", James Cagney; Father Nolan; Lewis Stone; Henry, Ray, Robert, John, Frank; Three Finger Frank M-U. Eich; Slim Summerville; Father O'Doof; Roman Bohnen; Cy Nolan; Charles Aid; George Peppard; Eddy; Uncle Joe Lorion; Charles Trowbridge; Lewis J. Murphy, copperhead; Dana Andrews; "Bill" Phillips; Father Duqy, Matt Moore; Rabbi Mayer; Trevor Bardette; Reverend Miller; Addison Richard; Bragg; Chris; Morgan; Joe, Montgomery; Timmy, Mary Gordon; Sam; Ernest Anderson; Ed Collier; Charles D. Brown.

JUNIOR PROM—Monogram: Freddie, Freddie Stewart; Dickie, Jane Prentiss; Addie, Judy Clark; Betty, Noel Neill; Jimmy, Jackie Moran; Roy, Frank; "Dusty" Miller; Ashley, Al; Tony Curtis; Miss Roger, Nora McKinny; Miss Hillisecond, Bette; Miss McAlister; Mr. Princeton; Sam Flint; Uncle Dan, Charles Evans; Tony, Hubert; Abe and Lucy, Orchestra; Eddie Heywood and Orchestra; Harry (The Hippie) Gibson, The Airmen.

LITTLE GIANT—Universal: John Marshall and Ivy, John Carradine; Billed as; Louis Calhern, Louis Costello; Ruby, Brenda Joyce, Hazel, Jacqueline de Leans, George Cleveland; Martha Hall, Elena Verdugo; Mom Miller, Marc Gordon; President Von Loan; Pierre Watkin; Balladman; Mr. and Mrs. Noor; Miss Jeane, Geraldine Waltham; John Hamilton.

MEET ME ON BROADWAY—Columbia: Anne Stellanoff, Marjorie Reynolds; Eddie Dolan, Fred Crabbe; Mr. and Mrs. Machover; Robert Ryan; Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb; Mr. and Mrs. Donald; Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer; Mr. and Mrs. Marlow; Mr. and Mrs. Fullmer; Mr. and Mrs. Sonne; Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson; Mr. and Mrs. Taylor; Mr. and Mrs. King; Mr. and Mrs. Lucas; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Cooper; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; Mr. and Mrs. Davis; Mr. and Mrs. Foster; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Jones; Mr. and Mrs. Brown; Mr. and Mrs. White; Mr. and Mrs. Black; Mr. and Mrs. Green; Mr. and Mrs. Red; Mr. and Mrs. Blue; Mr. and Mrs. Yellow; Mr. and Mrs. Purple; Mr. and Mrs. Orange; Mr. and Mrs. Pink; Mr. and Mrs. Gray; Mr. and Mrs. Brown; Mr. and Mrs. Black; Mr. and Mrs. White; Mr. and Mrs. Red; Mr. and Mrs. Blue; Mr. and Mrs. Yellow; Mr. and Mrs. Green; Mr. and Mrs. Pink; Mr. and Mrs. Purple.

MADONNA'S SECRET, THE—Republic: James Hagan, Thurston Hall; Roderick; Eila Randolph, Gail Patrick; Linda "Morgan" North; Ann Rutherford; John Earl; Edward Ashley; Helen North; Linda Stirling; Lieutenant Roberts; John Litel; Mr. Carboy; Leon Roberts; Hunt Mason; Michael Hawes; Mr. D'Allesandro; Clifford; Brooke; District Attorney; Pierre Watkin; The Riverman, Will Wright; Miss Young, Geraldine Waltham; John Hamilton.

NEW WILDCROAT HAIR SET

Walk A Lot?

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on feet and in shoes. Makes such a difference in feet comfort. Relieves tired burning—helps keep perspiring feet dry, odorless—prevents discomfort of sweaty, clammy stockings. 25c—55c—50c. At all drugstores or send for FREE sample. Write Allen's Foot-Ease, Suite 225, P.O. Box 148, Buffalo, N.Y.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Write for FREE BEAUTY FOLDER

It tells a delightful story about Stillman's Freckle Cream. More than just a freckle cream, makes skin lighter, more softer, smoother. Over 32,000,000 jars have been purchased at drug and cosmetic counters in the last half century. A postal card brings this interesting story to you.

THE STILLMAN CO.

Dept. C AURORA, ILL.

Rapid Run-20-60 Minutes

(Continuing service)

Casts of Current Pictures

RAPID-20-60 MINUTES

(Continuing service)

Cleans Hair in 10 Minutes Without Water

- No soap—no rinsing—no drying
- Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
- Retains wave; restores sheen
- Grand between water shampoos
- Ideal during colds or illness

MINIPINO

30 Shampoos with Mitten $1.00 plus tax

New Dry Shampoo!
A head-turner par excellence — Linda Darnell, starred in “Centennial Summer”

PERSONALITY

Do This Once a Day...

Use the all-important facial mask. Linda does it this way: Spread the mask generously over the face and neck, let it dry, rinse with warm water, then with cold. Goodbye to blemishes; hello to a smooth, stimulated skin. Scrub your hands with a hard brush, paying special attention to the knuckles. Then lather them extravagantly with a bleaching cream. Give your hair nets and turbans a soap-and-water bath; a dry-cleaning fluid rinse for the inside of your hats. Even though your hair may be spotlessly clean, your grooming can be permanently ruined by unfastidious hair coverings.

Do This Once a Week...

Before shampooing your hair follow Linda Darnell's cue and have a hot-oil steam. See that the broken ends of your hair are trimmed to keep your coiffure in shape. Take a salt bath. Million-dollar spas specialize in this toning-up process; you can do it at home. A handful of salt rubbed briskly all over the body, followed by a warm shower, then a cold bracer and you emerge exhilarated and alive. Make a date for an excursion. It may be a brisk two-hour walk or a game of tennis; but it must be in the open air and your pace must be fast. Force yourself the first time; then watch how you plan for the second month's maneuver!

Do This Once a Month...

Change your hair-do—and a new, drastically different coiffure should be your choice. Buy yourself a new outfit—of a type you always insisted you "couldn't wear." Treat yourself to a big bottle of perfume—and use it lavishly.

Follow these "extras" faithfully and you'll find yourself a head-turner par excellence. What's more, your own mirror will start turning your head!

Do This Once a Year...

P.S.
Every girl follows the letter of the beauty law, but the one who pays attention to the postscripts is the standout. If you're well groomed, you're already doing these things. If not—

Apply lip oil to your lips to keep them soft and shining. Pat skin oil or cream in the area around the eyes to guard against the first faint signs of age. Buff your nails—Linda Darnell never misses a day. Grandmother relied on the buffer to keep her nails pliable; today we're copying her. Use a light short stroke to avoid overheating. You wash your face several times daily; one of those times, scrub it. The Darnell method: Use a stiff complexion brush, massage 'round and 'round with gentle suds for at least ten minutes; rinse three times. Feel the difference? Your face is really clean!

Buy yourself a new outfit—of a type you always insisted you “couldn’t wear.” Treat yourself to a big bottle of perfume—and use it lavishly.

Follow these “extras” faithfully and you’ll find yourself a head-turner par excellence. What’s more, your own mirror will start turning your head!
For lovely You... new Improved

POSTWAR* ARRID

No other Deodorant

stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely! ¹

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting
for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant
that gives you the maximum protection possible
against perspiration and odor with safety to your
skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any
sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard
set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid
for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

¹ Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

In the same lavender package... marked with a star above the price

Only safe, gentle Arrid
gives you this thorough protection

1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so
effectively, yet so safely.¹

2. Nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as
any other leading deodorant cream.


5. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Just rub in
well, no waiting to dry!

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid:
Grace Moore - Beatrice Lillie - Carol Bruce
Jane Froman - Diana Barrymore - Jessica Dragonette

Three Important Fashion Notes! The bare-shoulder look of the
new drawstring neckline. The perky look of the new puffed sleeves.
The immaculate look of clothes protected by daily use of the new,
Improved Arrid. Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping
perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

ARRID... nearly twice as effective

in stopping perspiration

as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants
FREE! Your chance to be a Model

ALL TYPES needed—every girl or woman can enter—whether sophisticated type, college girl, home girl, moody type or glamorous girl. A "Plain Jane" who photographs well has a better chance to win than a non-photogenic beauty.

PURPOSE of contest—to more quickly acquaint you with Models’ Special Make-up and Lipstick, the only make-up and lipstick endorsed by famous New York models like Candy Jones, Bette Belding, Franca Carnihan, and others.

THE NEW MODELS’ SPECIAL Make-up and Lipstick are so amazingly better that we’re sure, once you try them, you’ll use them always. So we are offering this 58-price contest as a special inducement for you to try both today.

And the contest is so easy—that nothing to do. Just send in your photograph (read simple rules below). And the 58 valuable prizes include the following:

FIRST PRIZE . . . year's contract with famous Harry Conover Model Bureau plus two weeks at WALDORF HOTEL, New York, all expenses paid—57 other prizes in free contest you can win!

Send this coupon to:

CANDY JONES, famous model

FREE! Your chance to be a Model

Candy Jones

Parfum

THE devil-may-care fragrance!

Parfum $1 to $15...
Toilet Water $1, 250, 450...
Bubble Foam, Bath Powder, Satchet, Face Powder, each $1... Talc $5...
At your favorite drug and department store. (all prices plus taxes)

Also in lasting, lasting “Follow Me”

FREE!

A year’s contract with famous HARRY CONOVER MODEL BUREAU plus two weeks at WALDORF HOTEL, New York, all expenses paid—57 other prizes in free contest you can win!

RULES

1. Get Models’ Special entry blank at Drug or Department Store.
2. Fill in completely. Print name and address clearly.
3. Envelope with your picture (a snap shot will do) and a Models’ Special make-up or Lipstick box-top (or envelope) and mail to Models’ Special Cosmetics, 165 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
4. Judges are Harry Conover, famous New York model maker; Donald Cranfill, noted illustrator; V. Hupton Holland, Editor of Cover Girl Magazine; and Mary Bailey, beauty editor of Fawcett Publications. All judges are professional; no prizing awarded for photographs which in the opinion of the expert judges offer best possibilities for success as a model. Duplicate prizes in case of tie. No photographs returned.
5. All persons in United States, its territories, or possessions, may enter—except employees of Models’ Special Cosmetics, its Advertising Agency and their respective families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.
6. Contest closes May 31, 1946. Entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.
7. Winners will be notified by registered mail. A complete list of winners will be published.

THE NEW MODELS’ SPECIAL Make-up and Lipstick are so amazingly better that we’re sure, once you try them, you’ll use them always. So we are offering this 58-price contest as a special inducement for you to try both today.

And the contest is so easy—that nothing to do. Just send in your photograph (read simple rules below). And the 58 valuable prizes include the following:

FIRST PRIZE . . . year’s contract with famous Harry Conover Model Bureau plus two weeks at WALDORF HOTEL with all expenses paid.
SECOND PRIZE . . . a shiny new 1946 Chevrolet Sedan.

Eight Regional Prizes . . . a complete, new spring wardrobe of your choice . . . 40 State Prizes . . . a complete beauty outfit in a fitted case.

CANDY JONES, famous model urges

Justice Leslie gives grown-up advice to Clare Foley in “Janie Gets Married”
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Maytime can be a gay time when you’re a Drene Girl! For, when you Drene your hair, you reveal all its natural beauty ... all its enchanting highlights!

“I use Drene,” says glamorous Cover Girl Margaret Finlay, “because the camera demands my hair be radiantly clean.”

Drene brings out all the natural brilliance ... as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap-shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap-shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair, as all soaps do. And Drene completely removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.

Under studio lights, Margaret is the picture of Spring with her gleaming hair swept up into large curls. Try this hair style at home or ask your beauty shop to do it. You’ll marvel at the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action
Learn your ABC's
I did, and
I like 'em

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

The RIGHT COMBINATION of the WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS—Properly Aged
In Defense of My Wife
by Humphrey Bogart

Ingrid Bergman
By Paul Hesse
Lips radiant as glowing embers

Color
Throbbing
Startling
Utterly New

Daring! Different!
Charge lips with glistening color drama, ignite every costume with this new fluorescent lipstick miracle, containing shimmery Florium.* See hi-lights by day... at night, a glow like burning embers. Unrivalled smoothness and indelibility plus a non-chap emollient give you for the first time radiated color... imperishable lip allure all in one! It's germ-free, too. So new—try it now—send for trial sizes.

*Florium adds soft glow

ORDINARY LIPS  LIPS WITH FLORESS

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NAME ______________________ (Print plainly)

ADDRES$ ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE _ STATE ______________________

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-A, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-A, 22 College Street, Toronto

Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new Floress, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades check ed below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here □ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for:
□ REGULAR 5¢ SIZE in beautiful all metal molded case.
□ 1 envelope 21 c tax included.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
Even Venus couldn't get away with that!

Sure your beauty will get a lift from that fragrant bubble bath! But what's to keep your freshness from fading after the bath is over?

It's as simple as this: Mum's the word for lasting charm. Your bath, you see, washes away past perspiration, but Mum guards against risk of future underarm odor.

With Mum you play safe. You play fair with your friends.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fine fabrics. And it won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Safe and gentle Mum smooths on easily even after you're dressed. Get a jar of Mum today.

Mum — takes the odor out of perspiration
Sometimes we wish we were a novelist—just for the thrill of seeing our words brought magically to the screen.

As M-G-M has just done, for instance, with A. J. Cronin's modern romantic masterpiece, "The Green Years".

If we had written "The Green Years", we'd be especially proud of having created the whole galaxy of fascinating characters who would shine before us in the hushed and darkened theatre, the living images of what we'd envisioned.

There would be young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting his way in a hostile world. And Allison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines! And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen!

We'd see that first kiss of the lovers... and Robie's struggle against a friendless town... and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws.

And we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has been cast, as though born to the role.

There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; a lovelier Allison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our delight in Jeremy Mudge's sincere tribute and signing it — Leo

---

**Story Highlights**

Sunrise Serenade (Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne) Ruth Waterbury 31
People Will Say They're in Love Shelia Graham 32
(Van Johnson and Sonja Henie)
Your Welcome, Joan (Crawford) Louella O. Parsons 34
The Inner Story of Ingrid Joseph Henry Steele 36
In Defense of My Wife (Lauren Bacall) Humphrey Bogart 39
Gypsy Cavalier (Cornel Wilde) Maxine Arnold 41
Champagne and Prezels (Betty Hutton) Herb Treece 42
Carnival Time 44
Nebraska Natural (Dorothy McGuire) Cameron Shipp 46
The P. Q. of Pete (Lawford) Roberta Ormsby 48
Heartside Pirate (Paul Henreid) Dorothy Deere 50
The Youngsters Take over Elsa Maxwell 54
Flynn Versus Flynn Marion Cooper 56
The Song I Remember 58
Return of the Marine (Tyrene Power) Adela Rogers St. Johns 60
Yippee Yvonne (De Carlo) George Fisher 62
The Heritage of Hurd (Hatfield) Adela Whitley Fletcher 64
What Should I Do? Dorothy McGuire 68
Your Problems Answered by Claudette Colbert 68

**Portraits in Color**

Lauren Bacall 38 Roy, Cheryl and Linda Lou Rogers 44
Cornel Wilde 40 Brian and Judy Donlevy 44
Betty Hutton, Ted Briskin Pat Nearney and Mona 47
Dorothy McGuire 47
Freeman 42 Beverly Lawford 49
Paul Henreid 51

**Special Features**

Beauty Spots 139 Inside Stuff—Cal York 4
Beauty Workshop 140 Photofact Fashions 86
Brief Reviews 134 Platter Patter 106
Costs of Current Pictures 142 The Shadow Stage 26
A Star Says Thanks 127

**Cover: Ingrid Bergman, appearing in "Notorious"**

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

---

**JUNE, 1946**

Senior Vice President: M. J. Macfadden, Vice President: W. C. Muncy, Secretary-Treasurer: Charles B. Macfadden. 
Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office at New York, N. Y. Second Class postage paid at San Francisco, Calif. This magazine is published monthly at 100 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y. by Macfadden Publications, Inc. 
Published in this space every month. 
This journal is registered at the Post Office as a periodical. Vol. 29, No. 1. Copyright owner and publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 200 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part without permission.

---

**Photofact Fashions**

*Photofact Fashions* are the pictures on the following pages of actual film costumes that have been photographed in the color process for use in fashion display and feature films. Photographs are presented as an aid to the reader in the recognition of film fashions, for information as to the cost and availability of the costumes in question. The pictures are included in this issue to illustrate the story of "The Inner Story of Ingrid." The figures have been arranged in a manner that will increase the reader's pleasure. The pictures are not intended to be in any way an authoritative guide to the fashion of the day. They are simply a group of photographs of film costumes that have been photographed in color, as a part of the regular production of the Picturesque magazine, and which are included in this issue as an aid to the reader. The pictures are not intended to be in any way an authoritative guide to the fashion of the day. They are simply a group of photographs of film costumes that have been photographed in color, as a part of the regular production of the Picturesque magazine, and which are included in this issue as an aid to the reader.
At seventeen a girl's heart is so wise—a boy's so achingly unsure. That's the way it is with Alison and Robie in this tender picture of the green years—those years so full of laughter and heartbreak.

M-G-M has caught, with vibrant warmth and understanding, the spirit of this modern masterpiece...

A.J. Cronin's

THE GREEN YEARS

M-G-M presents A. J. CRONIN'S "THE GREEN YEARS" starring CHARLES COBURN with TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN • Gladys Cooper • Dean Stockwell • Richard Haydn • Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Leon Gordon • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
It's Desi Arnaz's happy birthday, complete with cake and Luci Ball

INSIDE STUFF
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Amour, Amour: Peter Lawford, who can't pass a telephone without stopping to phone someone for a date, has been calling pretty Beverly Tyler these Hollywood nights. . . Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are sooo happy now that they're reconciled and all those nasty quarrels forgotten. Two people so much in love shouldn't let petty differences part them. . . It's Rod Cameron and Yvonne De Carlo now. Guess Yvonne's mile-high torch wasn't high enough to reach that famous millionaire flying in the stratosphere. . . Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston make it look as though the latest parting of Kathryn and John Shelton is the final one. Hollywood's bored with the frequent separations and reconciliations of that pair. It's about time they made up their minds. . . Guy Madison and Gall Russell are a steady twosome. Guy told Cal recently that they are both free to have other dates, but don't want them. . . William Eythe and Margaret Whiting decided it wasn't really love between them so all is over now. . . Distance-makes-the-heart-forget item: Bob Hutton dated Suzi Crandall and June Haver while Lana Turner was in South America. But June's also dating Rory Calhoun who also dates Suzi, which makes it all about as simple as an atomic bomb formula. . . Little Martha Stewart and comedian Joe E. Lewis, who have known each other for over a year, tied the knot in Florida. They'll make the West Coast their home. . . (Continued on page 6)
Ring out with those roars! Let go with those laughs! Here comes the merriest, madcap merry-go-round that ever rolled you up and down the aisles!

Paramount presents

"THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE"

starring

Olivia DeHavilland
Ray Milland
Sonny Tufts

with
James Gleason • Constance Dowling • Percy Kilbride • Jean Heather

Produced by Fred Kohlmar • Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Robert Russell

That Oscar winning Movie Man of the Year follows up his sensational "The Lost Weekend" performance with a new screen high in romantic hilarity! He's out for fun!
To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for ...They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to there...

DeLong - Strong, Spring—Wont Slip Out

Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember ...
Now Presenting
"THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING NEW STAR!"
DANE CLARK IS WINNER OF "MOTION PICTURE HERALD'S" NATION-WIDE THEATRE POLL!

A DOUBLE CRIME
THAT WORKED

A DOUBLE-CROSS
THAT DIDN'T!!

IT'S WARNERS AGAIN FOR excitation AND
ADVENTURE! HERE'S A STORY CRAM-FULL OF
BOTH SO DON'T MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF IT!

DANE CLARK
ZACHARY SCOTT
JANIS PAIGE

"HER KIND of MAN"

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK de CORDOVA with FAYE EMERSON - GEORGE TOBIAS - HOWARD SMITH - HARRY LEWIS - PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB
Screen Play by Gordon Kahn and Leopold Atlas - Original Story by Charles Hoffman and James V. Kern

WARNER REMINDER: See 'SARATOGA TRUNK' yet? Be mighty sure to—or you'll be mighty sorry...
(Continued from page 6) weddings. The marriage of Ellen Drew and Cy Bartlett survived years apart when Bartlett was in the Air Force but, like so many other things, had reconversion trouble when the war was over.

After three months of wedlock, Sheila Ryan admitted her marriage to cowboy actor Allan Lane had been too hasty. Seems that Allan was too critical of everything Sheila did and said and he wanted her to leave the screen. It would have saved a lot of time and trouble if she’d found that out beforehand.

Judy: Happiest gal in Hollywood of course is Judy Garland, the mama, who got just exactly what she “ordered” from the stork. Both Judy and Vincente Minnelli had their hearts set on a big girl and they promptly named her Liza. They’re so tickled they don’t even mind the thousands of dollars it cost to add that wing to their house to accommodate the new arrival. Actually, Minnelli will tell you that it cost more to add those three rooms than it did to build his entire lovely house originally!

Party-wood: Cinema town has been going mad on the subject of parties. The biggest recent shindig was the one Gracie Allen and George Burns tossed at The Club for over two hundred—oodles of movie and radio stars on hand, with much singing, gagging, dancing and even a little saxophone playing by Fred MacMurray... You could have (Continued on page 10)
Paramount presents

Barbara Stanwyck
Robert Cummings
Diana Lynn

"The Bride Wore Boots"

with

PATRIC KNOWLES
PEGGY WOOD
ROBERT BENCHLEY
WILLIE BEST

Directed by Irving Pichel
Produced by Seton I. Miller
Screen Play by Dwight Mitchell Wiley
A BARRIER STOOD BETWEEN US

Misunderstanding and coldness loomed like a wall between us. I should have realized why, because I knew about feminine hygiene and the difference it can make. But I'd been trusting to now-and-then care.

My doctor set me straight. He said never to risk marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene, even once. And he advised me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

BUT I BROKE IT DOWN

Nothing between us now, but love and happiness. I've learned my lesson. No more carelessness about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching and is it dependable! Far more so than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet gently. So easy and economical to use, too!

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche three times a week with correct "Lysol" solution...always. Powdery cleanser—"Lysol's" gentle spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under controlled laboratory control...far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—"Lysol" douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lake & Fink, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!
Greatest Frontier Saga
since "Cimarron"!

The screen tells it for the first time... a town outside the law... and all the notorious badmen who fought to keep it there.

BADMAN'S TERRITORY

Starring
RANDOLPH SCOTT
ANN RICHARDS
GEORGE 'Gabby' HAYES

Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by TIM WHELAN
Original Screen Play by JACK KATTEFORD and LUCI WARD
An RKO RADIO PICTURE

See them ALL... IN ACTION... IN ONE PICTURE!
REVOLUTIONARY NEW CURLER AVOIDS BROKEN HAIR ENDS

No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!

SAFER
Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

EASIER
Patented "Easy-Lock" snaps closed easily with one hand from any position

DON'T RISK A FRIZZY HAIR-DO BY BREAKING, MASHING, CUTTING

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today and help yourself to uniformly soft, flattering, natural curls every time.

Here is Amber! Petite Peggy Cummins, of "Forever Amber," and Vincent Price

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 10) New York and all its triumphs—when you consider that he left there broke and unknown only five years ago. But it didn't excite him; nor the way it would most.

We talked with him right after he got back—and it seemed he was very let down. For one thing, he's not conceited and didn't take all that adulation "big." And too, if you ask us, he was really lonesome for Sonja Henie! Yessuh, from the way he acts now (doesn't want her to have other dates, etc.), I think the guy really cares! They've been together every possible minute since he got back, but don't take our word for it. Sheila Graham tells you all about it in her story on page 33.

As for Sonja, she's looking sensational—her jewels and clothes are something! And she's about to star in a new picture, "The Countess of Monte Cristo"—but first she says she's going to throw another one of her famous "big parties."

Generosity by Joan: No one has printed how sweet Joan Crawford was to little Ann Blyth who was so sensational in "Mildred Pierce," which won the Oscar for Joan. The Blyth might not have been so great or so at ease had it not been for Joan. Because when Ann started in that picture—and in that terrific acting part—she was so nervous about that and about working with the seasoned Crawford, she could hardly breathe. Joan noticed this the first few days on the set. Before the week was out, she was taking Ann home to dinner with her, just gabbing evenings away, putting the gal at ease—and going (Continued on page 14)
Mad, unholy desire... strange, diabolical hate, and an all-consuming love with murder as its motive.

Vigorous screen entertainment starkly exposing a beautiful girl's evil destiny which brings disaster to the men who love her. Every thrill-packed moment an experience in gripping "suspense."

*SUSPENSE* A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION starring BELITA • BARRY SULLIVAN • BONITA GRANVILLE
ALBERT DEKKER with EUGENE PALLETTE • Miguelito Valdes • Bobby Ramos & His Bond • Produced by MAURICE and FRANKLIN KING • Directed by Frank Tuttle • Original Screenplay by Philip Yordan • Music by Daniele Amfitheatrof • A MONOGRAM PICTURE
Rita Daigle, famous Starlet contest winner, a popular Walter. Thornton Pin-Up Girl.

Choose your Favorite FLAME-GLO Shade
Royal Wine . . . A deep, regal color that combines blood-red with purple.
Glamour Red . . . A fairy, brilliant, true red, flattering and youthful.
Pink Fire . . . The newest and most exciting Flame-Glo shade . . . a deep pink tone.
Dynamic Red . . . Romantic dynamite, for its pink undertone develops into an exquisite shade on the lips, bespeaking love itself.
Raspberry . . . An exciting, fascinating shade especially for brunettes.
Orchid . . . A soft, pastel tone that is right in fashion today.
Rouge Red . . . The ever-popular deep, fiery red in its most ravishing glory.
Pinwheel Red . . . A true glowing red tone with all the warmth of red blood.

Your lips are forever saying things about you! Use Flame-Glo and be sure they speak loveliness and allure. Use the beauty secrets of famous Pin-Up Girls to give yourself new glamour. Flame-Glo keeps lips alive with the fire of youth hours longer, thanks to its protective water-repellent film ... no blurry edges ever. For quality every time, choose Flame-Glo!

What do Your Lips say about You?

Keep Kissable with Flame-Glo LIpstick
JUMBO SIZE 25c

AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS • MATCHING ROUGE & FACE POWDER

(Continued from page 12) over her lines with her!

VARIOUS RETURNS: You can look for Norma Shearer to return to pictures before the leaves fall. She's already reading the script of "Mr. District Attorney," which will be movie-ized from the radio series . . . Ty Power, Bill Powell, Clifton Webb, Darryl Zanuck and others have gone simply batty on the game of—not polo, kiddies—but croquet. English croquet—which is played with extra large heavy balls and mallets. And no sissy game either! They had a "tournament" in Palm Springs that went on for weeks—and took it so seriously all their pals were having chuckles. So what happened? Why, everyone else started taking it up and now it's become such a craze that

INSIDE STUFF

Irish eyes are smiling—Mrs. O'Keefe watches Dennis. He watches Ice Show

it will no doubt spread all over Beverly Hills any minute. What a summer to look forward to. Stars will probably be breaking their necks right and left tripping over wickets! . . . Lana Turner was due for some wrist-slapping by her studio when she got back from that South American jaunt. Oh—did she get in dutch in Brazil for pulling down the shade on her plane and ignoring the pleas of thousands on the airfield to let them see her. She didn't even give 'em a smile—much less an autograph. Though Greg Bautzer long-distanted her, it was Huntington Hartford who met her plane in Miami . . . Ray Milland left Hollywood after winning his Oscar, saying he'd do no work—nothing but play for three months. And then he proceeded to appear on about a million radio shows for the next few weeks. He and his Mal were planning a trip to Rio de Janeiro (Continued on page 16)
Now they call them Tampax Days

(Formerly known as those difficult days, those certain days or just "those days")

Tampax users may agree on the superiority of this method of monthly hygiene, but their reasons vary widely.

GLORIA SAYS: "I CAN GO IN SWIMMING" Yes, Tampax is internally worn, without external belts, pins or pads. You don't feel it when in use and you need not remove it for your shower, tub or swim!

BETSY SAYS: "DON'T NEED A DEODORANT" Right you are, Betsy! With Tampax no odor can form and there are other comforts too. No chafing. No bulges. Quick changing; easy disposal. . . .

LUCILLE SAYS: "IT RAISES MY MORALE" Tampax relieves embarrassment at such times. So dainty and efficient that millions of modern women have adopted it. For sale at drug stores, notion counters, in 3 absorbencies.

HELEN SAYS: "A DOCTOR STARTED IT" . . . Doctor-invented Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. So compact that your purse holds a full month's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Mocambo coupling—Gail Russell pays strict attention to her happy date, Guy Madison, on a dinner date

(Continued from page 14) themselves—and may be learning the "South American way" by the time this reaches you.

Fun Punning: Tiny June Allyson was standing beside tall Danny Kaye and he asked, "How tall are you?"
"With heels?" asked June.
"With any guys!" said Danny!
People giggled hearing Kay Kyser say, "Garson's back! How I'd love to scratch it!"
Lots of times H. Bogart lets L. Bacall take the controls of their boat when they're out sailing together. And lots of times, Lauren sort of lets the boat lag behind too much. When this happens, Bogie always yells to her, "Baby—you're ship is slowing!"

By the Way: Agent Henry Willson is so maaaad about Diana Lynn and told us he is dying to marry her. It's up to her now . . . And with Diana giving most of her nights to Henry, her former big flame, Loren Tindall, is playing the field.

Coming up: You'll want to know more about Mark Stevens after you see him in "The Dark Corner." He earned his success the hard way because not so long ago he painted signs at twenty-five cents per line, couldn't even get a dishwashing job in New York, almost starved on the road when he was playing in stock, finally landed a job in an Ohio radio station at $25 per week and had to walk twelve miles to Warner Brothers for his first screen test because he didn't have the bus fare.

(Continued on page 18)

Across the table from Gail and Guy at Mocambo—Henry Willson shares amusing moment with Diana Lynn
"Intimately Yours"

VITA • FLUFF
"The World's Finest Shampoo"

"At Your Beauty Salon"
Away with Fingertip Monotony...

Let your nail polish interpret every mood... every occasion!” SAYS

MRS. JESSE SPALDING III
(the former Vivi Gould Fairchild)
of New York and Palm Beach

Evening Enchantment

For after-dark allure. Vivi gives her fingertips a more sophisticated, formal look by covering them completely in Dura-Gloss Pink Lady. And she uses the Quick Trick method—applies 2 coats of polish—for crystal lustre and sheen.

Fingertip Allure

To harmonize with her gardening costume, Vivi wears Dura-Gloss Nutmeg, applied to fingernails and tips for a casual, outdoor effect. And she uses the Double Quick Trick because it makes quick polish changes so simple and easy.

Outdoor Freshness

To harmonize with her gardening costume, Vivi wears Dura-Gloss Nutmeg, applied to both nails and tips for a casual outdoor effect. And she uses the Double Quick Trick because it makes quick polish changes so simple and easy.

Town Sophisticate

Changing to Dura-Gloss Red Plum to accent her vivid red hat, Vivi complements the sleek lines of her suit with a smooth, tailored masterpiece—moistened, tips covered. And applying her polish the Quick Trick was, gives her nails a jewel-like gleam.

DURA-GLOSS

Fingertip Allure

NEWEST STRATEGY OF ALLURE!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss “Quick Trick” Technique

1. Quick Trick
For crystal-like lustre and sheen, use this Dura-Gloss method:
Apply one coat of Dura-Cote—two coats of Dura-Gloss polish.
Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick
When time is short, use this easy method for sparkling fingertip beauty: apply one coat of Dura-Cote—one coat of polish, Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

Copr. 1944, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J., Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Gaily present: The Frank Sinatras were on hand to hear who won Academy Awards

(Continued from page 16)

Award Notes: After the tumult and the shouting died the general feeling in Hollywood was that the awards had gone to roost this year to the rightful, most deserving winners. Everyone talked for days about Bob Hope’s off-mike talk while emceeing the award event. At the close, when all winners were gathered for pictures, Ingrid Bergman, who had presented Ray Milland his winning Oscar, protested, “I don’t belong here. I haven’t an Oscar.” Bob retorted, “Well, all you have to do is slip home and get one.”

In lusty good will, pranks were played on Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder who copped a triple-header with “The Lost Weekend,” winning writing, directing and acting honors. When Brackett and Wilder walked into Paramount Studios the morning after the event, writers had hung empty bottles from the windows of a four-story building to welcome them. But that wasn’t all. At a testimonial luncheon presided over by Harry Ginsberg in the commissary to celebrate the award, Paramount’s top producers, directors and writers were called upon to pay tribute to the two men. Each guest, dead-pan serious, stood up and apologized for the fact that, while he had heard “The Lost Weekend” was a knockout, he hadn’t seen it. One producer said he’d seen two days’ rushes but as soon as it came to his neighborhood theater he was going to catch
He took home an Oscar: Ray Milland of "The Lost Weekend" fame and his Mrs. the picture. Brackett and Wilder caught onto the gag but the boys were much too blissful to do anything about it.

Joan Crawford, who was too ill to attend the award presentation, had to hear over her bedside radio that she was the year's outstanding actress. Joan said that when she caught the news she cried so loud, so hard that she heard none of the applause which roared from the crowd acclaiming her. Joan wasn't able to go back to work until a week later and her golden Oscar remained on her dressing table by her bed.

Knee deep in wires and flowers, Joan is still voicing her thanks to the many people, great and small, who congratulated her. She said, "Telegram came from Louis B. Mayer and Helen Hayes, Harry Rapf who brought me out to Hollywood in 1926. They came, too, from the mail-room girls at Warners and the mail-room boys at M-G-M—from so many people whom I haven't seen in years—whom I thought surely had forgotten me."

The first thing Joan did was to call the Academy office and get their permission to have a small golden Oscar engraved on a money clip which she presented to Mike Curtiz who directed "Mildred Pierce."

Everyone hopes Jimmy Dunn will get a film role now to equal his Oscar-winning comeback in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." (Continued on page 21)
Cupid finds it difficult to resist the girl with Drene-lovely hair! When you Drene your hair, it gleam with all its natural lustre... all its enchanting highlights reveal... The best way to catch a camera or a man's eye," says glamorous Cover Girl Penny Edwards, "is to look your loveliest with shining-smooth hair here. Penny, golden-haired Drene Girl shows you these easy-to-fix styles you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do. Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use today's improved Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

OU CUT LOTS OF ICING when you wear these romantic shining curls. "Drene-washed hair," says Penny, "matches the radiance of our most momentous moments." Drene reveals as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff too, the very first time you use Drene! See how Penny's softly-waved hair adds height to her face.

LOVE-NEST SHOPPING finds you smooth-groomed... your shining-clean hair swept to one side in this sophisticated style. "It's easy to fix any hair-do," Penny reveals, "if you're a Drene Girl." Note how Drene with H Conditioning action leaves Penny's hair beautifully behaved right after shampooing.
Out Warners' way—co-stars Dennis Morgan and Jane Wyman stop for a chat between takes on the set of “Cheyenne”

(Continued from page 19)

Ramblings: Frank Sinatra's trying to talk Louis B. Mayer into letting him do "Shopworn Angel" with music and June Allyson. Junie thinks it's a wonderful idea, so maybe you'll be seeing them together. Remember when Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullivan played in it some time back? And when Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll did it the first time?

Shirley Temple's glorying in her role of housewife. She's doing all the housework for her husband, John Agar, and thinks it's a lot of fun. They've worked out a system whereby John does the breakfast dishes while Shirley cleans the house. At night they both do the dinner dishes so they'll have the whole evening together. It's just coincidence that John took to his bed for ten days after he ate Shirley's first meal. It was the flu, not ptomaine.

"I believe the best way to make a success of my marriage is to forget all about my career," says Faye Emer-son, so she cancelled her contract with Warner Brothers. Staying in the movies would keep her in Hollywood and since her husband, Elliott Roosevelt, is living in Hyde Park, Faye decided she'd rather be happily married than a star. Bright girl!

It doesn't matter that he was flying long before the war or that medals and a colonel's insignia adorned his Air Force uniform, Jimmy Stewart's been grounded. Frank Capra, Jimmy's producer, insists he stay on land until "it's a Wonderful Life" is filmed, cut and finally "in the cans."

Charlie Brackett and Billy Wilder, who made "The Lost Weekend," sought Garbo to play opposite Bing Crosby in their next production, "The Emperor's Waltz." They promised she wouldn't have to talk to anyone—not even Bing. But in spite of all this, plus the fact that every actress in town is mad to work for Brackett and Wilder, Garbo refused. She wants to stay home. P. S. Joan Fontaine gets the role. Which is

INSIDE STUFF

About face—Janet Blair, Glenn Ford on the "Gallant Journey" set

New! LIQUID 'LIPSTICK'
Can't smear! Won't rub off!

Dale Evans
beautiful motion picture actress, now playing in "Along the Navajo Trail," playphoto by Republic Productions.

Instantly...
make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer.

At better stores everywhere $1 . . .

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

CHECK SHADES WANTED

Scarlet—devastating on girls with hazel eyes, fair skin.
Parison—spectacular on Irish type, dark hair, blue eyes.
Regal—real excitement with brown eyes, medium skin.
English Tint—precious looking coral, new glamour for blonds.
Orchid—enchanting, lovely with lavender, or pastel gowns.
Gay Plum—enchanting with fuchsia, plum or purple costumes.
Gypsy—does wonders for dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
Medium—natural true red, flattering to every type.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 9106
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

☐ I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for generous trial size.

(Please Print)

Name.
Address.
City State.

Liquid liptone
To Relax ... make your bath soft as summer rain with Bathosweet Water-Softener. Then lather up with creamy Bathosweet Soap.

To Soothe away tensions ... spill Bathosweet Fine Oil into your tub and loze till your skin feels silken.

To Tone your body ... rub your skin to a rosy glow with a fragrant Bathosweet Shower Mitt.

To Exhilarate your spirits ... try a quick dip in Bathosweet Foam. As refreshing as bathing in sea foam.

Top each with Bathosweet Talc Mitt and be dainty for hours!

3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Spring Morning, Forest Pine.

Bathosweet
BATH ACCESSORIES

Lovely
HAIR FREE legs

Just give your legs a quick, dry E-Z Glove Massage — and — whoosh! — leg hair is gently, safely erased — and so, too, is unsightly, dead top skin. No stubble, no razor cuts, no waiting, no smell. Millions sold yearly.

For petal-smooth, velvet-soft legs day or night, beach or dance, with or without nylons ... EZ does it!

At all cosmetic counters in 10¢ and 39¢ packets.

Also E-Z Fingertip Glove for removing hair from underarms, face and back of neck.

A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

EZ HAIR REMOVING
A HELEN NEUSHAFFER PRODUCT
certainly very much all right.
The gag on the set of "Forever Amber" is that they're going to drop the name "Amber" from the title and just call the picture "Forever" because it takes forever to shoot each sequence.
When Pat Wilde made her screen test for Twentieth Century-Fox she got all the breaks. So she would be completely at ease. Cornel played opposite her. And he worked with his back to the camera so he wouldn't steal any of the scenes. However, if you could see the test you'd recognize the back of Cornel's neck, no doubt. And his voice, of course.
Greater love hath no actor than that he should turn his back to the camera for another!

Children's Corner: Robert Cummings's son was signed to a movie contract at the ripe old age of four weeks and will play Bob's son in his new picture, "The Lawyer." Let the kid earn an honest

STUFF

Brand-new parents, Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont celebrate at Ciro's

dollar, says Bob, who'll put it in a trust fund for the youngster.
Joan Bennett, who has three daughters of her own, has "adopted" a six-year-old Belgian boy who was orphaned when his father was killed in Germany. Joan will finance the boy's upkeep in Europe until he's grown. A few years ago Joan made a similar arrangement to take care of an orphaned Chinese boy. Cal applauds Joan and wishes other stars would make similar arrangements to care for war-orphaned children.
Bronwyn, Maureen O'Hara's youthful pride and joy, got hold of one of her mother's indelible lipsticks and had a fine time smearing up the wall. When it wouldn't come off, Maureen hung a frame over the smear and signed Bronwyn's name under it. It gives an odd decorating effect, but Bronwyn's now enchanted with what she's done.

THE COLORS OF EVENING IN PARIS face powder are so wonderful... and the smooth velvet texture clings for hours. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize, of course, so your make-up always has that exquisite perfection you strive for.
You really should try this marvelous Evening in Paris make-up... you'll see why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier...her make-up should be Evening in Paris."

Evening in Paris

Face Powder $1.00
Rouge 50c
Lipstick 50c

BOURJOSI N.Y.—Distributor
Tune in the Powder Box Theater—Thursday, 10:30 P. M., E.D.T., Columbia Network.
“Beauty treat” for glass-ware, as well as your own precious complexion! Use soft, SITROUX TISSUES for quick “shine-up” on glasses, ash-trays, mirrors. Saves time—heightens shine!

Absorbent Sitroux Tissues “blot up” spilled liquids in a hurry! Saves table surface—and dispositions! And speaking of “saving”—never waste Sitroux!*

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

Substitute soft, absorbent, SITROUX TISSUES for baby’s bib—(use after, for “mopping up” high-chair tray!) Sitroux is grand for “sniffles” and sneezes, too—and cuts down on laundry bills as well. Always say—“SIT-TRUE”!

“Just so happens that I have here in my pocket—” begins Dorothy Lamour as she whips out a set of snapshots of her young son to show everyone who asks about the baby. Some little grem- lin must put them in Dotty’s purse whenever she goes out.

Hither and Thither: Joan Crawford’s wearing colorless nail polish and no hats in “Humoresque” so that all attention will be focused on her face—reason being that she’s a lady dipsomanic in the picture and so much of the action shows her picking up cocktail glasses . . . Ann Rutherford and Margaret Sullivan came to Adri- an’s fashion show both wearing the same plaid jacket he’d designed. Incidentally, the prices the Hollywood couturiers are charging this season make even the glamour girls’ eyebrows rise. One designer now charges $450 and $500 for a plain suit . . . Victor Mature’s not being seen around town these nights because John Ford told him he’d be out of “My Darling Clem- entine” if he didn’t stop playing around . . . Jinx Falkenburg is living on Jack Whitney’s estate in Manhasset wait- ing for the birth of her baby. If it’s a girl they’ll call her Capri and if a boy, Patrick. When Jinx got her release from Columbia, one of the conditions was that she not say anything detrimental about the pictures she appeared in for the studio. Jinx may have to keep her mouth shut, but her friends have plenty to say about how they wasted her in those silly B’s . . . You have to blink your eyes when you look at those clothes Esther Williams had made for her in Mexico. They’re vivid as a Technicolor dream and all of them look wonderful on the glowing Esther, especially the jacket with bullfighters strewn all over it . . . Alan Curtis went around town giving away his books and a good part of his wardrobe to his pals. Seems that was the only way to make room in his small apartment for his pretty bride’s wardrobe.
Are you in the know?

Which is a "must" in leg make-up?
- Defuzzing
- Debumping
- Artful application

What's the cure for this coiffure?
- An upsweep
- A snood
- A good thinning out

If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?
- A suit
- A conversation print
- A fancy formal

S-m-o-o-t-h is the word for glamour-gams. So whisk off the "whiskers" with a good depilatory. Discourage bumps with soap-and-water scouring; soften your legs with lotion. Then apply make-up artfully, following directions with care. (See? Each answer above is right!) It's all part of a gal's grooming ritual. And so is keeping dainty...especially on "difficult" days. You know, Kotex contains a deodorant...locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. Don't overlook this new Kotex safeguard for your daintiness!

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect or too many curls just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If your locks have a moppy look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming...and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive safety center of Kotex gives you plus protection. You're confident because your secret's safe—thanks to Kotex sanitary napkins.

If stranded on the dance floor, should you—
- Join the wallflowers
- Retreat to the dressing-room
- Yoo-hoo to the stag line

A solid joe would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying days often do...but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special flat, tapered ends that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins.
The Shadow Stage

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

**The Postman Always Rings Twice (M-G-M)**

It's not a pretty tale—and it doesn't much resemble James Cain's powerful, passion-packed novel, but it's a gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people.

John Garfield, a ne'er-do-well hitchhiker, stops at a roadside cafe and falls for Lana Turner, dissatisfied wife of Cecil Kellaway, middle-aged owner of the restaurant.

Under the scrutiny of a suspicious district attorney, played by Leon Ames, Lana and John plot the murder of her husband. But they became so enmeshed in their brutal planning that their love for each other soon borders on hate and revenge.

One tension-packed incident leads to another until their ambitions are hopelessly entangled in tragedy.

Lana's acting is a good match for her startling beauty and Garfield plays the wanderer to the hilt. Hume Cronyn gives a shrewd performance as the attorney and Audrey Totter, briefly seen as a pick-up girl, stands out sharply.

Your Reviewer Says: It packs a mean wallop.

**The Kid from Brooklyn (Goldwyn-RKO)**

Here's corn with glamour—but what matter—when Danny Kaye runs his tany, merry way right through your blues and leaves your heart completely light-headed.

It's the old "Milky Way" comedy deftly set to music. As the shy, serious milkman who, through a fluke, is built into a prize fighter, Kaye is a joy. Defending his sister, Vera-Ellen, he accidentally knocks out champion Steve Cochran and his trainer, Lionel Stander, and is persuaded to fight professionally to win the love of the man he's become enamored with, Virginia Mayo.

However, through fame and acclaim, he changes from introvert to extrovert and almost knocks himself out with his own importance.

Walter Abel is hilarious as a conniving fight manager, and Eve Arden is her usual crisp, wise-cracking self. Miss Mayo is beautiful to see in technicolor, and Vera-Ellen's dance routines are standouts. Fay Bainter, as a society dowager who learns to duck, is a scream.

But with a superb cast and a lavish production, the show is Kaye's, and he waltzes through it like a rocket.

Your Reviewer Says: It's lovable impudence.

**Two Sisters from Boston (M-G-M)**

Chances are you'll get slightly tangled in the plot of this sprightly tale, but who minds a tangle with the beauteous Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, Jimmy Durante, Peter Lawford or the eminent Lauritz Melchior?

When Kathryn Grayson breaks away from her strait-laced Boston family for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, she is followed by her prim sister, June Allyson, as protector from worldly wickedness. Durante, boss of the burlesque, helps them get the cherished break in opera—but by such devious means as to provide some hilarious comedy moments. Peter Lawford, wealthy scion of the opera's benefactor, breaks down and falls mightily in love with one of the sisters, turning in his most effective performance in a rising career.

Melchior, playing a grand opera star, blends his magnificent voice in beautiful arias with Miss Grayson, whose singing is superb. Ben Blue has a nimble bit as a butler. P.S. Durante is downright wonderful.

Your Reviewer Says: Brother, what sisters!

(Continued on page 28)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 28

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 142

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 134
FOR the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair be continually on guard against infectious dandruff.

It is widespread, easy-to-catch and hard-to-get-rid-of. Its distressing flakes, scales and itching can really raise hob with your appearance.

Do as thousands of fastidious women do . . . make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of your home shampoo. Insist on it at your beauty shop.

Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution because it kills the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum Ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of this obnoxious infection. So, at the first sign of flakes, scales or itching, start at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily ...the treatment that has helped so many . . . it may help you.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

and **Massage for**

**INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

---

The "**Bottle Bacillus**" (Pityrosporum Ovale)

This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 26)

Notorious Gentleman
(Arthur Rank-Universal)

Although it is unduly long and involved, here is another British-made film to make Hollywood sit up and take notice. It’s a gem in honesty.

As the rascally son of an English gentleman, Rex Harrison gets himself thrown out of Oxford and vainly tries to make a go of his future at a Brazilian coffee plantation. Scorning the discouragement of his family and friends when he fails, he goes on a series of sprees and breaks up the marriage of his school chum, Griffith Jones. Now a notorious playboy, he takes up auto racing and is stranded without funds in war-torn Vienna. To get out, he blandly marries for her money Lilli Palmer, who needs his name to escape the Nazis. Romping through her savings, he breaks her heart by romancing with her father’s secretary, Margaret Johnston. He becomes so entangled in his own web of misfortune that tragedy is inevitable.

Harrison is superb as the swaggerer, and Lilli Palmer (in real life, Mrs. Rex) is one of the most sensitive lovelies we’ve seen on the screen. Godfrey Tearle plays Harrison’s father and Marie Lohr is his embittered, haughty aunt.

Your Reviewer Says: Intelligent treatment for adults.

Suspense (Monogram)

This much heralded million-dollar production of a small studio should click solidly with those who like their movie murders straight. It will ring a jeweled bell, too, for fans of the lovely skater, Belita, who see her for the first time an accomplished dramatic actress.

Life is cheap behind the scenes of a lavish ice revue, owned by Albert Dekker and starring his wife Belita, Barry Sullivan, broke and transient, is hired as a peanut vendor and rises to become manager of the show. Arrogantly, he makes love to Belita and follows it up when he believes Dekker has been accidentally killed on a vacation. While Barry’s former

Best Pictures of the Month

The Postman Always Rings Twice

Notorious Gentleman

Best Performances

Lana Turner, John Garfield in “The Postman Always Rings Twice”

Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer in “Notorious Gentleman”
girl, Bonita Granville, tries to win him back with threats of revealing his earlier crimes, sinister clues indicate that Dekker is much alive and secretly watching Barry's love affair with Bellita. Trapped, Barry kills the husband and finds himself hopelessly involved with disaster. The elegantly mounted skating scenes are breath taking, and Bellita is great. Sullivan will surely be heard from again, and Eugene Pallette does a thought-provoking job as the boss of Barry and friend of Dekker.

Your Reviewer Says: It's suspense in a pepper pot.

The Bride Wore Boots (Paramount)

TAKE Barbara Stanwyck as a thoroughly-bred horse-fancier, mix in Robert Cummings as a historian on Civil War generals—add Diana Lynn as a siren—and sorry, but it comes out nothing. This slapstick treatment of the domestic woes of a wacky family has some funny moments but at best they are far below the fine standards previously set by the trio who head the cast. Married to Cummings, an author who doesn't understand or share her love for horses, Barbara divorces him because of an innocent intrigue with Diana, and then sets out to win him back, using their two boisterous children as foils to make his life miserable.

Patric Knowles as another horseman is Barbara's suitor. The late Robert Benchley is all too rarely seen as the family uncle. Peggy Wood makes a gracious matron as Barbara's mother, and Natalie Wood and Gregory Munnard are the pint-sized progeny of the Cummings-Stanwyck household.

Your Reviewer Says: Horses don't bet on people.

Heartbeat (RKO)

RETURNING to the screen after three years with the Free French Army, Jean Pierre Aumont joins Ginger Rogers in a romantic conception about a guttersnipe who graduates to Gowns by Greer. Unfortunately, the story is too weak and unbelievable to make his return an impressive one.

Ginger plays an eighteen-year-old gamin of France, who, when released from a reformatory, takes up professional thievery. Diplomat Adolphe Menjou, whose pocket she picks, dresses her like a debutante and plants her in a formal ball as a ruse for Aumont, also a diplomat, who is carrying on with Menjou's wife, Mona Maris. Suspecting Ginger to be a demure demoiselle, Aumont falls in love with her. When she betrays her identity, his remorse and dis- taste for her class fights it out with his heart.

Mikhail Rasumny enters the picture as a penniless charmer who almost marries Ginger to save her from returning to the reformatory. Eduardo Ciannelli has some mild moments as a baron who poses as Ginger's uncle at the fancy party. Basil Rathbone, who operates a school for pick-pockets, is the picture's only humorous highlight.

Your Reviewer Says: The heartbeat is irregular and sadly ailing.

So Goes My Love (Universal)

THIS is a woman's picture, full of interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of Don Ameche, playing Hiram Percy Maxim, and (Continued on page 123)
THE STORY OF A MAN AFRAID TO LOVE!

The screen's boldest probing of human emotion!

JOHN HODIAK • NANCY GUILD

in

Somewhere in the Night

with

LLOYD NOLAN

RICHARD CONTE

and

Josephine Hutchinson
Fritz Kortner • Margo Woode
Sheldon Leonard • Lou Nova

Directed by

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Produced by Anderson Lawler

Screen Play by Howard Dimsdale and Joseph L. Mankiewicz • Adapted by Lee Strasberg
From a Story by Marvin Borowsky
It was the simplest white house at the end of a rutty dead-end road in the least pretentious section of the Valley. It certainly didn't look like the place where you'd find a movie star. Nor did it look at all like the setting for a gay love story. But I found both there.

It was Duke and Chotta Morrison's house. It was their love story, too—or rather it is their love story. A very nice brand of love, Duke's and Chotta's, gay but deeply sincere and based on a lot of experience in living.

You know Duke Morrison. His screen name is John Wayne. But you don't know Chotta, the new Mrs. John Wayne. Only somehow, of her it is much more accurate to say that she is Mrs. Duke Morrison. I doubt that she gives a hoot that John is a movie star or that if she learned tomorrow that he wasn't going to be one any longer, it would bother her at all. It's Duke she's in love with.

Although they were married last January, Duke and Chotta have not told their love story before because they didn't want to hurt anyone. But even now the story simply can't be told without at least mentioning Duke's previous marriage.

First loves are ideal when they work. When they don't, they are misery.

The marriage of John Wayne and Josephine Saenz lasted for more than ten years but it never worked, largely because during that marriage Duke Morrison, the simple guy who loves ranches and horses and his work, hardly had a chance.

It wasn't beautiful Jo's fault. It wasn't Duke's fault. It was just that old demon, incompatibility.

Jo, the (Continued on page 80)
People will say they're In Love

Van, of "Easy to Wed," helps Sonja, before ice show, with glitter touches
Don't take anyone else's word about Van Johnson and Sonja Henie. Just read for yourself what a famous Hollywood reporter learned when she asked: Does he love you?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

She kept the big red heart that came all shiny in tinsel on Valentine's Day until there was only a single piece of faded chocolate left. He wears a tiny pair of silver skates in his lapel. And when they’re together or talk of each other they have a telltale glow.

Like it or not, the incredible seems true and the story that began less than a year ago at a party at the Jules Stein Hollywood mountain-top mansion is ready now to be told with all its gay romantic trimmings.

It started with an introduction. “Sonja Henie, I want you to meet Van Johnson.” It followed, as no one would have predicted, with the towering blond and the diminutive blonde beginning to talk simultaneously. They haven’t stopped yet. If it isn’t about tennis, it’s about swimming. Or about their mutual passion for people; or their ambitions of which they probably have more than any two in Hollywood. Or their Scandinavian descent. Or Sonja’s beautiful Holmby Hills home.

It carried on the following day when Van, discovering that Sonja’s marriage to Dan Topping was about to be dissolved, established his habit of lengthy telephone calls. A week later when Sonja opened her fabulous Ice Revue in Indianapolis, there were orchids in her dressing room telegraphed from Hollywood. Likewise, when she opened in Chicago, in New York and—much later—in Hollywood.

It was December when Sonja brought her revue to Chicago and it was two A.M. when her phone rang beside her bed. Her sleepy “Hello” was answered by Van’s cheerful voice. She thought he was calling from the Coast.

He wasn’t. He was calling from downstairs in the hotel lobby. He had dropped in upon her, literally from the skies.

“I have a week’s holiday,” he explained enthusiastically. “while they shoot a sequence of ‘No Leave, No Love’ in which I don’t have to appear. Not a soul knows I’m here. . . .” (Continued on page 78)
You're Welcome,

In her greatest moment of triumph Joan Crawford says, from the bottom of her heart, thanks! But the people of Hollywood feel the gratitude is theirs.

It was the moment of moments at the Academy Awards. The Best Actor and the Best Actress of 1945 were about to be named. If it is possible for 2,048 people to hold their collective breath—they did! The spotlight found Charles Boyer as he stepped onto the stage of Grauman’s Chinese and ripped open a white envelope. "The best actress of the year," he read, "is—Miss Joan Crawford!" The first sound came in a sigh, then a shout, then an overwhelming wave of happiness from every throat and every heart in the house. Crawford, our own Joan, had won this highest honor the motion-picture industry has to bestow on an actress. The too-
plump chorus girl, who had come here twenty years ago and who had known triumph and defeat in that time, had come back after two years of idleness to be crowned queen of them all! Every head turned toward the center of the house. But no Joan trailed down that aisle to receive the Oscar! Instead, Michael Curtiz, director of "Mildred Pierce," stepped to the stage and said, "Joan is too ill to be present. I have just talked with her and she sends her love and gratitude. But she will not be able to be present." The sound, now, came in a sigh, then a murmur, then a wave—of disappointment. It was the night of nights, the triumph of her life—and Joan was not there!

I said: "Joan, if they had had to bring me in an ambulance and wheel me down the aisle—I'd have been there. How could you miss it?"

That was a question all Hollywood had been asking—ever since the Academy night and it was the first one I put to Joan when I went down to see her after the important event.

In a way, I think I was looking at the happiest woman I have ever seen. She was still ill from the ravishes of the flu. That was obvious. It was the first day she could be up and around for a few hours and she was still weak after days of fighting a fever of 102. But the flu, fevers or hell's fire itself could not dim the overglow of happiness in which she moved. Her red hair was piled (Continued on page 128)
THE INTIMATE STORY OF Ingrid

Crisply fresh beauty, almost startling lack of affectation... Ingrid Bergman, star of "Notorious"
War highlight—entertaining troops in E.T.O.—at Berchtesgarten. This is view Hitler got from his veranda in his heyday.

She's earth and Olympus, morning sun on furrowed fields . . .

Bergman, the honey-haired Swede, as seen

through the eyes of her close friend . . .

JOSEPH HENRY STEELE
Bogie's girl, Betty . . . or Lauren Bacall of "The Big Sleep"
When Photoplay asked me to write an article about my wife my first impulse was to say, "Nothing doing." Who am I to be writing articles for the magazines? And why should I write about Betty when Betty is perfectly capable of writing about herself if she wants to, though I don't think she would want to. Betty doesn't pack a portable typewriter and furthermore she's no egotist.

Betty took quite a beating from the critics for "Confidential Agent." Nobody but myself really knows how she took this beating—what she went through in the shock and surprise of it. It was an experience that tested her mettle, and because she is a girl with plenty of courage and with plenty of the right stuff in her she met the test and licked it.

That's why I decided to write this article. I want to tell something of what I know of Betty's character and I think it deserves to be told, for Betty's sake if for no other reason.

What I want to point out at the beginning is that Betty had to learn two great lessons practically overnight, the lesson of how to handle oneself in the face of immediate and unexpected success, and that other lesson of how to take immediate and unexpected failure. Few people get both of these experiences so close together, and even an old-timer like myself would have a tough time accepting and adjusting to such a situation. I think that Betty proved herself a champion the way she took it in her stride and didn't cry for help.

Remember that "To Have and Have Not" was her first picture. She had come to Hollywood from New York, prepared for a long battle of hard work and hard knocks. Any sensible person starting out on an acting career should expect such (Continued on page 99)

Overnight Lauren Bacall's name became a byword, then came the blast of criticism.

Here her Bogie takes up the challenge
Listen for the music of many violins, some strains plaintive, some passionately gay,

for Cornel Wilde is a man of minstrel moods

Gypsy Cavalier

Cornel Wilde is a man of minstrel moods.
His is a nature as rhapsodic as the songs of a gypsy violinist who weaves a changing pattern of despair, an almost sobbing sadness, a high sweet plaintiveness, and then schottische gaiety. With him—one moment is red wine and laughter, the next, a sad brooding silence. An evening that begins with wine and music at a dining spot with his wife Patricia and some friends can gloom over in a minute with any reminiscing about something unhappy that happened in the past, or an injustice now being done someone he likes. Someone completely detached from that evening. But soon the mood changes and the laughter returns.

He has a keenly analytical mind that's always breaking everything down into tiny little pieces, searching for the solution, the reasonable answer. And he's always puzzled and unhappy when the pieces don't fit.

He has a gay bantering humor along with the restlessness of a sensitive artist who must find expression for the talents within him, and who is constantly seeking out his own niche. Something that's been hard for him to find.

Add to all of this—or ahead of it—the fact that he has all the ingredients for romance. A certain charm of the old world. A gallantry and graciousness that causes waitresses to bring out an extra pat of butter, bobby-sockers to scream and older women to feel younger.

His appearance is Don Juanesque. His manner gentle. Yet strong. With his lithe physique, graceful swordsmanship, dark curly hair and brown (Continued on page 108)
Betty and Ted have a barbecue for Pat Nearney and bride Mona Freeman.

Betty plays chef for her hungry guests. You'll see her next in "Cross My Heart".

Relaxation is in order after the abundance of a Briskin barbecue.
Atomic research on Betty Hutton—

as gay as bubbles, as democratic as beer,

favorite of Devil Dog and underdog

By HERB HOWE

Champagne and Pretzels

NOW that we have the secret of the atom's energy, when are we going to discover the secret of Betty Hutton's, and should we share it with Russia?

Your selfless investigator, dedicating himself to this task of secret anatomical research, opened Betty's dressing room door and had his hat blown off by the internal combustion.

"Taxes, taxes, no matter what you make you wind up broke!" screamed the golden typhoon, whooshing out from an inner room.

"This is Mrs. Briskin..." someone said in futile effort at introduction.

"I get ten cents out of every dollar I make, dear, how d'you do, thank God I love it, it beats washing dishes and tending other people's kids like I used to, or working for fifteen bucks in night clubs, this is my husband, isn't he handsome, kiss me."

The harsh command at the close of the breathless soliloquy was addressed to her dark, silent, glowing husband, Ted Briskin, inventor and manufacturer of movie cameras; hence this moment's pause for station announcement—but only a moment—as Madame Briskin does not hold for footage, not even a kiss.

Since "Stork Club" Madame's popularity has been rising like a champagne cork. Four secretaries have been added to handle fan mail and Secretary Henry Wallace has stopped worry. (Continued on page 131)
Ticket please, Mister! Judy Donlevy stands on tiptoe and just makes it. Cheryl and Linda Lou Rogers wait turn.

Popcorn and hot dogs and everything! Pops Donlevy and Rogers let down on the don’ts and the kids have a gay holiday at Beverly Park.

Cheryl thinks it's wonderful to be six and ride the merry-go-round alone. The three-year-olds think it's more fun to have their daddies do their “driving” for them.
Too bad, Daddy, but my little car isn't big enough for you, too, or you'd get a ride. Judy's a wee bit puzzled about getting it going.

Well, for goodness sake! This cute little colt is going to put Trigger's nose out of joint.

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Right this way!
The thrills of a lifetime for the small fry of Brian Donlevy and Roy Rogers.

Here comes the Toonerville Trolley! Judy is the really true conductor and her passengers are Cheryl and little Linda Lou.

Color Pictures by Fink
Nebraska Natural

She's taller than you think,

this Dorothy McGuire whose "Spiral Staircase"

leads into the golden clouds

HIGH above the Arizona mesquite the lazy skies were punctuated by the wabbly dashes and sputters of a small plane. After several uncertain curves it descended to 6,000 feet and succeeded in making like a straight line. Paralleling a highway, it soon gave this up like a schoolgirl dismayed with geometry and trundled to a shuddering stop at Thunderbird Field. A pretty girl got out.

A mechanic ran up. "What's the matter, Dorothy?"

Dorothy wrinkled her small nose in discouragement. She said, "I've got to learn to fly a faster plane. A P-39 maybe. Why when I looked down on the highway, the trucks were going faster than I was."

Dorothy McGuire looks precisely like Claudia, her most famous character. She wears sweaters in a certain casual way, lets her hair fly, is alarmingly luminous and desirable at all times, and can't do sums. When speaking about her people say little Dorothy, the little McGuire or bright canary. She is a good deal more than that, of course, as her determination to fly fast planes reveals and as her recent and current activities in picture-making reveal too. There are sturdier notes in her make-up than golden chirps.

She is taller than you think, a fact that both amuses and pleases her. Most people decide she is a small, incompetent armful of a girl, but she is five-foot-seven and straight as a sapling.

When she puts on an evening dress, she spreads it on a bed, lifts a hem, and dives in, head first. The effect is astonishing, something like Ann Curtis doing the breaststroke in a sea of (Continued on page 104)
Profiled in beauty, Dorothy McGuire, starred in "Till the End of Time"
The P.Q. of Pete

Peter Lawford takes it in his stride! Here is the new and fascinating way of discovering your Personality Quotient

BY
ROBERTA ORMISTON

Peter’s powers of concentration were good—here it’s block test

WHAT makes people the way they are?
Why do they do the things they do?

We’ve all asked those questions but few of us have had an answer because we haven’t asked the right person. A psychologist, for instance. For, as any psychologist will tell you, we’re all made up of contradictory bits and pieces.

It’s like this . . . Everything that ever has happened to us is stored away in our memory, even though we’re unaware of it. And our personality—the way we appear on the surface—is, to an astonishing degree, the result of the way we have reacted to all our never forgotten experiences, especially those we knew during our formative years.

Take Peter Lawford, for instance. Perhaps you think Peter was born with the sense of humor that is definitely one of his plus qualities. Maybe you assume his over-all charm to be a direct inheritance from his aristocratic forebears. Not at all. We really know about Peter, you see. We had Doctor Ulrich Sonnemann determine his P.Q.—personality quotient—by the most accurate and scientific tests.

Doctor Sonnemann, now chief psychologist with the Institute of Psychological Guidance, was, during the war, associated with the neuro-psychiatric (Cont’d on page 115)
A plus for personality for Peter Lawford of "Two Sisters from Boston"
HEARTSIDE PIRATE

That romantic peril, Paul Henreid, whose pirating of hearts begins at home

BY DOROTHY DEERE

There's something about Paul Henreid that does the same thing for the average woman as a dab of one of those daringly named perfumes behind her ears. Elevates her ego and fills her with a delightful portentousness of things romantic about to happen...

As witness to the mass effect of this observation, there was the time he did a broadcast in New York, with a minimum of advance publicity, to a practically non-existent studio audience. All of which made it quite a shock to step out into the hallway and be fallen upon bodily by a seething, clutching, soprano mob. This one is not his story but Lisl's, who is his wife:

"It was so funny, the terrified look on his face when the girls started pulling at his hair and his tie. As big as he is, they pushed him around like a cork. A corps of studio ushers had to lift him by the elbows and almost carry him to a private elevator. That is when I started clutching. But they closed the elevator door in my face and left me behind with the mob—" 'Please—,' I told the usher, 'I am Mrs. Paul Henreid! See, I have the same accent he does.' 'Pretty good imitation,' he said. 'What you dames won't try!' By this time, all the ushers are keeping an eye on me—I am the hardest-to-handle fan of

Inspection—of his collection of rare books

A Vienna waltz? Paul and Lisl bought their home from the Fondas
Cosmopolite in casuals: Paul Henreid, star of "Devotion"
all. It was two hours before I could escape from the building by an alley door. All this two hours Paul was riding around the block in a taxi, waiting to pick me up!"

Regarding these small inconveniences, Paul shudders to think he might have stuck to his boyhood ambition to become a hack driver—and missed them. This business of romance—this working, with the subtle waltz strain, the weighted glance, the whispered caress on a moon-drenched hilltop, is undeniably “a fascinating way of making a living.” Personally, he’s a long-time waltz man, having used this device to woo and win his own dark-eyed Viennese mate. He can’t help wondering, however, why movie love-scene writers must stage them in “such uncomfortable spots—"

“What is romantic about a chill and forsaken balcony—or who would want to struggle all the way up a hill? The fellow would be too winded to do any really capable love-making. Actually, the most intimate remarks are those spoken between two alone in a crowd.”

The Henreid trade-mark, those two cigarettes, was the direct result of his feeling that romance “should never be pompous.” As the script of “Now, Voyager” was written, he and Bette Davis were to make a habit of each lighting a cigarette and exchanging them. “It seemed a bit phony—before the picture was done we would have been like jugglers posed to catch each other’s tenpins.” He changed the gesture to one with which he was more familiar when lighting a smoke for Lisl when they were motoring together—which should be a lesson for all those gents whose frustrated females are forever having to struggle with their own match in a strong wind.

In person, Henreid is taller, tanner and more blue-eyed than he appears even in Technicolor. He talks with sincerity or a sophisticated humor, but preferably on subjects other than himself. (Continued on page 84)
Monica’s wide awake—speaks Viennese, English, learning French

Mimi Maria and Monica are the girls in Daddy’s life

A kiss for the lady of his heart—beside their pool
THE YOUNGSTERS

A youthful, gleeful, good-sense revolution, with the

HOLLYWOOD isn't what it used to be! The youngsters, that bright crop of gay, ambitious naturals, have taken over. Van, Guy, Esther, Peter, Lon, Cornel and all the rest are at the head of a parade that's marching right through their celluloid town and sweeping along with it a lot of old customs and customers.

Once the bosses of Hollywood were those stars who had been on top long enough to accumulate riches, manners, a butler and an Oscar. The youth of Hollywood—those poor, struggling young artists no one ever heard of, my dear—were allowed to scratch about on the fringes and given an occasional glimpse into the mad social whirl on the inside.

Imagine the revolution! Now it's not your diamonds or your butlers—it's your naturalness. Likely as not, when my chauffeur drops me off at a party for some of us stuffy oldsters, he'll say to me: "If you should want me earlier than you plan, I'll be at
TAKE OVER  BY ELSA MAXWELL

new crop looking, listening and using their heads

the hotel with Van. We've got a gin rummy game going on."

Which is one of the nicest things about Van Johnson. He
knows he's better off spending a quiet—and early—evening with
a non-professional friend than in spending late hours at a fancy
soiree wishing he were home in bed. Not that Van and his fellow
stars are never seen out.

There are those stories about Van and the presents he gives
his hostesses. All of them true, by the way. Anyone who opens
the door to Van is certain to find him with a long box of
flowers, or a virtual crate of candy or nuts, whereupon, grinning,
he says, "Thought you might like this." What the stories of
Van's gifts fail to explain is that Van, shy about any large or
formal group, repeatedly declines the "best" invitations and
never thinks of gauging the cost or size of the flowers or nuts
or candy by the stature (social or professional) of his hostess.
Actually where young stars once (Continued on page 121)
WO things confront every human being: What
the world thinks he should be and what he
knows in his heart he is. In other words, the
theoretical man versus the real guy.
Now, a lot of people have a fairly good idea of
what they are but mighty few have the honesty to
admit it in words.
Not so Errol Flynn!
Trust him to state it—starkly. No hedging, no
extenuations.
"Why whitewash myself?" he says—and means it.
"I don't believe in trying to fool anyone by attempt-
ing not to appear to be what I am." Such is his
impatience with pretense of any kind.
Not the least ingratiating part of Flynn's debunking
of Flynn is his ability to laugh at himself. Let some-
one try to keep up the polite fiction that Errol has
never had any trouble with the opposite sex and he
is liable to hoot derisively.
"The cook chased me with a carving knife when
I was ten," he says. "A lovely lady—but she didn't
catch me."
Nevertheless, Errol admits that criticism used to
bother him a little. That ended after he found out
through bitter experience that there was no possible
way of pleasing everybody anyway. So these days he
lets the brickbats and bouquets fall where they may,
and is equally unimpressed with both. The reason
there are more brickbats is undoubtedly because
Errol, to his own bewilderment, so often finds him-
self embroiled in exploits hardly calculated to draw
the bouquets.
"Ah, yes—a victim of circumstance!" he says in a
pseudo-tragic voice calcu- (Continued on page 124)
The man and his dog, Moody. Errol is next in Warners' "Never Say Goodbye"

Sailor of the seven seas—aboard the Zacca

His date? His wife, Nora Eddington Flynn

BY MARION COOPER
Did you ever feel that a song was written especially for your romance? That's the way Harry and I feel about "You'll Never Know." When we first started going together, we went to a little quiet out-of-the-way place one night to dance. We were sitting at a corner table holding hands and looking at each other in a dreamy sort of way when we became conscious of a gray-haired man who was dining all alone at a nearby table and watching us intently. Pretty soon the orchestra leader announced that someone had just requested "You'll Never Know" for the couple sitting at the table under the palm tree.

When the piece was finished, the gray-haired man came over to us and said, "Pardon me, I hope you didn't mind my doing that, but I couldn't help noticing how happy you are. You remind me of when I was young."

We adopted it then and there as "our" song. We requested it every time we went out dancing and Harry made a special recording of it just for us.

There is no song that thrills me like George Gershwin's "Summertime." When I was living in my native Vienna, America was only a distant dream. I used to spend hours studying the history and cultural trends of the American people hoping that some day I might be able to come here. I was particularly fascinated by her folk music and managed to get hold of several records which I played over and over again. Among them was "Summertime."

When I heard these songs again in the land in which they were written, I enjoyed them even more deeply and as I traveled about the country, the melody of "Summertime" kept running through my mind. It seemed to possess all the warmth and color that I saw around me. In it, I think Gershwin has captured the joy and laughter, the beauty and sadness that describe the great American scene.
Strange as it may seem, my favorite song reminds me of a very unpleasant experience. It was when I was going to high school and one of the star athletes who had been my secret passion for months asked me to the big Christmas dance—my first formal! I spent the whole week before the dance in a state of perfect rapture preparing for the big event. But the big event turned out to be a dismal flop. Our personalities reacted like oil and water and we hardly spoke two words to each other the whole evening. He danced like an ox and trampled all over my brand new dress. Then to top it off, he finally got bored and left me sitting on the sideline while he went off in a corner with his boyfriends. I spent the rest of the evening feeling like a wretched wallflower and listening to the orchestra playing “Nice Work If You Can Get It” until I thought I’d go crazy.

For a long time after that, I couldn’t stand to listen to the song, but gradually as the hurt dissolved from memory, I grew to like it. Finally I bought a record of it because it gave me a victorious feeling to be able to laugh at an experience that had once been painful.

My favorite musical number has to do with a hunchback, a man whom I think could have become the greatest tenor in the world—Alessandro Valente. I heard him sing in the opera “The Sleep Walker” once in England and I have never heard such a beautiful tenor voice before or since.

He was a sculptor who was discovered and trained by Caruso. But because of his physical deformity, the man developed a morbid mental attitude and within a short time drank himself to death. I always felt a profound sympathy for him and thought it a tragedy that the world should be deprived of such a great voice.

I have one of the few recordings in the world of his aria from “The Sleep Walker” which was his favorite and, of course, it is one of my most precious possessions.

I love to play it when I’m moody because the haunting melody of the aria and the emotional intensity with which he sings it seems to strike a responsive melancholy chord in me.

“Deep Purple” is the song I shall always love the best because it’s the song Bob Waterfield and I fell in love to. Bob heard me sing it in an assembly in high school and decided he wanted to meet me. I’d seen him and wanted to meet him, too.

One day we spotted each other in the little cafe where all the school kids used to hang out. First he’d go over and play “Deep Purple” on the juke box and then I’d go over and play it. Then he’d go over and play it and I’d go over. Finally we met at the box.

“It’s a beautiful song, isn’t it?” he said.

“Yes,” I said. “It’s my favorite.”

“Would you like to dance it with me?” he asked.

I was only too glad to, of course. We went out together the next night. It was one of those luscious early spring nights. I wore a purple silk dress, they played that piece all evening and what was there left for us to do but fall in love?
Typical young American, outstanding personality—Tyrone Power of "The Razor's Edge"
He looks back—at struggle;

ahead—to the ideals that are

Tyrone Power

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

I like the place where Tyrone and Annabella Power live better than any other in the motion-picture colony.

Houses and their grounds and gardens are always a matter of taste. The old trees, the pleasantly informal rolling acres, the white clapboard house, the simple colorful gardens which make up the Power homestead have an air of home, of lived-in-ness, of being very, very personal to the Powers that I think no one could resist. You are completely sure that everything within the plain white fences was selected with care and thought by the people who live there, you get a feeling of it having been done a little bit at a time, lovingly and in fulfillment of dreams.

There are a good many gorgeous and expensive estates in Hollywood which you know instantly were done by interior decorators and landscape architects given carte blanche and hurry up and a great deal of money to spend.

But I wasn’t at all surprised to find that Ty himself had laid out and rolled the gravel walks and edged them with bricks. He and Annabella bought the place six months before they were married, in 1939, and have been working on it ever since and will be working on it for another five years at least—maybe more.

It must, to paraphrase a song, have been a nice place to come home to; to the much-used library with its long windows hung in fine, dark brown glazed chintz cheerfully splashed with yellow, the gay, simple restful drawing room, the wide terrace of brick which looks down a long slope to a row of poplars and a small, plain swimming pool.

"The poplars," Annabella said, as we sat on the terrace after lunch, "will be in leaf soon. They remind me of places I knew in France when I was a little girl. I love to have them there because there are not so many trees in Southern California which lose their leaves and then (Continued on page 118)
YIPPEE YVONNE!

Rarin' to go, Yvonne's expert with a horse. Her next picture, Universal's "Fandango"
Hit the trail at a canter with De Carlo and learn the truth about the exotic

Yvonne who looks like her name—and isn’t

The truth is—the way to know Yvonne De Carlo is to know how to ride horseback.

The early morning mists still clung to the San Fernando Valley’s broad fertileness and to the low white bungalow set behind a green, tree-studded lawn, fenced off by white pickets. A Pekinese (Jolie) and a gray Angora (Mitzi) were sleeping happily in each other’s paws on the front steps.

Yvonne, not shimmering in her famous gauze costume of Salome, but wearing a battered looking pair of riding pants, a faded gray wool shirt and boots that looked like refugees from last year’s football scrimmage, opened the door of her house—the first home she has ever owned.

“Hi—come on in!” The Valley’s newest land owner exhibited a living room that was big and equally bare, its only decoration an enormous painting of Yvonne. Through a door a dining room could be glimpsed with only a few pieces of furniture to clothe it.

“It’s so new I haven’t had time to furnish these two rooms yet, but I’m doing fine with the rest of the house. Here’s the den. I can show this off.”

“Leathery and Western,” Yvonne describes it. It is. There is a leather bar with three gay stools, and a fireplace, and lamps with shades made of calfskin. “I’m hunting now for calfskin rugs to match the lamps.”

The entire De Carlo estate consists of six rooms. After the den comes her mother’s bedroom, (Continued on page 82)
A dream must be given life . . . this Hurd Hatfield knew as he stood at the French window and remembered

The Heritage Of Hurd

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Sister, the cocker spaniel, his cross-country traveler

Hurd is proud of his artist mother. Hurd's seen now in "The Diary of a Chambermaid"
Hurd Hatfield had come home. He stood at the French window of the Manhattan co-operative apartment his father bought many years ago, looking out over the city blurred by falling snow. Below Morningside Park lights shone mistily in the buildings and on the cars that moved and halted in traffic.

In the room behind Hurd the dinner candles were being lit. The damask curtains gleamed softly blue and silver. The portrait of his grandfather looked down stern and forbidding but the eyes, characteristically Hatfield, were warm and smiling.

Hurd's spaniel, who had crossed the continent with him because once again a man and a dog are inseparable, barked to be lifted into Hurd's arms. Her registered name is Susie Q. But, as Hurd discovered, you can't go about calling, "Here Susie Q, here Susie Q, here Susie Q." Whereupon her name became Sister.

The winter wind screamed and directly under the window snow swirled about Carl Schultz immortalized in stone there on the esplanade. Hurd, as a child, had woven many a romance about that heroic figure.

For a brief magic spell the years fell away and Hurd was a little boy standing by that window dreaming. Winter nights he always had loved best. With snow outside he had found it doubly cozy and secure within. Besides winter,
Cop Hatfield. Just before the war he pounded a beat for the Lido Club.

Hurd can look back to his childhood and summer days spent with loyal camp pals. And even then his theater dream was taking form.
At Kamp Kill Kare artist Hatfield painted and sold his work for as much as a dollar apiece to his mind, was infinitely more dramatic. In winter, downtown in the theaters great stars acted in great plays, music swelled through Carnegie Hall, women wore jewels and wonderful scents, like his mother when she bent to kiss him good night before dining out with his father.

The memory evoked was so vivid that Hurd could feel the warmth of the little sleeping suits he had worn. Always crayons had been stuffed into the pocket so he could draw in bed—dwarfs usually.

Hurd says, “When I stood at that window I saw myself grown up, doing things in the theater, surrounded by lights and people. It was a mood more than anything else.

“Which is why probably I haven’t been really surprised at what’s happened. Consciously and intellectually I find it too good to be true. But emotionally it’s as if I had found that towards which I’ve been traveling ever since I can remember, even since, actually, I was about four and a half years old.”

His delight with life which he terms “fantastic,” because for him it is quite that exciting and wonderful, colors his voice, and his grin, and his least movement.

“Always, I’ve seen myself in the theater, not necessarily as a star, rather as someone in a workshop, studying, learning, trying. And that, more or less, is how it has come to be. Naturally! I say ‘naturally’ because I happen to believe that when we concentrate on a thing without strain, we accomplish it.

“We all determine the kind of a person we are, of course. And little by little, by the things we think and do, (Continued on page 112)
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
My husband has been dead for six years; I have two lovely daughters, Jeanette, twelve, and Patsy, nine. I am thirty-four.
Through friends I met a wonderful man four years ago. He is well-established in business and is a very pleasant comrade. I'm very, very much in love.
Of course, there always has to be a catch, I suppose. When I told the girls that I was planning to marry this man, Jeanette burst into tears and said she would run away if I did. I was speechless with amazement because Bob and Jeanette had played piano duets by the hour, he had taught her to dance and has repeatedly brought both girls lovely gifts.

Naturally, the happiness of my daughters is vitally important to me, but I do feel that I am still young enough to deserve a life of my own. However, every time I mention marriage Jeanette cries for hours. I've tried to tease her out of it, and I've tried to be sweetly reasonable, but nothing so far has any effect.
Do you think my first duty is to my girls? Or should I marry Bob and then try to reconcile Jeanette?

Dear Mrs. McD:
I wish that you had told me whether Jeanette has ever given any real reason for her objection to your marriage. After all, she was only six when her father died, so she can't have any very clear remembrance of him. Has she glorified him to the point where she couldn't bear the presence of another man in his stead? Or is she so jealous of you that she can't endure the prospect of sharing you?

I can think of but one possible solution. Why don't you have Bob take her for a drive, alone, some day and question her? Since they appear to be on the best of terms, perhaps he could extract the real reason for her tears.

Once you have learned the cause, there will surely be some cure. I believe that Bob, himself, is the key. If your daughter has idealized her father, he can assure her that he does not seek to take her father's place, but wishes to make a place uniquely his own in your family. If she is jealous, he should explain that your love is ample enough to encompass two daughters and a husband.

I should be very interested in a future letter from you, telling me what happens next.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I'm so fooled up that I had to ask for advice from someone.
I met a girl in February, 1943, on a blind date, and fell deeply in love with her. Two months later I was sent overseas and didn't get back until June of 1945. Two weeks after I got home we were married. Then I found out that she had been writing to an ensign and having dates with him.

As luck would have it, I was stationed at the same base with him. I asked him to meet me for lunch or a drink to talk this thing over and he always agrees to meet me, then doesn't show up. He sends my wife flowers and writes to her. She has offered to let me read the letters, but I don't read other people's mail.

In our family we have twenty-four marriages and never a divorce, so I don't want to break the record, but I don't know what to do about my wife. She sits and thinks about this ensign, and sighs, and says she just can't make up her mind whom she loves.

I love my wife very much, but do you think I ought to get wise to myself and get out?
Olin McD. (Continued on page 70)
You'll adore it...this new

POSTWAR ARRID

No other Deodorant
stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely!

...As shown by our tests...

It's the improved deodorant you've been
waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy
deodorant that gives you maximum pro-
tection against perspiration and odor
with safety to your skin and clothes! We
believe no other deodorant of any sort...
liquid or cream...meets the standard set
by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for
stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

Only safe gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5way protection:

1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, accord-
ing to our laboratory tests.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy...easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being
harmless to fabric.

ARRID...gives maximum protection against perspiration
with safety to skin and clothes!

SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID: Carol Bruce Gertrude Niesen Beatrice Lillie Grace Moore Jessica Dragonec Jane Froman
Dear Mr. McR:
I wish you had told me how old your wife is. I strongly
suspect that she is extremely young, since the business of her
staring into space and sighing over a man other than her
husband is the behavior of a moonstruck adolescent.
Also, it seems to me that the behavior of the ensign is
strictly from high school. That he should send your wife
flowers and letters when he knows that you are at home and
that you have sought to talk to him about the situation is proof
of extreme immaturity.
I suggest writing to the chaplain at your base and tell him
your story as frankly as you have told me. He will keep your
confidence, and I imagine that he will get in touch with
that ensign and give him something to think about.
Don’t get excited and take some step that you would regret.
Be patient, but firm. Remind her that you are the head of the
household and that you have no intention of divorcing her.
She may be just trying to get a reaction from you.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I met Ken nearly four years ago when I was a sophomore and
he was a senior in high school. When he graduated,
he joined the Air Corps. He trained in
this country for at
least two years, then
was sent overseas for a
short time during the
war.
While in training, he
wrote me, telling me
he loved me and asking
me to wait for him. I
wrote him nice friendly
letters to him, but I
refused to get serious.
Our trouble started when he was at home on a
forty-day furlough. He spent only
two out of the thirty
weeks at home, and he
told me he had to spend
the rest of the time with his mother.
When he went back to base, I wrote him a
long letter telling him
that it was interesting for him to think he
was old enough to be
in love with a girl, but
that he wasn’t old
enough to avoid being
led around by his
mother. He answered
in a nice letter, saying
he loved me more than ever
for what I had
written and that he
would forget the tone
of my letter.
He has now been
released and has re-
turned to go to college. He has neither called me nor tried to
see me during the month he has been home. I am now certain
that I really love him and there could never be anyone else.
Should I make him speak to me, or should I leave things alone
and hope that he’ll come to his senses and renew our romance?
Benita B.

Dear Miss East:
The explanation is simple. Men in service lived for mail
call. It was the only break in a sometimes dreadful day; it was
the single, uncontacted contact with the civilian world.
Cunning characters, soon discovered that a love letter was far
more likely to extract a quick and lively response from a girl
than a merely newsy and friendly letter. So the boys wrote
long poems in the manner of strategy. I was talked to postal
officers responsible for censoring outgoing GI mail, and report
has it that some men were writing earnestly to five or ten girls.
Here is another thing: No matter how sincere a man might
have been in his overseas letters, he is likely to reconsider his
attitude when he returns to civilized life. Many men have written
to me saying that an engagement or marriage seemed a fine
idea when they were in uniform, but that—having been
demobilized and having learned of the housing shortage and
other civilian problems—they were convinced that no such
serious step as marriage should be considered now.
So don’t be the aggressor. Take an interest in other boys.
Just remember that the girls, as well as ex-service men, are
having to be rehabilitated.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-four, my husband a year older. We’ve been mar-
ried five years and are more deeply in love now than ever.
When we were first married, we lived near my husband’s
family in another state. My husband’s mother seemed to be
happy at first to see us married, but she is not the person
one takes to a stranger into the family. In conversations, she always
managed to shut me out or to interrupt me and never let
me finish a sentence. Finally I stopped going to see her because
she made me feel so excess-guestish, but I always agreed with
my husband that he should visit her once a year.
My mother-in-law sends my husband Christmas and birthday
presents, but she has never even sent me a card. Since I have
never quarreled with her, I don’t understand her attitude.
My husband has been an angel, understand-
ing my side of it,
yet knowing I under-
stand his. He has been
overseas for the past
year, but he is due
home soon.
He has written to say
that his mother expects
him to spend his entire
terminl leave with her,
as he will be re-
turning here to his
job. His mother is
growing old, so I know
that it is only right for him to spend as much time as
possible with her, but I just can’t bear
the idea of missing
this time with him
when we have been apart for
so long.
My husband says
that his mother wants
him back in his old
room, as if he had
never left, a desire
that rather leaves me out.
Negatively, he feels ter-
rible about the situa-
tion, and I’m heart sick.
Madeleine B.

Dear Mrs. B.:
Upon reading your
letter I must admit
that I was a bit
surprised. “A wife certainly has
the prior right in such
a situation. After all,
the Bible says that
a man shall leave
his father and mother
and cleave unto his
wife.”
Your mother-in-law
wasn’t your standing
with your husband nor your marriage in the least. She is grow-
ing older, so you shouldn’t want to do anything to jeopardize
her health or to make her unduly miserable.
Couldn’t you steel yourself to be noble about the situation?
Couldn’t you write your husband, telling him that you were
desperate to see him, that you adored him, that you had
planned on a second honeymoon, but that you wanted him to
be joyous and without friction, so you hoped he could visit
his mother first, remain as long as he wished, then hurry
home to you?
really believe that self-sacrifice will repay you. I suspect
that your husband will make his visit home as brief as kindness
and filial affection will permit. No man who has been married
for five years is going to find the return to his boyhood room
as disheartening an experience as returning to the wife he adores.
If you can be patient, I’m certain that yours will be a
splendid victory.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
During the three years he was overseas, a boy I had known
all my life wrote to me regularly and I wrote to him. He
returned and asked me to marry him. (Continued on page 72)
"Enticing!"

"No wonder TANGEE SATIN-FINISH Lipstick is a Hollywood sensation."

Glamorous colors? Of course! But that alone doesn’t explain the popularity of Tangee Lipstick in Hollywood. There’s another reason—SATIN-FINISH! This amazing development gives a lipstick wonderful “staying power”...so that you aren’t constantly taking time out for “repairs”. And even on a hot day, Satin-Finish doesn’t get soft—does not run or smear. Remember, only Tangee has Satin-Finish.

**HIT COLORS OF HOLLYWOOD**

**TANGEE GAY-RED**—"to make your lips look young and gay"—a favorite of Mrs. Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

**TANGEE RED-RED**—a clear vivid shade—first choice of Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mrs. George Murphy and many others. Other popular Tangee shades are:

**THEATRICAL RED—MEDIUM RED—TANGEE NATURAL**

Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be
(Continued from page 70) I had known for a long time that I was desperately in love with him, but there was a problem. I am Protestant and Roddie is Catholic.

I explained to him that my father would never consent to our marriage if I had to change my faith, that I loved my family too much to break with them over the issue. Roddie said that his faith didn’t mean anything to him, really, and that he would become an excommunicant.

I insisted that he tell his family at once. He said that no matter what anyone said, he would never go up.

Two days later he called to say he had bad news; his family had talked him out of our marriage. About a week later he came to see me and we were more in love than ever, so he said, once again, that we must be married. We even set the date, and the next day my parents announced our engagement in the newspaper.

I didn’t hear from Roddie for a week and when he finally called, he said that he loved me with all his heart, but that family pressure was just too much for him. So that is the way things stand now.

He is a very fine fellow and was always respectful when we were together. What would you do, Miss Colbert?

Clara M.

Dear Miss M:

For me to attempt to discuss religious conviction in this column would not only be presumptuous, but certainly would invite all manner of criticism from my readers—and justly so. I firmly believe that each of us must work out his own salvation in matters of faith.

However, in your case, I might say that, since any married couple living in the same community with their parents is going to see those parents often, you would be facing a situation of constant friction from one or the other pair of in-laws. If the two of you could live at least a thousand miles away from your parents you would probably be able to work out a happy solution.

There is one other fact to consider: Your boy friend appears to me to be the sort of person who is incapable of sticking to a decision. He reminds me of the donkey who started between two haystacks because he couldn’t decide which was the more attractive. Such a man is likely to make a poor husband. Imagine trying to get him to decide upon buying one of four or five lots on which to build a house. Imagine having your destiny reposing in his shaking hand.

Perhaps it would be wise for you to forget this lad and look around for some more forceful life partner.

Clandette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have tried for some time to acquaint someone of consequence with the ideas I have for film plays, but so far I haven’t even received replies to my letters. No doubt, consideration just isn’t given to anyone not already an accredited writer. I do not claim to be a writer; I only have stories. You can’t write film plays can be written by men who know how.

All I ask is a chance to let my story ideas be read by someone qualified to pass judgment on them. Can you help me?

Emmett W.

Dear Mr. W:

I wish I could help you but I simply can’t. Unfortunately, there have been too many suit cases filed over alleged plagiarism for anyone in Hollywood to touch the literary efforts of unknown writers. All manuscripts are returned to the writer—unopened. I have talked to a good many writers and each has offered this advice: Don’t try to sell ideas. Everyone is filled with ideas; what is needed is a person who can put ideas into story form.

Don’t submit outlines, manuscripts or any other typewritten material to studios. It will be returned.

Do study current magazines and try to sell finished stories to them.

Do write the book you have in mind, then see if you can get it published. Every studio has hundreds of writers studying every issue of every magazine and reading every book published. If you really can write, you will be able to sell your work to some magazine; if your work is published, it will be considered for motion picture purchase.

Clandette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-seven years old and engaged to a wonderful man. Recently I’ve needed that I appear to be aging. My neck muscles are sagging and the lines around my mouth are deeply indented.

This realization is causing me to lose my gay spirit and self-confidence, especially since my fiancé is a little younger than I, and considerably younger looking.

Tell me, is there a safe method of looking younger?

Helen S.

Dear Miss S:

I don’t think you should torment yourself about your appearance. Since you are engaged, it is apparent that a “wonderful man” found you desirable.

It is natural for a woman about to be married to criticize herself; this is known as bride’s jitters and indicates nothing except a woman’s commendable eagerness to be attractive to her husband.

However, there are some things for you to do which will result in a reassuring glow. For one thing, you should make it a rule to get nine or ten hours of sleep a night as often as possible. Also plan to get daily exercise in the open air.

Go to a good beauty shop and ask them to restyle your hair. Nothing “picks up” a woman’s appearance quite so much as a becoming new coiffure.

Finally, if it is at all possible, take a course of body massage. You will arise from the rubbing table with sparkling eyes and a glowing countenance.

But the final word—what difference does age make? We can’t stop the clock.

And the most wonderful secret of life is that each period of existence holds promise for those eager enough to live to the fullest without backward glance.

Clandette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Clandette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she’ll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
ON WINNING THE ACADEMY AWARD AS THE BEST ACTRESS OF 1945!

Dear Joan Crawford:

We want to add our round of applause to the tremendous ovation that greeted your award.

Your performance in Warner Bros’ "Mildred Pierce" - a difficult role portrayed with honesty, intelligence, and all the skill that comes from years of experience in your profession - certainly deserves recognition.

Through your personality and the wide variety of roles you have played - from the flamboyant flapper of "Our Dancing Daughters" to the mature characterization of "Mildred Pierce" - you have become a vital part of the American scene and screen. And we, along with millions, just want to say, "It couldn't happen to a nicer person."

Very sincerely,
The Bottlers of Royal Crown Cola

P.S. Best wishes for a repeat in your forthcoming Warner Bros’ picture, "Humoresque."

Joan is one of the great stars who have won Academy Awards and who have named Royal Crown Cola their winner in the famous cola taste-test!

MORE THAN 100 HOLLYWOOD STARS have taken the cola taste-test. They tried leading colas in paper cups and selected Royal Crown Cola as best-tasting. Try it! Say "RC for me!" That’s a quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola — the only cola that’s best by taste-test!

NEHI CORPORATION • COLUMBUS, GA.
The Intimate Story of Ingrid

(Continued from page 36) occupation he was particularly impressed with the loveliness and smart appearance of the girls riding their bicycles. Wondering how they managed to maintain their traditional chic despite their hardships and limited means, he had asked one of the girls how they accomplished this feat. The girl's reply was the answer this hard-bitten war correspondent found to explain Bergman. "Class," the girl had said, "is not what you wear, but how you feel."

It was during our stay in Canada that the little-known Bergman temper flared. An important function had been pre-arranged in her honor in Ottawa at the mansion of a social lioness of the capital city. The guests were polyglot bigwigs: Politicians, statesmen, foreign dignitaries. Strictly a white-tie-and-tails affair.

The hostess, an officious, possessive type of the species, took Miss Bergman firmly in hand and presented her to the 200-odd guests. Having met them all, Miss Bergman puzzled over a slight matter of protocol. Clearly remembering having been introduced to various European ministers and consuls, she became imbued with the suspicion that there was a serious diplomatic omission.

Quietly she turned to her hostess and inquired: "Where is the Swedish consul?"

To which the hostess coolly replied: "I am a Swede, and if this party is in my honor, why wasn't the Swedish consul invited?"

That smoldering, grim anger which is the heritage of the Norse clouded the Bergman countenance.

"And why not?" she wanted to know. "I am a Swede, and if this party is in my honor, why wasn't the Swedish consul invited?"

The hostess, set back on her heels, forthwith sent for the gentleman in question. Upon his arrival Ingrid concentrated her undivided attentions on the consul and his wife. And then, still rankling at the faux pas, she abruptly decided she'd had enough of the affair. Suggesting to her countryman that she would like to visit his home, she bade her hostess a glacial goodnight, and we spent the rest of the evening at the Swedish Consulate.

Now it can be told.

One afternoon, toward the end of October in 1945, a conference concerning a vital issue took place in a very private dining room at Lucey's restaurant near the RKO Studios. The group included several studio executives, a couple of lawyers, director Alfred Hitchcock, Grant York, and Ingrid Bergman.

The seven-months-old strike of studio workers had reached an alarming stage of bitterness and violence. Mass picketing was in progress at several major studios, including RKO where Hitchcock, Grant and Bergman were currently engaged in filming "Notorious."

These three principals, like many other directors and actors, had refused to cross the picket lines. Their costly production was at a standstill and was daily running into more money.

Soberly the conferences discussed the pros and cons of a very involved situation. One of the lawyers spoke at length, explaining that this was a jurisdictional dispute between opposing unions, that Cary and Ingrid by their refusal to cross the picket lines were unjustly multiplying production expenses, forcing up the studio costs.

He said to Ingrid: "I don't understand. Miss Bergman, why you take this stand now when last spring you didn't object to crossing the picket lines to work on 'The Bells of St. Mary's.' The situation hasn't changed. It's still the same strike."

Ingrid, Bells had reached a violent stage: "I didn't know then what the strike was all about. I was confused like many others. I am still confused and I still don't understand why the studio picketed."

"I only know this: Now it is different—people are getting hurt. They are going to jail and going to hospitals. Families are suffering. And something should be done to stop it!"

The meeting broke up shortly thereafter. The strike heads left, realizing that until means had been found to bring striker and studio together in peace and harmony, the humanity of Ingrid would not allow her to go back on the set.

SYMPTOMATIC of the unpredictable Bergman were several incidents that happened on a trip to New York.

After an absence of three years she looked forward expectantly to doing three things: The first two she accomplished within two hours of her arrival—a succulent hamburger (with onions) at Hammer's Heaven and a hot fudge sundae at Schrafft's. The third was to see a play every matinee and (Continued on page 76)
BORDERLINE ANEMIA*  
steals your energy and spoils your fun!

How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Perhaps you need to build up your blood—your supply line of energy.

Build blood and energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

If your face is unusually pale and you tire far too easily it may well be the result of a Borderline Anemia and you should take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are especially formulated to help you combat Borderline Anemia by restoring puny red blood cells to normal size and color. And remember—vigor and healthy good looks depend on the energy released by healthy red blood cells! Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have the signs of this depressing Borderline Anemia take Ironized Yeast. It can help you build up your blood—and your natural vitality and appeal.

* BORDERLINE ANEMIA—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause TIREDNESS, LISTLESSNESS, PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can’t release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast TABLETS
(Continued from page 74) every evening.

The latter ambition embraced a desire to see Mae West in "Catherine Was Great," at which I renounced.

"In heaven's name why?" I said, coughing my objection in a polite understatement. "Everyone says it has the fragrance of a polecat."

"She's a wonderful personality," said Ingrid, "I want to see if there's anything I can learn from her. It may come in handy sometime."

We saw the bawdy performance—and it lived up to the verdict of its critics. I ventured the hope that she was not satisfied, but Miss Bergman, it must be said, was trapped. "Let's go see a picture," she said.

Ingrid's low-heeled, slipper-like shoes are by this time as well known as Churchill's snout. She wears them because of her height—five feet, eight-and-a-half inches—and because she likes to walk.

And when I make the mean locomotion as practiced by Scandinavian giants, Long, sturdy, purposeful strides—a trying ordeal even for tall men whose lives have been spent in pedestrian adjustment to medium-sized widenesses.

Thus, in her beloved Manhattan, Ingrid Bergman gives full expression to stretching her legs. Up and down the avenues, from Central Park to 34th Street, from Park Avenue to Englishtown, in rain or shine or blizzard.

Autumn of 1946 will find her in New York, enacting the role of Joan of Arc in Maxwell Anderson's "Loyalties." New York will see much of her. Look for her. When you see the head of a goddess above those rivers of people, if it wears no hat and reaches the edge of the block before you can say "Spellbound," you may rest assured—

That was Ingrid Bergman!

More than the story, more than her leading men, paramount importance is placed by Ingrid Bergman on the selection of a director. With this professional attitude she looks forward eagerly to making pictures with the top directors.

Her anticipation reached a high pitch at the prospect of doing a picture with Leo McCarey, maker of "Going My Way," one of the directorial immortals. After long and (to her) exasperating negotiations between McCarey and David O. Selznick, who was her boss at the time, she finally was set to play Sister Benedick opposite Bing Crosby's Father O' Heracle in "The Bells of St. Mary's."

The business details (with which Miss Bergman has no rather slight interest) having been consummated, she was immediately ready for the initial conference with McCarey. Then came the can't-get-together luncheon date, one o'clock at Lucey's. At twelve o'clock the star, whose contract is worth fifty million dollars to any studio, was like Seabiscuit at the starting gate, stand- up and down the huge lodge-like living room of her Beverly Hills bungalow, she was anxious to get going. Presently she decided to get going—she'd drive slowly, and that would get her there at the right time.

But once she got into her car—an inconspicuous coupe—she couldn't go slowly, so great was her excitement over this launching of a new cinematic ship. She stepped on the accelerator and arrived fifteen minutes early. Now, what to do with fifteen ineminable minutes?

She thought: "I'll take a walk around the block. It would be good for me to arrive first and sit by myself. I could use a cocktail but it wouldn't be good to be seen drinking by myself." She parked the car and then caught sight of Leo McCarey, himself nervous but composed, standing at a door. "Leo!" she said, "What are you doing?"

"Ah," he said, flushing crimson, "I just couldn't wait. I've been walking up and down here since twelve o'clock.

Thur, a crazy Swede and a screwy Irishman kept a rendezvous to give the world and his wife and children a magnific opus entitled "The Bells of St. Mary's."

It is symphonic of Bergman that when she beheld the similarly zealous McCarey she called him only by his given name. She nanaly as commonplace in the Hollywood as the personal pronoun. Even men whose psyche would not be suspected of nev- eres employ these terms in ordinary conversation with each other.

Greetings and exclamations are punctuated by darling, dear, sweetheart, and even a stilted "and." But Ingrid Bergman has never been heard to utter one of them.

And no one, despite her natural, easy friendliness with her new co-star's daughter, has been brash enough to address this inwardly regal lady with the rising inflection of—"Ba... by!"

Ingrid Bergman had the improbable, and everything she does or says is improbable in a community where vanity, surface and pose are keynotes.

Screen of the improbable stem from her strangely contrasting qualities: She is at once stubborn and adaptable, elusive yet simple, proud and humble, innately gracious yet ready to fight tooth-and-nail. From her crisply fresh beauty, unadorned by artifice; her almost startling lack of affectation; her passionate devotion to her work, a profession that is the very antithesis of the common wealth without regard for its lavish rewards; her magnificent lack of doubt or fear from a good, decent faith; her honesty; her sensitive intelli- gence, qualities for which the world thanks. . . .

Her generosity and warmth; a gay and sparkling nature that makes her the adored of every co-worker; her grandeur as a person, and as an artist; her humility as a human being.

Ingrid Bergman is both Earth and Olympus.

Many factors go to make Bergman the great human being she is. Only a close friend could know that Bergman will be back next month with more fascinating observations on this distinguished woman.

No One Year Subscriptions

Because of the unprecedented de- mand for PHOTOPLAY we cannot possibly print enough copies to sup- ply all who want subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY.

New and renewal subscriptions may be deferred as much as two months until prices on our subscription list are available.

Therefore, to limit subscriptions to the number that can be supplied each month, PHOTOPLAY is re- luctantly forced to refuse both new and renewal one-year subscriptions.

We are accepting, however, to delay in servicing, two-year sub- scriptsions at $3.60 and three-year subscriptions at $5.40. These prices apply to U. S. and U. S. Possessions and Territories, Canada and Newfoundland. For subscription prices to all other countries see information at end of contents page.

We will continue to accept one-year subscriptions for the members of the armed forces.
RINGS BY WOOD  (1850-1949) Beloved by brides for almost a century

"So Long as Ye Both Shall Live..." It's a solemn moment, the moment when two lives are joined as one... a solemn purchase, the ring that encircles two hearts. And we count it a solemn responsibility... to make the rings that mark life's major milestones.

Rings by Wood are made of precious metals, in traditional good taste. Rings by Wood are set with diamonds chosen by expert judges of brilliance and clarity and cut. Rings by Wood have been beloved by brides for almost a hundred years. Within each ring your jeweler will show you the mark, "Art-Carved." Diamond rings from $75 to $5,000. Wedding rings from $9.


BE SURE TO LOOK FOR Art-carved® WITHIN THE RING

*Trade Mark Reg.
People Will Say They're in Love

(Continued from page 33) Sonja still laughs as she tells about it. "Not a soul knew he was in town," she says, "but when he emerged from that telephone booth, in spite of the early hour, he was completely surrounded."

The next morning, they breakfasted in Sonja's suite, together with her mother. Van, oblivious of the fact that the thirty-odd reporters and cameramen waiting in the hall even knew he was there, sat back and relaxed over a second cup of coffee.

"He really thought," says Sonja incredulously, "that the press was waiting to see me although I'd been in town for days and days. At last, unable to endure the pounding on the door for another minute, I invited the boys in. 'Here he is,' I told them, 'Come and get him!' The sheer astonishment on Van's face was so funny."

Finally, when the last reporter and photographer had departed, Van suggested a shopping trip to Marshall Field's. "I need to get a few things," he explained. "You make it all sound very casual," Sonja protested. "Don't you know you'll be mobbed?"

"I doubt it," said Van, who hadn't been out of Hollywood very much since becoming famous. "Come on!"

It was Sonja's turn to grin later when, back in her suite, she and her mother were putting together the bits and pieces. "Maybe now," she told him, "you'll know how popular you are and realize you just cannot go about like a private citizen."

Six days they had together. Every night during those days Van watched her show from the seat she had put aside for him at the Chicago Stadium. Afterwards they went to supper and talked and talked.

Sonja certainly is very much the girl Van always has described as his ideal. She's older than he is; thirty-three to his thirty. And he has always liked girls who were his senior.

Van also has said, "The girl I marry doesn't have to be pretty in the accepted sense. I'd rather she'd just be attractive. I'd like her to be intelligent, too. Interested in the things I'm interested in. Successful and with a sense of humor."

Sonja, with her wide face and turned-up nose, is not pretty. However, her blonde head, her golden hair, her smiling eyes, her smile, make her gay and vital, intelligent and successful. Singled out, equipped with some advice from her mother and a pair of skates, she has turned ice skating into big business, each of her tours grossing about two and a half million dollars.

She also has a sense of humor. Otherwise she couldn't laugh, as she does, at several statements Van was quoted as making to the New York press. Such as "Sonja who?"

And, when asked whether he and Sonja planned to marry, "Drive!

"He has told me he didn't say those things," Sonja smiled with quiet confidence. "So I know he didn't."

"Tell me," she said "what is 'drive'?"

"American slang still puzzles her at times. "Is it something nice or is it—nasty?"

"It's not nice," we explained.

She smiled. "Then Van didn't say that either. Not because it concerns me. But because he's not kind. For the people he likes he will do anything—and he likes just about everybody."

"And loves you?" It was a question.

Sonja laughed. "That you have to ask him," she told us.

It would do no good, for this is one question the usually talkative Van doesn't answer—except, it may be, behind closed doors for his Metro bosses. His Metro bosses, you see, are rumored as wishing he would forget Sonja. Which is understandable, as Van is the most valuable "property" on the Metro lot. And who knows how marriage might affect his popularity. Sonja points out that marriage didn't hurt Frank Sinatra's career. In Van's fan mail are letters from women old enough to be his grandmother. He has an ingenious quality which causes women, young and old, to become excitedly and tenderly protective about him.

Until now, of course, he has been pretty much the same character off screen that he has been on screen which has accentuated his appeal no doubt. A marriage to Sonja, who is older and well known for her business ability, might spoil the public's image of him. Whereupon the great for-
tune his popularity represents would be jeopardized, together with all his studio has invested in him.

Motion-picture circles, understanding Metro's position in this romance, were amused this spring when, just as Sonja was returning to Hollywood with her Ice Revue, Van was rushed out of town on his first real vacation in five years.

To the best of his ability Van cooperated. He gave the three publicity men who accompanied him every possible break. Aware of the job they had to do he gave no romance stories to the reporters who interviewed him in Florida and New York. And he acquiesced when asked to pose with Jacqueline Dayla, with whom he's been linked romantically, when he and Jacqueline changed to be in Miami and in New York at the same time.

At the same time, however, he protected Sonja. He called her frequently long distance. He put in a special telephone call to explain the pictures taken of him with Jacqueline. He telegraphed her orchids. As soon as he and his publicity entourage had reservations back to California he wired for a date the night of his return.

As Sonja says: "Van is too grateful for what his studio has done for him to annoy them too much—if he can help it."

But sometimes, it is plain to see, he can't help it. . . .

II

E was an unofficial guest of honor at the sumptuous dinner party Sonja gave for Prince Bernadotte. He's taking tennis lessons so he can give Sonja, an excellent player, a more interesting game. He's accepted her promise to teach him to skate. They swim together in her long, blue-tiled swimming pool. And they go to movies.

Sonja enjoys movies as much as Van. She's seen every picture he ever made. "Weekend at the Waldorf" she caught in New York between ice shows.

"If two people are companionable and share each other's likes and dislikes it must help make an ideally happy marriage." That's what Van has said. And Sonja says it too.

Obviously, they like the same things, Sonja even takes the crowds who push her away from Van with good grace. And a girl who has been limelighted nearly all her life—for she was little more than a child when she became ice-skating champion of the world—might very well not like being pushed out of the way.

When asked about this she was a little bewildered herself for a moment. Then she said, "I don't mind, somehow. I enjoy his glory in a way. I guess. After all I've had it all my life. Now it's his turn."

She's changed since she has known Van. And Van has changed too. He openly loves Sonja's lovely, gracious house. "You're lucky to have all this," he told her the first time he visited her and she was showing him her "trophy room" in which a paneling on all four walls is hidden by the trophies she has won.

He's impressed by the smoothness with which her house is run, her gay and lavish parties, and her lovely clothes.

He's always wanted a home, you see, but has been quick to admit he wouldn't know the first thing about running it.

Now Van is looking for land. When he finds it he'll build a home. Whether he has asked Sonja to share it or whether she would say yes if he did no one knows. It's possible neither is entirely certain of the strong attraction they have for each other. However, those who know them best believe they would do all right together, and they have many reasons—all of which make sense to me—to sing in chorus the liltiing song—"People Will Say We're in Love."

Well, aren't they?
Sunrise Serenade

(Continued from page 3) daughter of California's most famous American tenors, was accustomed to luxury. Duke, honored that she had chosen him from among all her suitors, was delighted that her screen career permitted him to indulge her in the surroundings and gaiety she loved so well. So their life went along in a very chic manner. Prolifically also, a year after young Michael was born, Stuart Rounder's children, loved and adored by his kids—but also he loved his work and that began to be the rub.

"I think I've had more bad pictures than anyone else in Hollywood," he explains it now, wrinkling up his forehead in that worried way he has, "but all my pictures have been hard-work pictures. Duke never goofed up the stars or Western quickies. You not only try to act in those and try to keep your dialogue from sounding as phony as it really is, but you take a real physical beating in them—and you do it all in twelve days or so. Then maybe you get a half a week's break, and you're back in another.

"Now a guy in pictures has got to look well and he's got to be so sleek! I could die. I loved having my friends around but the routine of getting in at one A.M. and then up again at five to be on a horse in the desert-where it's been six-when I got to curl up, that's all."

WHEN Mike and Toni were five and her father Pat was twenty-six, there was a bit more than a year, along came Melinda. It was at the time of Melinda's arrival that the basic rift, which had always existed between Josie's and Duke's interests, came to a head. Surfacings in Hollywood met Director John Ford and made "Stagecoach," knew, even though he couldn't bring himself to talk about it, that now he wanted to be an artist at last, with John Ford's friendship and guidance, he aspired to something much more than riding away from or into a camera. By this time the rift between John and Josie's moods, a difference of interests, had grown. John grew more and more silent. Weeks went by when they barely saw one another, everything at home. For Duke, who was at work by dawn, now went to bed in the early evening.

Finally Duke left home. It was a big wrench for him because it meant leaving the children. Of his children he says, "I think my kids are the most wonderful, handsomest kids on earth. Pat and Mike are terrific, and as for my two girls—well, I listen late with the most beautiful girls in the whole United States." He didn't dare expect a divorce. Josie is a Catholic.

Between pictures one day he went down to Mexico City to get away from it all. He wanted to be with people who were simple and uninvolved. However, the Mexican film industry took him up in a big way, and a bloom came over his face, his jacket and his company smile to be an honored guest at a dancing party at the glitziest night club. Next to him sat Esperanza Marchand's eyes. Her eyes were dark eyes, like Josie's, and she was tall and slim, like Josie, but there the resemblance stopped. For she was bored by the party, as bored as she was. He knew she couldn't much rather be on a horse riding in the moonlight," she said, "than sitting in this stuffy old room being too polite." That did it. Duke acknowledged as how he had to stay at the party, being the guest of honor. She acknowledged that she had to stick around, since she was lending out the company that was throwing the affair.

"But we could ride tomorrow morning and see the sunrise," said Duke.

"I would like that," said Chotta.

"Chotta's a nickname for Esperanza, which really means Hope," the new Mrs. Wayne explains; "it is just a name Mexican girls give children when they get big enough to be any longer called Chottachita."

They found out a lot about one another on that first ride. Duke found out Chotta was born in France, half Mexican. He quickly discovered her favorite sports were riding and swimming. She genuinely hated night clubs and a social existence and she loved acting.

Chotta didn't ask Duke about himself. She already knew.

I asked her, "How did you feel about him on that first ride?"

"Somehow or other the camera loses Chotta's beauty, her exquisite length of limb, her slim, flat waist, her large generous mouth and her laughing eyes. A warmth of personality emanates from her, heady as a powerful perfume. She studied English as a child in school, but it is still slightly mixed-up. She says, in an awkward manner of things like, "I like a little cook," and "These house I like most of what we saw because the terrain is such pretty," meaning she admires the garden as well as the house. She moves constantly, not restlessly but from an abundance of energy and she says, "Ooooh, I forgot a cigarette lit." When Photoplay's photographer was posing her, looking into Duke's eyes, she smiled her beautiful smile and murmured, "This you no need to hurry.

So, when I asked her about her feelings at meeting Duke, she said, "I feel like any other girl would—but surely you tease me. You know how I would feel."

"When I first see Duke in Mexico, where most of the men they are so short, I know it is good for me. I know that when I, who am so long, dance with him his head will be above me which never happened to me before."

WHEN Duke came back to Hollywood, she didn't forget Chotta, but he was a bit afraid of falling in love at first. He threw himself into his work and his career went ahead faster than it ever had before. He got his first chance at comedy with Jean Arthur in "A Lady Takes a Chance," and that pleased him much. He lived in peace and in simply and quietly. The only trouble with it was that he was lonely. He found he missed a home more than he realized he could be lonely, but he was in the house. When pictures, he took a flying trip to Mexico and saw Chotta again. He asked Chotta if she would consider giving up her career ever. She said, yes, she would if she married.

Late in 1944, Jo Wayne filed her divorce action. She got the custody of the children but she gave John the right to visit them whenever he wished.

Immediately a lot of correspondence began to cross the brother, Duke's letters to Chotta, Chotta's letters to Duke. They wrote about horses and swimming and little houses and acting and, of course, one another.

"I don't wish ever for acting again," Chotta wrote to him, "I am glad for the Duke that I did act for a while for it makes me know, without his having to explain anything at all, when he is tired or cross. Then I either baby him or I just go away and dance and sing.

There is no denying the fact that the Duke does glow sometimes, for he has all the temperament of the creative person. The Duke has a way of which Chotta is that she accepts such temperament with a gay serenity. Her amused face says, very clearly,
this is my husband. This is his home. His is the law and I abide by it—but my eyes can dance just the same.

It works out for relaxation. For the first time in his career, Duke is being his own producer, and also, for the first time since he became a star, he's at the studio from early morning till late at night, whether or not he's needed there. He's there just because he loves it. His pictures will release through Republic and his first own production will be called "The Gun." It's up to his handsome eyes in details on it right now.

Everything Duke and Chotta have done together has been uninvolved but fundamentally Duke's original, small-town-boy pattern. They were married at the Long Beach, California, Presbyterian Church because that's Duke's mother's church and her pastor, the Rev. Johnson Calhoun, who is an old friend of the Morrison family, performed the ceremony. Chotta wanted an old-fashioned gold wedding ring, so Duke got it for her, but he wanted to design a special diamond ring for her engagement gift, so she hasn't received that yet, or the 1946 automobile he ordered for her.

Chotta doesn't fuss. She knows they will be there presently—manana, as the Mexicans say.

For their honeymoon, they flew to Honolulu. They went on the first plane on which civilians were allowed to travel without priorities, and since it was the first vacation Duke had had in five years, they looked forward to long, lazy days in the sun. So they were in the Islands for three weeks and it rained every day of them.

The test of their compatibility was that they didn't mind at all. They went sightseeing in the downpours. They sailed to the small, off-the-beaten-track islands. They climbed up to the crater of volcanoes. They went mullet fishing and swimming. They had fun, doing everything and doing nothing.

They still do. With Duke back at work again—he had one day off between "They Were Expendable" and "Without Reservations"—they are not going out evenings at all. "Mostly Chotta reads and I sleep," Duke says.


"How's he doing?"

"Bad, bad," Chotta said. "Ver' bad."

"Because I have a problem," said the Duke. "You see, I can't keep my mind off the teacher."

The End

The Gallup Audience Research Inc. Poll
for the annual Photoplay Gold Medal Awards
is the movie industry's only national public opinion poll

Want Kiss Appeal?

You have it—when your skin is silky and smooth.

But you're a "dry-skin girl"?

This new I-Cream Beauty Treatment (with Jergens Face Cream) is wish-fulfilling help for dry-skin troubles.

It's simple, easy, to have this I-Cream Beauty Treatment

Just snatch "little" minutes every day . . . for smooth-skin treatments with this new Jergens Face Cream. So capable, you use Jergens Face Cream like 4 creams:

1. for skillful Make-up Removal and Cleansing
2. for Softening
3. for an oh-so-fine Foundation
4. as a Night Cream—super help for dry skin; effective against dry-skin lines

Added intelligence: Jergens Face Cream is a skin scientist's cream. By the makers of Jergens Lotion. Give this I-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial. Like so many beauty-wise girls, have smooth enchantment . . . with Jergens Face Cream! 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax).

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin
WHY DO AMERICAN GIRLS RATE FIRST FOR CHARM?

Take-it-easy clothes. Skylarking comfort—that's for you! Easy-shouldered suits, good-to-walk-in shoes. And comfort-insurance for "difficult" days. So, the smart gals choose the sanitary napkin that's first for softness—Modess! 3 out of 4 voted it softer to the touch, in a nation poll.

Social Security. Poise? You've plenty! Growing up with boys, dancing lessons, have taught you how to forget yourself, have fun! Poise-polisher—the napkin that's first for safety! Hospital-tested Modess, which 209 nurses found less likely to strike through than leading layer-type napkins.

That scrubbed look. Scads of soap-and-water—every day! You're always spring-breeze dainty in every detail! So again it's Modess for you. First napkin to bring you this priceless daintiness aid—a unique, triple-proved deodorant sealed right in.

Those artful extras. You're a smoothie with the powder puff, lipstick brush—all the "pluses" of super-grooming. And when it comes to comfort-extras, at no extra cost—Modess gives them to you. And does it first! No wonder more and more girls are saying, "I'll take Modess!" Box of 12, full-size or Junior size, only 22¢.

Yippee Yvonne

(Continued from page 63) then Yvonne's feminine with four-poster bed and huge canopy, burgundy-colored drapes, at the windows and a dressing table with white and burgundy ruffles trailing off it. All this is set on a snow-white carpet and framed by walls of light blue.

"Isn't it dreamy?" Yvonne dreams. "When I get into that big bed at night I feel like a princess. It's everything I ever wanted, this house—and as soon as I get the three mortgages paid off, it'll be all mine!

The stables where Yvonne boards her horse is—with Yvonne at the wheel of her car—a breeze away from the white house. The horse was bought long before the house—with her first star's pay check. His name is Little King and he is bigger than the law should allow. Fortunately, the stables provide more normal-sized horses for guests of the non-De Carlo temperament.

A typical De Carlo canter consists of a rough workout in the corral and then setting out on a long, long ride on a Valley trail. How else is a gal who has won elections in rodeo, and is a champion horsewoman going to keep in condition?"

"I usually ride alone on the mornings I'm not working," Yvonne screams chattyly through locks of her hair as she races ahead. "Riding is great for serious thinki-

ing. Or for singing practice—I've sung my pet song, 'Laura,' over miles of these trails. Or else I memorize my lines aloud while I ride."

She rides with the grace movie-goers are struck by when they see her on the screen. Now, miles away from pavements, carbon monoxide and make-up, the white-

ness of her skin against the almost-black hair and the blue-gray eyes produce a sense of magic, a dream of nature's come into being with this blend of girl and horse racing across the earth.

"Want something to eat?" she calls breathlessly. "There's a barbecue stand over the hill."

And on the way the trail leads past the motel where Yvonne lived while she was playing her first starring role in "Salome." This tiny cabin she had shared with her mother (they had been able to find anything else in the housing shortage) was occupied again. Laughing, Yvonne points out where the owner of the auto camp had once hung a sign, "A Movie Star Lives Here," and which had, of course, kept the De Carlo cabin ambushed by autograph hounds.

But now Yvonne is reining in her steed at a barbecue stand. Inside, she perches on a stool at a gleaming counter. The atten-
dant knows Miss De Carlo of old. "Hi, Yvonne," he grins. "What'll it be—the usual prime ribs and a strawberry milk-

shake?"

"Sure," she grins back. "And make it two of both. My riding partner should try your specialties."

"Riding makes you hungry," Yvonne says briskly. She then adds that, except when she is dieting for a picture, she al-

ways eats excessively. "And even when I'm in a picture, the studio can set its watches by my afternoon trip to the com-

missary for a strawberry milkshake—the waitresses starts the shake going at a regu-

lar hour every day."

She chews happily on her prime ribs, and adds, "When I'm not eating ribs, I'm eating fried chicken. Can't wipe up my mind which I like best."

As she leaves the barbecue stand, she suddenly gives a shriek of triumph and points at the candy shelf behind the coun-
ter. "Licorice candy! I want all you'll sell me!" It seems that she has found licorice candy very hard to buy during the war.
years; so she limited herself to three
luscious pieces a day.

On the ride back to the stables, the in-
evitable question is asked (in a loud yell
from horse to horse): What are her roman-
tic tendencies these days? Who's top man?
Howard Hughes, Turhan Bey, Philip Reed,
or Rod Cameron? Or a dark horse?

"Is that a pun about my riding?" she
giggled, and it is obvious that her love
life is going to remain her own. But she
chatters glibly about her women friends.
"I certainly am glad that Universal brought
me and Marjorie Rambeau together—
there's a fine woman," she yells. "We go
out to her ranch a lot and go riding. And
Helen Walker's a fine girl, too."

The strawberry milkshake seems to have
really started her talking, and all the way
back to the stable and then to her home
she goes on—about the vacuum cleaner
she longs to buy; the airplane she wants
to own some day (with her as pilot,
perhaps); her favorite possession, a little
white piano given her by her mother when
she was confirmed. And about her big
business ambition: Soon she wants to own
a string of beauty parlors with the name
Yvonne De Carlo over them. She wants
to build them, specially designed, and to
supply them with her own ideas on hair
styles—and her own cosmetics.

She heartily agrees with Wordsworth's
famous line, "The world is too much with
us, late and soon,"—and lives up to her
belief. As much of the time as possible,
she is alone—and contentedly, busily alone.
She likes to paint, write, listen to her col-
lection of symphonic records, and read—
books on Greek mythology and the theater,
and Shakespeare's plays.

Back at her quiet little French house,
she had one last surprise. Yvonne doesn't
drink or smoke, yet pulled a gold cigarette
case out of her riding pants' pocket and
offered a cigarette. "Oh, I carry 'em for
my smoking friends," she says.

But then Yvonne isn't ordinary. The
Mystery Siren, the girl who "has a way
of unwearing clothes," sets heads spinning.
What with her honesty about mortgages;
her love of licorice, strawberry milkshakes
and horses, what with everything about
De Carlo, it's bewildering.

But maybe we've forgotten something.
Maybe we've forgotten that exotic Yvonne
De Carlo's real name is Peggy Middleton.
Perhaps that explains everything!

The End

Esther Williams
the wonder of the waves
will greet you in a bathing suit
from the cover

Herb Howe
will be on deck with dazzling
facts about her

Make A Date
with your newsdealer now
to get the

July Photoplay

Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why
more women are switching to Fresh
than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries
completely. Fresh contains the most
effective perspiration-stopping
ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth... never sticky or
gritty... doesn't dry out in the jar.
(Continued from page 52) Baron von Henreid by right—an Austrian citizen by birth—educated in France, Austria and Germany—a stage and screen sensation in England—he is currently an American citizen by choice, and perfectly content to forget all the rest of it.

His father, Baron Carl Alphonse, ad
diser to Emperor Franz Joseph, was the only banker in a family whose other sons had followed their inclinations toward ad
dventurous or artistic careers. Paul was just ten when his father died, but he re
members his stopping to talk before going to his office in the morning. “Promise me,” he would say, “that you will never work for money.”

It was not until his first season on
Broadway that Paul felt he was apt to be keeping that promise. For a long nine months in New York, he and Lisl had practically no money at all—but they still considered it a rich experience.

“America is the most wonderful country in the world, even to be poor in. We found that out,” he says with a sincerity beyond that of any native-born citizen. “Even if we had never found success, we would want to stay here always.”

I
ITERALLY, “at home” for the Henreids
means Brentwood, California, in a spar
kling white house every wall of which re
flects their current complete happiness in
being there. Outside, its green yards are
lined with spreading fruit trees, bright
flower beds and a blue-watered swimming
pool. Inside, it is evident that the man
of the house has, among other ac
complishments, a talent for turning com
fort into charm. It was his idea to arrange
to arrange the chairs, couches and cocktail tables all in one large, chunky circle around the open fireplace.

“I have a friend who has fourteen heavy
chairs in his living room—and all he does
is wear himself out moving them around
so that people can face each other. I’ve
got things fixed so that when guests come,
I don’t have to move one single thing.”

A bar in the study is made out of bar
rels, with smaller, copper-banded barrels
for the stools—his own idea for preserving
the containers in which their household
belongings came from New York to Holly
wood. Lisl has followed through with
copper and pewter on open shelves and
with warm-colored fabrics throughout.
The place was formed when she didn’t know
the Henry Fondas, who sold it to Paul for half its cost because they wanted him to have
— he couldn’t pay any more at the time
and because, when he showed up with a
bouquet of roses in his hand, Frances
Fonda just simply tore up all the better
offers, Hank, who now lives up on Tiger
Tail Road, sometimes comes back, Lisl,
and around and says, “If you’d done all
this before you bought it, darned if I’d ever
sold it to you!”

The bowls on every table, filled with
what seems like thousands of matches,
have no special significance except that
the occupants use up a lot of ’em. The
photos on the study wall are all of Paul’s
leading ladies—and will probably in
cluding one canine beauty named Flopse—a
Sealyham who played opposite him in a
couple of European pictures.

The most fascinating spot in the house, to
its owner at least, is his workshop, wherein
he really works. “—on anything they
throw at me,” with vacuum cleaners and
alarm clocks a specialty. Motors, or
rather anything about an automobile, in
trigue him. “Please, only gas and water—”
I have to say every time we stop at a
service station,” says Lisl; “else he will be
sure to make friends with someone who

|Teen age|
|——|
|or double 'teen... young fig|
|ures choose a Wispese to style|
|their curves... it's so soft, light|
|and easy to wear, so well|
|made, such satisfying value.|

WISPES, Inc. • 302 Fifth Ave. • New York 1, N. Y.

Hearthside Pirate

or double 'teen... young figures choose a Wispese to style
their curves... it's so soft, light
and easy to wear, so well
made, such satisfying value.

WISPES, Inc. • 302 Fifth Ave. • New York 1, N. Y.

Paul's most recent fan letter came from
his mother in Europe. Years ago she had
begged Lisl to use her influence to change
his mind about becoming an actor. Lisl
agreed with his family that he was pretty
bad but felt that his major lack was ex
plicitness. The letter was a complete exoneration.
A few weeks previous the Baroness von
Henreid had been picked up by a couple
in a jeep and invited to a showing of “Of Human Bondage” and “The Conspirators.” “You were always
right, and I have been very wrong,” she
wrote Paul. “You are wonderful”—she wrote Paul.
His favorite fault is “being critical”—I'm
one of those fellows who can always man age
world affairs better than someone else
— I keep tell. (Continued on page 86)
There's a man coming into your life
if he's not present already... and you'll be very wise to let him find you
in one of these enchanting new Jantzens. The lines definitely indicate that...
so do the witching colors... or to put it mildly, the new Jantzens
are more potent than ever. Left, Velva-Lure with "Lastex"
yarn 7.95. Right, wool seersucker 6.95... at most stores.
There's something about an American girl...

Pretty Penny Edwards, Conover cover-girl, adores the jasmine bouquet of Dulcinea

Pretty American Perfum... 3.50 plus tax

Leigh Perfumes

DIANA LYNN

A Jonathan Logan playsuit modeled by Paramount's charming 'teen-ager, Diana Lynn. The full, wrap-around skirt and the puffed-sleeve bra in this Paisley print do flattering things for a midriff.

Sizes 9-15. About $10.95. At Rich's, Atlanta, Ga., and Kresge's, Newark, N. J.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96.

(Continued from page 84)
Her real name is Dolly Loehr. She’s as lovely as the Strauss waltzes she used to play when she was a concert pianist. For fun she excels at badminton and collects china animals.

Paramount will next present her on your neighborhood screen in “Our Hearts Were Growing up”
Heart is Growing Up

gay... and a little flirtatious


For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96.
BELITA was christened Belita Gladys Lyne Jepson-Turner about twenty-two years ago at Garlogs, her ancestral home in Hampshire, England. You'll next see Belita, who models these Photoplay selected fashions in Monogram Pictures' psychological murder mystery, "Suspense"


LEFT: A Sacony-Palm Beach bolero suit. Crisply tailored. In brown, black, navy or pastels. 10-20. $22.50. Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.; Hutzler's Baltimore, Md. Cotton accessories by Town and Country available in cocoa brown, black or white. (Hat $3.95—bag $5.95 and shoes $5.95.) Filene's, Boston, Mass., and Frederick and Nelson, Seattle, Wash.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96.
It didn’t take Adrian’s spring fashion parade to tell the Hollywood girls it’s the thing to “float” this season. At parties and night spots they have been wearing the longest, fullest, floatiest skirts imaginable. Skirts are fuller and more rounded at the hips, too. Joan Fontaine even has a skirt with pads at the hip bones!

At the Beverly Hills Club the other night Alice Faye was lovely to look at in a plaid taffeta dinner dress of navy blue and pink. The skirt was short and enormously full. The basque type jacket had crisp puffed sleeves that were on the very short side. Alice’s hat was a tiny navy blue sailor and her bag and shoes were navy too.

Navy is more of a favorite than ever this springtime, especially when accented by white, citron yellow or cinnamon. Ann Sheridan, lunching at La Rue with Steve Hannagan, wore a suit of navy blue and satin. It had dolman sleeves and a tiny tailored peplum. Cinnamon was her accent. A scarf of cinnamon wrapped about the neck is wonderful for your skin tones.

Speaking of navy blue reminds us of Anne Baxter’s wool jersey dress, the skirt of which drapes up into a gold kid belt. Anne tops this dress with a short white bolero and with it wears, of all things, a blue straw bonnet type hat adorned with old-fashioned field flowers. The result is sheer enchantment.

At Basil Rathbone’s party Greer Garson wore a romantic dress of green and white satin. The skirt was long and full. The neckline was very low and filled in with large sprays of white lilacs!

At the Los Angeles premiere of “The Voice of the Turtle,” Joan Bennett wore a strapless evening gown that featured a crisp black lace bodice, a ruffled peplum and a full skirt of black net over pale pink taffeta. Close to the hemline several large roses, fastened to the slip, showed through as Joan floated along. Over her hair she wore a lace snood. And over her dress, she wore a light gray fox stole.

June Haver went Mocamboing in a confection of a dancing dress. The tiered skirt of pink net shaded down almost to a flamingo red. The bodice, of pink satin, was cut low with a neck-line ruffled in pink net. June wore pale pink net mittens, little red velvet wrist bows and red velvet slippers. Ingenuous and bewitching.

At the Brown Derby the other day Gail Russell caught every eye. Her griege (gray and beige) suit-dress with high rolling reverses and a swing skirt looked knitted but wasn’t. It was the buttons, really, that were the pièce de résistance. They were huge topaz-colored stones trimmed with “diamonds.” Gail, whose sense of chic increases all the time, complemented this costume with long gauntlet gloves of brown suede, brown bag and shoes.

Dorothy Lamour’s white chiffon gown at Alvater Kent’s party had a black velvet halter neckline, a tight simple bodice and a full, billowy skirt. Dotty wore an enormous white chiffon scarf banded with black velvet both as a stole and a sari.

Speaking of saris—Ida Lupino has a Persian-inspired draped dinner gown of striped silk. It’s striped in every color imaginable but in subdued tones. With this she wears a chiffon sari that is the color of her hair—a soft reddish blonde.

Sonja Henie, back from her nationwide tour with her ice show, has the whole town talking about her new clothes and her new figure. (Her waistline is (Continued on page 96)
"HEART INVADER"... A tempting tubbable Carole King Original of cool, crisp cotton chambray... dreamy 'n winsome with dainty, fairy-like embroidery caressing the shoulders and skirt. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About $15.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.
PAY YOUR NEW FROCK A COMPLIMENT!

Wear pearls—and see how they add a classic touch to your new clothes . . . especially when they're DELTAH simulated pearls, so closely resembling precious Orientals. Their rich creme-rose color harmonizes beautifully with every costume, daytime or evening. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Once Chosen—
Always Treasured

When you go to the beach this summer take along a gaily striped towel and wear it serape fashion over one shoulder. Good not only for drying purposes after a swim but, worn this way, it is very fashion wise.

Necklines are lower this year. To look your most romantic, edge your low neckline with white. This definitely lends a glow.

Give your suit a new look by wearing different types of dickies . . . Striped satin or sheers with lace trim for "dress up" occasions . . . Crisp white pique or linen, both wonderfully fresh looking, for everyday.

The perfect hat for bangs is the little girl off-the-face Breton. It's good in all fabrics and colors and can be worn the year 'round.

Knit a cardigan. A wonderful all-purpose sweater, the cardigan, and you'll be amazed how much better it will wear and wash when it's hand knit.

Do you have a fitted coat in your wardrobe? Cut it off at the new knuckle length, add an important-looking belt and even your best friends won't recognize it.

Sew white ruffles on your basic dress so they cross at the back of your waist. This way the ruffles lend a crisp and frilly apron effect—and give your dress the new look.

Paint your pearl button earrings with your nail polish, match the color carefully in your lipstick and be a symphony.

Make a full ballet type skirt, calf length, for summertime dancing and team it with your frillest blouses.
Vicki Lynn
June hit of the month
ABOUT $3 AT BETTER STORES.
IN WHITE ONLY. SIZES 32 TO 38.
OTHER STYLES 9-15, 40-46.
Look for this label. It is your assurance of quality—in fabric, tailoring, fit, long life.

Your Figure Line

is Your Lifeline

Glorify it with FORMFIT all the way

Life BRA GIRDLE

You'll look and feel exciting, in these superb Formfit creations. For they work together to glamorize every curve . . . correct every sag and bulge . . . and blend your figure into one continuous Lifeline of supple, fluid movement! Today be fitted and see.

At all the better stores and shops.

THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

CINEMODES

(Continued from page 92) about twenty inches around now!). One evening dress, a favorite, of pale lemon crepe is moulded so tightly it seems a miracle she can breathe. The skirt is slim, long and severely plain with a deep slit at the side. There's nothing over one shoulder and the other is adorned by the narrowest possible band of tightly draped crepe. The bodice of this dress which is very low, back and front, is held up by "wiring." But wait, that's not all—the entire dress is covered with magnificent beading of crystal, sequins and paillettes in a beautiful design. Sonja wears no jewelry. Her suntan is adornment enough.

Gene Tierney loves those new flat ballet shoes. She's been wearing them even with cocktail clothes.

Maureen O'Hara dotes upon the new gold book-and-eye clips her husband, Director Will Price, had designed and made for her. One is a book and one is an eye. She wears them as earrings, pinned on opposite coat lapels and attached to the cuffs of her sleeves. They'd be beautiful in gold and diamonds, or just diamonds!

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write the manufacturers listed below:

Two-piece Paisley playsuit
Jonathan Logan
1375 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Striped dress
McKettrick
1350 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Slack suit
Sun Surf
1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Bolero suit
S. Augstein & Co.
1384 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Matching hat, bag and shoes
Town and Country
St. Louis
Missouri

White shantung with flowers
Forest City Mfg. Co.
1120 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.
From the Golden Coast... Koret of California creates sun'n'fun sportswear you'll vacation in at home or abroad. Frances Ramsden in crisp Polo Shorts with Trik-Tie*, shown as a midriff... to retie as a blouse. Polo Shorts with zipper back closing and multi-color tie trim, sizes 24-30; about $4. Trik-Tie*, sizes 32-38; about $5. Also available in plain fabric. At better stores everywhere.

611 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.

*PAT. PENDING
The Chic
Look
Of Checks

Two-piece summertime smoothie . . .
of small-checked
sharkskin-type rayon . . .
tucked-shoulder
cardigan jacket over slim gored skirt . . .
crisp, cool and detachable
is the
white embroidered-pique dickey . . .
part of the
Rite-Fit dress plan
of special sizing and styling
to streamline and heighten
your average feminine figure.
Sizes 18½ to 24½.
Featured at fine stores everywhere
for about $8.00

Write us for the store
in your vicinity that carries
this and other "RITE-FIT" dresses.

Max Wiesen & Sons Co., Inc.  463 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.
In Defense of My Wife

(Continued from page 39) things. Betty did. Then overnight she had a success which put her right in the big league. Betty went from what was practically oblivion to the spotlight of world attention without a chance to learn values, without any past experience to go by. It was enough to turn any girl's head.

Then from one extreme to another, before she had time to catch her breath, she took a panning that would have staggered even a seasoned star. The plain fact of the matter is that Betty was lauded for one picture out of all proportion to her desserts and panned for another that wasn't by any means her entire fault. Mind you, I am not alibing Betty for what the critics said about her in "Confidential Agent." Betty would kill me if I did because she doesn't go in for that sort of thing. What I think is unfair is that Betty was the target for what the critics admitted was a poor picture. She didn't write it, she didn't direct it, she didn't play all the parts. Yet the critics acted as if the whole thing were her fault. They went out of their way to knock her just as they had to build her up.

We were down on the boat at Balboa when the picture opened and the notices began coming in. I watched Betty's reactions, not knowing at first how to help her. She was badly hurt, there was no doubt of that. Then I decided that the only way to handle the thing was to kid her, and pretty soon we got to the point where she was kidding about it, too. She has a sense of humor, you see. She has a sense of values, too, and she has guts.

STRANGELY enough all this happened at just about the time when Betty was thinking seriously of giving up the screen. Long before we ever met she had determined that some day she would put marriage and a home above any ambitions for a career. She had got her success with her first picture. She had two others coming up, 'The Big Sleep,' and 'Confidential Agent.' We were happily married, and she decided the time had come to be a homemaker for me.

I didn't want to influence her one way or another. I didn't feel I had the right to make an important decision of this kind for her. So I told her that either way was okay with me but it was entirely up to her. I kept thinking of her youth, her eagerness to be successful, her love of acting. What right had I to change her course?

For weeks this hesitancy and indecision kept up. One day Betty would make up her mind to quit, and Warners would come along and offer her a new deal with a big boost in salary. She was going through hell trying to make up her mind. My heart went out to her, but I kept my mouth shut.

Then, when that "Confidential Agent" blast hit her everything was changed. She couldn't quit. It would look as if she were running away. Since she was getting the rap there was nothing for her to do but take it and then go on to prove that her first success was no fluke, that she could really act if she got the right opportunity.

My own feeling about "Confidential Agent" is that Betty shouldn't have been in it. It was wrong to let right from the start. She didn't want to do the part but Herman Shumlin, the director, insisted on having her and the top men at the studio went along with him. They had plenty of opportunity to judge her performance as the picture was being filmed. They saw the rushes every night. If they weren't satisfied with her they could have put someone else in the role. No doubt they figured that her terrific popularity from
"To Have and Have Not" would assure a big box-office success for this picture too. Anyway, she was kept in the picture and was made the goat when it was shot. No one panned Charles Boyer, for he was an established star with many fine performances to his credit, but she had to stand or fall on only one previous effort.

Betty is the most honest person I have ever known. She admitted freely that she wasn't good in the picture and that's a pretty hard thing for a kid to do after she has been shot right up to the top. Now she's out to show them. She won't quit until she does that, and I'm backing her up all the way.

RIGHT on the heels of the "Confidential Agent" blow the Hollywood Women's Press Club held its annual meeting where vote on the most cooperative and the most uncooperative players of the year. I won wind of the fact that Betty was in line for the booby prize. She was running neck and neck for this socko with Greer Garson. I began phoning my newspaper friends asking them to vote for Betty. I put on a regular campaign to boost her in to the closet for her so-called non-cooperative attitude. I told my newspaper friends that we really ought to have an award of some kind in our family and I begged that I take the booby prize for Betty instead of Garson.

Betty was very much amused, of course, by my frantic efforts to get her a slap in the face and that, of course, is why I did it. I was afraid she really might get the booby prize if she didn't go home with her unless I could find some way of kidding her about it. Actually, she didn't win, but it was a close call.

And why this attitude on the part of the members of the Women's Press Club? Betty had fourteen magazine interviews in that past year. Out of the fourteen she had been able to keep her appointments with twelve of the interviewers. One of these wanted a life story which she felt she wasn't ready for, the other was on a deadline and couldn't wait. Some thirty or forty members voted her as being uncooperative. How come? Most of the members had never met her at all.

I get a big kick from the way Betty takes things in her stride. Before we got married she had lived all her life in small apartments in New York and Hollywood. After we were married we bought a house up in the hills, a nice, comfortable house with plenty of room, and Betty pitched right in and learned how to run it. It's the same with the boat. She had never been sailing in her life and knew nothing about boats. She didn't know whether she would be any good at it or not, but when we planned to marry she told me she was going to learn to love the seafaring life—or else! She said that since she loved me it was up to her to love the things that interested me. In a few months she could handle a sailboat as well as anyone with limited experience.

I think that ability of hers to learn and to conform to the rules in all kinds of activities shows in her acting. She's a good actress, not the greatest, but the most inspired maybe, but she's got the stuff in her. There are very few really great actresses on the screen. There are great actresses and I think Betty is one of these. She has a simple, direct way of delivering her lines which gives her a distinct individuality. Furthermore, we work well together. We have fun on the set and we both get a kick out of going over our lines and studying our parts at night. I think "The Big Sleep" will show some of Betty's real qualities as an actress. I'm not going to stick my neck out with any prediction.

Let's all wait and see.

The End
Merrily, merrily round you go, in a whirl of fun on heels so low... They're light, bright, cut out for action... They're leather-soled whites by Paris Fashion.

3.95
some styles slightly higher

WOHL SHOE COMPANY · SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
Don't Take A Chance On CANCER!

A sore that won't heal
A lump that doesn't hurt
Any progressive change in the color or the size of a wart, mole or birthmark
Persistent Indigestion
Any abnormal change in bowel elimination

These things do not necessarily mean cancer. But, make sure—

SEE YOUR DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY

Fear is Cancer's ally—fear gives cancer time to spread beyond the reach of medical aid. At least 30% to 50% of cancer cases CAN BE CURED if detected and treated in time. So that you, your loved ones, can be free of the dread of cancer, money is needed—for research, educational programs, examination centers.

Send your contribution now to your local committee, or to the

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N.Y.

Cancer Costs Lives
Cancer Control Costs Money
Which Would You Rather Pay?
It Begins... Where Nature Ends!

to mold your bosom beauty, NATURE'S RIVAL—the outstanding padded bra—bewitchingly supplies that vital curve.

Washable, water-repellent, permanent padding laundering perfectly. Will not mat. #3506, blush color, A and B busts. Sizes 30 to 36, $2.

Nature's Rival

Nature's Rival at FINE FASHION STORES FROM COAST TO COAST MERCHANDISE MADE CHICAGO
Here's a happy woman, Active, poised and free—
Safe with Meds' protection, Meds' security!

Have a grand and carefree summer! Enjoy convenience and comfort, extra-security and an easy mind—with Meds internal protection. Meds can be changed in a moment, disposed of easily and a day's supply carried in your handbag.

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25¢ FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Nebraska Natural

(Continued from page 46) froth. You'll see this trick in "Claudia and David." It was not invented for the story. It just happens to be how Miss McGuire dresses. She doesn't keep a budget but is not proud of this, like so many persons who think they are special because they can't add. "I ought to keep a budget; I ought to know where the money goes," she keeps saying.

She reads constantly and rapidly. At the moment she is reading a new book by Henry Miller, "Sunday after War," in which she says Miller writes "with the slashing quality of modern painting."

At the end of one of her recent pictures, she gave a champagne party—just like a motion-picture star. As a rule, she doesn't like parties. That requires explanation. "Hollywood parties usually frighten me, or bore me, or both. I freeze up. Too many people are making entrances. There is too much sarcasm. They are all playing parts. Sometimes these parties suddenly turn into something. A little group gets together and the people behave like themselves, not like what they think they are supposed to be. They get good and rowdy, in a nice way. I like that. Also arguments."

Her closest friends are in the profession, "because we like to talk about our work." Many a star will tell you solemnly that "my best friends have nothing to do with pictures," as if that were something to be proud of.

MOST players are upset by "big scenes."

Not Dorothy. She relapses into normalcy right after completing the most emotional sequence. She regards emotion as part of her work and is no more upset by it than the writer who wrote it.

She won't be fussed over. Make-up experts are expected to promise on the first day a picture starts that they will fix her right the first time and let her alone.

She is a semi-fatalist. "Certainly I believe in luck. I've had it. You have to have it. But you have to be ready for it; you have to work for it, and you have to work hard after you get it."

She is an only child, daughter of a successful attorney. She never wanted for food and shelter at any time. But she is convinced that none of the good things that have happened to her would have happened if her purpose had not been clear and if she had not, in the first place, tried to make them happen.

This trying began on the stage of Omaha Little Theater where Dorothy—aged thirteen—was acting to beat the band. Luck entered the picture when the famous actress Violet Heming caught her in the act, so to speak, and heralded her as something bright and shining and new.

"It was play, at first," says Dorothy now, looking back on a period she regards as a hundred years ago. "I don't know just when it became serious, but it did, suddenly, and from then on, I knew there was utterly nothing else for me."

It was never entirely a matter of sheer, bright talent and inner glow of beauty triumphing over all obstacles as easily as sunshine melts snow. New York was not as easy to stampede as Omaha. Parts were hard to get, hard to study, hard to act. She took understudy work in plays that failed, was of the children in that international escapade of John Barrymore's, "My Dear Children," wanted the lead in "Liberty Jones" and lost it.

"Claudia" did the trick, as everyone knows, not only for her theater career but in opening the door of Hollywood as well. However, it took the nurturing from "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" topped by the heart wallop of "The Enchanted Cot-
tage" to send her really soaring. From then on everything was easy.

Wait a minute.

Nebraskans are industrious and raise incredible quantities of corn, oats, wheat, barley, sugar beets, as well as tending three million cattle and two million pigs. But it is doubtful if any other daughter a tenth as famous works a fourth as hard as she.

She recently completed two pictures without pausing for breath and immediately started a third. This is a rigorous schedule for anybody, but for some time now Dorothy has had a hand in the script, as well as in the acting.

It was startling, and producers like Dore Schary admit it, to discover that Dorothy not only had a sound and acute mind for story values, but could take typewriter in hand and turn out lines that stacked up against the best efforts of professional screen writers. It's a fact that some of the best contributions to "Spiral Staircase" and "Till the End of Time" were made by her. In this latter picture you may be surprised to find her jitterbugging. She thinks she achieved more integrity and adult honesty in this film than in anything she has done yet. She also thinks that Guy Madison, who plays opposite her, is destined for high stardom.

She is making "Claudia and David" now at Twentieth Century-Fox, showing a grown-up Claudia with a baby. She doesn't climb in windows any more. She does wear a horse blanket.

This came about because they tried to put mink on her. "I loved it," Dorothy says. "But I recoiled. Claudia wouldn't wear mink. We settled for a little stole made of red, green and blue horse blanket material. It really looks wonderful." That fetched up a question.

"You, ah, of course, have your own mink, Dorothy?"

"Me? Mink? I should say not. My fur is a skunk."

But she says she "adores" good fur and maybe she'll get around to something like that one of these days.

Now that husband John Swope is out of the Navy and home all is rosy. Especially since she's going to have a baby—and then take that long vacation. Where? "It doesn't matter. Travel is the main thing."

"Actually, we haven't a home. We like to move around. We want to travel more than anything else. I need some time off to refurbish myself. You can't make too many pictures, one after the other."

She isn't domestic, except for frills. She confesses to frills, likes to arrange flowers, fuss with pretty for parties. But the tedium of housework bores a girl who likes to fly planes, who's interested in playing mutes and in Chinese education.

Both she and John Swope are backing the program outlined by the famous Dr. Yen for mass education of the Chinese. This is their post-war project. Dorothy is modest about the matter, but the fact is she has spent an enormous amount of time studying and reading about the Chinese. It's one world, and a small one, after all. When a potential leader in Chinese education turns out to be a girl from Omaha.

What new horizons are in store for Dorothy is difficult to sight. She is ahead of schedule in picture-making, will certainly take a long vacation, will certainly fly enough and fast enough to vanquish those despised highway trucks, would like to do a play, would like to visit China, would like to go on a carefree shopping spree. There will be new horizons, both dramatic and personal. Dorothy can see them. She is taller than you think.

The End
Nostalgically noted—the songs you want to hear again—from your favorite films

BLUE SKIES

Paramount's forthcoming mammoth filmusical tribute to Irving Berlin promises to spawn a record cabinet full of wonderful songs, old and new, by this great American music master. Anticipating this disc deluge is Dick Haymes (Decca), who has beat the bands with a recording of "How Deep Is the Ocean?" a tune that will figure prominently in the movie. On the reverse, Dick digs up an obscure but lovely Richard Rodgers melody, "You Are Too Beautiful."

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

The last music Jerome Kern wrote was for this picture and Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Perry Como (Victor) are the first singers to record the potential hit, "All through the Day." For extra good measure, Margaret pairs it with another Kern melovely, "In Love in Vain." Kern's "Showboat" has just been recorded by Tommy Dorsey (Victor) in a colorful album.

THE OUTLAW

The much-censored and therefore much-delayed super-Western featuring Jane Russell has a theme melody, "Now and Forever," and if you're curious to know why it is so beautiful let it be stated that it's an adaptation from Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony Pathetique. Freddy Martin (Victor), an old hand at reviving the classics, treats this one with proper musical respect.

CINDERELLA JONES

Warner Brothers' newest vehicle for Joan Leslie features a bright new tune by prolific tunesters Styne and Cahn. It's called "When the One You Love Simply Won't Love Back." Tommy Tucker (Columbia) dishes it out for disc addicts.

SAN ANTONIO

Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith and a cute little tune, "Put Your Little Foot Right Out," are the major ingredients of this Texas horse opera, but the only one available for home consumption is the song, ably plattered by Sammy Kaye (Victor).

BING CROSBY... FRANK SINATRA

Both boys do well for themselves in their latest recordings. Harry Lillis favors two numbers from his mirthful Paramount hit, "Road to Utopia," doing "Personality" assisted by Eddie Condon's hepcats and "Would You" (Decca), while Frank presents a Columbia album of nostalgic melodies of yesterday.

DO YOU LOVE ME?

The score for this new Twentieth Century-Fox hit runs the gamut of record interpretations and all of them are good. The juke box's melancholy balladeer, Jo Stafford (Capitol), croons "I Didn't Mean a Word I Said" while the novelty trio, The Three Suns (Majestic) and the promising close harmonists, The Dinning Sisters (Capitol), spin the tricky title tune.
in the new Columbia Picture "GILDA" with GLENN FORD

Tru-Color Lipstick
...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Accent the appeal of your lips with the Color Harmony shade for your type. Glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original, patented* color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood.

Complete your make-up in Color Harmony, with Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder and Rouge.

Original Color Harmony Shades for Every Type

BLONDE  BRUNETTE  BROWNETTE  REDHEAD

Created by Max Factor Hollywood
(Continued from page 41) eyes, Cornel Wilde typifies romance to his many thousands of fans today. Which fact is responsible, no doubt, for his heading the fan mail list at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, being greeted with ovations at premiers, and so mobbed by fans in general that on one occasion recently when he went over to the Brown Derby for coffee following a radio broadcast, crowds of them followed him into the building, cornered him up against a wall, and in the furor all but rocked the Derby’s massive metallic hat off outside.

To all of them he’s the knight on the white horse who duels his way up and down stairs, slays dragons and swims vast moats to rescue his lady-love.

Just call him a gypsy cavalier.

The analytical mind that would have made him a fine doctor, and which has him diagnosing everything from a faulty script to a slight whine on the part of his beloved king-sized black poodle dog, “Punch,” makes him excel in his two favorite pastimes — fencing and writing.

Called the “best fencer in pictures” by Ralph Faulkner, Olympic champion and studio technical fencing adviser, his flashy graceful fencing calls for fast coordination between mind and muscle. You’ve seen evidence of it in “The Bandit of Sherwood Forest,” and you’ll see it again when, as Lord Carlton, he duels Captains Rex Morgan to the death in “Forever Amber.” Such fencing calls for expert analyzing of the opponent’s next move. Making the pieces fit — and fast, Cornel does it the hard way, fencing with either hand, a very uncommon feat.

ANALYZING motion pictures would make a permanent psycho out of most anyone — have them plucking buttercups right off the pavement. And it’s been a pretty unhappy Cornel who’s been trying for part of the last five years to make the little pieces fit in Hollywood.

It couldn’t add up to him that he was told that his olive complexion wouldn’t photograph in color and yet has just made five technicolor films, a record on his own.

To be cast as a heavy and villain and be told by talent scouts and casting directors that “you aren’t the romantic type,” and then to hit film fame as one of the most romantic actors of the time. As well as being given the romantic lead in one of the most romantic sizzlers ever filmed — the part of loving Amber, more than a full-time job. It doesn’t add up to be allowed to starve to death one minute and be tossed cinematic caviar the next.

This is probably why, though he’s looking at the world through technicolored glasses now, that his sudden fame and popularity haven’t gone to his head. In twelve tough years, half of them in Hollywood, too much has happened to take the edge off success now. All the kick is gone. It’s just been too hard.

He can look back and laugh a little about the time he was dropped at Warner Brothers Studio on Good Friday. On some of their last money, Cornel and Pat headed for Palm Springs. It was raining in the desert. And the eggnog they ordered when they got to the hotel had a fly in it.

**Straight Line Design**

**cleans teeth best**

**say dentists 2 to 1**

**Why Pepsodent’s Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best**

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent’s Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

**Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend**
Celebrating the bad breaks has been a habit, when at all possible, of Cornel's and the impulsive Pat's, who would feel heartbroken at seeing Cornel in one of his low moods and say suddenly, "If you don't have any fun, there's no use in anything. Let's get a loan on the car and go to Palm Springs." They often would.

"If it hadn't been for Pat, I'd never have made it," he says now. "She had more faith in me than I did."

Bad breaks piled up in succession. Each time they consoled themselves that "nothing worse can happen," something worse would. It was a constant war of nerves for the ambitious Cornel back in B.C.—before Chopin.

When he took the four tests for "A Song to Remember" he expected nothing. Then two days before the picture started he got the part, and had to be fitted for a wardrobe and spend some fifteen hours learning to "play" Chopin's "Minute Waltz" in the two days. Not knowing how to play a note, he put in 400 hours on the piano before the picture was finished, usually practicing at night at home. He actually could play the "Polonaise," not the Iturbi version, but he knew where all the notes were and could be photographed using them.

THERE's no relaxing on his laurels today. Cornel is known as a very hard worker on the set. He takes his work, if anything, too seriously. A worrier by nature, he worries about everything to the tiniest detail, his wardrobe, the script, his dialogue. Every detail must be just so. With the crew he's very cooperative, a "good fellow," and quips and banter with them. On location he even loaned them his electric razor—greater love hath no man.

Even when disagreeing on something with higher-ups, Cornel has the ability to say blunt things with a smile that takes the sting out of them. But when he believes them, he says them. As in the case of taking a suspension for refusing the role in "Margie." Cornel felt that the role was wrong for him, and was willing to pay for his convictions. He's getting so used to the unexpected now, that he didn't even lift a Wilde eyebrow when he was given the lead role in "Forever Amber" while on suspension for not accepting the other role.

He was surprised, however, at being nominated for the Academy Award. When his agents, Charles Goldstone, wired congratulations to Cornel at the Biltmore in Phoenix, where he was resting and writing on a screenplay, the star couldn't believe it. He called him back long distance to be sure. Then sat down and wrote his good friend James Metcalfe a postcard headed "Suspension Retreat.

"Thanks for your vote!" he wrote. Nat and Charles sent us a wire about it and we were bowled over." To which his friend replied, "Well, you know me. When I vote—I vote often.

He has a great sense of gratitude for his agents, Charlie and Nat, who signed him when Warners dropped him, and had faith enough in him to give him $50 a week to live on until he made good, with no obligation to pay it back if he failed. His first stop when he goes to New York is the St. James theatrical hotel to see his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Frank, owners of the hotel where Pat and Cornel lived in the tough New York days—usually on credit. He tells you, with much appreciation, how much more than once, when he was slipping around the desk trying to get into the elevator without Frank seeing him, the owner would say casually, "If you kids aren't doing anything tonight, we'd like to have you join us for dinner and a show." And when Cornel got the chance to come to Hollywood and still

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

This delightful member of Long Island society is enchantingly feminine. For her cream and peach skin, she chooses Pond's "sheer-gauge" powder— "The color looks so much softer 'on!'" she says.

Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"—for a smoother, lovelier skin tone!

Don't do all your gloating over your luscious new "sheer-gauge" stockings! For now Pond's "sheer-gauge" powder brings you that same luxury-sheer glamour—for your complexion! The same soft-as-a-whisper color—smooth...flawless. No streaks, no clots, no heavy "wrinkly" look. Just smooth, smooth color flattery that says—unmistakably—"sheer-gauge"!

Choose from one of Pond's many lovely shades—they're all "sheer-gauge"!

"Sheer-gauge" means smoother color for your face, too!

Two stockings—the same shade in the box—but so different "on!"

Now—Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so "sheer-gauge"!

$1 value for 79c, plus tax
Pond's Make-up Trio

A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with matching Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks." It's a $1 value for only 79c, plus tax. Wonderful for prizes...for gifts...and for you!
Lovely hair deserves fine care

... use a Du Pont Comb

FOR HAIR THAT GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS HEART... be fussy, lovely lady, about little things! About combs... for instance. You want a comb with rounded edges that never rip your scalp. A comb with smooth teeth that never split or bite. A comb so plastic-clean it coaxes you to wash it often. A comb in gay colors, to match your mood. And, look! You get exclusive Du Pont design, unbeatable Du Pont quality, for 10 to 50 cents, at good dealers everywhere. Look for the Du Pont Oval... it's your guide, your protection, in combs!

Du Pont Combs
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

owed them a $220 hotel bill they said, "Go on. Don’t worry about it. We know you’ll pay it someday."

Far from forgetting any past favors, Cornel keeps a little black book in his head, filled with the memories of all those who’ve befriended him in the past. He’s ever on the look-out for jobs for old friends he knew then. He tells you, with feeling, about the loyalty of the boys whose dramas and fencing he supervised as boys’ counselor one time. How some thirty of them would attend the matinees en masse and applaud noisily from the gallery when Cornel made his entrance, perhaps for just a bit. Many of the same boys wrote him from the battle zones during the war, saying they’d just seen him in a picture, or had seen a photo in a magazine. “Say, Cornel, that’s all right!”

Loyal in any respect touches Cornel’s sentimental nature. He has had the same stand-in since “A Song to Remember,” Paul Stathes, who thinks so much of him, and with a sort of ancient Greek courtesy addresses Cornel as “my noble friend.” Cornel, in turn, calls him his “noble friend,” and it has become a friendly joke between them.

He’s deeply devoted to his dog “Punch,” short for “Punchinello, because he’s one of the finest ‘people’ I know.” The big black dog, described by one of Cornel’s pals as “one of the most masculine poodles I’ve ever met,” follows Cornel and Pat around worshipfully wherever they go... in a manly sort of way. And when the Wildes were in New York for Cornel’s first important personal appearance as a motion-picture star, he wouldn’t leave the hotel to appear anywhere until they were sure “Punch” was being well taken care of by somebody for the day.

IT seems that the more successful Cornel becomes, the more closely he relies on old friends in whom he has confidence, and who, in past years, have always “added up” to him. He cares nothing for the reserved seats offered him in the important loge section of Hollywood now. They seldom accept invitations to big Hollywood parties offered him. “We enjoy going to some but like most of all being together or with our few good friends.”

For the most part, the Wildes mingle with old friends like James Metcalfe, a New York actor whom they have known for ten years, and his actress wife. When Cornel was playing the hero, Patricia, the heroine and Metcalfe the villain in “Moon over Mulberry Street” on the stage, they used to drink coffee together down in Times Square, discussing what had gone wrong with the day’s rehearsal, the timing on this or that line. Likewise today Pat and Cornel can be found sitting in front of the big fireplace at the Metcalfs’ “reasoning” over the problems and incongruities of stardom in his new life.

Other than going out to dinner, and occasional visits with such friends, Pat and Cornel Wilde seldom go out at all. They’re the most married couple in Hollywood and usually prefer to stay at home in their picturesque English style country house three miles up in the hills above Beverly Hills, in a canyon retreat that looks out over mountains and eucalyptus trees. The back of the house walks right up to the mountain in the rear. The five acres are bound by a six-foot steel fence with a door yard fenced off for Wendy and Punch. There’s a wishing well at the back of the house. The flagstone terrace overlooks a blue swimming pool, with a sun dial beside it. Ivy hangs heavily on the brown shingle roof.

The artistic interior of the home along with out-of-doors-vastness of its surroundings, suits the owners perfectly. After
some fifteen homes, this one seems to answer the call of the Wildes. They stay close to home with their manly looking poodle and their pretty baby "ingenue," their dainty three-year-old daughter, Wendy, who is Cornel's most ardent fan, and hesitates to tell no one that "my daddy is a star." Wendy handles the publicity department very well. When Cornel's mother took her to the show in New York to see him in "A Thousand and One Nights," she kept shouting out at intervals, "That's my Daddy!" until they finally had to leave. Whenever Cornel takes her with him into a Beverly Hills drugstore, she always draws attention to him by going over to the magazine rack and interrupting anyone who happens to be looking through a movie magazine, saying, "That's my Daddy!" until the eyes of everyone in the store turn, as if at a tennis match, to an embarrassed Cornel making a purchase at the prescription counter in the back.

The dark, dashing Cornel and his lovely blonde actress-wife, Patricia Knight, are Hollywood's story-book marriage. They cut a romantic figure wherever they go. Their obvious devotion is a beautiful thing to see. Cornel won't attend any premieres, any social functions at all, without Pat. He won't be photographed in a club or restaurant with anyone from another party, even though Pat is sitting beside him at the time. On the other hand, he doesn't like writers to intrude too much on her time on interviews for him, saying, "She has a career of her own now. I don't want her giving her time to mine."

He's most enthusiastic about her career, telling you readily, "Pat is one of the most talented people I know in the theater. She can play both comedy and tragedy extremely well and few actresses can do that."

They played together on the legitimate stage and are looking forward eagerly to making pictures together too. "We've always wanted to become a team someday like Lunt and Fontanne or Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. We hope to still be making a career of it together when we're eighty," laughs Cornel.

Concerning his own future, Cornel says he would like to do roles "that present real acting problems. Making a lot of money isn't as important as being happy in the things you do."

He's very happy when he's writing. And it's only natural, in line with Cornel's own constant analytical approach, that most of his writings would be along psychological lines. Right now he's working earnestly on a screen treatment of the life of Lord Byron, whom Cornel would like more than anything to portray on the screen. He's reading books and doing vast research on everything ever written on Byron's life.

Certainly, Cornel with his romantic dark good looks, puts the spell on this generation of feminine fans that Byron did on the ladies of the Eighteenth Century drawing rooms. There's the same warring faction within him between things revolutionary and the accepted classic arts. The same sentimental qualities. Similar dark gloomy moods. The resemblance ceases when one comes to the objectionable Byronic tendencies, but it's a role that would be a great challenge to Cornel to play. "I think it's a very exciting story, both romantically and psychologically," he says.

And there—by his own admission—you have Cornel Wilde, the romanticist, the analyst. And by ours—the man with the many minaret moods that he's now successfully weaving into a song. A song that will be remembered.

THE END

"I like to curl up with a good book"

"You're kidding! You'd like a full date book and here's how:"

KEEP FRESH! Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over.

FEEL SMOOTH! Before you dress smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. For hours your body benefits from its pearly smooth sheath of protection.

STAY DAINTY! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice a day, for coolness, for comfort and for the heavenly scent it gives your skin. It's the fragrance men love.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes
For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢

111
The Heritage of Hurd

(Continued from page 67) by the direction our study and effort takes, by our very attitude; in other words, we become that kind of a person.

The room in which Hurd looked out over the city has changed little in the years during which he has grown to manhood and fulfilled his dream. It's still furnished with the same family treasures; mahogany worn to a satin smoothness by the generations of Hattfields who have used it and loved it, silver polished until at last here and there copper gleams through, the ladder-back chair from Hatfield House in Hatfield, England, now the residence of the Duke of Sutherland and the Savonarola chair known in the family as "The Ten O'Clock." "We inherited it from Uncle Hurd," Hurd explains the Savonarola chair. "It's a wonderful example of cabinet-making, no doubt. But it's darn uncomfortable—so uncomfortable, in fact, that we offer it only to a boring guest. You can't relax in it. If you try, the head of Savonarola, carved so beautifully in the back, will prod you up and towards the door." It also was from Uncle Hurd that William Hurd Hatfield, whom we know as Hurd, inherited his name. About a month before he was born his parents received a bond from this uncle. "For the future Hurd Hatfield," the card said. "We kept the bond, of course," Hurd says. "Whoever heard of returning one? So, unless I happened to be a girl, Hurd I had to be. Families who survive, so my Aunt Kate used to tell me, must be both practically and ethically aware. "It's because of Aunt Kate, incidentally, that I hated cards for so long. We used to play cards together when I was a younger and she came to visit—and she always cheated..."

At the end of the Hatfield living room, opposite the window, the same carved Victorian chair, upholstered with a fabric loomed by the nuns of Nuremberg, stands beside the fireplace.

And there's still Amy, Hurd met Amy first when he came home from Morristown School for a holiday. The story of how she came to be there is typical of the colorful and romantic things that are always happening to the Hatfields.

Amy saw Hurd's mother on the street and because she looked just like the English ladies Amy had served at the British Embassy in the West Indies Amy followed her. Thenceforth, mornings when Adele Hatfield went out to market, Amy, who would be waiting, would follow, three steps behind, West Indian fashion.

It was, of course, only a matter of time before Amy was installed, and her devotion for Adele Hatfield automatically increased to include the husband and son. Still Amy calls Mr. Hatfield "Judge." When she first came he was Assistant District Attorney under LaGuardia and, for a time, while LaGuardia went to Congress, acting District Attorney. However, as he says, he was not suited to politics so, gladly, returned to his private practice.

On a table near the window stands a water color. It came into the room when Hurd was about ten years old, representing his idea of Marseilles. He sent it to his mother and father from "Kamp Kill Kare" in a gesture of generosity. "They seem to like my paintings here," he wrote. "I'm selling them at one dollar apiece."

The summer at Kamp Kill Kare was one of those never-to-be-forgotten experiences. Hurd won the Espy cup "presented to the camp in recognition of the boy who best exemplifies the spirit of cooperative helpfulness, loyalty to the welfare of the camp, initiative in undertaking its various activities, and unselfishness in his relations with others." He also wrote the camp song and, scaring his baptismal name, signed it with his adopted name, "Bud."

"It was always my difficulty," Hurd says, "that I liked doing too many things. I liked to write. I liked to paint. I liked to act. Most of all I liked to act. But even when I was majoring in drama at college, to make up extra points, I found myself missing classes in order to design sets. It worried me. I was frightened I would be a dilettante. My parents were too."

"Looking back on those years, I know that any time I turned my back on acting, even for a split second, I was being defensive. I had been warned that I must not think seriously of the theater, that it was hard work, very uncertain and the people were terrible. I was too young and inexperienced to know this was utter nonsense."

He isn't a conventional thinker. He never was and never will be. His best friends are the parents of a young man his age. Another friend is a Hindu. He likes people because of what they offer as individuals. Such matters as the color or race or class in which they happen to come to this earth he finds completely unimportant.

It's largely from his mother that he inherits his devotion to beauty. From the time he was a little boy Adele Hatfield taught him that beauty alone is indestructible; educated him to this, too, by everyday living. Even when the Hat-
fields' financial security fluctuated and they gave up their country house and "dug in" in the cooperative apartment William Henry Hatfield had bought when Hurd was a little boy, their surroundings were gracious. There were fires, flowers and candlelight. There were good books, music and pictures. There was hospitality.

It is in this tradition that Hurd, in Hollywood, carries on. However, small his houses may have been they have been picturesque. His parties too. The party which pleased him most was one he gave in his hilltop house when the living room was lit only by candles and the firelight and everywhere crystal bowls overflowed with white roses and green leaves.

"When I return to California this time," he says, "I plan to get my life in order. I have a wonderful secretary—the wife of the man at the bank who handles my affairs. She keeps her end of things in precise and wonderful order. But I want to find a Chinese houseboy. Personally, I'm disorganized. I borrow a suit case or a book and forget completely to return it. I know though that without order you can't have true beauty in your life—ever.

"I'd like it," he added, "if the family would come to California and get a ranch. Dad could practice law there just as well as in New York. But I doubt he'll leave his established practice. And, of course, now that mother is an artist...."

One of the more recent additions to the living room is an Adele Hatfield flower painting. It's done in white and gold.

I started painting about three years ago," she says, "to occupy myself. So I wouldn't hang on to Hurd. You know how women are when they have one child—especially a male child. Pretty dreadful.

I vowed I wouldn't be. Until this year I gave everything I did to my friends and was so pleased when they would take them. I couldn't believe it when a gallery asked to show my paintings. And when a check comes in because one has been sold—well, it just seems incredible!"

An old table lies a slab of green stone, shell-like and cruciform. It's been there since the summer before the war; the summer Hurd worked as special policeman, badged, peck-capped and blue-uniformed for the Lido Club. He was the youngest officer the Club had ever employed, but they admitted when he left them that no one ever had been more capable or satisfactory. He left when his scholarship to study drama with Chekov came through— and sailed to England promptly.

He hasn't been there long when Mr. Hatfield said to his wife, "How would you like to go abroad for the summer, take a little villa in Brittany, make trips to Paris, visit the boy in England and have him with us for weekends and holidays?"

"We'll have two wonderful months," he went on. "What will happen to my practice, I can't say. You may have to take in washing when we return."

"Let's cable Hurd the instant we have our passage," was her answer.

Those summer months before the world fell apart were altogether beautiful for all of them. "And so they are indestructible," Hurd points out, "because not one of the three of us ever will forget them."

"Dad and I found that stone cross, which lies on an old table, in the old Cimetière Père-la-Chaise. We went there one summer afternoon and quite by accident came to the grave of Hulme and Abbe, those immortal lovers. The outer casing of the cross on their tombstone had fallen off in decay. I picked it up and put it under my coat to tease Dad. It's so legal and upright, always for law and order.

"Before I could put it down again, however, a gendarme appeared. I was convinced he had seen me. Sweat began to
How 'half-the-truth'
may wreck your daughter's marriage...

Be sure that you, yourself, first know these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Before you instruct your daughter on her married life ahead—make sure that your own information is just as up-to-date and scientific as it can be.

Well-informed women should certainly realize by now how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. But there is still a shocking number of women who do not know what to put in the douche.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide Tested Is So Powerful Yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon and skilled Chemist who have given the world the remarkable ZONITE PRINCIPLE—wise women no longer use old-fashioned, ineffective or dangerous products.

The ZONITE principle developed by these two great men of Science was truly a miracle—the first antiseptic-germicide in the world that was powerful enough yet non-poisonous and wouldn't injure the most delicate tissues.

Positively Non-Poisonous Non-Irritating, Non-Burning

Doctors have found that ZONITE's powerful strength and safety to delicate tissues make it of great worth for feminine hygiene.

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet despite its great strength—ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary without risk of injury. At all drugstores.

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-66, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

FOR EXCITING RADIO DRAMA TUNE IN "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"
The same kind of entertaining stories of outstanding feats in crime-detection that have made "True Detective" one of the most exciting magazines are now brought to your radio. Every program based on fact—every program packed full of ACTION! Don't miss "True Detective Mysteries" this Sunday or any Sunday afternoon!

4:30 p.m. ET  2:30 p.m. MT
3:30 p.m. CT  1:30 p.m. PT

ON ALL MUTUAL NETWORK STATIONS
The P. Q. of Pete

(Continued from page 48) station at Camp Maxey in Texas. Before that he practised in Germany and Switzerland.

Peter was intrigued. His interest in such things, like that of all of us, has been whetted by all the psychological novels and movies like "Spellbound" and "Lady in the Dark."

Peter arrived at Doctor Sonnemann's in fine spirits. Noting the various tests arranged in a neat row of boxes his eyebrows raised quizically.

"What's this all about?" he asked throwing the suit coat he wore over a sleeveless sweater on a chair.

Doctor Sonnemann said there were two series of tests. "The first, the Wechsler Bellevue, will rate your I.Q.," he explained, "your intelligence quotient. The second, the Rorschach, will be instrumental in bringing out the basic trends of your ego and unconscious; will reach into your underlying personality.

"Actually," Doctor Sonnemann went on, "psychology cannot measure personality in the way it can measure intelligence. However, it is intriguing because it definitely helps us to understand personality better, develops methods of approach to your strengths and weaknesses, hopes and fears.

"All of us have all of those things," Peter grinned, "Let's go!" he said.

The Wechsler Bellevue test has two parts. The first, purely verbal, is based on vocabulary and information. The second, a matter of performance, is divided into several sections. Three of the main ones are as follows:

- Red and white blocks which must be put together to duplicate a picture.
- Drawings must be arranged to form a story.
- Drawings, with missing parts which must be recognized.

Peter excelled in the verbal part of this test. His background and education have developed his potentialities for intelligence to a superior degree.

Then the performance test got under way. Peter, preparing to assemble the red and white blocks to form a picture, saw the doctor looking at his watch. "Hey," he protested half humorously, "No fair! Wait until we start!"

There's a time limit of course on every performance. This was of no concern to Peter, however. One of the most outstanding things about him, as every test proved, is his ability to work rapidly on whatever job he sets out to do.

He put the blocks together so quickly that his rating for orientation in the field of visual concepts (a vital function of intelligence) was high. He arranged the drawing so well that he achieved the second highest available score; thus corroborating his first score for intelligence and observation and, in addition, taking a high score for humor. He was quick also, to detect the missing parts in the third series of drawings; until one showed a man without a tie.

"Don't see a thing missing," he said.

Doctor Sonnemann made a cross in his notebook. "The man in that picture, perfectly groomed in every other respect, wears no tie," he pointed out.

Peter burst into hearty laughter. "Mark Hollywood wrong on that—not me," he said. "Ties out there are unusual."

However, even with the Hollywood influence, Peter's intelligence was superior. He came through the Wechsler Bellevue test with an I.Q. of 122. An I.Q. of 110 is average, from 110 to 120 is high average and from 120 up is superior.

The Rorschach test, which followed, re-

Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.

An exquisitely fair complexion accents charming Mrs. Gould's lovely dark hair and brown eyes. Like so many other society favorites, she is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. "After the Mask, my skin feels different—so beautifully soft and 'unruffled!'" she says.

1-Minute Mask

"Most effective complexion 'pick-up' I know!"

Give your face this quick glamour refresher!

Mask your face—all but eyes—with a fragrant, snowy coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Right away, what skin specialists call "keratolytic action" goes to work. The Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens and dissolves ruffly bits of dead skin and embedded dirt particles. Gets them ready to tissue off!

After one minute—tissue off the Mask. See how much brighter and smoother your complexion looks! You'll be thrilled by the soft, even way make-up goes on—to stay!

Grand powder base, too!

"My make-up base is Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on lightly—and left on! Keeps my make-up fresh for hours!" says Mrs. Gould.

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

Mrs. Gould has a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream three or four times weekly.
NOW WHERE ON EARTH did those Beech-Nut people get such a fine long-lasting flavor?

Genuine Steerhide Huaraches
The sandals that made Mexico famous are here again
Carefully handcrafted from finest natural beige cowhide to give you the same cool comfort the same rugged wear as of old. Send us your foot outline, or mention shoe size. We'll send you the best looking huaraches you ever saw by return mail, and guaranteed to fit.

STOP! don't take chances CUTTING CUTICLE
TRIMAL keeps cuticle trim without cutting
Safely removes dead cuticle. No hangnails—No infection. New fingernail beauty.

Use TRIMAL CUTICLE REMOVER
10c. and 25c. at all cosmetic counters

Now Where on Earth did those Beech-Nut people get such a fine long-lasting flavor?

quires complete privacy. After all, this test, which consists of ten ink blots, requires the test person to describe anything the blots suggest to him. A third person might very well inhibit any answer that tended towards the personal or erotic.

Reactions to the blot test are rated thus:
1. The way the blot material is approached. Whether the impressions are taken from the whole of the blot or certain parts of it and parts of what average size.
2. Whether the impression is based upon the general outline form or involves color, texture, movement and if so whether the movement is human or animal.
3. On what contents the responses are based.
4. How well organized the different impressions are, how many are original and how many of those that are original are of good quality.

In the first part of the Rorschach session Doctor Sonnemann reports that Peter disclosed a rare degree of creative intuition. He was both brilliant and straightforward in describing what the blots suggested to him. When he came to blot No. 3, for instance, he instantly saw two dancers swinging a girl between them. His impression involved the entire blot, had human movement and was not vague in any respect.

However, as this test went on Peter's cooperation flagged. The first blots are largely gray and white with small red splashes. The last blots consist of bright color. They disturbed Peter, whereupon he withdrew by losing interest. This, with other test results, indicates he inclines to be oversensitive and to avoid exerting emotional experiences.

Graphology now enjoys sound scientific backing when supplemented by other tests. Doctors agree that the personality expresses itself in everything an individual does: in gesture, speech, gait, writing—and so on. Just as the form of one leaf implies the whole structure of a tree.

Analyzing Peter's handwriting, Doctor Sonnemann found very towering letters to denote self-assurance. Self-assurance in the artist, according to psychologists, is neither self-centered nor conceit. It is more a sensitive armor against emotional disturbances which would upset him more than they would most people.

Another thing, the general movement of Peter's writing is not to the right, which represents the outside world, but to the left, towards himself, in other words.

Sometimes additional tests are needed to resolve questions which are raised. In Peter's case they were not necessary.

Now then, what does all this add up to?

Psychologically speaking, there are three personality types; the extrovert, the introvert and the ambivert. The extrovert's personality turns out towards the world. The introvert's personality turns away from the world, inward. The ambivert does both. Peter, according to Doctor Sonnemann's analysis, is an ambivert.

This was exemplified most clearly in the true intention he showed to be cooperative in these tests until the other side of his nature exerted itself, whereupon he withdrew and became less cooperative.

In Peter's private life, because he is this type, he is both social and withdrawn. As he says himself:

"I enjoy people. I like to do the town. But I also like to stay home."

His individual strengths, virtues and successes add up like this:

- High degree of intelligence.
- An impressive degree of creative imagination.
- Self-assurance.
- Well developed sense of humor.

The debit side of his ledger—everybody
has one—reads like this:

Oversensitive
Slightly immature emotionally
Peter's high degree of intelligence was manifested by the Wechsler Bellevue test, you'll remember. So was his humor. His interpretation of the Rorschach blots indicated his creative imagination. And the towering letters of his handwriting denoted self-assurance.

It was the Rorschach blots which proved his oversensitivity and, in collaboration with graphology, his slight emotional immaturity. This was indicated by his reaction to the blots of bright color, his withdrawal from them, in fact. In his handwriting, again by the letters which stood up straight without any slant. And again and again by his restlessness, his tendency to lose interest quickly.

Doctor Sonnemann feels that the less stereotyped Peter's roles, the better.

Now emotional immaturity, if not controlled, works no good. It can cause a person to go off on tangents, run away from reality by living in a dream-world, be far too self-absorbed, and lack concentration to a serious extent. However, Peter's high I.Q.—his good mind, in other words—can control such tendencies. And his emotional immaturity, controlled, can contribute to his charm. It endows him with shyness. (Even though his social education has given him a smooth and charming manner he has great shyness underneath.) It makes him good company too; causing him to take life lightly, have enthusiasms and be amusing.

Another thing, in Peter's work, playing gallant, witty, amusing gents who always get the girl and come to a happy ending, he escapes reality just as surely as a child does in play. However, because this is a constructive form of escape it is good and serves him well. Also because he applies himself to it ardently he becomes more and more successful.

Doctor Sonnemann predicts because of emotional immaturity Peter will fall in love with a girl who has a good mind and understanding. He says his wife must, in a way, be his mother, since he will be more intrinsically dependent upon her than his self-assured manner suggests.

Doctor Sonnemann also had interesting things to say about Peter's humor and about humor generally. "Humor," he explained, "almost always is defensive. In a sensitive person, especially an oversensitive person like Peter Lawford, it's a necessity to humor. Peter, through his humor you see, can mock and minimize anything which promises to be too disturbing.

"However," he added, "the fact that Peter's humor is good proves he doesn't use it too protectively. Humor used so becomes defensive—not good at all."

We asked the doctor in what fields Peter might have found success had he not found his way to Hollywood. He smiled. "But he did find his way to Hollywood, you see. Because with his excellent mind he knows his own capabilities. Always I'm sure he would be happier and more successful working with his imagination, his sensitivity and his humor."

When the tests were completed the doctor promised Peter a complete analysis. Peter grinned. "Think I'll want it?"

The doctor's smile was reassuring.

"Thanks," Peter said reaching for his suit coat. It was a lot of fun.

With a grin he was off.

"It is seldom," said the doctor, "that an analyst finds qualities on the credit and debit side of the human ledger which balance so happily."

As the doctor talked it became evident that in revealing his "inner life" Peter had lost no ground but gained another fan.

THE END
Return of the Marine

(Continued from page 61) come out bravely again in the spring." Her fine
dark eyes were fixed on the bare shape of the trees against a winter-blue sky.
"It always encourages me—we all have to
begin again every so often, don't we?"
I said, "Thomas Burke once wrote that
worthwhile people are always beginning
again."
"Yes," she said, "that's it. I like to look
at them the way they are now and then
see them put out all new green leaves.
Ty's small niece came up with her ball
and Annabella threw it down the sloping
lawn and Pixie chased away shrieking
with glee.
There is not a great deal of peace in
the world even yet, but for a time there
was peace on that terrace and I thought of
it as a hard-won, strong peace made
possible by stamina and decency and un-
selsh service. I thought of Annabella's
deep love for the land of her birth, her
perilous trips back there during the war to
find her father and mother and to see her
brother's grave. I thought of Ty flying
into bombed Hiroshima, seeing its de-
struction. But they had come back together,
and they were beginning again, as worth-
while people must, with faith and courage
and a high heart for life's adventures.

THE whole place, I realized, had an air
of permanence that was almost old-
-fashioned. Over in a far corner was an
old red barn, with a small corral, where
Annabella kept a couple of riding horses
for herself and her small daughter by her
former marriage. A vegetable garden was
showing little green edges along the top
of rich black furrows and the fruit trees
were already lacy pink and white.
There was, I felt, nothing easy about Ty
Power and Annabella and this place into
which they had put love and hard work
and care. They had fought for it; they
owned a piece of the United States of
America, they had defended it and would
continue to defend it always.
Ty came in, and I realized that he was
thinner than I had ever seen him. He
said that was because he had just been
to the dentist's which made anybody feel
thin, and that he had also been to look
at a new plane for himself.
"I don't want to be earth-bound," he
said, and went over to kiss the top of his
wife's shining head.
They are charming young people to talk
to, those two. We didn't talk much about
Hollywood. We talked about a new book
called "The Anatomy of Peace," about
civilian clothes, about how to keep color
in your garden all the year around, about
the American Veterans' Committee, which
Ty has joined, about America's interna-
tional policy and foreign policy.
Then I got up my courage and said to
Annabella, "Could I ask you a very per-
sonal question?"
They looked startled, but Mrs. Power
said, "Of course," politely.
I said, "Who cuts your hair? I've wanted
mine cut like that for a year but yours is
so right—"
I stopped because Annabella looked
peculiar, and Ty had begun to laugh.
I said, rather stiffly, "Of course if you'd
rather not say—I suppose it's like some
recipes, you don't want anyone else—"
Ty guffawed and said, "Now you're in
for it, my girl." to Annabella.
She made a lovely French gesture with
her hands, and said, "But of course I will
tell you only—it is me—myself. I do
it with my fingernail scissors—"
"In the dark," Ty said.
"Not in the dark," his wife said reprov-
ingly, "but I do not look in the mirror if
that is what you mean. I just sit still and pull it out and then cut where it feels
be needed—"
"You'd better not try it," Ty said; "it
scares me just to watch her, but it always
comes out right."

Eventually we came back to Hollywood,
and to Tyrone Power's return to the screen
after four years' absence. I asked him if he
was nervous about it and he thought a
moment and then said, "Oh sure. But
then—I'm always nervous—always scared.
My mother says the only time I wasn't
scared was when I played the boy Pablo in
the mission play—she was playing the
leading role, you know, and I guess Mr.
McGroarty thought I might as well be in
it as just hanging around and I thought so,
too. In fact, that's the only time I've ever
been sure I was good. Even when I was
seven and had quite a big part in the
next mission play—"La Golondrina"—I
wasn't altogether sure, though I can still
remember my mother telling me that Ed
Schallert of the Times said Master Ty-
rone Power gave a masterful performance.
Still, I was pretty well satisfied with my-
self in those early days. They kicked it
out of me later and I've never quite gotten
it back."

"Did you always keep on acting?" I said.
"Almost always," Ty said. "Everybody
in my family did. One summer—when I
was fifteen—I worked in a drugstore. And
when I was sixteen, I ushered. But you
see my mother was a beautiful actress—
she still is. And my father—everybody
knows he was a great actor. I wish I'd
been a little older; I wish I'd realized a
little more how lucky I was—that sum-
mer—"

It was the summer of 1931, that summer.
Tyrone had been graduated from Purcell
High School and there had been quite a
family conference as to whether or not he
would go to college. Young Tyrone said
he didn't want to go to college; he wanted
to learn to be a good actor. And so his
father, who was to do a Shakespearean
repertoire in the Chicago Civic Auditorium
that fall and winter, decided to give his
son and namesake the desire of his heart.

They went away together, just the two
of them, to a quiet retreat in Quebec and
there Tyrone the elder, known as one of
the greatest actors the American theater
has ever produced, gave the boy a long
summer of lessons in the art—a long, lazy,
happy summer, with fishing trips and
mountain walks and endless talks to worry
the study of great plays and great parts
and small parts.

That winter Tyrone Power made his
professional debut in "The Merchant of
Venice" with the illustrious Franz Lieber
in the title role.

"I played an old man," Ty said remi-
nisceantly, "and nearly got killed when Mr.
Lieber, who was waving around a huge
knife, let it slip and it whizzed past my
head and scared my lines right out of me.
I decided playing Shakespeare was more
dangerous than I'd been warned it was."

When the engagement closed, Tyrone
Power and his son came back to Holly-
wood and within a few weeks the elder
Power died suddenly in the midst of the
"Miracle Man" motion-picture production
and the tough times had begun for young
Ty and his mother and sister.

Hollywood would have nothing whatso-
ever to do with Tyrone Power. They made
it flat; they made it final, for two long,
lean and hungry years.

"I never knew why they were so set
about it," Ty Power says thoughtfully. "I
mean I was only a kid but I had had some
stage experience; my father and mother
were both well known in the theater; I
had two eyes and two legs and arms—but
they didn't seem to like me. In fact, it got

Get in the swim! Get next to this new post-war, super-fast
deodorant. Ask for new ODORONO Cream Deodorant...
stops perspiration faster than you slip into
your swim suit. Because it contains science's most effective
perspiration stopper.

Works wonders when you work or play hardest. Really protects
up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm
fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

Change to new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant—
super-modern, super-efficient, super-safe.

ODORONO CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢
“Be Lovelier Tonight!”

“My Beauty facials bring quick new Loveliness,”

“First work Lux Soap’s creamy lather well into your skin,” says Rita Hayworth. “Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry.” Don’t let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle care Rita Hayworth recommends will make you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexes improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this Care – Lux Girls are Lovelier!

so they opened the window, gazed at the very sight of me and shut it before I could open my mouth. Two years was a long time then. I got leaner and hungrier and blacker, I suppose, until finally I probably looked like part of the mob scenes out of a picture about the French Revolution. Finally, I got sore. I said, all right, I’ll show them; I’ll make them sorry; I’ll give up pictures.”

He started for New York and Broadway and got as far as Chicago. There his money ran out and he got his first break—though radio wasn’t considered so much of a break in those days. There on a radio show he met Don Ameche, which began a friendship that endured even when both later went out hammer and tongs for the lead in “Lloyd’s of London”—with Ty winning in a photo finish.

New York didn’t yield any more easily than Hollywood—but in the end, through the friendly help of Helen Mencken and the great Katharine Cornell, it did yield.

Tyrone Power opened on Broadway with Miss Cornell in “Romeo and Juliet,” as Benedick, and his mother sat in a box to watch her son fulfill the family tradition.

“As his mother and his teacher, I was proud of him,” Patia Power says today. “But afterwards I told him how much work he still had to do and that he must never let down that high standard. I still tell him that.”

His success in “Romeo and Juliet” and in the following Cornell production of “St. Joan” had been noted. Who, asked the powers that be, is this young man? The critics say he is a fine young actor. He is extremely good looking; we hear from New York that he’s already a matinee idol; why don’t we get hold of some young actors like that for motion pictures?

So the scouts started out to get him—and he ended up with a seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox.

Life went along pretty smoothly after that—for a while. His success in pictures was swift and sensational. Two years later, he met Annabella.

When I asked Tyrone if there had been any serious love affairs before that, he said with a perfectly straight face that if there had been, he didn’t remember.

“Was it love at first sight?” I said and Ty replied it most certainly was so far as he was concerned, but that it took him some months to persuade Annabella that it had been love at first sight on her side, too. They played together in “Suez” and were married the following April, at Annabella’s home in Bel-Air. That was in 1939.

In December, 1941, the United States declared war on Japan and in 1942 Tyrone Power enlisted in the Marine Corps.

Now Tyrone Power has come back. He isn’t the same. No man can be the same who has landed with those terribly needed supplies on Iwo Jima. Four minutes. It’s a hideously short, nerve-racking time in which to put a big ship down on an airport—and two seconds delay would blow you and your supplies to hell.

But in Ty’s case the change is all to the good. He has learned a great deal. He has learned to fly an airplane, to fight in the skies, to take care of himself and his men and his cargo in danger.

He is glad to be back; he is excited about making “The Razor’s Edge” because he believes it has something to say. He believes now that the search for what is right, the seeking for better things is all we need to know—perhaps all we can know here.

But above all, this young Marine—because so long as he lives Tyrone Power will be in his heart a United States Marine before he is a movie star or an actor or anything else—has learned to love the things for which his country stands.

Ty isn’t, by nature, a serious young man. He loves fun and laughter and good times. But there is no getting away from it, and he doesn’t want to; he is very serious about world peace and he intends to play an active part in helping himself and his fellow fighting men to get it. If the professional politicians and the professional leaders don’t get it with it, clean cut and definite, Tyrone Power believes the men who fought the war will take a hand at that job, with the same strength and determination they used against the enemy.

When Ty was a kid in high school, he always went out for the football team. He never made it because he was too skinny. But he kept right on going out every fall, doggedly, determinedly, playing on the third team or the second team. It took him quite a while to crack Hollywood, but he kept right on trying all the time. It wasn’t easy for him to become a pilot; he had a lot of training and boot camp was just twice as tough for him as it was for most men—but he took boot camp and went to Quantico and finally to the South Pacific.

Tyrone Power is back all right. I have a strong hunch that you’ll be hearing a lot about him, a lot about him and not just in the movies.

It wouldn’t surprise me at all if Ty Power, typical young American and a Marine, turned out to be one of the leaders the men back from overseas are looking for. He’s got an Irish tongue, a big name, a great personality, pilot brains, Marine Corps training and a heart that is doggedly, violently determined to see that he and the other men who fought and some of whom died get what they fought and died for—peace among nations.

The End
The Youngsters Take over

(Continued from page 55) accepted invitations from the wives of executives and producers and directors for the sake of their career Van repeatedly refuses such invitations for the same reason. Parties and the late hours they entail do nothing to help you in the studio in the morning. With the hardheadedness that is typical of his generation, Van realizes no one ever got a good part because of social contacts that good parts are your lot when—and only when—the public likes you.

"What do you think of your enormous success?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I can't explain it—but I love it! Sometimes I look at my puss and wonder, honest! I'd love to be good looking if I knew how to manage it."

Laughing, I suggested plastic surgery.

"Not for me," he said quickly. "Suppose they make me a good nose on one side and forget the other..."

Speaking of presents reminds me of Bob Walker. Bob seldom if ever gives flowers or nuts or candy. When he says, "I thought maybe you could use these," to his hostess or his date, he thrusts three boxes of cleansing tissue at her, or empties his pockets of chewing gum—anything which is tired to her at the moment.

June Allyson is another clear-eyed youngster who has helped change the film colony's idea of what is and what isn't. June, long a dear friend of mine, remains completely unsupplied. I'll always remember the Charles Feldman party when she came running across the room to show me the engagement ring Dick Powell had just given her.

"Look at this!" she said, turning the little star sapphire she shly had been wearing.

"Soon," she whispered, "I'll have another ring, very plain, the best of all."

They were married, she and Dick, almost immediately. In fact the next week when they lounged with me at Mike Romanoff's they were bride and groom. June, however, was not as dressed up and self-conscious as you expect a bride to be. She had come from the studio and was wearing blue slacks that were not very new and a little sweater. Her hair was brushed back and she was without makeup. Except for her natural good looks there was nothing striking about her.

I well remember when a star wouldn't have dreamed of appearing at Romanoff's unless she had spent real time upon her toilette and was utterly confident that her hat and dress and shoes and bag and gloves and hair and nails were perfection.

I told June I had expected her, as a bride, to look otherwise.

"In the movies," she said laughing, "they expect me to be all dressed up. But I don't have to dress up for Dick. He didn't marry me for my clothes."

"I married you," Dick informed her, "for your bad disposition and your total lack of charm, because you are the worst girl I have ever met."

"That's the way, kids," I said. "Go to it."

There are some in Hollywood who insist June must give her appearance more care. I wonder. She's as popular as she is, of course, because her naturalness registers on the screen. Therefore, it may be producers and directors and agents—all the moguls—will not interfere; will not, to put it bluntly, quarrel with their luck.

I suspect the same consideration influences the managerial gentlemen who otherwise might lectures Gail Russell about her disregard for appearances. Gail's idea of a good evening is an evening at the beach or on the Venice pier—preferably with Guy Madison. Invariably she, too, wears a sweater and slacks and looks the way no movie star would have been caught dead looking before this modern age.

Certainly Guy never had any objections to Gail's unpretentious ways. There never was a nicer, simpler guy. He likes informal gatherings where he can remove his coat and loosen his tie; even take off his shoes. He likes girls to be immaculately clean and wear little make-up. When he takes a girl out he never goes A.W.O.L. and then objects if she flirts with anyone else. He's a great fire-sitter. He and Gail spend many evenings, when they could dress up and go out, on the floor before her fireplace, shoes off, playing records, Glenn Miller's recordings of "Sunrise Serenade" over and over, drinking pop, eating endless sandwiches. And when Guy and Gail have a day off they get into really old duds and drive to the beach to collect firewood.

Last Christmas Eve, I happen to know, Guy was invited to at least a dozen top-drawer parties. He declined them all; explained he was driving to Bakersfield to spend the holiday with his family. And he did, too. First, however, he went over to the house of Diana Lynn's secretary where his group—Gail, Diana, Loren Tindall, Henry Willson—helped trim the tree and fill the stocking for Diana's secretary's six-year-old son.

An extraordinarily handsome young man and fit as a fiddle, Guy's an expert swimmer, lopes miles along the beach in his bare feet, dives for abalone, sails like a...and now a short solo

by HARRY JAMES

The Nation's Number One Band Leader

"Sure it's fun, to play solo. But there's a lot more to it than just blowing your own horn. You've got to be in tune with the gang that's playing with you...know when to soft-pedal your own part...nobody hogs the spotlight, that's solid sending...in my band, your glee club, or our United Nations.

"Thanks to the Fleer people for letting me sound off on my pet subject. I like their democratic thinking—and I like their gum, too."

You'll join the chorus of cheers for Fleer's own, once you try this delicious candy-coated gum with the extra peppermint flavor. You get twelve snow-white flecks in a handy green-and-white package, for just 5¢. There's a trend to candy-coated gum...try Fleer's today!
champion, hunts wild boar on Catalina. ... You shudder to think of how eagerly Hollywood's social leaders once would have made him a cavalier.

Dane Clark's different from many of this generation but at once the same. The same because, like the rest, away from his work he does the things he wants to do the way he wants to do them. Different because he's more interested and informed about politics, more hep about art and music and world affairs, more aggressively liberal perhaps.

He makes no effort in behalf of small talk. At a chi-chi party he sits silently, irrespective of whose party it is. But when he is interested, he talks brilliantly. He and his wife read madly until two and three o'clock in the morning. He abhors, both verbally and actively, class distinction. His reaction to you depends solely upon you as an individual, whether you police the studio grounds of the Warner Bros. Studio or preside in a walnut-panelled Front Office.

Actually, as this new generation of stars has discovered, it doesn't matter what you do or don't do socially. The things that ruin careers are lack of hard work and cooperation in the studios.

For the most part, however, it is incredible how quickly almost all of the youngsters realize how much a good picture and also their personal success depends upon every last member of their company, every last member of the cast, every last member of the technical crew, the writers, producer, consumers and director. And, realizing this, get in and pitch, making good team mates.

June Haver is outstanding in this respect. I predict great things for June, mistily golden, with her beautiful little legs, her sweet nature and the gaiety of a lark most of the time.

Recently a man much older than June who is an influence in motion pictures and also a wolf pursued her. There was not a splint second in which she didn't know what went on. But she was as sweet to this man as she would be to an uncle. And when he finally pinned her down to a
date she took her mother along with the bland assumption that he naturally had meant to invite her too.

No longer does this man pursue June as a wolf. Instead he champions her like an uncle, goes around telling everyone how sweet and innocent and gifted she is.

June looks like a lovely bisque doll but she's really a little smarty-pants with an extraordinary set of values, as she proved at a dinner given at the Ambassador for the late General Patton. Sitting with her at Zanuck's table, I found the excitement she knew over the many celebrities contagious. "Look at Clark Gable," she said. "There's Roland Young." "Oh, Miss Maxwell, General Patton!" But who do you think caused her the greatest excitement? Sidney Greenstreet! (The first time he will know this, incidentally, is when he reads it here.) "To me," she said breathlessly, "he's one of the greatest actors. Did you ever see him on the stage... oh, I wish I had..." Sidney Greenstreet really bowed her over—because she's keenly aware of his great technique.

Jeanne Crain is another hard worker. Sometimes, however, I wonder if Jeanne isn't too sweet and self-deprecating. It may be her marriage will help in this respect. Certainly it is a step in the right direction. I don't mean it will be a good marriage. I don't know. But when Jeanne married a Paul against her mother's wishes and everyone's advice, she asserted herself, proved she knows how to be other than docile. That, in spirit, is promising.

These young stars have a healthy respect, I find, for their elders. They realize people who have been around a long time have learned things. And some, Peter Lawford, for instance, show great deference towards their parents. Always, if Peter is going on with his crowd after dining out or attending a movie with his parents, he walks them to their car and sees them safely inside. One night, leaving a premiere, he and his parents were torn apart by autograph hounds. "Moath," he called over the heads of hundreds of fans "Moath, can you make it to the car? I'm so sorry... but..." There was another mob closed in.

When Lady Lawford got home, she said, "Peter didn't walk us to the car." "Yes," said the General, "but I think we should overlook this time. He was in rather an awkward spot..."

Shortly Peter "belled" them. "Moath... I'm so sorry I couldn't walk you to the car." He had telephoned from a big party to apologize for not being able to get through the mob. Obviously he felt frightfully about it.

Peter fits in any group, has a gift for making others guests comfortable and is especially courteous to "wall flowers" and older women. He likes to dress formally, considering it very complimentary to women in long dresses. He's keenly about sending his hostess flowers and a note after a party. Many of Peter's best friends, however, are girls and boys still at school and college; not important at all. His attitude towards them is the same; courteous and considerate to a degree. For instance, at dinner at a restaurant with him and several business friends I have seen him look at his watch at promptly eight o'clock and say, "I think I have a date. I'm supposed to call and see," and, discovering he did, depart to take a U.C.L.A. college girl to the movies.

Lon McCallister is another young man whose charming manners and ability to get on with all kinds of people will carry him far. Lon doesn't always think along conventional or orthodox lines but, unlike many of his age, he is tolerant of those who do not agree with him and he doesn't foist his opinions on people, merely stands by what he thinks when this is necessary. Another exciting young top-notch is Esther Williams. When Esther feels she needs help she goes directly to the person she thinks best can help her and follows his advice carefully.

At fourteen, a tomboy, Esther frequently was untidy and badly groomed. One day Esther's best friend in school told her she wasn't going to see her any more because she always looked so terrible. Afraid Esther would hurt her social career with boys, she had decided to choose a more glamorous friend.

Esther went home to tell her mother what had happened and asked what she should do. Her mother, who had been trying to tidy her up for years, told her how to groom herself. Esther followed her suggestions implicitly and has been careful about her appearance ever since.

They know what miraculous good fortune their careers represent, these young stars. And they work and study assiduously. But one and all they refuse to play a part away from the studios. Outside of their actual work they live as they please and think as they please, dress as they please and see whom they please. They turn their backs upon any and all of the pretension that Hollywood once considered vital to a star's survival. And older stars, who throughout their careers have given up doing those things they wanted to do in order to do those things they thought they must do, look on with stark disbelief.

The kids have taken Hollywood over, just as their contemporaries are taking over other towns and villages and cities everywhere. And Hollywood, revitalized and rejuvenated as a result, promises to be a better place than it ever was before.

The End

LOOK YOUR GLAMOROUS BEST....
TOMORROW... GIVE YOURSELF A LOVELY NEW
CharmlKurl
COLD WAVE

Do it yourself, in 2 to 3 hours at home

Try this quick, safe, guaranteed way to gain new hair loveliness. No fuss, no bother. Simply moisten your hair with Charm-Kurl Supreme salon-type solutions. Then follow the easy directions. In 2 to 3 hours your hair is ready to set in latest fashions. It's sheer magic! The result will compare with any beauty shop Cold Wave costing up to $15.00. "Takes" on coarse or fine hair. Thrill to the natural look of your springy curls and soft, lustrous waves—marvel months hence for they'll still be there. Thrifty mothers find Charm-Kurl Supreme the perfect home cold wave for little girls. It's safe and economical. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Get Charm-Kurl Supreme and look your best all thru 1946!

costs only
98¢

More women have used Charm-Kurl home permanent wave kits than the combined total of all other brands. There's a reason.

Price in Canada $1.35

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, COSMETIC COUNTERS AND 5c AND 10¢ STORES 123
Flynn Versus Flynn

(Continued from page 56) I love to emphasize the burlesque.

"It's the result of being a heaven-sent sucker," he continues. "I realize it but I don't seem to be able to do anything about it. I keep on trying to out-shrewd all the wrong people."

"There was a time when I used to think I was wise in the ways of men, although not too wise in the ways of women," he shakes his head. "But it took Hollywood to teach me I was much too optimistic on both counts."

Withal, Errol is sentimental about a number of things. Beauty, dogs, animals (he invariably distinguishes in conversation between dogs and animals), trees and boats. When you ask him, "What about people?" he looks at you too innocently, inquires: "Oh, did I mention people?"

Despite his vaunted disillusionment in humankind, he has a great capacity for friendship and, what's more, he puts it to work. Two men in particular testify to this. They are not producers or directors or actors. They're not important people, according to Hollywood standards. One is Jim Fleming, his stand-in; the other, Buster Wiles, stunt man on all his pictures. You rarely see Errol around town without Jim or Buster somewhere in the offing. It's not the usual "star and satellite" Hollywood arrangement, either. Definitely not.

They're just three guys who happen to like and understand each other. And when trouble comes to one of them—or all three of them, as has happened in the past—they see it through together. Errol likes loyalty in his friends and pays them back in the same coin, whether it's a traffic ticket, an ill-advised blow at someone's butler during a party or a court trial. There's never any question of "Don't ring me in on this!" They consider trouble for one is trouble for all.

Another pal is Raoul Walsh. Their friendship started when Errol's usual director, Michael Curtiz, was busy on another assignment and couldn't take over when one of Flynn's pictures was ready to start. Errol took a chance on Walsh, then liked his work so well he's asked for him on most of his pictures since. It was by way of being a comeback for Walsh.

John Decker, the artist, is another close cronie. Their mutual interest in art and the late Decker was the basic of their friendship. Decker painted a portrait of Barrymore, and Flynn went over to see it. They've been buddies ever since.

In fact, they opened an art gallery together in Beverly Hills. Errol's own collection is magnificent, though very small because at the moment he hasn't enough money to increase it. Books are expensive, too. But more of that anon.

The Flynn generosity is something you hear very little about. Few people know that he did his Cockney song-and-dance number in Thank Your Lucky Stars without salary. What he earned he turned over to the Hollywood Canteen.

The idea for the number about the colossal Cockney liar, which turned out to be one of the high spots of the picture, was his own. He thought of it while sitting around the set with Judith Anderson one day, talking Cockney.

It seemed like a wonderful idea, until the time came to do it. Then he realized that the cost to him would be more than mere money; he was probably the only guy in the world that was really afraid of anything. Never before had he done a song-and-dance number, and on the day they started shooting, was scared stiff. If he weren't the kind of guy who likes to finish what he starts he would have given

3 rich oils for hair allure

Olive oil! Coconut oil! Castor oil! Laco Castile Shampoo's three rich oils give triple-action results: Clean, Glaze and glorify your hair. Contains no alcohol, no free alkali, no harsh chemicals. Laco Castile Shampoo at drug counters everywhere.

Laco GENUINE CASTILE
Shampoo

Laco Products Inc., Balto, 26 Md.

24 YARDS QUILT PIECES

• OVER 4 POUNDS
• LARGE AND COLORFUL
• EXCELLENT QUALITY
• BEAUTIFUL NEW MATERIALS

Money Back Guarantee

If not satisfied, send it back and your $1.00 is refunded. No postage necessary.

Gain the Sewing Outfit and Quilt Patterns for ONLY $1.00 post paid.


Don't let those "BAD DAYS" steal YOUR job

In business today, a girl has to be on her toes every day, if possible. So try to keep those Monthly Blues from getting you down! Instead—help relieve their symptomatic jitters, periodic headaches and cramps with this grand preparation... Chi-Ches-Ters Pills 50c, or larger economy boxes at all drugstores. Get Chi-Ches-Ters today, and take only as directed.

The Improved CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Contrary to the popular impression, Errol spends a great deal of time alone. He likes being by himself in his charming home set high on the ridge of Mulholland Drive.

This undoubtedly is the reason for the strange pattern of his off-again-on-again marriage to Nora Eddington—this intermittent need for being a one-man unit unto himself. It began in typical "it's my own business" Flynn style.

The Hollywood gossips had had a field day discussing the romance, but not even the most imaginative of them had guessed a secret marriage. Then one day, Jimmy Fuller in a broadcast announced that a few days previous the birth of a baby, Deirdre Flynn Eddington, had been duly recorded in Mexico City. The baby had been born on January 10, 1945.

The wire services picked up the flash, and their representatives besieged Errol, who was in Mexico City at the time.

The "Deirdre Flynn Eddington" had thrown them off the track until inquiry revealed that in Mexico when the birth of a baby is registered, the father's surname is given first, then the mother's.

When the press finally got to Flynn he flatly denied the marriage. He went back to the United States, still denying it. But when Nora and the baby arrived in Hollywood by plane a month or so later, she confirmed the marriage. She had become Mrs. Flynn, she told reporters, in Acapulco, Mexico, in August of 1945.

Errol stopped denying the marriage.

But the gossips had another juicy bone to chew on because Nora and the baby, it turned out, had gone directly from the airport to the home of her family.

Once again, Errol had "nothing to say."

It's been anyone's guess ever since as to the status of Errol's marriage. Sometimes Nora is listed in the Hollywood telephone book as times with her family. There have been divorce rumors, apparently refuted by Errol and Nora's appearing in public together directly afterwards. And there have been reconciliation rumors, also apparently refuted by the separate appearance of each in public with other dates.

Last New Year's Eve was a notable example. Errol was "doing the town" with Ida Lupino, his co-star in "Escape Me Never." Nora was being squired around by Bob Hutton. To the great glee of onlookers—but with no apparent embarrassment on the part of the principals—this foursome kept bumping into each other in practically every night spot in town.

Nora was definitely with him recently, however, on Errol's first voyage on his new schooner, the Zazca, when he sailed it from San Francisco.

"And don't call it a yacht," begs the sailor. "It's not a pleasure craft. It was used by the Navy during the war and before that it was used on scientific expeditions to study marine life."

Errol plans to use it to film background shots which he can sell to producers. His first trip will be up the Amazon River. He'd like to stay a year, but his picture commitments will probably limit the first voyage to a few months. Eventually he plans to sail around the world.

The Zazca, a 118-foot craft with two Diesel engines and two masts, is being outfitted for the South American trip now. It sleeps from three to thirty people. It has a freez ing unit to keep at an even temperature the film he will make. He also plans to develop the film on board ship.

Verily, a departure from the pre-Hollywood days when he sailed a tramp schooner in the hazardous waters of New Guinea. On one occasion he found himself stranded in New Guinea with three
pals. They had brought the schooner up from Sydney and wanted to head west. Unfortunately, there was no money for oil for the engines nor, so far as that goes, for a supply of canned food. They couldn't stay in port without money, so they decided to go east with the wind, heading for Rimor even though their charts didn't run that far. When they arrived, they stocked up with native food and prepared to start next day.

Errol doesn't believe in fighting against fate. Much as he wanted to head west, it looked as though he was destined to go east, and he was ready to accept it.

"I'm not one to jump the rapids," Errol says. "There's little of the salmon in me. I'll always go the way the water is running."

But fate stepped in. The evening before they were to sail, one of his pals invested his all in a poker game—and won sixteen pounds. Their oil and food problem thus conveniently solved, they headed west.

Since then, he's a more confirmed fatalist than ever.

In the present expedition, the oil and food problems are practically nil, thanks to the profits of swashbuckling. Errol will do the navigating himself. But Wiles, his stunt man, will accompany him.

The question then became: Would Mrs. Flynn also be aboard?

For some time Errol wouldn't say. But it has now been announced that not only will he accompany him on the expedition, but she will be his leading lady in the picture he plans to make. Sounds like the unalloyed romance of adventure. Yet what bold soul would dare to predict in advance of the fact that it would come to pass—Flynn being Flynn?

It all depends on whether or not Errol has promised himself that this shall happen. For he believes when you make a promise to yourself you should keep it, and he does.

"I only wish," he adds hastily, "that I were as reliable about the promises I make to others."

Thus in one parting sidewise does he prove his dogged determination that there shall be no whitewashing in this business of Flynn versus Flynn.

The End
A STAR SAYS

Thanks

In which Greer Garson talks of the thrill of winning her Gold Medal

Editor's note: When Greer Garson was awarded Photoplay's coveted Gold Medal she forgot, in the excitement, to give the speech she had prepared. We thought you might like to know how she really feels.

I am sure I speak for all actors when I say that these Awards are an encouragement and an inspiration in a very special sense. Recognition by the professional standards of critics, exhibitors and members of our industry here in Hollywood are all interesting and valuable, but the Gallup movie poll, organized by Photoplay, has a particular interest for actors because it gives them, in a way, direct contact with their audience. Although the mechanical conditions under which motion pictures are made are in many ways of imperishable help to the actors, there are times very often when we miss the presence and the stimulus of a warm and sympathetic audience such as we have in the theater.

Now any actor lucky enough to be given one of these Photoplay Awards can have with him always a visible and tangible reminder of the great invisible but very real and friendly audience that is waiting to see our screenplays months after we have worked to put them together on the sound stages here in Hollywood. And for these tokens and talismans we are very grateful.

I should like to thank Mr. Mayer for all the kind things he said about me tonight and to pay tribute to all my fellow-workers at Metro Studio to whom the greater part of these laurels belong. And may I say I am very happy to be teamed again in the movie-goers' vote with Bing Crosby, because he is a fine man who has done many fine and generous things, not only as Father O'Malley, but also as Mr. Bing Crosby.

This poll that Photoplay has organized is something we all appreciate, and as for myself, I cannot find words to express how deeply grateful I am for the honor that is represented by this beautiful medal.

FREE! your chance to be a MODEL

A year's contract with famous HARRY CONOVER MODEL BUREAU plus two weeks at WALDORF HOTEL, New York, expenses paid. 57 other prizes. Contest closes May 31—still time to enter and win.

ALL TYPES needed—every girl or woman can enter—whether sophisticated type, college girl, homy girl, monkey type or glamour girl. A "plain Jane" who photographs well has a better chance to win than a non-photogenic beauty.

RULES
1. Get Models' Special entry blank at Drug or Department Store.
2. Fill in completely. Print name and address clearly.
3. Enclose with your picture (a snapshot will do) and a Models' Special make-up or lipstick box-top (or facsimile) and mail to Models' Special, 165 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
4. Judge: Harry Conover, famous New York model maker; Bradshaw Credland, noted illustrator; V. Huntington Howland, Editor of Gower Girl Magazine; and Mary Beale, beauty editor, Advertising Age, will select the choice of judges final. Entries will be judged and prizes awarded on the basis of photographic qualities in the entrant which in the opinion of the three judges offer best possibilities for success as a model. Duplicate entries in case of ties. No photographs returned.
5. All persons in United States, its territories and possessions, may enter—except employees of Models' Special, its Advertising Agency and their respective families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.
7. Winners will be notified by registered mail. A complete list of winners will be published.

PURPOSE of contest—to more quickly acquaint you with Models' Special Make-up and Lipstick, the only make-up and lipstick endorsed by famous New York models like Candy Jones, Lucinda Bogue, Frances Counsel, and others.

THE NEW MODELS' SPECIAL Make-up and Lipstick are so amazingly beautiful that we're sure, once you try them, you'll use them always. So we are offering this 58-prize contest as a special inducement for you to try both today.

And the contest is so easy—nothing to write, no work to do. Just send in your photograph (read simple rules below). And the 58 valuable prizes include the following:

FIRST PRIZE...a year's contract with famous Harry Conover Model Bureau in New York and two weeks at the Waldorf Hotel with all expenses paid.
SECOND PRIZE...a lovely new 1946 Chevrolet Sedan.
Eight Regional Prizes...a complete, new spring wardrobe of your choice...48 State Prizes...a complete beauty outfit in a fitted case.

Enter now—to win. Read the rules, clip the reminder coupon below, get the free entry blank at your Department or Drug Store!

SORE TOES, CALLOUS, BUNIONS, TENDER SPOTS

INSTANT RELIEF

The instant you put Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. So soothing, cushioning, protective, these thin, soft pads prevent corns, tender spots, blisters. Ease new or tight shoes almost like magic. Separate Methyl Blue included for quickly removing corns or callouses. Easy to apply. No balm, no unsightly taping. Cost but a trifle. Instinct on Dr. Scholl's in the yellow box.

CANDY JONES, famous model urges:

CLIP THIS REMINDER COUPON NOW! Mail it with your entry for FREE BEAUTY ANALYSIS

CANDY JONES, famous model urges:

MAIL IT WITH YOUR ENTRY FOR FREE BEAUTY ANALYSIS

Photospace, Inc., 165 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
Enclosed is entry blank, snapshot and box-top (or facsimile). Send me, FREE, Personal Beauty Analysis telling me how to dramatize my best beauties.

Name
Address
City...State

CORNs

M ÈK èN YOUR HAIR LOOK SMARTER

Vogue Fine Mesh Nets

Outdoors, indoors, wherever you go, whatever you do, a Vogue Mesh Net itures the charm of your loveliest hair-do.

Wonderful for carrying

slaying strands...for giving your hair-do that well-groomed, glamorous look.

In seven hair-matching shades.

On sale at 5-and-10 stores and department stores

Coming Soon! Vogue's Real Human Hair Nets, The Kind You

Have Been Waiting For!© The Glenmont Co., Inc.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

10¢

10¢

10¢
You're Welcome, Joan

(Continued from page 35) high on her head and she was wearing a trailing, black negligee as we sat in the colorful library of her home, cozy warm and completely equipped with an Oscar!

"I know what you mean, Louella," she answered; "A year ago I would have said the same thing—indeed, the same question of myself. But now I know what an Oscar costs! I mean—what it costs in health, sweat and fears!

I looked at the little gold statuette on the table beside us. It is no more than twelve inches high, made of metal with plating of gold. In dollars and cents, it costs about $30. Bob Hope called it "A bookend with a sneer"—and maybe that's all it seemed to be.

Joan must have followed my glance and my thoughts for she said quickly; 'I haven't any words to tell you what comes as a part of being chosen a candidate! You must want to win more than anything else in the world—and yet there is the gnawing fear that it is too much to ask for, too much to hope for. The weeks following the Academy nominations and the night of the awards are almost more than anyone can bear.

"It kept running through my mind like a broken record, 'Can I win? Can I win?' My nerves began to rip into shreds. And then I would think all of them go through this—or is it just me?" As the time drew near I noticed I was unable to eat, I was losing weight by the pounds. Sixteen pounds, to be exact. And then, five days before the night, I caught the flu. In my run-down condition, it was bound to hit me harder than if I had been in my usual health. My doctor put me to bed immediately—but even then I supposed I would be able to make the Awards whether I won—or lost.

"But still I worried and it made me even more ill! Right up to the very time to leave the house, I thought I could make it. My dress was ready, everything was ready. When Dr. Branch told me that it was his orders that I could not leave bed, I was the most disappointed woman in the world."

In all the years I have known Joan, and I have been with her through many dramatic moments, I've never seen her so emotional about anything.

The words seemed to be actually tumbling from her as she continued: "I've been close to the extra people—the bit players who have worked in my pictures for years. It meant so much when they kept telling me they had voted for me and wanted me to win. It was the first year they had had the winner, you know."

Suddenly, she didn't seem like Crawford, the star, at all. She was more like an excited school girl as she went over to the desk and scooped up an armful of telegrams, letters and cards from flowers. There were messages from telephone operators, messenger girls, carpenters and grips from both Witters and grips from writers and writers from more than a dozen of her loyal fans who have not deserted Crawford for any moment—not a single moment. On top, was a cute one from Barbara Stanwyck's son, twelve-year-old Tony. He wrote: "I know my mother wrote you, but I want to appeal to my happiness in your success!"

"Now what does that mean?" laughed Joan. "I think Tony is as mixed-up as I am!" The little boy may have his words...
twisted, but the spirit was there and he loved her. Another important wire came from Harry Rapf, the M-G-M producer who first discovered Joan dancing in a New York show, brought her to Hollywood and gave her the first chance. She was very sentimental, too, about it. I thought—Joan is the type of girl who blossoms like a flower with praise and kind words and who droops like a plant in the hot sun when she is criticized. I've never known a person as sensitive to what other people think.

This day, basked in the praise of the entire industry and most of the press (the Los Angeles Times film writers had boosted Ingrid Bergman and held out for her until the last minute), she was joy itself—joy to behold, too, in that frail, negligeé with her flaming hair high on her head.

"Well, anyway," I laughed, "I'm glad you lost those sixteen pounds worrying over Oscar and not some other man! And now that you have won the greatest honor Hollywood has to give you, what about the plans for your private life?"

I KNEW that Joan was planning to file suit for divorce from Phil Terry within a few days. It was the third time a marriage had ended unhappily for her and I was eager to know if she planned to be just a "career woman" from here on in.

If I had expected her to say, "My work is my all now," the lady surprised me. She hesitated just a moment before she answered, "I can't say I'll never marry again, Louella, because—I get too lonely. I love my children, little Christina and Christopher, but I am a woman who does not like to be alone. Perhaps," she smiled, "I'll marry an Oscar who can't talk back. But seriously," she went on, "when and if I marry again, I want a man who will say, 'We are not going to live in your house. I'll give you a house, and you can have it any way you want, but it will be our home, not yours.'"

"Oh, Joan," I said, "you would never give this up." She has just had Bill Haines do over her house, and it is so beautiful, so livable and so comfortable—simple and not overdone. "This house must be so full of memories for you. Remember when you and Douglas Fairbanks broke up and I used your typewriter and telephone to get the story to my paper?"

"If that telephone could talk," she nodded, "what a lot of stories of happiness and heartache it could tell. I have heard good things, wonderful things over it. The saddest news was the message that one of my best friends, Paul Berns, had committed suicide. Sometimes it has rung with the word that someone has eloped. This telephone, this room, this house, holds almost all the important memories of my life."

I think I knew what she meant, for Joan has lived in the white, rambling, gracious home as Mrs. Fairbanks', Mrs. Franchot Tone and Mrs. Phil Terry.

"One thing is certain," Louella, she said, "my next marriage will not be a hasty one. I'll take my time."

"Why did you marry Phil in such a hurry?" I persisted.

"I was so lonely," she replied. "I wanted companionship, Phillip," she told me, "is thirty-seven and not years younger than I as has been pointed out so often. So it wasn't a matter of age. It was merely that we were not congenial and compatible. We had so little in common; so few matters to discuss together. We would sit for hours without a word.

She shrugged slightly and the shrug said louder than words, "But that's over now. It's in the past. Forget it."

I doubt very much if the right man, or any man, is important in her life now.
Oh, we hear rumors that this high-powered star or that top executive is quietly courting Joan. There are plenty of them who would like to take her out and to win her favor for she is very beautiful and gay and happy now. But whether she is quick to admit it or not, I think her future on the screen is the biggest thing in her life—and will be for months and months to come.

She adores Mike Curtiz, who directed "Mildred Pierce," and looks upon him as a man who can do no wrong. But it wasn't always that way.

When she started "Mildred" he put her through a post-graduate course of humiliation such as few actresses have ever suffered. When she came on the set in one of her usual smart suits with accented shoulder pads, he ripped off the shoulders! He wiped the heavy make-up off her lips and eyes. He ordered her to change into a "housewife's dress"—and all this in front of the crew. "Then," said Joan, "when he found out I could take it, he started training me. After the picture was finished, we had a luncheon for the cast and crew and Mike apologized to everyone for the way he had treated me. I adored Ray Milland. One afternoon, he called and said to be on the set, ready for 'Peter Pan' at eight o'clock in the morning. I would be there—such is my confidence in him.

"When I first learned I had won the Oscar, it was Mike I wanted to accept for me. And he came directly from the theater to my bedside bringing it to me. We laughed and cried and cried and laughed with first of us and then the other holding onto Oscar!"

"Perhaps I couldn't be at the theater that night as I had hoped. But we had our little moment of triumph—just four or five of us—Mike, my wife, Bess Meredith, my good friend Van Johnson, who rushed to my house—and I—and, yes, the children came in to share in our happiness even if it was a day, an hour, a moment I can never forget so long as I live."

And that is one thing that Joan wants everyone who attended the Academy that night to know—if she could not be there, if the crowd could not share the actual moment with her, they all made it possible for her to own this shining happiness!

And because we are a sentimental people here in Hollywood, we want her to know: "You're welcome, Joan. You deserved it. You earned it. And we are all bit as happy as you are!"

The End

---

**Can't SLEEP?**

Maybe It's NERVES

Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless.

MILES NERVINE (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous. Cranky, Restless?

Get it at your drug store—Liquid, 35c and $1.00. Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Caution: read directions and use only as directed.

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

---

**MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN 4 COLORS**

Your favorite stars of the screen come to life in these beautiful LIFELIKE photos, ready for instant framing to add new luster to your room and home...new charm to your album or scrapbook. Get them today...it's the chance of a lifetime!


These photos are printed on heavy coated paper, size 5 x 10, in FULL COLORED, your choice of any eight listed above for 50¢—10 for $1.00—entire set of 24 only $2.00. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

IRVING KLAW, 212 East 14th St.
Dept. E-90
NEW YORK CITY 3, N. Y.
Champagne and Pretzels

(Continued from page 43) ing about the unemployment problem, at least so far as secretaries are concerned. One of these appeared in the door with documents.

"Have you a second, Betty dear?" the secretary asked.

"More statistics! Oh, my God, how I hate money," shrieked Madame Briskin, slapping her brow like Bernhardt in "Toora." "But I want it. Being poor but happy is malarkey. I ought to know. I never knew where the next pork chop was coming from. Not that the rich are always happy either. Soon as I could afford a chump they put me on grapefruit juice—can you beat it?—every time I turned around, grapefruit juice!

She reeled away from her secretary into the next room, the walls buckling to her expostulations. Soon she rotated back, tossing her hands and ululating.

"Don't mind me," she cried. "'I'm always making a production."

The dressing room where we sat was silver and dusty rose; a fireplace embedded in antique mirror, a silver piano in a window recess, satin rose furniture against silver papered walls. "Too much of a production," Betty called it and announced she was going to have it all painted.

Betty is too much of a production for anything more than a plain back drop. "No one ever notices my clothes as they do Connie Bennett's," she confided.

At the above, the mirror wearing above her shapely, shining legs a dark blue wool skirt, white crepe blouse, a perky checked jacket with scarlet lining and a square-cut kohinor on the wedding finger sufficient to light a small city.

Her beauty also somewhat eludes you amid the fireworks of her personality even though you have seen her in Technicolor. Hot chocolate eyes in ice cream whites, almond halo of frisky curls and a peach complexion, she is a fountain specialty comedian. Of course if you prefer to be classic she reminds you of those Venetian puppets whom Titian painted. She's gesticulant too, not violent as in her comedy but vivaciously the Venetians. But her name was Thornberg and she was born in Battle Creek, where peppery breakfast foods come from. Could this account for her perpetual motion?

Y EARS ago this reporter sought the vital secret of cyclonic Texas Guinan, perfectly impersonated on the screen by Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde." Texas had the gusto of a village smirh, Once in a vaudeville act her horse kicked her.

"He kicked me as I was taking my bow," Texas said, "and on my bow. Doctors came all the way from Chicago to take X-ray pictures of it. They photographed it from all angles. Even from reconnaissance planes. When they looked at the pictures they said, 'Texas, you're so hard we can't tell your muscles from your bones.'

"Feel the muscles! Tex concluded triumphantly, extending her arm and leg.

Mme. Briskin, though informed of Miss Guinan's cordial cooperation, failed to offer the same hearty collaboration.

"Oh, those good old days, they didn't have to worry about a Hays office—now a Johnston," sighed Madam B. "Right now I'm getting ready to play Pearl White, the serial queen, who hung by her teeth to cliffs. I love playing those old-timers. They seem to have had so much color."

"And you are the only actress alive who can do it," said this dazzled old authority.

"The rest of the movie babes are too lady-languid."

"Maybe they have amoebas," said Madame charitably. "I had an amoeba. It makes you languid. I caught it playing the GI circuit in the South Pacific."

"Remind me to tell you about my breakdown. Never mind, I'll tell you anyhow. You wanted to know about my energy. It's just that I give all, all the time. I don't know how to take it easy. I knock myself out every day including Sunday. I work days and worry nights. Work and study."

She failed to mention that she had toured every Army hospital in the United States, pranced and gaggled and sang for two months in the mud and milled of the Pacific, entertained longer and harder than any actress. In appreciation the Marines awarded her their own Oscar—a bronze mug-ugly leatherneck posed raw with broadsword. It is dedicated simply to the world's greatest trouper. On her European campaign she toppled over; the Army doctors put her away in a Paris hospital, then shipped her home.

"I seemed to have gone crow-crazy," she said, "and my heart ached for circus elephants getting that way and stampeding. Slow as anyone got two feet from me I would start shaking and sweating. Then I would go numb and feel like a foot. I thought I was going insane. Doctors said nerves. They gave me thyroid pills."

"I was disintegrating like this—head shaking, glands jumping, pores opening and shutting—when I met Ted. I don't know what he married me for," she leaped up and drew her husband's arms around her. "Right in the midst of our wedding

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN OR OWNED SUPERIOR SADDLE LEATHER OR SIMILAR BILLFOLDS AND LOADED WITH ESSENTIAL FEATURES AT THIS LOW PRICE!

SECRET POCKET

Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

Men Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at This Low Price

THIS GENUINE RABBIT'S FOOT KEY-HOLDER SENT WITH EVERY ORDER

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case with its secret zipper. The pouches are padded with fine leather. There's a secret "Zippered" Compartment, its secret Pocket for extra valuables. A versatile purse and every thing is made to carry with him. Exterior is of smart saddle leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Picture illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather. You will find it a high quality with genuine Billfold beauty with unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only 29.88 plus tax. SEND NO MONEY—Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 30 days for full refund.
reception I got the jokes. Started babblating. My poor husband picked me up and carried me upstairs. He put me on the bed and talked to me soothingly. In three minutes I was sound asleep. A heck of a wedding night!"

Now she's blooming and bouncing again, thanks to that old miracle-man husband who ordered a six-month honeymoon, threw out the dated grapefruit juice and brought on the steaks and took her walking in the hills.

"I used to think only squares went walking, but it's wonderful," she said, astonished. "We hike all the time when we aren't eating, don't we, dear? Why don't you say something? You usually get in a word now and then. I'm talking too much. I love to talk. I would like to be a reporter and go talking to people all over the world. Having no education, I leach onto everyone for knowledge. I read too, every night, everything."

DURING the presidential campaign she subscribed to both the New York Times and PM. She said she wanted both sides, conservative and radical, so she could make up her own mind.

And what did she turn out to be? "She is a—s—liberal," interposed a visiting studio executive, apprehensive, no doubt, lest Madame B. announce she was an anarchist. "She is for the underdog." "Of course she should be," I have been one all my life. Worked from the day I was born, tending kids, washing dishes, singing for pennies.

Her mother worked in the upholstery department of the Chrysler plant in Lansing to support her and her sister.

A fur coat for mama was the object of Betty's first savings. All the profits of her last personal appearance tour went into a car for mama. Mrs. Hutton divides her time between her apartment in Hollywood and the home of her other daughter, Marion, a singer, in New York.

With the political campaign out of the way Betty turned from PM and the Times to less intense literature, mostly fiction.

"Trouble with fiction, I go about living the characters. I enjoy being someone else. I get so mixed up I don't know who I am. Right now I'm in murder mysteries—hurra—screaming myself to death."

"Please," said her husband, getting in a word at last. "Could you suggest some love stories for her?"

"Why Ted!" cried her spouse, properly suffocating him in proof that their one-day-break-up is strictly past tense. Bubbling happiness, that gal, and no wonder. She's going to have the answer to her most fervent dream—a baby—and in a few months! "She can cook too," he grinned, emerging from the rapturously embrace. "She puts more things into borsch than the Russians have thought up in ten centuries."

"Tell him about my biscuits, pet," said Mrs. B., then proceeded to do her own boasting. It seems they are extra thin and short and melt on your tongue, delectable, and the recipe is a secret she will not share with Russia even though she is a liberal and is right behind the UNO for world peace, ready to turn bullets into biscuits, only, no other say better the reverse—that her biscuits are made of bullets.

Spaghetti is her favorite dish. Her chicken, which she soaks in a sauce overnight, would make Senator Claghorn forget Southern cooking. In fact, it has made her barbecue the talk of the town. Betty, the Barbecue Queen, they call her.

But that is the only reference to higher-ups Betty permits. Otherwise she's strictly for the underdog. And if you don't agree that she deserves the Oscar for being the most exciting, magnetic, prettiest, and able actress, you can tell it to the Devil Dogs!

The End
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 29)

Myrna Loy. Myrna leaves her farm in the country to visit city cousin Molly Lamont, openly admitting her purpose is to find “a husband of substance.” When the news is carried to next-door neighbor Ameche, an inventor, he makes it a point to tell Miss Loy that she’d better not count on him because he hasn’t any money. But as Myrna becomes engaged to a stuffy suitor, Richard Gaines, she realizes at the reception she loves Ameche, proposes to him and they marry. Without his realizing it, she prods and leads him on, shelters him from the results of his charming but unconventional behavior, and does an admirable job of raising their first son, Bobby Driscoll.

This is Miss Loy’s first picture in two years. She still suits her well. Ameche gives the inventor an eccentric charm which lends authenticity.

Your Reviewer Says: Easy come, easy go.

Smooth As Silk (Warners)

W ITHOUT benefit of a box-office cast, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in a many a murder.

Kent Taylor, a crack criminal lawyer, loves a calculating actress, Virginia Grey, who gives him the run-around by becoming engaged to producer, David Lilac. To good even, Taylor murders the producer and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on his double-crossing sweetheart. Good judgment in handling of the story and smooth performances by all players make for an unusually strong brand of suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Full of surprises—all of them good.

Devotion (Warners)

THERE is a lovely haunting quality in this story of the four famous Bronte children, all of them talented—and “two of them geniuses” said Charlotte, author of the perennial favorite “Jane Eyre”; Ann, known for her poetry; Bramwell, the son of the family; and Emily, the poet gifted genius who produced “Wuthering Heights.”

The title is well chosen, for the lives of these four reveal an almost passionate devotion to each other; a devotion which could be broken neither by the drunken frustrations of the brother, nor by the rivaling between the girls.

Charlotte, delightfully played by Olivia de Havilland, is the spirited one who takes the family bit in her hands by sending for a curate to help out her aging father, the Vicar. And since family funds are conglutinously low, she persuades Ann to join her by “going into service” with a wealthy family in order to give Bramwell his chance to win his spurs as a painter in London. Only Emily who, as the eldest, somberly mothers the others, realizes the limitations of each and loves each all the more fiercely. While the others are away her love for the curate grows, only to be stifled when the vibrant Charlotte returns. But unknown to herself, catches the curate’s affections. Even literary success comes earlier and in greater abundance smooth to Charlotte. Yet even as she is being feted by the press of London, it is Emily who her good friend, the great Thackeray, wants to meet. And it is Emily who will dominate your emotions when you see the picture. Ida Lupino plays her beautifully. It’s by all odds Miss Lupino’s best job in recent years. . . . Paul Henreid as the
curate makes an intelligent effort but his Viennese accent against the background of the Yorkshire village seems strange.

But the nicest thing about "Devotion" is that it brings back to us Olivia de Havilland who's been away too long.

Your Reviewer Says: Devote yourself to it.

✓ The Wife of Monte Cristo (PRC)

This time it's madame who fares forth with mask and sword to do battle for the common folk of France. The sequel to "The Count of Monte Cristo" is a lively little job calculated to please those who like their cops and robbers in satin breeches and twenty-yard capes.

John Loder, as chief of police, sets a trap to catch the ruffian who has been upsetting his racket of selling bad drugs. With the scent getting too hot, the Avenger, who is none other than the Count of Monte Cristo, forced to get out of town; whereupon his beautiful wife steps into his shoes and carries on the raids, thereby confounding all hands.

John Loder plays the corrupt prefect of police, who never forgets a lady's perfume, with smoothness and authority. The Countess gives Lenore Aubert her best American opportunity to date. She has both charm and command as the lady Robin Hood. The weakest spot is Martin Kosleck, as the count, who gives an excellent performance but does not physically suggest the ruffian Monte Cristo. Special mention should be given Ray Collins for his perfidious collaboration with Loder.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair fare.

Brief Reviews

✓ ✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ABLENE TOWN—Levey-UA: A Western to end all Westerns, this one is set in 1860 and has all the figures: Ann Prentice, the barroom queen with heart of gold, Randy Scott tough and noble, thousands of people getting killed, cattle stampeded. (Apr.)

✓ ✓ ADVENTURE—M-G-M: Even if this is not the finest vehicle in the world for the return of Clark Gable, it is one you won't want to miss, for Gable is as wonderful as ever, with Greer Garson as a librarian who falls hard for the sea faring guy, and then changes her mind twice. (Mar.)

ALONG THIS NAVAJO TRAIL—Republic: Music is crowding the old Western right off the screen, but with Roy Rogers doing it, fans won't mind, though our guess is the kids would prefer music alone. Dale Evans sings, as does Estelle Kennedy and, of course, Gabby Hayes is present. (Mar.)

ANGEL COMES TO BROOKLYN, AN—Republic: The travel between New York and Hollywood is quite busy lately, and this particular musical fantasy didn't quite strike the fancy. Gables, though it might have been. The spirit who tries to help some kids catch show business is Charles Kemper. Kaye Dowd, Robert Duke and David Street are the kids. (Mar.)

✓ BAD BASCOM—M-G-M: Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien are teamed up in this one, with Beery an outlaw of the West who, to escape the Federal agents, pretends petry and joins a caravan of Mormons heading for Utah. Marjorie Main is Margaret's mother, and Marsha Hunt, Maitland Mack and Frances Rafferty the romantic duo. (May)
The text contains a mix of unrelated sentences and paragraphs. It seems to be an advertisement for Sargent's SKIP-FLEA POWDER, which is used to get rid of fleas. Other sections of the text include a listing of diamond engagement rings, a brief overview of a novel, and a description of a ring with sparkling replica diamonds. The text is not legible due to the nature of the handwritten or printed content.
It's fragrant of PINE! Cleans! Disinfects!

Sergeant's DISINFECTANT

We hear the story shocked our grandparents, but it didn't shock us. As—Republic: Alan Lane starts chasing women to annul his sorrows after his wife dies in childbirth. Twinkie Watts (who quite daunted us), run wild, Jane Frazee, who loves him, leaves when she sees how far he has fallen, but when her return to his child needs care, the way is paved for a reconciliation. (Apr.)

• GILDA—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gang, and falls in love with two local girls. Then Macready returns with a trip to a new, unscrupulous lot, and the girls remain in love. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of genuine crooks. Argentina portraits and jealous. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

• HARVEY GIRLS, THE—M.G.M.: When a Harvey Restaurant opened in the West in 1880, Judy Garland took the train as the featured attraction. Joan Crawford was supposed to marry her correspondent fiancé. Discovering John Hodiak wrote the letters as a game, Judy joins the girls and has all sorts of experiences before her fateful end. The music is wonderful and the people fun. They include Angela Lansbury, Preston Foster, Virginia O'Brien, Ray Bolger and Brooklyn Baker. (Mar.)

• HODDLMAN SAIN'T, THE—M.G.M.: Hoochey as all get out, still the fine performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaper man who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of standards. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

• RING DOORBELL—FRC: This newspaper office setting provides some spirited dialogue and a story around Anne Gwynne playing girl friend to Robert Shayne's reporter. We were disappointed in the not too accurate transition from the stage. The cast includes Roscoe Karns, John Eldredge and Pierre Watkins. (April)

• JR. VIVIAN FRON—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teenage intrigue over the election of a high-school student body president, with the student-candidates vying for their favorite's favors. The scene stars Freddie Steele, Jean Preiss, Judy Dropper and Frank De Wolf singing music of Edwin Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

• LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN—Fox: Readers of Ben Ames Williams' book will like this faithful translation, but it is too costly for color. Gene Tierney does the best job of her career as the psychologically overwrought "Favale" who does so much for Mrs. Wilde and Jeanne Crain are excellent. An outstanding treat. (Mar.)

• LETTER FOR EVIE, A—M.G.M.: Mara Hunt takes over the title from Jeanne Crain in a large and splendid, non-glamorous, stainless-steel swimming pool movie. Ask your druggist for D, B, D. Presentation.

• ANY PHOTO ENLARGED Size 8 x 10 inches on DOUBLE-WIDTH PAPER 95¢

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo; negative or snapshot same size and request double-width enlargement. Allow 5 to 7 days for delivery, plus postage. Enlarge your sports pictures and any other memories. We'll send you a proof sheet of your order and you will be well pleased with the result. Order today.

Make Money

SOLD CHRISTMAS CARDS

As low as 50¢ for

JAMES ART STUDIOS INC.

1225 Clifford Ave., Dept. 8-19

Rochester, N.Y.
JUMPER WITH A DOUBLE LIFE

her friends Eve Arden and John Ridgely, are flaw-
lessly interpreted. (Apr.)

PILOWS OF DEATH—Universal: Jane Sansom
comes to movies with ghost-ridden houses, seances,
murders, and Lou Chaney a very suspected attorney.
Brand force in his pretty secretary, J. Edward
Bromberg a spiritualist and Rosalind Ivan a delight
as an Englishwoman. The pillow, incidentally, was
used for smoothing. (Mar.)

PORTRAIT OF MARIA—Mundales-M-G-Ms: A
Mexican good- wall picture with Dolores Del Rio
playing an Indian girl who meets a tragic end. Pedro
Armenardiz tries to defend her from the over-
moral and vindictive villagers. English is dubbed in,
and the dialogue sometimes silly, but perhaps
foreign film fans will enjoy it best. (Apr.)

PURSUIT TO ALGIERs—Universal: Basil
Reynolds and Nigel Bruce, inevitably Sherlock
and Watson, this time sacrifice a vacation (they never
got one, do they?) to escort a monarch safely back
to the Balkans while the murderess escapes. Of course
everything finally comes out all right. (Mar.)

REBECCA—Selznick-International: This
picture is now being released, and many fans missed
the first time you'll want to see this fascinating psychological
study that made Joan Fontaine a star. Rebecca,
Laurence Olivier's dead wife, never appears in the
picture, but she dominates the whole story with her threat
to Olivier's new marriage to Joan. With Judith
Anderson and George Sanders. (May)

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM—M-G-Ms: Leon Errol's
pattern in film making is still the same, and this
weak-kneed farce in which, as an impoverished showboat
captain, he pretends to be a Southern colonel is not
very funny. Walter Catlett as the Count Errol
impersonates solid support to the star, and others
vainly trying are Jonathan Hale, Marc
Cramer and Joan Newton. (May)

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Paramount: Bing and
Bob have never been so relaxed and enjoyable, as
a pair of vaudeville hams headed for Alaska where
Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father's
mine. The boys pretend to be crooks while chasing
the villains, Douglass Dumbrille and Jack LaRue. We
howled with laughter. (Mar.)

SAILOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—M-G-M:
Cobbs, as always, but sometimes too cute. Jeep
Allyson as the bride-in-a-hurry and Robert Walker
as the eager groom are just right for their roles and
are amusing in their first experiences with marital
bliss. The film just misses being a tremendous hit,
but it's still cute. (Mar.)

SCARLET STREET—Universal: The same
characters from "Woman in the Window" it
attracted and it's still good but not quite. Joan
Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, Dan Duryea and Rosalind
Ives make the dark tale live, and we think you'll be
intrigued, fascinated and repelled at the same time. (Mar.)

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—20th Century-
Fox: A four-handkerchief picture, with Maureen
O'Hara as the young actress who, knowing of her
imminent death, adopts a child in the hope it will give
her immature producer husband, John Payne, some-
thing to cling to after her death. But the little
world's only is one of fantasy and John, in the
grief of his wife's death, fails to understand her. (May)

SEVENTH SIN, THE—Sydney Box-Orts
pictures: An English psychological picture, this
tells the story of Ann Todd who becomes a great
woman under the guidance of her crippled guardian,
James Mason-Britain's No. one heartbeat. When
Mason tries to break up her romances, the girl suf-
ers an accident and then psychiatry enters to solve
the riddle of which man she really loves. (May)

SHADOW RETURNS, THE—Monogram: Kane
Richmond, nephew of the police commissioner,
assumes the Shadow disguise in order to solve a series
of murders which are halting all the city's police
force. Barbara Reed is the object of his love, Tony
Dungan isn't. (Apr.)

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES—Columbia: How
tired are we of women psychiatrists, career women
trying to avoid love, and Rosalind Russell (who can
act so good) acting coy. Nevertheless, this may in-
trigue you, and we promise you'll like Lee Bowman,
Adle Jergens and Charlie Winginger. It could be
better, but we've certainly seen worse. (Mar.)

SHOCK—20th Century-Fox: A different
plot—a story of a girl who sees a doctor kill
someone and then is treated for shock by the killer.
Vincent Price is excellent as the criminal psychiatrist
who wants to destroy his hysterical patient; Lynn
Harding is one of Warner's new characters, and
Yvonne De Carlo is the tortured young victim and
Frank Latimore her husband. (May)

SPIRAL CASE, THE—RKO: This exciting
murder mystery has a wonderful cast, headed by
Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire and George
Reed. But the plot lacks unity (they hang together,
but what mystery does? The psychological twist in this
case is to make a murderer, as usual, physically
impassioned. Elois Lacquere, Elva Allgood
and Kent Smith lend good support. (May)

STRANGE VOYAGE—Signal: Eddie Albert
and some service men formed Signal Pictures to make an

FOR MISSES FOR WOMEN

Wear it with or without a blouse—get double
wearing pleasure from this fine, quality rayon
jumper. So slim, so trim with set-in belt, new
drop shoulders, hankie pocket. Six rows of
stitching and self-covered buttons add extra-
richness. Better order now—it's a terrific buy
at $6.94! Sizes 12 to 20 and 40 to 46.

SPECIAL! FOR SIZES 40 TO 46!!

* At last—and at no extra cost—this at-
tractive jumper can be yours in hard-
to-find sizes! Imagine, getting this
generously cut jumper with smooth,
slenderizing lines for only $6.94!

BLOUSE—perfect teammate in fine quality,
white washable rayon. Sizes 32 to 38 and 40
to 46. Outstanding at $3.94! MAIL YOUR
ORDER TODAY!

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY BLANK

NATIONAL MAIL ORDER CORP.

Dept. SF, 333 N. Michigan, Chicago 1
Please send me JUMPER at $6.94 plus postage


Money Order [X] Check [X]

(Circa 1949 color choice)

Circa size wanted: 12 14 16 18 20 22 40 42 44 46
Send BLOUSE (white only) at $3.94 plus postage

Circa size wanted: 32 34 36 38 40 42 44 46

C.O.D. [ ] Money Order [X]

(please do not send cash)

Send 39c Dr. Good's, charge by making money order for

amount plus 5c postage. In Illinois, add 5c sales tax.

NAME ____________________________

STREET ____________________________

CITY ____________________________ ZONE STATE

If you're too strong, you're not taking it right!

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with

harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medi-
cine that's too strong can often leave

you feeling worse than before!

This mild laxative is gentle on your system. It goes down

smoothly, and the results are quick and easy.

The Happy Medium! LAXATIVE

EX-LAX gives a thorough action. But

EX-LAX is gentle, too. It works easily

and effectively at the same time.

And EX-LAX tastes good, too—just

like fine chocolate. It's America's

most widely used laxative, as good

for children as it is for grown-ups.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

PROVES WONDERFUL

to promptly relieve misery

and kill cause of

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Helps

Guard

Against

Re-infection!

Here's a product that really does what it
claims. It's a Doctor's wonderfully
nothing yet powerfully medicated liquid
called Zero. First applications reli-
itching and burning between cracked,

peeling toes and aid healing. Zero secu-

rally kills on contact the vicious germs

that cause and spread this trouble.

That's why Zemo has such an amazing
record of continuous success. First trial

convincing. Buy Zemo Zemo at any drugstore.

ZEMO

10c and 25c at all drug stores
WALTZ INTO HIS HEART

independent production and we respect their effort.

This is a curious adventure, a boat and death.

We thought Edgar good, and the picture interesting

though not a strictly "Hollywood" Job. (Mar.)

SWING PARADE OF 1946—Monogram: Gale

Stewart's the attraction of this movie—acts, songs

and dances most charmingly. Besides that, the

picture is full of specialties: Connee Boswell, Louis

Jordan and Will Osborne's music, the Three Stooges,

Dance Director Jack Boyle in a number with Gale;

and playing opposite her, Barbara Britton. (Apr.)

TIGER WOMAN—Republic: Kane Richards slumps

Adèle Mara, who killed her husband for his insure-

ance and then her boy friend Robert Fraser because

he tried to back out. It resembles "Double Indemnity"

and it isn't so bad. (Mar.)

WALK IN THE SUN, A—20th Century-Fox:

This is a top-notch "walking-doll" story that went right to our heart. The male role includes

fine performances by Dana Andrews, Dick Conte, George Raft, Sonny Tufts, Ray Bailey,

and Henry O'Neill are all excellent. (Apr.)

WITH THE WORKMEN—M-G-M: Irene Dunne

and Gary Cooper in the roles of a woman and

man who are thrown together by a professional

affair. The story is a popular one, well produced

and directed by George Cukor. (Apr.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—M-G-M: Among the

notable performances are those of Spencer Tracy,

Katharine Hepburn, Rosalind Russell, Millicent

Armstrong, and Donald Crisp. The story is a

strong one, well adapted and directed by George

Cukor. (Apr.)

WOMEN IN LOVE—M-G-M: The story

concerns a love affair between two sisters and

a young man. The acting is excellent, and the

direction by George Cukor is masterful. (Apr.)

WONDER WOMAN—Republic: Susan Hayward

as a nurse named Kathleen Neary who

is sent to the south during the Civil War. She

falls in love with a Yankee officer, played by

Horatio Sanz. (Apr.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS—M-G-M: There is a

lot of special photography in this film, and it

is a well-made picture. However, the story

is not original, and the acting is not up to

standard. (Apr.)

With a Touch of Blue Waltz perfume

$1.00 10c

With its fragrance lasts!

High School Course at Home.

Many Finish in 2 Years.

Go at your own time and abilities permit. Equipped to teach

almost all subjects, nurses, natural sciences, engineering, shorthand

French, German, Spanish, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, advanced

mathematics, trigonometry, economics, philosophy, literature,

psychology, sociology, anthropology, history. Takes only 11

months at home. Gives fair tests with high marks. (Apr.)

Do your own Hair?

EYES light on lovely hair and linger there

when it shines in all its natural beauty.

Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous

when you do it at home with new Wildroot Hair Set that

replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets.

Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster

drying. It contains procured LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best.

Style your own distinctive hair-do-quickly, without

fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!

NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

BLACKHEADS MUST GO

BLACKHEADS MUST GO

(OR YOUR MONEY MUST GO) Amazingly successful for the treatment of blackheads—CHARL'S CLEANER cleans and improves your skin. After a few treatments, you will free of ugly blackheads or we will refund your money immediately—Price $1.25 including tax and postage—C.O.D.$1.14.

CHARL'S COSMETIC CO. 145-50 Ave. Dept. A-9

New York, N.Y.

PERSPIRING

Say goodbye to clammy discomfort of sweaty stockings and offending foot odor. Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Baste on feet and in shoes. Really effective for a,b,c,d,e,f,g,h,i,j,k,l,m,n,o,p,q,r,s,t,u,v,w,x,y,z. (Apr.)

ALLEN'S FOOT-BASE

Get Beautiful "Gold Tone Photo Enlargement"

Of Your Favorite Photo Size 5x7 & 8x10

Most gorgeous likeness enlargement you've ever seen. Finished in beautiful "gold tone" process on heavy portrait paper.

Send NO MONEY Mail snapshot, photograph or negative, any size, any subject. Pay postage only for size or one of for two, plus postage. Or send price and we will pay postage. Original returned unharmed. Hard coated 5x7 in 11 extra size. State color.

ALLEN'S PHOTO CO., 108 W. Lane St., Dept. 6, 22nd Chicago 11, Ill.
Belita, English-born skating, swimming, dancing star now playing in "Suspense," deserves an award for tact. When asked what beauty secrets European beauties know that we don't, she said none—absolutely none. American women, she feels, are as smartly dressed and groomed as you'll find anywhere. And we're the luckiest, too, she adds, because here there is no serious soap or cosmetic shortage as in England and on the Continent.

Be a Clean Beauty
We have no statistics to prove it, but need you have proof that soap leads all other beauty aids in importance? Be clean, look clean—then use your dusting powders, talcs, colognes, toilet waters and perfumes to add that extra whiff of scented sweetness that makes you nice to be near . . . But be clean first. Use a deodorant or anti-perspirant often; daily, if necessary. Follow carefully the directions given with the product . . . Don fresh underwear daily . . . Belita has a fetish for cleanliness. In winter she takes two baths daily; in summer, often as many as four!

For a New You
Never has there been a summer season when you have had so many becoming colors of make-up from which to choose . . . In lipsticks, rouges and nail polishes there are dramatic, deep-hued reds to accent a brunette beauty. As your skin tans, you can switch to the golden and coral-toned reds that will harmonize with your newly-burnished complexion.

Bright, clear reds, reds with soft blue undertones, and flattering pink and rose shades—all give a flower-like prettiness . . . So change your make-up as you change your costume. Match it to your complexion, the colors you're wearing and to your mood . . . Belita's friends tell her she never looks like the same person twice in succession. She's always changing her rouge, lipstick and nail polish and the way she wears her hair. That's one reason why they find her so interesting . . . It's a cue! Think you'd like to take it, and so achieve a new, more dramatic personality?

Sun Sense
If you're planning to be among the first to sport a toasty tan, be smart. Do as Belita does and acquire it gradually, using an oil, lotion or cream that not only screens out harmful sun rays, but also encourages an even tan. Some of these products make excellent make-up bases.
For your own leg art these helpful hints to make yours beautiful—and keep them that way.

Attention

The first requisite of beautiful legs is attention and care. The basis of leg beauty is smoothness. For ten or twelve mornings rub your legs briskly with wet table salt before your shower or bath; this will banish dead skin and leave the legs shiny and smooth. Insure this with daily applications of your favorite hand cream or lotion and, once a week, coat the legs thoroughly with oil, massaging it in well.

Summertime toes must be as well cared for as your fingernails. This means a careful pedicure at least once a week. You might use Evelyn Keyes's professional routine: Massage cream around the cuticle and push it back with an orange stick. Cut the nails straight across—no curves—then file away the rough edges with an emery board. Paint the nails from cuticle to tip.

Go barefoot as often as you can—at home, on the beach. Your reward: No knotty knuckles, a lovely, flexible foot.

Relaxation

Don't strain your legs. Strain comes primarily from always wearing the same type shoe that places the weight of support on the same tendons. Change your shoes frequently, varying the heel heights.

When your feet are overworked, especially during the hot summer, they need a rest cure. Try Evelyn Keyes's special soother. Wrap your feet in soft cotton cloths soaked in witch hazel and elevate them on pillows while you're relaxing; the blood will circulate and your feet will begin to feel alive.

Correction

So your legs don't measure up to Miss America's proportions. Don't fret about it; get busy. There are exercises to slim or reduce ankles or calves. They won't accomplish wonders overnight but they will work miracles if you're willing to do them month after month.

To slim the thighs, calves and ankles: Lie on your back. Stretch your legs into the air; put your feet tightly together with the toes pointed up. Bend knees to the chest, raise legs into the air again, this time forming a V and pointing the toes. Drop legs outward, forming a wide V; then bring together, bend the knees and repeat.

For special emphasis on calf reduction, stand two or three feet from the wall. Lean forward, keeping the knees straight and place the elbows up, fingertips to fingertips, palms straight against the wall. Push yourself into and away from the wall. This flattens calf muscles.

Mastery

Be the master of your feet; use them for walking, don't let them use you. A cue from Evelyn Keyes on the proper way to walk: Let your heels touch the ground first, then the outer edges of your feet, then the balls of your feet. Keep your head, neck and chest up, your tummy drawn in and your back straight. Distribute your weight and balance on both legs and feet—and straighten out the legs with each step. Move freely and gracefully—you're proud of your legs! Treasure this thought and apply it: American soldiers returning home have seen plenty of old-world beauties, but they stand together on two points—no legs can measure up to the American women's; never again do they want to see makeshift shoes. Wear shoes that are decorative and feminine—a far cry from old-world sabots and sandals; keep this in mind and you'll win veteran hearts!
PARFUM L'ORLE
Lodorante
Exquisite Perfumes that stay Perspiration Proof

The original and exclusive unforgettable perfumes, with a double devotion to your loveliness... perfumes with the magic plus of effective, refreshing, deodorizing qualities endowed by our sensational Lorlizing discovery. Lavish freely all over the body. L'Orle PARFUM LODORANTE envelops you in an aura of fragrant freshness and protects your social grace because the fragrances stay perspiration-proof all day long.

Choice of Bewitching Fragrances:

- CAFE SOCIETY
- SYNOPSIS
- TRESPASS
- BEWARE
- DARE ME
- TUMBLEWEED

$1.00 to $3.00
(All prices subject to Federal Tax)
In Leading Stores Everywhere

L'ORLE'S COLLECTION
OF PERFUME
ACCESSORIES IN
SAME MATCHING
FRAGRANCES

"RARE ESSENCE"... Pure Rare Essence for the purse, $2.50 • "CONCENTRATED PERFUME"... $5.00 to $15.00 • "FRAGRANCE ENSEMBLE FOUR"... Perfume Accessories Kit—the set... $5.50 • "LITTLE MISS L'ORLE"... The Teenage fragrance kit.
"CUP CAKE" FRAGRANCE only—the set... $5.00 • "PARFUM-AIR" CONDITIONER... For your home or office. $2.00 and $5.00 • "Lodorante Duet"... Liquid & Cream Parfum Lodorante... the set... $2.00

©Copyrighted 1946
PARFUM L'ORLE, INC.—6 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Made in U.S.A.
**AUTHENTIC AMERICAN CHARM**

at an All-American price!

**LOVE-LITE**

A RUBICON ORIGINAL

THE LAMP THAT BURNS AND MILDLY PERFUMES THE ROOM

$100 COMPLETE WITH WICK

Here’s a real discovery!—a colorful lamp that copies the old-time charm of an Early American antique. You’ll like the gay way it brightens any room.

Your choice of four fragrant oils: (blue) honeysuckle, (green) gardenia, (yellow) chypre, (pink) apple blossom. Bright shades in matching colors.

A handy emergency light...an ideal night light...popular for gifts...espically appropriate in pairs.

At drug, chain, and department stores—write to

**Rubicon**

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

---

**CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES**

BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE—Paramount: Sally Warren, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Cummings; Mary Loos Medford, Diana Lynn; Lance Galer, Katie Knowles; Grace Aplin, Peggy Wood; Tod Warren, Robert Benchley; Joe, Willie Best; Carol Warren, Natalie Wood; Johnny Warren, Gregory Morland; Janet Doughton, Mary Young.

DETOX—Warners: Charlotte Bruce, Olivia de Havilland; Emily Bronte, Ida Lupino; Anne Bronte, Nancy Coleman; Arthur Nicholls, Paul Henreid; Thackeray, Sidney Greenstreet; Bramwell Bruce, Arthur Kennedy; Lady Thornton, Dame May Whitty; Tabitha Bever, Victor Francen; Rev. Bronte, Montagu Love; Aunt Bramwell, Ethel Griffies; Sir John Thornton, Edmund Breon; Mrs. Ingber, Doris Lloyd; Madame Heger, Odette Myrtil; Tabby, Marie De Becker; Miss Thornton Hurst; Hugan, Forrester Harvey; Draper, Billy Bevan; Sefton, Geoffrey Steelle.

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Arlette, Ginger Rogers; Pierre, Jean Pierre Aumont; Paul, Artiste, Basil Rathbone; Ambassador, Adolphe Menjou; Roland March, Neville Cooper; Victor Garber; Michael Rasmussen; Baron Dowlish, Eduardo Ciannelli; Ambassador’s Wife, Mona Maris; Minster, Henry St. Lachernon.

KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE—Goldwyn: Barlow Sills, Danny Kaye; Polly Pringle, Virginia Mayo; Sam Sills, Vera Ellen; Speed McFarlane, Steve Cochran; Ann Westley, Leo Gaddi; Slom, Walter Abel; Schmidt, Lionel Stander; Mrs. E. Wuthen, Colleen Gray, Austin Austin, Chirense Koh; Photographe, Victor Cutler; Tabby, Charles Cane; Flight Announcer, Jerome Cowan; Radio Announcers, Don Wilson and Knox Manning; Marlow, Kay Thompson; Master of Ceremonies, Johnny Downs.

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Universal: Vivian Vance, Rex Harrison; Bibi Krauswitz, Lili Palma; Mr. Knowles, Godfrey Tearle; Sandy Duncan, Griffith Jones; Jennifer Calhoun, Margaret Johnson; Poppey, Guy Middleton; Jill Duncan, Jean Kent; Lady Parks, Marie Linder; Sir Hubert Parks, Harry Mars; Sir John Breckley, David Horne.

POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE—M-G-M: Cora Smith, Lana Turner, Flicka Chambers, John Garfield; Nick Smith, Cecil Kellaway; Artie Keats, Hume Cronyn, Kyle Schacht, Leon Ames; Madge Carland, Audrey Totter; Erol Lisen Kennedy, Alan Reed; Blair, Jeff York.

SMOOTH AS SILK—Universal: Mark Fenton, Peter Taylor, Paula Marlowe, Virginia Grey, Taylor; Susan Marlowe, Jane Adams, John Kimball, Millburn Stone; Don Elliot, Danny Morton; Stephen Elliot, John Litch; Fletcher Hilliday, Samuel S. Hinds.

SO GOES MY LOVE—Universal: Jane, Myrna Loy; Hiram, Sam Ameche; Magie, Ray Williams; Percy, Bobby Driscoll; Joseph, Richard Gaines; Garnet, Molly Lamont; Bridget, Eve Arden; Gabby Slone, Walter Abel; Schmidt, Lionel Stander; Mrs. E. Wuthen, Colleen Gray, Austin Austin, Chirense Koh; Photographe, Victor Cutler; Tabby, Charles Cane; Flight Announcer, Jerome Cowan; Radio Announcers, Don Wilson and Knox Manning; Marlow, Kay Thompson; Master of Ceremonies, Johnny Downs.

**DATE NIGHT**

homogenized egg SHAMPOO

Shampoo glamour for your extra-special date...a rich base of homogenized egg and milk blended with fine oils. A few drops of concentrated DATE NIGHT formula leaves your hair soft, lustrous and so easy to set.

All your dates will be adventures in romance with the glamour of DATE NIGHT Shampoo.

**nancy dale, ltd.**

Distributors

350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

---

Did you know

DANA ANDREWS
is a preacher's kid?

Did you ever hear
that preacher's kids
are little devils?

Dana will tell you
about his own devitrity
when he ran away from the parsonage

**NEXT MONTH**
"Tell them we'll have Schlitz"

When you serve SCHLITZ to your guests, it says more plainly than words, "We want you to have the best." Where friendly glassware filled with Schlitz beams a cordial greeting, even the tick of the clock seems to say "You're welcome."

JUST
THE KISS
OF THE HOPS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
The Gift That Starts the Home
Sweethearts know—happier marriages begin with a Lane Hope Chest romance. For Lane says: "I love you forever." It's the beginning of life's sweetest dreams come true. Whether you plan a traditional or modern home, you'll find a Lane to harmonize, for Lane Chests are available in many beautiful styles and woods, at a wide range of prices.

It's Love for Keeps with Lane—
The Only Tested AROMA-TIGHT Chest in the World
Your precious, lifetime treasures are safe with Lane. It's the only chest that has all these guaranteed Moth Protection features: 1. Tested aroma-tight protection. 2. Exclusive aroma-tight features. 3. Built of %-inch aromatic Red Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations. 4. New, waterproof, Lane-welded veneers will not peel. 5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow, prevent stickiness, and add life to the chest. 6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies, The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

For the Bride
No. 2120. This chest beautifully combines American Walnut and Walnut stump with exotic Oriental wood and African Zebra wood. Has Lane patented Automatic Tray.

$49.50

To Men and Women in the Armed Services: If you wish to buy a Lane Cedar Chest and do not know name of Lane dealer where chest is to be delivered, write us.

No. 2087. American Colonial design. Lovely Honduras Mahogany exterior with top rubbed to soft satin finish. Equipped with Lane patented Automatic Tray.