Christmas Story

By

GREER GARSON
Christmas at its merriest... New Year's at its happiest... and lovely you at your loveliest... your Drene-clean hair shining-bright, alight with all its natural lustre!

Here, famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Arline Dahlman, shows you the two holiday hair-dos she likes best. "But first," suggests Arline, "make sure your hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best... by using Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action." No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

RING IN THE NEW... a new beauty-thrill for you! Besides revealing up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo, Drene, with Hair Conditioning action, leaves your hair smooth and easy to manage right after your shampoo. For this party hair-do, Drene Girl Arline Dahlman ties all her hair high in back and swirls it around on top.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, Arline sweeps her hair into two side loops, with a top curl for added height. "And for added glamour," she says, "I always keep my hair Drene-clean." Drene is not a soap shampoo... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And... Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

Holiday Headlines
No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!
"You're Fired!"

CUPID: Can't fire me, Missy. I quit. I—

GIRL: Loafer!

CUPID: —can't do anything for a Granite Face who won't even break down and beam at a man once in a while!

GIRL: Ho! And what've I got to beam with, pray? I brush my teeth—and regularly—but there's no beam about them!

CUPID: But there is "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: Only lately. And only a touch…Why?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to say, Sis. Because even a tinge of "pink" is a warning to see your dentist. Let him decide, not you. He may say it's simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ah-h-h. And right away I've got a smile like Klieg lights, huh?

CUPID: Not so fast, Muffinhead. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. And if your dentist suggests gentle massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth…pay attention! You'll be off to the man-trappingest smile you ever wore! Check on it!
Ah! Just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By"—and the stars come out!

M-G-M's love-and-song story of Jerome Kern is on its way, teeming with talent, Technicolor and 25 Kern hits.

To make hearts go pitter-patter, June Allyson sings "Clop-patter".

Lucille Bremer pleads lyrically for "One More Dance" and Van Johnson replies, "I Won't Dance"—but he does, and how!

Then there's Judy Garland as Marilyn Miller, singing the haunting "Who?".

Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin are the melodic romancers of "Showboat".

Torchy Lena Horne sings "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man". Angela Lansbury "sings" a tune.

Virginia O'Brien scores with "A Fine Romance". Dinah Shore stops the show with "The Last Time I Saw Paris".

Frank Sinatra provides a spectacular musical climax with "Ol' Man River".

All this as you thrill to the colorful events in the life of Jerome Kern who is portrayed by Robert Walker.

As Kern's arranger and best friend, Van Heflin returns to the screen in triumph.

Director Richard Whorf and Producer Arthur Freed, with screenwriters Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway, have woven story and song and splendor miraculously together.

Yes, just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's pure sunshine!
You're going to get something nice for the holidays!

WAIT!

25 GREAT JEROME KERN HITS

JOYOUS MUSICAL ROMANCE FROM

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Starring (alphabetically)

JUNE ALLYSON * LUCILLE BREMER * JUDY GARLAND

as the dazzling musical comedy star!

as Jerome Kern's immortal "Sally"

as glorious Marilyn Miller!

KATHRYN GRAYSON * VAN HEFLIN * LENA HORNE

as Magnolia of "Show Boat" fame!

as the father of the real "Sally"

as the girl who loved "Bill"

VAN JOHNSON * ANGELA LANSBURY * TONY MARTIN

as the singing, dancing bandleader!

as the music hall nightingale!

as the dashing gambler "Gaylord"

VIRGINIA O'BRIEN * DINAH SHORE * FRANK SINATRA

as the gal with a yen for men!

as the siren of the sultry voice!

as the singing idol of millions!

ROBERT WALKER (as Jerome Kern)

In Technicolor

Story by GUY BOLTON * Adapted by GEORGE WELLS * Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY and JEAN HOLLOWAY

Based on the Life and Music of JEROME KERN • Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HEAR "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES", "OL' MAN RIVER", "ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE", "WHO!", "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND MANY MORE!
Deception (Warners)

At ole debbil Deceit rears its horrible head in this one with Jealousy, Fear and Revenge trailing in its wake. Handsomely gowned Bette Davis is at her most dramatic as a talented musician whose past catches up with her, driving her to invent one lie after another in a desperate effort to save her marriage. In the role of a diabolically clever composer, Claude Rains plays a cat-and-mouse game with Bette, taunting her to distraction and arousing the jealousy of Paul Henreid, a European 'cellist, finally reunited with Bette in America after their long wartime separation. Bette wants to get Paul started on his musical career in this country, but distrusts Claude's seemingly magnanimous offer of assistance. One moment she believes her former benefactor when he says he hasn't any intention of revealing their true relationship, the next she doesn't. Her nerves grow increasingly taut under the strain, and what happens when they reach the breaking point furnishes the climax of a gripping story. While Henreid's is the more romantic role, the contradictory character portrayed by Rains is by far the more spectacular; that he vastly enjoys playing it is quite evident. The inconclusive though logical ending may disappoint some moviegoers; still, they'll find this picture an engrossing one.

Your Reviewer Says: Pulse-quickenng drama.

Margie (20th Century-Fox)

Eear ye, hear ye! This refreshing, chucklesome comedy, set in the Thrilling Twenties and fairly loaded with talent, is guaranteed to give you a lift. As teenage Margie, Jeanne Crain's joys and sorrows are something to smile and sigh over. Whether she's losing her best bloomers right out in public (did they wear those things in 1928?) or longing for a date with "Johnnykins," who is hot stuff with his red roadster and raccoon coat; or dreamily dancing with the handsome young French teacher to the envy of the other kids, she's adorable.

Jeanne is surrounded by a coterie of newcomers who drollily demonstrate that they know their business. First and foremost, there's Glenn Langan as the French teacher. No doubt about it—today's bobby-soxers, as well as yesterday's flappers, would welcome the chance to be taught French, or anything else, by a guy like Glenn. Fast-stepping, pert-looking Barbara Lawrence scores as the belle of Central High. Alan Young and Conrad Janis are a pair of comical classmates. Among the film's more familiar players, there's Lynn Bari as the school librarian out to win teacher for herself; Esther Dale plays Jeanne's grandmother, Hobart Cavanaugh her somewhat peculiar father.

To live things up, there are the top tunes of that period, around which this charming picture is built.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a honey!

The Yearling (M-G-M)

No effort or expense has been spared to make this an artistically perfect production. Florida of 1870 is the locale of this Technicolor treatment of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's Pulitzer-Prize novel. Penny Baxter (Gregory Peck) does his best to provide for his wife and son, but marauding beasts, thieving neighbors and bad weather constantly conspire against him. Contrary to the novel, there's a fine understanding between him and his boy Jody who learns the hard way what it means to love something very much only to lose it. In Jody's case, it's a baby fawn found in the forest and raised with loving care. Claude Jarman Jr. gives a poignant portrayal of the dreamy-eyed, backwoods youngster. Lean and lanky Gregory Peck is easy on the eyes and ears.

As Jody's crippled playmate, Don Gift turns in a sensitive performance.

Chief acting honors, however, indisputably belong to Jane Wyman as Ma Berns. Devoid of glamorous make-up, Jane doesn't play, she is a care-worn, embittered woman with one goal in life: Food and shelter, and maybe a well-outside her door so she needn't trek a mile for every drop of precious water.

The photography at moments is a little too lush and so are some of the sentimental passages between father and son. Some sequences are overlong. Yet, every child who ever pleaded for a pet and every parent who needed or denied that plea will find this a memorable picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful Americana.

(Continued on page 6)
It's Murder in the Mirth Degree!

Betty's a gal who can't tell the truth to save her life. Sonny's the lawyer who has a terrific case on her! And you're the folks who are gonna howl at 'em for ninety minutes on end!

Paramount presents

Betty Hutton
and
Sonny Tufts

in
"Cross My Heart"

with MICHAEL CHEKHOV

Produced by Harry Tugend • Directed by John Berry
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Claude Binyon • Additional Dialogue by Charles Schnee • Based on a Play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr
Toast to "Temptation" by stars Charles Korvin and Merle Oberon, involved in movie of intrigue and murder scheming
WARNERS HIT A BRAND NEW NOTE IN MUSICALS!!!

"THE TIME"

DENNIS MORGAN

THE PLACE

JACK CARSON

AND THE GIRL"

IN TECHNICOLOR!!

JANIS PAIGE* MARTHA VICKERS* S.Z. SAKALL ALAN HALE ANGELA GREENE DONALD WOODS CARMEN CAVALLARO AND ORCHESTRA

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB

Screen Play by Francis Swann, Agnes Christine Johnston & Lynn Stirling • Original Story by Leonard Lee • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf
Drifting' River (PRC)

It's law versus crime in a place called Dose City, crawling with tough hom- 

bres whose fingers start itching the moment they clutch a gun. And when the 

bullets run out, they can always fall back on old-fashioned fistfu'lls.

The Army sends Eddie Dean to this cozy little corner to inspect horses for 

sale by one J. C. Morgan (Shirley Paterson). J. C., it turns out, is a right pretty 

critter, running the ranch left to her by her 

father. When Eddie sizes up the situation he and his sidekick (Roscoe Ates) 

decide to stick around awhile. It's just as well because, among other dastardly deeds, 

the herd is stolen and some soldiers are 

killed. In between the fighting, Eddie 

Dean croons a couple of hill-billy ballads.

He has a pleasant enough voice but his 

singing can't change this horse opera from being anything but stale stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: Thumbs down, pardner!

Gas House Kids (PRC)

As the title suggests, this is full of dese-

dem-dose characters against a slum setting. Billy Halop is the leader of the 

neighborhood gang who, despite their 

tough talk, are softies at heart. When 

they learn that a former policeman on 

their beat is back from the war hope-

lessly crippled and about to break his 

engagement, they put their heads together 

to see if they can hit upon a solution.

Billy finds a wad of dough which seems 

to come from heaven until the rent col-

lector is found murdered. Then a lot of 

questions are asked with Billy becoming 

Suspect No. 1.

In the romance department there's good-

looking Robert Lowery as the vet and 

Teala Loring as his girl. They lend a senti-

mental touch to a film that isn't too good 

nor yet too bad. Story and acting are 

adequate even if the humor is as subtle as 

a baseball bat.

Your Reviewer Says: Take it or leave it.

(Continued from page 6)

Best Pictures of the Month

Deception

Margie

The Yearling

Humoresque

Best Performances

Bette Davis, Claude Rains 

and Paul Henreid in "Deception"

Jeanne Crain in "Margie"

Jane Wyman in "The Yearling"

John Garfield, Joan Crawford 

and Oscar Levant in "Humoresque"

Home in Oklahoma (Republic)

Life is cheap at a place called Hereford 

Heaven, which is anything but heavenly 

for the blokes at the wrong end of a gun.

It's here that newspaper editor Roy Rogers 

and girl reporter Dale Evans check the 

possibility that a millionaire ranch owner 

didn't die accidentally, as first assumed, but 

does in reality commit suicide. Al Roy (

Carol Hughes) only receive a paltry few thousand, with the bulk of his 

holdings going to twelve-year-old Lanny 

Rees? And where does Carol's foreman-

sweetheart (George Meeker) come into the 
picture? Roy and Dale race each other to 

find out the answers.

Aided by Bob Nolan and The Sons of the 
Pioneers, Roy strums and sings some cow-

boy ditties, delivered in his usual easy-

does-it manner. While "Home in Okla-

homa" moves at a fairly fast clip, it's short 
on the sort of surprises that keep you on 

the edge of your seat.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder on the range.

V Children of Paradise (Tricolor Films-UA)

Entirely off the beaten path is this 

serio-comic French picture presenting a 

so-called "slice of life"—and a very gen-

erous slice at that. It runs for two hours and forty minutes. There are 

ragged edges where the shears were ap-

plied, the original version having taken four 

hours.

Paris's "Boulevard of Crime," in the 

Nineteenth Century, attracts a motley as-

sortment of characters, each unique enough to challenge an artist's brush. At the not 

so grand Grand Theatre, noisy throngs gather nightly to voice their approval or 

disapproval of the actors. Out of this 

directed kaleidoscope emerges a provocative beauty (Arletty) whose mocking manner and 

Mona Lisa smile arouse the admiration of four men. Before this fascinating femme 
fatale makes her final choice the cur-

Word Is Spreading: "THE GREATEST MOTION"

TYRONE POWER 

GENE TIERNEY 

JOHN PAYNE 

Anne BAXTER 

Clifton WEBB 

Herbert MARSHALL
tain descends on a note of futility, they all indulge in philosophical and satirical observations (clarified by English titles) on life and l'amour.

Although this Gallic potpourri may leave you exhausted, it's a rewarding experience because of the outstanding acting all the way down the line.

Your Reviewer Says: Overlong film superbly acted.

✓ The Perfect Marriage

(Paramount)

THERE'S more talk than action in this comedy based on Samson Raphaelson's play about a pair of young marrieds, Loretta Young and David Niven, who find that the bloom has worn off after ten years. Loretta, as a more than slightly disillusioned wife, tells off her husband in no uncertain terms; to be sure, he's no slouch, either, when it comes to the art of snappy repartee.

Mona Griffith as Cookie, their beloved offspring, who can't bear to see them split up, injects some tender moments into the picture.

Virginia Field, as the friendly enemy of the family, looks and acts the part of the ultra-sophisticate. Eddie Albert is acceptable as an old flame of Loretta's, rarin' to take up where he left off ten years previously. Rita Johnson, Zasu Pitts and Jerome Cowan add lustre to the hand-picked cast.

Altogether, this superficial study of a perfect—well, practically perfect—marriage provides glittering film fare.

Your Reviewer Says: Hi-jinks among the smart set.

✓ Humoresque (Warners)

ANNIE HURST'S story of the same title furnishes the springboard for a streamlined production that's highly effective though somewhat uneven. For at least two-thirds of the way, this ill-starred romance is genuinely entertaining; the last part, however, limps along until, out of sheer exhaustion, it comes to a frustrated finish. Curiously enough the weakness of

the story at this point provides its star with the strangest acting opportunity of her career.

Joan Crawford, more radiant than ever, plays with verve a thrice-wed patroness of the arts whose weakness for strong drink marks her as an unhappy neurotic. Upon meeting John Garfield, a struggling violinist with more than a touch of genius (and the egotism that goes with it), she waves her wand—and lo, his career is launched! Although she assures him it's the artist, not the man, who interests her, subsequent events prove otherwise.

Garfield's able performance of a meaty role shows that, even if he is the truculent type, there's no need to restrict him to gangster and prizefighter parts. Credit glib, piano-playing Oscar Levant, as an understanding fellow-musician, with putting the humor in “Humoresque.” His flawless delivery of some priceless lines make him Scene Stealer No. 1 among filmdom's feature players. Joan Chandler is very appealing as a girl whose devotion to Garfield remains unswerving through the years. J. Carrol Naish and Ruth Nelson are satisfactory parents to a boy destined for greater things than his pop's grocery store. Paul Cavanaugh is Joan's disillusioned but uncomplaining husband No. 3. All contribute toward making this an attention-demanding picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Music versus love again!
Happy Birthday, Joan!

Gay goings-on for a surprised Joan who starred in a part she hadn’t rehearsed!

Joan thought she was on her way with husband Bill Dozier to an anniversary party. He suggested drinks at Romanoff’s. For Joan—a surprise. For sale—one anniversary gift!

Dinner partners in serious mood were lovely Gene Tierney and Sam Goldwyn

In on the fun: Roz Russell and husband Freddie Brisson arrive at the party with happy birthday smiles

Birthday boosters—Skitch Henderson brought Anita Colby

The mood’s for food now the birthday song has been sung. Felix Jackson and wife Deanna Durbin table-talk with Bill Seider
Her Monstrous Secret
Wrecked 3 Men's Lives!

Not love...not money...but a haunting hunger drove her to lie, cheat, steal. Why?...IT'S THE STRANGEST SECRET EVER TOLD!

The Locket
Starring
LARAIN DAY
BRIAN AHERNE
ROBERT MITCHUM
GENE RAYMOND

with
SHARYN MOFFETT
RICARDO CORTEZ
HENRY STEPHENSON

Produced by BERT GRANET Directed by JOHN BRAHM
Written by SHERIDAN GIBNEY
Observed: Gail Russell and Guy Madison move as one shadow. At a party the other night the brunette Gail and blonde Guy went table hopping from group to group always together and looking divinely happy. Rumor has it producer David Selznick has suggested to his young star that romance is fine but marriage is out—which is why Gail and Guy are not taking the step, not just yet, that is . . . Diana Lynn broke her engagement to producer Henry Willson, as Cal prophesied, remember, but there's no one else in her life. So says Diana . . . Bob Walker and Mrs. Herbert Marshall have developed into a date-every-night routine which sends a lot of eyebrows skyward . . . Jack Carson, a former solid citizen who has gone completely "big time," is a studio worry . . . Sue and Alan Ladd are like a couple of kids with a new toy with that new Mayfair Restaurant that they bought down near the beach. They keep making excuses to have parties large and small in their home—just so their restaurant can cater the food. Very cute.
Then it was a steady trio with bachelor Van making the fun spots with Keenan and wife Evie

These three: We hung up the phone after chatting with Evie Wynn convinced she was a troubled woman. Evie was off that very next moment to Las Vegas with her two children where she plans to divorce Keenan. "I feel so blue," she said. "One can't sever ties of eight years without a certain lost feeling. But both Keenan and I have known for several months our marriage is over and there is no use to go on. He has so many interests—his motors, his little theater work, his picture career—and I feel sure he'll be happier alone."

"And what's all this about Van Johnson?" we asked. "A radio columnist announced you and Van would marry after the divorce."

"I denied making such a statement in the morning papers," she said. "You can imagine how shocked I was at such a blunt statement and I'm sure if Van were listening he was too. As a friend, I tell you now there is no such definite arrangement."

Cal knows that to Van the Wynn home was

Is this prophetic? Friends say that when Evie becomes the ex-Mrs. Wynn she'll become Mrs. V. Johnson
It happened in Las Vegas. Bob Hutton and his lovely bride, Cleatus Caldwell, pledge their happiness in champagne. Later, at the plane, Cleatus decides a topcoat is tops for two proteges. Cleatus's beautiful mother smiled approval, for Bob was her choice, too. Actor Jimmy Lydon ("Life with Father") beamed on his cute wife who was matron of honor. Bob's mother, Mrs. Marguerite Hutton, back in Kingston, New York, was deluged with information, via telephone, about the event. Cal found himself trying to describe Cleatus's beautiful ankle-length gray lace frock and her Kenneth Hopkins gray lace bonnet. But no words could describe the vision she presented.

Dinner in the main dining room with an enormous cake followed with the guests from the hotel dropping by with congratulations. Cal was just plain thankful he got there all for at 10:30 the night before he and Bob had set out together to drive the 300 odd miles to Nevada. On the freezing cold Cajon Pass, our front right tire blew out and a little later the rear one gave way. After several hours' delay in Barstow we finally managed to wangle some replacements and at eight in the morning wearily drove into the hotel driveway.

"And to think," Bob said on the way, "I married Martha Vickers all day on the set with no mishaps at all."

Too weary to attempt the drive home, Bob, his bride and Cal took off that night in a small private plane for California. The couple have taken a house out in the Valley and after Bob completes two films he's working on, the popular pair will be at home to their many friends.

**Town Notes:** Ann Sothern is playing golf on the same links as her estranged husband, Bob Sterling. Once in a while they meet and speak politely. Our guess is both are finding this separation business a bit lonely. So who knows? Those dates Ann has been having with John McClain, the writer, are the result of long-standing friendship.

Hedy Lamarr, who expects her new baby in April, is not as well as she might be. It isn't known that Hedy was dangerously ill during the birth of her first child and never completely recovered. That new home she and husband John Loder have purchased is a large one with five bedrooms, guest quarters and servants' rooms. But with three children in the family John and Hedy feel it isn't a bit too big.

**We Predict:** There will be a new Vic Mature fan craze after "My Darling Clementine" is released. Vic couldn't be swoonier. . . . Cornel Wilde will permit his wife's career to take its own natural course rather than attempt to force it by rebellion. After all, Patricia, who is beautiful, must gain experience before the starring status Cornel insists upon. . . . Nancy Sinatra will become one of the most popular young matrons in town and one of the smartest looking. . . . James Mason's contemplated year's residence in Bermuda, for his health's sake, will be cut down to a much shorter period, if it takes place at all. Mason is just as anxious for Hollywood as the town is to receive him. . . . Once fans sight Richard Greene on the screen again, they'll agree it's a new Richard. The war has given something to (Continued on page 16)
INSIDE STUFF

Bozo, the clown, furnishes fun for the small fry at birthday party Joan Crawford gave for son Christopher. Fink was only photog to kibitz on the kids.

(Continued from page 14) the Englishman that has made him stronger, surer and handsomer.

Quick Takes: It's obvious whose side the Gary Coopers were on during the Sinatra break-up when they invited Nancy (for the first time, too) to a home party and ignored Frankie. Nancy went with her old friend, Skitch Henderson. Those blue eyes of Van Johnson's were closed for three days on location due to the poison oak he thought was weeds. Was he embarrassed! Once again the Cornel Wildes are on the move just when everyone was certain the day of their endless searching for the ideal home was over when they settled down in their Coldwater Canyon home. But no, the urge for constant change is too strong for the glamorous nomads who are busily looking for another house.

Down Lovers' Lane: The beauteous Anita Colby and Skitch Henderson are still strolling. Don't believe those items about Skitch rushing Lina Romay. To read the papers you'd think they'd been all over the place together. Tisn't so. He's had exactly one date with her! Both Anita and Skitch (isn't he sensational on the Bing Crosby show?) make occasional outside dates (she with Clark Gable)—but they know that “falling in love is wonderful.” As for Gable, the gorgeous—he's been leading a very quiet life. He's restless, lonely—and anxious to get back to work. He keeps leaping off for a few days of fishing in Oregon—or some hunting in Utah—or just hanging around his house and calling pals to tell them he's restless. Well, Clark, whose chief feminine interest is still Virginia Grey (if any) will be back at work on “The Hucksters”—and soon. And that's good news to Gable fans.

Sad Cut-up: In a town where overnight transfos-
The Most Talked About Picture of the Year!

HERS IS THE STORY OF VIOLENT LOVE AND LOVE OF VIOLENCE!

with GRIFFITH JONES • JEAN KENT MARGARET LOCKWOOD
MICHAEL RENNIE • FELIX AYLMER PATRICIA ROC
Directed by LESLIE ARLISS • Produced by R. J. MINNEY EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: MAURICE OSTRER
A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
INSIDE STUFF

Glitter salute: George Montgomery chats with General Bradley and Dinah Shore with Mrs. Bradley at Beverly Hills Club party honoring the General

Continental attention: Ingrid Bergman and David Niven are good listeners to table talk at the same party

The bachelor and the beauties: Jimmy Stewart sits in on fair femme chatter of Paulette Goddard and Peggy Cummins

(Continued from page 16) Mations are taken for granted, the shock delivered by Rita Hayworth was a honey. Rita has clipped all that beautiful long auburn hair that was so much a part of her personality, at the request (one hears) of her husband Orson Welles. With her hair snipped into a very short boyish cut and bleached a light golden, Rita doesn’t begin to look like herself, which is a shame and a pity.

Orson chartered Errol Flynn’s yacht Zaca, which is still in Mexican waters, and transported to the boat the entire company of “Lady from Shanghai” which he directs, produces and co-stars in with Rita.

Nora Flynn flew home before the Welles unit took over but Errol will stay with the boat and later continue his travels, probably to Tahiti. But Nora says he’ll be home in February when the second Flynn child is due.

William—and Women: The situation that has Hollywood intrigued concerns two girls who were awaiting Bill Eythe’s return from England. Each girl, songstress Margaret Whiting and actress Buff Cobb, was positive Bill was coming home to her. Margaret, whose engagement to Bill was announced recently, says Bill sent his proposal all the way across the Atlantic and she accepted. But Buff, meantime, went to New York to meet Bill upon his arrival from England and to proceed with the romance that was interrupted when the actor went abroad to make “Meet Me at Dawn.” Developments should prove interesting, to say the least.

Travelers: Ray Milland and his beautiful Mel telephoned goodbyes before taking off for England and a command performance for the King and Queen for sweet charity’s sake. They will visit Ray’s old home in Wales and travel on to Scotland and the Continent. Joan Bennett was accompanied by her husband, producer Walter Wanger. Mrs. O’Brien went along with Pat who will probably try to tell the whole royal family about that new son presented to him by his beloved Eloise. Little Dorothy Malone, who played the girl in love with John Garfield in “Humoresque,” travels with the group and feels so obscure among the stars. But the Millands have promised to look after Dorothy during the event.

Break-up: Upon Tyrone Power’s return from his South American flight he and Annabell announced they were divorcing . . . an announcement that had been imminent ever since 1941 when Ty and Annabell agreed that since they wanted different things from life it was hopeless for them to try to build a future together. However, with the coming of war, they put aside personal difficulties and Ty went overseas. As in so many cases the period apart seemed to emphasize rather than reduce their differences.

Tyrone likes a simple life peopled with friends from the studios. Annabell, a woman of the world, prefers big parties and gaiety and friends from social circles. (Continued on page 20)
EXOTIC NIGHTS...in the mystic port of Morocco!

WARM LIPS...of the girl of 1001 dreams!

BURNING HATE...in the hearts of men who fought for her!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL

Presents

Yvonne De CARLO

Brian DONLEVY

Jean-Pierre AUMONT

Song of Scheherazade

in Technicolor

with EVE ARDEN

PHILIP REED • JOHN QUALEN

and Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company

CHARLES KULLMAN

Written and Directed by WALTER REISCH

Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.

Associate Producer: Edward Dodds

Produced by EDWARD KAUFMAN

A Universal-International Picture
Once the separation announcement was made the rumors that cluttered the Hollywood grapevine were dizzy enough to suggest the vine had drunk of its own grapes. Gene Tierney is the girl in Tyrone’s life . . . This was the first rumor. In a way it was understandable. Gene and Oleg Cassini have, for months, been making a fight for their marriage. Tyrone and Gene were close during the absorbing months they worked on their picture, “The Razor’s Edge.” At this time there were rumors that there was a romance between them but that romance has not been borne out. The next rumor on the program: Lana Turner is the girl in Tyrone’s life . . . Ty and Lana will marry . . . came next. Then Turhan Bey came back from the Pacific. Of course he and Lana weren’t good friends at the time he left . . . But don’t ask us to predict—not on this one!

Sympathetically: Hollywood was shocked and saddened to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Roy Rogers. At eight o’clock the Sunday morning of November 3 Roy had talked to her on the telephone, saying he’d be down to see her and their newborn son shortly. She had said she was feeling fine and would get herself spruced up for his visit. One hour later the hospital called Roy to say that she was gone; that even before they could get an emergency call to him, an embolism, or blood clot, traveling through the blood stream after the baby had been born by a Caesarian section, had reached the brain and within twenty minutes life was over for Arlene Rogers. Thus Roy could not even be at her side when the end came.

His grief was further tinged by the irony of their having wanted a son so very much. Roy has always been devoted to his two daughters but he’d still take the hand of a youngster in a children’s hospital or on the street of a town where he’d be making a personal appearance and fight back the desire to say, “How’d you like to come home with me and be my little boy?”

He won’t have to do that now. Arlene has left him their own little Roy Rogers Jr.

Cupid Collections: Cupid has certainly had one hectic month around these parts and Cal hereewith lists some of his hits, misses and near-misses:

Johnny Payne and Gloria De Haven separated over strictly domestic squabbles—and not just because she wanted to resume her movie career. Gloria moved to a Beverly hotel—but not for long. Only a few days later the two were dining together at various places again—and before you knew it, promises had been made on both sides—and Gloria moved back home. At this writing all is peace . . . That design for marital happiness between Mickey Rooney and his wife that permits Mickey to have free one night a week to do as he pleases is suspended while Mrs. Rooney returns to her home in the East to await the birth of their second child. Now Mickey has every night off . . . After two days of mad misunderstandings with his superior officers in the Army, millionaire Turk Ali Ipar and Virginia Bruce were able to say their “I do’s”—only to have their honeymoon interrupted by his being summoned back to camp after all. But Cal has seen them around at parties a lot in the past few weeks, so he must be conveniently close at hand lately. He is about an inch shorter than the beautiful Virginia—and only twenty-five years old . . . Since the Rita Hayworth—Orson Welles reconciliation, Tony Martin’s torch has been lighting the Hollywood skies. But blonde and pretty Nancy Valentine is doing her best to make it dimmer.
AFTER THE PARTY  Look out for a Cold...

Gargle  LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Going from over-heated rooms into the chilly night air often can lower body resistance so that cold germs called the "secondary invaders" may invade the tissue. After a party it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic when you reach home because this precaution may forestall a mass invasion by these germs.

While a virus is believed to start many colds, certain threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" produce many of those miserable symptoms of a cold and its complications.

Anything that lowers body resistance, such as wet or cold feet, drafts, fatigue, or sudden change of temperature, may make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to stage a mass invasion of the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!
So, when you've been thus exposed, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at once. Used early and often Listerine Antiseptic, because of its amazing germ-killing power, may halt such mass invasions... may help head off the cold entirely or lessen its severity.

It is the delightful, easy precaution that countless thousands use regularly, night and morning, and oftener when they feel a cold coming on.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests
Bear in mind that tests during 12 years revealed this impressive result: 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.

Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly and, at the first sneeze... the first tightening of the throat or other signs of a cold... increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile seeing that you get plenty of rest, that you keep warm, and that you eat wisely.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri

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"
Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.
A streamlined check list of recordings recreating the favorite melodies from the latest motion pictures

NELSON EDDY: An album dedicated to "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met," the amphibious antics remembered from Disney’s "Make Mine Music." The big baritone gives it an amusing rendition, aware of the ready-made kid audience (Columbia).

GENE KELLY: Not to be outdone, nimble-footed Kelly abandons his tapping shoes momentarily to record a pair of kindergarten epics, "Peter Rabbit" and "The Little Red Hen." Kids who share their time with the nursery and the neighborhood movie house will love them while the veteran nursery performers will be Kelly-green with envy. (Columbia).

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO: Metro’s mammoth maraca contains a "modern bolero," "You, So It’s You," that will have rumba addicts shaking its praises long after the film is forgotten. The fact that Columbia has parlayed Dinah Shore and Xavier Cugat, one of the film’s original players, for a joint recording, indicates the song’s potential.

LONDON TOWN: To insure acceptance here from movie-goers, this forthcoming Eagle-Lion British Technicolor import has a brace of tunes Hollyworded by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, Bing Crosby’s favorite composers. Charlie Spivak (Victor) has recorded the songs, "So Would I" and "My Heart Goes Crazy" and they make for pleasant listening.

SKITCH HENDERSON: Bing Crosby’s distinctive piano soloist gives a free and easy Steinwayward improvisation of the title song from the Fox musical, "If I’m Lucky." (Capitol).

DEAD RECKONING: This Columbia melodrama co-stars Humphrey Bogart and Elizabeth Scott and the studio tunesmiths have fashioned an appropriate theme melody, "Either It’s Love Or It Isn’t," which Phil Brito (Musicraft) and The Pied Pipers (Capitol) have readily recorded.

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM: You haven’t heard the last from the recorded music makers as far as this Betty Grable-Fox film is concerned. Artie Shaw (Musicraft) spins two post-humous Gershwin songs, "Changing My Tune" and "For You, for Me," while sultry Peggy Lee sings "Aren’t You Kind of Glad We Did?" Capitol-ly.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: The stately and vigorous Haydn Symphony No. 97, written in the last period of the composer’s life, is excellently recorded by the London Philharmonic with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting (Victor). . . For Victor Herbert fans (and who aren’t?) Victor has just issued a lovely collection with Met soprano Dorothy Kirsten singing "Kiss Me Again," "Moonbeams" and "Indian Summer" . . . The sombre but ever interesting Schumann Symphony No. 1 is flawlessly interpreted by Erich Leinsdorf and the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia) . . . Ballet music with a Spanish influence can be found in Massener’s Le Cid Ballet Suite waxed by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" (Victor) . . . The celebrated Don Cossack Chorus sing lustily in a new Columbia album wrapping up their best liked numbers including, of course, "Two Guitars" and "Dark Eyes" . . . The young Negro contralto, Carol Brice, who has a fine future ahead, sings "Songs of a Wayfarer" (Columbia) a collection of lieder songs by Mahler that reveals a positive trained voice. The Pittsburgh Symphony accompanies the singer.
**Eddie Entertains**

Troubadour stuff: Party hits a high note when Eddie Bergen, host Eddie Bracken and Dennis Day carol for their supper.

Your time is my time, quips Don O'Connor who "nose" a fork when he sees one; wife Gwen and Peggy Ryan are lookers-on.

Zach keeps one eye on the party while Mrs. Zachary Scott tips him off on who's whose at the Eddie Bracken fun-for-all.

Can hands that wash dishes be "exquisite...fragile"?—They can!

No matter how hard your hands must work... Pacquins Hand Cream can help give them a lady-of-leisure look! Use Pacquins several times a day... this snowy fragrant cream will quickly ease away roughness, redness, and dryness.

Pacquins was originally made for doctors and nurses...

Doctors and nurses who scrub their hands in hot soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins Hand Cream, super-rich in skin-softening ingredients, was first made for their professional use. If Pacquins can do so much for them... just imagine how it can help your hard-working hands.

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
Raft on

in the most exciting Woman hunt you've ever seen!

He's out to capture a killer... even if he tears apart Hollywood's gayest night spots... makes love to Hollywood's most glamorous women!

RKO PRESENTS

GEORGE RAFT
LYNN BARI
in
NOCTURNE

with

VIRGINIA HUSTON
JOSEPH PEVNEY
MYRNA DELL

Produced by JOAN HARRISON
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER
With luck, these are the words Frank Sinatra will say again to his wife at the stroke of midnight.

The music was swinging at Slapsie Maxie's. The dance floor was crowded. But the minute Nancy came in with a group of mutual friends Frank saw her. He danced and talked with the pretty acquaintance who was his partner just as he had before but always he knew where Nancy was and bided the time she would dance close enough for him to speak.

When, inevitably on that small floor, their dancing paths met he stopped before her. "I've been hoping," he said, "you would dance with me." For a long minute her eyes searched those of her husband's. Then she moved into his arms. Friends, sad over the differences which had separated them, smiled and looked away. Let them have their chance to make up now before gossip and newspaper publicity and their own imagination and pride should make the hurt deeper and the differences greater.

The film colony has known many break-ups in the last few years but none caused the unhappy surprise occasioned by the Sunday-night radio announcement that the Sinatras had parted. On the preceding Thursday, the commentator explained, Frank had packed his belongings and, leaving Nancy and the children at the Toluca Lake home, had taken an apartment in Hollywood.

This brief report seemed an abrupt ending to the family life in which Frank's audiences long had participated when, at the end of his program, he had always said "Goodnight, Nancy" to his daughter and "Goodnight, Frankie" to his little son.

It is doubtful that Frank left home as the result of a sudden whim or quarrel. Over a period of time it is possible he had come to believe he had outgrown the confines of his home, his wife and their simple living. Like so many men, far older and more experienced than he, his values (Continued on page 70)
Much has been said and little understood about the Hollywood strikes. Here Mrs. St. Johns, with her great gift for sensing the human side of the news, brings the complicated picture into sharp focus through the eyes of friends you know—Ronald Reagan, John Garfield, Robert Taylor, Gene Kelly, Edward Arnold.

THE EDITORS

The picket line in front of the M-G-M gate moved slowly, round and round, ghostly figures in an early-morning fog.

A young man, black head shining above an old white sweater, hopped out of a car, then stood immobile on the curb, watching. The wheeling line brought him face to face with another man about his own age and they stood for a moment eye to eye. The young man in the white sweater put his hand on the other's shoulder, took a long breath—and crossed the picket line, which began to move again, slowly.

Inside the studio gates Gene Kelly went to his dressing bungalow with wet eyes. An assistant director said, "You better hurry, they're waiting on the set."

Gene Kelly looked at him. He said, "Got to make a phone call."

He dialed and after a little wait said, "Look, Mrs. Smith, this is Gene—Gene Kelly. I just crossed the picket line and I met Bill. I guess it was the toughest thing I ever had to do. I kept thinking about when we were in the Navy together, and how we were in the same crew and—now. I had to tell you about it, you're his mother and you can make him understand. Will you tell him the way I see it, we're doing it for him? The way I see it, you tell him, is that we have got to make everybody see jurisdictional strikes are wrong. We're just trying to do our bit so there won't be any more of them, that's all the whole Screen Actors Guild is trying to do. Will you explain that to him?" I don't know what the former sailor felt when he got home that night and his mother told him about Gene Kelly's call. I do know how Gene felt—and still feels. "I just say," Gene

Liberal John Garfield (with Glenn Ford and Henry Fonda) says, "The human element is tough. There are guys on that picket line I've worked with..."
The very active Ronald Reagan grins as he confesses, "Jane says I make speeches in my sleep—probably the best ones . . . ."

Martha Vickers and Dennis Morgan at the exciting SAG (Screen Actors Guild) meeting.

Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, who was asleep when Jane Wyman phoned reminding her to vote, and Joan Crawford took part.

Gene Kelly, with Garfield, wants ex-sailor friend to know they're trying to end jurisdictional strikes.
Joe Cotten, Jane Wyman and Robert Taylor talk over vital strike issues at SAG meeting

Greer Garson at meeting which voted to send actors to Chicago in dramatic appeal to labor leaders

**WHAT THE HOLLYWOOD STRIKES MEAN**

told me later, “that if we, all Americans, can’t get together and arbitrate our differences and problems, then how can we expect nations that don’t even speak the same language to do it?”

A man’s heart was speaking those words. In the spangled history of Hollywood, there has never been a time when so many hearts have spoken so vehemently as when, this early fall, a group of studio workers was on strike and everyone who is part of the movies was plunged into a bitter and seemingly hopeless struggle.

Then out of the bitterness, the wrongs and the rights, came a significant evolution. The world of actors, that ivy-wrapped world of make-believe, was galvanized into action and, before the astonished eyes of a nation accustomed to marital hijinks and million-dollar incomes, movie stars assumed a new position in the world of affairs.

No longer will Hollywood actors merely influence fashions, set styles, give entertainment to the millions, important as that is. When the Screen Actors Guild voted to send a committee to Chicago to attend the annual American Federation of Labor convention: when Robert Montgomery, George Murphy, Ronald Reagan, Gene Kelly, Edward Arnold, Robert Taylor, Dick Powell, June (Continued on page 92)
Old friends Frank Moran and Barbara Stanwyck meet and greet at momentous meeting of Screen Actors Guild

SAG past and present presidents, George Murphy and Robert Montgomery, at Chicago AF of L convention

Youthful turnout—Lana Turner and Peter Lawford at Screen Actors Guild Meeting
O me, Christmas Days should be as individualized and distinctive as one’s friends, each possessing a special brand of enchantment. I can’t recall any single December twenty-fifth that looms up, high as an Alp, above all others. As a matter of holiday fact, all my Christmases have been bright.

They have had an amazing series of backgrounds. There have been my Scottish holidays, all set in snow and haggis.

There were my London Yuletides, very posh as Londoners say, or very swank as we say in America, and now my Beverly Hills Christmases.

As a child I never knew, until just a few days before, whether I should have a rollicking Christmas in Scotland with my Greer cousins (Greer being no more than an Irish contraction of the good Scottish name of MacGregor) or would be worldly in London with the Garson group.

The uncle who housed us in Glasgow was a doctor and dearly beloved by all his patients, who used to bring him wonderful holiday gifts—bottles of wine, hothouse fruits and delicious candies. His house was sturdy gray granite and you could practically
guarantee that Christmas would be a white one.

So it would be a jolly group who'd load into the
car a couple of days before the great day and go to
the woods above Loch Lomond to get the tree. We
children would rush around in high excitement, calling out, "Here's the tree! Here it is!" And all the
time be keeping a sharp eye out for anyone who
might disapprove. It was a time of great importance
when we finally did choose the tree—which was
always a pine. Awed, we'd stand back while an adult
chopped it down and loaded it into the back of the
car. Then we'd all load in too—our cheeks red from
the winter cold, our anticipation of trimming our
tree, high.

Perhaps it lacked the glamour of the trees they
sell on Hollywood Boulevard, all painted white or
pink or blue, but it smelled wonderful and had
strings and strings of tinsel and brightly colored balls
and other ornaments, treasured for years, with which
we decorated it. We hung tinsel up, too, in the
windows, behind the lace curtains, and it was lovely,
watching the snow falling outdoors, feeling so warm
and loved indoors.

On Christmas day itself after church—very Pres-
byterian you may be sure—all the relatives and the
neighbors gathered around (Continued on page 100)
"My Baby will be a Yankee"

A New Hampshire debut for the Sherry child, says Bette in this interview with Louella Parsons—the only one she has given on the coming event

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

The expected baby in the life of Bette Davis is the greatest thing that has ever happened to her, and that includes career, screen triumphs and her many charity organizations.

It was a softer, gentler Bette that came to my house for dinner with her husband, William Grant Sherry—a girl who is happy and has finally, after a long time, found what she has been seeking. Between the flickering candles on my dining-room table, Bette's face was framed as though an artist had lined up a "shot" of one of her own film dramas. I thought, as I looked at her, this girl and I have had our tiffs in the past. I've lost my temper with her and she's told me off in that brittle, staccato manner that only Bette Davis can make you take and like.

But when I got the tip that she was going to have a baby, I called her. "Bette," I said, "I hope this is true. I know what it will mean to you to have a baby. I want you to let me break this story and share your happiness with everyone. And it's time you and I are friends again."

"It's true, Louella," she said, "—and thanks for what you have said. We should be friends again."

And so, two nights later, Bette and her tall, slender husband, William Grant Sherry, came to have dinner with Dr. Martin and me—just the four of us. Of course, I wanted to talk to her about many things—about the baby, and her supposed feud with Joan Crawford and her plans for the future. I also wanted very much to meet the man she married. But, above all, it warmed my heart to have Bette at my home again—a friend.

I knew her well when she was married first to "Ham" Nelson and later to Arthur Farnsworth, and she never achieved this poise and inner serenity with either one of them, nor the happiness that is so evident now. I don't know when I have enjoyed a dinner more. We were very gay. Like good wives, Bette and I listened to the war talk of our men, both of whom had served overseas. We listened to fight talk, to art talk and many things that did not verge on Hollywood shop chatter. It amused me that Sherry doesn't "yes" Bette. He's devoted to her, but he has definite interests far removed from her work and (Continued on page 87)
Bette answers the rumors of a feud between Joan Crawford and herself.
Serenade in the dark: Yvonne De Carlo, starred in "Song of Scheherazade"
Most people won't talk about rented furs and mortgages, but who expects the usual from unusual Miss Yvonne?

A COUPLE of months ago an elderly couple from the Middle West were vacationing in Hollywood. Of course they wound up at the swank night club Mocambo—and there on the dance floor they spied a handsome young man dancing with the most exotic young woman they had ever seen. Imagine seeing in the flesh the star of "Frontier Gal" and "Salome, Where She Danced"—Yvonne De Carlo herself! They watched, fascinated, while the movie couple danced. Yvonne's green gaze seemed to be locked in her companion's, and her famous figure followed his sinuously in the movement of the rumba.

"She looks as smouldering off-screen as she does on," said the wife, awed and delighted.

Her husband nodded, his eyes popping out of his head. "And she sure acts in love with that young fellow," he commented. "Let's dance next to them and hear what they're saying."

They did—expecting to eavesdrop on molten lines from a hot lick version of "Romeo and Juliet."

Instead, as they passed Yvonne she was imitating a dead-end kid's voice. "Stick with me, bub," she was snarling in her escort's face, "and I'll get your name in the papers!"

The young man snarled back, "Ahhh—shaddup or I'll hit ya!"

The elderly couple crept back to their table, shattered. How could they know that this was love-talk between Yvonne and Burt Lancaster, new find in "The Killers"? Or that the next moment they were in a discussion of the music of Sibelius? Or that the following one they were arguing about horses?

By that (Continued on page 72)
Janie couldn't help bubbling any more than she could help singing—or eating up the profits in her father's shop.

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

She's either super happy or super sad. Jane Powell, of "Holiday in Mexico"

A huddle with Cindy, the collie. She has a cat named Ozzie too.
I t was the annual outdoor picnic at Sawtelle Government Hospital. Veterans sat on chairs on the lawn, their scars of wars forgotten, as they watched the program being given on the wooden platform before them.

Suddenly the sun went behind a cloud and it began to rain. Some of the men ran for nearby trees to take cover. Then, as though drawn by a magnet, all returned to their seats. A little girl in a shiny blue metallic dress was up there singing her heart out in the rain. Her clear voice rang out gaily..."Come, come, I love you only...."

One of the veterans got an umbrella and held it over her. Another got one for the accompanist. As she finished on a high sweet note, the rain stopped abruptly and the sun shone. There was quiet. Then the thunder of applause.

As the girl stepped down from the platform, an elderly veteran put his hand on her shoulder and said in a moved voice, "You see, Jane Powell, all you have to do is sing and the sun comes out."

Many of the others didn't even know her. Their tribute wasn't for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's sensational new singing star, but for a girl in a blue dress who reached out to them with a golden voice and a warm smile and made them feel a little happy again.

This is the story of that girl. A little girl with enormous blue eyes who didn't mean to be a star—and (Continued on page 95)
Latin looks and English blood, home and heart, American. Cary, man of exciting contradictions

BY RUTH WATERBURY

The final shot of "Night and Day" had just been taken. The all-star cast gave a general sigh of pleasure and relief, turned to one another with happy smiles. All of them, that is, except Cary Grant, the topmost star of them all.

Mr. Grant was definitely not happy. His handsome, swarthy face was blacker than a dozen thunderclouds. He stalked over to Michael Curtiz, the director. "Mike, now that the last foot of this film is shot, I want you to know that if I'm chump enough ever to be caught working for you again, you'll know I'm either broke or I've lost my mind," he said, biting his words out so that his diction was even more flawless than usual. "You may shanghai crews and cameramen to work with you, but not me, not again."

All Mike Curtiz said in response to the Grant outburst was, "Yes, Cary. Yes, Cary."

With that, Cary walked off the set and drove angrily toward his white brick and black trim Normandy house in Bel-Air.

The doorbell at this house rang cheerfully early the next morning. Since he happened to be downstairs at that moment, Cary personally opened the door.

There stood Mike Curtiz, beaming. In the thick accent, which after thirty-odd years in this country still remains primarily Hungarian, Mike cried out, "Cary, last night I read the most perfect script for us to do together. No story could be as good for you as this one. You have picture commitments that will tie you up through this year. I know that.
An artist, a thinker ... Cary Grant, star of "Notorious"
But I'll wait till 1948—or 1949, anytime. Together, we can—"

Mr. Grant pulled himself up so completely that he seemed to gain six inches. "Didn't you understand me yesterday?" he blazed. "Let me repeat: I'll never be lunatic enough to play in another of your pictures. Now do you understand me?"

"Yes, Cary. Fine, Cary," said Curtiz. "But I'll leave the script." So he left the script behind him and quietly waited. This was before the trade paper reviews of "Night and Day" appeared. There were so many raves, that the day they came out, Mike Curtiz sent Cary a long telegram of appreciation.

Thereupon Mr. Grant sat himself down and read the script and he's going to make the picture. With Curtiz; also with the full expectation they'll row all the way. In the new script, he saw a great picture—and when Cary sees that, walking across red-hot coals to Tibet is a mere stroll in the park to him.

"That's me," Cary admits disarmingly. "I raised hell all through the picture—knew it was going to be a flop—so it turns out to be a top success. And as for that Curtiz"—Cary laughs—"There's a feverish man to work with,
Co-star Shirley Temple even taught Cary jitterbugging but then I’m no dish of weak tea, either. When I cooled off, in between pictures, I knew I was wrong, as usual, and that Mike was right, as usual. The whole truth of the matter was that we had both been after the same objective—to make the best picture we could.”

To make the best possible movies is the end all and be all of the Grant existence. With his divorce from Barbara Hutton final, all the matchmakers of Hollywood are trying their wiliest to get him married to Betty Hensel.

Maybe Betty will become the third Mrs. Grant. Or maybe not. You’ll never find out from Cary. Watch him and Betty dancing together and it’s one of the dreamy sights of this world, her willowy, golden loveliness contrasted to his black height, his sun-mahoganied skin, his intense, intelligent eyes. Cary leads in a manner possible only to the best of dancers, taking one step to a rhythm that from even the smoothest of dancers would ordinarily call for two and from jitterbugs, twenty. It makes him and Betty weave the most sensuous, romantic pattern about any floor. Or watch him at a non-dancing party and he never leaves Betty’s side. He never dates any other charmer even though she sometimes appears with other glamour boys. She is definitely in his tall, chic, thin blonde tradition, that fitted Virginia Cherrill (the (Continued on page 89)
Making hay: Dennis, of "The Time, the Place and the Girl"

Dennis rolls his own and recalls adventures of Stanley Morner

A big improvement over that other truck

The young Morgans, Jimmy, Kristin and Stanley, listen raptly while Dad Dennis relates tales of his traveling-show days
TENT SHOW

The storm raged and so did the rest of the troupe, but

Stanley Morner kept right on singing—singing

against time and a tent pole . . .

BY DOROTHY DEERE

The International Concert and Opera Company, purveyors of better tunes and bigger arias to the Midwestern states, was in a decidedly inharmonious mood . . .

Professor A lexus Baas, who by coincidence sang bass, was wearing an expression lower than his deepest note. The fact that a slender brunette contralto and a curvaceous blonde soprano rode with him on the jouncing floor of the Chevy truck did not keep him from staring savagely at the back of the driver.

"You should be handling a cement-mixer," he said, addressing the back.

The driver, tenor extraordinary according to the local handbills, had a scowl on his handsome young face—a face that somehow managed to look pure Irish in spite of his Scandinavian, Scotch and Dutch ancestry. At nineteen years, Dennis Morgan, or Stanley Morner as he was named then, was not looking as far ahead as Hollywood. He was listening to the bouncing of five wardrobe trunks roped to the truck's roof and praying they could make an immediate sixty miles in time for their next tent show. The show had he but known it, that was to contain all the horrors a tent show could have . . .

Across Wisconsin, through Michigan, over Illinois, past Indiana into Ohio—for five months the troupe had been Number Four attraction on the Central Chautauqua Circuit's list of events. For those five months it had been his job to haul five trunks, the scenery, one male and three females. Dennis shuddered to think of what might have been his lot if he had a full-sized show-tent to haul from state to state. That, and five trunks and the scenery—and three females—!

Females, at this time in his life, were pretty generally divided into three classes. To begin with, there were the women he had left behind him. Mom, who had done some professional singing of her own, and sister Dotty who was at the excitable age, and girl-friend Lillian who actually belonged in a class by herself because someday he was going to marry her. He remembered their pride and emotion, packing his costumes and other theatrical equipment. Dotty, especially, squealing over his stage make-up—a large, round tin plainly labelled "Hero-flesh." All three of them were back home in Park Falls, Wisconsin, now, imagining him hero-ing it right across the country . . .

In a way, they were not too wrong—because class Number Two consisted of audience-females, with whom, he modestly admitted, he got along very well. (Continued on page 79)
HAPPY NEW WOMAN!

With these resolutions ring in the new . . . to enhance your beauty the whole year through

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor and Feminine Director of Selznick Studios

Care in color—Linda Darnell's cosmetic slogan

Cleanliness—Beverly Tyler's starter for beauty
Ringing out the old . . .

And, ringing out the old year, ring out other things too—things like figure bulges; a cosmetic palette that no longer harmonizes with or flatters your skin tones, eyes or hair; sagging hemlines and uneven heels; any and all carelessness that imperceptibly may have crept into your appearance and personality.

For the beginning of the year 1947 I offer you twelve resolutions. They commit you to nothing difficult or costly. Yet they're magical. For they help you find that woman within you at whom other women will turn to look admiringly, to whom men will be drawn in the most ego-warming fashion.

Four Hollywood stars are the inspirations for these resolutions: Paulette Goddard, Lizabeth Scott, Linda Darnell and Beverly Tyler. For each of these girls, in turn, I find an outstanding example of the four components of a woman's beauty and charm.

Paulette, first of all, is vivid proof that a woman accentuates her attraction by alertness. She is alert to everything from appointments at which she arrives promptly, to business trends by which she has greatly increased her fortune.

Particularly alert to her shortcomings, Paulette has never stopped (Continued on page 76)
"OYSTERS," ordered the honey-colored blonde of the superior waiter at a swank Strip restaurant.

"Make it three," said one of her two male companions.

When the waiter placed the oysters on the table, the blonde pierced the first one laid before her—and gave a smothered shriek.

"Look—a pearl!" she whispered to her two companions. Sure enough it was one—big, too. "Maybe there are more," she hoped aloud... and finally she had unearthed two more. This sent the trio into an electric huddle of secrecy.

"Gotta keep the pearls hidden from the management!"

"Joan found 'em—they belong to her!"

"Ixnay—the aiterway!" warned the girl in pig-Latin as the waiter approached. This went on for the duration of lunch. They were an hysterical trio of Musketeers, guarding their jewels. After lunch they rushed into a taxi and up to the nearest fine jewelry shop. And here a gray-haired, morning-coated jewel expert told them the sad truth.


The three Musketeers sagged out, despondent. But at least their consciences were clear. They hadn't cheated the restaurant out of a thing!

There is nothing sophisticated about that story, and its heroine could easily add the initial N to her name—N for Natural. For natural is the word for Joan Caulfield, which you know if you've seen her in her first three pictures: "Miss Susie Slagle's," with Sonny Tufts; "Blue Skies," with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire; and "Monsieur Beaucaire" with the one and only Bob Hope. She has thick springy blonde hair, wide blue eyes, a wider white smile and a

Joan, the honey blonde, who

helps keep the rest of the Caulfields

in happy, hectic confusion

BY ELEANOR HARRIS
Fair horizon: Joan Caulfield, starred in “Blue Skies”
Joan runs out of steppingstones so off come the shoes—oh well, she likes wading, anyway.

very fine figure which measures a trim five feet five inches. She is subject to all the usual human aberrations. One evening not long ago if you had been standing in line for a ticket at the Normandie Theater on East 53rd Street in New York, you would have noticed a brunette and a blonde come striding up, unglamourously toged out in flat leather moccasins, checked coats and (revealed under the coats) sweaters and skirts. No hat, no gloves—but suddenly an awful lot of giggles.

Because the blonde stepped briskly up to the ticket window, said, "Two tickets, please"—and then, scrambling wildly around in her purse, she suddenly backed away and shrieked, "Horrors! I have to go home first and get some money!"

At this the two girls went into hysteric s. They staggered up the street clinging to each other while they shouted with laughter. Shortly they returned more composed and bought their way into the theater. The girls? One was Joan Caulfield, movie star, and the other her best friend in New York—Patrice Munsel, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera singer!

But none of this perfectly normal behavior on the part of a famous young lady amazes Joan's family ... probably because her family is responsible for the whole thing. No Caulfield could possibly get away with anything but natural behavior. There are too many other Caulfields sitting around demanding their (Continued on page 74)
Call For Caulfield

On record—she has a new victrola-radio

The toe-test before the plunge into her apartment-house swimming pool

The tune-up: Lee Bowman, Joan and Don Clark, producer of CBS radio show, “This Is My Best,” harmonize
Father and son both doing fine!
The photographers get cigars from popular star of "The Yearling" and "The Macomber Affair"

Jonathan welcomed his new little brother by loading his crib with toys
RECENTLY, on August 16th, three Pecks became a bushel. On that date, the happy little threesome of Gregory, Greta and small Jonathan was increased to a foursome by the arrival of one Stephen Joseph Peck, weight seven pounds, six ounces.

Currently, it can be reported that both father and child are doing fine. Although unconcerned with mathematical equations, the fourth Peck has added two pounds, three ounces and a tolerant attitude toward the various grown-ups who stand over his crib and make childish, clucking noises. Someday, maybe about twelve years from now, young Stephen may want to put up his fists to anyone who reminds him that his name was originally Stephanie and was changed only when the doctor announced he was not the kind of Peck who could properly go around answering to such a moniker. At present, however, small-dark-and-handsome keeps his fists in his mouth and just ain't talkin'. The same cannot be said of his old man:

"The difference between a one-time parent and a two-time parent," says Greg smugly, "is that the first guy is a rank amateur."

It is a well-known fact that the first time, Greg was the most nervous prospective papa in all Hollywood. This time, of course, he knew the fifteen miles from the Peck's Coldwater Canyon home to the hospital by heart.

"It was about four o'clock in the morning when Greta said we'd better get over (Continued on page 90)
Frank Sinatra, who staged it, plays waiter to Lana at the party held under a tent on the tennis court.

Director Mervyn LeRoy with the usually camera-shy David Selznick, Sonja and Jennifer Jones in animated party mood.

Richard Barthlemess gets the kiss—son Stewart gets the cue. Stewart is Sonja's current beau.

BUFFET BANTER BETWEEN TWO ROGERSES—GINGER AND BUDDY

Everybody was invited to Sonja’s party—but the press.

It's Photoplay's luck that Hy-mie—and his camera—got in.
HOLLYWOOD’S best parties are those we press boys don’t get to. Not that they don’t want us, but even in Hollywood people like to be themselves away from cameras.

Take Sonja Henie. She gives two top jobs a year. One the press attends, the other is strictly for stars. I made this one because we’re old friends, and I took these pictures for her personal album.

Sonja knows how to get the right people together. The 200 guests received cards with table numbers. The dinner announcement, made by Sonja and Hoagy Carmichael, was a poem. So was the dinner. No wonder when someone said, “Remember the good old days?” Jack Warner replied, “My boy, these are the good old days!”

Hymie Fink
Bob, of "Love and Learn," and Cleatus made a romantic decision.

Cleatus, of "Susie Steps Out," kisses husband Bob, who's grateful to fate and Cupid.

Fate in their favor again—and a dream home in the Valley.
It was live and learn for Bob, who lost—
but luck and the lady decided to listen

BY BOB HUTTON

I'm the luckiest guy in the world and I could have been the unluckiest. I made blunders that almost cost me my future happiness but fate, for some reason, gave me another deal. I'm married to the girl I love and I still can't believe my good fortune. It isn't every guy who gets another chance. I did. That's the kind of girl Cleatus is. Mrs. Robert Hutton now.

I first saw her one afternoon at the Santa Anita race track. It was one of those clear, clean days when California seems one huge Technicolor set. Girls in their bright sport dresses gave everything a festive air. Even the horses were running in my favor. I stood talking to some friends between races when suddenly I saw her sitting at another table in the clubhouse with Mrs. Van Heflin. That's the most beautiful girl I ever saw, I thought to myself and went over to speak to Frances Heflin who introduced me to "Mrs. Murray."

It was the next morning I saw her picture in the papers and realized she was Cleatus Caldwell—wife of actor Ken Murray. It seemed a coincidence that her divorce from Ken and mine from my ex-wife Natalie were both granted that day.

Three weeks passed before I saw her again. She was sitting with some mutual friends at Mocambo and I went over and asked her to dance. We had a dinner date the following night and practically every night after. I fell in love with her almost at once. She was the realest, most sincere person I'd met in a long time and it was a constant source of amazement to me how any girl in Hollywood could be so beautiful and so unself-centered. So many girls here are interested only in their careers and themselves. They don't have time to listen to what anyone else has to say.

But Cleatus was different. (Continued on page 98)
SILLIES

Tinsel-trimmed tricks from a jolly old gent who has
FROM SANTA

his own ideas on what the stars need for Christmas

To June Allyson Powell (who collects them) from Dick (who robs them)

Walkie Talkie To Peter Lawford—For dating en route

To Bing—This horse is as fast as your others. Love, Bob Hope

To Bot Hope Here's what you can wear all year round. Bing

For whoever gets here FIRST—Dana Turner or Jane Russell. From just another man—Santa Claus.
Wee heartbeats: Van helps three-year-old daughter Vana play doctor to her three puppies.

Van, of "Till the Clouds Roll By," now owns his ideal home.

Three women in his life, Frances, Vana, baby Kathleen.
A ship or a dream? Van Heflin did some thinking, then kept on traveling, but in a different direction

BY DIANE SCOTT

IN a cheap rooming house off the Embarcadero, Seaman Van Heflin was fighting his last battle between the stage and the sea.

Outside the window he could hear the wail of a ferryboat warning its way across San Francisco Bay. The thin shaft of winter sunlight stabbed through the curtain and through the fog that covered his head.

He hadn’t felt this way since that last rough storm, a blow off the Florida coast. It was no day for decisions. But the time had come.

All his life he’d prided himself on aiming for the top. The best grade in math class. The best performance in a class play. But there would be little satisfaction in being the world’s best bum. Two days before he’d paid off the boat from China with two hundred bucks. Now he was broke. Cleaned.

Look at yourself, Heflin. You’re a sad, salty sight. You’ve got to figure this thing out. Why you’ve failed again. What you want. What you are. Or are not. Don’t pull your punches.

Should he risk going back to the stage? Since childhood he’d dreamed of the theater. Dreamed it would be perfect. But when he’d gotten his first look at it in a play called “Mr. Money Penny,” he’d been disillusioned. It was a terrible flop. (Continued on page 67)
A duet of dreams and an altar date for Johnnie Johnston and Kathryn Grayson of "Till the Clouds Roll By"

Katie and Johnnie are sweethearts

They want children of their own—four of them
"I love Katie," says Johnnie Johnston, speaking to me but looking at Kathryn Grayson.

"I love Johnnie," says Kathryn Grayson and she looks at Johnnie and he looks at her. Then he kisses her and I feel I should leave but I need a few more details so I stick around until things are back to normal, more or less.

We are in the large cathedral-like living room of Kathryn's new fifteen-room house in Brentwood, and Johnnie's four-and-a-half-year-old daughter Julie is pretending to play the big organ. She says she is playing the wedding march. Kathryn laughs and says, "A friend of mine at the studio has been practicing the wedding march to play at our wedding."

Then, of course, I have to ask, "When are you two getting married?" and Kathryn replies, "On December 13. We'd like to be married right here in this living room; it would make a lovely room for a wedding, if only we had some furniture in it." But because the marriage was decided upon in such a hurry, after Johnnie went to Las Vegas to divorce his wife Dorothy, they will now be married in a church—probably the Congregational Church in Westwood, Los Angeles. And I think that pretty little Kate with her dark hair and dark eyes and sweet face, and her blond, blue-eyed Johnnie will make a very handsome couple.

"You see," says Johnnie explaining the rush, "after five months of negotiating the financial settlement with my wife Dorothy she finally divorced me in California last July, and it takes a year for that divorce to be final and that was too long for us both to wait. So
This time for keeps, they both say—to music. Johnnie's seen in "This Time for Keeps"

It happened on the set of "It Happened in Brooklyn"—Johnnie kissed the star

The library is the only room in the house that's completely furnished. Throckmorton comes between sweethearts and studies the scrapbook, too
I decided to divorce Dorothy in Las Vegas. You see, Kathryn and I are going on a concert tour right away and it is better for us to be married and then we can be together all the time."

Miss Grayson obtained a Nevada divorce from John Shelton in June, 1946, after four and a half years of marriage and thirteen reconciliations! But there seem to be no doubts in Kathryn's mind this time that her new marriage will be a success. "I have a great desire," Katie says earnestly, "to prove that in this town a marriage between show people can really work."

"We've decided," interrupts Johnnie, "that it's being apart from one another that breaks up show-business marriages. So when either of us goes out of town, we'll both go. We've decided not to be kept apart by our profession and we figure we can make enough money and stay in (Continued on page 97)
What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS
ANSWERED BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am desperately in love with my husband, but he told me not long ago that he didn't care to continue to live with me. He said there was no other woman and I am sure of that.

When he said that he was packing to move, it almost killed me, but I let him go. He was gone about an hour with everything he owned, then he came back like a soaked puppy and said the room on which he had planned had been rented. Since then he has said nothing more about leaving me.

When I try to kiss his cheek, caress his hair and love the back of his neck, he simply pushes me away and says he doesn't care to be fussed over.

He is very nervous. This is partly due to his work, which requires long hours and is very taxing. Do you think I am doing right by letting him remain here even though he is so indifferent to me?

Arna B.

I believe that if you are wise you will cease all demonstration of your affection. There seems to be an immutable natural law that causes a man to leap backward like a cat from a red-hot stove if he thinks that a girl cares more for him than he cares for her—even if they are married. Wise women, through all time, have loved deeply but have not allowed men to believe that they were the more deeply beloved.

If you hope to save your marriage, an era of coolness at this time will accomplish twice as much as smothering your husband in a blanket of affection.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here is about the biggest problem a girl can have: I lie like a rug. Personally, I blame it on having wanted to act since I was a little girl but never having gotten enough nerve to walk into a playhouse around here and ask for a course in dramatics or a job.

I tried to cure myself of this habit one afternoon, by not telling one single lie to anybody. If you only knew what a deadly dull time I had. Those few hours seemed like a thousand years because I had nothing to tell the people I met, and nothing at all to say.

Ordinarily, I am quite the life of the party because I pretend that I have just seen a dreadful accident, or I know some secret misbehavior on the part of important people, or I just tell some exciting thing from my family's past. I know that some of the girls in my gang tell little white lies, but I have never bothered with stupid makeshifts. When I lie I lie about great big important things.

I am hoping you can think of some way to cure me. Please don't ask me to confess to the kids that most of my tall stories are lies. I would never have nerve enough to do that.

Rhoda C.
What Should I Do?

deliberate habit you have formed for your own enjoyment. Perhaps you should try keeping quiet and letting someone else have the stage.

Your whole future life depends on your ability to stop your lying today and to realize what serious trouble you can get into if you continue in this. Submerge your ego enough to stop telling lies and get full enjoyment from the people you meet by allowing their true personalities to come out.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I met Jack when I was in seventh grade and he was a freshman in high school. We have been going steady ever since. I am now twenty-one. We became engaged the night I graduated from high school. However, I have a serious problem. Jack and I disagree on a great many different things. If I make a statement with which he does not agree, he slaps me. One day because I was afraid to dive off the high board, he twisted my wrist until I thought he was going to break it. When we are with friends and I say something he doesn't like, he pinches me until my arms are black and blue.

After one of these incidents I accepted a date with another boy. We stopped into a little lunch stand for a coke and there met Jack with another girl. He came stalking over to our table and hit the boy I was with, knocking him down. Jack was at least twenty pounds heavier and six inches taller than the boy I was with.

Jack is now insisting that we get married. My family is very much opposed to this, and so are the neighbors next door, who have always been very close to me. When Jack is pleasant, he couldn't be sweeter. But when he gets mad he is a holy terror. Do you think marriage to him might bring me unhappiness?

Elizabeth B.

In your own heart you have already answered the question in your letter. You know, as well as I do that marriage to Jack would not only bring you unhappiness, but might cost you your life.

Although I don't know a great deal about psychiatry, I am reasonably certain that Jack is a mental case. Any man so cruel has had no proper training, or—if he has had proper training—he has taken leave of his senses.

If you are wise, you will wrap up Jack's

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.

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(Please on penny postcard, if you wish, sorry, sample offer good in U.S.A. only.)
ring, mail it to him with an explanatory note, then go away for a while. Choose some place of which he would not think, and warn your parents to be on their guard against this man. I don't want to seem to be melodramatic, but you have only to read your daily paper to discover that blood is shed daily by just such a man as Jack appears to be.

Were you never to marry, it would be far better for you than to attempt to build any sort of life with Jack.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and was recently discharged from the Army. I have an enormous inferiority complex because I consider myself hopelessly ugly. Whenever I see a girl I feel like running.

During the entire two years I was in service I had only one date. I ruined this girl's evening because I spent the entire time being afraid that everyone was looking at me and at me alone. When I called her the next day in hope of making a future date she gave me an emphatic "no!"

Now that I am back in civvies I fear I will never again find a girl to date me.

George F.

I believe I am entirely safe in saying that your problem is not your appearance, but your self-consciousness. Any person who spends his entire time thinking not of the comfort and the pleasure and the desires of the person with whom he is spending an evening, but only of his own misery, his misgivings, and the possibility that someone is looking at him, is exceedingly poor company, indeed. Any girl who goes out with you is probably convinced afterward that you were bored and, hence, were ignoring her.

Psychologists claim that the one certain way to gain popularity is to become objective in one's viewpoint. The subjective person is the sensitive, cringing human being who feels that every stone in the world is leveled at him.

If you will repair to your public library and read whatever volumes of Alfred Adler are available, I think you will find precisely the help you need.

Remember that some of the most successful men of all time have been noted for lack of physical attraction.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am married and have a baby daughter two months old, but I am not getting along with my husband at all. He is twenty-one and I am nineteen. He pays no attention whatsoever to the baby and, as a matter of fact, has admitted that he doesn't like her at all. It makes him furious if I say that I would like to see my mother occasionally. He says the married girl is not supposed to be thinking of her family. However, he spends a great deal of time with her.

I quit my job last January. I had a wonderful position and many friends. My former employer has been begging me to come back ever since I left. My mother has advised me to come home, where she can take care of the baby, so that I can go back to work. My husband contributes nothing to our support. I had money in the bank that I had saved and with that I paid my hospital bill.

I have been wondering if I should give him a scare and go home. He was discharged from the Navy last January and keeps saying he wishes he were back living the Navy life. He isn't working and hasn't even looked for work.

Vivian L.

First of all, I don't think it is wise ever to attempt to give anyone "a scare." No such drastic action as leaving your husband when you have a small youngster should be undertaken for the dramatic effect. Having studied all angles of a given situation and having arrived at a conclusion, you should act from principles, but never to make a show.

Since your husband was so happy in the Navy, I wonder if your problem might not be solved temporarily by your husband's joining up again. I think that he, like many men of twenty-one, is not quite ready to assume the responsibilities of a family. It is possible that at the end of his enlistment he would have grown up enough to return to you as a sensible and useful man.

Claudette Colbert

Merry Christmas!

Did this Yuletide issue bring you the portraits in color of your favorite woman star and man star? If not, now's the time to put in Your New Year Bid in Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll. Clip out the coupon and send to COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Man...................................................

Woman.............................................

MY NAME...........................................

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars receiving the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)

Frankly, I don't think Bob has grown up yet. So long as a man clings to his family he is not an emotionally adult.

If you were to marry Bob in his present state, there can be little doubt that Delia would interfere with your marriage.

If you are willing to wait for Bob to grow up, you should prolong your engagement, but if this situation doesn't adjust itself soon you would be wise to take an interest in another boy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In our city we had three teen-age cantoons originally. One was put out of business because the members misbehaved.

The second was saved by our high-school fraternities and sororities, so it has become clannish.

Our own group, sponsored by Hi-Y's and Girl Reserves, is the only group in which membership is not restricted.

We have issued cards for charter members and have allowed them to bring one guest but a group of tough kids in this part of town have decided to take over. In spite of the presence of our chaperones, these kids crash every party we give. They are ruining the club's reputation. We are afraid we are going to have to close unless we can think of some solution.

George J.

I think that it is easy, in the midst of an endeavor, to lose sight of the original reason for launching a plan.

Obviously, your groups started out with the laudable intention of forming a club that would keep the unattached young people busy and happy ... and out of mischief.

Those people who are ring-leaders in such an enterprise are not the students most in need of fraternities. Active students are so busy and so constructive in their attitudes that they represent no problem. The students most in need of help are usually those who aren't normally included in such groups.

The boys of whom you speak are the ones who need your club desperately. Even though they join only by "crashing" the first few times, if they have fun, and send in their checks in order that those boys will return and contribute, not only to the welfare of the club, but to the orderliness of the entire school.

Why don't you constitute yourself committee to look at the club and try to include these recalcitrants in your guest list?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

But I love you one another very much, but the barrier between us is his sister, Delia, a pretty divorcee. She has more boy friends than any other girl I know.

However, she also states that the only person that really really loves her is her brother. She laughingly told me that she had come between Bob and every girl he ever liked. I can believe this as, when Bob came back from the Army, she kept cutting in on our first telephone conversation and she even sent me telegrams, signing his name.

When Bob took a job in a town some distance from our home, I moved to be near him and it was at that time that we have been planning to be married as soon as we could find a home. However, I have been entertaining doubts, because he still writes to Delia once a week and he worries about sick people he doesn't hear from. Occasionally, she calls him long distance—always collect. She has persuaded their father on several occasions to write to Bob, begging him to come home to stay. I have been afraid to think that she shall never become a fireside companion in my home and yet Bob loves her, and if I criticize her it makes him most unhappy.

Polly O.
Voyager

(Continued from page 5.) The stage wasn’t what it seemed. He hated it. He wanted to get away. Fast. So he’d turned to his second love, the sea. He had no illusions about that. He knew it was imperfect. Fascinating in its ever-changing moods. High waves that slapped you down. Then clear, beautiful and serene.

The pull between theater and ocean had always been a tough one for Van since the years he spent with his grandmother in Long Beach, California, when he was going to high school. She was a colorful woman, highly imaginative, with salt in her veins. She lived next door to the head of the Seamen’s Employment Bureau and Van spent his Saturdays over there listening to tall tales.

His grandmother, who always wanted to travel, was delighted that summer when the fourteen-year-old Holli signed up to ship out on a fishing schooner for Mexico. From there on, she was always getting her National Geographic down, marking the places where he was going and making him bone up on them. When he came back she’d listen eagerly while he described what he had seen. Van always took his camera along and made snapshots.

He went back to Oklahoma University and studied drama, then shipped out two years later on a cargo boat for the Panama Canal. It was when he landed back in New York that he met Channing Pollock and Richard Boleslavski and got the chance he’d always dreamed of. And failed. And went back to sea.

This then was what he wanted. To visit foreign countries, learn their peoples and languages. He took books along with him to study. A LaSalle Extension course in law. He could be a maritime lawyer. A good one. So wherever the boat would dock Van would spend his time ashore in libraries, studying native periodicals, talking to people, visiting points of interest.

He’d had three years on shipboard and was qualified now for his third mate’s ticket. But he knew it was not for him. He was beginning to drift. He hadn’t cracked a book the last two trips out. And this one to China clinched it. You didn’t have to go to Shanghai to see what he saw. He’d seen the same thing in Chinatown in Frisco the night before. A bar.

He thought of the letter from Boleslavski. The stage director, who knew how talented Holli was, followed him all along on his voyages with philosophy and advice. “Stay at sea until you can’t help coming back to the stage,” he’d last written. “Then you won’t have illusions. The stage will be bigger than you are and you’ll be glad to be a part of it. Now you want the stage to be part of you. Stay until you’re sure.”

Yes, the time had come. All day long Van wallowed among the joshing sailors and the familiar maritime atmosphere. By nighttime he knew what he wanted. Second loves were not enough. He would go back with humility determined to make himself measure up to the stage, instead of expecting it to measure down to him.

Once Van arrives at a verdict, whether it concerns his future, a political issue, or a script, he doesn’t add up, there’s no compromise. “There can’t be,” he says. “It would be the end of me to myself.” Which rates him as an individualist and in occasional instances the tag of “difficult.”

However, the day was to come when he almost reasoned himself out of Holly-

Easy as putting your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in!

You’ll want to know all about this new easy way to look lovelier . . . win compliments. These questions and answers tell you everything!

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Answer: Yes! Mothers find Toni’s gentle creme waving lotion is ideal for children’s silky-fine hair. (And the child is free to run about and play while the permanent is “taking”!) Is TONI guaranteed?
Answer: Yes! Your Toni wave must flatter you or you get back every cent you paid. Toni can make this guarantee because the Toni Wave is laboratory controlled for uniformity and high quality.

Good idea! Give your daughter a Toni Home Permanent today—you’ll both be thrilled with results! Toni is ideal for children’s hair.

Every hour of the day another 1,000 women use Toni

GOLD MEDAL AWARD ISSUE
wood for keeps. At the time he got the
lead on Broadway opposite Katharine Hep-
burn in "Philadelphia Story," Van was
hurt and disillusioned with the whole pic-
ture business and was sure that he should
be the stage forevermore. After he had
completed a year's run with the play, he
decided that the stage was not the right
place for him. He had come back briefly
during the current season to portray the
heavy role with Errol Flynn in "Santa Fe Trail,"
and he had talked and lived in the theater.
"Let's face it," he said then. "For pictures you've
got to play, which I don't. Have appeal, which I haven't. Or be the
world's best actor—which I doubt.

However, the next year he signed a contract
with M-G-M and a friend
cornered him. "Don't ever need Hollywood when I realized Jimmy
Stewart played to more people in a week
than I had done in two years," he said.

He can always analyze the illusions
away. He is thinking, emotionally—and
realistic in his reasoning, which check
and balance makes him the versatile actor
he is today. Since his return from the serv-
ice, when he spent three years in the
Field Artillery and later overseas with the
Air Corps in the Caribbean, England and
France, Van's covered the whole paint
palette. His first role was the rugged, gypsy
rider in "Martha Ivers." In "The
Clouds Roll By" he portrays an eccentric
self-styled musical genius. In "Possessed"
he drives Joan Crawford to murder as the
self-sufficient engineer who renews her
love. Now he's enacting the romantic char-
acter lead, a mystic philosopher in "Green
Dolphin Street" with Lana Turner.

Van constantly underplays off-screen as on. Particularly where it concerns those
closest to him. If you really know him, you
aren't fooled by the way he casually
refers to his wife Frances as "my funny
little redhead," to three-year-old Vana as
"Little Red" and four-months-old Kathy
as the "Littlest Red"—in a sort of crimson
sequence—when you know full well how
much the Heflin harem means to him.

He underplayed his own proposal scene
as one could never be underplayed on the
screen. Though Frances and Van had
met before, they'd never gone together un-
til both were weekend guests of the Joe
Pasternaks at their ranch. When they re-
turned to Hollywood, Van didn't even ask
her for her phone number, much less an
other date. Of course, being Van, he'd
already taken care of that little detail with
Pasternak. The next evening he
called and asked if she might drop by.
When he arrived, he suggested that they
go for a drive along the beach. "Fine,"
Frances agreed. "I'll get a coat." As she
flung it around her shoulders and started
out, she asked him to hurry her up.

Later, driving to Malibu, she kept rea-
soning aloud that he shouldn't marry her
yet. "You don't even know me. You
aren't even sure about us," she said.

"Oh yes, I know. I'm much better than
you think," smiled Van. "For fifteen years
I've known the kind of girl I wanted to
marry someday. What she'd look like, how
she'd act. She's Red. Yes, I know you've
just said so," Van had even analyzed
himself a dream girl all his own.

He's a colorful conversationalist, a good
storyteller, enjoys philosophizing at
length. He can see the brighter of mankind
or the best way to plant canta-
loupe. His friend Rex Alcorn, who
drops by occasionally to play gin rummy,
or so he thinks, says it's nothing unusual
to find himself doing all the driving around.

"Van just starts talking and the first thing
you know you're an expert gardener, and
you've watered two acres of lime trees.

No one who knows him is ever misled
by his casual plaid manner, his slow
melodic speech. There's an ever-ready
fuss there just waiting for a light. He's
extremely nervous, managing to tie him-
self in Seaman's knots inside most of the
time. The night before he played his first
scene in "The Strange Love of Martha
Ivers," his first film in three years, he
couldn't sleep at all from sheer excite-
ment. He stays too keyed up to eat when
he's working, and tries to relax with a
short nap during the lunch hour instead.
He worries as he does everything else—
with enthusiasm. He worries about every-
thing and about nothing. About a slight
rash that Kathy has that he's sure will
permanently disfigure her. It will take
plastic surgery, no less. Even though
Frances keeps telling him that ito even by
tomorrow it will be gone.

He pays infinite attention to details, and
takes an hour in a Paris book store
shopping for a French storybook for Vana,
while his GI roommate, Rex Alcorn,
square-shooting Texan and one of Van's
best friends, tried to hurry him along.
"She can't even read English yet," he
pointed out. "What difference does it make
which French book you send her?" But
Van kept looking through them at the
pictures, page by page. "I want her to
have the best one," he insisted.

By nature Van is such an informal kind
of person and person. At long last
he has the kind of home he's always
wanted. A spacious two-story informal

place with a spreading sycamore tree shad-
ing the front lawn and two acres of canta-
loupes doing some wild broken-field run-
ning down the back of the hills in the rear. He
has a versatile little garden back
there too, comprising a minute corn field,
 squash, tomatoes, and a patch of Okla-
homia's favorite fruit, black-eyed peas.

Lucily the house is so situated that even
on a clear day Van can't see the Pacific.
On Hollywood might find him going out
with the tide again. He's sea-shopping
now for a cabin cruiser—"a tame one to
take the family out in." And the salty
gleam comes into his eyes when he shows
you the old snapshot album.

"That's the West Cactus, that one the
S.S. Santa Maria," he says enthusiastically
pointing out the vessels he's shipped out
on. "That's Pancho and there's Murphy,
"he says of two crew members in dirty
duck pants, cigarettes dangling from their
lips.

There are snapshots of wild stretches of
open sea. With no beginning and no end.
Of a curly towhead with his collar open,
his shirttail partly out, gazing over the
rail.

Sometimes he still feels the undertow.
Perhaps sometimes he regrets walking
away from the Golden Gate. But he's
never looked back. You can turn to salt
for good that way. And today's voyage is
Hollywood.

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Next Month—
GOLD MEDAL AWARD ISSUE
about Taoism? To me, it's a worthwhile creed. You just go along with the rhythm of life and let me be. I don't believe that people and all things should be less active—infinitely more passive."

He actually believes that he believes this—and then comes on sets and fusses, fusses, fusses.

Right now he is engaged in rewriting the end of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" which he is making at RKO with Shirley Temple and current producer Dore Schary, goes into long huddles with him and lets him rewrite line one day that he will probably do all anew the next day. Whatever becomes of Mike Curtiz, it will be like Mike Curtiz, and yet his is the same "Yes, Cary. Fine, Cary" technique all over again—which Cary will stay blissfully unaware of until this picture is finished.

Actually, he is very keen about "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" and he collapses with mirth—as do the rest of the cast—when he has to go through the bit in Shirley for some scenes.

His is not temperament in the usual explosive sense. It is rather an infinite—and immediate—capacity for taking pains to make every line, every situation, every "takum" as nearly perfect as possible. If Mike Curtiz was hell on wheels on "Night and Day"—and he was—so was Mr. Grant himself. But it wasn't a give-away in any case. He'll freely confess to that attitude that he wasn't getting enough footage or sufficient close-ups. Cary has what almost amounts to an obsession about how his lines can be polished—and this is a kind of him. There is too much sloppy use of the phrase "a mixed-up guy." So let us say that Cary isn't a "mixed-up guy," but there are two very contrasting sides to his character—and to a great extent they war against each other. Yet perhaps they are what produces the artist in him.

It's rather like his having run away from home and joined a theatrical troupe between the ages of eight and ten. "All stage struck. He simply wanted to travel anywhere. So he ended up tying to, what, for all its glamour, is essentially a compulsory school. Of course it's impossible to move about with any freedom."

It's also characteristic of him that he's never even considered buying a yacht but before the war, whenever he got the chance to travel, he always did because of his family's inability to move abroad. And yet, he got closer to the real lure of vast, watery spaces and further away from people who, on big liners, would have tended to affect his privacy.

EQUALLY, when he travels on land, he is more apt not to drive himself somewhere in his own moderately priced car, but rather in small towns than the big cities. It completely out-rages him that because of the autograph mobs he can't walk freely about the streets of New York and characterize him, in an effort of trying to appease these kids, he gives out hot and deeply felt blasts against their rude conduct. Yet in small towns, he'll stop and chat for hours with garage attendants and songwriters. He argues this is because small-town people, even when they recognize him, are always polite and never prying, and are less aggressive and city people. It's all that makes him prefer old people. He says, "Whenever I talk to my elders, they teach me something. When they tell of their experiences, no matter how exciting they may have been, they report it in a very

DON'T MISS - The People's Choice of Winning Stars and Pictures from the Gallup Audience Research, Inc. Poll - Next Month!
home and Nancy wisely let him alone. "Do you think he'd like me to be with him, Mommy?" little Nancy asked. "Try it, dear," her mother said. So edging slowly into the room she crept close to her father. Together they sat side by side on the couch not speaking a word but drawing comfort from each other. And it was there Nancy served each of them a dinner tray.

Another evening little Nancy was sent up to bed as usual while Frank studied a new recording. Soon her crying reached the living room and Nancy went upstairs. When her wails again reached the room Frank called to her sternly.

"You didn't read to me," she sobbed.
"Come here, Nancy," Frank said, and she approached hesitatingly, not quite sure of the outcome. Slowly he gathered her in his arms. "What story will it be, Nancy?"
he asked. "Will it be Cinderella tonight?"

Life was simple at the Sinatra's. Dinners on red gingham cloths. Bedtime stories, Frank's bow ties which Nancy made by hand. The seldom used built-in bar, for the Sinatras are temperate people. Friends, largely people who work with Frank, song writers, radio and theatrical people, to spend a holiday afternoon or an evening. Conversation of music or the same simple homey talk that goes on in thousands of American homes, the house mortgage, the children's teeth, the monthly bills.

Only recently was there time for restlessness. Before, with Frank and Nancy, poverty, broken hopes and dreams, then a glimmer of hope and finally the hard road up, were things to share. Through it all Nancy never let Frank down. And he was a good husband and a devoted father, even in the little ways. Although his business trips were many he never took his absences from home for granted. Always he returned with a lovely gift for Nancy and exciting toys for the children.

But success, completely realized, was different. And when Frank found the outside temptations, demands and stimulation that came with it were things he couldn't share he began to suffer from the delusion that only with personal liberation could he hope for happiness.

However, those closest to the Sinatras believe that this mirage of happiness disappeared even as Frank reached for it, that as he closed the door of the Toluca Lake house his need for Nancy and his children and home swept over him.

No one was surprised, therefore, that night at Slapsie Maxie's when, after a few turns around the floor, Frank danced Nancy to the door, drove her to his apartment where they had a long talk and the next day returned home.

It won't be easy for Frank and Nancy to hold fast to their marriage. For a long time, as long as Frank's youth and fame endure perhaps they will have to prove stronger than all the difficulties—the gossip, the temptations, the separations, the nervous tensions—that will beset them. But to sustain them they will have their love of home and children and each other. They will have, too, all the dear customs and traditions born of their eight years of marriage and the long courtship which went before. Traditions like New Year's Eve, for instance.

It's good to be able to think that this New Year's Eve they'll be together again, that though the fun be at its height on the first stroke of twelve Frank, as always, will seek his wife's side, kiss her tenderly and say—more solemnly perhaps than ever before—"Happy New Year, Nancy!"

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

Gold Medal Award Winners
Next Month
Blue Jeans and Mink

(Continued from page 35) time the elderly couple had gone home—which was their big mistake. For had they carried their small suitcase, they would have

discovered a number of unpredictable Yvonne's that they had in the same intriguing frame.

Last week, Yvonne had proclaimed a "party" at the home of her friend, Miss Yvonne, where she had discovered a number of unpredictable Yvonne's that they had in the same intriguing frame.

That being so, the De Carlo-Lancaster idly was typical. The minute Burt stepped on the Universal lot (description—tousled light brown hair, blue eyes, six feet three inches of muscular build), all the matchmakers at the moment's notice, "Yipes! We must bring him and Yvonne together!"

So they did. The setting was perfect—a romantic tropical set complete with palm trees. The costumes were gorgeous. But the result? Bored at first sight! They each nodded a brief and faintly sneering, "How do you do," and

then walked rapidly in opposite directions.

Two months later, Yvonne went to a big Hollywood party escorted by a man who had at best remain nameless. The dress she wore was one of her De Carlo designs—a gray background print with big splashes of red and yellow flowers, and a white skirt. She was warmly cordial to everyone she met—and then she remet Mr. Lancaster. The bow she gave him was ice trimmed. But he acted as if she had enveloped him in a torrid embrace.

"Darling!" he shouted. "I've been waiting impatiently for you to come—let's dance!" Dance they did. And while they danced they exchanged insults.

"What a stick-up, affected star role you were playing when I first met you," murmured Burt in her ear as they tangoed.

"May I say the same? And you haven't changed on second sight," said Yvonne in her most honeyed tones.

But Burt had more to say and he said it. "Know when I first liked your looks? When I saw you a week ago, walking across the lot on your way home. You were wearing flat sandals and a little print peasant dress. You looked like an Italian peasant girl and you looked swell!"

"You mean I looked natural?" snarled Yvonne.

Exactly. And you look almost natural tonight!" he added.

So what was the result of Meeting Number Two? She ditched her escort and went to dinner with Burt to continue the Battle of the Sexes. It's been going on ever since, at swimming pools, amusement parks, syn

phonies and stables. Speaking of stables, when Yvonne finishes with Burt, he'll be as much of a horseflesh expert as she is teaching him all the tricks of the riding. Meanwhile, De Carlo's and the Park Avenue- quarrelsome romance everywhere in Holly

wood... when she isn't off boating with Stirling Hayden. Or talking aviation with Howard Hughes. Or going out with some new swain.

Not that she doesn't have women friends, too, whom she jams into her jigsaw puzzle days. She sees Pat Sterling, Helen Walker, Ava Gardner and Maria Montez regularly and often.

But mainly she's acting on impulse— all over Southern California. On Sundays, for instance, her life would have been an invitation to come swimming at lavish pools, in her most lavish bathing suits. But does she accept? No. Because, much earlier that morning, Stirling Hayden had walked from the sixty-five-foot schooner he calls home across a dock and into a place where he knew she was at dinner. He called her Yvonne and said "How about some day labor on your day off, kid?"

And Yvonne, lying in her huge bed looking up at its silken canopy, had said, "Surely you know!" With which she had replaced her satin night gown with a pair of faded and paint-splashed blue jeans. Then she had added a pair of dirty white gloves, a patched shirt and she was ready to kiss her mother goodbye for the day and drive down to Santa Monica harbor and Stirling's boat—to swab decks or do whatever she was asked.

Her parties are as unpredictable as her life. To begin with, they're so small they can hardly be called parties... yet the most unexpected things happen at them!

Take the last one. She gave it in honor of the RCAF flier who made her a star by leading twenty buddies in sending her picture to Walter Wanger. His name is Ken Ross-MacKenzie and he had just flown down from Vancouver. The minute Yvonne heard his voice over the telephone, she shrieked cordially, "I must give a party for you—immediately!" She then gave him the address of her one-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley (which boasts a one-string of horses), and called in Ava Gardner, Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont.

Then she herded her mother into the kitchen to get a bouffet dinner, topped by a big ham. At six o'clock, Ken Ross-MacKenzie arrived, and Maria and Pierre.

They were coated knee high with mud.

Yvonne was amazed. "Where did the mud come from?" she inquired.

"From the road outside your house," they informed her sourly. "No doubt you overlooked it, but all the roads around here are torn up. The city is apparently laying pipes. And we will bet you two to one that your other guests never get here."

They lost their bet because both other guests arrived. But Burt Lancaster was an hour late, and Ava Gardner two hours late. They were late enough for mud. Their cars were stuck hopelessly in ruts a block away. Burt got his out—with the help of a tow-truck and some heavy—
duty tires. He had stayed tipped in a muddy ditch all night long. She hitched a ride home with the other guests.

After dinner three neighborhood musicians played through the mud to entertain them with a jazz session. It was a fine party... although everyone spent it in their stockinged feet to avoid tracking mud on Yvonne's new rugs.

One of the most unpredictable things about Yvonne is her attitude toward the "Keep Face" rule of Hollywood—where everyone buys swimming pools, mansions, cars and clothes on the installment plan, but nobody except Yvonne has a private plane. When she bought her one-acre estate she told everyone blithely, "Yes when I get the mortgage paid off it'll be mine, all mine!" Everyone gasped. Nobody had a comeback for that kind of repartee because nobody in those parts had ever before heard it.

By the time a mink coat came into her life, people should have been used to her honesty. The mink coat was a result of a good—will tour she made to Mexico.

"I simply have to have a mink coat
and I can't afford one," she told people at parties. "Natch, I'll have to rent one for the trip!"

"Natch," everyone murmured uneasily. Renting mink coats is common practice in Hollywood. But if you waited to hear it talked about, you'd wait forever.

"It only cost me $50 a week rental," was Yvonne's next report. "And what a beauty!"

The end of the story is that after she'd worn the rented luxury for three weeks in Mexico she couldn't bear to let it go. She bought it.

"Even though I can't afford it and it means cutting down on other things, plenty," says she. "But now, at last, I've got a home, a horse and a mink coat." She could have added that she has a very glittering screen future which may make mink coats and mortgages less of a problem. "Song of Scheherazade" in which she's starred with Jean Pierre Aumont will be released any minute now—and there's "Slave Girl," now in the making—and both of them are in gorgeous Technicolor.

Then there's her wardrobe, which is the most unusual one in town.

Everywhere she goes she picks up ideas for it. A present from A. C. Blumenthal in Mexico City provided the basis for one stunning outfit. He gave her a black patent leather belt with the silver soles of bare feet marching along it, and one huge silver foot making the clasp. It has matching black gloves, with the silver feet used as cutlins on them. With these eye-stopping accessories she wears plain black, in a dress designed by her and made by her dressmaker Dorothy Thompson.

But everything inspires an outfit. The New York musical "Carousel" gave her another idea, inspired by a chorus girl's costume: A faced-bodice dress in bright green, worn with a hat decked in cherries. Everywhere she goes she buys materials in all colors but black—each material giving her an idea.

One reason for her enthusiasm is that she has energy for them. Where most people drop dead of exhaustion, Yvonne is just getting started. On a recent flying trip to New York, this was an average day: She bought two coats, four dresses, a pair of earrings, two handbags, fifteen albums of records, twelve highball glasses; she lunched at Toot Shor's, dined at "21," and saw the play "Oh! Mistress Mine!" Home again to her hotel suite? She turned on her rented record machine and contentedly played all the records she had just bought, including the original "Salome" dance record, Argentine rhythms and African and Chinese music—whose wailing chants fascinates her.

"The truth is that I'm trying to live two lifetimes in one, I guess," Yvonne sums it all up. "I read all the time, three books at once. Right now I'm reading 'Lie Down in Darkness' and 'Lion in the Streets'" she laughs. "And another book—'How Never to Get Tired!' That's one book Yvonne doesn't need to read. She might very well have written it herself with all that boundless energy. And every erg of it goes into whatever she does—be it swabbing decks in paint-splashed blue jeans, riding horseback in jodhpurs or premiering in the mink coat she couldn't really afford!"
Call for Caulfield

(Continued from page 48) rights—and airing their senses of humor. To hastily introduce the Caulfields, they are:

Mr. Henry R. Caulfield plays the role of father. He is a pleasant man, comptroller of New York aircraft company, and he was utterly unaware of the theater until his offspring got into it.

Mrs. Henry R. Caulfield, a charming woman who never had a sister.

Sister Mary (age twenty-five), now Mrs. David Parker, who works for American Airlines in flight planning.

Sister Betty (age twenty-two), who's Joan's sidekick, fellow actress and the source of continual family upheaval.

And Joan herself (age twenty-four), who does her own bit toward family upheaval.

THE Caulfields now have two homes, one in New York City, which is headquarters for Father Caulfield and any other Caulfields who happen to be in New York acting or vacationing or just living. The other is in Hollywood, California, and is Western headquarters for all Caulfields. They keep in constant communication by telephone—particularly to register outrage over something the other camp has just done. For instance, one magazine interviewer somehow twisted around an interview with Joan and Butch, that her family dominated and tyrannized her. In general Joan was pictured as a Cinderella fighting wicked relatives in every direction.

No sooner was the article published than Joan's telephone in Hollywood began to ring menacingly. Every time she picked it up another pained Caulfield voice said bitterly into the other end of the wire, "it's all right, you're not ahead, Joan; that's okay. But kindly don't use us as goats. We resent it!"

"Maybe you're a star," the voices told her, "but we're still alive back here and certainly kicking—in our unimportant way." And so on, far-far into the night. Since it was not Joan's fault, she did her own shouting into the telephone... and ever since, at every interview, she's been at pains to underline the unvarnished truth about her very active family.

Until eight years ago, the Caulfields lived outside of New York, in West Orange, New Jersey. Here Joan was born, and here she went to school at Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School and at Miss Beard's School. All this time, she acted enthusiastically in school dramas—much to the chagrin of her untheatrical family. Summers the family migrated to Spring Lake to their summer home, where Joan recaptured their respect by winning tennis cups in all the matches.

But when she was sixteen, the entire family moved to New York, and Joan really began coming into her own. She went to Columbia University, where she spent two and a half years acting with intensity. Afternoons, she began sauntering over to Harry Conover's Model Agency and landing herself very fine modeling assignments—mainly in the field of mail-order catalogues. But also in fashion advertise-

ments... and finally in four Life Maga-

zine layouts and one Life cover!

It was the week that she was on the cover of Life that she dexterously turned her own life upside down. She was having a coke between modeling assignments with her friend Leila Ernst, who acted in George Abbott shows on Broadway. Huddled over the drugstore soda fountain, Leila spoke of the glories of the professional stage. Joan had never before thought of herself as a real actress. But suddenly she determined to walk into George Abbott's office and demand a job—now, while she hadn't given the terrifying idea a second thought.

She stepped hurriedly out of the drugstore, paused at the nearest newsstand and bought a copy of Life Magazine—with herself on the cover. Then she rushed over to Abbott's office. Gripping the magazine cover-side-down under her arm (in her confusion) she asked the receptionist for a chance to act and an appointment with the famous director.

"Any experience?" said that lady. "Well, not professionally," admitted Joan. "Sorry," said the receptionist. "Wait!" shouted another voice—Mr. Abbott's secretary, who had been peeking at Joan through a half-opened door.

So Joan got a chance to recite lines before the Great Man. It wasn't until she was out on the sidewalk again that she remembered she'd forgotten to flaunt her picture on Life Magazine! She'd kept it concealed under her arm for the whole performance.

HOWEVER, she got the job anyway... a small underwear-wearing part in the musical "Beat the Band." In it, wearing scantly panties, a bra and a transparent negligee, she appeared briefly but to the pool of time, she said nothing to her conservative family either about her costume or the "sexy" walk she had rehearsed in the alley back of the theater.

The result was that the entire Caulfield clan turned up for the trial run in New Haven without the faintest idea of what their namesake was up to. However, they still felt the sheepish foreboding that any healthy family feels when a member who might make a fool of herself any minute now. They shuffled into their seats and sat down in a tight, nervous knot. Shortly their relative appeared as almost as they had glimpsed her in the bathroom at home. They were horrified—particularly when a whole claque of Yale freshmen began chanting, 'Boy, what a babe! Boy, what a babe!'

Then Joan's little sister Betty asserted herself to save the family honor. Indignantly she shouted, 'That's no babe—that's my sister!'

Naturally, this brought down the house. As every head in the audience swung their way, the Caulfield family's disapproval shifted at once from Joan to Betty. They didn't speak to her for the rest of the evening. For that matter, Joan had a hard time getting them to speak to her later on—but finally she convinced them that good theater demanded a girl's figure as well as her mind.

It was a good thing she succeeded in broadening their outlook, because her next role on Broadway had her pretending to be an illegitimate mother for fourteen magical moments. She was the lead in the hilariously funny comedy "Kiss and Tell," playing the dizzy role of Corliss Archer. When Paramount snatched her away from New York for a Hollywood contract, her sister Betty stepped into the Corliss role, so as one Caulfield arrived in Hollywood, another kept the family name in lights on Broadway.

In Hollywood, Joan and her mother rented a four-room furnished apartment in a building boasting a tennis court and swimming pool. Here Joan set up pictures of the Caulfields in every room, moved in a new victrola-radio and settled down. Around home she invariably wears a cerise housecoat and scuff slippers; outside

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Luxor HAND CREAM

Watch for Photoplay's Gold Medal Award winners — next month
she's almost invariably in sports clothes. She jangles two gold bracelets on her right wrist, each bearing a gold medal. One medal says: "Miss Susie Slagle's" and the other "Kiss and Tell."

In the two years she's been a Hollywood citizen, she's been out with many Hollywood men—but her two pet dates of an evening seem to be actor Stirling Hayden and dialogue director Jimmy Vincent. Her daytime dates—always on a tennis court—are Billy Bakewell and Major Martin Work. As far as that saying goes, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach"—Joan twists that to mean that the way to her heart is through her stomach! With this in mind, she demands dinners at her favorite places, which are French and Chinese restaurants. After that she drags her dates home to prepare deliciously complicated desserts like Cherries Jubilee or Crepes Suzettes. She can't cook anything simple. Or non-fattening.

She's a renegade about the comic strips; she won't read 'em. But her nose is generally buried in a best seller, or a Thomas Wolfe book. She drives (terribly) a green convertible to and fro, nearly always carrying on a loud argument or two with truck drivers who get in her way. Some day she'd like to be hemmed in by a husband and children, with her career present only if it fits into her home life. She despises shopping for clothes, so her mother shops for her. She won't take time out for naps, so saves time by lying for a few minutes with her feet higher than her head—then, full of pep, takes a long walk.

There's only one trying trait to be found in Joan, according to her family: Her love of lovely smells. When she dresses for a date, she pours a whole bottle of pine oil in the bath, douses herself in a flower eau de cologne, finishing off with ginger-smelling bath powder. And dressed—she saturates herself in French perfumes.

"By the time I get into the living room, ready to go, I smell like four hot-houses rolled into one—and my family is asphyxiated and screaming!" laughs Joan. "They usually make me wait outdoors until my date arrives—and then talk me out of using any perfume at all for a month."

But if that's her only fault, nobody's complaining. Except the Caulfields. They have to live with her!

Happy New Year!

Listen To Radio's Most Exciting Half Hour
True Detective Mysteries
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON
Everybody is talking about "True Detective Mysteries", the new dramatic radio show that has become an old-time favorite of millions of listeners. If you crave exciting radio entertainment, turn your radio dial to your Mutual Broadcasting station this Sunday and listen to "True Detective Mysteries."

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Clever Blue Swan lingerie styles for every figure are available in a delightful variety of rinsable rayons. Be sure to look for them at your favorite store.

BLUE SWAN MILLS
A DIVISION OF THE MCKAY PRODUCTS CORP
EMPIRE STATE BLDG. NEW YORK CITY
Happy New Woman

(Continued from page 45) trying to improve herself. When the nation began to grow Latin-America conscious she gave up studying voice, grows lovelier all the time. It has an increasingly "alive" lift to it that makes her provocative.

And now for the first four resolutions, all of them Goddard-inspired:
1. I will get enough sleep to maintain my best temper.
2. I'll do toning-up exercises every day, aware if I am to be mentally and spiritually alert I must be physically also.
3. I'll carry myself well. I'll keep my shoulders back, chest out, stomach in, head high—in the posture of a peacock. I will guard against a lazy avait which is ugly.
4. I'll be aware, realizing that a woman who does not know what goes on in the world can not hope to be attractive or good company, especially for men.

A FEW words now about my second Hollywood dream girl, Elizabeth Scott. "Streamlined Scott," they call her. For during her years as a New York model she learned the secret of grooming is to have "an uncluttered look.

Elizabeth, who wears tailored lines in evening clothes, suits, dresses and even nightgowns, under-dresses instead of over-dresses. She doesn't go for extreme broad shoulders because she has broad shoulders of her own. She wears wide belts to accentuate her waistline. She frames her face with plain necklines, for she knows the value of her beautiful golden hair.

"It is the fit and simplicity of a suit or dress or coat that is important," she says. "The time and money spent first on fitting, pressing, mending and cleaning cannot fail to be time and money well spent.

Which brings me to resolutions five through nine, namely:
5. My closet will be a showcase for my clothes, with a hanger for every garment and boxes for my hats. To this end, I will discard things I should not wear.
6. I'll keep my clothes brushed, cleaned and repaired. However slim I may be when I wear a straight skirt I'll wear a girdle and even if my skirt will not look bagged out and sat upon, I'll brush my suits before and after each wearing. I'll keep my blouses fresh and well ironed. My shoes, too, I'll keep in a good state of repair at all times, brushing suede shoes before each wearing, using shoe trees always.
7. I'll be careful in the choice of my shoulder line, waistline, hemline and the length of my jackets. I'll choose a shoulder line broader than my hips to balance my figure. I'll insist the length of my suit jackets balances my figure. For a jacket that is too long will cut the height of a medium-sized woman; a jacket that is too short will give her a lanky look. When it comes to my hemline I'll see that my slips are the right length, that they neither show below my skirt nor leave a shoulder strap between a dress and a slip.
8. I'll get myself an attractive, mood-brightening rainy-weather outfit so that I need never hide under my umbrella.
9. I'll endeavor to be more careful about my condiments. I will be thoughtful, remember appointments, be punctual, keep a record of dates so I do not fail to send my friends cards or notes upon their important occasions.

Linda Darnell comes next. Linda today is considered one of Hollywood's greatest beauties. She learned to use cosmetics to enhance her natural beauty, but above all, she takes care of her skin. Every night, before washing her face with soap and water, she applies a cleansing cream. She uses cool water to rinse off the soap and then dabs her face with a mild astringent. A nourishing cream comes next for a lubricant. Linda doesn't leave this cream on all night, wiping it in the morning.

She likes to experiment with cosmetic colors. However, she never veers far from those shades which fit into her creamy skin tones. She sets the pace of her face coloring with her lipstick—a good idea, incidentally—which is a clear dark pepper red. Purple shades she doesn't wear—unless her costume calls for a faint blue tone. Orange tones I'll never wear at all.

"I do a complete change of make-up twice a day and again in the evening."

Our greatest beauty, as Linda proves, is achieved only by an infinite capacity for taking pains.

So increase your loveliness—resolve further:
10. I will apply cosmetics strategically and sparingly—and thus enhance my good points rather than disguise them. When I wear bright colors I'll choose a bright, clear red lipstick. With pastels and pink and blue shades I'll use a light lipstick with a pinkish cast. I'll keep to the natural line of my mouth, aware my own expression contributes largely to the one thing I have that nobody else has—my individuality.

LAST of all comes Beverly Tyler. If you have any doubt about the beauty value of extra personal cleanliness consider Beverly. She is as lovely as she is because she is an extremist about cleanliness. She scrubs her face, neck, hands and arms with a complexion brush. For a rinse she uses cold water. Twice a day she takes a brisk shower, first to awaken her skin in the morning and then to relax and cleanse her pores of dust at night.

Which brings me to resolutions ten through fourteen, namely:
11. I'll remember that the most important aspect of a woman's charm is her freshness and cleanliness. I never will be without a deodorant, smelling salts, water, and toilet soap. My hair is always a beauty treatment as I relax completely in a scented tub.
12. My hands will receive beauty treatments beyond the scope of regular manicures. I have a crepe to protect them while doing small chores about the house, I'll keep a bottle of lotion on my kitchen shelf. My hair I'll brush regularly. And following shampoo I'll wear a hairnet fully to it will be free from soaps. To soften my hair I'll add a final rinse of lemon or diluted vinegar.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—make the new you which you can be, and the new life you can know.

Happy New Woman!
"My Baby Will Be a Yankee"

(Continued from page 32) her studio problems.

He isn't a good-looking man in the accepted Hollywood sense of the word. But he has real charm and attractiveness. He leads his own life independent of Bette's. An artist, with a definite leaning toward medicine, Sherry had done fascinating work sketching operations for the Medical Corps during the war.

"How gruesome!" I gasped—and got a look from my doctor.

I said to Bette, "This is time for you and me to have our coffee together and leave these men alone."

So as we sat down cozily tête-à-tête in the living room, naturally the baby was uppermost in our minds. Bette had said when she knew that she was to have a baby that her child should not be publicized and that any interviews would not be on Bette the mother, but rather on Bette the actress. That's because she felt her coming baby was a very personal matter. But she and I could no more help talking about this new happiness in her life than she can help being a great artist.

I told her then I was sorry that the story about her expected baby broke the very same day that her ex-husband Ham Nelson applied for a marriage license to wed a twenty-two-year-old newspaper writer named Ann Roberts, and that the two "features" had appeared side by side. "Oh, that's good journalism," she tossed it off, laughing, which was not like Bette, because believe me, I know that this New England born and bred girl has a decidedly conventional and proper side.

When "Ham" Nelson told her the day they both knew their marriage was over that if she didn't divorce him he would divorce her, she had said, "Go away. I don't believe in divorce. If you want one, you'll have to get it yourself." And to everyone's surprise, he did just that.

But it wasn't the past that was interesting to Bette tonight. Not good looking Ham Nelson who caused her so much unhappiness or poor Farney who died after a tragic fall in August of 1943. Her whole thoughts are centered on the baby she and Sherry will welcome next spring.

"I hope it will be a girl," she said with the calm directness that is so much a part of her. "I wouldn't know how to manage a boy. But Sherry is so set on a boy he won't even discuss a girl's name. I just ignore him and go on planning names. If it's a boy we'll call him William Grant Sherry Jr. If it's a girl, Lynn Sherry."

"Not Bette Jr."

"I was surprised. "I don't think so," she mused. "Many people mispronounce my name and call it 'Bet' because of the spelling. It's really just as though it were spelled 'Betty.' No one can mispronounce Lynn. No, it is not a family name—but Sherry's father always wanted a girl. He had only sons, and he said, 'If I ever have a girl, I'll call her Lynn.'"

"So, if we have a girl, that will be her name in memory of Sherry's father whom he loved dearly.

"Sherry and I are going back to New Hampshire to await the birth of the baby," Bette told me. "You know, I have to have my baby born a real Yankee. I wouldn't feel it—and yes, I call it 'it'—was a real Yankee unless it's born in a New England..."

Who wins

Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards?

Find out

In February Photoplay

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A WOMAN'S NATURAL HERITAGE?

From Adam's rib woman was created and glorified with many charms and attributes. Nature endowed some girls with beautiful figures—others with soul-stirring eyes and laughing lips—others with vivacious personalities.

But alas! With all these precious gifts, many women—by their very physical nature—suffer from distressing symptoms on "certain days" of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About!

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause you, like so many unfortunates, to suffer from pain, nervous distress, irritability and feel so tired out, restless and high-strung—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about! Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose.

Pinkham's Compound does more than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine also relieves accompanying weak, nervous, cranky feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly throughout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—A VERY SENSI BLE THING TO DO!

Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound

For over SEVENTY YEARS—Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way—and so many have reported truly remarkable benefits. It's also an excellent stomachic tonic. All drugstores.
WAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Linoleum. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light-bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

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GIRLS! Want quick curls?

But, because she is reserved, a great deal of what Bette feels must remain a secret. Asked here last month if she would like to remain at home, she replied, "I've always been that kind of person."

"What's all this about you and Joan Crawford?"

My guest didn't bat an eyelash. "You know," she said, "I've always been the same thing, very slightly and gently."

"What's all this about you and Joan Crawford?"

She was going to spill a baby just plain out of this world. She's going to be so awed before the miracle of it that her whole life will be centered in a baby's tiny fists. And what's more—no paid nurse is going to have the big thrill of taking complete care of "it." Mrs. William Grant Sherry is going to be a mother who is a mother! I've always said that these socially-reared women are heaven-sent and devoted mothers in the world.

But, before the miracle of the birth will be the salesmen of the studios. Bette and the big picture business will have to go through the motions of being a star and trying to make a picture without him. Joan had the same idea, for which I can't blame her, and when she found she was busy with me, it decided her fate. That, honestly, is all I know.

There's room enough on the Warner lot for both of us, goodness knows. There's room enough in Hollywood for all of us, goodness knows. But we're going to do it, I know, and I think it's going to be the best possible way."

"What's all this about you and Joan Crawford?"

I persisted, "But what about the battle over whether your picture, 'Deception' or Joan's picture, 'Humoresque' should be released first?"

"Of course, it's silly. I can't tell you how much I was against Warners' great hurry to get 'Deception' out. We rushed like mad to finish it and believe me, it wasn't any of my doing. You know how fuzzy I am about my pictures—and how much I want them to be as perfect as possible. But I believe Paul Henreid, Claude Rains and I had a wonderful script and the picture turned out well in spite of the rushes."

"Is this a film you produced yourself, Bette?"

"No," she replied, "and between you and me, as long as I remain at Warners, I'm not going to produce any more pictures."

"Stolen Life" had been a picture she produced as well as starred in, and I asked her if she didn't like it.

"I've made some pictures that I've liked, but not the rushes."

"Good heavens! Is it fifteen years?"

She smiled, "Yes, and in spite of the tiffs we have had now and then, I'm very fond of Jack Warner. I'm fond of him, myself, but I wanted to hear more about the supposed Crawford-Davis feud."

The rumors had gained snowball momentum. We kept hearing and seeing printed in certain gossip columns that Bette was saying that Joan's picture, 'Humoresque,' would be "the biggest picture of the year for Academy Award consideration because her own picture is so similar in theme. She is very indifferent about the whole gossip."

"Why would I try to keep another star's picture from being released? That isn't my job. It's so silly to discuss. If Warners' pictures sell and are acclaimed, that's all right. I've never asked anyone else to be connected with the company. If Joan has a good picture, it should certainly be out in time for Award considerations. There's never any star monopoly at any one studio. Anyone who thinks otherwise is being ridiculous."

"Hasn't Joan had other battles at other studios?" Bette put that question very directly and I had to smile. Well could I remember the famous Crawford-Norma Shearer feud that lasted for years at M-G-M and also an equally hectic one with little Jean Harlow. On the other hand, Bette always did believe in herself, ever having had a battle with anyone on the Warners lot. Maybe, that's all just a coincidence—but it's an amusing point.

Bette has been away from studio work, have been Bette's complete life for so long I asked her if she wouldn't be at a loss being idle for so many months.

"Not at all," Bette said quickly. "Each one of these 'idle' days will be filled with so much richness for me. Sherry and I will have to get settled at the farm and there's the nursery to plan. The waiting won't seem like waiting to me. I've already found out that there's a nice little hospital about eight miles from where we live. I'm making arrangements to have our baby born there. I'll be back in Hollywood in June to prepare 'Ethan Frome.' Henry Fonda has promised to wait until I am ready."

"Will your mother be with you?"

"No. My husband cannot leave Palm Springs in the winter. Isn't her happiness wonderful?" Bette smiled. "At her age, I never thought she would marry again, but they are completely happy. She's so nice. We all like him so much."

But Bette, Bette's sister, is going East to be with her. She says Bobbie's daughter, her little niece, is so excited and thoroughly believes "it" will be ready to play dolls with her from the day of birth."

"Dolls?" I smiled. "You're really counting on a girl, aren't you? Remember what I say—if you have a boy you'll swear to me that 'he' has the right of the family."

"Divinely," she said. "Every woman should be married. It's wrong to live alone. I greatly believe that the only happiness for a woman is to have a home and be surrounded by it."

"You're remarried, then," I said. "Not at all, I wasn't married before."

"Happy New Year!"
Can a young wife escape this threat to Marriage Happiness?

If only every married woman could learn the REAL TRUTH about these Intimate Physical Facts!

Often a marriage goes on "the rocks" simply because the wife doesn't realize how important douching two or three times a week 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.

AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT—wives may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

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Dennis wondered if they would shrink—because, as it soon proved, this was to be the wettest "Faust" ever given. Mephisto, doing his demoniac dance in the tavern scene, slid half-way across the floor. Marguerite's "Jewel Song" was distinguished by crystal drops added to her flaxen braids.

The walls of the tent were beginning to sweat in and out like a bellows. The crowd of 800 stirred nervously. The quartette raised their voices louder.

"Oh Night! Draw around them th' curtain..." sang Mephistopheles, "Let naught waken alarm or misgivings ever..."

The Invocation became not sardonic, but serious, to Dennis as he looked to the ceiling and smothered an exclamation. The huge center pole of the tent, planted squarely in the midst of the spectator rows, was partially unrolled from the canvas—a real danger if someone in the audience should observe its unrolling about. He had a mental picture of what panic inside the tent could mean. One startled scream could set people scrambling over seats to get out of the way of the pole, then people scrambling over people, children crying as they went down. He shuttered and sang louder. "All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly..."

It was hard to keep his eyes away from the top of the pole, he must not draw other eyes to it. His Marguerite's eyes, especially, were much too expressive; they would be sure to widen with fear. "Come with me, my love..." he implored, in full voice. "Don't look at the leaks, dope, don't look at the leaks..." he added sotto voce to an ignant Marguerite.

THE classic "Faust" was rapidly becoming a burlesque. Its leading man darted here and there on the stage, chased by his amazed and irritated co-performers, all of them slipping, sliding, dripping. He knew the responsibility he was taking. Should the pole actually fall, there would be people caught under it. It was possible the entire canvas would be dragged down with it, trapping 800 humans in a smothering mass. If there was fire, the wind would whip it into an instant fury.

So most of the stage-tragedies of history had been brought on by the victims, themselves. He placed his faith and his prayer in the pole, instead. The condensed version of "Faust," however, must be made to obviate the possibility of panic. He began repeating stanzas—singing phrases over and over—going back to the opening scene. At the piano Margaret stopped, stumped, skipped here and there in the accompaniment, glaring at him with hatred. Soprano Eloise was almost in tears as she tried to save the show. There was that in the professor's eyes that said that after this maniacal performance, the Morgan public career was over. And the audience had forgotten the howls of the wind to give vent to their own. They never expected to see anything like this again.

The International Concert and Opera Company left town the next morning, early and quietly. They hoped the village press would forbear any reviews of the opera in favor of the news that last night a tornado had aimed at, then veered away from, Ohio-ville.

Today, as Dennis Morgan says "Shure, a little bit o' Heaven..." for Warner's screen-scream of Baunche Olcott, titled under that all-time clincher, "My Wild Irish Rose," he remembers and laughs back at the audience. On Sundays, Margaret Otterson still accompanies him—now at his favorite Hollywood church. But his wife, Lillian Morgan, says she has never heard him sing "Faust." He hasn't forgotten his song of terror—the night the tent pole held out—and so did he.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Martha O'Driscoll casts her vote for vegetables... even spinach... in the raw, for pastels and bright colors, Kelly green especially, and for tennis and cribbage. (Cribbage she learned to play during the war. A General taught her as the two of them were on their way up front in a jeep.)


Be toasty warm... and exciting, too... in this slim-wrapped boucle robe with embroidered trim on the loose pocket. Designed by Diana Dean. In high shades, pastels and white. Sizes 12-20. About $20.00 at Goldblatt Bros., Chicago, Ill.; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.

For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 89.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
Sweet Home Life

For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 89.
Add a dash of spice and brilliance to your wardrobe with this neat waist-whittling 100% wool vest and skirt. By Sporteens. In a variety of bright colors. Sizes 12-18. Each $7.95. At Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa., and Macy's, New York, N. Y.

Catherine McLeod, graduated from the Romona Convent in California, saw Tallulah Bankhead in a stage play—and decided she too would be an actress. Catherine, who starred first in Republic's Technicolor production, "I've Always Loved You," will be seen next in "Gallant Man" with Don Ameche.
of the Fashion Sitting
with CATHERINE McLEOD

By Rena Firth

The first thing that impresses you about Catherine McLeod is her eyes. When she walked into Ben's studio for Photoplay's fashion sitting she was like all the pretty girls of America—yet different. The difference lay in her extraordinary hazel eyes, shadowed by naturally heavy, lovely eyebrows, with a slight uptilt to her eyelids that suggests the fabled ladies of the Nile.

Catherine is the Cinderella girl of movies. Competing with a dozen "name" actresses she, an unknown, won the coveted role of Myra in "I've Always Loved You." And in it she proved to the hilt that she is a new and exciting personality.

There was opportunity to analyze that personality as she posed in the sport clothes shown on previous pages. Catherine, although no more than casually interested in clothes just now, has a theory you can look like a queen in anything if you'll wear it like a queen. For instance, recently she wore an inexpensive little evening jacket to a big party. When a gentleman of discernment complimented her on how well she looked, she frankly announced it had cost under $10. Whereupon the gentleman of discernment looked at once mildly incredulous and very admiring.

When Catherine arrived at the Ben Studios for the fashion sitting she wore a simple black dress with a white top and a short black jacket. No hat. Her hair, thick and brown, was combed high at the sides and worn in a full high hang in front. Her slim figure needed no girdle and as a model, she was a natural. Her sense of humor was adequate to the strain of posing—a healthy "Yipes" punctuating the completion of her first pose.

In California, Catherine, who is 22, weighs 116 pounds and is 5' 5½" tall, lives with a married sister in Alhambra. She's a great reader—reads all the good magazines every week and really keeps up to date on current events. She's an excellent pianist and a good swimmer. And she has an interesting set of rules for girls ambitious for a movie career:

1. Have some money in the bank—about $1,000.
2. Get a good agent. Catherine looked hers up in Dun and Bradstreet's.
3. Go into summer stock or little theater for experience.
4. Don't go to the studios. Let them come to you.
5. Once you sign, do as they tell you.
6. Don't try to copy anyone else. If there should be a choice between you and an established actress, she would win, of course. So be yourself.

Catherine knows these rules work. She used them.
In good taste everyplace—my Vicki Lynn blouse.

Vicki Lynn

$3 at leading department stores.

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De luxe Frolic Gift Set—
Talc, Bath Softener,
Eau de Cologne, Perfume,
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Frolic Eau de Cologne
and Talc, $1.75.

Frolic Perfume
$6.50; 3.50; 1.10

April Showers Perfume
$6.50; 3.50; 1.10

April Showers Eau de Cologne,
Sachet, Talc, and Perfume, $2.95.

April Showers Dusting Powder
and Eau de Cologne, $2.25.

All prices plus tax
Cinemodles

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Emerald green was the color of a tailored suit, frizzily woolly, that Lauren Bacall wore at a luncheon last week. Its hip-length coat featured huge turn-back cuffs and a big double-notched collar. Although Lauren seldom wears hats, she wore a cone-shaped one this day—of a deeper green velour—that hugged her head and dipped forward. An enormous brown alligator shoulder bag, brown alligator pumps, brown gloves and bunches of gold jewelry completed her ensemble.

Ida Lupino has a new dress that is tops for casual wear. It is geige (beige and gray) wool jersey with a matching jersey bod. It buttons down the front to below the hips with small, flat discs of brown leather. The bod, when not worn over the head, forms a cowl down the back. Elbow sleeves hug the arms and the fitted bodice contrasts with the full skirt that gathers in the front to conceal two enormous slit pockets. Ida wore brown leather accessories and gold jewelry.

The bat of the month was worn by Rita Hayworth at Mocambo one night—the night of her last date with Tony Martin before she reconciled with Orson Welles, to be exact. Her hair was swept up sleekly to offset her bat—very high and narrow, almost cornucopia shaped, sprouting a mass of shiny, wispy, black feathers. With this bat which Jean Louis, the famous fashion designer, brought from Paris, Rita wore a black crepe cocktail dress with a double edging of black net softening the neckline cut low in front. Her sleeves were very short and her black suede gloves were very long. She never looked more sophisticated.

Tiers are the latest rage in Hollywood, because when you wear them you look taller and slimmer. Dotty Lamour has a tiered silk dress of deep purple. Three tiers form the skirt—the top one, starting at the normal waistline, is not as deep as the two below it. The top of the dress is softly draped and has long sleeves. Dotty's hat is a soft pink felt with a scooped medium-sized brim filled with ostrich feathers of the same purple as the dress. A black suede bag and gloves and a black Persian lamb coat slung over her shoulders complete her effectiveness.

"Vintage" shades are new—and Barbara Stanwyck knows it. At La Rue she wore a grape-leaf suit of wool that looked almost like silk and was just as supple. It had a typical "battle-jacket" top which does wonderful things for the hips. The skirt was pencil slim—just a couple of slit pockets on either side. Barbara's turban was made of the same fabric as her suit.

Peggy Ann Garner, who gets around to after-theater suppers now, has a navy blue heavy satin two-piece dress—almost a suit. The dress is simple, high necked, with a little round collar and cuffs of pink embroidered crepe. The skirt features a little bustle in the back. There's also a box-like hip-length coat of the same navy satin. No trimming—just two big patch pockets. With this ensemble Peggy wore a tiny pale pink felt cloche and pink gloves.

Lovely Ann Todd, the British star who just arrived to star in "The Paradine Case" for David Selznick, went to her first Hollywood luncheon in a stunning semi-dress suit of bright royal blue wool. The jacket was fitted short in front and curving at a point just below the hip-line in back. The buttons of the jacket, which came high to the collarless neck, were self-covered. The skirt was plain except for a soft bow of the wool on one hip. Gloves of a deeper blue suede were long enough to ramble over the sleeves of her jacket almost to the elbow. Her large envelope bag was of the same deeper blue suede and her shoes were dark blue leather. A huge diamond clasp adorned her jacket's neckline.

The gorgeous gown that Adrian made for Irene Hervey when she did "State of the Union" are still a topic of discussion. One of them is a breathless evening gown of frosty white marganita, embroidered all over with silk scroll-like designs. The gown has tiny cap sleeves and a high back. The neckline is down to THERE in front, forming a deep V. A tremendously full overskirt of marganita over a taffeta underslip upon which are sewn tiny varicolored bows. These peep through the sheer overskirt, causing a very snobby and feminine effect.

Alexis Smith at the Cabana Club wore a gown of white and gold brocade. It was off the shoulder but not low enough to take it out of the "dinner dress" category. The bodice was moulded to her slim figure, and then, at just about the hipline, came a burst of fullness which extended to the floor. With this gown Alexis wore a gold choker, sparkling with a jeweled flower, a gold bracelet, gold earrings and an enormous bolero gold ring. Gold slippers and a bag and a mink stole were the finishing touches.

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<tr>
<th>Robe with white bands</th>
<th>Green and plaid outfit</th>
<th>Red vest and skirt</th>
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<tr>
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Two Sons Has Gregory

Being the wife of a screen hero has its advantages in hospitals as in other places: "I tried to think it was because I was sufficiently glamorous to make the nurses like to do things for me. But I couldn’t help noticing that the extra attention always began just a few minutes before visiting hour.

All through his youth Stephen Joseph Peck can easily be said to be one of the most astute newcomers to the movie coast. He couldn’t have made a smarter choice of parents—a dad who’s walking proof that movie stars are better when they’re cute and gay enough to be hung on a Christmas tree. Nor could he have picked a happier, more normal home for little boys than the Pecks. Carnegies green-set cottage is lovely, but not lavish.

The nursery is set right at the front of the house. It is possible that Stephen was greeted by brother Jonathan, who spends a good part of his time laughing and chattering out the front window. Jonathan is two years old, with dancing dark eyes and very pink cheeks. He wears, besides a velvet jacket, a spangling-white playsuit and a sparkling scrubbed look. A major portion of his chatter is directed at another front- Porch greeter, Perry, the police dog. Perry is the purest, most scented Santa’s best helper. He’s an easy-proved comparison, because also a member of the Peck family. As a matter of fact, he was-not except for a hind leg which is bright blue.

"She jumped up on the desk and spilled a bottle of ink," explains Greg. "Seems like she had enough to acquire a}
when Jonathan first said "No!" "It surprised us so," says Greta. "Actually he's a very tractable child. We told him to put something down and expected he'd do it. Instead, he looked at us calmly and said 'No!'" Outside of the fact that "No" is a word rarely attributed to born-Hollywoodians, his Dad thought it had other indications. "It proves the kid has character—even if we can't encourage him in it."

Otherwise, Greg is not a prejudiced father. Just recently, says his wife, he sat staring at Jonathan with a puzzled look. Suddenly, "I wonder if he really is a good-looking kid," he burst out, "or is it just our own idea? Come to think of it, I can't recall anyone looking at him and saying, 'There's a handsome child!'"

Both Jonathan and Stephen give unmistakable evidence of growing into reasonable facsimiles of Greg, which gives him a new worry; "Gee, I hate to think of their going through the same gangly, skinny stage I did—makes it awkward when you're on the beach and all the gals keep chasing the big-chested guys."

During this last season's summer-stock session at Cape Cod, Peck haunted the antique shops and came home with two crates full of unusual old-time toys. Two boxes, because after he had bought a pile for Jonathan, he remembered the impending enlargement of their nursery roster. Currently the boys have duplicate bank accounts and, as nearly as possible, they'll get duplicate raising.

Someday, after he's entirely recovered from having child No. 2 and after Greta has "had herself a slight vacation," they may again make plans for a little daughter. When they can think up another feminine name to go with Peck, that is.

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American Broadcasting Company
What The Hollywood Strikes Mean

(Continued from page 28) Allyson, Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith and Walter Pidgeon stepped aboard planes winging to the Midwest; then Edward Arnold addressed that vast and powerful labor convention at its own request; when Jane Wyman and June Allyson and Alexis Smith met with union committees of the conflicting IATSE and CSU in smoke-filled, long press at the Morrison Hotel; when the star committee came back to Hollywood and called a meeting at which representatives of forty-seven unions met in the council room of the Players; and then Allied warned a telephone hook-up to eastern labor leaders to pave the way for the settlement of the strike itself; when that happened, Hollywood actors took a leading place in the struggle, and the women, such as Allyson, who have become the major issue in the lives of Americans, in the lives of people everywhere.

To understand a little of what these men and women, backed by their Guild membership of 8500, have done you have to know a little about the strikes which have filled front pages for almost two years, and the general labor disputes in the motion-picture industry.

"What's it all about?" is the question most frequently asked. "I can't make head or tail to it myself," is said even by people who, in the main, are directly affected by it all.

It would take a book, it would take weeks, to go into the incredibly complicated and technical details, to outline the thirty-year-old history of these inter-union labor disputes, in which at one time or another everyone was wrong and everyone has been right.

As briefly as possible, I'll try to sum it up for you as the actors saw it and why they saw it that way after careful study and factfinding. No, we are not, as people are often led to believe, a group of Hollywood actors, a group of unemployed actors, for the purpose of making money.

They came to one over-all, vital conclusion; the Hollywood strikes have been and are jurisdictional. That conclusion has motivated all their moves.

This is Bob Taylor's story, when I asked him just how he felt about it all, "It is, basically, because there is too much overlapping of jobs in the picture business, more than in any other industry. The industry as a whole and the Hollywood guilds were made along the way, so that as new jobs and more technical work came with the expansion of picture making, the overlapping got worse and worse.

On the plane going to Chicago, Gene Kelly and Alexis Smith and Eddie Arnold and I talked a lot about this. We had a lot of time to talk because we were stopped to refuel on the way. There is Tulsa, Oklahoma, but we were down with engine trouble, flying around with flaps that wouldn't work, waiting in airports for them to fix up new ships. We talked about old Chicago, and how painters and plumbers, and everyone in the motion-picture business, decorators, set dressers and even probably plumbers and electricians all work on the same little job. Prop men make props but can't put 'em on the sets. All kinds of unions. We couldn't help but wonder why in the hell the painters and the plumbers, the carpenters and the plumbers, the decorators, the electricians, and even the upholsterers, and the set dressers and the plumbers and the painters were all doing the same job.

The latest battles in a struggle that has been going on in Hollywood for thirty years. Today, in the picture industry, there are hundreds of labor organizations, both within the AF of L but bitterly opposed to each other. These are the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and the Conference of Studio Unions.

George E. Soressell, president of the SAG, put it pretty clearly for me. "The fundamental difference between the opposing groups is that while the AF of L originally and primarily was a federation of skilled craft unions, the IATSE is a semi-industrial union of theater and studio employees, which cuts across a number of crafts, most powerful of which are the carpenters, painters and electricians. It is the position of the IATSE, for example, that as carpenters, painters and electricians, working in picture studios, are in basic fact stagehands, who therefore should come within the IATSE jurisdiction and not that of the building trade internationals. The Conference of Studio Unions, therefore, is actually a local federation taking in all local unions which belong to the big building trade internationals.

This makes two powerful groups at each other's throats—and something has to be done about it. The talent guilds—actors, writers, directors, do not belong to either of the two groups. So, for one reason we, supported by both the Screen Writers Guild and the Screen Directors Guild, could hope to act as neutral mediators against all such jurisdictional disputes."

The Conference of Studio Unions came into existence about four years ago, under the leadership of George E. Soressell. At that time, certain powerful local unions, who as members of the big internationals did not and never had belonged to the long established International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, had operated as separate units under the American Federation of Labor and the Central Labor Council at Los Angeles. From 1942 onward, Soressell's own painters, carpenters, electricians, and plumbers, who were members of the IATSE, were bound together in the local association known in Hollywood as the CSU and functioned as a united body. Before the strike this fall this group attracted the attention of the nation because of Hollywood's liberals by its militant, often belligerent, attitude as it fought for what it claimed was the best interests of the workers themselves.

John Garfield, regarded in Hollywood as pretty much what is called Left Wing, as a leader of the very liberal group, put it this way to me, "The human element is touchy. Everybody's got a life, and he's got to keep it. It's the distributors, it's the guilds, it's the all the companies that are the people's employers, and I've got to keep my job, and the very thing that I've got to do to keep my job is stop fighting."

They've talked it over in conferences, called the strike, and they're on strike. It's not a strike for a living wage; it's a strike for a living.
and which more than any other one factor has hurt and does hurt the cause of organized labor—the jurisdictional strike, a strike called by one union as a power play in a dispute over which union shall have as members the men doing certain work. What is the matter with the American Federation of Labor that it permits quarrels between its member unions to culminate in strikes which actually reduce the yearly take-home pay of tens of thousands of its workers in other AF of L unions, all over the nation, not even concerned in the disputes?"

Thus movie stars have moved into the national labor picture and in a short time accomplished more than all the statesmen, politicians and labor and industrial leaders have done in years. They succeeded in getting Richard Walsh, President of IATSE, and William L. Hutcheson, President of the International Union of Carpenters—who are actually the leaders of the two rival factions—into the same room and that, as Eddie Arnold put it, is something. And something no one else had been able to do. They presented and got passed a resolution on setting up arbitration machinery within the American Federation of Labor for the first time in over forty years.

AND by the end of that week in Chicago, Hutcheson, all-powerful and much-feared seventy-seven-year-old head of 800,000 carpenters, and Arnold, a movie star, were calling each other "Bill" and "Ed."

"The first time he called me 'Ed' on the telephone," Eddie Arnold told me the other day, "I froze up. I couldn't think of a line of dialogue to say back. I put my hand over the transmitter and said to George Murphy and Ronnie Reagan and Gene Kelly and everybody, who was standing around listening, 'He called me Ed. What'll I say?' Ronnie said, 'If he called you Ed, that's good. Tell him we'll be right up.'"

"It seemed to us," Ronnie Reagan told me as we sat at lunch the other day, discussing those meetings in Chicago and the whole dramatic history of the strike, "that a vital principle, morally essential to us all was involved. The principle of arbitration itself. Arbitration by agreement, arbitration with all members of a dispute present and consenting and binding themselves to abide by such arbitration between free Americans desiring to settle their differences in the democratic way without injury. Arbitration to end—and to prevent—war, whether between nations or between labor and industry under the American system of private enterprise."

He stopped and looked at me for a moment, his eyes twinkling. In Hollywood today, Ronnie Reagan is regarded as an able young leader. From here on in, I think you will hear of Reagan in the national scene and of his wife, Jane Wyman, for everyone tells me they work as a team. Active member of the AVC, which is the most liberal of the veterans' organizations, Reagan is himself a liberal, and therefore, he says, not in spite of, has stood solidly in this fight for one thing—arbitration of jurisdictional disputes.

"Do you know," he said, still grinning, "Jane says I make speeches now in my sleep—and probably the best ones, at that. We've spent so much time on this, we were so anxious to get out the whole Guild vote when the strike issue came, that one night we kept calling and calling until finally Jane hung up the receiver, looking very sheepish, and said, 'Oh dear—that was Claudette Colbert and she'd been asleep for hours. Maybe we better quit!' But everybody had to be there when we took our stand—and they were, too.'"

They tell me that the SAG meeting, at which it was voted to cross picket lines because the strike was jurisdictional and to send a committee to Chicago, was one of the most exciting ever held and that Reagan's speech was a triumph—whether he rehearsed it in his sleep or not.

The opening day of the convention proved the power of the movie stars because, frankly, they stole the show. And that, as Walter Pidgeon expressed it, was not because the stars wanted publicity, but because they wanted to show the American Federation of Labor that they could then and always reach the public through the press and radio with the clear and simple truth, that as mediators they could always go to the whole country with honest and unbiased opinion. Walter, by the way, played in real life the part of an ambassador of good will with as much tact and charm as he gives to such a role on the screen.

BUT, frankly, it was Eddie Arnold who became the most successful of the group. Big, bluff, with a cigar in his mouth, with power and humor, the union leaders accepted him as one of themselves, such leaders as William Green, and George Meany, and Dave Dubinsky, and finally even Bill Hutcheson.

The first night an appointment was made to see Hutcheson, and the whole committee turned out. The girls wore their best dresses and their best new hats and shed some glamour on the scene—glamour which even a labor leader could hardly overlook.

"Mr. Hutcheson was so gentlemanly," Alexis Smith told me. "Once he said somebody was nuts—and then apologized, saying, 'If the ladies don't mind my using such a slang phrase.' It's a great thing to meet the men who are the powers in this labor movement. You look at Mr. Hutcheson and something tells you that he will..."
try to make it all come right."

From the start of the meeting through long
conferences, Eddie Arnold's speech, and
the adoption of a resolution to attempt to
set up a jurisdictional arbitration, the SAG
committee worked day and night for ten
long days. And night followed day and up to the moment of the now-

famous Thursday-night meeting in Holly-
wood, with all unions represented, when
they gave their over-all report to Holly-
wood Labor when Gene Kelly got up
and went around the table and put his arm
around Herb Sorrell, head of the CSU, and
said, "Herb, this time you're wrong. The
arbiters told me in Chicago. This time we
have to end this strike—and then we have
to work toward some method of pre-
venting them." And Sorrell said, "If those
men will say that to me, I'll put my men
back to work as can.

There followed the dramatic—a Holly-
wood touch—telephone hook-up in which
two of the three-man commission stated
that they meant and stood by their original
decision—and from time to time events moved
swiftly. Within a week arbitration ma-

chinery was in the process of being set
up to conclude this strike.

But that isn't what is important, really.
Not this one strike. What is important is
the idea so ably presented by Gene Kelly
that there ought to be an arbitration head,
a permanent arbitration committee set
up here and in the other labor matters; the
idea embodied in the resolution presented
by the Screen Actors Guild and the speech
Eddie Arnold made to the AF of L Con-
vention.

The resolution read: "Resolved: That
the American Federation of Labor through
its Executive Council undertake to set
up within the motion-picture, amusement
and all other industries, and with the san-
tion and agreement of all unions working
in these industries, ways and means for
the purpose of examining, considering and,
after deliberation, setting up machinery
which will insure the peaceful settlement
without work stoppages, of all jurisdic-
tional disputes within the structure of the
motion-picture, amusement and all other
industries.

This was referred to the Committee on
Resolutions although a sort of general
approval of it was passed, and the SAG
proposes never to let it rest until the
method has been worked out. Already a
system of arbitration has been evolved
and is being experimented.

Because of its significance at the Con-
vention, I think we ought to hear—or read
—Eddie Arnold's speech which was re-
ceived with cheers and applause. It
proves that the men have stood for, do
stand for, and have worked toward
with courage and constant thought. The
AF of L Convention will long remember
it and we, as citizens and movie fans, ought
to consider and remember it, too.

Eddie addressed it to "My Brothers of
the American Federation of Labor," and
said in part: "Some people are under the
impression that motion-picture actors
spend their time sitting around swimming
pools, sipping champagne. To such peo-
ple, it does not seem proper for actors
to belong to an active, working branch of
organized labor. But there is no doubt in
the minds of 8500 actors as to where they
belong, nor is there any doubt as to the
great economic benefits and improvements
in working conditions which actors have
obtained through their affiliation with the
AF of L. Actors Guild feels that it is part and parcel of the Federa-
tion and when we have a problem to be
solved which requires national action by
the AF of L it is not a fight but our duty
and a responsibility to that problem to this
convention. The problem I refer to is that created
by quarrels between AF of L unions over
which union should have as members men
doing certain works, words, the
jurisdictional dispute. We know that many
AF of L men from all parts of our great
nation are concerned with this same prob-
lem. We must all work together to find
an intelligent solution. All of us know
that in every big family there will always
be family quarrels, just as long as human
nature exists and man is a free agent. I
say, Thank God here in America we
trade unionists can still be human beings,
not slaves. Because of that very fact, we
must protect our right to have our own
family quarrels by keeping them within
the Federation—settling them peacefully
within the Federation. It is only by so
doing that we can insure that our family
quarrels will remain our own business.
If AF of L family quarrels should con-
tinue to meet with foreign interests out-
side the AF of L, there is not assurance
that we can continue to settle our dif-
fersions without outside interference. We
do not wish government referees or gov-
ernment regulations to settle our own
family quarrels. The principle of impartial
arbitration is an American principle—a
good principle. It is a principle that has
been upheld and used successfully by some
of the international organizations in the
Federation, such as the Building Trades
Council and the Metal Trades Council.
It is time that we used it in the Federation.

This resolution, the SAG feels, makes it
possible for the American Federation of Labor:
We have the power to reach the public
at all times. We are ready to use this
power, in cooperation with others, to advance
the cause of organized labor. May God
guide the American Federation of Labor
in the years ahead of us.

Do you know what the first thing was
that Ed said to Bill (Arnold to Hutch-
son) on? He said, "Bill, what kind of a Rep-
UBLIC are you anyhow? Here I ought
to be out in California fighting to elect
Republicans to Congress and you got me
back here in this labor dispute."

Buck Harris, public relations counsel for
the SAG and Jack Dales, its executive
secretary, two very able gents, told me
about that and they said Hutchinson broke
off after that and walked away, and then
his eyes twinkled and he said, "But
maybe I'm keeping some Democrats from
working to elect Democrats to Congress, so
we break even.

He's right, too. Ronnie Reagan, his
wife, Gene Kelly, and a number of others
are Democrats, while George Murphy and
Bob Montgomery are Republicans.

But that's all right, they say. Reagan says,
"we're all Americans first!"

Mademoiselle La Chandelier is what
Eliza Maxwell calls Joan Crawford
in her story next month—
because she lights up a room when she walks into it
Little Miss Portland

(Continued from page 37) doesn't know she is one now. A simple, wholesome American girl, whose parents managed an apartment house in Portland and now run a sandwich shop in Hollywood.

She could be any teen-ager who sits starry-eyed in a movie theater. She loves to go to movies, to swim, to ice skate, and go dancing at the Coconut Grove. It's a nice family place. Lots of teen-agers go there.

Her favorite singers are Judy Garland, James Melton and Jack Smith. She buys the latest jive records, is eager on the "rip, roarin', o' ronkey. She prefers popular music and plays and sings it at home.

Most of her weight is in her voice. She's very small, measuring five feet and weighing ninety-five pounds. Though she has a deep healthy tan, she laments, "I'm light now. I was awfully black last summer. But I've faded a lot." She has brown curly hair with red glints in it, a sudden sunny smile, and very expressive blue eyes that laugh when she's happy and look like a soulful spaniel's when she's sad.

Jane Powell is just as you saw her on the screen in "Holiday in Mexico." Either super happy or super sad. She swings over when she's happy, but a disappointment, any small hurt, gets her as "down" as uncapped soda pop. Abruptly the bubble's all gone. She kneels or writes long letters to girl friends back in Portland and encloses autographs ... Van Johnson's.

ER voice coach, Arthur "Rosy" Rosen-stein, compares her lyric coloratura voice with its range up to e-flat with Geraldine Farrar's. "In all the years I've worked with good singers, I've only met two really great talents ... Janie and Geraldine," he says proudly. Though the Janie Powells come one in a million.

Rosy, who usually refers to his famous pupil more simply as "Snooks," admits that she's crazy about boogie-woogie and would be singing it three-fourths of the time if she could get away with it. "She sings something very difficult like 'Depuis Le Jour,'" she says, "so beautifully you could cry, with everything inside in her really liv- ing it. Then the minute it's finished, plops down to the piano and starts rumbling the bass notes around in boogie-woogie ... and I don't exist," he laughs.

She's the pride of Portland, where they've named the park in which they give summer concerts "Jane Powell Center," put a tablet in a tree and always call special chapel sessions at school. The girl who sings at the most star-studded affairs in Hollywood has never been able to sing in chapel before old classmates without choking up.

For some reason, she's always in the best voice when she's singing for the op- posite sex. They don't necessarily have to be Walter Pidgeons, but it helps. "He's always been my idol," she says dreamily. Though she'd been in the Metro lot two years, their first momentous meeting took place just before they started "Holiday in Mexico," when she went over to the photo still gallery to pose for some poster art with him. "I was so nervous I could hardly stand it," she says. "I was even afraid to talk to him. So I just said 'Hello.' When

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As A Precaution

When colds threaten, use the best mouthwash daily
I start making conversation, I always put my foot in it anyway. So I didn’t,” she says honestly.

The most refreshing thing about Janie is her passion for truth. She is very outspoken and usually about 100 per cent right where- she speaks. Which doesn’t always help. As one friend puts it mildly, “Her honesty is stronger at times than her diplomacy.” It frequently cuts her in two, and it takes the sunny smile and the blue eyes to pull her back out.”

She looks fifteen, for which her studio, believing she can best serve today’s youth by picturing the problem, hopes she can go on picturing them for quite some time, is duly grateful. But like any typical teen-ager who wants every solid month she has coming, she says yes when she is given, and is given, a chance to make her mark, when anyone inquires her age, saying later, “Well, they asked me.”

A reporter visiting her home the other day asked to see Jane’s immense record collection and had somehow estimated that it numbered around 5,000 recordings. “Oh . . . that’s a lie!” said Janie horrified.

She pointed to a small neat stack of records over in a corner by the record player. “There they all are.”

SHE was born Suzanne Burce, the daughter of Paul and Eileen Burce. Her mother says Janie first started singing when she was two years old! It was in Old Shanty Town the all the way through. We never knew where she learned it. She could always, carry a tune.

She made her first public appearance at the age of five and a half, at the highschool auditorium, to which Jane, wearing a kitten costume, contributed a tap dance. “The neighbors thought Janie could sing pretty well,” her mother goes on, “and from that moment on, she was told to take lessons.”

“If self-defense,” puts in the irreplaceable Janie quickly. “The neighbors said to themselves . . . She has to improve. We can’t stand her.”

Jane started taking voice lessons from Mrs. Fred Olsen in Portland when she was eleven. When she was sixteen she had her own fifteen-minute show over radio station KIT. That summer the Burces decided to spend their vacation in Southern California. The manager of the radio station suggested that Jane try out for Janet Gaynor’s Hollywood ShowCASE program. “It makes . . . it would help pay your expenses” she pointed out.

He sent a recording of her singing “II Bacie” on ahead of them, and gave them a letter.

There was no thought of a motion-pic- ture career. But an agent there at the dress rehearsal of the show raised up out of his satirical slump when Jane began to sing. He called some executives and had them listen in that night. And by noon the next day every studio in town had called the Burces’ modest hotel room.

In few days later, the news was “II Bacie” by Louis B. Mayer, Producer Joseph Pasternak and eight other top M-G-M executives in Janie’s office. After a few bars, they forgot any of them, they just sat back, and let Janie sing. Living it. The executives, in turn, were taken away by the little girl dressed in all white who was singing so much with her heart, not making any of the girls trying to do it in all. A half hour later she’d signed a contract.

The Burces went back to Portland, sold the new home they’d just built, took a last lingering look at the bees. Jane’s father had set out by hand, and moved to Hollywood. Metro loaned Janie to Pro- ducer Charles Rogers for a part in “Song of the Open Road” that would lead to the lead. A best appearance on the Edgar Bergen show resulted in a thirteen-weeks' contract as singing star. Finally, after two years of hard work came “Holiday in Mexico.”

The big-build-up, the rave reviews, her new contract with Columbia records, and all the other super stuff rolls right off Janie. If she realizes it all—she doesn’t seem impressed. The most startling change in Janie has, however, revolved around the fact that she can’t go to a movie with her hair rolled up in curls any more. She always dreads having to put her hair up in pin curls when she gets in late and comes from a show. And she used to put it up before she went out, then wear a bandanna over it. “It looks kind of bad that way. Particularly when I stick my head up and there under the scarf,” she says. Since her success she can’t risk the white rag coiffure at the neighborhood movie. She accepts it philosophically.

She drops in on her at their present rented bungalow Janie meets you at the door enthusiastically, with Ozie in her arms, and Cindy bringing up the rear.

The phone is the song singing. And Janie beats her own track record to it every time. “Excuse me,” she says politely. “Maybe this is The One”—then all but trips over the run answer it and find The One, of course, is the number one friend at that time, that week, that minute. As her mother points out, you can readily tell who is it and find The One. It’s a lady-like dignity, saying, “Oh . . . helloo. How are youuu?” Then gradually close the hall door.

Among the boys she dates now are Marshall Thompson, Johnny, and Hal Hackett, all of Hollywood. She prefers dating boys in her own profession “because I think actors are the most interesting.”

When it comes to boys . . . “I like poli- teness,” she says. “I like the boys all over me. That’s the right kind of a boy. I like something, a lady-like dignity, saying, “Oh . . . helloo. How are youuu?” Then gradually close the hall door.

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Katie and Johnnie Are Sweethearts

(Continued from page 63) the same town. So from now on if anyone wants to hire one of us, they have to hire both of us." "You see," continued Katie, "in a precocious, in her own kind. When people who love each other are apart, jealousy is so apt to set in." But since this chat, Katie and Johnnie have had to change their plans. He couldn't confide in his former wife, which means the wedding is postponed until August 14. But they'll go on their singing tour together. After all, as Katie says, "I'd wait forever for Johnnie."

Fortunately for Kathryn's and Johnnie's plan to "be together," their chief common interest is golf. But looks - is that they both have fine singing voices. And every year, Johnnie says, "Katie and I will go together on a singing tour of the country. I'll play the theaters and Katie will sing in the hotels." Their current joint personal appearance tour takes them to theaters in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New York and San Francisco, playing two or three each city. And what a wonderful idea for Johnnie and Kathryn and the paying customers.

"And Joe Pasternak," says Kathryn, "has promised to get us both in a musical at Metro." Johnnie completed his first starring film at Metro, "This Time for Keeps," with Esther Williams and Jimmy Durante in November. Both stars predict a big box-office future for young Mr. John- ston, who was previously at Paramount where he played in "B" pictures and where he achieved some small fame for singing "Black Magic." "How do you feel you'll be?" is the next question, of course. Johnnie is quick to answer, "We met in January, 1946, when we had to sing a duet in "Till the Clouds Roll By." But, Katie was still married and living when we met. Shelton and during her marriage, she never did go out with another man. But she separated from Shelton in March and after that I asked her to play golf. I showed her the game and found out, she has a wonderful swing and she's much stronger than she looks."

"Yes," interrupts Katie, "but Johnnie's the golfer in our family. He has a handicap of three, and frequently asks what mine is because I haven't one!"

"Where are you planning to live?"

"Well, that's a problem," says Johnnie. "You see Kathryn's only just moved into a new house." Which is obvious since the big mansion is only half furnished. There are no rugs and no drapes or curtains.

"So it seems to me," continues Johnnie, "that in a few years, I'll have to sell this house. It would make more sense if she added up how much it has cost her and I pay for half of it, and then we can both live here after we're married."

"Katie says," adds Johnnie, "I'm giving my own house to my mother."

After her divorce Kathryn lived alone (and didn't like it) except for a huge St. Bernard dog called Throckmorton, her housekeeper, and a little girl and occasional visits from Johnnie's daughter Julie. "We want lots of children of our own," Kathryn adds, "but in a few years, we want four children, two handsome boys and two beautiful and intelligent girls."

"I see no reason why you can't have a career and raise a family," continues the singing actress. "Of course, you admit, "four children might slow me up a bit, but it can be done. Look at Jane Wyman. She has two children and a career. I simply love children and all my relatives have large families. And we're also looking forward to visits from Johnnie's two children." In addition to Julie Johnston there's a little boy Denny, a year old.

"You see," says Katie with a smile, "he loves better than her Johnnie and her future children, it's food. "I never saw anyone eat a thing the way she does," says the man who loves her. "I don't know how she keeps from weighing two hundred pounds. She only weighs a hundred and eighty pounds but she eats more than I do!"

Johnnie is on the thin side, weighing in at one hundred and five-six pounds. "And Katie's a good cook," he adds. "She cooks for us both on the cook's night out on Thursdays, and whenever she has a dinner party at home, she rushes home from the studio to fix things up and put on the finishing touches.

"If you look inside the local bowling alleys, you'll find them at least once a week making with the ninepins. And this is another game Johnnie's good at. He should be—for twenty-five years his mother, Leona Robinson, has been a champion bowler. Johnnie is setting her up in business with a partners."

He's a good boy, this Johnnie Johnston. No wonder Kathryn is so crazy about him. In addition to helping his mother with the bowling club, he has also set up his own stepfather in the boxmaking business.

"Johnnie's the sweetest man in the world," says his future bride. "You know," she confides, "before I started going with him seriously, I decided to meet his wife and find out about her attitude towards him because when there is a break in a marriage, I'm usually on the wife's side. Well, Dorothy and I are good friends now. Better friends than she is with Johnnie, if you know what I mean. But her meeting her I realized that whatever caused their break would not happen with us."

Kathryn is honest enough to admit that she and Johnnie do have arguments. "But it's only when we are tired at the end of the long day at the studio. It's never anything serious."

"We play a game of gin rummy every day," Johnnie adds. "Does her wife sorry, who's the boss for the day."

"Listening to them, it's hard to say who is boss. They have a give-and-take relationship. And they are vitally interested in each other's career. "I respect Johnnie's opinion as a sheepdog very much," says the star songstress. Very often in the sound recording stage at the studio you'll find them in a huddle over which of the recordings from Kathryn's latest movies are good and which are bad. They do the same for Johnnie's.

And Johnnie, who is rather on the gentle side, is very proud of Kathryn's Irish ability to fight for her rights. "I wish you could have seen her telling them why she didn't like a certain song. She's not afraid of anyone, even Louis B. Mayer!"

But Kathryn, for all her determination and fighting spirit, is a bit of a mouse. She sees how she goes out of her way to help little Jane Powell who is exactly the age Katie was when she first came to Metro. "The best test of all to find out about a person," says Johnnie, "comes from the people who work with her. The crew just loves Katie, and they know."

As for the honeymoon, Katie says, "We'll go to Tahoe for a week or so first."

"We really want to go to Niagara Falls," says Johnnie. "But we'll settle for seeing America first—on our concert tour—and after that we'll go to England and South America."

Good luck to you both on your singing-honeymoon. Katie and Johnnie!

Merry Christmas!
My Romantic Mistakes

(Continued from page 55) She'd go over to Romoff's and try to find out how my favorite dishes the bakery made. If I were ill with a cold she'd drive over to my apartment with special home-cooked food. She listened earnestly while I talked of my work, offering intelligent suggestions. When I became friends with her two little sons, Kenneth who was four and Cort, just two, and found they liked me, too, there seemed to be no reason why we shouldn't be married as soon as our divorces were final. There wasn't one thing to mar our happiness and I'm sure no two people were happier or more contented than Cleatus and I the night we set off to Mike Romoff's costume party over a year later.

And then in one brief hour I threw it all over. It was that night I met Lana Turner.

I GUESS outside Hollywood it's difficult to realize that status which exists among players. The very definite line that stands between the bit player and the feature player, and the feature player and the star. To be a star, to attain that coveted goal that only a comparative few reach, is the ambition of every young woman. And Lana was one of the favored few. She was not only a star—while I was a young actor struggling to establish myself—but one of the most glamorous women of Hollywood. In her snug-fitting black matador costume she looked extremely small as she joined a friend and me at the dance. She was friendly and gracious when we were introduced and seemed pleased when I asked her to dance. This was the first big star that had been X'd or taken the trouble to treat me, a young nobody, as her friend. And Lana Turner could be interested in me as a person went right to my head. What followed was nobody's fault but my own. It was not Lana's and certainly not Cleatus's fault that I behaved badly. I confess I behaved in an unforgivable manner in devoting myself to Lana, forgetting Cleatus. I didn't blame her when she finally left the party alone. I lost my head to such an extent I didn't feel chagrined that she'd gone.

Next morning I telephoned. She didn't seem hysterically or hang up the phone as she should have. She didn't blame Lana either as a woman would have done. And she didn't really blame me—at least she understood—but there was a note of finality in her voice when she said goodbye which I'm afraid I didn't think she would ever trust her love with me again.

I couldn't have expected anything else. After all, she had just come through one disillusionment in her divorce from an unloving and unfaithful man. I realized she had married when she was not quite eighteen.

I also was very young—just twenty-two—when I married Natalie Thompson. I had come out to Hollywood the second time after a long period of seeing my own parents. The emotional blow seemed to serve as a turning point, for during the following season of summer stock I was tested by a Hollywood agent and Warners finally took me. I was lucky in my first picture, "Destination Tokyo," to have Cary Grant's help and encouragement. I'll never cease being grateful to him.

It was during this time that I met Natalie. Our courtship was brief. From the start we knew our marriage was a mistake. We were never deeply in love and we were too young to carry our marriage through. After a year and a half we gave it up.

All this I reviewed as I went on my way without Cleatus—bewildered, cut off from my existence, sore at myself.

I had no one to turn to, for naturally no one empathized with me. Why should anyone? At that time Lana had no one in
her life, as her engagement to Turhan had been broken off. I became infatuated. And then Lana left for South America and I began to see things clearly. I came to know that in Lana I had a good friend and one I would always have. And that there could be nothing but friendship between us. I realized, too, my personal and professional life was at a standstill.

I was restless, unhappy and a little afraid to face facts, so I guessed, for deep down there was a truth wanting to be recognized—that I had never loved anyone but Cleatus and I had lost her through my own blundering.

I guess it was just more running away when I asked a friend for June Haver's telephone number. June is fun and that's what we had together. We got in the news more than I liked, but then June is very popular and it was natural any day she would have news. That's all there was to it—my heart still belonged to Cleatus.

One night I walked into Macombo and my heart leaped. Cleatus sat with friends near the dance floor. I summoned my courage and asked her to dance. She smiled sweetly and graciously but she declined. Again I didn't blame her. I knew it wasn't pride that caused her to refuse. She just didn't want to displease her trust again.

The truth of it hit me like a blow as I went back to my table. It dawned on me, too, as I sat and watched her that Cleatus had grown more sure of herself, more beautiful, if possible. She had become one of the most popular girls in town. I heard from sources that seemed to like rubbing it in of her sincerity and kindness. In a town of sophisticates she neither smoked, drank nor used off-color language. I sat and looked at her as I never thought possible and that night I determined to win her back if possible.

I TELEPHONED for dates and got nowhere. My friends invited her to the same parties hoping I could somehow take her home. Finally she told me over the phone that several of her friends had said they'd never speak to her again if she went out with me. And then the very next night she agreed to attend a party with me.

Almost a year had passed since that fateful night and we were welcomed like long-lost friends. I had learned my lesson and I never felt so happy in my life.

The two boys and I became friends again. In fact it was little Kenneth one night at dinner who suggested before us that his mother marry Bob Hutton.

Cleatus learned to love me all over again and when the doubts and fears that I would ever flaunt her love again were allayed, we decided to marry at once. And somehow with our reunion everything that had gone before seemed to take a back seat once more.

I was given the juvenile lead in "Love and Learn" at Warners and loaned to Universal for "Time out of Mind." With the two pictures overlapped we decided against waiting for free time for a honeymoon.

As though fate were with us, we found a house out in the Valley almost immediately with huge fireplaces, a cozy den, a large living room and bedrooms for the boys.

Almost a year to the evening of the night we parted, we were married.

Don't expect a groom as happy as I to talk about his wedding; I can tell you this much—it was at Las Vegas and Cleatus was the most unbelievably beautiful bride! It still seems like a miracle.

Looking back, I'm truly grateful for all the roman Catholic. I'm glad. They've caused a lot of pain to me and others but I feel that having committed them has made me more worthy to be a husband to the girl I love and a father to her children.

Happy New Year
Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 16 miles of tiny tubes or filaments which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up at night. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition any longer, starting today.

When disease of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause sugaring tubercles play in your blood each year to be performed for your elders. I always played the one really fat role. Nor was I so silly as to cast myself as any fairy princess. I played the role of Princess Charmant, once upon a time on occasions when some boy cousin got dominant and insisted upon playing that role.

WHY SUFFER FROM MISERY OF SIMPLE PILE?

- Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those tortures of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo Ointment. It's quite rich and so very generous that if you take a whole row at the pawnshop just for us children. The London Christmas pantomimes are an institution we don't have in America but for an English child they are beautiful. I suppose for a New York youngster the Radio City Music Hall holiday show must be just as enchanting.

MY London Christmases were equally wonderful, highlighted by a blazing Christmas pudding made by Auntie Alexina. One of the tumors is quite rich and so very generous that if you take a whole row at the pawnshop just for us children. The London Christmas pantomimes are an institution we don't have in America but for an English child they are beautiful. I suppose for a New York youngster the Radio City Music Hall holiday show must be just as enchanting.

The moment I knew I was going to have a London Christmas I would start dreaming about the pantomime and I'd get so excited I would cease eating and sleeping almost entirely. When the great day finally arrived, and I was there in the theater, I would throw myself into the whole cast's emotions so completely that I'd be exhausted for weeks afterwards. When the pantomime was over, we had another thing. We would go out into the delicate, long English twilight, and as it usually snowed, we would go for a motor run, walking and sleigh bells at the passing snowflakes.

I grew up, became an actress, in London and on tour. Suddenly it was December, 1957, and with my mother I arrived at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Mother and I felt we had been dropped into a land of swimming pools, palms and sunshine. It was December fourth when we arrived here and by December twenty-fourth we had been back in California home, a dear little one. We expected we would have a very quiet Christmas, for no one in England had our address, so we knew we wouldn't be receiving presents. How delightful we were. Over from the studios came a tree, all decorated. From our new acquaintances we received gifts, magnificently wrapped. Mr. Louis B. Mayer asked me to come to dinner. Driving there, I felt I had never seen such a fairy tale place.

At any rate, that was a very happy Christmas and I have never forgotten the beautiful tree. I loved it so that I thought every one of my following days in Hollywood would be just as thrilling.

As you know, they were quite the opposite, which is perhaps a little bit back in London for Christmas, 1938. I had stolen out eleven months and two weeks of my one-year contract with M-G-M and they had shipped me home for the role of the wife in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

My Scottish uncle's health was bad that year, so my aunt had gone on a Mediter-
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 cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE Poultice to chest and throat 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.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band

IN WAR, MEN DIE

In Peace, Women Must Work

Help women abroad receive the training in citizenship they need for the new responsibilities they must shoulder.

Give to the Round-the-World YWCA Reconstruction Fund Campaign.
Here are just 4 of the 22 great stories and valuable features in the new January TRUE STORY Magazine

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I'M MARY CALDWELL. READ HOW I Fought MY Way TO SUCCESS AS AN ACTRESS—AND THEN GAVE UP MY CAREER FOR LOVE AND LIFE ON A FARM...

Her story's called "Angel in Gingham". Read it in the new January TRUE STORY.

I'M PAULA GRACEY. READ HOW I SAVED MY OWN MARRIAGE FROM FAILURE AFTER I HEARD MY LAWYER HUSBAND PLEAD ANOTHER WOMAN'S CASE IN COURT...

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I'M RUTH MORLEY. READ HOW I FOUND LOVE AND HAPPINESS AGAIN AFTER MY UNCLE'S WILL LEFT US STILL POOR INSTEAD OF WEALTHY AS I HAD EXPECTED.

Her story's called "Dollars and Sense". Read it in the new January TRUE STORY.

I'M DINAH BRAYNOR. READ HOW MY HUSBAND LEARNED TO APPRECIATE MY LOVE EVEN THOUGH I WASN'T A VERY EFFICIENT MOTHER OR HOUSEWIFE.

Her story's called "Humpty Dumpty Heart". Read it in the new January TRUE STORY.

Yes, those are just the high lights of four of the revealing true-to-life stories in the big new January TRUE STORY. And like all the other gripping and inspiring stories in this great issue, they're stories about problems faced by women just like yourself—and your neighbors and friends.

You won't want to miss a single one of these heart-warming, real-life experiences. So... for hours and hours of grand reading pleasure this month—and every month, follow the example of 2½ million women just like yourself... step up to your favorite newsstand today and ask for the new January TRUE STORY.

JANUARY TRUE STORY IS ON SALE NOW! GET IT TODAY!


**Bing Crosby as the restless night club owner was never in better voice, and Joan Caulfield as heart interest for Fred and Bing is beautiful.** (Oct.)

**Brief Encounter—Noel Coward-Cineguild:** This British production deals with an emotional crisis in the life of a married woman, Trevor Howard the man who provides a "real" home, and Robert Donat as the husband striving to make her change her mind. (Nov.)

**Henry V—Two Cities-UA:** Laurence Olivier brings a brilliant living classic to modern day life, playing the part of England's Henry who tried to quell the spirit of the battle of Henry at Agincourt will be long remembered. He is treated to a magnificent performance by Vivien Leigh as his queen, and by Kenneth More as his determined adversary, the Duke of Burgundy. A masterful realism and action that spells topnotch entertainment. (Nov.)

**Holiday in Mexico—MG-M:** This is full of sensitives and dances, and features a storybook Technicolor background of the American Southwest. Starring in the movie are pencil and paper-bar vegetable Alice Faye, Ann Blyth, and Vivien Leigh is the young Cleopatra whom Rains teaches to be queen. (Oct.)

**Canyon Passage—Universal:** A true-to-form Western, this film stars Gary Cooper as the youngest rankling cattle rustler, Brian Donlevy as a gambler with a heart, and Janet Gaynor as the feminine foil. There's a touch of humor throughout, and Donlevy and Gaynor carry it off with winning success. (Oct.)

**Claudia and David—20th Century-Fox:** A love story of the hearts and minds, this film stars Ava Gardner and David, played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. Dorothy becomes jealous of Young and his attractive wife, Mary, played by Teresa Wright, and in turn gets jealous of Dorothy and her new found friend, John Sutton. (Oct.)

**Cloe and Dagga—Warners:** Starting off with some hold-your-breath scenes, this "now it can be told" film has Gary Cooper as an American chemical engineer, Robert Young as a foreigner, and Diana Lynn as his wife, from his OSS activities for a bit of romance with Lila Palmer. (Nov.)

**Cockeyed Miracle—The— MG-M:** This has three storylines which tie together a series of people who have a fine time observing their human counterparts. Stirring is the character of the ticker-tape editor, financial affairs and the romance of his daughter, Audrey Totter, with Richard Quine. (Dec.)

**Park Mirror—Universal:**—the Universal International. With Greta Garbo as the heroine, she makes the old idea of twin sisters—one good, the other evil—very fresh and believable. Both girls are suspected when a doctor-accident is found fatally stabbed. (Dec.)

**Down Missouri Way—PRC:** A college-educated man must learn the rough ways of the world. This is a producer who comes to the Oazars to shoot a picture motion on Martha O'Driscoll's farm. John Carradine is the farmer, Fred and Ann Sherry and Milch Todel are all around the place. (Oct.)

**Earl Carroll Sketchbook—Republic:** William Marshall, who works radio jingles, is belayed by Constance Moore, but goes for Hillary Brooks. Vera Vague reaps chuckles with her manhandling. Edward Everett Horton does his best. (Nov.)

**G. I. War Brides—Republic:** This spotty film is an attention getter in parts. Anna Lee plays a woman on a boat of British war brides sailing to America. Carol Savage provides her with credentials so she can get on board, but it's a long trip for the cop and James Ellison to make her change her mind. (Nov.)

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**LAST BOMB, THE—Warners:** Made in cooperation with U. S. Army Air Forces, this Technicolor short is a factual presentation of the hope striking force used against Japan during early in 1944. As a permanent record of how our Air Forces accomplished their objectives, this film or any fiction the screen writers can devise. (Dec.)

**Man I Love, THE—Warners:** Ida Lupino has a perfect right to be angry. As she does in this talk about a night club singer, she carries a torch for Bruce Bennett, and who is pursued by wolsh (Louis Calhern), and wrought in the role of her sister sympathetically, but it's Mrs. Lipton's picture with great finds, Kern songs. (Dec.)

**Monsieur Beaumarchais—Paramount:** A Bob comedy in which the baron from the court of Louis XV of France who's forced to im- pp.port 120,000 pounds of Negro sugar. This production stars Patric Knowles, Joan Caulfield and Marjorie Reynolds. (Oct.)

**Mr. Ace—UA:** A second-rate movie in which politics loom large, running for governor, seems to worry about more than he does, his affair with a campaign. As the political boss, George Raft em- phasizes the importance of the election. (Oct.)

**Night in Paradise—Wanger-Universal:** This ridiculous story has Turhan Bey unhappy playing a bouncing because of Aceto, the facile teller, who falls in love with theﻇom-boss. But as the story goes, it's about to marry Crenna when Turhan reveals his love for Aceto. (Dec.)

**No Leave, No Love—MG-M:** Not so good film with Van Johnson as a Marine homebound to marry his girl who has died, another. Keenan Wynn, Peter Kirkwood and tyein Edward Arnold are in it. (Nov.)

**Notorious—RKO:** Intriguing south of the border intrigue is involved in this picture. It is delivered by competent Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains, Cary and Ingrid set off for Rio and there, they come across a gang of smugglers. (Dec.)

**RAIDER, THE—English Films: Fast and furion are blended in this picture with a cast of non-procedures that gives it a touch of charm. The most exciting scene is a duel between a German U-boat and English ship, seeking to rescue men adrift in a life raft. (Dec.)

**RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE—Republic:** This light farce offers a look at a soldier's life with Eddie Foy, Jr., as the King of the Show and Faye Mar- lowe the bride he left behind. Some big laugh—little incidents with Eddie Foy, Gale Patrick, Philip Car- ron as the villain. (Dec.)

**Show-Off—MG-M:** The rich humor of George Kelly's play is lost here. Red Skelton strug- gles to hold his own as a shirt salesman, trying in vain to make his friend hard to take. Marilyn Maxwell is the wife who loves him, and Marjorie Main plays Mom. (Nov.)

**Sister Kenny—RKO:** The story of Sister Kenny's method, medical treatment for infantile paralysis and her lifelong fight to get that treatment recognized as medicine. It is produced with Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox and Dean Jagger. (Oct.)

**Step by Step—RKO:** Step by step, this gets more and more implausible. The mysterious goings-on include a lady (Connie Marshall), a young girl (Anne Jeffres) and a corpse on the sofa. Handsome Laurel Tenney is unhappily involved. (Nov.)

**Love of Martha Ivers—Walt Disney—Vertigo:** Here are women who pick up professional trouble for a living. Toughened by their days in the army, they want to get out of town. (Oct.)

**THE THREE LITTLE GIRLS in BLUE—20th Century-Fox:** "Delightful" is the word for this musical treat. It stars three talented girls, Joan Page, June Eve and Supadup, June is a husband hunter; Vivian plays her own mother (Trude撕en). George Murphy is the manager and George Murphy and Frank Latimore are playboys of 1900s vintage. Brick and boasting away all the time. (Dec.)

**Villain, THE—Republic:** The adventure tale is about a rich gal who leads a sheltered life until she tangles up with some night with a kick. It involves a blackmail racket, Gwenda Vickers a whirl. Jack Carson and Janis Paige are in the cast. (Dec.)

**Two Years Before the Mast—Paramount:** Dana's famous saga of men and sailing ships comes to the screen in strong-arm fashion with Branscombe and Beech as the heroes, and Wallace Beery and William Bendix cracking a merciless whip over the seamen. Allen (J. M. Smith) is the ship's mate, who comes aloft. As his father's vessel, with Howard de Silva, Barry Fitz- gerald and Esther Fernandez. (Dec.)

**Under the Dome—Columbia:** The big point of this is the atom bomb is here to stay, having finally caught up with the Roy Rogers series. We can't have a Peter Lorre in the cast. (Nov.)

**White Tie and Tails—Universal—International:** What happens when a gentleman's gentleman steps out of his class is amusingly told here. With Joyce cola and Ellis Reines. (Nov.)
The Pantie-Girdle PLUS...
and the plus is a hidden
Freedom Feature—the open crotch!
Designed in new light materials
for active young moderns
who balk at needless bulk,
unnecessary undressings and
wear-it-once-and-wash-it drudgery.
Only Slack-ees has an open crotch—
so Slack-ees is the one and only
pantie-girdle for sleek lines,
supple comfort and time-saving,
fuss-saving convenience.

At the best stores in town,
or write Slack-ees Inc.,
44 East 32nd Street, New York 16.

This is Slack-ees' patented
open crotch,
the comfortable, convenient
Freedom Feature!
...not a creature was stirring...

(None, save the doctor going out on a call.)

You remember how it starts—that beloved old Christmas poem:
'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,— not even a mouse.

Well, that isn't always true for the doctor. Sometimes there's just no rest at all for him—even on Christmas Eve. Blizzard or heat wave... December or July... night or day... near or far... no matter when you call, he comes!

According to a recent nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Camels Costlier Tobaccos

- Not a single branch of medicine was overlooked in this nationwide survey made by three leading independent research organizations. To 113,597 doctors from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific went the query—
What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?
The brand named most was Camel.
Like anyone else, a doctor smokes for pleasure. He appreciates rich, full flavor and cool mildness just as any other smoker. If you don't happen to be a Camel smoker now, try Camels. Let your "T-Zone" give you the answer.
PHOTOPLAY
February
15¢

IN THIS ISSUE

Photoplay's Gold Medal Award Winners for 1946!
See the Difference
Maybelline Makes!

Compare the two sides of this revealing picture. First, cover the right side... then cover only the left. What a thrilling difference! Soft, lovely Maybelline Eye Make-up can do the same for you. It's amazing to see how much larger and more expressive your eyes appear when lashes are darkened to their very tips with Maybelline Mascara—and brows are gracefully defined with the smooth, soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Insist on Maybelline—the Eye Make-up in good taste.
GIRL: No, I'm not hungry. Just looking.

CUPID: Just looking, she says! "Lovely Maiden Gazes Yearningly at Valentine, and says she's—"

GIRL: Smart-aleck! Know-it-all! Instead of poking fun at me, you might try to help!

CUPID: Me help you? Why don't you stop moping long enough to help yourself? Smile at men. Gleam at 'em, give 'em the old glitter. They'll eat it up!

GIRL: And then have stomach-ache! You should see my smile, Cupid. Looks as though it got dragged along a country road. I clean my teeth faithfully, but—

CUPID: No sparkle, eh? And "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, now that I think of it—

CUPID: Now that you think of it! You beanhead! "Pink" is a warning to see your dentist. Let him figure out what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then, as I'm walking out, he'll hand me a box containing one bright smile—

CUPID: Nitwit, bright smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth—it's designed, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, start right in ... and Baby, you'll be on the way to a smile that'll have men eating their hearts out for you!

To My Valentine

For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers
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- **Cornell Wilde Talks Back**
  - Louella O. Parsons
- **Maggie's Dreamy (Margaret O'Brien)**
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**PHOTOPLAYGood medal award winners Dr. George Gallup, Dorothy Deere, Louella O. Parsons, Ruth Waterbury, Maxine Arnold, Herb Hose, Elsa Maxwell, Paul Brinkman, William Eythe, Anita Colby, Tyrone Power, Susan Peters, and 76.**

**STORY HIGHLIGHTS**

**PHOTOPLAY**

**Contents for February 1947**

**Cover:** Miss Bergman, starring in "Arab of Triumph"...Miss Bergman's costume by Edith Head...Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse.

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You'll share the intimate secrets of an amazing love affair!

M-G-M PRESENTS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • WALTER PIDGEON
JUNE ALLYSON

"The Secret Heart"

She had no right to love him... but she did!

She had the right to love him... but hesitated!

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

with LIONEL ROBERT MARSHALL
BARRYMORE • STERLING • THOMPSON

Screen Play by WHITFIELD COOK and ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN
Based Upon an Original Story and Adaptation by ROSE FRANKEN and WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY
Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF • AN M-G-M PICTURE
The Shadow Stage

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

TIMELY as today's headlines, "Best Years" is so fundamentally honest and warmly human that it hits you between the eyes and touches the heart simultaneously. Robert E. Sherwood's script, based on MacKinlay Kantor's novel tells of three men, back in their home town after long service in the war: Dana Andrews, a captain in the Air Forces; once a soda jerk but now ready for bigger and better things; Fredric March, a sergeant returning to a responsible bank position; Harold Russell, a sailor whose steel hooks replace the hands lost in an explosion.

March is the luckiest of the three, for he has Myrna Loy as his understanding wife, Teresa Wright as his lovely daughter, a fine son (Michael Hall) and a good job awaiting him. In addition, he has a healthy outlook on life and a capacity to enjoy himself. The disabled sailor is comparatively lucky, too, in having a loyal sweetheart (Cathy O'Donnell) to help him over the hurdles. It isn't in the cards for Dana Andrews to get those breaks. His wife Virginia Mayo is a knockout on looks but a washout when it comes to character.

Essentially a simple story for and about John and Jane Doe of these United States, this could easily have been a preachy and pretentious production. But that was not the purpose of the top-flight producer, writer, director and actors, who pooled their considerable skill and artistry to treat the material with the perfect picture of our post-war era. We can send it throughout the world with pride to say, "This is America!"

Your Reviewer Says: 14-karat all the way.

Song of the South

DESCRIBING this as his "first live-action feature," Disney injects a dash of realism—merely a dash, mind you—in his world of whimsy, introducing flesh-and-blood folk along with the make-believe variety.

Heading the list is James Baskett as Uncle Remus, a soft-spoken old darkie who tells entrancing tales to little boys and girls. His most attentive listener is solemn-faced Bobby Driscoll. Bobby and his mother, Ruth Ware, are visitors at Grady Lucille Watson's plantation. Long-some for his daddy in Atlanta, Bobby tries to run away, but pauses long enough to listen to Uncle Remus' account of how bold Br'er Rabbit outwitted wicked Br'er Fox. In open-mouthed wonder, Bobby

The Razor's Edge

It isn't every day in the week that we are treated to such a super-duper production, combining as it does a star-studded cast headed by Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney, and a story from the pen of famous novelist, Somerset Maugham.

A rather curious, leisurely told tale, full of moral precepts, it revolves around an idealistic but restless young man in search of knowledge and peace of mind. Tyrone Power (it's good to have him back from the war!) acts far more ethereal than he looks as Larry Darrell who strives to adjust himself to life after a narrow escape from death in World War I. He is engaged to conventional Gene Tierney, a little lady, who wants to eat her cake and have it, too. When Tyrone's interests center on less worldly goals than her own, rich John Payne seems a likely substitute—at least temporarily. Blending sweetness and superficiality, Gene appears very willowy in the long dresses of the day but strikes too many poses as if aware of that camera a few feet away.

The film's secondary theme deals with the tragic fate of Anne Baxter whose portrayal of a lost woman provides some of the finest acting we've seen this season or any season. Clifton Webb revels in the role of a society snob and Herbert Marshall gives a restrained performance as author Maugham.

What the picture lacks in dramatic power it makes up for in atmospheric background, its rich and varied settings—Chicago, Paris, India—being better than a Cook's Tour.

Your Reviewer Says: A whale of a show.

(Continued on page 6)
What's he got
that gets the gals...
besides $10,000,000 ????

"Ladies' Man"

He likes 'em Tall!
He likes 'em Small!
He likes 'em anyway
at all!

Here comes that
Million Dollar Jamboree
of Girls (what girls!)
Fun (Some Fun!)
and the Merriest Music
from Spike Jones and
his City Stickers!

starring
Eddie BRACKEN • Cass. DALEY • Virginia WELLES

and
Spike JONES

with Johnny COY • Virginia FIELD

Produced by Daniel DARE • Directed by William D. RUSSELL

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Jack Rose and Lewis Meltzer • A Paramount Picture
"How to Relieve PERIODIC PAIN?
I'll answer that..."

Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water. That's all!

Then you can forget that old-fashioned idea that functional periodic pain means suffering, for you will be doing what millions of girls and women do, to get relief from periodic pain, headache, backache and that "let-down" feeling.

You see, Midol's formula is so compounded that it doesn't interfere with the normal menstrual process, yet it helps give quick relief from pain and discomfort in 3 ways: 1-Midol contains an exclusive ingredient, that relaxes tense muscles—soothes crampy fast. 2-A second ingredient relieves menstrual headache quickly. 3-Still another ingredient acts to dispel "blues", picks you up!

So take a Midol tablet with a glass of water at the first sign of menstrual pain, and learn how easy you can go through your period. Your druggist has Midol.

**Magnificent Doll (Universal)**

AMERICA's glamour girl of revolutionary times, Dolly Madison, is the central figure (with the help of a lively veritable plot) of this 1941 film. When Virginia-born Dolly turns on the charm, married life after combat looks First, there's the kindly young Quaker of her father's choice, Horace McNally, and not bad either. But Dolly resents being forced into a loveless marriage. Together with her reluctant (starred by Peggy Wood), she takes in boarders when Philadelphia's yellow fever plague widows them both. Because of a housing shortage, occasioned by the presence of the U.S. Congress, every room is filled by a distinguished guest prominent in America's political life. Two of them soon become rivals for Dolly's hand: the traitorous Senator Aaron Burr, scheming for a higher office, and the dignified, democracy-loving James Madison.

Burgess Meredith is impressive as Congressman Madison, destined for the presidency one day. David Niven makes Burr a suave scoundrel but a very human one to whom Dolly is drawn irresistibly. Her big moment comes when she makes an impassioned plea to a bloodthirsty mob, determined to hang Burr, not to flout the laws of the country they love. As fictionalized history, "Magnificent Doll" is an interest-packed picture that spells entertainment in capital letters.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasing historical portrait.

**Undercurrent** (M-G-M)

WHATEVER else you may think of this Katharine Hepburn-Robert Taylor vehicle, you'll agree it's "unusual." Perhaps a shade too unusual to be entirely credible. Certainly, the story is a far-fetched one, full of pseudo-suspense, its moral apathy being its main saving grace. Kathe doesn't know Robert very well when she says "I do," apart from the fact that he's a big-shot industrialist who has made some investments in her family's business. As a result, following her debut in Washington society, she's in for a series of unforeseen surprises. Biggest surprise of all is Brother Bob Mitchum whom Robert presents to Katie as handsome and curious. Katie tries to track down the elusive object of her husband's hatred.

Hepburn lends realism to her dramatic portrayal of the trusting but terrified bride who discovers she's married to a man with a Jekyll-Hyde personality. This first screen appearance, since his release from the Navy, places Taylor in a sinister role, hardly calculated to win the warm upping of approval following. Character is a complex one which fails to carry sufficient conviction. Mitchum (somehow reminiscent of Bing Crosby) more than holds his own as Robert's much maligned brother. Edmund Greer is Katie's scientist-father, and Marjorie Main is a sharp-tongued housekeeper. The performances of all these players are the fronting on a half-baked script, which isn't the tasty dish it might be if concocted by cooks capable of creating a masterpiece.

Your Reviewer Says: Disturbingly different!

**The Man from Morocco**

(English Films)

HERE'S a spirited story of international intrigue with romance. Anton Walbrook, a fine figure of a man, is a Czech veteran of the Spanish Civil War who seeks refuge in France for himself and his bedraggled comrades. He meets Margaretta Scott, a Spanish senorita with soulful eyes and a tragic air. Duty comes first so he pushes on to France but, once there, he and his men are interned as political prisoners. Their plight is pitiful indeed when they learn they're to be shipped off to Morocco to slave in the desert sun.

Margaretta moves heaven and earth to free her sweetheart but the cruel camp commander, Reginald Tate (who will invite your heartiest hisses), interferes. Not the man to bow to such an ignoble fate, Walbrook and his men plan to make good his escape and, at the same time, serve the cause of the Free French. There are enough breathtakingly close calls, resulting from this espionage and counterespionage, to hold you enthralled for the eighty-nine minutes' running time.

Its fast tempo and foreign flavor make "The Man from Morocco" a lively success as is the powerful picture, "The Raider," produced by the same company.

Your Reviewer Says: Spine-tingling spy story.

**Never Say Goodbye** (Warners)

THE stormy sea of matrimony has a pair of very personable passengers in Errol Flynn and Eleanor Parker. These two contrive to make some silly situations seem much funnier than they are, actually. Flynn, as a popular illustrator of pin-up girls, engagingly plays the gay Lathorio to his not too reluctant "ex." Cheering on the sidelines is their precocious child who is tired of being bandleader about from one parent to another.

Forrest Tucker amuses as a muscular Marine who offers the dashing Flynn brief competition, and Peggy Knudsen is a stunning blonde with a penchant for stray- ing husbands. Jowl-shaking S. Z. Sakall is a sympathetic onlooker whose cafe patronage becomes, for a moment, a ligh- shines. Lucile Watson adds an acid note as Flynn's disapproving mother-in-law while Donald Woods plays Eleanor's stuffy suitor.

Previously seen in "Of Human Bond- age," Eleanor Parker is an elegant eyeful here, despite an irritating tendency to walk with a pronounced wiggle. As her daugh- ter, little Patty (who is a bright new starlet) in Hollywood's firmament. A flimsy farce about flighty people, "Never Say Goodbye" is as thin as the caviar on a cocktail canape, yet its polished trivias manages to set you snickering.

Your Reviewer Says: One for the funny- bone.

**Bedelia (Eagle Lion)**

LIKE the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead, when Bedelia is good, she's very, very good and when she's bad, she's her. As played by Margaret Lockwood who continues her career of crime, she's back at it, and Richard quamper "The Wicked Lady," she's in a complex creature, one moment callous to the core, the next warm and lovable.

Although Bedelia protests her ardent love for her illicit husband, Ian Hunter, she has an odd way of showing it. Their honeymoon is spoiled when Barry K. Barnes turns up. Posing as an artist, he is actually an investigator for several companies, seeking to ascertain if the poisonously pretty Bedelia hatched a plot to hustle off her assorted husbands to the undertaker. And if she is guilty, will Ian be next on the list? He's such a dowright decent chap, it hardly seems possible but one can't be sure with Bedelia around.
"There ought to be a law—
AGAINST KNOWING THE THINGS I FOUND OUT ABOUT MEN!"

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE... THE MORE YOU'LL LOVE THIS PICTURE!

IDA LUPINO • ROBERT ALDA
ANDREA KING • BRUCE BENNETT
"The Man I Love"

Hear and hum: "The Man I Love" "Just My Bill" "Why Was I Born" "Lisa" "Body and Soul" "If I Could Be With You"

Directed by RAOUl WALSH SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNER • ADAPTATION BY JO PAGANO
AND CATHERINE TURNER • FROM A NOVEL BY MARITTA WOLFF
Produced by ARNOLD ALBERT
In 36 Minutes—wing your way to

New Hair Loveliness

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovely! Aim up at your best on time, for business or social engagements — and Glover’s Mange Medicine helps you do just that! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour— these are yours with Glover’s famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, conveniently, in your own home! Ask for Glover’s Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover’s Hair Dress at your Drug Store—or mail Coupon for free trial application of all three!

The Complete Medicinal Treatment

Glover’s

Free Trial Application

One complete application of each product in hermetically-sealed bottles—application in special Sampler Package not included in test Mail Coupon for free Sampler Package today.

Glover’s, Dept. 552
101W. 31st St., New York 1, N.Y.

Send coupon for free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover’s Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles—with free booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name
Address
City . . . . . . . . Zone . . . . State

A uniformly competent cast includes Anne Sullivan as the girl who should have married, and Jill Esmond as his efficient nurse. While less exciting than "Laura," also authored by Vera Caspary, "Bedelia" is enjoyable enough.

Your Reviewer Says: British brain-teaser.

Sioux City Sue (Republic)

WELL, what do you know! Hollywood finally discovers Gene Autry—anyway, it says so here. Seems Gene is just a cattle rancher with no aspirations to movie fame. Then along comes talent scout Lynne Roberts and song writer Sterling Holloway on the trail of a singing cowboy for an animated cartoon of a donkey. They don't tell Gene he's to play second fiddle to a jackass and when he does find out, he's plenty sore. Lynne goes to a lot of trouble to square herself but it takes a bit of doing.

Whether in the saddle, rounding up a stampeding herd, or yodeling his sweet song, Autry is a right cool customer. It's something to see him stop a pair of runaway horses that drag Lynne over miles of rough roads. You watch, horror stricken, dead certain that every bone in her body must be broken. But this amazing female leaps to her feet, blithely brushes off the dirt, and remarks: "That's getting a mud pack the hard way!"

Ralph Sanford plays an ornery cowhand, out to fix Gene; Richard Lane is the frantic movie man, and the Cass County Boys make with the music.


Lady in the Lake (M-G-M)

A DETECTIVE'S life is no bed of roses—at least Robert Montgomery's isn't in this murder-in-the-modern-manner film. It's a blunt and brutal business but it has its lighter moments in starting Totter, a blonde with brains and personality plus. Out to win her millionaire boss, Leon Ames, she's willing enough to take Bob as some sort of consolation prize if he will only do.

In crisp, now-it-can-be-told fashion, Bob gives the lowdown on how and why Audrey hires him to establish the whereabouts of her missing wife. Bob, who doubles as director and star here, continuously makes use of camera close-ups which, after awhile, become too much of a good thing. For instance, when her lips are kissing, everything else in the room seems to be in a state of rush. Here's just her upturned face on which a shadow—presumably Bob's—falls, with the rest left to the imagination.

The plot takes many curious turns and twists that, although in the end you find out who bumped off whom, the motivation isn't too clear. Both killers and captors are a cynical lot, given to shooting off their mouths as well as their guns. A couple of the unfortunate victims of this excessive violence are off-screen characters, including the "lady in the lake" herself.

Your Reviewer Says: For the mystery-minded.

That Brennan Girl (Republic)

A GIRL who sins but repents before it's too late; a boy who sees that she's the product of the wrong environment; an older man who takes up where the others leave off: These are the ingredients of an inept little picture, starring James Dunn and Mona Freeman. Mona's mother (June Duprez) is a woman of questionable morals, and anything that might have a good influence on her young daughter. But Dunn comes along to lead Mona on the right path, he isn't around long enough; so that task falls upon the capable shoulders of James Dunn, a sensitive rascal.

Dunn is too old as a suitor for the youthful Mona whose role in "Black Beauty" was more her style. She's the sweet, simple type—far too fresh looking for the slick chick she's supposed to be here. William Marshall appears all too briefly in the sympathetic part of a good guy in love with a playgirl who needs a guiding hand, unprepared as she is for the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood.

Dorothy Vaughan is quite all right as Dunn's doting mother who keeps stuffing him with corned beef and cabbage, meanwhile praying for his soul.

Your Reviewer Says: We all make mistakes. . .

Affairs of Geraldine (Republic)

LOVE may make the world go round, but it doesn't do a thing for this featherweight fable about a small-town gal who can fix up everyone's romance but her own. Half a dozen years ago, Jane Withers was a breezy, bumbling tomboy: she's still playing that selfsame role today except that she's at an age where she can be expected to have a boy friend or two. Jane's brothers, Grant Withers and William Haade, seem to think so and take steps to marry her off. If there's going to be a bridegroom, Jane wants to do her own choosing. Where would be a better place to find him than in a matrimonial club, especially if it's run by enterprising Raymond Walburn? That's what well-meaning Donald Meek suggests when Jane confides her troubles to him. He agrees with her that J. Edmund Roberts, one of the club's clients, appears to be a likely candidate.

Well, you get the idea. . . And, oh yes, there's a lynched lady on the back porch who looks as if she should be shooting marbles instead of proposing marriage, but who really loves Jane in a big way.

Your Reviewer Says: Cupid takes a beating.

Plainsman and the Lady (Republic)

BIG Bill Elliott is the plainsman, and blonde Vera Ralston (minus her ice skates) is the lady whose banker-father is interested in starting the first Pony Express between California and Missouri in 1859. Such an enterprise would be a threat to his mail business so scheming Joseph Schildkraut, with the help of double-dealing Galen Patrick, resolves to stop it at any cost.

It doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to figure out what's coming in this little yarn, which fails, patently, to maintain suspense with one difference: There are real Injuns, by golly—a rarity these days! Main trouble is there's too much talk about the Pony Express and too few scenes showing it in operation. But still less involved is the pony all the skullduggery is Andy Clyde and Raymond Walburn.

Your Reviewer Says: A Pony Local.

The Wicked Lady (Universal-International)

BEAUTY and badness are fast becoming synonymous on the screen, the latest example being this 17th Century English
YOU’LL BE GASPING FOR BREATH AT THE END OF

"THE CHASE"

Seymour Nebenzahl presents ROBERT CUMMINGS in "THE CHASE" with MICHELE MORGAN STEVE COCHRAN and PETER LORRE
Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN Directed by ARTHUR RIPLEY
Produced for UNITED ARTISTS
ONLY BY HIGHWAY
you'll see America best...as you
follow the Sun
to winter fun!

AND ONLY GREYHOUND can take you to popular winter
playgrounds in every quarter of America, at such low travel
cost, and with such a wide choice of scenic routes.

Going by Greyhound to any chosen winter haven means traveling in well-warmed, well-ventilated buses, with deeply cushioned reclining chairs, on the most frequent and convenient of schedules. It means you'll see the highlights of highway scenery, the "front yard" of each city and town...and that you'll save enough dollars for extra days of fun and sight-seeing.

ON FLORIDA BEACHES: Greyhound routes reach direct to Florida's gay beach cities on both East and West shores.

DOWN ON THE GULF COAST: There's fascinating New Orleans, Texas Riviera, Mississippi and Alabama beaches.

IN GOLDEN CALIFORNIA—and all the Southwest, there are dude ranches, sunny cities, mountain play-grounds.


tale of high (very high) adventure. Margaret Lockwood, resplendent in the furbelows of the period, plays with gusto a sensation-seeking, heartless husky who feeds on excitement and danger, breaking every last one of the Ten Commandments.

Bored with her rich, noble husband (Griffith Jones), she leads a double life, sharing the daring exploits of highway robber James Mason ("The Seventh Veil," "The Man in Grey"). True to tradition, Mason makes him an extremely romantic fellow who, unlike Robin Hood, has no altruistic ideas about robbing the rich to help the poor. Patricia Roc, as Margaret Lockwood's ill-used cousin and rival, is a beguiling picture of innocent girlishness, playing that old game: "He loves me, he loves me not..." Michael Rennie is wooden as an admiral who shuttles between the two cousins, never completely at ease with either one.

A glaring fault of a very faulty script is that its characters are in the white-as-the-driven-snow or black-as-the-night category. What finally emerges is a heavy-handed affair which cries for the tongue-in-cheek treatment that made "Kitty" so amusing. Let it be said that Lockwood is a finer actress than anything she's given to do here reveals.

Your Reviewer Says: Well—it has Mason.

Bringing up Father (Monogram)

WHETHER you'll find this corny or comical depends on your fondness for cartoon characters. Jiggs and Maggie are, of course, old favorites with readers of the funnies who pursue their ups and downs avidly. Their creator, George McManus appears here, too, probably to see that poor, henpecked Jiggs doesn't get too much of a going-over from his shrewish side-kick who wields a mean rolling pin. Joe Yule and Renie Riano bring to life the browbeaten Jiggs and his eagle-eyed missus with Tim Ryan taking over the part of restaurateur Dinty Moore. They're a Hugh-provoking trio if you're in the mood for that sort of shenanigans.

Your Reviewer Says: Calling all cartoon fans!

Best Pictures of the Month

The Best Years of Our Lives
The Razor's Edge
Magnificent Doll
The Man from Morocco

Best Performances

Fredric March, Dana Andrews, and Harold Russell in "The Best Years of Our Lives"

Anne Baxter, Clifton Webb in "The Razor's Edge"

Robert Montgomery and Audrey Totter in "Lady in the Lake"
The most reckless lover... the boldest adventurer... ever to bear the Monte Cristo name!
Georgia Carroll was testing melons when she came to Kay Kyser's head and made the remark that brought the roars.

Gala Get-ups: Ciro's was packed to the doors with stars galore in every kind of costume at the come-as-your-childhood-ambition ball given by the Hollywood Press Photographers. Cal and his guest, Gabriel Tudela, had first gone to Bob Hutton's for cocktails and almost fell through the floor at the sight of Bob as a bearded maharajah. "I'm wearing Gary Cooper's satin trousers and Tyrone Power's embroidered coat," he said. The garments were parts of costumes worn by the actors in various pictures. Cleatus Hutton was ravishing as a slave girl and the other guests were director Fred de Cordova as an Indian potentate and pretty Martha Vickers as a Hindu princess.

Shirley Temple and her husband, John Agar, along with Janet Blair, Lou Busch, Esther Williams and Ben Gage participated in the funniest event of the evening. Ralph Edwards, the devil on the Truth or Consequences program, chose these three young married couples and told them he was sure after a year of married life the wives could recognize their respective husbands by their noses. So to test their ability he brought a large screen out on the dance floor and had the men hide behind it. There were slits for their noses. The girls were to pick their husbands—by the nose! The first time all the girls chose the same nose—Janet Blair's husband, Lou Busch! Then Esther and Shirley argued over the second nose and after much confusion all was straightened out and each gal left with her own spouse.

Eddie Bracken furnished great hilarity by being on the receiving end of several lemon pies! Eddie's wife was called to the floor and given a script with jokes which she was to take backstage and rehearse for ten minutes then return and attempt to make the audience laugh. What she didn't know was that while she was backstage they brought Eddie out and placed him behind a wooden board with a hole cut in it large enough to put his head through. The point was to throw lemon pies in his face each time Mrs. Bracken told a joke in order to insure laughter from the audience and make Mrs. Bracken think they were amused at her jokes.
Both Mr. and Mrs. were placed in such a position that she couldn't see what was happening to Eddie. You can imagine her surprise when she saw Eddie—decorated with the gooey remains of the pies. His prize—a nice creamy lemon meringue pie! Marilyn Maxwell and David Street didn't plan on putting on a floor show by kissing each other, but that's what happened when they were blindfolded and told to bob for apples. Ralph Edwards kept pulling the apple up and away from their mouths. Result: Surprise kisses!

Kay Kyser was made the clown in one of the most uproarious events. His Georgia Carroll was given the task of testing melons by tapping them. They sent her into the kitchen to bring out several melons to test before the audience. When she came back she was blindfolded. During her absence Ralph rolled out a long table with holes cut in it for the melons to fit. Melons were placed in all of the holes except the last one—and there they put Kay, bald head and all. Georgia tapped on each melon; one was okay, the other a little green. When she came to Kay's head she tapped, then with a puzzled look, tapped again and said, "I think I had better smell this one." She came up with a wrinkled nose. "This one is rotten." You can imagine the reaction from the audience—and Kay!

All in all it was a grand party with everyone forgetting his troubles to laugh and laugh!

Random bits: Joan Crawford, taking her two children East for the holidays, plans to journey with them into Canada for snow and sports when she leaves New York. She says the best job she ever had was hers during the last ten days of shooting on "Possessed." She spent all that time lying in bed (before the camera) with no make-up on . . . Arturo de Cordova is going back to Mexico, as soon as "New Orleans" is finished, to produce a picture of his own . . . Buddy Rich, another of Lana Turner's ex-dream men, and his wife are reconciling . . . Ginger Rogers, returning from a visit to her Oregon ranch, brought back her sole catch of the
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Actual clinical tests by physicians on the painful cracks and other skin irritations of badly chapped hands demonstrate that Noxzema soothes, helps heal hands faster—helps make red, rough hands become softer, whiter, lovelier—often overnight.

Dottie Lamour came to the ball as a bearded circus lady—then got cold feet

trip—a six-and-three-quarter-pound trout. She took it to Greer Garson's house to cook it and became so engrossed in conversation with Greer and Dick Ney that the trout burned completely up... Anne Baxter's sensational performance in "The Razor's Edge" should certainly get her the Academy Award for supporting women players... Dennis Morgan's wife leads the field in friendly marital relationship. She felt Dennis was getting restless from overwork and close confinement at home and suggested he have a hearty fling at New York night life—alone. He did... Gracie Allen's crack was a cute one. She said, "The first thing I notice about a man is whether George is around or not"... Wait till the fans see Tony Martin in "Till the Clouds Roll By." They'll really go for him—that is, if they can take a crooner with blood. Incidentally, Tony asked for his M-G-M release in order to make personal appearances throughout the country.

Sinatra Noted: Ten minutes before Sinatra went on the air last week he fainted dead away in his dressing room. Some people believe it might have something to do with his punctured eardrum which kept him out of the Army. Actually he has had a strep throat for two weeks and has spent every minute of his free time in bed, being cared for by Nancy, who hasn't been feeling too sharp herself. They sent the kids to Palm Springs for a week and hoped to get in a lot of partying before leaving for New York. Instead they were both sick, cancelled all dates, stayed quietly at home seeing no one.

(Continued on page 16)
There's no compromise... here!

Humphrey Bogart

Lizabeth Scott

John Cromwell's
Dead Reckoning

with Morris Carnovsky, Charles Cane, William Prince, Marvin Miller, Wallace Ford

Screenplay by Oliver H. P. Garrett, Steve Fisher - Directed by John Cromwell - Produced by Sidney Biddell

A Columbia Picture
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Guy Madison and Beverly Tyler at “come as your childhood dream” lensmen’s ball.

(Continued from page 14)
The Artist: Photoplay’s Beauty Editor, Anita Colby, has taken up painting with oils and is being kidded all over town about it. Actually she took many courses in art years ago preparatory to being an illustrator, but when Skitch Henderson unexpectedly gave her an oil set, she had to make good her boasts. Her first picture was a thing in still life which she calls “Dinner for One Please James but Nobody Came.” It represents a bleak table and the two chairs. Laughingly, Colby says her efforts now she calls her “Early Colbys.” Soon she hopes to graduate into the class of “Grandma Moses Colbys.”

Heart Troubles: The Gary Coopers have trekked to Sun Valley for a winter vacation. Evie Wynn, who is a neighbor of the Coopers in Brentwood, will travel to Sun Valley after Christmas and remain long enough to secure her divorce from Keenan, that is, if there’s no get-together after he returns from his eastern tour. Van Johnson, who is reported to be in love with Evie, is leaving Hollywood for a vacation immediately after his next picture, “The Romance of Rosy Ridge.” Van is said to be heartsick over the whole affair. What’s all this about Ingrid Bergman’s marital troubles with Dr. Peter Lindstrom and the reports her heart belongs elsewhere? Well, it may not be true, but Cal can testify “the elsewhere” is deeply in love with Ingrid.

(Continued on page 18)

Cute match—Audrey Totter and Turhan (alias Frank Buck) Bey at the ball.
GLAZED HAM ROLLS

1 cup grated raw tart apple  1 teaspoon dry mustard
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs  1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/4 teaspoon salt  1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon pepper  2 tablespoons melted butter
6 slices boiled ham, 1/16 inch thick

Thoroughly mix ingredients for stuffing. Spread tablespoonfuls on ham slices and roll. Place in baking dish. Pour KARO Glaze over rolls. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 30 minutes; baste frequently.

KARO GLAZE: Combine 3/4 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label, 3 tablespoons water, 1/4 cup vinegar, 6 cloves and 2-inch stick cinnamon. Simmer 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Sufficient Glaze for 6 Ham Rolls.

PARTY BAKED APPLES

1/2 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label  2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 cup water  4 baking apples, cored
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon  1 egg white
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon butter  14 almonds, blanched
4 maraschino cherries, chopped

Combine first six ingredients. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Pare upper half of apples. Place in baking dish. Pour syrup mixture over apples. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour or until tender, basting frequently. Remove from oven. Top apples with meringue made from egg white and 2 tablespoons sugar. Insert cherries and shredded almonds. Bake 15 minutes or until lightly browned. 4 servings.

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People: Leo Durocher joined Cal at the Beverly Brown Derby the other evening and naturally the talk got around to baseball. Leo tells Cal his Brooklyn Dodgers will play several games in Rio next spring—or are we scooping the sports writers?

After seeing "The Best Years of Our Lives," a group of secretaries in Hollywood voted Dana Andrews the sexiest actor in pictures. Whose nose does that put out of joint?

Bob Walker, who seems to Cal more than a little mixed up, wants to go to England to make a picture. His studio had better send along a bodyguard if Bob keeps up his getting-into-trouble record.

Judy Garland is said to make almost daily treks to a psychiatrist which is all to the good, if true. for Judy received a lot of heart aches very young in life. It's no secret her unhappy marriage to David Rose left its marks and her choice of certain friends was unfortunate. Glad she's being helped for it's no use to be so talented and be a lady-in-the-dark, Cal says.

Jackie Cooper and his wife June are still holding their breath and thanking their lucky stars. The seaplane in which they'd flown to Lake Tahoe took a sudden nosedive downward while June and Jackie were still collecting their luggage. A few minutes after it landed it sank before anyone could determine the reason. They rushed right back to their baby son "Little Jackie" and vowed they'd stay there for many a day.

Three Together: He stood before the long rows of books at Martindale's leisurely looking at the titles, occasionally inspecting the pages. The little boy in his father's arm rested comfortably, making no fuss, no bother. Finally making a selection, Gregory Peck and his little son went out to his car. Over by the magazine stand, a lithe young...
man went down the long rows of magazines looking from one to another and finally selected a House and Garden, Fortune and Photoplay. Director Vincente Minnelli was buying magazines for himself and his wife Judy Garland.

Unnoticed by the other two, a tall girl in a tweed coat and felt hat tenderly lifted a new book by Hauser. Turning its pages and tucking it under her arm, she went on looking. Gregory Peck and his son passed the woman without noticing. Vincente Minnelli paid the cashier without glancing in her direction.

As for Garbo, (yes Greta is back) she noticed no one.

**Back with a Bang:** Almost to a lad, the actors out of service have made new and exciting beginnings in their first post-war films. Robert Taylor gives a terrific performance in “Undercurrent” that should land him right in the midst of female hearts again. Jimmy Stewart surpasses even Jimmy in his first picture, “It’s a Wonderful Life,” and actors themselves are still talking about the performance of Henry Fonda in “My Darling Clementine,” a picture that also gave Vic Mature his best chance to date. Wayne Morris, so we’re told, is turning in a marvelous performance in “Deep Valley” with Dane Clark and Ida Lupino, and Tyrone Power in “Razor’s Edge” tops anything he’s done in the past. The town is abuzz with the new artistry of Robert Montgomery in “Lady in the Lake” and Bob Cummings created something of a stir in his peculiarly fascinating film, “The Chase.” In fact all the lads seem to have benefited by the hectic pause in their careers except Gable whose “Adventure” left him in a pet—and no wonder. But maybe “The Hucksters” will give him, too, the hit he deserves.

Both are charming...both were laundered with LINIT® Starch to keep them fresh, crisp, dainty. But one cost $39.75...the other $7.85. (Look below and see if your guess was right.)

The point is, whether your budget is orchids or oatmeal, anything starchable looks its best when you use LINIT. It gives the perfect finish to all fabrics. Easy directions on every package.

It’s the blouse at the top that cost $39.75.

**Can you tell...**

**which is the expensive blouse?**

...*adds the finishing touch*

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Helen Neushaefer, color authority... stylist... searches for new colors at private exhibit of precious porcelains.

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**Helen Neushaefer**

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*The Secret of PLASTEEN*

... is its miraculous power to "weld" color to the nail. But just as startling is the shining, jewel-like brilliance and the smoother flowing qualities Plasteen gives to Helen Neushaefer's Polish. And to hers exclusively!
Sonny Tufts, in a real diver's outfit, cleared the room with a lemon pie.
The heavy of beauties—Joan Davis, Marilyn Maxwell and Mrs. Sonny Tufts

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 19)

Party Notes: A house warming party found Cal at the front door of Lana Turner's new home in Brentwood and a cozy, comfortable home it is. In the den Van Johnson was holding forth with the young and handsome director, George Sidney, who directed one of his earlier pictures. Van and George were amused at the cute and fetching Mrs. Sidney (in private life Lillian Burns, the M-G-M drama coach) who insisted everyone taste her vodka. Van and Cal sputtered and choked in unison.

Lana's leading man in "Green Dolphin Street," Richard Hart, brought his lovely wife. The Harts are expecting an heir around Christmas. Hart, who possesses an extremely sensitive face, looks more like an actor than any of the newcomers, we thought. But maybe it was just the long hair he wears for the role. Van Hefflin, also in the picture, is one actor who is so imbued with his work it's difficult for him to talk of anything else. But he did tell us how Cheryl, Lana's little daughter, visits his little girl Vana every afternoon and how he built a play pen for the youngsters. Van said Cheryl always greets him with "Hello, Van," until she's nudged by her nurse into saying, "How do you do, Mr. Hefflin."

Johnny Green not only played his own composition "Body and Soul" but several new numbers he's composed for an M-G-M musical. They were so good Van was humming along with Johnny at the piano. But the surprise of the evening was the boogie-woogie playing of Evie Wynne. It was so terrific Van and Lana swung into an impromptu jitterbug that would have wowed movie audiences. Because her home is not completely furnished, we all sat on the floor around low tables to eat the wonderful food. It was that rare kind of evening where everyone was just himself which is always the sign of a good party.

Thoughts in Passing: Deanna Durbin wears too much eyebrow pencil which lends her very pretty face an odd expression . . . Wonder why Peter Lawford so freely reveals to friends he's an adopted child (Peter is a Belgian, one hears) but never mentions it in stories? . . . Why in the world does Beverly Tyler take herself so seriously—and after only two pictures? . . . When that true heart of Gene Tierney's is revealed, Cal expects the "ohs and ahs" of surprise to shake a Hollywood that is used to surprise. He's a biggie in the East . . . Too much dieting, all at once, put Linda Darnell out of the cast of "Forever Amber" for a spell. But to date it hasn't put her back into ex-husband Pev Marley's heart . . . The break-up between Ann Rutherford and David May may leave Ann with injured pride but a fat purse. Ann has received very generously from her wealthy merchant husband.

Turhan Returns: Turhan Bey is home again after several years in the Army and Air Corps. Overseas as a member of the special service division, Corporal Bey constantly flew over Japan, Guam, China and Honolulu. In Shanghai at the International Club, he told Cal, he suddenly came upon his father whom he hadn't seen in nine years. His father, an influential attorney in Ankara, looked at his son quizzically. "A corporal," was all he said and walked away. Turhan had been expected to take his father's place in Turkish political and diplomatic affairs.

As we sat at dinner in a small foreign restaurant in Hollywood, Turhan con-
when he catches you "all cream"—don't scream...

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INSIDE STUFF

versed fluently with waiters in German and French. And we marveled again at his English vocabulary—a language he learned after he came to Hollywood a few years ago.

His plans? Perhaps a release from Universal Studios and a new beginning, either in pictures or the stage.

His heart? Free as a bird, he claims. Susanna Foster and Yvonne De Carlo are still good friends but somehow Cal feels one day he and Lana will be reunited, for the bond there was a strong and tempestuous one.

Wolf, Wolf: Bob Hope chuckled as he told his wife Dolores of the gift he'd given his agent, Louis (Doc) Shurr—gold wolf-head cuff links. Mrs. Hope said nothing but the following Wednesday Bob found a small box beside his dinner plate. Inside was a pair of wolf-head cuff links.

"After listening to your program last night," Mrs. Hope said, "I concluded you needed these more than your agent."

Bob loves them. Refuses to wear any others and can't wait to give duplicates to Bing Crosby.

Forever—Cornel: He was idly wandering around the Fox dining room as if looking for someone—a long dark wig on his handsome head. Swaying Cal came over and sat down. Cornel Wilde, all done up for his "Forever Amber" role, looked tired. Dead tired.

"I'm going away for three weeks' rest," he told us. "It was part of the agreement when I came back into the role. I can't go on without it."

His lovely wife, Pat Knight, who recently secured her release from Twentieth Century-Fox, will go with him. And the spot? Nassau, no less, where the handsome couple should find the rest they're looking for.

Those Harrisons: Cocktails with Rex Harrison and (Continued on page 24)
Deanna Durbin • Drake • Bendix

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

Deanna Tom William
DURBIN • DRAKE • BENDIX

I'll be Yours

Deanna Sings
"SARI WALTZ"
"GRANADA"
"BRAHMS' LULLABY"
"IT'S DREAM TIME"

with Adolphe MENJOU

Walter Catlett • Franklin Pangborn • William Brooks

Produced by FELIX JACKSON • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
Associate Producer: HOWARD CHRISTIE • Adapted by FELIX JACKSON

From the Screenplay "The Good Fairy" by Preston Sturges • Based on a comedy by Ferenc Molnár • Translated and Adapted by Jane Hinton • Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.
"Held in a web of indifference . . ."

Day after heartbreaking day I was held in an unyielding web . . . a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault mine? Well . . . thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet trusting to now-and-then care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks . . . prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"But I broke through it!"

Oh, the joy of finding Tom's love and close companionship once more! Believe me, I follow to the letter my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. I wouldn't be satisfied now with salt, soda or other homemade solutions! Not with "Lysol," a proved germ-killer that cleanses so gently yet so thoroughly. It's easy to use, too, and economical. The very best part is—"Lysol" really works!

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 5: DEPENDABLE UNIFORMITY . . . Uniform in strength, "Lysol" is made under continued laboratory control—is far more effective than homemade douching solutions.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!

For Feminine Hygiene use "LYSOL" always!

John Agar's the caballero with Shirley, the cutest Alice in Holly-wonderland (Continued from page 22) his lovely wife Lilli Palmer proved a pleasant and even surprising experience. The English couple have a completely adult attitude toward each other that's downright refreshing. They listen respectfully to each other's conversation and display the same interest they would to a guest.

And what a natural person Lilli Palmer is. We remarked that we had been certain she had passed us only a half hour ago in Beverly Hills in a sweater and skirt and here she was beautifully gowned in a cocktail dress and matching hood.

"You did see me," she said. "I dressed for this right outside in my car. You see, I fell against my wash bowl last night and broke off my front tooth. So it was just a half hour ago the dentist finished my new tooth. I had my nail lacquer and my frock in the car."

We had a mental picture of some of the glamour gals we know admitting the new tooth and dressing for a party in their car and right there we decided Lilli was our favorite gal of the month and certainly the most natural.

A Glimpse Ahead: We were consuming our salad in the Twentieth Century-Fox studio dining room when someone suddenly sat down beside us. "Hi," he said. It was Tyrone Power looking like a teen-ager in his collarless jersey. "Look," he grinned, "I wouldn't invite anyone else but would you like to come over to rehearsal hall and watch my dance rehearsal?"

"Dance? You?"

"Sure," he said. "I dance in 'Captain from Castle' I'll have you know." Still incredulous Cal set out after lunch for rehearsal hall and what we saw really floored us. With back straight as a Spaniard, (Continued on page 26)
IT WAS HER FIRST real party . . . "to launch her properly," Betty's mother said.

The nicest boys and girls in town were there, and that one boy in particular whom Betty was so sweet on. Everything went beautifully and there was no doubt that this gay little party was really putting Betty over . . . and then came the candle incident! And from that moment on Betty was not only launched . . . she was sunk!

News like that* gets around pretty fast and it can take a girl a long time to stage a come-back.

How About You?
How can anybody be so foolish as to take chances with *halitosis (bad breath)? It's often two strikes against you from the start. And you yourself may not realize when you have it.

Why risk offending when

Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against off-color breath? So many smart people, popular people never, never omit it.

_Before Any Date_
Before any date, where you want to be at your best, simply rinse the mouth with this delightful antiseptic.

Almost at once your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

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.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

_Before Any Date... Listerine Antiseptic for Oral Hygiene_
WHAT'S THE BEST WAY
TO HOLD A HUSBAND'S LOVE?

Judith Harrison thought youth and beauty could hold her man forever. But she forgot that youth is only temporary ... and beauty is only a matter of opinion. How Judith finally found true happiness after years of being a vain and selfish wife is told in her real-life story, "Vain Woman," in the exciting new February TRUE STORY.

JUST ONE OF THE 21 EXCITING STORIES AND VALUABLE FEATURES IN THE BIG FEBRUARY TRUE STORY

READ, "Sin of Omission" for the thrilling story of a woman who refused to adjust herself to her husband's profession.

READ "Romance A La Carte," a complete novelette about the many interesting people who live in a big hotel.

READ "It Happened On A Train," which tells about a girl who didn't recognize true love until she'd almost lost it.

READ "Treasure at the Rainbow's End" for what happens when a wife puts her home before her husband.

And read all the other dramatic, heart-warming stories in the new February True Story.

FEBRUARY TRUE STORY IS ON SALE NOW! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

And tune in ... every Monday thru Friday morning to "My True Story" over the stations of the American Broadcasting Company. Every morning—a complete true-to-life story.

10:00 EST   9:00 CST   11:30 MST   10:30 PST

(Continued from page 24) Tyrone stood with the sultry-eyed Jean Peters, his new leading lady. And then the tantalizing rhythm began and suddenly Tyrone and Jean swayed and floated, stomped and gyrated in as lusty and brilliantly performed Spanish dance as we've ever seen.

"I do this every afternoon from 1:30 to 4:30," Ty said, "and fence three hours every morning. Feel the callus near my thumb from the sword."

All this effort is just a mere part of the preparation for his role in a picture that will require months of shooting in Mexico. And when the picture is finally made and shown months from now, remember Cal brought you a preview of that terrific dance number.

Gold Medal Gala Event: There's a red-letter day circled on the Hollywood calendar. That's January 13, 1947, and that night the Gold Medal Awards will be presented at the elaborate dinner PHOTOPLAY is giving at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The winners (see page 38) will receive their awards before Hollywood's elect. Judging by the new gowns which the film colony's leading coquettresses have been requested to deliver by this date, it will be an even more brilliant occasion than ever before.

Your humble Cal will be there to report to you next month on the glitter gathering.

It's "Turtle" Time: The voice of the turtle is being heard around Hollywood these days. Now that the Broadway stage success of that name has been captured by the brothers Warner, the bidding for stars is going on hot and heavy at the Burbank lot. Joan Fontaine was offered this plum, but after doing a little thinking under her pretty cap Joanie says she isn't too sure how strong a story will be these days that deals entirely with a war background, the psychology (Continued on page 28)
I'm Ziggy Brennan, there's a girl like me in every town!

It's the fiery Adela Rogers St. Johns story of the flaming forties.

"That Brennan Girl"

James Dunn · Mona Freeman

(As Ziggy Brennan)

William Marshall · June Duprez

with Frank Jenks · Rosalind Ivan · Fay Helm · Jean Stevens

Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns · Screen Play by Doris Anderson · Musical Score by George Antheil · Producer-Director Alfred Santell · A Republic Picture

James Dunn in his first role since "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn."
Is your daughter's marriage being ruined by half the truth?

A Mother's Ignorance of These

Intimate Physical Facts Often To Blame!

Before your daughter marries—it's your solemn duty to instruct her on how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness—how important it is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

But first—make sure your own knowledge is just as up-to-date and scientific as it can be! And it will be if you tell her how important Zonite is for the douche—

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon and a skilled Chemist who have given the world the remarkable ZONITE principle—wise women no longer use old-fashioned, weak or dangerous products for the douche.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid anti-

septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet absolutely non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. ZONITE positively contains no bichloride of mercury, phenol or creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does —

ZONITE's powerful strength and safety to tissues make it of great worth for feminine hygiene. Ask your doctor. 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 ZONITE kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-27, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 26) of the American public being what it is ... and don't ask us what it is—we wouldn't know. Anyway, one hears that Vivien Leigh is being discussed out Burbank way. Her spouse, Laurence Olivier, is coming over from England to do "Cyrano" for Goetz of Universal-International and needless to say Vivien will be with him, which delights the hearts of Hollywood producers, since for lo these many months they would have given their eye teeth to lure the lovely Leigh to the California sunshine. Vivien couldn't help but be charming in the part, yet one wonders why a more typically American girl shouldn't be chosen for this typically American

Jackie Cooper, with Mrs. C., came as Skippy, role he made famous as a child story. Ah, well, our ears have never been too bothered by a discrepancy in accents. And after all she did a mighty good Georgia gal in "Gone with the Wind."

Salute to a Sergeant: When "The Best Years of Our Lives" comes to your town, please take note of a fine actor and splendid gentleman, Harold Russell. You'll have no trouble identifying Harold for he has no hands. He wears iron hooks instead and wears them gallantly. Young, with all of life ahead of him, Sergeant Russell had both hands blown off in the States while instructing bombardiers how to handle demolition bombs. Harold had volunteered to instruct for a pal who was celebrating the success of D Day. A faulty fuse exploded taking the sergeant's hands off from below the elbow.

Vigorous and good looking, Harold was a fine athlete during his high-school days in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Today, (Continued on page 30)
The author of "LAURA" now brings to the screen THE WICKEDDEST WOMAN WHO EVER LOVED!

Margaret Lockwood as BEDELIA, who had more than her share of men, jewels, and love — and wanted more, more, more!

J. Arthur Rank presents MARGARET LOCKWOOD • IAN HUNTER ANNE CRAWFORD • BARRY K. BARNES in VERA CASPARY'S "BEDELIA" with JILL ESMOND • ELLEN POLLOCK • JULIEN MITCHELL • BEATRICE VERLEY BARBARA BLAIR • LOUISE HAMPTON • KYNACON REEVES • OLGA LINDO

Directed by Lance Comfort • Screenplay by Vere Caspary, Herbert Victor, Isadore Goldsmith
Produced by Isadore Goldsmith • Additional Dialogue by Ray Ridley, Mike Clarke

A JOHN CORFIELD PRODUCTION
INSIDE STUFF

The Mark Stevenses admire Cesar Romero's beard which he grew for a picture and displayed at the annual Photographers' get-together.

(Continued from page 28) He's just as proficient in ping-pong and golf. During the making of the picture he married his childhood sweetheart, Rita Russell, just as he did in the screen story.

Spotted by director William Wyler in a short film subject "Diary of a Sergeant" made for the benefit of other men with severed limbs, Harold was brought to the coast by Mr. Goldwyn from Boston University where he was studying business administration. With the generous salary paid him by Mr. Goldwyn, Harold returned to Boston U. with a cozy nest egg.

He is neither self-conscious nor embarrassed at his inflection and hastens to put others at their ease. According to both Mr. Wyler and Mr. Goldwyn, Harold proved in his first picture that he is a natural born actor.

One day during a trying day on the set, when neither cast nor crew clicked, a visitor asked if Harold had any qualms about meeting others. "Heck no," the publicist replied. "The truth is Harold is the only well-adjusted person on or in the picture, including me."

Filtown Round-up: Jack Carson can't seem to make up his mind between his wife, who temporarily called off her divorce, and Chili Williams. Rumor has it Laraine Day openly admitted to her husband, Ray Hendricks, that she was very much in love with Leo (Lippy) Durocher and wanted a divorce. This may or may not be true but the two are seen everywhere together. How this will affect the status of Laraine's two recently adopted babies, no one knows. The year given by the adoption board is not yet up . . . Bette Davis's fan mail has doubled since the announcement of her impending motherhood. The fans are crazy over the idea of Bette as a mother . . . Oleg Cassini, who will continue as clothes designer for his ex-wife Gene Tierney, is seeing a lot of Arlene Dahl of Warner Brothers who doesn't look unlike Gene . . . After all these years Clark Gable's blonde friend Virginia Grey gets the breaks she deserves. Both M-G-M and Warners are pacing her. At present Virginia is with Republic. Remember months ago Cal told you that Virginia was the girl Clark always went back to? . . . Andy Russell, who is testing for "Copacabana" with blondined tresses, has the oddest contract insert in captivity. It reads that...
INSIDE STUFF

after four tests with goldilocks, if Andy isn’t happy, he can withdraw from the picture. No comments, please. . . John Wayne and his wife are off to Mexico to meet the relations of his Mexican wife Esperanza Bauer and to make a movie together in Mexico. . . Bing and Dixie Crosby took time off for a holiday trip together. . . Barbara Hale and Bill Williams are the happiest soon-to-be parents in these parts.

Incidentally: Dana Andrews convulsed his friends at a dinner party the other night telling them about what happened when he and his Mary were married a few years ago. His son David, now nine, was there—but Dana had forgotten to tell the minister of his previous marriage. When the ceremony was over, little David walked up to the preacher and said, “I can’t thank you enough for what you’ve just done for Mother and Daddy!” . . . Ella Raines and Broderick Crawford are having a beautiful feud. It all started when they were working together, and blossomed into something really big when the picture finished and there was a big party on the set. People who were there will tell you that by that time Brod was so mad at Ella that he actually tried to trip her up—and she caught him at it. That made everything just lovely—you can imagine! . . . June Allyson was telling Cal how she and Dick are trying to find a bigger house. “We love the one we’re in but it has no room for a nursery,” and then laughing at our surprised expression, June added, “Oh, not yet, but we both want a baby so much we’re going to be ready when it does happen.”

You should be a heart-throb in mink, Honey. But that dreamy coat can leave you out in the cold if...

If you forget that even in winter there’s a heat wave under your arms. For odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And heavy fur... warm woolen clothes . . increase your chance of offending.

So always . . . after your bath washes away past perspiration . . . guard against future underarm odor. Use Mum.

Mum better because it’s Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or all evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn’t dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you’re dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins — Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.
Set Gadding: An hour on the set of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" is proof that if all movies could be made with the same friendly spirit of cooperation this would be a business with fewer ills.

Producer Georgie Jessel was all over the place, chatting with the bit players, director Lloyd Bacon, the musicians, and still finding time to trot over our way to exchange a story or two.

Little June Haver in pigtails was pretending for a scene to be a teen-age youngster lost on a theater stage among the acrobats. Later June took her place for a song with Mark Stevens at the piano. The dubbed-in voice that came from the "playback" sounded so much like Mark's own, it was startling. Perhaps it was Mark's perfect timing that made it so real. There's a real actor for you—that Stevens.

Later, in Mark's dressing room, Jessel told how his four-year-old daughter Jerrolyn was preparing for a screen test at Paramount and how determined the youngster was to wear make-up all the time.

"It's in her blood," Georgie said with pride, "and to think she's beginning four and one-half years before her father did."

The Other Side: With so many marriages going on the rocks around us, it was a real pleasure to watch Dame May Whitty and her husband Ben Webster as they climbed the steps of their apartment house the other day. Each was so lovingly helpful to the other, showing such sincere tenderness and consideration. Over fifty years of marriage had preceded that climb up the stairs.

Terry Austin, cute star of PRC's "Born to Speed," visits Daisy Bumstead on the set of the latest "Blondie" picture.

Don't let housework be unfair to your hands

Yes...housework can leave your hands rough, red, and dry as dust. But...don't blame the housework...blame yourself for not taking care of your hands. Pacquins helps keep your hands looking smoother and whiter in spite of daily hard housework.

Doctors and nurses use Pacquins

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot soapy water from thirty to forty times a day. Pacquins was first made especially for them. If Pacquins can help their roughly treated hands...imagine how much it can do for your hands!

Pacquins

Hand Cream

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

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
Dear Reporters of Hollywood News,

Hear, hear, where have you been? Have you not noticed the most clever of newcomers and also one of the most handsome? Where are those timely articles about this new dream of an actor? I mean no other than Richard Haydn. Did you see him as the tipsy butler in "And Then There Were None"—as the priggish druggist in "Cluny Brown"—as the friendly schoolmaster in "The Green Years"? Aha, I thought not. Well—you had better scurry to your local theaters and see this marvel man before some other mag picks up the juicy bits and scoops you about that man with the imported style—he does look and act English, but he's just what we need to brighten up your next months' issue.

Yours for more and more about

R. H.

Carol L. Hall
3230 S. E. 112th St.
Portland 6, Oregon

Are you in the know?

How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- Tell the crowd Dad insists
- Say you need your beauty sleep
- Mention an early A.M. appointment

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family...

Do you think a thank-you note should be—

- A formal acknowledgment
- Brief but "personalized"
- An essay on gratitude

When sending thanks by mail, you needn't be stiff, or wordy or witty. Make your thank-you brief, but warm with that personal touch that's you. Why let "duty notes" nag you? Writing them can be so simple. Likewise, why be needled by problem-day worries—when Kotex can give you peace of mind? The exclusive safety center of Kotex means extra protection against accidents. And you'll say "thanks" for that deodorant in each Kotex napkin!

After making an introduction, then what?

- Follow through
- Let them take it from there
- Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?". Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. You get lasting comfort... more poise per hour!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost
Miss America uses Fitch Shampoo. Your hair can be like Miss America’s... velvety soft... sparkling with radiant highlights! Da as Miss America does... use Fitch’s Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. Made from mild cocoanut and pure vegetable oils, this efficient shampoo does not “dry” the hair. Delightfully fragrant, it “suds-up” into a rich, billowy lather that completely removes all scalp odor. Fitch’s Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo contains its own patented rinsing agent, so only an ordinary water rinse is needed. No dull film remains. At drug or toilet goods counters... or have professional applications at beauty shops.

A NEW DISCOVERY

Cathy O’Donnell, a pint-sized, brown-eyed brownette with a heart-shaped face, a mouthful of perfectly regimented pearly teeth, and a curiously upturned nose, is Samuel Goldwyn’s latest discovery. This master showman and maker of stars claims that, besides being a pretty and talented actress, she has the ten “musts” for success. She’s natural, friendly, organized, relaxed, graceful, healthy, well dressed (her favorite colors are pastel pink and baby blue), confident, knowing and happy.

A WINSOME, SMART BEAUTY

This winsome, wholesome young creature once punched a typewriter at a speed of seventy-two... and wrote shorthand at 120 words a minute... She’s five feet four inches tall, normally weighs 110 pounds, wears a size six shoe, nine dress, has a twenty-one inch waist, thirty-five inch hips, and a thirty-two inch bust... For make-up she uses a light-textured face powder in a shade to match her skin tone, brown mascara and lipstick and nail polish in a soft, rosy-red shade... She cares for her own nails, daily checking them to see if a rough edge needs filing, if the cuticle needs a softening massage or pushing back with cuticle oil or cream, or if the polish has chipped off.

HAS BABY-FINE HAIR

Cathy says her brown, baby-fine hair, which has red highlights, is hard to manage. That’s why she shampoos it herself twice weekly. But she has it shaped and trimmed often by someone who knows how, so it won’t become stringy looking. Before brushing it night and morning, she gives her scalp a stimulating massage. She places her thumbs in the back for a firm grip, then, in a rotating motion, massages with her fingertips all over her head. A good permanent wave to give her hair body, nightly pin-curling of stray, straight ends and the use of a hair dressing all help to make her hair more manageable.

HOW SHE RELAXES

She believes in blowing the whistle on herself to go walking and bicycling, which, besides being relaxing, helps to keep her in good physical trim. She likes to read and write poetry. Some of her poetry, we understand, is pretty good.
HERE is a sensational offer! Pick any one of the four big best-sellers shown below. It's yours for just a 3c stamp, as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!" These novels are best-sellers from coast to coast. Choose the one you want, for just a 3c stamp. Also pick the one you want as your first Selection, at the Club's bargain price. Take advantage of this amazing offer now!

THE STRANGE WOMAN
Angel or Devil... Which Was She?

THE FOXES OF HARROW
Flaming Passion in Wild Old New Orleans!

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN
He Knew the Whole Town's Secrets!

IN A DARK GARDEN
Even War Could Not Crush Their Love!

As a member of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," you not only receive best-selling novels (like those shown above) by today's popular authors at the Club's bargain price—you ALSO receive FREE Bonus Books, masterpieces of world literature. For every two regular Club Selections which you accept, you get one of these Bonus Books absolutely FREE. Typical examples of these classics are such works as Short Stories of De Maupassant:

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Membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" is FREE. And every month you may receive a popular best seller by an author like Ben Ames Williams, John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, or Ernest Hemingway—selling at $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But YOU can get your copy for ONLY 3c! In addition, for every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, a masterpiece by Poe, Balzac, Dumas, bos. \& tales. These are some of the greatest authors; a library that you will be proud to own and to display to others.

Take every Selection—regular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the regular Selection, you may choose it instead. There are no membership dues to pay; no further cost or obligation.

Send NO MONEY—JUST a 3c STAMP

Send coupon without money—just enclose a 3c stamp. Indicate in coupon the book you want for your stamp—and also indicate the book you want as your first Selection. When you realize that you can get popular books like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you ALSO get FREE bonus books—you will understand why this is "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!" Mail coupon now.
There’s more to “The Shocking Miss Pilgrim”...than meets the eye!

**Shameless?**
**Blameless?**
**Nameless?**

BETTY GRABLE
and DICK HAYMES in

The Shocking MISS PILGRIM
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
ANNE REVERE - ALLYN JOSLYN - GENE LOCKHART

Written for the Screen and Directed by GEORGE SEATON
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

From a Story by Ernest and Frederica Maas - Dances Staged by Hermes Pan - Costumes Designed by Orry Kelly

Have you seen Darryl F. Zanuck’s production of W. Somerset Maugham’s “THE RAZOR’S EDGE”?
Announcing

THE

WINNERS

of the

Photoplay Gold Medal Awards

for

1946
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Photoplay brings you the exciting results of this, the only poll of

BY DR. GEORGE GALLUP

The Photoplay Gold Medal winners for 1946 have been chosen.

For the third successive year trained interviewers of Audience Research, Inc., started at the turn of last year and traveled through the land in behalf of this nation-wide poll in which you, the movie-goers of America, for whom movies are made, determine the year's most popular stars and picture.

Late last summer, in time for the September issue of Photoplay, a halfway count was made. At this time the eight most popular pictures, listed alphabetically, were "Leave Her to Heaven," "Love Letters," "Mildred Pierce," "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," "Rhapsody in Blue," "Spellbound," "State Fair" and "The Bells of St. Mary's." And, pushing for top place were "Kiss and Tell," "The Lost Weekend," "The Spiral Staircase," "The Story of G.I. Joe" and "Wonder Man."

The five most popular feminine stars, listed alphabetically, were Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Judy

Top picture, "The Bells of St. Mary's," be dramatized on Lux Radio Theater over NBC,
its kind, registering your favorite stars and pictures for the year

Director of Audience Research, Inc.

Garland, Greer Garson and Betty Grable.
And the five most popular men stars, also listed alphabetically, were Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Van Johnson and Spencer Tracy.
In the intervening months, however, the status of many stars and many pictures changed many times. Some dropped out of the top listings and then came up again. Others never regained top place. It was only as Photoplay held its presses for the pages on which this announcement now appears, while our machines pounded and our statisticians worked day and night, that the last vote was counted and we were able to announce—
The People’s Choice for 1946 is:
The most popular feminine star, Ingrid Bergman.
The most popular male star, Bing Crosby.
The most popular motion picture, “The Bells of St. Mary’s.”
This is the first time Ingrid Bergman will receive Photoplay’s Gold Medal for being the most popular co-starring Ingrid and Bing, will
Monday, January 13
Bette Davis comes through again this year to win a Gold Medal Certificate as one of five leading women. Previously, in both 1944 and 1945, this honor went to Greer Garson. However, ever since David O. Selznick presented Miss Bergman in "Intermezzo," a re-do of a film she originally made in the Swedish studios, she has steadily entrenched herself in the American public's heart. Subsequent films, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Casablanca," "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and "Gaslight" caused her to be so popular with audiences in the upper-income brackets that last year, when she was one of the first five actresses, it was suggested that this year her wonderful string of releases—"Saratoga Trunk," "Spellbound," "Notorious" and "The Bells of St. Mary's"—might very well find her the screen's First Lady. Which she is. Moreover, where previously the two or three top stars in any over-all count have been men, Miss Bergman this year ranks second only to Bing Crosby.

The feminine stars who follow her in popularity and will receive Gold Medal Certificates, listed alphabetically, are: Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Lana Turner.

These stars, with one exception, were the top five of 1945 and again ranked highest at 1946's halfway mark. The exception is Lana Turner. Lana, whose popularity was strengthened by both "Weekend at the Waldorf" and "The Postman Always Rings Twice," replaces Betty Grable who has not had a new picture since late in 1945.

Now for the men stars. This is the third time Photoplay's Gold Medal goes to Bing Crosby. For the third time he wins feminine star of the year. Greer Garson, for two years winner of the poll, is still high in popularity, rating among the top five.
PHOTOPLAY'S WINNERS FOR 1946

Gary Cooper appears on list of five top men for second time. Voting on men varied more than on women.

Bob Hope, like Bing Crosby, has kept his popularity pace for three years. Rated high with teen-age boys.

Van Johnson, not in leading five last year, is there this year. He was the choice of the teen-age girls.

Spencer Tracy, one of last year's five leading men, keeps his popularity and rates again this year.

first place hands down. And for the third time he also is the most popular male star in almost every group, rich and poor, frequent and infrequent movie-goers in suburban, metropolitan and rural areas. He is, in truth, as I said last year, even while he lives, an American legend.

The runners-up among the men who will receive Gold Medal Certificates, listed alphabetically, are: Gary Cooper, Bob Hope, Van Johnson, Spencer Tracy.

The popularity of male stars, it is interesting to note, proves more variable than that of feminine stars. Bing and Bob Hope are the only men who have been in the winning line-up all of the three years this poll has been conducted.

Insofar as the winning pictures are concerned, at no time did the national polling leave much doubt that "The Bells of St Mary's" would be the winner. It took an early lead and held it. For, besides presenting both of the Gold Medal stars for 1946, this movie has universal appeal; everyone—men and women, young and old, rich and poor—enjoyed it thoroughly and so remembered it warmly. To RKO, as the studio; Leo McCarey, as the producer-director and Dudley Nichols, as the writer of the screenplay, go PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medals. To the entire cast and everyone else who receives screen credit for this picture go gold medallions, which are replicas of the Gold Medals.

It was difficult, however, to establish the relative popularity of other pictures in the top ranks. Those which rate fourth
and fifth and again those which rate sixth and seventh were so close that only the last count revealed which finally would have precedence.

The ten favorite pictures of 1946 in the order of their popularity are:

There were, of course, several pictures released this year which promise to enjoy great popularity which do not rank on this poll, pictures like “Notorious,” “The Best Years of Our Lives,” “The Razor’s Edge” and “The Yearling.” Because they had not been seen by one third of those interviewed when our polls closed in the middle of November, they lacked eligibility. They may well be among next year’s contestants.

In any poll which registers a public choice there are extra finds which prove of interest. This year the Gold Medal Poll again reveals those stars who, during 1946 made the greatest strides in popularity—stars who, in most instances, are not yet at the top.

To go back to previous polls for a minute, in 1944 Van Johnson made the greatest popularity gain of any male star and Jennifer Jones the greatest gain of any feminine star. In 1945 Van Johnson came close to ranking among the top five actors. This year he does. This year he also is tops with girls between twelve and seventeen. And Bob Hope, incidentally, is tops with boys in this age bracket. Jennifer Jones, however, with long waits between releases, has had no opportunity to maintain her 1944 strides.

In 1945 it was Gregory Peck, among the actors, who made the greatest gains in popularity while Margaret O’Brien and Lauren Bacall tied for this honor among the actresses.

Again this year Gregory Peck is outstanding, in the established actor group, for his popularity gains. Among the newer favorites, Cornel Wilde and Glenn Ford have climbed fastest.
PHOTOPLAY'S WINNERS FOR 1946

Eighth: "Spellbound" with Peck and Bergman

Ninth: "Rhapsody in Blue" with Alda and Leslie

Tenth: "Love Letters" with Jones and Cotten

The popularity gains of Margaret O'Brien and Lauren Bacall this year have not continued as strong as in 1945. Among the well established actresses, it is June Allyson and Ingrid Bergman (who soared into first place thereby) who have made the greatest progress, while among the less established actresses it is Lizabeth Scott who has moved up most rapidly.

It's a seesaw for some, this race for top place. Others build toward it slowly and retain it once they achieve it.

In the case of a poll like this, people often ask, "But how do you know you're right?"

The answer is that we have taken every precaution to see that we are as accurate as it is humanly possible to be. Our field workers cover the country and talk to men and women of all ages and occupations to determine the picture and stars they have enjoyed most. Any star is eligible.

It may be one of our interviewers talked to you. If so, you know they carry a list of all eligible pictures lest a respondent forget momentarily the name of some picture he has enjoyed.

Month after month as the cards indicating the choice of Mr. and Mrs. John Public flood into our research offices our machines, which record four hundred votes a minute, make the count. Then our statisticians go to work. To guard against any news of the winners leaking out in advance of the final announcement, no one concerned with this poll worked on more than one part of it. Thus no one could gauge what the final results would be.

This year, as always, Hollywood and Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public have asked, over and over, "What stars finally will be the winners for 1946? What stars will be runners-up? What picture will come out first? And what pictures will be among the first ten?" At last, after months of polling, these pages reveal the final results at once to Hollywood and to you, whose votes make possible this national poll, the only one in existence to represent the voice of the people on these questions.

In the meantime, at PHOTOPLAY's behest, the staff of Audience Research, Inc., already has the poll for 1947 well under way. Again our interviewers are questioning men and women all over the land regarding the stars and pictures they have enjoyed most this year.

Will Bing be your choice for a fourth time? Will Ingrid Bergman for a second time be First Lady? Will some picture we have already seen and enjoyed win the 1947 Gold Medal or will it go to some great film yet to be shown? Only one thing is certain—the American people, as always, will choose wisely and well.

THE END

Gold Medal Lady: Ingrid Bergman, star of "Arch of Triumph"

Carlisle Blackwell Jr.
His hopes went with it . . .

but Alan Ladd learned that if you lose one dream, you grab another

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Alan, of “Calcutta,” still holds swimming and diving records

SO you can dive, huh? What makes you think so?” asked the coach.

The coach had deep-set gray eyes and eyebrows that bristled rather than grew on the rocky promontory that was his brow. An immovable fellow with shoulders that, to the boy facing him, looked like two granite boulders.

“I don’t just think I can dive, sir. I know I can,” said the kid.

He wasn’t a very big kid—he didn’t weigh much.

“Hmph—” said the coach. “Okay, get up there and let’s see what you can do.”

The pool’s edge was slippery with the splashing of the swimmers, the kid’s stubby toes gripped the tiles carefully. He’d never been in a real athletic club before. The steam heat rising in damp clouds, the shouts and laughter making hollow sounds, the muscled deities cleaving the pool’s sacred waters with ease and assurance, all gave him an awesome feeling. He’d never been in Heaven, either, but this was at least one of its anterooms.

The coach indulged in an inner grin, trained not to interfere with his face. You never could tell about those small kids. This one had good legs and shoulders and carried himself like an up-ended arrow. Plenty of guts, too. He watched him walk to the end of the strange board, test its spring once, then do a perfect arc into the water. The coach gave a noncommittal nod of his head toward the board, a silent order to try it again. Again and again—a jack-knife, a back-flip, a gainer, a half-gainer, with the big man watching every move.

“Okay, sir?” The kid’s eyes were red from the pool’s chlorine when he climbed out at last, and his dripping hair gave him the look of an anxious, blond water spaniel. “Can I dive—like I said?”

Giving the boy a brief pat on the back, the coach said, “Get here tomorrow as soon after school as you can. Tell your Mom you’re going to be pretty busy for the next three or four years—you’re going to be swimming for the Hollywood Athletic Club!”

“You—swimming—Holly— (Continued on page 82)
The boy who aimed for the Olympics becomes
Alan Ladd, star of "The Big Haircut"
Cornel Wilde Talks Back
With the same clean thrust that marks him as a swordsman, Cornel answers the charges of his critics

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

THE central figure in a controversial set of opinions in Hollywood right now is a dark, dashing, strangely moody young man named Cornel Louis Wilde.

"Women are mad for his smouldering type of good looks. He'll give Tyrone Power a shove for his honors on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot," they say on one hand. Promptly those on the other side of the fence answer the boast with, "Wilde's had his biggest flare while Tyrone was away in the service. He'll be second-best swashbuckler now."

Taking up the cry his critics continue, "It's all gone to his head. Broke two or three years ago, he's riding the crest of the wave now and can't take it. Look at the rows he's having continually with the studio that gave him his break." Wherupon the pro-Wilde group replies, "Cornel's misunderstood. His Continental reserve is mistaken for aloofness, his independence for temperament."

But ahead of everything else you hear, "He's hepped on his wife's career. If he doesn't stop putting her interests ahead of his own, it will be dynamite!"

I've listened to these things at parties and over dinner tables for the past year or so and, unusual for me, I mean I've really listened instead of leaping in with both feet to air opinions of my own.

Until just lately I could take Cornel—or leave him, but recent developments have forced him so prominently into the limelight that it's been about as easy to ignore him as a baby typhoon. First there was the story that he was demanding $1000 more weekly salary. Then came word he was kicking up his heels about playing in "Forever Amber." Climaxing this there was the announcement that (Continued on page 111)
Little birthday girl, ten-year-old Margaret O'Brien of "Tenth Avenue Angel"

Maggie's Dreamy
YOU might as well know the truth about Margaret O'Brien: She's fickle.

She's exactly ten years old (her birthday is January 15). She's grown two inches in the past three months. But her heart is still a vagabond. She continues not only to fall in love with every new man she meets—promptly forgetting her former crushes—but currently she is in love with two men at once.

This is not hearsay.

It comes straight from Maggie, herself, during a chat in her tiny portable dressing room on the set of "The Unfinished Dance."

It's a scrumptious dressing room for any ten-year-old. There's a great mirror, with sparkling lights all around, a blue couch garlanded in pink roses, and a blue dressing table with scads of fascinating drawers, the handles of which are pink wooden butterflies, their backbones made of pink clothespins.

Before this dressing table, Maggie's chair is extra tall but it has a ruffled skirt in many tiers, all blue with squiggly pink edges and on the table top there are powders and hair curlers, fully as professional looking as Greer Garson's. But there's something on Maggie's dressing table I'll bet Garson hasn't got. Mixed up in all the glamour guck, there's a very beaten-up hard rubber ball (Continued on page 125)

... which has its points because she can be Lady Hamilton or Salome and in love with two men at once

BY RUTH WATERBURY
For the queen of his heart a ruby dart, 
Now Katie and Johnnie sing a duo part

The Agars do things with romantic dash
John—red roses!
Shirl—French hash!

Maria had Jean Pierre in a whirl—
A Valentine special—a baby girl!

BE MY Valentine

It’s love in any language on
St. Valentine’s Day when the stars follow age-old customs in new-age ways

BY MAXINE ARNOLD
THE time is the same all over America, February 14. The sentiment is likewise. But the gift—that's where the Hollywood gentry use their own imaginations. They often say it with flowers, jewelry and mink—and sometimes they say it with their tongues in their cheeks.

Bob Taylor, for instance, may give Barbara Stanwyck a flawless ruby pin, or he may go to infinite pains to produce a laugh. Once he got a blank form such as that studios send out to film fans who write in for photographs, attached a quarter and scribbled, "Dear Miss Stanwyck: You are my Valentine. Please send an autographed photo to the undersigned at the address below," which was, of course, their own home address. And she did.

Gene Kelly, as usual, is combing flower shops to find violets and white bovardia for Betsy, in remembrance of their wedding day. For shure (Continued on page 94)
LANA—AND HOWE!

If our inimitable Herb’s typewriter ribbon gets twisted, it’s because he’s in a Turner trance—and not even his adjectives can shake him out of it.

Lana, on set with Richard Hart, would cause a revolution in any age.

MISS Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner, named Lana at fifteen by her own inspired self, is America’s most opulent treasure since Lillian Russell, say old connoisseurs. Young enthusiasts say since Eve, to whom she unquestionably bears family resemblance. Therefore when Miss Turner goes revolutionary it’s a matter of national concern and should be investigated.

Miss Turner has returned from nine months furlough an altered woman, on and off. Authority for this alarming report is our treasure herself.

Close personal inspection of the masterpiece, more exhilarating to your student of art than a skate through the Louvre on three periods, fails to plunge the market into gloom. True, the gold is gone from her hair but it’s not turned to silver; it’s a natural bright brown and the only possible gloom over this is anticipated by Miss Turner’s collegiate clientele who write impudently to ask, “What will the peroxide merchants do now?”

Also she has lost fifteen pounds. Lest this spread defeatism among our armed forces, let it be stated categorically that none of the strategic spots have suffered. Our Lana, as we like to call her in patriotic pride, can still match anything (Continued on page 130)
“Most opulent treasure since Lillian Russell and even Eve”... Lana, of “Green Dolphin Street”
At the gate of her luxurious home with Pupchen, her dachshund—Joan, of “Humoresque”
La Chandelier

This, probably, will not be an impartial story. For all of us there are those people whose personal magnetism is strong enough to dim our critical faculty. Joan Crawford has such magnetism for me. Years ago when I lived in Paris, hostesses who wished to give their guests a special treat would show the latest Crawford film after a dinner party.

I lost track of Joan for a time. So did the Hollywood producers, to their great sorrow. But last autumn I discovered her again. I was the house guest of Jack Warner, to whom she is under contract. Jack was astute enough to believe in her when it was generally conceded she was through as a star. We were sitting around in the Warners' big library playroom having our after-dinner coffee one evening when Jack ran a print of "Humoresque" for us. This film proves again that Joan in her maturity has come into her own. In her youth, whatever character she played, she was Joan Crawford, a colorful and dominant screen personality.

Today she is otherwise. She's been through the mill. She's become a fine technician. So she sublimates herself and gives the character she is playing complete believability.

High time I met Joan, I decided. I risked disappointment, of course. It does not follow that the woman will equal the actress. But my fear in this quarter was short-lived. The very sight of Joan reassured me. She was arriving at a party and the big crowded room seemed to light up with her presence.

"Here comes Mademoiselle La Chandelier!" I called out without stopping to think, giving her a (Continued on page 92)
Detoured to his dream—Dana Andrews of "The Best Years of Our Lives"
It was a long walk and rugged from Texas—but Dana Andrews kept going until he reached Hollywood—and the high road.

Andrews agreed and the driver scribbled his name and address on a piece of paper. "It's just a loan," he said. "You can have your ring back when you return my saw-buck."

Recalling the incident now Andrews grins. "That guy taught me my first tough lesson," he says. "It finally turned out that he was driving clear through to Hollywood but he hadn't wanted to commit himself to the proposition of hauling me the entire distance. He was affable and full of advice and he seemed a very generous person, always reaching for the checks in restaurants along the way, hardly ever giving me a chance to pay for anything. But when we got to Yuma I discovered there was method in his seeming kindliness. He told me there that he wouldn't take me any farther. I must have looked astonished because he went on to explain: 'This will be a lesson to you. You've let me pay the checks all the way here and that's sponging. In this world you have got to stand on your own two legs and pay your way.' (Continued on page 114)
Lovely landscape: Jeanne Crain, starred in “Margie”

Glimpse of future plans—they’ll add a nursery wing to their house for baby Brinkman
Jeanne Crain, partner and playmate, whose days are still enchanted, for there's a lullaby in her dreams

BY PAUL BRINKMAN

IIFE with Mrs. Paul Brinkman means hours each week spent lugging packages of books from one place to another, pushing stacks of them aside when you want a clear place on a table, finding storage space for the ones that overflow the bookshelves, and writing endless checks to bookshops.

Sometime or other in her short life before I met her she managed to learn both Spanish and French and to make a thorough study of art—which fascinates her. So of course she has a nearly complete library on painters, especially the Renaissance school, and a great deal of the literature of Spain and France in the original versions.

When we were first married, I suggested that she limit herself to one book a week.

"What?" she said.

"Look, honey," I explained, "you've been on a book binge for so long it's not so much fun any more when you get a new one. If you buy just one a week you can look forward to it—and there would be a couple of other advantages. We wouldn't have to move our clothes into the breakfast nook, as we'll soon have to if you keep on at this rate, and you could use both hands in the kitchen instead of clutching a spoon in one and a copy of 'Lord Hornblower' in the other."

"There is something in what you say," she replied, after some reflection. For about a month the flood of books ceased.

Then one afternoon she came in with her arms full of bundles, dumped them onto the sofa, and said, "I'm not sure but I think there's still a package in the car. Would you bring it up, if there is?"

So I went down- (continued on page 121)
Hands across the sea with stars of America

Photoplay exclusive! Bill Eythe, master of you with him on the fun and royal excite-

BY WILLIAM

WHEN Sarah Bernhardt received a Royal Command to give a performance it was the greatest day of her life. When Anna Pavlova was commanded to dance, or Enrico Caruso to sing they were deeply honored. This year, on All Saint’s Day, many living lights of the motion-picture industry gathered for an all-important occasion, the first Royal Command performance of a motion picture. A milestone, we might say, because this premiere was a friendly invitation from the King and Queen of England to the industry and through this gesture an invitation to exchange pictures, picture people, picture ideas and, we hope, all ideas.

I was lucky enough to be there and I’d like to tell you what happened when the movies came of age and were presented at court.

You see, I had spent the past six months in England making “Meet Me at Dawn,” so I served more as a liaison officer on this occasion than in any other capacity. To be sure, it was a great honor to represent my studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, but Reggie Gardiner with his in-
and England together in grand finale

ceremonies for the American stars, takes
ment of this first great event of its kind

EYTHE

imitable and ageless renditions of “Trains” and
“Wallpaper” was representing Fox also and
Reggie most certainly can hand out a lot more
laughs than I. Therefore I happily stuck to this
“liaison” business, and set about to do what I
could to make the visiting firemen comfortable.

My first job on the great night was to pick up
Dorothy Malone (remember the librarian in “The
Big Sleep”?). Miss Malone was dripping mink
and orchids (and she is an exceptionally purty
gal) so I should have enjoyed the ride to the
Empire Theatre except that I was too busy mem-
orizing my speech for the stage show which was
to follow immediately the showing of the film.
By the time I had assured myself that I would
make a minimum of eighteen blunders Miss
Malone and I found ourselves in the midst of
such a hullabaloo that a Hollywood premiere
seemed in comparison like a primary school pic-
ic gone wrong.

Try as valiantly as our chauffeur might, we
couldn’t budge an inch without running over
bobbies (cops, not sox!), horses, fans, and be-

An attendant helps Mrs. Ward, Bill and Martha Scott to
leave and wind up the evening with chili and hot dogs

The Walter Wangers have a word with the King and Queen who
graciously spoke to the stars of their picture performances
jewelled ladies battering their way to the theater. An over-bright fan happened to spot me, bellowed in mispronounced definition, "That's Willie Eetie!" and put her fist through the window and requested an autograph. She got a slightly bloody one. Taking a last desperate chance (we had to get to the theater come atom bombs or the next election because we had a little piece to speak) we mowed our way through to a side entrance. Here the fifth wave of fans obviously mistook me for a younger and greener-skinned James Mason, for I was dragged from the car and trodden upon—all in the best spirit. (Woe, thought I, to my rented "tails.") Miss Malone, on the other hand, produced from the folds of her voluminous satin skirts a flash camera and screamed in a steady high C, "I'm from the press, make way!" P. S. she sailed straight into the theater. Miss Malone is not only purty, but she is very hep!

At this moment as I was picking my way amongst hun-
It was indeed “a matter of life and death” to brave crowds in Leicester Square.

holding back terrific crowds

dreds of bobby-soxed ankles, I ran nose to nose into Stewart Granger who looked as silly crawling around the street on all fours as I did. Gaining our footing, we took off like a couple of frightened gazelles; ran around several blocks with a pack of loyal fans pushing us at jet propulsion speed. I don’t know about Granger, but I finally entered the theater through a coal bin.

The lobby, when I finally found it, presented an interesting spectacle. I watched a series of torn, tattered hairdos, fur coats and crushed flowers arriving as elegantly as possible under the shouting circumstances. In the space of as many minutes at least ten women were led in, propped against a wall and allowed to faint gracefully. (There were over a hundred casualties during the evening, including an over-zealous Milland fan who managed to get her foot under the rear car wheel and spent the remainder of the evening having several crushed bones set.)

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger (Continued on page 118)
A new star takes to the heavens in "The Jolson Story." The man who put him there tells you why.

The producer was sitting in his office trying to act like a producer, when Sidney Skolsky, the columnist, entered. I should tell you now that the producer is Sidney Skolsky, who made "The Jolson Story," and he wasn't too pleased to see the columnist.

"I thought I'd be finished with you when the picture was completed and released," he said. Skolsky, the columnist, had given him plenty of trouble during the making of the picture, asking impertinent and embarrassing questions. You know how columnists are.

"What is it you want?" he asked as politely as he could force himself to do.

"I've got to write a story about Larry Parks," said Skolsky, the columnist, "and I thought you'd be the fellow who could tell me what I want to know. How, for instance, did Parks get the job of playing Al Jolson? He'd never done anything important until then. He can't sing. He doesn't look like Jolson. It appears odd to have picked him for the role."

"I'll tell you," said the producer. "We were looking for an unknown—a face not familiar to movie-goers—to portray Jolson. We figured that the movie-goers would be quicker to accept an actor they didn't know
in the Jolson role. Since the picture was being made at Columbia, we decided to interview those actors on the Columbia contract list. Parks was interviewed and agreed to make a test. He was eager. It was a big chance. He got up on the song 'Swanee,' put on a Jolson make-up and costume, and pretended he was singing while a Jolson record played 'Swanee.' The test was so good that we didn't bother looking for anyone else. Larry Parks was to be Al Jolson."

"You mean," said the columnist, "that the first actor tested for the part got it? That you didn't start a national search for an actor to play Al Jolson? There wasn't a big campaign and plenty of publicity? That you didn't make it appear difficult? You've got plenty to learn about this business as a producer before you'll be any David O. Selznick!"

"Suppose," said Producer Skolsky, "that you stop belittling and just tell me what you want to know."

"I want to know a little about Parks's background. Where he comes from? How he became an actor? Whether he's married?"

"Well, Larry Parks hails from Olathe, Kansas, and the date is December 13, 1914. He was christened Sam Klusman Laurence Parks. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown eyes, brown hair, a set of muscles and really likes to work."

"He studied to be a doctor at the University of Illinois. But after becoming a member of the Dramatic Club, acting in plays, singing on a local radio station, when he was graduated he decided to become an actor. He went to the place where most people who want to be actors go—Broadway. Like most other beginners he found it difficult to get work as an actor. To make money to buy food, he took a job as a guide at Radio City Music Hall, where later he was able to sit and watch himself on the screen in 'The Jolson Story!'"

"Just give me the information," said the columnist. "Don't try to write it for me."

"Anyway," said the producer, ignoring the interruption, "Parks later got a job as an actor with the Group Theatre. Never had a leading role. Just bits. Realizing that he was getting nowhere, he decided to try Hollywood. His father had died. He had his mother to think about. She lives with him. She's been ill for years and his devotion to her is great. It wasn't easy to get started in Hollywood. He played in a few forgotten pictures before he was signed by Columbia. Then he be-
lieved he'd be okay. He had plenty to learn about Hollywood. At Columbia he played in a number of B pictures, most of them now forgotten. He was certain that he'd never get a break—an important role in an important picture. But he kept on working as an actor, improving himself. He had joined the Actors' Lab, which is actually Hollywood's version of the Group Theatre.

"It was while he was acting and studying at the Actors' Lab, about two years ago," continued the producer, "that he met Betty Garrett. She was here vacationing before returning to Broadway to play in the Olsen-Johnson show, 'Sons of Fun.' They became acquainted at the Actors' Lab, and the romance started. They were married before Betty clicked in 'Call Me Mister' or Parks clicked in 'The Jolson Story.'

"In fact, because Betty has been building her career in New York while Larry has been working in Hollywood they haven't seen much of each other since their marriage. Larry flew to New York right after 'The Jolson Story' was finished and they had a week together before he had to come back here to play in 'Down to Earth' with Rita Hayworth. (Now he's doing 'The Swordsman.') Betty was working in 'Call Me Mister,' of course. But they had every day (Continued on page 93)
Call her Mrs.—when he married Betty Garrett, star of “Call Me Mister”.

Bell ringers—he hit picture stardom; Betty rang the bell on Broadway.

Larry, with producer Skolsky, had unique way of rehearsing.
Her beauty comes from her blueprint for living—Loretta Young of "The Perfect Marriage"
It’s the house you live in
that’s your day-by-day beauty duty

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay’s Beauty Editor and Feminine Director of Selznick Studios

Are you a good architect? Do you have specifications for that house you’re building day by day and will live in all your life? It’s your body I’m talking about, of course. And if you’re the smart girl you should be, not only do you have specifications, but you follow them religiously. Never otherwise—believe me—will you achieve your greatest beauty or your greatest glamour.

The first consideration, naturally, is a good foundation—a sound body and a sound mind. For without basic health we build on sand. Surface beauty springs from inner soundness, always.

So . . . Exercise to build muscle tone. Walk briskly. Get fresh air. Eat fruit and vegetables. Keep a check on your weight. See your doctor regularly. And sleep your circles away.

So . . . Strive for clarity of mind. Fill your days with interests. Or be interested in whatever fills your days. Work toward an optimistic outlook. Confine your worrying to a minimum. No earthly use to encourage premature wrinkles. There’s always something to be happy about if you’ll just look for it.

I could name a dozen or more stars who are darn good architects. Often enough that’s why they’re stars. But I’ll take for my shining example Loretta Young. Loretta is beautiful beyond her perfect features. A sparkle and interest and quick sense of humor emanate from her mental and physical good health.

Loretta’s blueprint for beauty, I think, stems pretty directly from her blueprint for living. She will not have a cluttered life. She keeps her mind orderly and her days organized. All this in spite of the varied demands her family, career and home make upon her. You don’t catch Loretta dashing frantically from one pursuit to another. She concentrates completely upon what she is doing at the time. At the studio she brings every ounce of intelligence she possesses to each demand. At home, from the minute she opens her front door, she is Mrs. Tom Lewis. While the children are up and about she dwells on subjects which interest them. But after their bedtime story has been read, she becomes her husband’s charming dinner companion.

Another thing! Loretta never permits herself to be bored. She brings real interest to every detail of her activities; to marketing, to matching fabrics, to working for her (Continued on page 91)
When we stepped out on the balcony the crowd demonstration before the Presidential Palace in San Salvador poured our way. A week later they staged an abortive revolution.

I know it can be done now. The thought was in my mind ever since I rode down to Rio in a plane in 1938. Someday I'd go Southward again, I vowed. Only I'd fly myself and see much more. Maybe you'll be interested in what happened.

While waiting for “Captain from Castile” to start I had my first postwar vacation. It was my chance to see as much as possible of Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, French Guiana, Surinam, British Guiana, Trinid-dad, St. Vincent, Santa Lucia, Antigua, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Jamaica and Cuba.

Casually, I asked Cesar Romero, also faced with his first vacation, if he wanted to pal with me on the great adventure. He didn't believe I was serious about the trip at first. I went to Wichita, Kansas, to pick up a brand-new, twin-engined honey of a ship. All silvery and shining, it's the perfect means of transportation. We christened it “Saludos Amigos!” Plans pell-melled after that.

We took off from Hollywood one 6 A.M., in a heavy overcast, flying out blind on instruments into what turned out to be two months of magnificent sightseeing and fellowship with new friends. Our hopes were high and we brought home no disappointments. We encountered really rough weather but twice—coming down into Rio and re-entering California; we labelled those terrific fogs “unusual!”

Our average flight to a new place was three hours long, so we never got cramped. Sometimes we'd move on but fifteen or forty minutes (Continued on page 80)
"We ride the vast pampas of Paraguay—Jim Denton, our Fox plenipotentiary; John Jeffries, our co-pilot and navigator; Cesar and I. You can see our twin-motor plane behind us."

Tyrone Power's own story of adventure
when he and Cesar Romero took to wings
and went South America way!

BY TYRONE POWER
(As reported to Ben Maddox)

"Deep-sea fishing at Acapulco, Mexico's beautiful resort, was a work-out. John, Cesar and I had half-hour fights, using muscles we never knew we had," says Ty of "The Razor's Edge."

"We went alligator hunting one night on the Rio Paraguay, spotting the alligators with a flashlight which turns their eyes a weird red. The wind and rising moon made them shy."
Men go for him because he's regular. Women just plain go for him . . . Bob, of "Undercurrent"
They made a picture together—and became friends,  
Susan and Robert Taylor, taking work and laughter in happy stride

When the world catches up with Buck Rogers and our descendants open that time capsule to see what went on in the decadent Twentieth Century, I hope they find a picture of Robert Taylor so they can see what a movie star should look like. It doesn't even have to be a good picture.

Come to think of it, Bob would make Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon look like pantywaists if he had all those rocket hot rods and flying belts instead of these mild motorcycles and airplanes to creep around in. But that comes under the heading of hobbies and stuff. Let's start a little more slowly.

When I first moved my social security card to M-G-M, the idea of playing opposite Robert Taylor never occurred to me. That would be like playing bridge with Culbertson! Then lady-luck decided to be my agent and I found myself in just that spot. Now I don’t know Mr. Culbertson but I'm sure I’d be scared stiff if we were using the same deck of cards.

Well, that’s the way I felt about splitting a script with Mr. Taylor—until I met him. If there’s a more unassuming star in the movie world he must play leads for Walt Disney. Bob upsets all calculations by considering his supporting actors first and himself last. He makes you feel completely at ease as though—well, you were washing the dishes and he were wiping them. It's that comfortable.

I hadn’t the slightest idea what to expect of Bob because actually my first bird’s-eye view of him put me en garde. Dick and I were just (Continued on page 127)

Susan played opposite Bob in his last pre-Navy picture, “Song of Russia”
Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I are both twenty-four years old, have been married four years and have a two-year-old son.

Generally, we are happily married, but we have one serious trouble: My husband likes to be constantly "on the go." Any afternoon or evening when he isn't working he is off to the movies or to an amusement park with the boys or to the corner luncheon stand where the gang hangs out.

He is happy when I accompany him but when I can't, because of the baby, he apparently enjoys himself anyhow.

Not only is his "gadding about" expensive but it leaves me alone much of the time. Perhaps I am selfish. Of course, I expect him to have a certain amount of recreation, but for him to be away six or seven nights a week—once or twice with me and the rest of the time alone—is something to which I cannot reconcile myself.

Am I being too unreasonable and demanding?

(Mrs.) Dean J.

From your description of your husband I am led to believe that he is a dynamic man, filled with energy, a zest for living, and a gift for comradeship. Also, he has not yet grown up.

I agree with you that it is unfair for him to leave you alone many nights a week.

To complain about his behavior will only estrange him, so you should attempt to keep him near you by inviting his friends to your home at least one evening a week. On the spur of the moment you may say that this is impossible because of the presence of a young child in the household. Children adapt themselves very quickly, however, to surroundings if in no way they are led to believe that they are being imposed upon.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one and live in a town of 20,000. I work in an office as bookkeeper and there are no other employees. I am no raving beauty, but so far have frightened no small children by my appearance.

I came to this town four years ago when all the men were in the Army. Now that the boys are coming home wedding bells are ringing everywhere, but I don't even have an occasional date.

I have no trouble getting along with men after I have been introduced, but I simply don't meet anyone. I live in an extremely small apartment where I cannot entertain. Consequently, I lead a dull life, going to movies alone or visiting married friends. I have been thinking of going to a larger town, but I don't suppose the situation would be any better.

Ellen L.

First of all, I think a wise girl should go to church. If the first church she attends does not appear to have a congregation of young people she should try another, as it seems to me one of the functions of organised religion should consist of helping human beings to find and enjoy one another.

Furthermore, in a town of 20,000 it would seem that there must be some nighttime educational facilities offered. Perhaps you could take up Spanish or commercial law. Surely, you will find men in those classes.

No single girl who hopes to marry should work alone in an office. Try to find employment in some organisation employing a large office force.

The state in which you are living, incidentally, is one in which the number of available men far outnumbers that of marriageable girls.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is this: I have a sixteen-year-old daughter who is simply too popular.

She isn't beautiful, she doesn't smoke or drink, she never forgets that she is a lady and in all important considerations she is a model daughter. However, she has the type of personality that causes everyone, both boys and girls, to flock around her like bees around a honey pot.

However, I must admit that I am worried. My daughter is out practically every night, skating, going to beach parties, dancing or chatting at the home of some friend. She seldom returns until one-thirty or two o'clock in the morning, which I feel is entirely too late for a sixteen-year-old girl. I know the parents of most of her friends and they are nice people but indulgent. They actually do not feel that midnight during the week or two o'clock on Friday and Saturday nights is too late for children of sixteen to be out.

I have considered taking her to a new community where she knows no one so that she won't have three or four carloads of young people (Continued on page 87)
New! Blush-cleanse your face— for that Engaged-lovely look

See it give your skin:
—an instant clean, refreshed look
—an instant softer, silkier feel
—a lovely blush of color
You'll see results tonight—with the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.
You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. 'Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face, throat. Tissue off.
You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.
Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's demulcent action softens, loosens dirt and make-up — helps free your skin! Every night, this full blush-cleansing. Every morning, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's.

BARBARA'S RING—a stunning diamond set with utmost simplicity

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

BARBARA CHIPMAN is the delightful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chipman—of New York and Easton, Pa., where the family's beautiful country house is located. She is engaged to Barrie McDowell, of New York, who served two years overseas, in the Army.

Her beauty is poetic—and memorable—her hair like a shining cap of gold, her brown-amber eyes, the warm peaches-and-dew look of her soft, young complexion.

Barbara finds blush-cleansing with Pond's delightful, "I love the glowy, clean-smooth feeling my face has after it," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get a big 6-ounce jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

BARBARA CHIPMAN says—"I just love this blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream"
HERE COMES
Como

... with the “Bing ring” in his voice,
the warmth of Italy—comer, Perry Como

BY ELSIE JANIS

As I sat opposite him in the Fox Studio commissary, it was hard to believe how many years I have been “Como Conscious.” He must have started singing with Ted Weems’s band before he voted. He looks about twenty-one now but, as he has a son six, that would make him a bit precocious even with his Italian background.

“Do you mean you used to listen to me when I was singing with Weems’s band from Catalina?” said cautious Como.

“Indeed I did, and with a sort of happy resentment. Yours was the first voice I had ever heard that had the ‘Bing ring.’”

Como smiled. The teeth are just what you would expect, white and shining, no doubt polished by the traffic in mellow tones passing through.

“I resented you a bit for daring to sound like Bing, but I resented more the fact that they didn’t even bother to tell the listeners your name, and that I had to stay up until nearly midnight to hear you sing one chorus of a song.”

“I loved Catalina,” said Como dreamily. He was apparently enjoying a meander through memories of the days when he was nobody.

Como is as calm and placid as the lake of the same name in New York State, but in his voice and handclasp is the warmth of Italy, which can now brag about a couple of charming Comos. He has never been to Italy. “I had such plans,” he said. “I was going to take Mother and Father back to see the old home as soon as I could afford it. Well—” he lowered his voice (he does it when saying anything he deems important), “you know how it is. As things began to break for me I got too busy. Father passed away last year.” Sadness crept into his voice.

So we spoke of his voice—of the “Bing ring.” It took Como years to get over being embarrassed when he is called a second Crosby.

“There is no second Crosby,” says Como and means it. “There probably never will be. Other singers, yes! And I’m proud to be one of the singers folks seem to like. A second Crosby!” Placid Puss almost risked a frown. “I’d like to follow in his footsteps in every way but there is only one Bing. What a guy!”

I asked him if he would like to follow the paternal pattern of mass production Crosby, the subtle suggestion of poker politics in his “Four of a kind.”

He laughed and said, “Well—in that line I might stand a chance. My father produced thirteen Comos. Speaking of the paternal Crosby,” (Continued on page 90)
The first touch of this luscious new Woodbury Lotion on your hands tells you it's something excitingly new. And it is! It's a beauty blend of softening and protective ingredients—actually 2-lotions-in-1:

1. A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing natural softness. (Its luxury lanolin is the smoothing "first-cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.)

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping from winter cold, daily dishwashings and soap and water cleansing.

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion is rich, creamy, exquisitely fragrant. Never sticky or greasy. Use it for smoother, softer elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter, today. 25c and 50c. Or try it for a week at our expense. (That's how confident we are that you'll fall forever-after in love with it!)

MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE GIFT BOTTLE.
See for yourself the lovely things Woodbury Lotion does for your hands.

Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion sounds exciting. I'd love to try it. Please send me a FREE purse-size gift bottle.

Name:
Street:
City____________________State____________________
(Please print name, address plainly... Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)
Paste on penny postcard if you wish. Dept. 584
Girls! Want Quick Curls?

What girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Let's you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

New Wildroot Hair Set

Saludos Amigos

(Continued from page 72) a day. Average speed was 175 miles an hour. Longest single flight was a little over 800 miles non-stop, from Mexico to Maracaibo, in Mexico.

As soon as we put down everyone was so eager to be friendly. Cesar's fluency in Spanish was a big help. By using a little pantomime with my English I got along.

Vacations should combine spells of glorious laziness with the new experiences, I think. We began the relaxing at Acapulco, Mexico's Riviera. We fished, surf-boarded, slept, strolled through the picturesque market place, ate exotic meals. Guatemala City was only five air hours away.

So much to recall! In Honduras the leading theater owner confided to me he'd successfully advertised "Blood and Sand" by letting a live bull chase a woman with a red purse out of his theater. Only one storm deterred us. That was when we left Panama. We went up to 10,000 feet. Rough and thick. So down to 500 feet, for the same. Decided it was wisdom to turn back for awhile. We switched our course and to Medellin, one of the most beautiful cities in Colombia. The Nutibara Hotel there was designed by the same man who did my own house, I was able to discover. A 6 A.M. mass in an old cathedral will never be forgotten. Coffee was in blossom as we flew to Ecuador, where thirty snow-capped volcanoes towered.

When we sat our plane down in Peru on our left and the distant Pacific on our right and only a blanket of overcast beneath us. We landed by instruments, and very much liked vivid Lima—first of all for being real. It looked great to us! For some reason I remember walking out on a lonely pier at Paracas, where the barren desert meets the ocean in Peru and being spellbound by the sight of a dog swimming playfully after ducks. I brought the others out to watch. He was having such a royal time out of life! Our only inconvenience came from the way our coat sleeves were pressed in South America—flat with a crease. "Make the sleeves round!" I explained in vain. In Chile our suits didn't come back from the cleaners in time for us to go to the American Ambassador's—until the next day. Then we had so much fun we gladly stayed over several days waiting for clear weather in the pass through the Andes.

We crossed the Andes to Buenos Aires, where $30,000,000 is being spent on a fine new airfield and a ten-mile speedway into the city. The cooking is superb there. A typical South American dinner party (except in Paraguay where people go to bed early and open their shops at five A.M.) begins with cocktails at nine P.M. and dinner at eleven P.M. Servants were frequently so insistently artistic they served the most colorful dishes first: both host and guest were surprised! Incidentally, tailor-made suits are completed in a day and a half there.

The most startling direction given me by a kind host who suggested we rest at his ranch was, "Turn right when you come to Paraguay!" He said it was off the beaten path, and mapped our way to it on a gin rummy score-pad. We navigated by that, did "turn right" when we got to Paraguay, and his ranch was an incredible 1,500,000 acres in size. "Quite a lot to take care of," the superintendent admitted modestly as Cesar and I kept gasping.

Rio was the gorgeous city I remembered so well. I was proud that many young American architects have contributed to its outstanding beauty; they accepted bids to go down there where older men wouldn't bestir themselves at the opportunity.

Prices are high everywhere. Gas for the plane was sixteen cents a gallon some places and one dollar at others. I bought neckties as my souvenirs—my hobby. But I didn't go to buy things. I wanted to actually see and understand the lands to our South. I wondered why their students participated so enthusiastically in politics; the answer is they have no fraternities or co-educational campus activities to divert them.

We were hopping down out of the skies into a half a dozen tropical countries all in one day. That's what we did in the Caribbean! We slept one night in Trinidad and the next in Havana, with all those island stops in between. In Haiti our things had to be sprayed with a DDT preparation to pass the customs. A couple of hours later we put down in Haiti and asked if we had to be sprayed. "Just a little bit," an earnest official replied.

Cuba was crazy about Cesar. He hadn't been back there since he was seven. His nephew added to the commotion by rounding up neighbors for blocks around.

My heart holds hundreds of memories—of South and Central America. Between pictures from now on I want to continue seeing more of this world.

The End
Lovely star, Elyse Knox, has it... skin sparkling-fresh all day long.

"For cleansing that beautifies, too—it's Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!"

Elyse Knox

featured in Monogram's Cinecolor picture "BLACK GOLD"

around the clock...the Woodbury-Wonderful Way!

8 A.M. Skin morning-fresh after a dewy "cream bath" the Woodbury-Wonderful Way. Even Baby Sharon approves! As Elyse says: "An early-morning face-do—with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—beautifies my skin as it cleanses!"

6 P.M. Luscious-looking Elyse with her football-star husband, Tommy Harmon. Her skin sparkles fresh, lovely, after another Woodbury-Wonderful cleansing. "Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream whisks off studio grime...leaves my skin glowy!"

That "Always-Fresh Look" this Woodbury-Wonderful Way

Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. Repeat creaming for plus-softening. Tissue. Splash with cold water—skin glows with that "Always-Fresh Look!"

FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS

Very Dry Skin: First cleanse. Soften with Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream—Vitone-rich! Under make-up, Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base.


Woody time again. Another skin-glow cleansing with Woodbury Cream. "And", says Elyse, "a thin film to soften dryness overnight." Try this Woodbury-Wonderful way, girls, to keep your skin Always-Fresh around the clock!
(Continued from page 46) wood Athletic Club—" The breathless words kept going around in the kid's head, all the way home, with every turn of his bike wheel. . . .

For two years, ever since he was eleven, Alan Ladd had been pumping the bicycle along the dusty road. Ten miles to a Hollywood public pool and ten miles home again. In between swims he'd done odd jobs at the pool, counting towels, sweeping, and something for the tip. Attendants would let him help at. Not that they ever let him swim free for his efforts—he did odd jobs around the neighborhood to earn his admission money. At the towel counter or in the locker rooms, however, he got a chance to talk to the older fellows. The almost grown-up guys with the rippling chests and bulging biceps, who ordinarily wouldn't be friendly with a youngster who was nothing but bones and gumption.

One of them, a black-haired giant named Roy Varney, had been the special object of the small Ladd's worship. Sometimes it was amusing and sometimes it was annoying; the way Alan was always underfoot. Hanging around outside the shower, following him out to the it was heard, watching him with a stubborn devotion. Asking him, "How d'ya do that one—will you do it again so I can see?"

"Sure, kid—" the tall guy would say, totally positing himself once more in a pool. "And if you draw up your feet—and give a twist—just before you hit the water—see?"

"Betcha I can do it—" The youngster would be out on the end of the board, dispensing the sincere fascination. Sometimes the imitation didn't quite come off, and he'd hit the water in a resounding belly-wopper. Belly-woppers aren't much fun, and he'd been split wide and your lungs slapped into a jelly. But always the little kid would shake the water out of his nostrils and his ears, climb back on the board and say, 'I think I can turn this wopper over.' "I'll say one thing, there's nothing he's afraid to try—" Varney would say to the other big fellows, at first, "And he keeps at it until he can do it," he added later. And things that had gradually reversed themselves. After a while it had been the big fellows who were standing around watching Alan.

"Look, kid," said Varney one day, "I'm going to take you to meet Clyde Swendson. Know who he is?"

CLYDE SWENDSON—only one of the greatest swimming coaches in the world! Alan knew him by name, but with not hope of any closer acquaintance. The boy's face was so intense, it was Varney who gulped.

"As a two-day-fair is nothing to get too excited about—or scared about, either. All I want you to do is your best—which I think is plenty good. But that's me talkin'-—Swendson is a pretty hard guy to impress, and he doesn't say anything to your folks yet, in case nothing comes of it—" Then he'd gone to see the great man...

And something had come of it, "Tell your Mom you're going to be pretty busy for the next three or four years," He could imagine her face when she told him, all lit up with surprise and pride. He speeded the bike home along the road by the suffocating dust, the fleet flew up from under its tires and gave his still wet hair an even sandier color.

High Dive

"Mom-Mom—where are you? Hey, Mom, bet you'd never guess what I've got to tell you!"

Mrs. Ladd was a tiny woman. Somehow she'd never seemed to grow as big as her eyes, and she dreamed dreams of her son Alan. She wasn't nearly as surprised as he thought she'd be.

Thirteen years before, in Hot Springs, Arkansas, Alan's Mom had looked at her son with something that was mixed of great interest. The family was a poor one but her son would make his own advantages—and they would be big ones. When Alan was eight and the family fortunes were on the negative side, they'd trekked West.

It had taken them three weeks to make the trip to California. It hadn't been all milk and honey. The Valley held their third move in the interest of comfort; at first they had lived in Alhambra and then in Hollywood. The Hollywood house backed up to the Paramount Studios and sometimes young Alan was successful in hauling his patched trousers and scuffed shoes over the high fence to watch the actors at work on a sound stage. It didn't last long until some studio employee spied him and chased him off the lot, he'd been a little sorry when they'd moved "out in the country. He'd forgotten all that when he'd seconded his Dad in a pool. And now, here he was, listening to Mom tell her husband the news that evening:

"—and I wouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be one of the best swimmers in the Valley one day."

Alan's stepfather was a man given neither to scoffing nor to swallowing such enthusiasm whole. The kid was a little young to have been said to move mountains, maybe it could also grow muscles. Meantime, coach Swendson was applying his belief in a more practical manner, "You're going to be pretty busy—" proved to be an understatement. Six days a week, after school until suppertime, he kept the kid in the tank. A merciless schedule which left no time for any other usual boys' activities.

"What now, but you're beginning to fill out your clothes—" said Mom.

"Maybe you're just water soaked—"

Such spare time as he had, Alan spent swimming in the garage at home. "Dry" swimming in the sand which filled in between the hard ground and the raised wooden floor of the building. A better breast-stroke resulted—other gradual developments consisting of a bulge in the garage's floor-planks and a warp in their landlord's dispositions. Most Spartan of all his training efforts was the two-plank arrangement he took to bed with him at night. Two-by-four strips, under each leg from knee to foot, the foot tied down flat. Breaking down the arch so that the foot has a perfect point from heel to toe is a painful process. Swendson wasn't better say. The kid reminded himself of the coach's words: "You're good, now—but what you're going to be is great.

It was too hard, except explaining to the fellows at high school why he couldn't go out for track or football or any of the other school games. For a freshman, who traditionally feels he is in no man's world, this was more than suffocating, and sometimes, when he was out of it, it was a little bitter. "S'matter, Prosh, no school spirit?" his superiors, the Sophs, would ask (Continued on page 84)

Turn to Page 99 for the New Clothes Modeled by the Stars
"Red Majesty is terrific!"

says: MRS. RONALD COLMAN

World's Newest Shade!
No wonder this new queen of the reds—Tangee Red Majesty—is a sensation in New York and Hollywood. It's that rarest shade of all—a truly royal red. And you'll love what it does for your lips!

1947's Smartest Case!
Last word in post-war beauty! Gleaming brass—exquisitely etched. A simple twist of its swivel base and up comes your Red Majesty.

America's Top-rated Lipstick!
In a recent test of 27 leading lipsticks (conducted by a group of impartial experts) Tangee Satin-Finish lipstick was rated No. 1...receiving particularly high marks for "staying power" and ease of application.

PRESENTED IN:
- RED MAJESTY
- RED-RED
- GAY-RED
- THEATRICAL RED
- MEDIUM-RED
- NATURAL

USE Tangee...
AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE
What spoon would you choose? 
Surely the one with these

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (tax free)

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STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE

To Enhance the Beauty of Your Future Home

The magnificent styling of a West Branch Cedar Hope Chest will lend distinction to your future home. Meticulously made, its spacious interior and completely mothproof construction will safeguard your fine woolens, linens and those treasured little things that you associate with your fondest dreams.

West Branch
CEDAR HOPE CHEST
The Present with a Future

Ten Cents A Chance

A chance to help lick infantile paralysis. Start your dimes rolling in the Health Parade by sending your donations now to your local county chapter of the March of Dimes

MARCH OF DILES
JANUARY 15-30
As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. Ovaltine is standardized. Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals.

You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You know that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk always gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be sure that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you all the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—in food.

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as you are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.
Step into her heart forever

Give her a LANE this Valentine's Day

Roses Are Red...Violets Are Blue
...Lane Cedar Hope Chest for Your Love So True!

Give love's own Valentine. Give her a Lane Cedar Hope Chest, and in the giving, find love's complete happiness for yourself. Lane is the symbol of everlasting love, sanctuary of her trousseau treasures—truly the gift that starts the home. Step into her heart forever . . . this Valentine's Day. Select her very own Lane from the many beautiful styles available at a wide range of prices.

The Only Tested AROMA-TIGHT Chest in the World

More than a Hope Chest, Lane is the only chest that has all these guaranteed Moth Protection features:
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THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

No. 2129. Center panel is four-piece matched American Walnut stump, side panels of matched New Guinea, border of cross-grained Zebra wood. Waterfall top and front base rail of matched Oriental wood. Has Lane patented Automatic Tray.

$49.50


LANE Cedar

HOPE CHEST

The Gift That Starts the Home


In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

Prices subject to change without notice, or by OFA Ratings.
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 76) begging her every night to go out with them. Of course, she would be broken hearted if I took her away and I hate to change schools in her senior year. I am afraid that I know that housing is simply impossible anywhere and no matter where we went she would soon make hosts of friends.

(Mrs.) Edwin M.

You might approach the problem in this way: You might explain to her that because she appeals to so many people she has an excellent probability of finding housing, if she herself does not spoil it. One can have a good time only when one is in excellent health. Any doctor will tell her that she is jeopardizing her health in the future by not getting enough rest.

I imagine that she is an attractive girl so you might further appeal to her through her vanity. It is a well known fact in Hollywood that an actress, to be her best before the camera, must have ample sleep. While I am making a picture I plan to be in bed no later than nine o’clock every night.

I do hope that by gentle means, and without making too important an issue of it, you can encourage your daughter to spread her good times over a longer period. Certainly you could delay changing your residence, since I am sure the problem can be solved by far less drastic means.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a man of thirty-six. Twelve years ago I married for the first time. For two years we were very happy until my wife was suspected to double for a movie star in an adventure picture.

After three weeks of this exciting life she changed completely. My small salary as proof-reader simply was not enough to keep her happy. She left me and three years later I agreed to a divorce. I was awarded custody of our daughter who was taken by my mother to be reared.

While I was carrying a torch for my wife I met a very nice girl who was my steady companion for two years. Because of my previous failure I was disinclined to marry again but, upon the insistence of this girl who was sure she could bring us both happiness, I agreed to marry.

For five years we were very happy and were blessed with a son, who is now four. Three months ago I noticed a change in my wife. She became very cool to me and, upon questioning, I learned that she believed herself to be in love with another man. Naturally I was heartbroken. After talking all night, during which discussion she cried incessantly, we decided to work out our problem together. She agreed never again to see this man and insisted that she loved me but had somehow grown confused in her thinking. I have agreed to start over with her and I am trying to go on as if nothing had happened, but the past is in my mind constantly.

I have thought of divorcing her and getting a housekeeper to care for my son. Certainly I can’t burden my mother with a second child to rear.

Kline L. C.

Your experience has been unfortunate, of that there is no doubt, but nulling over these things will not change them, and looking back will only bring you grief.

In your town I am sure there is a wise benevolent family doctor. I believe it would be a good idea for you to discuss your household life with him, and in preserving your happiness. It may be that he will also wish to talk to your wife. Or if you feel too complex for your doctor, pick a good psychiatrist and both of you go to him.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of nineteen whose life has been especially happy until now.

Six months ago I met a very nice, clean-cut boy at one of our church dances. Since that time we have seen one another several times a week and we have fallen in love. Our parents are what we call our guardians of our friendship. When this boy asked me to marry him and asked my parents’ consent, they gave it gladly because they liked him, but they added that he should know that I was an adopted child.

This made absolutely no difference to either of us, but when we told his parents their feeling toward me changed and they suggested girls under my engagement.

Because of the persuasion of his parents this boy is now in doubt about our future. He has suggested that we break our engagement but continue to be friends. This I think anyسوداء my taste because I feel that if he really loved me it would make no difference whether I was an adopted child or not.

Diana J.
The undersides of beautiful hair grow with rich, radiant color: fleeting, brilliant flashes shimmer in the high lights. Its tresses are so soft, silky, snarlless and easily arranged. People say, "Oh! What lovely hair! Isn't it beautiful!"

If that's the kind of hair you want, you can have it—today! But you will have to do something more than just wishing and shampooing to get it.

The right shade of Golden Glint will set free the true beauty of your hair as silver polish reveals the true luster of silver or as baling brings out the true whiteness of linen. Golden Glint rinses come in 12 shades. They are harmless, quick and easily removed. Why not have beautiful hair today?

Get a 10c or 25c package now from variety or drug store.

So Easy to Have Lovely Hair

GOLDEN GLINT

Hair Rinse
12 Shades

Luxor HAND CREAM

Luxor contains Carbamide, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands look red, feel rough!

The only thing to do is to accept the ruling of this boy's parents. I agree with you that if he loved you sincerely—and if he were a resourceful type of human being—he would stand by you and would find some way of persuading his parents that they were wrong in their viewpoint.

It would be wise to face this fact now: That if in the first emergency lives this boy is guided by his parents instead of having confidence in his own judgment, the many emergencies which arise in marriage would probably be solved by his parents and not by the two of you as a partnership.

At nineteen I strongly suspect that you, yourself, are somewhat too young for marriage. The 

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirteen years old and I am terribly unhappy at home.

For one thing, I hate the town in which we are now living. I have talked to my mother about moving to somewhere else, but she simply tells me to be contented, that this is the best place for us now.

Another thing: Since my mother married the second time she has been devoting all her time to my stepfather. She cooks his favorite dishes and talks to him at table and goes to the movies with him at night. She seldom pays any attention to me. When I interrupt and try to tell her something about my school work she scarcely pays any attention to me.

I have seriously thought of running away. Do you think that would help the situation, or that it would bring my mother to her senses?

Dear Miss Colbert: Four and a half years ago, when I was sixteen, I was introduced to a sailor named Bob. Because I was so young at the time, my mother did not permit me to go out alone with Bob, but he was frequently invited to our home and sometimes we went out with a group of neighborhood boys and girls.

After two years overseas he was returned to this country and stationed not far from our home. We saw each other fairly often—but never on a real date—and then he was once again sent overseas.

It has been a year since I have seen him, and I now realize that I am very deeply in love with him. He writes rather often, but has never said more than that he thinks me the most respectable girl he

has ever met. He has given me many nice presents but he has never said that he loved me or even liked me.

My girl friends tell me that I should give him some encouragement. They say that unless I let him know how much I think of him, I may lose him altogether.

Bernice V.

If you are wise you will ignore your over-eager girl friends' advice.

Although you are almost twenty-one, I think and oppose me whenever I try to discuss my future. Needless to say, she was born and reared in the old country and tells me that it is foolish to waste money on a girl's education, as the girl simply gets married.

Miss Colbert, can you suggest any way to win her over to my viewpoint?

Marlowe E.

I am certain that your mother truly believes she is acting for your best interests. It is true that the conscientious practice of medicine takes a severe toll of the health of even the strongest man.

However, I cannot agree with her that giving a girl any type of education she desires is a waste of money. Even though a girl's education is completed, the investment is by no means without return.

I think you might get your mother to read the story of Madame Curie which should point out to her the value that the world may derive from the skill of a dedicated woman. I do hope that if you have a true vocation you'll be able to secure medical training.

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, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, 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.
College girls learn something
NOT IN THE BOOKS!

IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS—
99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something not in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here’s the story...

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—Free-Stride Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren’t told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported no chafing with Free-Stride Modess.

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges!

Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton helps create an "absorption control." This acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don’t chafe!

So safe, too! Every Free-Stride Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—Modess is silhouette-proof!

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. Free-Stride Modess is on sale everywhere.

Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-Stride Modess!
Here Comes Como

(Continued from page 78) he said, “let me tell you a swell thing Bing did. When we arrived out here we were worried about what boy would go to school. We were told about St. John’s, where the Crosby kids go, but there was a long waiting list. We started trying to think of who, if anybody, we knew that might be able to help. You have probably guessed. Father Crosby came to the rescue. The Junior Como is going to school at St. John’s. I hope that in the picture, “If I’m Lucky” Como has just made he got direction and material known as “the breaks.” Certainly it’s up to them to photograph him as he really looks. That guy at the piano in “Doll Face” singing “Here Comes Heaven Again” bore slight resemblance to the smooth olive-skinned, pearly-toothed and physically fit number I had lunch with the other day.

He was most enthusiastic about his co-workers. “It was like old home week,” he said. “Vivian Blaine, Carmen Miranda, Phil Silvers—I’ve played with all of them before—wonderful gang!” Then there was Harry James. —a great guy.

Como is, in fact, enthusiastic about most things. Everyone who comes up the hard way is. When you see some character who apparently has leaped to the heights over night, you can be pretty sure it was a long night, beat with heartaches and disappointments.

We eventually got back to Catalina, magic isle on Hollywood’s hip. “What fun we used to have there!” Como sighed.

“We want to get over there before we go back East,” he continued. “I saw a lifeguard I knew over there at my broadcast last week. He says it’s still swell. I want to go over again with Roselle.”

“What’s your wife’s name?” I wanted to hear him say it again.

“Roselle!”

He might have been singing his famous “I’m Just a Prisoner of Love.” The same caressing words, the tone.

“Lovely name,” I said.

“She’s lovely,” he answered. “I’ve known her ever since she was a kid.”

I asked how she passed the time out here. He sort of swept the days aside. Well, she likes to cook my dinners as often as possible. It’s pretty nice when you come in after a tough day to have the things you like best, cooked the way you like them cooked.

“Are you happy here in California?” I asked furtively. (They hide the Chamber of Commerce spies everywhere out here.)

“I mean, are you quite comfortable at The Garden of Allah?”

Yes, that’s where he lives, Como-addicts! Imagine the combination of Como and the Garden of Allah. Imagine it, but don’t forget that Roselle is there cooking the things he likes best. Just settle down with you seated in “Heavens Hubba!” His version of the birth of the super-sensational “Hubba! Hubba!” is amusing. The song was sort of sneaked into the film “Doll Face” and when the higher-ups learned that the best ballad-singer in years (Como says it) was giving out with Licks, Jive, Digs and other odd things which Webster doesn’t list, they raised quite an “odor-rooney.” That’s modern Gaillard, in case you’re not “Hep,” and Gaillard is the Sire of Cement Mixer, if you’re still lagging. Furthermore, if you haven’t “Doug” Slim Gaillard and his Co-Nuts, you not only haven’t lived, you aren’t born yet.

When we were saying goodbye I asked where he did his supper Club broadcasts from.

“Down in Hollywood,” he said. “Why? Would you like to come to one?”

My “yes!” was clear and emphatic.

I got there well ahead of time. Never having heard any squeals or swoon sounds when listening to his shows, I wanted to see what Como was all about. I hasten to break the news—they are just plain folks, old, young, smart, dowdy. In fact, seated between one bright-eyed “teener” and a local version of Whistler’s Mother. I felt as if I were witnessing some high school entertainment.

During the “warm-up,” Como talked to us. In my world-wide wanderings I have never seen more savoir-faire and effortless charm. He sang one number facing us, but when the show went on the air, he gave us the profile. No playing to those present—the Como’s too canny to risk the great unseen public hearing sounds they don’t understand, as many radio big shots do. Nothing upsets his permanent poise, and when I tell you that his guest star was Spike Jones complete with sound equipment, you know it’s “the poise that impresses.” He sang “Laura” as sincerely and caressingly as if Gene Tierney herself had been holding his hand instead of Spike Jones beating the washboard while he was made every sound allowed on the air.

I didn’t even hear them, I was too fascinated by Como at the mike. The way he handles it!

If I were Roselle I would be a bit green eyed. He moves in close as if to imprint a butterfly kiss, then draws back, seemingly lost in admiration.

When the camera catches his extreme good looks as well as “that voice” on the sound track, you can be sure Como will have you in a coma.

THE Bells ARE RINGING

For Bing

For the third time winner of Photoplay’s Gold Medal Award!

Photoplay Rings the Bell

with Crosby’s up-to-the-minute story and his portrait on the cover

Both In March Photoplay
Blueprint for Beauty

(Continued from page 71) church, to planning daily menus.

And, instead of being afraid of life, Loretta, I would say, welcomes change.
She'll never have a face like a bowl of blan de mange. That is only the fate of women who refuse to allow their minds to stretch.

And, three cheers! Loretta makes no breathless attempt to maintain perpetual adolescence. She deplores the widespread practice of women dressing like ingénues. Whereupon, of course, they neither achieve ingénue beauty nor capture the beauty of their own age. Loretta, who came to work in pictures when she was fourteen and who is now thirty-three, looks like and thinks like and likes to be a woman.

To return to consideration of our personal architecture, once we’re satisfied our foundation is all it should be, we do well to make certain the lines of our house are good. They won’t be unless we eliminate fattening foods from our diet. And unless we watch, with an eagle eye, those sections of our anatomy most likely to get out of line, waist and hips and thighs especially. Hollywood, incidentally, has a miracle working exercise to keep these sections under control, as simple as it’s wonderful:

Lie on the floor. Keep your knees up. Have your feet a few inches from the floor. Anchor your shoulders to the floor. Stretch out your arms. Now then, turn your hips to the left. Turn your hips to the right. Touch your knees to the floor with every turn.

Repeat. And repeat. And repeat.

A second Hollywood exercise should be noted—and practiced—by those whose nest muscles aren’t as strong as they should be; in other words not strong enough to keep the bosom high. There’s only one trick to this exercise. You have to be faithful to it, day after day after day.

Stand erect. Have your feet together and your arms relaxed at your sides. Swing your arms up and down in one quick movement. Do this rapidly for three and four minutes at a time.

If your hips incline to spread be careful how you seat yourself. Place your body well into your chair with your back against the chair back. Sit erect. No slouching or leg crossing is allowed.

Also, above all, remember posture. If you do not have a full-length triple mirror at home check your posture by your reflection in shop windows. Don’t breathe in quickly before you steal a look. Try to catch a glimpse of yourself unawares. Then watch how your appearance improves as you tense those muscles in back of your hips, raise and straighten your shoulders and lift your chin.

Above all, feet are important to posture. If our feet are not comfortable we are loathe to place the weight of our bodies full upon them. So we move as erratically as Mexican jumping beans and hold our bodies on a line that resembles nothing more human than the Tower of Pisa. Beware, therefore, of any misguided effort toward loveliness that involves forcing your feet into shoes that do not fit you properly.

Some feet are difficult to fit. And not all of us can have custom-made shoes. We can, however, try out tricks . . . metatarsal pads, arch supporters, extra lifts on the heels, small pads that fit against the side of the foot to relieve the pressure on a tender toe.

As everyone knows such things as corns, ingrown nails, bunions and deep calluses are matters for a chiropodist. Callus spots, however, will respond to olive oil massage and a pumice stone rub if you’re faithful to these things and take care of the callus in time.

Tired achy feet need not and should not be tolerated. Bathe them nightly in warm water to which a little table salt has been added. This not only will relieve the discomfiture immediately, it will also help to counteract the tendency to swell.

Don’t stop there, however. Walk in your bare feet. And, walking barefooted, walk on tiptoe.

Do this for five minutes every day. This, you’ll find, will strengthen both the muscles of your feet and your instep.

Feet that hurt can destroy more than posture, actually. They create frown . . . They trace lines between the nose and mouth . . .

Which brings me to a wonderful remedy for facial lines. After using a good cream to stimulate your tissues by kneading your face. To do this, hold fingers of both hands apart and curved. Lift your skin between fingers and thumb and then let it go. Do this over and over.

Day by day be a good architect. Day by day plan intelligently and observe religiously the specifications of the house you’re going to live in all your life. Like Loretta Young, my shining example of a woman who exceeds her God-given beauty because she has beauty specifications and abides by them, grow in beauty as you grow in days.

The End

The Flavor's All Yours... when you smoke PHILIP MORRIS!

CLEAN, FRESH, PURE America's FINEST Cigarette!

An important difference in PHILIP MORRIS manufacture lets the FULL FLAVOR of the world's finest tobaccos come through for your complete enjoyment—clean, fresh, pure!

That's why the flavor's ALL yours!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

ALWAYS BETTER... BETTER ALL WAYS
Mademoiselle La Chandelier

(Continued from page 57) nickname apt enough to stick. And even those stars who might have felt competitive laughed in agreement.

She both looks and acts like a great glamour queen. When I met her, a big black hat with painful little gold frame for her intense face and great eyes. On the shoulder of her black Adrian gown, so simple that it wasn't simple at all, she wore her famous clip of star sapphire and diamondonds. She moved with great authority. She spoke in the same throaty tones and with the same fine diction that mark her on the screen. Even her least gestures, her flared-out sleeves, revealing a companion star sapphire ring of great size, had import and finesse.

"Bless her for being a real movie queen," I thought: "for daring to be colorful." Frankly, I am a little weary of the current vogue for stars to essay all the conservatism of successful business executives or elegant young matron. Women like Joan Crawford, who see to it that they move in an aura of beauty, who are theatrical, if you will, give a fillip.

I'm BEING the woman she is, Joan is true to the same deep instincts which, when she was a little girl, sent her running off into a dream world as escape from the mediocrec existence she knew as the daughter of a poverty-stricken Missouri. She's never been willing to accept a life that was less than her vision of what life could and should be.

Those mitre-like floor-length black gloves, revealing a companion star sapphire ring of great size, had import and finesse.

That was enough. She has, through the years, known more hurt and criticism than most women have dreamed of. She's been rejected and determined, and intense. And because, from the time she was very young, she insisted upon a luxury too few men or women possess, the very act of allowing her heart to guide her speech, without fear of being ridiculed and misunderstood.

She's been both, of course.

When she first bought this Brentwood house, just a simple house, and married her beloved Douglas Fairbanks Jr., it wasn't as it is now. I remember it, a Spanish-Moorish affair covered with mustard colored stucco. It was a small house for just about the same time she began her personal transformation from a naive, unlettered hey-hey girl into a well informed and gracious lady.

At this time, reporters, more concerned in getting a provocative story than in understanding Joan's metamorphosis, taxed her with saying one thing one time and another another time.

A lesser person than Joan would have been chagrined at this charge, fear they had been found vulnerable. But Joan, with only her vehemence bespeaking her sincerity, insisted that she had been insecure, and wanted to change! Who wants to stand still? You can't stand still and grow!

At the time I was sure this incident reflected the very essence of the Crawford personality. Now I know it did.

Speaking of Douglas Fairbanks, I showed him and his wife, Mary Lee, a print of "Humoresque" the other evening. Both of them have for some time been beautiful, only more beautiful.

"They are so unhappy, so sorry . . ." they said. And Douglas added, "She's a great girl, a wonderful person!"

"You ought to know," I told him. "You were with her when she began."

BRANCHOT TONE was Joan's second husband. Then came Philip Terry. The rumors that she next will marry Greg Bautzer have for some time now been on again, off again. Whether or not they will marry is anyone's guess. Bautzer, who is handsome, who dances divinely and has all the social graces, is a perfect complement to Joan. Both are temperamental, quarrels flare high and reconciliations flare high, too. This, Joan and Bautzer, romantic, excitement-loving people, thoroughly enjoy life, and which is, love her to the bone. She is domestic, her love for her home and her children is great. And she has a great urge towards beauty and self-improvement. That was one side of her that she might not become Mrs. Bautzer.

She hasn't been too happy in her marriages because they have not—and probably will not—sustained the ideal she has of a home. She needed a home, and she knew it. It would not, in all honesty, be easy to love Joan or to live with her unless she has the same dreams and the same ideal of life as those she drives. She drives are usually great tomatoes who want for their wives women whose individual performances are confined solely to creating a home and family and social relationships.

Joan hasn't been too happy in her marriages, I said. I might go further, I doubt that Joan is truly happy, for the simple reason that business usually isn't given to great artists, men or women. Always they search for something they never find. But if their search doesn't yield day-by-day happiness it brings them the joy of accomplishment, the fruits of success and to the women, the fulfillment of the ambition.

At Joan's house that day, after our sight-seeing tour, we visited for a little while with Christina, who had finished her M-G-M picture. Joan is the adopted child, Christopher. Christina is seven and Christopher is four. They are delightful children who reflect the environment and training Joan has given them. In fact, even Mr. Florell, the director, who is a bit of a pelligrinian, they adore her as they would adore a beautiful fairy princess come to life. Christina and Joan must try on the new dresses, too. Christine wears picked flowers and plumes which the famous Walter Florell whipped up for them as an Easter surprise. And after Joan and I had settled ourselves in her chartreuse and gray and brown bar for tea and talk, Christopher must come to the stair landing, grin, and call "Hi!" and then scampers back to his room.

"It's always a joy when children misbehave," a little joke, I say. "It lets you know they're healthy!"

We talked of "Possessed," her next picture. In it she plays a girl suffering from a rare neurosis: she's reminding as if she's been sitting in the observation room of Los Angeles hospital observing patients suffering this mental illness. She had, I know—although she did not say my arrangements for the time—had been removed to a private hospital where she could know the greatest physical comfort. She began to tell me how those who suffer from it—she says—do things like: "They are so unhappy, so sorry..."

Then before she knew it or I knew it she was impersonating one of these patients for me. She was that patient.

"If you play a patient like that," I told Joan, "you'll win another Oscar to stand guard on the other side of that bar.

I wonder. I've thought and thought about it," she said, her tears dark with her uncertainty. "But I'm afraid if I did it like that—as nearly the way those people act as possible—it would be too much, seem theatrical and overdone, and perhaps I'm not that good at it."

Constant telephone calls, from producers and agents in California, from business associates in New York, interrupted us that day. Joan was uncharacteristically busy as she said: You have no time to put things off. And always she was gracious. She is not given to prima donna airs. She lacks the inclination as well as the time for them. When she comes on the set her attitude towards the grips and electricians is identical with her attitude towards her cameraman or director: "Well, boys—what do you want me to do?" She has no desire for sympathy. But she can kick up plenty if anybody tries to sit on her hat.

Her frankness, incidentally, doesn't even extend to Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M. At a recent Sonja Henie party at Ciro's Louis B., bored, waiting for dinner to be announced, sat down and ordered his own dinner. Joan, coming upon him eating a bit of the salad, "Oh, did you get that way?"

So I give you Joan Crawford, my Mademoiselle La Chandelier, who looks like a Madeleine, lives like a Grecian, works and acts like one, except in her human relationships. There she's as friendly and honest as an open hand.

The End
The Parks Story

(Continued from page 68) that she didn't have to play a matinee together. And seven nights in a row Larry watched her on stage from out front."

"You mean," said the columnist, amazed, "that you let Parks marry Garrett before he made a hit as Jolson? You mean you didn't publicize this romance of how a couple of unknowns married and then both scored sensational hits?"

"LOOK, is there anything else you want to know about Parks?" asked Producer Skolsky, not too patiently.

"Yes, tell me how he was able to give such a fine portrayal of Jolson, actually making you believe that he was singing; giving the impression that he was Jolson."

"A very remarkable fellow, this Parks," the producer said. "He would come on the recording stage when Jolson was recording the songs and would merely stand there and watch Jolson. He would never say a word or ask a question. He would even take a record home and work on it. He's a worker. Also he and Jolson were inseparable while he was preparing for the part and playing it. They went to ball games, shows, races and fights together. Jolson talked of all the high spots in his life until Larry had a real feeling for the old Winter Garden days and other incidents famous in the Jolson career. And, listening intently, Larry absorbed Jolson's mannerisms and inflections along with the stories Al told him."

"When Larry came on the set he knew every Jolson gesture and every inflection of the Jolson voice. That's why he was able to do the greatest job of dubbing that was ever done in a picture. Why, when Jolson looked at the early rushes of the picture, he remarked, 'If I didn't know I had done the singing I would be fooled and believe it was Larry singing.' There couldn't be a finer compliment than that."

"Please stop writing my story for me," said the columnist. "Just give me the facts. During the filming of the picture, for instance, did you have to give Parks any counsel, any advice?"

"Well, we found out that the way Larry studied a song was the way he'd have to do it in front of the camera. Because he used to study the songs, wearing the white gloves that are part of the Jolson attire, he couldn't do a song unless he wore the white gloves. Therefore, it became necessary to tell him in advance what songs were to be sung without gloves. Also, one day Larry had a cold and his voice was hoarse. He couldn't, he insisted, do the song to the Jolson playback singing record because his--Larry--voice wasn't so good. We were amused by this, but we didn't film the song that day. As for advice and counsel--no, never had to say a word to Larry. Larry never had to try and guide him. He always knew..."

"There's just one more thing I want to know about Parks," said Skolsky, the columnist.

"Wait, don't tell me, let me guess," said Skolsky, the producer. "Here it is: Larry Parks sleeps in a large, double bed and wears pajamas, both the trousers and the jacket."

"Just like you!" said Skolsky, the producer, to Skolsky, the columnist. And vice versa.

The End

Turn to Page 99 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color

The Good Provider

Bye, baby bunting.
Daddy's gone a-hunting.
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's back from hunting,
He landed 'baby' modern swag.
He has Fels-Naptha 'in the bag.'

Even if a man can't manage mink these days, he might do a fair job just keeping 'the little woman' in Fels-Naptha.

To a housekeeper faced with a big wash this grand laundry soap is almost priceless.

There's magic in the simple word naptha—when it's blended with good mild soap, the Fels way. Magic that makes dirt do a disappearing act—that makes your washing machine a 'quick change' performer.

When buying laundry soap means hunting instead of shopping—Fels-Naptha is the prize 'catch.'

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Be My Valentine

(Continued from page 53) and it was those same violets and bovardia she was a-carryin' when she promised to be his life-long Valentine.

Ronnie Reagan, on the other hand, is doing his combing for red and white roses. Each year he sends Jane a nosegay of them with a card saying, "Happy, Happy Valentine's Day... From Me." This began the first Valentine's Day after they were married. Last year threatened to be a very unhappy one. When they got home from the studio the nosegay hadn't arrived. Which worried Reagan. And Janie, who had completely forgotten the date, was feeling unusually low. It had been one of those days when life piles everything up crosswise. "Good grief—what a day," she said tiredly, dropping into a chair. About that time a delivery truck drove up and the doorbell rang. "Now what!" she said, getting up to answer it. Ronnie grinned. Jane took the package and pulled out the familiar red and white bouquet. "Well—what do you know! It's Valentine's!" She looked at her husband affectionately and both started laughing. Jane bounced back to normal.

After much thought, Dick Haymes, who usually plies his lovely Joanne with jewels, decided to surprise her with the oversized bed she'd been waiting for her bedroom in their new English manor home. Joanne, a very restless sleeper, tosses herself clockwise around a bed. She'd been wishing for months for one of those big custom-made beds to toss in. So, for Valentine's, Dick ordered her an eight-foot nocturnal beauty made up. A bed for a queen. Or queens. Then Joanne left town on a two-months' movie location trip the day before it was to be installed.

Betty Hutton's favorite Valentines are diamond earrings Ted Briskin gave her when they were in Chicago on a business trip last year. She spotted the earrings while window-shopping around some Loop jewelry stores to kill time... it says here. Also while looking for some diamond earrings. Later on she mentioned them to her husband in a casually pointed way, careful to add the name of the store, the postal zone number and the fact that it was even then approaching St. Valentine's. "If you want to surprise me, get them, darling," she suggested. The next night Ted came back to the hotel bearing a very fancy package. "Some surprise," he grinned. "Especially since you said you'd take them and had put them away with your name on them."

Johnnie Johnston's present for the queen of his heart is a gold pin shot with a ruby arrow. Dark, vivacious Kathryn Grayson and her blond Johnnie are one of Cupid's cutest current couples. Make a bet they'll be singing to each other, "The Song Is You," the song that introduced them when they met to rehearse it for "Till the Clouds Roll By" at M-G-M.

A NOTHER romantic pair are John Lund, who scored in Paramount's "To Each His Own," and his brunchie Marie, who get in some sentimental reminiscing of their own each Valentine's night, while John usually slowly eats, one by one, the heart-shaped box of chocolates he bought her on the way home. He admits to being one of those husbands who are sometimes slow about remembering special days and sometimes bring in presents with the price tags still warm. Which detracts nothing from the sentiment of the occasion for John and Marie. Their love-when-they-were-back to one Valentine's Day when they were first married, when they were being featured together on Broadway in "New Faces of 1943." There wasn't any matinee that day and the Lunds went down to the Battery, browsed romantically around the Aquarium, caught a fast saucich in a restaurant nearby and invested two nickels on the Staten Island Ferry for a boat ride.

Last Valentine's Day Dick Powell was in the hospital with influenza. June Allyson, hoping to cheer him up, wrapped three immense packages in fancy red and white paper and took them to him. In one box was a book on how to build airplanes, in another a book on how to destroy airplanes and after much unwrapping the third box disclosed a specimen of Dick's favorite fruit—one lonely grape.

Mark Stevens always gives his wife, Annelle, toy stuffed animals on special days like this. But one Valentine's Day, when Mrs. Stevens was in the hospital for an emergency operation, the nurses got all excited when they saw a large box came for her. They didn't know whether to give it to her or not. They were afraid it would excite her too much. Finally after much consultation they bought the box into the room. When she opened it, out sprang a giant rabbit with long pink ears.

Speaking of surprises, you can bet that Gloria Agar, following a string of sending suitue outfits come Valentine's—for sentimental reasons. John Payne gave it to her the year they were married. Gloria had been wanting a suitue coat, but Johnny told her they shouldn't get it. What will they do with their just getting married, his just getting back from the Army, the new house, etc. "We'll have to wait until we catch up a bit, honey," he said. Gloria said that was all right. She'd wait a year or ten. Meanwhile John went out to Voris Suede Shop on the Sunset Strip, picked out a luscious orchid shade of suitue for a coat, hat, gloves and handbag and selected the styles to make them up in, had one of the salesgirls who was Gloria's size fit them and walked into the house on Valentine eve to let the whole family see her ready to go.

Cupid goes culinary in a big way this Valentine's Day, from sentimental occasions, Shirley Temple Agar whips up her top specialities like Jack's famous cherry ice cream and a chocolate cake roll. "They're very good," says her handsome husband authoritatively. You ask him how to spell Stroganoff. "I don't spell it. Stroganoff?" he passes on. "I just season it," she says pertly.

"She makes good French hash too," goes on Jack. "Valentine's a sort of special to her. Sometimes she puts so much into it that people put too much into French hash."

"Last Valentine's Day Jack gave me a bottle of my favorite perfume and a big kiss," she remembers. Jack says she gave her the perfume with a nice card saying, "Here it is, Red. Happy Valentine." She likes to get red roses. "But I don't particularly go for candy," she says. To which Jack says agreeably, "No, she doesn't. That is, unless you count chocolates and bars with almonds in it.

Although St. Valentine's Day isn't observed in Maria Monte's native Santa Domingo, she personally observed it with a big bang last year in Hollywood by giving birth to her baby, Maria Christina. And Cupid was confronted with astrological complications no bow and arrow could fix

The doctors had said that Maria's baby should be born on the 12th, but Carroll Ryder, noted astrologist, said the stars indicated it should be born on the 14th. Then the baby's Venus, Sun and Mercury were all in Leo and, Maria Monte, being in the warm magnetic sign of Leo, was good. On the other hand, on the 12th her Moon would be in Cancer. And furthermore, she must be born in the morning, instead of the evening, to give her the power of the morning sun.

A Caesarean birth. Maria Christina arrived in ordered last February 14 at 8:23 A.M. A little later, Jean Pierre, who'd been pacing up and down, looked through the glass in the maternity ward to see what Cupid and the stars had decreed.

And there she lay, the dainty little queen of their hearts.

THE END
To brighten your smile . . . a merry lipstick shade that's alive with the wonderful red of the berries that gladden English thickets . . . aglow with the young, fresh look that's the essence of an "English Complexion." With it, you'll want an undertone of Yardley Make-up Base to "Color-light" your skin and a touch of matching Cream Rouge in Holly Red.
And to perfect your look of dewy freshness there are eight flattering shades of soft, silken "English Complexion" Powder lastingly perfumed with "Bond Street." Lipstick comes in a distinctive embossed case.
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Even after the first time you use Kreml Shampoo—notice how much softer and silkiest your hair is—how it glows with lovely highlights and radiance you didn't dream possible.

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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

(Pauline's present: Betty Hutton in the new "The Perils of Pauline")

(Editors' Note: "The Perils of Pauline," which you'll be seeing soon, was a sensational serial back in 1914. So we thought you'd be interested in what this reader has to say about his own experiences with movie-making in that early era.)

In 1914 I was a freshman at Cornell. Located on the edge of Lake Cayuga in that beautiful upstate New York region was a branch of the Pathé Studios where such people as Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Pearl White, Irene Castle and others were busily turning out screen epics under the direction of the Wharton Brothers.

I was supposed to be trying out for the Cornell freshman baseball team, but my path to the field led me past the studio. Suffice it to say my terrific interest in motion-picture production always won out in the battle of baseball vs. Pathé freres.

As a consequence, I persuaded the Whartons that I was precisely the answer to their need for an extra actor. Until the studio was closed down a year or two later most of my leisure time was spent contributing in some extremely small measure to the production of "The Perils of Pauline," "The Exploits of Elaine" and other choice serial morsels of the day.

In going through some old papers the other day I came across a snapshot that I had taken of Pearl White, Lionel Barrymore and Creighton Hale sitting outside the studio yard between shots of "Perils of Pauline." (See above.) At the time Barrymore was playing the villain in the picture and Creighton Hale was the hero. I thought it might have some interest for Photoplay. Sincerely, H. W. ROEN.
"Fingertips are color accents, too," says sparkling Sylvia MacNeill. "So I have six of the eighteen fashion-right Dura-Gloss shades on my dressing table ready to complement whatever frock I choose. Give your fingertips this added loveliness, too! Whisking away the old and brushing on harmonizing Dura-Gloss takes less time than renewing facial make-up... brings you the bright new magic of fingertips keyed to the occasion, your frock, your mood!"

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---

June Lockhart's nursery was the wings of the Broadway theater where her parents, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, were playing. At eight she danced in the Metropolitan production of "Peter Ibbetson." After that, until recently when she was graduated from Westlake School for Girls in Hollywood, she retired periodically from the screen in favor of the schoolroom.

Be a joy to the stag line in this Justin McCarty suit with its _new lower neck-line_ and its _flirtatious plaid bow_. Of American Woolen Co.'s 100% flannel. Also in grape, gray, aqua or green. Sizes 7-15. Around $35.00 at Famous Barr, St. Louis, Mo., and F & R Lazarus, Columbus, O.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 108.
Undercover Prints

which will come out on top when spring is here

June, one of the popular members of the younger set of Beverly Hills where she lives with her parents, has dark gold hair and dark blue eyes, stands 5' 4½" and weighs 115 pounds. You'll see her next in the Eagle Lion production, "It's a Joke, Son!"
A sophisticated print by Dartford Deb that swathes the hips and ties in a soft hip bow. Brown or black background prints by Hess Goldsmith. Sizes 7-15. About $15.00 at Maas Bros., Tampa, Fla., and Dey Bros., Syracuse, N. Y.
For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 108.

Black chrysanthemums printed on Mallinson’s crepe of dusty rose, chamois or dusty aqua and a square neckline that ties in bows combine to make this McKettrick dress flattering and distinctive. Sizes 12-20. About $8.30 at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans, La., and Sterns, New York, N. Y.
They're comparing Audrey Totter to the late Carole Lombard on the Metro lot these days. Her stock soared with projection-room showings of her two new pictures, "The Beginning Or the End" and "Lady in the Lake," in which she appears with Robert Montgomery.
a double life

Double-life suits—to wear under a coat now, without one later . . .

Left, a Nardis of Dallas suit of Botany wool fashioned with the longer jacket and cuffed sleeves, buttoned with jet and belted with patent leather. Also brown or navy checks. Sizes 10-18. About $40.00 at Auerbach’s, Salt Lake City, Utah, and A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Tex.

Men like suits with this soft look . . .

Right, a waist-hugging, sheer wool designed by Madison of Shepperd Mills wool with front fullness to give the hips a sleek look and smart new three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 10-18 and 9-15. Also with brown stripes. Under $20.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Joseph Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 108.
June Lockhart, refreshingly different from the popular conception of a movie star, is casual and unassuming. Her environment—both of her parents were on the New York stage—has convinced her that simplicity and sincerity are the main essentials even of acting. Her father, incidentally, is Gene Lockhart, whom she resembles a great deal.

The Lockharts have a great sense of humor, particularly about acting. Whenever one of them becomes too emotional, someone will say "Two inches thick!"—meaning, here comes the ham! Also, if June is reading her script at home and her dad wants her to give it feeling, his favorite expression is "With the eyes, June—with the eyes!"

A lover of the outdoors, June is happiest when making pictures like "Son of Lassie." She enjoys the cabin her family has in Arrowhead where she spends most of her time motorboating, swimming, water skiing.

When June arrived at Ben's Studio for this fashion sitting she was wearing a little black suit, notched at the neck and set off by a blouse as golden as her hair. Her only jewelry was an interesting little lapel watch and slim bracelet.

June was wearing a frat pin—on her lingerie! It seems there's a boy—who was a fighter pilot in Germany and who is now studying to be a playwright at Dartmouth. June spent weekends visiting him there.

Posing for Photoplay's Fashions was fun for June. It was her first experience in fashion modeling and very different to movie-making. "So many new angles to it," she declared.

June, who hadn't had time to shop this trip, fell in love with the brown suit she wore for Photoplay's color page and wanted one like it. She was intrigued with the taffeta bow—insisted on trying out a system she had devised as a child for making bow-ties in a hurry. "My family calls it the lazy-man's way—making two bows at once and swish—a bow-tie!" she explained.

Fashion posing might have been new to June but she approached it with the same enthusiasm she gives her screen roles. Perhaps, over Ben's suggestions, she could hear her father's voice cautioning, "With the eyes, June, with the eyes!"
At the gala party, given for Joan Fontaine by her husband Bill Dozier at Romanoff’s, Joan promptly and appropriately took the honors in the clothes department. Her dress, of cherry red, heavy, shiny satin, featured a low, square-cut neckline, a skin-tight bodice, and a waistline that dipped in front. Fore, the skirt was very snug. Aft, it was a large, puffy bustle.

Joan wore matching red platform sandals and no jewelry. And her hair, softly drawn back from a center part, was caught in a huge but simple bun at the nape of the neck.

Rosalind Russell’s dreamy souffle gown of black was another highlight at Joan’s party. The bodice was basque, but the skirt, billowing when she danced, seemed to be made of at least twenty yards of fabric. At the low point of the diagonal neckline was an enormous bow-like pouf of stiff black net. The only trimming!

Even her black satin evening pumps showed La Russell’s beautiful taste in clothes and accessories. Her dancing slippers had small, square-cut steel buckles, that are so much in vogue now, clipped on right over the instep.

At the same fete, Gene Tierney looked lovely in a simple, flowing evening gown of soft, flame-colored velvet. The neck was low and square in front, a low V in back. The bodice, dramatically plain and long waisted, was gored to fit like second skin. The skirt, contrastingly, was wide and sweeping. Gene favors these lines. The dress she wore to the New York premiere of “The Razor’s Edge” was cut in the same way.

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*“Perma-lift” and “Hickory” are trademarks of A. STEIN & COMPANY (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)
At the Beverly Hills Club the other evening Joan Bennett appeared in a smart dinner dress of heavy satin; striped in jewel-blue and black. An engaging shirtdress style dress, this, with long sleeves and the new covered-up look further brought about by a high neckline with a round collar. The three-inch cuffs and very wide belt were heavily embroidered in bright blue sequins. Joan’s accessories were gold earclips, a heavy gold ring and a mink stole.

Dottie Lamour says her new baren pajamas make her feel like a character out of the Arabian Nights. Designed for her by Edith Head, they’re just right for entertaining at home or, at dinner à deux, for fascinating a husband. The coat, of bright green heavy satin, is form fitted and high necked. The balloonish crepe trousers, grape colored (reddish purple), are caught in at the ankles. Sequin discs of grape and green button the coat. And gold thong sandals complete the ensemble.

Shirley Temple has a lascivious winter pink cardigan suit of covert. Its identifying features are a box coat, simple lapels, self-covered buttons and a pencil-slim skirt. With this suit Shirley wears a matching three quarter topecoat, adorned by a beaver tuxedo and beaver cuffs. Brown alligator bag and shoes, a tiny soft brown suede turban and brown gloves complete her outfit. And her jewelry is gold.

Deanna Durbin was seen dancing at Mocambo in a story-book gown of white gossamer chiffon traced with gold threads. Shoulderless and long waisted, it has a fabulously bouffant skirt with two big gold roses, one at the knee and one at the hem, caught in its folds. Gold sandals, a tiny gold evening bag and a thin diamond and gold choker uphold the gold and white color scheme.

Peggy Cummins exploits mulberry davenoom to offset her blonde hair. Very successfully! The suit she wore for dinner at the Crillon recently had a coat with a flared tunic, softly curved lapels and tiny turn-back cuffs. For a second color, her long crushed gloves and the under-sized hat that fit snugly to her head are aqua, with bag and shoes of black leather.
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- Cut your initials out of felt and whipstitch them on a white ascot scarf with matching or contrasting wool.
- If you have a knitted hat you've been wearing cocked over one eye, la Robin Hood, this is the winter to put it squarely on your head, push it back, and pull it snugly down over your ears—so that you show your forehead and the smooth part in your hair.
- Take a belt about an inch wide. Take an equal length of velvet six inches wide. Sew a hem in the velvet wide enough for the belt to go through. Scallop the bottom edge of the velvet. Buckle the belt in the back. You'll have something in the line of belt appeal.
- To put a simple dress in the party-dress class take a wide sash of black taffeta and tack a few artificial flowers on one end. Knot the sash on the side or in front, with the flowered end on top. Wear simple jewelry too. And if you're ever in doubt about what jewelry you will look best with a certain costume, remember a string of pearls is right with anything.
- Gray is terrific this year. So team your gray skirts and sweaters with bright accessories—with a red belt, a multicolored scarf, or silver jewelry. Make the most of this flattering neutral color!

Wherever You Live You Can Buy Photoplay Fashions. If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:
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Cornel Wilde Talks Back

(Continued from page 49) the beautiful Mrs. Wilde had asked for her release from Twentieth, capped by the report that Cornel planned to "support" her as her leading man in an outside movie.

But this time, he was my boy and I quickly made a date to go out and see him at his home.

The Wildes live in a house originally built by Norma Talmadge. Sitting before an open fire in the same room where I had attended so many parties when Norma lived there, I carefully took note of the new tenant, my host, Cornel.

Well, I had a good chance to study him, for I was there for hours and this is my first and strongest impression of the boy:

There is no happiness for Cornel Wilde in Hollywood until his beautiful wife gets the acclaim he feels is her due. Fame, riches and success have all come his way since he landed here practically unknown and certainly unheralded. But none of this can ignite a spark of happiness in his sensitive, troubled heart until his adored Pat, his wife for nine years, is given the place in the film limelight he feels is rightfully hers.

ALL the things he said to me he said seriously and without a trace of humor. Humor is one, big, beautiful saving grace he lacks, and believe me, you need it in this town.

But back of his dark, romantic features is the unmistakable mark of his Hungarian blood—those moody, gypsy-like people who hit the heights of elation or the depths of despair with equal ease.

"The thing that upsets me most," he said, "is that Pat shouldn't, and doesn't, need my help in her career. She's beautiful, as you know. She is a splendid artist. Why couldn't Twentieth appreciate her?"

"I know very well, now that she has asked for her freedom, she will go far at some other studio. Rita Hayworth was at Twentieth for a long time and never did a thing until Columbia gave her a chance. The same thing has happened to other stars. I myself was at Warners without ever making a picture."

"Everyone who has seen her tests has said that all she needs is a break and a chance—but I want you to know that it isn't true that I 'demanded' that Pat get bigger breaks. I wouldn't insult her by any such tactics. It's true that I had dreamed and hoped we might make a picture together on my lot. But it was Pat herself who asked for her release when she realized she would never get a break there. She wasn't willing to have anyone think she was trading on my name. She doesn't have to," he said warmly.

As he was talking, I thought, "Why is it that he is so willing to efface himself in Pat's favor?" A snap idea was that she perhaps nagged him in the privacy of their home for his failure to get her good roles. But I discarded that one in a hurry. I sincerely believe that Cornel's unhappiness over his wife's career is completely due to his adoration of her. He cannot stand to see her unhappy—and every word he said proved it.

He went on, "Pat stood by me when we didn't have a nickel. She has worked and believed in me when I didn't even believe in myself. It wasn't easy for me to get started on the stage. You know that story of how I went from one or two successes to a half dozen failures. But Pat never let me down.

"It's time to let her know I feel the same confidence in her—it's time I did something for her. Not that she really needs me," he qualified again with that note of apology and pride in his voice, "I just

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know she will get her chance."

Now I am a sentimentalist by nature. I feel as every happy wife does that there is nothing more wonderful than a marriage of mutual interests. Yet I couldn't help wondering if Pat isn't making a mistake in insisting upon a career of her own, especially at a time when Cornél is having studio troubles of his own. I feel that much of his brusqueness with people on the lot and some of the reputation he has earned of being hard to get along with comes from his inner bitterness at Hollywood's failure to recognize the talents of the girl he loves so deeply; a bitterness at the repetition of the tough time he got when he was trying to get his start.

Patricia Knight Wilde has something very fine, very wonderful and very precious in her husband's love that, to me at least, is far more valuable than her name on a theater marquee. He has never looked twice at another woman since the first day he met her. Most of the wild-eyed Wilde fans know the story of how the smitten Cornél saw Pat and followed her around New York just admiring her until she finally spoke to him. Their elopement did not meet with her parents' approval but few parents have ever turned over a daughter to a more protective or adoring husband.

"Tell me," I asked, "did you walk out on 'Forever Amber' because you disapproved of the book? You insist that salary, or your wife, had nothing to do with your decision to balk at making the movie."

"The truth is," he answered, "the first script was very bad. I couldn't bring myself to play Bruce Carlton as he was written in the first version. But it has all been rewritten now and I think it's pretty good. At least," he smiled, "I'm back in it."

"All right," I pressed on, "since you are giving me such frank answers, how about some of the gossip that you are arrogant, rude and difficult to deal with?"

"I certainly never intend to give the impression of being arrogant or rude," he said quickly. "I don't believe the people who work on the sets with me daily believe that of me—or spread such gossip."

"But where my work is concerned—there, I have to keep faith with myself. I ask only for what I believe is right. I cannot play a role in which I have no faith. 'A Song to Remember' brought me my first success—but more important, it brought me many friends and fans. I am grateful to them and feel I owe them the debt of keeping my appearances on a high level. One vulgar or indifferent picture could destroy these friends I have made. I waited a long time for 'A Song to Remember' and I want to go ahead from there, not backward."

You don't have to be an experienced character analyst to see that here is a determined young man, perhaps too serious for his own happiness, but definitely one who does not give up easily. For instance, when he was in college, he read the life story of Lord Byron and became fascinated with the poet's personality.

For years, during the up and down times in his life, Cornél turned over Byron's story in his mind. A year ago, he took his vacation time to write it and if you still don't think he has a one-track mind, you don't know how hard and persistently he worked to get his story sold for motion-picture production. "Twentieth has taken an option on it," he added. "I hope to make the film and play Byron myself."

One rumor I did not bring up is the altogether silly one that he became a star merely because Pyrone Power was serving his country during the war and Twentieth needed another romantic hero. Whether he happens to be your favorite actor or not, Wilde is a good one. The popularity he has won has been strictly on his own.

Somehow, I wanted to advise Cornél to relax and enjoy his blessings. For a boy who came to Hollywood without a nickel and a reputation as an actor, he has done amazingly well. He has a fine, studious mind and a splendid education back of him. Yet he doesn't know how to enjoy himself. He's one of the most talented makers of mountains out of molehills I have ever met. Certainly there are worse trials than that a beautiful wife does not have a contract that suits her, or that such a lovely story as 'Forever Amber' is being forced down one's throat.

I say this in all sincerity and with a feeling of admiration for his devotion to Pat and I think it is unfortunate that this completely unselfish boy should be regarded as a spoiled and difficult personality by many people who work with him.

Stories such as this are supposed to spread, and in Cornél's particular case, with his particular viewpoint, I don't know what can be done about it.

Only he and the blonde girl, whose smile of approval means more to him than the praise of critics or bosses, can work out his future and his destiny.

The End

---

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The Low Road

(Continued from page 59) Last I have any doubts concerning his solvency, he took off his shoe and showed me ten $1,000 bills. Then he said: “So long, kid. When you get to Hollywood look me up with my ten and you can have your ring.” Then he disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

It was Dana Andrews’s first part in the rugged drama which awaited him in the film capital and could have been titled, “A Walk in the Sun,” which is the name of one of his better pictures. For that is precisely what it turned out to be—a three-hundred-mile walk. “Cars passed me up as if I had appear,” Andrews says. “I made it, though, and had a couple of bucks left when I hit Los Angeles. Of course I had eaten pretty sketchily and when I reached the heart of the downtown area I could just pick them up and put them down and that was about all.”

Today Andrews laughs when he recalls those early tough times in the land where, he had been told, things were easy and it was always afternoon. He walks about the lawn in front of his big house out in the San Fernando Valley and he laughs at that, too. He has a sort of conviction that none of this is real—not half as real as the hamburgers he used to wolf down when, at noon, he would quit the studio-to-studio grind and beheaded by a hunger honed to razor-sharpness, slide up to the counter of some bleak little quick-and-dirty. He looks at his wife who is blonde and pretty and at his three handsome children; he walks over the deep-pilled carpets of his many-roomed house and stands before a fireplace big enough to hold a tree, and he thinks about the days in Van Nuys and the filling station where he worked. He thinks about the half-buck tips he used to get and how good a chocolate malted tasted late in the afternoon when the rush had let up a little.

“Fun,” he says. “It was trigger quick in those days. I got so I could spot a man who was in ‘the profession’ a mile away. And good Lord, what a lot of sweet, warmhearted guys I met. There was the chap, obviously an actor, who gave me a curious, foreign-looking coin. He was groomed to within an inch of his life and he told me it was his good-luck piece. ‘Keep it,’ he said. ‘It’s sure been good to me. Maybe someday I’ll ask you to give it back.”

“Not long ago I was attending a premiere at the Carthay Circle. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and I turned to see a fellow, shabbily dressed and thin with hunger. ‘I’d like to have that good-luck piece back, now,’ he said. ‘I need it.’ He was gone before I could think twice. I wish I could find him again. Maybe I could do something for him.”

“Would you like to travel the same road all over again?” we asked.

“Yes,” he said, frowning a little. “I’m probably one of the most contented actors in Hollywood—but I’m just a little afraid of contentment. A guy gets soft. Every day used to be jam-packed with excitement, a sense of adventure. Mary and I were talking about that the other day and we decided that the only good life is where you’re always spending the last ounce of energy or talent you’ve got trying to get over some new hill. He has determined that he will never allow himself to be caught in a succession of roles he can stroll through. He’d like each new one to be tougher and as different from its predecessor as possible. Even so the skepticism drops away as he speaks of the new Goldwyn picture which Robert Sherwood has written, “The Best Years of Our Lives.” (Continued on page 116)
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Never a Ring so Cherished

To symbolize your love, choose the diamond ring of precious, personal meaning... a genuine registered Keepsake. Each diamond is individually and expertly selected by Keepsake... its pure, fiery beauty enhanced in a ring setting of enduring loveliness. Look for the name "Keepsake" engraved in the ring, and the nationally established price on the tag. The Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration assures high quality, and lasting value. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices to $3500.

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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.

THERE are people in every "crowd" who seem always weary and dispirited. Yes, and so many of these pale, drab people may trace their lack of personality and fun to a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. And if you have noticed a loss of color and energy in yourself, you too may be a victim. Perhaps you need to build up your red blood cells—supply line of energy.

Build up Blood and Energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

If your face is too pale and you tire too easily it may be the result of a Borderline Anemia and you should take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help combat Borderline Anemia by restoring puny red blood cells to normal size and color. Vigor and healthy looks depend on 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.

(Continued from page 114) has a quality I've been searching for," he says. "I don't think you could label it as a 'spiritual quality,' but it's alive with something of the spirit, a delicacy and restraint and above all—taste."

On the heels of these lofty thoughts David, his son, comes in with a picture he has made of the sailboat Dana is going to buy and he drops down on the davenport and puts his arm about the boy's shoulder and sketches in straight lines and curves. As David leaves you note a look of peace in Dana's eyes.

"This boat will be only a little day-sailer," he explains. "Later on, after Davie and I have learned to handle her, we'll buy one big enough to sleep four people with a nice little galley. I've seen the boat I want. She's lovely as a lissom girl, sweet tempered in a good seaway and capable of riding out a stiff blow. Maybe sometime the whole family will go to Honolulu in her. Mary would like it because she's wise enough to know that if a family does things together there isn't much of a chance that that family will fall apart. And that's only one of the simple, profound truths that my wife knows instinctively. The reason that we are a healthy, going concern rests almost wholly with her. She has stability and sweetness and she has brains. I never thought the kid coming up the road to Hollywood from Texas could be that lucky."

Just then Mary came in and beckoned. We followed her into a small nook where Kathryn, their three-year-old daughter, had fallen asleep over a bowl of bread and milk. Her curly head was down on the tablecloth and one round arm was flung out in a gesture of complete and abandoned repose. It was a picture to stir your heart. When we went back to the living room Dana said softly: "That makes all the other rewards that life can give a guy pretty superficial."

Shadows were beginning to gather in dusky pools about the big living room and it was time to go. There was just one more thing. "By the way," we asked, "did you ever get your ring back?"

"No," he said, grinning. "I found out that he'd been a writer here in Hollywood but I never saw him again. It's a cockeyed town. People with good-luck charms that work and men who keep ten thousand dollars in a shoe."

And his easy laughter rang out to become a part of the evening.

The End

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast TABLETS

It's a fist match as to who's batter between Dana Andrews and his son David.
Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Take a tip from the Toni Twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . give yourself a Toni Home Permanent today . . . and look lovelier tonight. It's this easy:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, dabbing on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

With your hair set, step to the mirror and admire your new Toni Permanent. See the deep, wonderful waves. Feel the silky softness of your hair. Notice its radiant natural luster. Toni is a Creme Lotion that gently coaxes your hair into deep waves that are frizz-free and easy to manage from the start. And they last as long as a $15 permanent.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. Every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. So ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit. On sale at leading cosmetic, drug and notion counters.

Kathleene, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent is on the right above. Did you guess?

Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in

TONI HOME PERMANENT THE CREME COLD WAVE

$1.25 plus tax
(Continued from page 65) arrived deathly pale. The chair had just been pushed over onto two wheels by a surge of fans. Only a miracle saved it from going over completely. Even the King and Queen had the same hair-raising experience.

On their arrival, the audience rose to its feet and sang "God Save the King." It was a tingling moment not one of us will soon forget, this tribute of a people to their tradition. Then the picture, "A Matter of Life and Death," got under way. We who were to appear on stage following the showing were allowed to see only twenty minutes before being corralled back stage. Applause for the film. Overture. And our show was on!

The silent film era was introduced, and with it "cuts" from the film "Fillie of Bloomsbury," starring Marie Dressler, Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand. I introduced the sound era with more film cuts of Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy" from "the Singing Fool"; next came "Broadway Melody," that ambitious musical of 1928 starring Anna Page, Bessie Love and the late Charles King. I had the added pleasure of introducing Miss Bessie Love in person to an audience who proved it didn't forget her.

Since the year 1929 saw the beginning of the institution of the Motion Picture Academy Award, it was especially fitting that Bessie introduce Walter Wanger, the present President of the Academy. Mr. Wanger, in turn, introduced Diana Wynyard doing her famous final toast to Noel Coward's excellent film "Cavalcade." Next on the list came Pat O'Brien with his "Front Page" delivery of O'Brien's Bud Flanagan, British comic, introduced the queen of Technicolor, Maria Montez, who in turn introduced her "heartbeat" king, Jean Pierre Aumont. Jean Pierre and Maria, by the way, had just returned from Cannes as Hollywood representatives to the International Film Festival. Their trip, in a rented plane—sans radio and full flying equipment—from Cannes to Brussels for personal appearances would make a first rate serial . . .

The event most waited for arrived with Ray Milland being re-introduced to a theater that fifteen years ago was his hangout. But when and if he could dig up the necessary price of admission. Ray was possibly the most excited person present; who wouldn't be? To be able to return to one's country a full-fledged Academy Award star is a wonderful thing and his reception proved that fifteen years of hard work has its compensations.

Another Academy Award Winner, Katrina Paxinos (now making a film in England), came next with the famous "ugly" speech from "For Whom the Bell Tolls". . . and then Reggie Gardiner doing the indestructable act that he had done for the theater of New York in the year 1951. His Majesty, like the rest of us, still finds it indestructible.

Wait a minute! There was Miss Malone 'way out on that big stage making with a job that big as life and still looking hep. Unfortunately she went off the opposite side so I didn't have a chance to apologize for being trampled out of her way, Shucks! Joan Bennett introduced Mal Zetterling and Aliki Pliofilim—the two humble but brilliant young Swedish stars of an extraordinary film called "Frenzy," which I hope America will see soon.

Following the appearance of the American stars, the leading British stars were introduced by means of caricatures which were flashed on the screen. Considering the number of luminaries present it was wonderful to see John Mills (a really first-rate gent) received with nothing short of a ripping up of seats. Their introductions were concluded by Laurence Olivier making a speech in which he paid tribute to the little men of the film industry, the grips, technicians and the backbone men of this highly intricate and involved business of picture making.

After the performances, we all rushed to the reception room for the really exciting event of the evening. I find it as difficult to describe the thrill of the moment as I do in describing the graciousness of the King, Queen, and the Princes. Which may be just as well because you learn in England that making personal comments on the Royal Family is definitely not the (Continued on page 120)
Someone’s getting a NEW BEAUTYREST soon (WE HOPE IT’S YOU!)

If you’ll take one little step today, chances are you can get a new Beautyrest soon. The step? Just go to your Beautyrest dealer and ask for one of these luxurious inner-spring mattresses. If you don’t get your Beautyrest right away, you’ll get one soon. But hurry! Demand’s so great for Beautyrests it’s still “first come, first served.”

The facts below will tell you why so many others want Beautyrests, too.

1. Ordinary comfort! In ordinary inner-spring mattresses, like the one above, all the coil springs are joined together. When one is pressed down, others joined to it go down, too, make the mattress sag.

2. Compare these pictures! Above, see how the ordinary inner-spring mattress sags under your weight. But notice Beautyrest below. It cushions every part of your body, gives you firm, buoyant support.

3. Beautyrest comfort secret! Beautyrest has 837 independent coil springs, not joined together. Each spring separately cushions a different part of your body, lets every inch of you relax luxuriously!

4. Sag-proof edges! Other mattresses may have firm edges for a while. But Beautyrest’s patented edges stay neat and firm for the lifetime of the mattress! Beautyrest needs turning only 4 or 5 times a year!

5. Lasts three times longer! In special “torture tests” conducted by the United States Testing Co., Inc., Beautyrest lasted three times longer than any other inner-spring mattress tested. That’s quality for you!

6. 1¢ a night! Based on its 10-year guarantee, all a Beautyrest costs is little more than 1¢ a night. Think of it! And you get prewar Beautyrest comfort, plus prewar Beautyrest quality! What a buy today!

Luxury comfort of Beautyrest, as portrayed by Anne Baxter, now starring in Darryl F. Zanuck’s production of “THE RAZOR’S EDGE” by W. Somerset Maugham.

Beautyrest* by SIMMONS

MAKERS OF THE WORLD’S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET AND OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING
(Continued from page 118) thing to do. However, let me pay this tribute. Their Majesties staggered us all by knowing some little thing about each of our respective films. Imagine my surprise at being greeted by Her Majesty with the remark that she hadn’t recognized me during the stage performance but she had remembered the name because I had played in her favorite scene in “Bernadette.” The Princesses had seen “The Big Sleep” and Margaret Rose bombarded my teammate, Dorothy Malone, with questions about Humphrey Bogart, of whom she is a great fan. Joan Bennett covered the Americans with glory by executing the most graceful curtsy of the evening. Ever since, she’s been dubbed “The Curtsy.” Her Majesty spoke to Larry Olivier about the impressiveness of the speech he had made giving tribute to the little people in the industry. And so it went along the line. A word for each of us, which was a blessing inasmuch as you don’t take the conversational bit between your own teeth when talking with Royalty. All together it was a moment that no one of us will ever forget.

A party followed this high point of the evening and I spotted Martha Scott looking beautiful as only Martha can look. She later proved to me that she had gained entrance to the theater via the underside of a well-trained Scotland Yard horse. We promptly settled down to getting the glittering audience. I took odd odds on Joan Bennett and Mrs. Ray Milland for being the American beauties of the evening, whilst Deborah Kerr and Diana Wynyard unquestionably carried off the British honors.

Presently I happened to get one of those frustrated feelings about American chili and hot dogs, and since Miss Malone had deserted me for a berth with the British Photographers Association I put the question to Miss Scott. Would she be interested in opening a few stashed-away cans in our store at the Savay Farm, which is where a number of us in the “Meet Me at Dawn” cast lived at Denham. She was.

It was a wonderful party, “A Matter of Life and Death” is a wonderful film. And in retrospect a darned wonderful title for those who, like myself, risked their necks to attend.

*For those ladies interested in clothes the women wore dresses, and the men wore tails.

THE END

THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 13

Tune your radio to

THE LUX RADIO THEATER

and hear the dramatization of America’s most popular picture in 1946

PHOTOPLAY’S GOLD MEDAL AWARD WINNER

over NBC at

6:00 P.M. PST, 7:00 P.M. MST,
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His LOVE cooling?

VERA-ELLEN says: "Maybe you’re discouraging love with roughened hands. Hands can be excitingly smooth and soft with Jergens Lotion care. I use Jergens. It’s so easy and lovely.

VERA-ELLEN, SAMUEL GOLDFYN DANCING STAR, APPEARING WITH DANNY KAYE IN "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN"

OTHER STARS AGREE WITH VERA-ELLEN

The Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion. Amazingly finer than ever, now. Makes your hands even smoother and softer; protects even longer against distressing roughness.

It’s due to wartime research that Jergens is now more effective than ever. Blessed, still, with two ingredients superb for skin-smoothing—used by many doctors. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this famous hand care of the Stars.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use JERGENS LOTION

FREE!

See for yourself why Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) Box 27, Dept. 69, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

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City

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(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)
On the drive home to Santa Monica I stopped the car at an intersection under a street lamp. I had noticed that Jeanne's eyes were brimming with tears.

"You thinking the same thing I am?" I asked her.

"I can't bear it."

"She's a nice little fella."

"Feeding her Martinis!" she said.

"And all that smoke—"

"And the flash bulbs—"

Suddenly she was really sore. She twisted in her seat and stared at me.

"Don't just sit there!"

I said, "I knew it. All right. I'll do something."

So the next day I drove out to Twelve Oaks and found the owner of the circus. "About that lion cub," I said. "What's her life expectancy, as of now?"

The owner looked vague. "She's got three more shows to go this season. I expect her to last at least through the first two."

"Will you sell her?"

The man eyed me speculatively. "Why—yes," he said. "For a price."

THAT night I walked into the foyer of the apartment building and went up in the elevator carrying a curious burden, for me. To the bewildered eyes of the desk clerk and the elevator boy I appeared to have an enormous basket.

That wasn't all of it. Shah had to have air and exercise, plus the vitamins and cod liver oil that went into the bottle of milk we were feeding her every hour. I took that laundry basket up into the apartment, and so many times each week that the apartment employees must have thought we were either the cleanest or the dirtiest people in all Santa Monica. After all, if the man who owned those apartments knew we were keeping any sort of pet, much less an African lion, we'd have been out on the street in a flash. Our housing difficulties (pending the completion of our own home) had almost driven us to the point of pitching tents on our mountain top before we landed the space in Santa Monica, the apartment looking to be kept a dark secret.

My wife is a combination of many people, as all of us are. Sometimes she is a wilful child, sometimes a serious, very adult woman, sometimes a tomboy. She is a dreamer, a thinker, and she certainly doesn't give the appearance of being a "sophisticate"—although she is, in the true sense.

She likes to make up her life, our life, of simple things, so that aside from her work and mine we go along from day to day just as any other healthy, young, interested—in-life couple does anywhere.

Naturally I'm enthused about radio, since I manufacture sets for a living, with particular emphasis on the technical end. I gave Jeanne a big combination radio and record changer for her last birthday, and she has no idea what makes it tick, but she has her favorite melody serials which neither of us would think of missing, and a record collection that's getting as difficult to house as the books. She did contribute to the design of the cabinet, and made a couple of determined but abortive efforts to understand the mysteries of electronic tubes and Frequency Modulation. Jeanne has the most appreciative response to favors or thoughtfulness I've ever seen in any girl. Immediately after we got married and the day's work was done for a place to spend our honeymoon. I tried to think of a spot that would suit Jeanne's personality, somewhere she would consider romantic and exciting. Furniture stores I'd always seem to me the most wildly beautiful place in the world—but it was a beauty of austerity, of magnificent desolation.
To get there, you drive sixty miles through the approaches to Death Valley, past Bad Water Lake, to a mountain. Carved in solid rock in the side of the mountain is Furnace Creek Inn, a Shangri La of deep carpets, superb decoration, wonderful food and service.

I decided to chance it—and as we stood on the highest cliff above the hotel, looking through the clear air for a hundred miles across wastelands, given grandeur by distance, she turned to me and said, "It's the most beautiful place I have ever seen. You knew I'd think that, didn't you?" And her eyes said thank you.

Her appreciation isn't limited to big things. We've always observed a monthly wedding anniversary, and it's great fun to find little gifts that will amuse and touch her. Once I unearthed a tiny china dog that was the splitting image of a wire-haired terrier Jeanne had loved that had died just before our marriage.

Once I had an album made of the transcription of a broadcast, Jeanne's first try at radio. Things like that. You would think I had given her a flock of emeralds.

Our future is not complicated as we see it. Before very long we will have moved into our new house, which will be finished just as we planned it except that now the dressing room will be a nursery and there must be an eight-foot wall around the entire property. Otherwise Shah would get out. We are going to keep her as long as she continues to have her amiable disposition. That is, if her nose isn't too thoroughly put out of joint over the baby—the first of the four children we both want.

Our other plans—we will work hard, both of us, and travel as much as we can. And if ever the time comes when my wife must make a choice between being a movie actress and being a wife and mother, we know the answer to that too.

She will always be Jeanne Crain, but she is also married to the luckiest guy on earth, Paul Brinkman, and that comes first.

**The End**

**June's listening too**

To hear what

*Margaret Mamlok*, world-famous chirologist, reveals about her when she tells you about reading

*June Allyson's hands in MARCH PHOTOPLAY*
A check list of the latest popular and classical records, with emphasis on songs from the new films

THE TIME, PLACE, AND THE GIRL: This picture happily contains a top flight score by Arthur Schwartz and Leo Robin, that already has most record performers heading for a peaceful groove. Heading the list is Johnny Mercer with his spirited spinning of “Gal in Calico” (Capitol) with Tex Beneke’s version a close second (Victor). Morton Downey (Majestic) and Margaret Whiting (Capitol) prefer the lilting “Oh, But I Do.” At the moment, George Olsen has the love song “Through a Thousand Dreams” all to himself (Majestic) while Sam Donahue (Capitol) takes care of the rumba namba, “Rainy Night in Rio.”

SMASH UP: Universal’s new one for Susan Hayward, Lee Bowman and Marsha Hunt has an indestructible theme song, “Life Can Be Beautiful” and Vaughn Monroe gives it its usual muscular interpretation (Victor).

LEW AYRES: This fine actor turns to story telling in this Majestic album of Bible legends, retelling the timeless classics of Daniel, David and Goliath, Noah, David and the King, and Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

PERRY COMO: The 20th Century-Fox baritone is on the disk deck again with a fine pair of ballad baubles, “Sonata” and “That’s the Beginning of the End.” Satisfactory singing (Victor).

DIANA LYNN: In this handsome Capitol album Diana shows polish and style as she plays Victor Young’s Concerto Theme written for her for the old film “And the Angels Sing,” “Laura,” “Lover,” the great Dick Rodgers’ waltz from “Love Me Tonight,” “Body and Soul” and the sizzling ballet “Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.”


LUCILLE BALL: The M-G-M redhead helps husband Desi Arnaz work himself into a Latin lather by singing the exciting samba, “Carnival in Rio.” You’ll have to listen carefully to hear the Ball of fire. For good measure Desi gives out with a bozlo “Carnosio” on the reverse with Else Miranda very spic and Spanish on the lyrics (Victor).

MARGARET O’BRIEN: Another kindergarten kudo for M-G-M’s pig-tailed pet. She tells, in this Capitol album, the story of “Goldilocks and the Three Bears.”

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Majestic Helen Traubel, Met soprano, turns from her Wagnerian repertoire to a collection of American songs and the St. Louis-born singer is equally at home. The songs are “Home Sweet Home,” “Oh, What a Beautiful Morning,” “All the Things You Are,” and “I Love You Truly.” Charles O’Connell conducts . . . Pianist Rudolf Serkin plays the Beethoven Sonata No. 8 in C Minor, Opus 13, written by the master before his first symphony . . . Lily Pons, ably assisted by her husband, Andre Kostelanetz, salutes her native France in an album of French songs that includes “Après in Paris,” “J’attendrai,” “Parlez-quoi D’amour” and the stirring anthem “La Marseillaise” . . . More French music is Milhaud’s Suite Francais, reflecting the music of the provinces, with the composer conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic . . . Oscar Levant plays a group of Chopin piano pieces including the ever-popular Polonaise . . . All the above albums are issued by Columbia Masterworks and are excellently recorded.
Maggie's Dreamy

(Continued from page 51) and a set of jacks, their prongs polished bright by continual usage between takes.

Speaking of glamour, Maggie is growing prettier. Currently, the camera doesn't do justice to her sensitive, small face, her delicate nose, her imaginative child's gray eyes. At the moment, the camera catches only her wide mouth and her second teeth which, like every little girl's, temporarily look huge. Despite her new two inches, it seems unlikely that she will be tall, but there is about her the pulse-stirring promise of a fragile loveliness.

Not that Maggie, herself, is conscious of any of this. She is a dream child lost in a dream world. There is about her none of that realistic wit that was Shirley Temple's at nine or the vitality Jane Withers exhibited at her age.

NO, Maggie is a poet, lost in an enchanted land, seeing "little people" behind every piece of scenery, hearing whispers from the flower borders along every street, playing with equal happiness with real and unreal playmates, and not noticing any difference between them. As for Margaret O'Brien, film star in the top ten, Maggie knows nothing about her.

For example, Myles Connolly, who wrote the script of "The Unfinished Dance," keeps telling her she reminds him of a certain little girl in movies. He teases her this way practically every morning on the set, whereupon she goes to her mother and whispers, her eyes big with confusion: "Dance Mr. Connolly know I'm Margaret?" She whispers, because she doesn't want Mr. Connolly to hear, and maybe be hurt at this evidence of his own ignorance. She's that way about everything. She's instinctively kind, which tends to make her most polite.

And yet there is her fickle eye.

You know how it is when two women get talking heart-to-heart, Miss Connolly right into the conversation first thing. So we said to Maggie, "Are you still in love with Jimmy Craig?"

Maggie gives me a far-off look.

"Isn't he your favorite leading man?"

I prompted.

Her smile illuminated her small face.

You can't say that Maggie's smile "flashes." Hers is a smile that comes, slowly from her heart and fingers, warming as a summer sunset.

"Jimmy Durante's my favorite leading man now," she breathed, "but oh, I most like to look at Mr. Gregory Peck."

Poor Jimmy. A little snooping on my part proved "that he's nothing but the good-time Charlie in Margaret's life. She admits she loves him because he plays games with her. When it comes to Peck, she is just another feminine fan.

Now you know that's having a fickle eye—but then, Margaret's even got fickle ambitions. For example, right now, she wants to be a ballerina when she grows up. That's because she has just started ballet lessons and is playing a baby ballerina in "The Unfinished Dance," along with Cyd Charisse, who plays an adult toe dancer. Margaret gazes rapturously at Cyd doing pirouettes. "Isn't she exquisite?" she breathes.

But for the last several months Margaret has aspired to being a dog trainer. That sprang from her getting to really know Lassie. She has one of Lassie's puppies for her very own. She's named Lad. Margaret points out, logically, that it's all right to name a girl puppy Lad if a boy dog can star as Lassie.

Included in Margaret's plans to train dogs was the resolution that she'd live among Indians at the same time. Indians
INTIMATE FACTS you should know about THIS HIGHER TYPE

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home!

Too many wives still live in much ignorance about this higher type intimate feminine cleanliness. If only they'd learn about the most effective methods ever discovered and so widely used among highly intelligent and exacting women.

Zonitors are so much easier, daintier and more convenient—so powerful yet absolutely safe to delicate tissues.

Positively Non-Irritating; Non-Smearing

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours—assuring you hours of continuous medication. Yet they are the most delicate tissues. Positively non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.

Leave No Tell-Tale Odor

Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you CAN BE SURE Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy at any drugstore.

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are distinctly her favorite people.

For this reason "Geronimo" is her favorite picture. She begs Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio, to get it and run for her periodically and when recently she discovered the Hitching Post Theater on Hollywood Boulevard would run any "request" picture promptly sent in a letter begging for "Geronimo."

She has only recently learned to read. She goes to school on the M-G-M lot, when she's working, and she has a private tutor otherwise, but nobody is right to her to read. She just suddenly started and now she's going great guns. Next to reading she likes geography and history best, but she admits she is not hot in arithmetic. As for spelling, there's she's terrible.

Maggie says, "I always like to spell by phonetics and sometimes a word is not spelled phonetically."

Don't think that use of large words is show-off-y in her. There is no show-off in her at all. She is just as earnest as she appears on screen, only right now she is going through the normal small-girl, big-word phase.

Her most intimate friend is Nancy Stuart, just her age who lives four houses down the street from her and who goes to the same church. Nancy is so faithful in her attendance on Margaret that the whole neighborhood calls her "The Sentinel" for which she places the sidewalk waiting for her idol to come home and play.

Such is life, however, that Margaret doesn't return this devotion in full measure. Maggie's biggest sin when she shooed herself into the house, away from reality.

Dressed in her mother's clothes, she becomes Lady Hamilton, strutting toward her death with a tigerish grace.

Mrs. O'Brien adores chiffon scarves and has them in every color. Imagine her consternation when she came upon Margaret draped in about a dozen of them, gougéd together with bobby pins, dancing about—fortunately—in the O'Brien sheltered garden—playing Salome.

"Margaret! You must put on something undergarments, Margaret." The artist in Margaret instinctively knew better. "Oh, Mother, did Salome?" Margaret asked, mournfully.

Still, she went right in and put on her pants, which is an obedient little girl. It is, in fact, only once in a blue moon that anybody has a chance to speak her twice, and if she threatens to get really out of line, the mere suggestion that she must pay for this by being kept away from the studio, scares her right back into perfection. For she loves everything about the studio—pictures, players, dressing up.

The other day, one of a set of "The Unfinished Dance," she twisted her foot and was told by Henry Koster to stay home for two days and recover from it.

This time she figured it as a great, dark plot of Koster's against her. Ordered to stay in bed, she did so till noon and then, defying whatever might be the consequences, she surreptitiously hobbled downstairs and phoned Joe Pastor, her producer.

"Oh, Mr. Pastor, she sobbed, "they're trying to take my picture away from me. Why can't I come in and do my sitting-down scenes?"

It was duly so arranged. This isn't entirely because Mr. Pastor has a heart as warm butter when it comes to kids. It is also because Margaret's being very big-time stuff at that box-office wicket.

But make no mistake—it isn't the box office that concerns Maggie. She loves her work because it's part of her life—that life that walks down the radiant paths of her dream world.
My Hollywood Friends

(Continued from page 75) starting to “go steady” and Dick was doing a picture with Bob called “Stand by for Action.” Of course I was a set visitor quite often. That set didn’t sit, it jumped. There were no women in ninety per cent of the picture and if you’ve never seen some fifty men cavort when unleashed from feminine chains you’ve missed a clambake. For every foot of film there were twelve hotfoot-six hotseats, four wrestling bouts and five water fights.

The Peck’s Bad Boy of the troop was a Chief Specialist (Hot Foot) named Taylor. He appeared to be one of the leaders because he thought up more Satanic practical jokes than any of the other kids, such as releasing a tank of water on his stand-in or dropping a sack of white powder from the top of the stage onto a group of unsuspecting, sailor-suited card players.

Having just been told I was to play opposite this Katzenjammer Kid, I was somewhat apprehensive. It seemed I must not only act opposite Robert Taylor but do it with my back to a wall and one eye cocked for hotfoot! But when we actually started the picture my fears were allayed. Bob Taylor didn’t scare me a bit. He’s as easy to work with as anyone could possibly be and as for the hotfoot, when he’s working with a girl he uses much smaller matches. But seriously, Bob has a happy faculty for fitting in with any group. Men go for the guy because he’s as regular as they come. Women just plain go for him.

Bob is a director’s dream. There’s darn little about this picture business he doesn’t know. His years as a star haven’t been just a free ride. He’s worked hard and has absorbed more knowledge and polish than most because he wants to be a craftsman. He’d make a fine director and I think maybe that’s what he has in mind.

In my opinion, Bob has never had his just dues as an actor. His work in “Waterloo Bridge,” for example, was as fine as anything I’ve ever seen. His acting has great feeling and strength. Somehow many of his fans think of him only as the very handsome Robert Taylor. There are many decorative stars who can act ability is, shall we say, enough to get by on. Then there are those whose talent more than suffers for their physical mediocrity. If Bob looked like Mr. Average, he’d still be a star and would probably receive more recognition as an outstanding actor.

Yessir, Bob knows his business. The first time we worked together, the picture went badly. It was intended to be a rootin’ tootin’ Western, but it didn’t quite work. After a week or so of shooting, all parties concerned realized the picture wasn’t jelling. Rather than foist a bad picture on the public they called the whole thing off. Bob seemed to sense it from the beginning. He worked that much harder to pull it out of the fire but his first diagnosis was right. It certainly is a credit to M-G-M that they know when to give in. If all producers were as willing to admit their vulnerability, a much higher standard of entertainment could be maintained. But that’s another subject and a complex one.

Despite our initial effort together laying the proverbial egg, we had fun. Bob was sporting a new motorcycle at the time, an English job, all charm and speed. I’m sure he took it to bed with him. For days I heckled and pleaded for a ride. He finally relented and was I delighted? Not for long! Actually Bob is one of Hollywood’s best motorcycle riders but it seems the best riders are the fastest and trickiest. It’s not bad enough that they have only two wheels to start with—they have to try riding on one yet! I’m sure I didn’t thank you.

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him for the ride.

On our second try we had better luck. I played opposite Bob in his last pre-Navy picture, "Song of Russia." He played a symphony conductor and did it in his usual style—technically and dramatically first rate. I've never worked with anyone so completely pleasant and helpful, so eager to give the other fellow the breaks. Any girl that's fortunate enough to play opposite Bob can thank her lucky star.

Bob is an inveterate horseman and hunter. He dodges the city lights between pictures to commune with nature, a horse and a gun.

Yes, Robert cuts a fine figure on a horse. He currently pays feed bills on a pinto and a beautiful buckskin appropriately dubbed "Buck." Buck has taken enough blue ribbons to make his master proud of him—which he is. I don't think Bob would trade him even for Trigger. Just recently Bob went on a three-day ride which, unless you're a true lover of saddle leather, can lead only to blisters.

As you may have already guessed, Bob Taylor reserves a part of his life for being a "big kid." This is a happy characteristic and one we might all do well to develop. So many of us are so busy working overtime at being grown-ups we miss an awful lot of good fun. You've heard people say, "Gee, how I'd love to be a kid again," as though it were impossible. It really isn't. Standard equipment on a Taylor picture is a pair of basketball mitts and a baseball. Between shots you'll find him playing catch with his stand-in or an extra or an electrician, or maybe the director. If the prop man supplied a bat and a diamond they'd probably never get the picture finished.

The Taylor design for living is a natural for a fourteen-year-old boy, to which Barbara's son, Tony, will attest. The Taylor household consists of Bob, Barbara, Tony and Barbara's Uncle Buck, who is Bob's riding, hunting, fishing companion. Evenings are quiet and homely—the reading and records kind. Right now Bob and Barbara are taking Spanish lessons with an eye to a South American tour with Jack and Mary Benny, their very close friends. Europe and the West Indies are on the prognostic agenda, too. At the moment, Bob's busy as a bird dog but when time permits you'll be seeing tintypes of the Taylors being typical tourists.

Incidentally, Bob says he's a terrific cook. If he spends much time in the kitchen I'll lay three to one the stove will wind up with twin pipes and a supercharger. He's not afraid of tiny babies either, the way he played with our Timo-thy the other day. Of course Tim isn't exactly tiny—(fifteen pounds, twenty-seven inches long) —laughs all the time and has two teeth. Yessir, Bob handled him like a Remington .22. He and Barbara gave Tim a beautiful St. Christopher medal for a joining-the-Quine-family present. Tim's really such a wonderful baby—and so cute!

Well, I'd better get back to Bob! Oddly enough, his first radio appearance following his return from service found me on the other side of the microphone in "Johnny Eager." He's the same charming guy, more handsome, if possible. Each year seems to improve him, to add character and strength. I know it's rushing things, but what a few gray hairs will do to Bob one day! I'll make you a bet. When the current heart throbs are character men, Robert Taylor will still be what a movie star should look like, only more so.

And something else. If luck is with him and the part comes along, there'll be a gold statue named Oscar to sit alongside Buck's blue ribbons—and your darned tooth! I'll say, "I told you so!"
ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

To use Viderm's double treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to refresh, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 5, New York 2, N.Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

(Avertisement)
Lana and Howe

(Continued from page 54) Russia's girls have. She's still the abundant armful, weighing 113 pounds. She stands five feet three and one-half, straight as a soldier, chin up, chest out—way out like Generals like to see.

"I don't know just what has happened to me but I have changed," she insists, sitting straight and prim with the serene detachment of a schoolgirl, I'm musing on the altered behavior of a problem pupil. After reflective pause—"It could be age."

Miss Turner is a ripe twenty-four. Few women can hope to be so ripe though they live to be a hundred. It's the wholesome ripeness of super vitality affording that animal magnetism possessed by all heart-winning beauties from Lillian Russell, who married five times, on back to Eve who never wed, there being no columnists in those days to drive a girl nuts.

Miss Turner has been married twice. "If at first you don't succeed, try it again," said Lillian Russell determinedly after her marital disasters.

With similar brave philosophy Miss Turner will marry again with another child. This is no Columnist's prediction, it's Miss Turner's own forthright declaration. Her next bridegroom will have, if he knows his business, black hair, brown eyes, superior intelligence and Hoorah, Chee-hah humor—"So that when the world goes to pieces, as it always is doing, he will bring it back."

This is a preve, no crystal ball trick, of the ideal man, luckiest since Adam—or anyhow since Artie and Steve. It is her over-all dream of the right man.

"I shall take a nice long time before I marry," says Miss Turner.

Here again allowance should be made. A long time in goddess Lana's life might be clocked as meteoric speed by a motor-cycling mortal. Considering all she has telescoped into twenty-four years, time with Miss Turner, as Einstein observed with or without her in mind, is relative.

But she recognizes time as a matrimonial problem in Hollywood.

"When I used to read that an actress was just a little bit too busy to marry I would say, 'Oh, really now? I've learned since that marriage suffers hour trouble. This work has a way of soaking up all your time. An actress, furthermore, works on her emotions. She returns home weary. She may be irritable. A husband should be a wife's first consideration. So I believe."

Would a business man or actor work out the best?"Now to that I have no answer," she says. "It's argued that an actor and actress have a common interest. But there's no fresh blood going through the mind and you need that. I learned from this first long vacation I have had, traveling through South America and this country, that you need this new blood of ideas to refresh your mind. You go dead without it."

Though, there appears little outward change in Miss Turner, her friends substantiate her claim to having changed. An inner revolution—or rather evolution may be the true term—no casualities occurred apart from the fifteen pounds which Miss Turner could afford to lose, being a fearless eater when not working.

"For the first time I feel the head rules the heart, as the horoscopists put it," she smiles. "When I find myself depressed and in a mood to retire to the dressing room and do a bit of kicking about, I say, 'Just a minute, I'll go on one of that.' I find I think rationally and handle responsibilities. That's a blessed change."

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(To be continued...)

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Also for the first time she is mistress of her own home, no mother or husband to guide her. When she returned from the nine months' sabbatical during which she invited her soul and swung the samba in Rio, she rewarded her mother, who had cared for Cheryl, with a vacation to travel. Then she swiftly moved from the Bel-Air palazzo with the five servants' quarters into a cote in countryed Brentwood having two bedrooms, nursery, living room, den, kitchen and one servant's suite. It's two story Spanish which she has modernized with wide windows, with a view at night of clustered lights in the hills, homes grouped like tiny villages. She furnished it simply in gay colors. Her bedroom is white with one wall papiered in yellow roses. The curtains are organdy. The living room is done in flowered chintzes. The furniture is modern. She likes antiques only in shop windows. The nursery is a cluster of rosesbuds, appearing on walls and on Cheryl's first big bed. The two acres of ground are informally landscaped with lawn and trees.

Down a little slope there is a spot where Cheryl will have a playground with slides and pool and swings. Eventually there will be a stable for a pony. A handsome new beige puppy is just now the pet.

THE glamour girl of old sweatered triumphs is obviously proud of today of being the young matron. On Halloween she took her daughter and small fry friends on one of the three shaker tours of the neighbors, Cheryl politely chipping "twick-o-tweet." Cheryl did immoderately well. Whether or not mama's presence had anything to do with neighbor papas hurrying to the doors with treats cannot be determined, but after three houses had been visited mama retired from the expedition saying, "Now dear, you go on with the other children."

For Cheryl's birthday party she selected all the children's favors and saw them properly placed, supervised the servings and aided Eric Carpenter, her cameraman, in getting pictures.

She is the same thoughtful hostess at her own affairs. No one is left a wallflower as at many a shindig these days.
At one enormous reception she went about introducing by their right names twenty-four people whom she had met but once. Her phenomenal memory is due to her concentrated attention to people. To say she is as popular with women as with men might be a bit of overstatement but that women who can delight in declaring distaste for their own sex are overwhelmingly devoted to Lana is mystifying until you discover the secret. Lana is a listener. She listens to everyone's troubles and good counsel. To say she has such understanding she could substitute on a moment's notice for Mr. Anthony. It's something to see an erstwhile glamour girl being mother hen to damsel twice her age.

We say erstwhile glamour girl merely to please. Miss Turner likes being erstwhile. She does not pretend to dislike the extra-ordinary attentions accorded a glamour girl. It's just that the head rules the heart—brow over bosom so to speak. She is ambitious professionally.

The rub to being a glamour girl is that you are faced with the beautiful but dumb roles,” she comments. “There are a lot of parts for young pretty girls of course, and so you find it difficult to achieve anything else.”

MISS Turner is a hard and serious worker. She studies pictures. When she finds she has more than an hour for reading she goes to the projection room where Frank McBride, who has run all her rushes for her since she has been on the lot, always has a new cartoon, which he knows so well, in addition to the familiar ones that have been reviewed already. She has been reviewing old pictures; among them, "The Sign of the Cross," "Cleopatra," Garbo's "Camille." She is an enthusiastic follower of other actresses, notably Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Garbo. When told that one of the screen's most expert actresses had listed the three finest actresses as "Bette Davis, Claudette, and Lana Turner," adding, "Lana acts with her heart without realizing how she gets effects or how good she is," Lana's eyes expressed astonishment directly.

“She said that?” she asked. Then softly, "How kind.”

Producer Carew Wilson believed Miss Turner capable of fine dramatic roles. He chose her for "The Postman Always Rings Twice.” She proved herself in difficult competition with illustrious seasoned players. Wilson then picked her for a totally different role of great, potentiality in the picture "Green Dolphin Street.”

Miss Turner likes people to be definite, forthright and positive. She is. When a reporter asked her if she could name an ideal man, she said promptly: "President Roosevelt.”

“ar to be political,” he laughed, "You should become a Republican to balance.”

“I don't know one who can,” chortled Lana.

Her secretary, Romayne, explained that when Miss Turner attended the President's birthday ball and was entertained at the White House after the President asked her: "And where are you going after dinner?”

“Dancing,” she said.

“ar I could join you," he said. She identified his affection Miss Turner was overcome, says Romayne, and she landed in her heart to remain ever since.

Her head may roll, her friends say, smiling, but it will never be as big as her heart.

And because she acts with it she will be one of the actresses of the screen.

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Vera Vague reaps chuckles with her man-hunting. Edward Everett Horton does his best. (Nov.)

GAS HOUSE KIDS—PRC: A sentimental slab story full of despondent characters with Billy Halop as the leader of the gangster ring, and Robert Lowery and Teala Williams loving the romance. The kids get involved in a roulette-crowd. (Jan.)

G.I. WAR BRIDES—Republic: This sappy film is an attention-getter in parts. Anne Lee plays a stewardess on a boat of British war brides sailing to America. Carol Savage provides her with credentials so she can join William Henry, but along comes James Ellison to make her change her mind. (Dec.)

HENRY V—Two Cities-UC: Laurence Olivier brings a brilliant living classic to modern life, playing Shakespeare's Henry V with restraint, humor and spirit. The Actor will be long remembered. Rene Asherson stands out as Princess Katherine. Among the key color and action that spells topnotch entertainment. (Nov.)

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—M.G.M: This is full of color, interest and breath-taking melody. Against a storybook Technicolor background, the American Embassy in Mexico, Jane Powell plays the daughter of Ambassador Wax Pidgeon with Roddy McDowell as her infatuated swain. Joe Mantini, Vicente Curti and Iona Massey contribute fun. (Nov.)

HOME IN OKLAHOMA—Republic: Roy Rogers is head man in this tender-on-the-range story. Dale Evans is the feminine fall with Carol Hughes and George Meeker as the troublemakers. (Jan.)

HUMORESQUE—Warners: It's music versus love in this entertaining and engaging picture with Joan Crawford giving a striking portrayal of a much married patroness of the arts, and John Garfield firmly playing a studious husband. On the warpath, the humor in "Humoresque" and Joan Chandler is appealing as Garfield's devoted fellow artist. (Jan.)

IF I'M LUCKY—20th Century-Fox: See this if Harry James's tramp and Perry Como's song "send" you, otherwise skip it. Carmen Miranda struts plenty of her stuff, and Dinah Blaine sings in this trumped-up story of politicians and crooners. (Nov.)

INVISIBLE INFORMER, THE—Republic: The gross total of this supposedly scary story about a stolen emerald necklace is boredom. A glossy South ern plantation with a bag for hiding bodies is the set-up for all the dirty work. Linda Stirling and Bill Henry can't make this thing work. (Nov.)

LIFE ALWAYS LOVED YOU—Republic: You'll enjoy this provided it's up your musical alley. It introduces a lovely song by Catherine McBee. The story of her infatuation with her famous pianist-teacher (Philip Dorn) and her marriage to a simple farmer (William Talman) is set in the music of Beethoven, Wagner, Rachmaninoff. (Dec.)

JOLSON STORY, THE—Columbia: A life story with plenty of life to it, this Technicolor film with Jack LaRue as Al Jolson's boy days are brought back magnificently by Larry Parks and a scientific Technicolor cast, including Evelyn Keyes and William Demarest. (Nov.)

KILLERS, THE—Universal: Here's a fast action thriller with a Hemingway plot that will make strong men quiver. The story is a town, a night, and one man is murdered. There's good old-fashioned gangster play-acting with Edmund O'Brien, Ava Gardner and John Hodiak. (Nov.)

LAST BOMB, THE—Warners: Made in cooperation with U.S. Army Air Forces, this Technicolor short is an awe-inspiring spectacle of the huge striking force used in this war. In 1941, a permit- ment record of how our Air Forces accomplished their great mission, this first-rate documentary film outdoes any fiction the screen writers can devise. (Dec.)

MAN I LOVE, THE—Warners: Ida Lupino never looked more glamorous than she does in this tale about a nightclub singer who's in love for Bruce Bennett, and who is pursued by wiseful Robert Alda. Andrea King has the role of Ida's sister sympathetically, but it's Lupino's picture plus some Gertrude and Kern songs hit. (Dec.)

MARGIE—20th Century-Fox: This refreshing comedy of the Thrillers and the Vampires has the top tunes of that period is a beauty. As teen-age Margie, Jeanne Crain's joys and sorrows are something to chuckle over. She's surrounded by the usual gang, including Glenn Langan, Barbara Lawrence, Alan Young and Conrad Janis. (Jan.)

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE—20th Century-Fox: A picture pleasing all of Old West with Henry Fonda as a straight-shootin', fast- tintin' marshal, avenging his brother's murder. Victor Mature is a restless gambl and Linda Darnell plays his ravishing sweetheart. (Jan.)

NOCTURNE—RKO: When a song writer is found totally shot, Detectives are left to solve a murder. High on his list of suspects is smart-looking Lynn Bari. Also entangled are Virginia Huston, Joseph Perozy, Myrna Dell and Scottie Beckett. Lots of action and suspense. (Jan.)

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE—M-G-M: Not so good film with Van Johnson as a Marine hometown bound to marry his girl who has wed another. Keenan Wynn, Pat Kirkwood and Edward Arnold are in, (Nov.)
PERFECT MARRIAGE, THE—Paramount: Hi- links among the smart set, co-starring Love's Young and David Niven who discover, on their tenth anniversary, that the bloom has worn off. Eddie Albert, Virginia Field, Rita Johnson, Zasu Pitts and little Mona Griffth. (Jan.)

RAIDER, THE—English Films: Fact and fiction are blended in this plot with a cast of non-professionals, formerly attached to the allied navies. No exciting scene is a duel between a German U-boat and an English ship, seeking to rescue men adrift in a lifeboat. (Dec.)

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE—Republic: This light farce offers a look at a soldier's life with Eddie Albert playing the homecoming husband and Fay Marlowe his bride. With Eddie Faye, Gail Patrick, Phillip Reed and Sir C. Aubrey Smith. (Nov.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M: The rich humor of George Kelly's play is lost here. Red Skelton struggles with the role of Aubrey Piper whose lines find him hard to take. Marjorie Main plays Mom. (Nov.)

STEP BY STEP—RKO: Step by step, this gets more and more implausible. The mysterious goings-on include the disappearance of blonde Anne Jeffreys and a corpse on the sofa. Handsome Laurence Tierney is unhappily involved. (Nov.)

STRANGE WOMAN, THE—Hunt Stromberg: UA: Hunt Stromberg has a job. His job is designing whirls in this melodramatic tale set in Maine of 1820. You'll watch her cast her evil spell over Gene Lockhart, Louis Hayward and George Sanders, half-fascinated, half-repelled. (Jan.)

TEMPTATION—Universal-International: This turbaned idol of the klieg lights in a cast of non-professionals playing a designing divorcee who weds wealthy George Brent, then becomes infatuated with rascally Charles Korvin. With Paul Lukas and Lenore Ulric. Pretty somber stuff. (Jan.)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—20th Century-Fox: "Delightful" is the word for this musical treat starring June Haver, Vivian Blaine and Vera Ellen. June Haver plays secretary, Vera Ellen her maid; George Montgomery and Frank Latimore playboys of 1908. (Dec.)

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warners: A trite tale about a rich gal who leads a sheltered life until she tangled up with some night club club. Dana Andrews, Jinx Falkenburg, Martha Scott, George Montgomery and Frank Latimore are involved. (Dec.)

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—Paramount: Dana Andrews and Martha Scott are shipmates in this tale of the atom bomb is here to stay, having finally caught up with the Rom Royals series. With Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway. (Nov.)

WHITE TIE AND TAILS—Universal-International: What happens when a gentleman's gentleman steps out of his class is amusingly told here. With Dana Andrews, Elia Kazan and others. (Dec.)

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- Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

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Northern Sun... and the gleaming smoothness of Drene-lovely hair to ski-dazzle masculine company. Drene is not a soap shampoo... leaves no dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it!

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Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action
GIRL: Sorry, but I've sworn off smiling. Why, if I smiled—

CUPID: ...you might get a muss into the picture with you some time. Just fancy! Or don't you care for that kind of mush?

GIRL: Look, snip, what I do is my business. Why don't you go attend to your own?

CUPID: It so happens, scrap-happy, that smiles are my business. Men go for smiles. If you think that sour puss of yours will ever make a man look twice...

GIRL: Well, my smile is worse than my sulk. It would frighten away even the photographer. No high-lights...no glitter. I brush my teeth regularly but—

CUPID: But your tooth brush often shows a tinge of "pink"?

GIRL: Pink, green, blue...we were discussing the rainbow, perchance?

CUPID: Listen, sister, "pink" is a warning to see your dentist AT ONCE. Let him decide if it's serious...or just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. And if it's that, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

GIRL: And then suddenly my smile starts sparkling out loud like the Great White Way—

CUPID: But not in one day, dopey. For sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, get at it...and you'll be on the Great Right Way to a smile that'll break men's hearts!
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MARCH, 1947

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Mickey's back!
And you'll howl!

"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy"

M-G-M's NEW and DANDY ANDY HARDY HIT!

with MICKEY ROONEY
LEWIS STONE

SARA HADEN • LINA ROMAY • FAY HOLDEN • BONITA GRANVILLE • DOROTHY FORD

Screen Play by HARRY RUSKIN and WILLIAM LUDWIG • Original Story by HOWARD DIMSDALE
Directed by WILLIS GOLDBECK • Produced by ROBERT SISK

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
**The Shadow Stage**

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

**It's a Wonderful Life (Liberty-RKO)**

In this picture of many moods, it's driven home that it isn't worldly goods which enrich a man, but the friends he makes in life. It's another heaven-and-earth affair that has a little of everything: Romance, comedy, tragedy, fantasy, satire. For earnest and impulsive James Stewart life is a mixture of all these things.

Eager to leave his home town for far-off places, Jimmy's carefully laid plans go awry repeatedly. He finally tears up his travel folders and resigns himself to running the building and loan company on which so many of the townfolk depend; otherwise, it would fall into the grasping hands of banker Lionel Barrymore whom everyone despises. His consolation prize is pretty Donna Reed who skims along on next to nothing; turns a drafty old barn into a livable home and brings four-count 'em—fine youngsters into the world, remaining sweet and sunny through it all.

The climax comes when Jimmy's befuddled uncle, Thomas Mitchell, misplaces the company funds. With disgrace in the offing and Barrymore at his throat, Jimmy goes to pieces. It's then that a heavenly messenger is sent to straighten out his tangled affairs and prove how wrong he is in wishing he'd never been born. As Clarence, the Angel, S.C. (second class until he earns his wings), Henry Travers is hilariously funny. Barrymore is as black-hearted a knave as the screen has seen in years. On a par with those previous Capra-Stewart pictures: "You Can't Take It With You" and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," this leaves a good taste in the mouth.

Your Reviewer Says: Welcome back, Jimmy.

**Till the Clouds Roll By (M-G-M)**

Leo the Lion may roar with pride over this stunning songfest, inspired by the popular melodies of Composer Jerome Kern. Elaborate sets and exquisite costumes, dipped in Technicolor, furnish the framework for a story that doesn't get into the way of the tunes, as frequently happens in musical biographies.

In portraying Kern, Robert Walker has his most important role to date, aging attractively as the years and the shows pile up in quick succession. A galaxy of entertainers, straight out of Hollywood's Who's Who, include Van Hefflin who excels as Kern's close friend and collaborator. Lucille Bremer, as a gal determined to carve out a stage career for herself, has lots to do and does it well; by way of reward, lucky Lucille gets to be Van Johnson's partner in an amusing nightclub interlude. Dorothy Patrick is the English girl who becomes Mrs. Kern after a whirlwind courtship, and Judy Garland plays the part of Marilyn Miller, one-time musical comedy star. June Allyson doesn't intrude into the story at all, appearing advantageously, if briefly, in the title number. Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin sing a dreamy duet together. Dinah Shore and Lena Horne share equally in interpreting the Kern songs which culminate in his smash hit, "Show Boat."

The dessert course of this rich feast has that show-stopper, Frank Sinatra, clad in dazzling white against a spun-sugar setting, giving out with "Old Man River."

Your Reviewer Says: Not to be missed.

**Stairway to Heaven (Universal-International)**

Reality and fantasy are woven into a unique pattern in this Technicolor tale of an RAF flier with an indomitable will to live. As the postwar pilot who hovers between life and death, after jumping from his burning plane over the English Channel, David Niven lends plausibility to an odd situation. What makes it so odd is that his adventures take him (and the audience) into two worlds—one real, the other imaginary.

Part of his real world and the reason why he wants to stay in it is Kim Hunter, who handles her role of WAC wireless operator sympathetically. Also of that world is the doctor, splendidly depicted by Roger Livesey, who fights desperately to preserve the life and sanity of his patient, after diagnosing the trouble as a brain concussion. The young airmen suffers repeated hallucinations in which he disputes his right to remain on earth with a "trial" already arranged to decide if he's to board that stairway to heaven. As the celestial prosecutor who pits his wits against the doctor's, Raymond Massey is a crafty adversary of Samuel Beckett.

Although this tug of war twixt heaven and earth, over possession of the pilot, makes for a provocative picture with some stirring scenes brilliantly performed, it may be too fanciful for the average taste. Heaven, incidentally, not only looks startlingly like Grand Central Station, with its steady stream of arrivals, but it's run just as efficiently.

Your Reviewer Says: Flight into fantasy.

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For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 119
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 135
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It's The All-Time Laugh Hit Streamlined for Now!

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

32 MERRY MONTHS ON THE AIR!

NOW ON THE SCREEN!

Bing Crosby Producers Inc.
presents ANNE NICHOLS'
"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"
with MICHAEL CHEKHOV
introducing JOANNE DRU*
and RICHARD NORRIS
Produced and Directed by A. Edward Sutherland
Screenplay by Anne Nichols * Released thru United Artists
by arrangement with Howard Hawks
For you (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat to see ... You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class ... and what more can a girl ask? Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to DeLong Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.

The Devil on Wheels (PRC)

It isn't in the least surprising that the National Safety Council has endorsed this film, dealing as it does with reckless driving. The sermonizing is sugar-coated with some up-to-dateingo and a bit of reckoning by a group of kids who believe in "doing what comes naturally." Racing around in hopped-up jalopies, endangering their own and other lives, comes too naturally!

Although Damian O'Flynn gets his sixteen-year-old Irishman, in a manner of speaking, to promise to be careful, he himself is brought up on a speeding charge, pointing up the responsibility of the parent in setting a good example.

To lighten the lecture, there's a romance between James Cardwell, and Nor- een Nash.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch your speed!

Dead Reckoning (Columbia)

You can bet on three things in a Humphrey Bogart picture: Savage action, crackling talk, casual love making. They're all here in ample measure; what's more, hard-boiled Bogie meets his match in Liza- beth Boyett, blonde bombshell with the pluperfect poise.

A paratroop captain, Bogart is to be decorated by the War Department along with his buddy, William Prince, when the latter disappears. Guessing there's something in his pal's past he's trying to cover up, Bogart—trouble shooter that he is—starts searching for him, winding up in a Mexican desert, and turns up as a (even he's a buddy before him, Bogie falls under this husky-voiced siren's spell—falls, too, into the clutches of Mosber Morris Carnovsky. Your Reviewer Says: Not for the squeamish.

California (Paramount)

There's a machine-made quality to this chronicle of California's bitter battle of 1848-50 for admission into the Union there should be a stirring story of historical significance. Still, you'll get your money's worth of bad-and-thunder action in a super-special setting, and you may enjoy the novelty of seeing Ray Milland in a horse role. Certainly, his portrayal of an Army deserter, tidied wagon-train guide, is in sharp contrast to that of the debonair aristocrat of "Kitty."

While leading a caravan across country, just before news of the gold strike breaks, Ray meets Barbara Stanwyck and they promptly snap and snarl at each other—a sure sign they've got that old familiar feeling! It doesn't take Barbara long to become the fiancée of villainous George Coulouris, out to make California his personal property. Thereafter, it's never quite certain which side she's on, her head pulling her one way, her heart the other.

But Bogart plays a kindly farmer, lured into politics.

Your Reviewer Says: Gun-play in Technicolor.

The Verdict (Warner)

Portly, inscrutable Sidney Greenstreet and bland, boyish Peter Lorre are teamed once more, in a fairly suspenseful if not too convincing whodunit, fashioned from an Israel Zangwill novel. Shrouded in London's fog of the nineties, it dwells upon the possibility of an insane man handing over a crimi- sole on circumstantial evidence.

After thirty years' honorable service with Scotland Yard, Greenstreet is summarily demoted for unintentionally irre- trievably sending to his death a guiltless man. That the crafty George Coulouris is selected to succeed Greenstreet is tantamount to rubbing salt into his wounds. His friend, Lorre, an artist and man about town, sympathizes with him and, together, they watch and wait, certain that the Yard's new supervisor will be tripped up by the first tough case that comes along. Jahn Lorre is a saucy little slug.

Your Reviewer Says: Passable puzzler.

The Captive Heart (Ealing-Prestige)

Many phases of the war have been presented in pictorial form but the poignant story of the prisoners of war has never been told more stirring.

Michael Redgrave effectively plays a Czech officer who assumes the identity of an English soldier after stumbling over his corpse. Just escaped from one Nazi concentration camp, he is herded into an- other with hundreds of other unfortunate. His fluent German and some slips of the tongue arouse the suspicions of his fellow-prisoners but he convinces them that he is definitely on (Continued on page 10)
WINNER OF THE 1945 ACADEMY AWARD

JOAN C.

JOHN G.

THE NEW WARNER
- ONE OF THE GREATEST

Humo

WITH

OSCAR LEVANT · J. CARROL NAISH · JEAN N

DIRECTED BY
FOR 'MILDRED PIERCE' IN ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING ROLE!

RAWFORD ARFIELD

ACHIEVEMENT OF THEM ALL!

resque

PRODUCED BY EUGLESCO - JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold • Based on a Story by Fannie Hurst • Music Conducted by Franz Waxman
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 lovelier lustre, more naturally-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 Mange 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."

Barbara Hale starring in RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. Lady Luck

(Continued from page 6) their side. Then he hears from his "wife," Rachel Kempson, whose letters must be answered to avoid inquiries from the ever-alert camp authorities. Deliberately, he injures his right hand, using his left to pen his replies.

Then there's the young concert pianist, dreaming of the bride he left behind and tortured by doubts as to her faithfulness; also the Scotch lad who wants to break his engagement to the girl back home after losing his sight. Although desperately longing for the world outside, each gradually builds a life of his own in the prison camp. Compelling in its sincerity and realism and with praiseworthy performances by the entire cast, "The Captive Heart" is warmly recommended.

Your Reviewer Says: Top notch war drama.

✓ Out California Way (Republic)

PATRONS of the opera—horse, that—is will find this one, in Trucolor, has lots of riding, roping and fighting and some singing and romancing.

Stalwart Monte Hale, who personifies the wide, open spaces, is trying to break into pictures. So is Pardner, a very superior horse owned by youngster Bobby Blake. They get their big chance, to the delight of the kid and his sister, Adrian Booth, a very pleasing eyeful. All would be well but for the malicious meddling of John Denner, a heel of the first magnitude. He and his stooge, Fred Graham, resenting Hale's sensational success, cross him up, nearly wrecking his budding film career and his romance.

Fay Willing and The Riders of the Purple Sage and St. Luke's Choristers help with the harmony.

Your Reviewer Says: California, here we come!

✓ Wanted for Murder (Excelsior-Fox)

A MAN HUNT is on to track down the homicidal maniac responsible for the strangling of half a dozen girls. There are not too many clues to go by—a crumpled cigar, a soiled handkerchief, a torn stamp—but Scotland Yard doesn't give up easily, especially when someone like Inspector Roland Culver is in charge.

Eric Portman, prosperous businessman, is called in to help, only to be subsequently suspected of the foul crimes. Derek Farr, a young bus conductor studying to be an engineer, is also implicated but anyone can see at a glance that he wouldn't harm a fly. There's the pretty clerk, Dulcie Gray, to whom both men are attracted. Typical of British-made murder mysteries, the whole grisly affair moves slowly. If you go for creppy stuff, you could do worse than see this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Scotland Yard's on the job!

✓ Easy Come, Easy Go (Paramount)

Life on Third Avenue of little old New York is portrayed here in its more comic aspects. Barry Fitzgerald plays an amiable Irishman with a gift of gab and a penchant for betting on nags picturesquely named "Bridal Veil," "Papa's Choice" and the like. This weakness ends in repeated rides to the station house.

As if it weren't bad enough for Diana Lynn's old man to be a no-good gambler, her boy friend, Sonny Tufts, shows leanings in that direction, too. When the dough intended for an engagement ring is lost at the track, disgusted Diana quits them and the broken-down boarding house she's been run- (Continued on page 12)
WITH FLAMING COURAGE HE MADE THE LAW!
WITH BLAZING GUNS HE ENFORCED IT!

Action-packed story of the man who tamed Dodge City... then took on the toughest town in America.

TRAIL STREET

starring

RANDOLPH SCOTT • ROBERT RYAN

GEORGE “Gabby” HAYES • ANNE JEFFREY

MADGE MEREDITH • STEVE BRODIE • BILLY HOUSE

Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by RAY ENRIGHT
Screen Play by NORMAN HOUSTON and GENE LEWIS
Based on the Novel by WILLIAM CORCORAN

The above illustration, an impression of TRAIL STREET, was painted on the scene by Peter Hurd, famous American Artist.
There was about her a dainty grace, from her Milk-white Hands to her elfin face.

Yes, hands can scour a coal-black stove and still be milk white
If you think that housework must leave your hands all roughened up, red, and scratchy dry...you're wrong! Use greaseless Pacquins...this snowy, fragrant cream helps keep hands looking whiter, romantically softer and smoother.

Pacquins was first made for Doctors and Nurses

Pacquins was first made for doctors and nurses, who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. They had to have something that would help keep hands softer, smoother. And Pacquins proved effective...as it will for you too!

(Continued from page 10) ning. Everyone's sad but the handsome cop on the beat, Dick Foran, who makes the most of this chance to woo and win Diana. Just about then, Fitzgerald's brother, Arthur Shields, engaged in the romantic profession of deep-sea diving, turns up after twenty years' absence. The brightest bit in the whole picture is the scene in which he demonstrates his prowess in the East River and Brother Barry tries his hand at it, coming up with a bagful of bills at the first try.

The inconsequent story doesn't lead anywhere especially, merely giving Fitzgerald an opportunity to strut his stuff. Luan Lynn handles her part pleasingly but Sonny Tufts trails behind sadly, having little to do except look glum and wait for a break.

Your Reviewer Says: Barry Fitzgerald plays the horses.

✓ This Happy Breed
(Prentice-Universal)

NOEL COWARD gives us another one of his cavalades, this time covering the two decades between wars: 1919-39. You'll wipe away a tear or two as you view the trials and triumphs (in Technicolor) of the little man on the street, symbolized by the middle-class Gibbons family. Adult audiences of Coward's generation will applaud his glorification of the common man, but the younger crowd may find it overly sentimental, their patience taxed by too much tea-and-talk. By Hollywood standards, the picture pokes along at a snail's pace, the gals looking anything but glamorous in those droopy dresses and hideous hats. The acting, however, is among the season's best.

As Frank Gibbons, Robert Newton is a beautiful blend of simplicity and wisdom; the scene in which he proffers advice to his about-to-be-wed son (John Blythe) is particularly well done. Celia Johnson registers as the hard-working wife and mother and so does Stanley Holloway as a friendly neighbor who enjoys a bit of tipping. But the chap destined to win the bobby-sox brigade is attractive John Mills. A few more pictures and this handsome lad will be offering real competition to Rex Harrison and James Mason. He acquires himself admirably as the sailor boy, deeply in love with Kay Walsh, headstrong daughter of respectable parents.

Not a great picture, perhaps, but a worthwhile one in the "there'll always be an England" tradition.

Your Reviewer Says: Hail Britannia!

✓ Swell Guy
(Universal)

JUST as there's a little bit of bad in every good little girl (as the old song hit it), so there's some good in every bad boy. That's the point made here with Sonny Tufts, the big, broad-shouldered guy with the gorgeous grin, giving a colorful characterization of half-hero, half-heel. Peite, pert Ann Blyth, as a girl who pays the penalty for her mistakes, has a role tailored to her talents, matching her masterful performance in "Mildred Pierce." She's quite as wayward in this, and when she meets up with Tufts there are some fancy fireworks.

At the war's end, broke and jobless Tufts, whose newspaper pals shun him like the plague, visits his people, taking everyone in to town by storm except his mother (Mary Nash). She knows her son's weaknesses and dreads his appearance in their midst, aware that behind those grandstand gestures is a man strictly out for himself. The infatuated Ann finds out too, after (Continued on page 119)
Benedict Bogeaus presents

GREGORY PECK
JOAN BENNETT

in Ernest Hemingway's

"The Macomber Affair"

Also starring
ROBERT PRESTON

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and CASEY ROBINSON - Released thru United Artists
Round-up: Bing Crosby had to postpone that motor trip with his wife and for a very good reason. He had a date with Bop Hope to play golf (their favorite sport) on the screen for the first time. The set of "Variety Girl" was crowded with Paramount people during the filming of that side-splitting event. And what a pity some of those out-of-camera-range antics couldn't be filmed. Together those two are world beaters. Or even separately for that matter.

The town is still chuckling over Bob Hope's Christmas card which depicted his four children, even the two babies, Mrs. Hope and the dog and puppy all gagged and tied and forced to look at Bob's movies. The greeting read, "Oh, yes, the family simply insisted on staying in this Christmas." Cal is having his card framed.

The expected heir (their second) in the Betty Grable-Harry James menage will prevent Betty from making that personal appearance tour with Harry and his band. But they'll keep in close touch by telephone for the Jameses are a happy couple.

Danny Kaye is a happy lad these days. The reason—little daughter Dena who arrived on December 17. Five and a half pounds at birth, she has red hair and "hands just like mine," Danny's only too glad to tell you. Mrs. Kaye is fine, after a rugged time. So now there are three Kayes and that's okay with D. K.

Press Club Results: The Hollywood Women's Press Club nominated Ingrid Bergman, Ginger Rogers and Betty Grable as the least cooperative actresses in town.
Frank Sinatra, Charles Boyer and Bing Crosby were the least cooperative men. The women stars nominated as the most cooperative were Joan Crawford, June Haver and Joan Fontaine while the men were Dana Andrews, Glenn Ford and Gregory Peck. When it came to a final vote the most cooperative actress turned out to be Joan Crawford and the man Dana Andrews. The least cooperative woman who received the most votes was Ingrid Bergman and the man Frank Sinatra, with all other male contestants trailing the crooner.

The girls base their decisions on the stars’ accessibility for interviews, etc., upon which depends the writer’s livelihood. And it does accomplish results, too, for only two years ago Joan Fontaine was chosen on the noncooperative list and now almost edged out Crawford, a two-time winner for first place. Fontaine freely admits she heeded the warning and changed tactics.

Crosby is seldom gracious to the press in any way and Sinatra’s cantankerous attitude has, of late, reached some sort of peak. The town feels Frankie must surely be ill to adopt such belligerence to one and all. Cal couldn’t be more pleased his friend Dana Andrews won. There’s a really nice guy every day in the week.

Remember, too, fans, if it weren’t for these writers you’d hear very little of your favorite stars. So you, too, stand to win or lose.

Gay Doings: The party that writer Nunally Johnson gave in honor of Peter Lind Hayes, the mimic (Continued on page 16)
So bright, so gay, so dazzling fresh!
Made of plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot and strawberry patterns. Red-blue-green. 7 pieces 59c. (5-piece Hollywood style, without sash panels, only 39c)

CLOPAY
COTTAGE SETS
59c

Expensive-looking charm and elegance for less than a dollar a window! CLOPAY Lined Drapes of plasticized cellulose are a full 2 1/4 yards long—matching tie-backs—automatic pleater. In glamorous florals, stripes and plaids.

CLOPAY
DRAPEs
98c
pair

A cheery word with our good friend, Louella Parsons, looking so well again. Then a hail from Adrian the famous designer and his wife Janet Gaynor. Jeanette MacDonald came over followed by her husband Gene Raymond. "I'm so happy with my picture, 'The Birds and the Bees,'" she told us. "I play the mother of three daughters, you know, and if I had three of my own I would want them to be just like Jane Powell, Ann Todd and Mary Jane Donahue, my screen children." Gene hopes to go back to New York soon for another play and Jeanette is going with him.

Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovitch came with Mrs. Joe E. Brown. Sir Charles Mendl made the rounds of the nicest party in a long time. And to the bride and groom Cal wishes much happiness.

(Continued from page 15) and Dinah Shore's radio partner, was vast, beautiful and even out-Hollywooded Hollywood. Cal spotted Phyllis Calvert and strolled over. "Bob Hutton tells me you've taught him more about acting in your picture 'Time out of Mind' than he ever knew before," we told her. And Phyllis, natural and charming, had only nice things to say about Bob.

Smaller but cozier was the wedding reception of bride Mary Anita Loos (niece of writer Anita Loos) and screen-writer Richard Sale. The party room at the Bel-Air Hotel was jammed with guests. Eddie Albert beamed on his wife, Margo, who was matron of honor. Mrs. William Wyler, a wedding attendant, looked charming. Her famous director husband, whose most recent picture is "The Best Years of Our Lives," sat in a corner taking it all in.

A dream date she's sure to remember and, below...

INSIDE STUFF

Happy, new-gowned Erlene is escorted to Franklin High School prom by Guy

(Continued on page 18)
YOU enter smiling... as the overture brings back all the old enchantment. That night; and how close to the stars the topmost row of the balcony had seemed. That hush, when the lights lowered, and the curtain rose... wafting you into a make-believe heaven. Where the heroine’s loves... tears... triumphs... were very personally yours!

Play-going is still one of your many ways of keeping life fascinating; fun. And strolling among those who come to see and be seen, you’re poised... self-possessed, even at certain times. For naturally Kotex is your choice of napkins, knowing those flat tapered ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

You’re sure, too, of extra protection, with Kotex’ special safety center. Of heavenly softness that lasts, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it... just as every Kotex napkin is made with a deodorant locked inside to keep you dainty, charming. And only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

And so, whatever the scene, you enter smiling... always confident; always young in that eager love of life... so very personally yours.

More women choose Kotex*

than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg., U. S. Pat. Off.
For hair that commands adoration

Jewelrite

All the lovely things you are to him are expressed in the shining glory of your hair. Keep it soft and lustrous by frequent use of a Jewelrite Brush. Supreme creation of the brushmaker's art, Jewelrite Brushes by Prophy-lac-tic have bristles of long, resilient Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide healthful stimulation, while burnishing each strand of hair to alluring, natural loveliness. Brushes, Combs and complete Dresser Sets in Jewelrite are available at good brush departments. Look for the name Jewelrite on the box. Jewelrite, aristocrat of plastics, is made by the makers of the famous Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.


(Continued from page 16)

Meet Van's Leading Lady: What's it like to be Van Johnson's leading lady? Well, we'll answer that question by stating that according to Janet Leigh, who plays opposite Van in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," it's just plain wonderful.

And to prove life can be a fairy tale come true, we'll further state Janet never yearned to be an actress and never acted before in her life. One day she was just Jeanette Morrison (or Mrs. Stan Reams in private life) and the next she was being introduced to Van Johnson in the office of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramatic coach Lillian Burns.

"I hear I'm to be your leading man," Van grinned and with that all her fears dropped away. "What's more, it was Van himself who insisted Jeanette take the screen name of Janet Leigh.

The magic carpet that transported Janet into Hollywood from her home town of Stockton, California, was piloted by Norma Shearer who saw a picture of Janet in the album of the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge in California. Forwarding the picture to an agent of Music Corporation of America, they sent for Janet to make the test that landed her the part opposite Van. When informed she'd have to leave at once for location she timidly asked the costs and rates, never dreaming the studio shouldered such responsibilities. The studio is still chuckling over that one.

Cal lunched with the five-foot-six honey in the studio commissary and found her natural, naive, honest and so unmovie-wise she isn't even afraid of the camera or the responsibility that is hers. Truth is, she isn't even aware she has a responsibility. Her mouth breaks up into a quartette of dimples when she smiles, her voice is artless, her long hair naturally blonde, her eyes brown.

She left College of Pacific in Stockton in her senior year to marry the six-feet-four Stanley Reams, a musician. They've bought four books on the theater, she confided, so they'll know what Van and his friends are talking about. Janet says she never saw a play in her life.

Van aided her in every way before the camera and was the soul of kindness itself. She and Stan, who dine with Van every so often, think Van is tops.

Every evening at 6:30 she crowds into the Santa Monica street car that takes her to the one room they call home until a house is located. And the passengers stare at the unknown in make-up, little dreaming the very pretty and simple girl is Van Johnson's leading lady.

"I guess they'd be surprised if they knew," she said. And then added thoughtfully, "Sometimes I'm surprised myself."
Ham: At the breakfast table Dennis Morgan was trying to point out to his young son the dangers of not eating his food.

"You’ll never grow big and strong," Dennis said, flexing his muscles, "unless you eat more. You won’t be able to play ball (Dennis hit an imaginary home run) or go in for football (Dennis made a touchdown over the rug) or——"

"Cut. Print it," the boy snapped exactly like a director with a scene and from then on Dennis ate his breakfast in silence.

Purely Personal: A gay card from Tyrone Power on “Captain from Castille” location in Mexico begins, “My problem, Mr. Anthony,—do motion pictures have to be this tough?” proving no matter how rough the going the lad keeps that wonderful sense of humor. . . John Hodiak phoned of a Sunday morning to say his wife, Anne Baxter, was in San Francisco attending some affair and even though she’d be home in a day or two John’s voice sounded lonely, we thought. These two are certainly happily in love . . . A nice note from Eddie Albert to tell us of the good role he has in “Time out of Mind” with Ella Raines and Bob Hutton—and that is the picture, kiddies, that will introduce the lovely British star, Phyllis Calvert, to you.

And just to make you fellows jealous such lovelies as Angela Lansbury, Arlene Dall and pretty Martha Vickers all gave our phone a jingle. Gay dog, aren’t we?

A Party: Andrea King (Lillian Russell of “My Wild Irish Rose”) phoned Cal the good news that her husband Nat Willis had passed his bar examination which called for a party. The first person Cal spied in the living room was Cesar Romero with a four-inch growth of beard for his role in “Captain from Castille.” He told us he’d join the rest of the cast in Mexico later. The Scotts, Zack and Elaine, joined in kidding Cesar about his face brush while Cal had a chat with that splendid actress, Selena Royle. Selena, who played Cary Grant’s mother in “Night and Day,” tells Cal she lives quite alone out in the Valley with a cat and a housekeeper and loves it. Alan Curtis and his cute wife (married a year already) talked with the Carl Everests and then Cal greeted handsome David Niven who came with pretty Cathy Downs. Which reminds Cal that David had Cathy as his partner at a small dinner party he gave recently at Romanoff’s. It’s good to be able to report that David is looking exceptionally well these days.

Cal wished Nat lots and lots of law cases and Andrea many more good roles and went home having had a very good time.

(Continued on page 21)
Bring new glamour into your life today. Add a delightful new loveliness to your natural beauty with "Pan-Cake"—in just a few seconds. "Pan-Cake" will bring you many lovelier tomorrows, too. It safeguards your skin against sun and wind that bring drying, aging signs to mar your beauty. "Pan-Cake" was originated by Max Factor Hollywood for the stars of the screen. Now it is the favored fashion of millions. Try "Pan-Cake" for a glamorous today—for a lovelier tomorrow.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up
An Exclusive Formula Protected by U.S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843

*A Pan-Cake trade mark

JUDY GARLAND
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor Musical
"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

ORIGINATED BY
Max Factor * Hollywood
(Continued from page 19)

Romances: A chat with Nancy Guild concerning her on-and-off marriage with millionaire Ed Lasker, executive producer of Capital Films, reveals the romance to be one of many false rumors. For instance, Mr. Lasker did not present her with a $20,000 ring as written in the columns. Nancy feels elaborate gifts no basis for mutual understanding and respect. He did order a mink coat but until Nancy is his wife, she doesn't want it. And that fancy car was ordered six months before Ed knew Nancy, and wasn't intended as another gift. Because they had known each other for just a few weeks and because each is of different faith, Nancy's father traveled from his Arizona ranch to persuade Nancy to wait. After retakes on the picture, "Brasher Dubloon," Nancy took off for the wide open spaces of Arizona to ponder, as promised. So, by now she is either still waiting or Mrs. Ed Lasker.

Those reports that June Haver will wed Dr. John Duzik were certainly put forth by someone who didn't know June would much rather be Mrs. David Rose.

Audrey Totter, whose wit and straightforward honesty is rapidly making her one of the most popular stars in town, is dating both Turhan Bey and Richard Derr but won't mention any favorite.

Cary Grant has commissioned the Peruvian artist, Marino Soyer, to paint a portrait of his favorite girl friend, Betty Hensel. And for Cary's home, too.

Vic Mature, who is neatly settled in his little gray home in the West, near Fox Studios, has got round to Jacques Dalya who used to get round with Van Johnson.

With her long tresses cut for all the world like an old-fashioned Irene Castle bob (and much darker in shade, too) Ava Gardner is dancing these nights with her agent, Charles Feldman. Ava is pounds thinner, too.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder.
Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.

Keep Fresh! Feel Smooth! Stay Dainty!

... with this truly luxurious talcum powder

KEEP FRESH: Bathe! Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. It leaves every inch of you excitingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH: For ultra comfort treat the little trouble spots to extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects chafable places with a silken-smooth sheath.

STAY DAINTY: Keep your daintiness on high by showering your person, often, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It leaves on your skin—the fragrance men love.
Around Town: At Lucey’s restaurant that handsome couple, Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, were ten minutes trying to get to their table. Everyone stopped the beaming pair to congratulate them on the coming heir. . . . Mary Brian, after collapsing on tour with her play, getting a warm welcome from the Romanoff lunchers on her first day out. Mary is one gal who has many friends and no enemies in Hollywood . . . Mary Livingstone, who has the biggest, brownest eyes of anyone in town, is spending the winter relaxing in Palm Springs and only coming into town for the Jack Benny radio show. . . . Ann Miller’s separation from her wealthy groom, Reese Milner, was no surprise to her close friends. Ann returns to Columbia for more movies . . . At a red stoplight George Sanders was noticed sitting slumped and dejected in his car almost too blue to go on when the light changed. Reason is George, the blase woman hater, can’t persuade his wife to return to him. And what’s more Georgie, who is hard hit by the separation, has to live in the apartment building owned by his wife. Can’t find another place to live . . . Happy and relaxed are Merle Oberon and her husband, Lucien Ballard. When

Merle relinquished her title of Lady Korda to marry her cameraman, snobbish eyebrows climbed upward. Now the Ballards are eagerly sought after as guests everywhere.

One for the Book: The funniest story of the month concerns Mala, the Alaska-born Eskimo, who is working as assistant cameraman on the picture “Captain from Castille.” Flying back to Hollywood from the Mexico location, he was stopped at the Burbank airport by our customs officer who demanded to know where he was born.

“In Alaska,” Mala replied.

“Well, then,” stormed the officer, “where is your passport?”

And Mala relates it took a bit of arguing to persuade customs he too was an American.

Wonderland Is Right: A visitor from South America who had never before been on a movie lot is positive he’s either been in Wonderland or Goofyland and can’t decide which. During a jaunt around with Cal, we stopped by the enormous set where “Mother Wore Tights” is shooting. A perfect replica of a Boston street facing a small park

out of this world

FLEERS Candy Coated Gum Peppermint

Candy Coated means More Flavor!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.
INSIDE STUFF

A cheerful little earful for so-amused Peggy Cummins from Vincent Price

had been erected, complete with street lamps lit and gaslight lamps glowing in the windows of the red brick fronts. Through the windows Christmas wreaths could be seen here and there. Snow covered the ground and hung from the trees. But when the snow machine was hauled out, and manufactured snow was resprayed all over everything, it was too much for our Latin. "I can't believe it," he kept repeating.

On "The Green Dolphin" set an enormous ship took up nearly all the stage. Ropes, anchors and all the equipment of a ship were there. And then while our friend was still digesting the idea of a huge ship resting inside a sound stage, the director called out an order and a small crew of men gently took hold of the vessel and pushed it back several yards. That did it. "Let's go home," our astonished friend said. "This place is crazy. First they make it snow out of a machine and then they push ships around."

And just for the fun of it, we never did explain that the ship was on rollers. Let him tell our South American neighbors what magicians we are, Cal figured.

**Turner Data:** She came over from the studio for a cocktail after a hard day on the set of "Green Dolphin Street" and at one in the morning Lana Turner and Cal were still chatting away. Only a few nights before she had seen "The *D*on't turn it out, Honey— you'll be back by ten!

SURELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for you.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to keep her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away past perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

**better because it's Safe**

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.
SLIPS • GOWNS • PANTIES
Luxuriously tailored underthings... fashioned to flatter
... in an attractive variety of styles and fabrics. Be sure it's Blue Swan when you shop for them at your favorite store.

Blue Swan
LOVELY LINGERIE

It's in the bag—sweets for Ginger Rogers between broadcasts for Armed Forces

INSIDE STUFF

Razor's Edge" and was still under its influence.

She described scene after scene, the grandeur of the God-revealing sky in India, the way Tyrone walked down the mountain trail, the beauty of Gene Tierney, but most of all she talked of Anne Baxter—the sound of her voice weeping for her dead baby, the penetrating decadence of the French cafe scenes when Anne hit bottom.

"I went home and did something I never did before in my life," Lana confessed. "I wrote Anne Baxter a fan letter and told her how much I liked her performance. I don't know Anne and she doesn't know me but I had to let her know."

Lana is one of the least petty, least gossipy women in Hollywood. She's quick to forgive and prone to forget. For instance, a certain newcomer who had said many cruel things that had come back to Lana was suggested for a minor but important role in "Green Dolphin Street." The memory of those remarks echoed again in Lana's mind and acting on impulse she asked that another girl be tested for the role.

Lana then went to her dressing room for lunch and thought it over. Going back to the set she informed the director she'd changed her mind. "Make a good test of her," Lana said, "and I hope she gets the role." To this day that actress has no idea that to Lana, the woman she maligned, she owes her best break.

The Great Welles: He may be the genius of the age but for once Orson Welles is (Continued on page 26)
HERE IS MARY LOU dressed for another gay party. The nicest and best looking man in town is to be her escort. She expects to be the "femme fatale" as usual, with all sorts of men cutting in. Most of them find her irresistible.

But tonight they won't find her irresistible. Tonight they won't be cutting in so frequently. For Mary Lou has overlooked something.

Men will be quick to spot it, and jealous women will see to it that the bad news gets quickly whispered around. By next week there will be quite a bit of tarnish on Mary Lou's reputation as a charmer. But Mary Lou won't know about it.

How About You?

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). You may be free of it one night and guilty of it the next. And, when you are, your name is likely to go down on the social black-list.

Isn't it foolish to take such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. It's a "must" before any date where you want to be at your best. Never, never omit it.

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(Continued from page 24) stymied and by his own wife, Rita Hayworth. During the making of “The Lady from Shanghai” in Mexico, a day’s shooting seemed to depend on whether or not Rita was peeved at her husband. With the cast and crew assembled somewhere in the Mexican hills, the waiting would begin while Rita lingered within her dressing room. When and if she did emerge, Orson would approach her smilingly. “How are you, Mama?” he’d ask. “You feel like making this scene now, Mama?” With a shrug of the shoulders or a pout on the lips, Rita would designate her willingness.

Or maybe after they’d been waiting for endless hours, the hairdresser would murmur, with hand over mouth, “She isn’t coming out at all. She just isn’t coming.” More befuddled by it all than ever, the company would wait and wait. The soul of cooperation on her other films, Cal can’t help but think that it isn’t so good for a husband, who happens to be something of a personality himself, to direct a star who happens to be his wife. Too much of the personal can creep into the professional.

Hollywood Says: Peggy Cummins is the photogenic surprise of all time. In “The Late George Apley” she emerges a beauty... Someone should rush Jerome Courtland, the “Holy Cow” boy of “Kiss and Tell,” into a picture now that he’s recovered from that accident in Japan and is out of service. A very funny lad, that Jerome... The bit of the unfrocked priest in “The Razor’s Edge” should put Fritz Kortner into big-time parts... American fans feel their receiving James Mason a fair exchange for England receiving Gregory Peck—but we want him back, remember.

Trigger steals the spotlight from Roy Rogers and Dale Evans at opening of the new Beverly Hills “Hitching Post” theater.
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Beauty Spots

Short cut for beauty: Alexis Smith, next in "Stallion Road"

By Mary Jane Fulton

FLASH—SHORT CUTS!

Mary Clarke, hair stylist for Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright and Virginia Mayo, in "The Best Years of Our Lives," says that your beloved page-boy is becoming as obsolete as the gasoline stamp. Shorter bobs, she claims, are essential to smart grooming with the longer length skirts this spring. So now it's pro and con with the Hollywood gals as to whether to be "chic and shorn," or to weigh the problem a while longer . . . Jane Wyman and Alexis Smith have shown true pioneer spirit, and they say that they find their new short, curly locks easier to arrange and keep clean. Alexis sports her close-cropped tresses becomingly in her new picture, "Stallion Road." Rita Hayworth, with her new short blonde hair (it was formerly red, and she wore it long, you know), had one wag say to her: "Glad to see your back, Rita!" Martha Vickers is wearing her hair short and softly waved around her face with just the ends curled in back. There's another Hollywood hair style trend too. Bette Davis's new chignon coiffe, especially created for her in her latest starrer, "Deception," will, we are told, be featured by hairdressers throughout the country.

LEND AN EAR

If you decide to cut your hair, these stars advise, go to a good beauty operator. Hair should be cut in line with the shape of your head and manner in which your hair grows. Proper cutting will bring out the true natural wave and make future settings easier. If you need a permanent, have the ends curled and then trimmed afterwards to give the short ends a soft, beautiful wave. Brush your hair every night of your life, as they do, shampoo it once a week (more often, if very oily) and spray on, or brush on, a little scented brilliantine to bring out the highlights and to add a touch of perfumed glamour to your beautifully groomed tresses.

BEAUTY CHIT—CHAT

Joan Fontaine collects perfume bottles as a hobby. When she recently counted them, she discovered she had over 500 different designs . . . Claire Trevor, now in New York, daily walks in Central Park. Her young son along . . . When told that the average girl's waist measures twenty-eight inches, and the average man's arm is that long, Martha O'Driscoll said: "Hugging is a waste of energy!"
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FROM THE PULITZER PRIZE NOVEL

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PERCY WARAM • MILDRED NATWICK • EDNA BEST • NYDIA WESTMAN

Screen Play by Philip Dunne • From the Play by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman
Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand
ON PAGES 54 and 55 of this issue you will read a story of which Photoplay is especially proud. The story will warm you and, perhaps if your heart is empty, will help to fill it again with hope.

A young man named Harold Russell wrote the story. It is about himself. Those of you fortunate enough to have seen the film "The Best Years of Our Lives" will recognize him as the sailor in this memorable picture.

Harold Russell is a veteran who returned from the Army without his hands. Instead he had the hooks which Army doctors had given him and taught him to use. To another this would have been life's bleakest tragedy. To Harold it was miraculously the beginning of a rich new life. He has played a leading role in the film which Photoplay's editors feel is the best new movie of the year. He has married his girl back home and he is preparing for a new career.

Harold Russell is the most remarkable aspect of a most remarkable picture inspired and produced in Hollywood by Sam Goldwyn, brilliantly directed by William Wyler and acted with equal brilliance by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Myrna Loy, Virginia Mayo and Cathy O'Donnell. Photoplay urges all its readers to go to see this motion picture as soon as it is shown. Of all the films released since August 1945 it best dramatizes the problems of men returning from war and of their families to whom they return.

It eloquently preaches the need for veterans to do their share in the adjustment between home and soldier and between employer and returning worker. It eloquently preaches against the ugly attempts of the few to incite in these chaotic days race and religious hatreds. And it eloquently preaches the truth that physical disability need not cripple a man's soul or his opportunities.

"The Best Years of Our Lives" answers Photoplay's own hope of films that set down life as it really is and as it can be. Go see "The Best Years"—the best of this new film year.
Welcome son! Lindsay Harry peeks at script of famous dad—Bing, of "Welcome Stranger"
Polling the country’s most popular male star is like forecasting the heavyweight championship. No matter who’s in the movie ring with him, Bing Crosby always wins. He packs a mighty golden glove.

He’s now serving a third term as winner of the Gallup Poll. And it’s a pretty safe bet that as sure as the blue of the night meets the gold of another Hollywood day, Crosby will keep coming off champ.

“I’m just a lucky lug,” would be his only comment as to why folks cotten up to a crooner like him.

But ’tain’t so, as we all know. It’s far more than that.

And he’s just as much a champ to ring-siders who work with and for him, too. The studio crew, the cowhands on his Nevada ranch and the help around his Bel-Air home.

One of his staunchest admirers is the Crosbys’ ex-cook, a plump cheerful colored woman named Laverne, who still visits him on the set every Thursday, bringing with her his favorite chocolate cake or a blueberry pie she whipped up out of her present employer’s time and pantry the day before.

As for his secretary Betty Eastman, who’s been with him nine years, his fan mail girl Jean Luther, the switchboard operator “McGee” (Continued on page 79)
It isn't that Keenan and I have quarreled bitterly,” Evie Wynn explained. “I love Keenan. He's a wonderful person and in my opinion a fine actor. But Keenan is the kind of person who is happiest doing things that have no part of home-making.”

She had come in answer to our suggestion that the story of her and Keenan and Van Johnson should be told not as Hollywood imagines it but as the truth about three people and what has happened to them.

“Keenan is a great organizer,” she continued, “and a go-getter once he sets his heart on a thing. For instance, once he decided on little theater work, nothing stopped him. He went to Laguna and for four weeks last summer acted in and directed plays there. He transferred that work in the fall to El Patio Theater in Hollywood and from there went to New York for personal appearances. He likes to be constantly doing, constantly going, organizing or accomplishing. I'm the opposite. I love home, I like entertaining friends, I like all the duties that go toward making a home wonderful.”

“Then it's a difference in likes and dislikes that is causing the break between you and Keenan?”
O the outside observer Hollywood has produced no stranger romantic dilemma than the triangle of Van Johnson, Evie and Keenan Wynn. Van, the best friend, introduced into the household by Keenan, the husband, encouraged by the latter to entertain his wife, Evie, resulting in what is usually thought the inevitable end—a break-up of the marriage. Sympathy automatically goes to the husband. What does he think? What does he say?

In this instance what the husband says is the last thing you'd expect. His is not the statement of just the good sportsman; his are the words of a man who looks at himself squarely and gives a frank appraisal of what he sees.

"Evie and I met in March of '37 when I opened in a play called 'Hitch Your Wagon,' produced by Garson Kanin. Tom Lewis brought Evie back stage for she had been doing a lot of radio work for Tom. She looked sensational, so I said, 'This is for me.'"

"Later on after most of the people had left Evie turned to me and said, 'You're a good actor but you're taking too much for granted and fooling around too much with your career.'"

"Who the devil are you," I asked, 'to tell me about acting? I've been on (Cont'd on page 113)
AN unusual thing happened in writing this story on the marriage of my friend, Olivia de Havilland, and her writer-husband, Marcus Goodrich.

On the day, before a crackling fire in my playroom, that I talked with Livvy and her groom about their romance, courtship and plans for the future, I thought: Here is the most completely married woman I have ever met. She's reveling in this experience of belonging to the man she loves and putting his interests, and their interests, ahead of anything else. And to think, just a year ago Livvy was the most confirmed bachelor girl in Hollywood, as proud as Miss Lucifer of her independence.

This was the angle I meant to use in this story.

But, within twenty-four hours, certain stories were printed and events took place that put an entirely different complexion on any story about Olivia and her groom of six months—things which certainly have not affected their happiness, but have put Olivia on the defensive and left her puzzled and upset.

I'm referring to a story printed in an "inside" publication that "Olivia de Havilland Has Cleaned House. Husband Takes Over"—a headline that went on to state that Livvy had fired (Continued on page 115)
Olivia de Havilland, Academy Award Candidate for her performance in "To Each His Own"
LIKE most of the guys my age, I am a returned service man. I didn’t get overseas. But just getting away from home changes you. You have to keep your gear clean. Your mother isn’t around to pick up after you. You have to obey. You learn how to take care of yourself. You get independent of your parents, but at the same time you learn you’re not living in any private world. There’s a lot of other people you have to adapt yourself to—or else. And then there’s the problem of a post-war job and money.

I was lucky. I got a job while I was still in uniform. But Hollywood is full of big expenses. That’s why, these days, I’m living in a small house, doing my own cooking and housework.

You know, almost every guy I know is able to cook—and that’s not through love of food—or at least not just that—but because it saves dough. A lot of them, like me, originally learned to cook while out hunting. That is, you learned to make coffee and bacon and eggs and even biscuits and then you’d cook the game you killed. But coming out of service, you bought food and cooked it yourself to save the price of restaurants. I can fix a hearty breakfast—my idea of a good one is oatmeal, bacon and eggs and coffee—and for dinner I do all right by roasts and potatoes, salad and milk. I don’t go for milk as much as I used to nor do I have the appetite I once had, so it’s pretty easy. I can’t bake pies or cakes but I do all right by waffles and the rest of

Day’s end check-up—of Wayne’s studies at college of Guy’s striving for perfection as an actor
All-American appeal: Guy Madison, starred in "Honeymoon"
They're outdoor lovers—have a surf board. The clotheslines are always loaded with hunting togs.

They take turns. Here it's Wayne on the mop, Guy at the closet. Their house is small and efficient.
the stuff comes out okay, too.

I've got my younger brother, Wayne—he's twenty-two—sharing my house with me. Like a mob of other fellows with a duck in their left lapel buttonhole, he's going to school. He's at Los Angeles City College taking English, psychology, public speaking and a couple of other subjects. Everybody's going to school now.

We both wanted a place to live where we could come and go as we liked.

I moved in about eight months ago, baching it alone for five months, when the kid joined me. That's when we decided to get a maid. We had her just twice—twelve hours each time—a dollar and a quarter an hour. Most of the time she stood around talking but when she moved, she stirred slow.

So we let her go and did our own work. About once a week Wayne starts at one end of the house and I start at the other and we clean up in the way you would on a ship. That's really cleaning! We hit (Continued on page 76)
April showers preview: June Allyson, starred in "The Secret Heart"
Sunshine in her HANDS

There's darkness . . . and a promise in the drama of June Allyson's palms

BY MARGARET MAMLOK
Internationally Known Hand Analyst

If people knew how revealing is the hand shake to those who study the secrets of personality, they would take more care not to give themselves away. When I first took June Allyson's hands in mine, in the luxurious Waldorf Astoria Hotel apartment high beyond the noise of the big city, I felt the sincerity and will power of this sensitive, gifted girl, who is little more than a child.

There is more than her radiant personality to account for her success—there is emotional and physical energy, determination and eagerness for life and more life within.

She is in an enviable position at an early age. She is a star—she is in love—she is married to the man she loves. But few would have the courage to surmount the obstacles June has surmounted to reach this pinnacle of success.

As I made the imprints of her hands, June watched the process, with the eager excitement which characterizes her attitude to every new experience in life. It is impossible to conceive of her becoming disillusioned or blasé.

"For Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "Here's an island in the headline of your right hand which denotes chronic ear trouble which could cause equilibrium or balance disturbance."

June nodded immediate agreement. "The thing I've suffered from. It was so bad once I couldn't walk straight across a room. I bumped into everything. We tried doctor after doctor. Only the fifth I consulted was able to help me. Oh, I had a terrible time. But isn't it amazing you can see that in my hands? And at first glance, too!"

"The texture of your skin, June, tells me that you are a sensitive person, but it also reveals, that you always will be able to meet life on its own terms." I explained to her what seemed amazing was actually logical, for the hand is the visible extension of the brain. The nerve fibers crossing the palm connect the brain with the fingers to which (Continued on page 111)
Nevada welcome to outdoor girl, Joan Caulfield, next seen in “Welcome Stranger”

Sand, Sun and Stars

The cruiser Hae Dae for a day on Lake Mead, man-made lake backing up from famous Boulder Dam
Time to play the Las Vegas way. The fun fling of a hard-working Hollywood trio—Joan Caulfield, John and Marie Lund, with schedules and sets forgotten for forty-eight lazy, languid hours.

Touch of sun for Marie and John Lund, of “The Perils of Pauline”

Dress up and dance at night. Marie and Joan got acquainted with the chef at the hotel, took home delectable new recipes.

El Rancho Vegas, smart dude ranch hostelry, supplied them with a jeep for sight-seeing the Las Vegas wonders.

John, new at riding, and expert Joan take cow pony desert trip.
More than ever...

Esther Williams holds happiness in her hopes—
despite remembered darkness

They're going ahead with the nursery because of their hopes for the future

BY DOROTHY DEERE

There's something highly appropriate about the way Mrs. Ben Gage is always making lamps for her home. Introduce her to an old beer mug or an ancient pepper mill and it'll land on an end table wearing a shade made from one of her old dresses. Leave her alone with a copper spittoon and it turns up next day with hand-painted pansies around its middle and lit up to kill.

Appropriate, we call it, because Mrs. Ben Gage is Esther Williams, the gal with the incandescent personality. An unquenchable glow in an artistically curved container, that's Esther. Other people merely possess such qualities as health and enthusiasm—the Williams radiates them. You're not surprised to find her applying the same high wattage to her new marriage that she does to everything else that she undertakes.

"We're so-o-o happy—" she says, gleamingly, of course. "And the nicest thing about it is that Ben and I could have met and been happy in Altoona!"

She refers, not to the low married-life expectancy in Altoona, but in Hollywood. Several years ago when Esther's first teen-age marriage to a medical student came to an end she was honest enough not to blame the movie town. "Two people in any town can find it impossible to think and feel the same way about things—" she said. Today, talking through the couple of wisdom teeth she's grown since then, she sticks to that first statement but tempers it with the realization that in Hollywood disagreement can come quicker: "Appearances (Continued on page 117)"
Looking ahead: Esther Williams, star of "Fiesta"
"The Swede"

He had to be big and silent—he had to be tough. The producer of "The Killers" tells you about Burt Lancaster, who is both—and much more

I was looking for a Swede for "The Killers."
It was most important to me that I find him, and that I find him right.

Of course, everything about "The Killers" was important to me. It was to be my first independent production. If I turned out a hit, I would probably be a hero for a couple of months, which is about as long as any hero lasts in Hollywood. But if I failed, I might have to go to Jack Warner and ask him to give me back my old job of producing for him. This latter thought caused me to take a sleeping pill every other night.

I had a hunch that, if I could only find the right Swede, I might bat "The Killers" for a home run. Writer Anthony Veiller had taken Hemingway's short story and developed it into a honey of a film script. And my director was to be owl-eyed Robert Siodmak, who had been breathing so heavily on Hitchcock's collar that Alfred was beginning to perspire.

The cast looked good, too. No star names, but all great performers—which is sometimes better. Eddie O'Brien, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, Vince Barnett, Queenie Smith; seasoned troupers, every one of them. And as for Ava Gardner—well, the minute she walked into my office, the price on her getting the role was sex, two and even.

But where was my Swede? That was the key character, the weenie in the roll, the minister at the wedding. A "Killers" without the right Swede was Hope without a Crosby gag, or Winchell without a column, or one Smith Brother.

Originally, I had tried to get Wayne Morris for the part. But Warner Brothers (Continued on page 129)
Hellingcr had to sell *The Swede* to Burt

The kick-off—He got his start in a circus, trained to be an acrobat

**BY MARK HELLINGER**

Noted columnist and fiction writer and producer of "The Killers" and "Swell Guy"

Four on a lark with a hit! Edmond O'Brien, Ava Gardner, Burt and Producer Mark Hellingcr

Photographs by Valeska
Portrait of a New England lady—Bette Davis, star of "Deception"
Visit To Sugar Hill

Photoplay's editor visits the Sherrys
and finds bright happiness in Bette Davis's quiet waiting

BY HELEN GILMORE

The beads of light marking the little homes of Sugar Hill were beginning to string along the black velvet chain of the New Hampshire road and we knew our journey was almost over. Now all we had to do was find the right turn-off to Butternut in the gloom of the White Mountains and there would be our host and hostess for the weekend, Mr. and Mrs. William Grant Sherry.

After several false tries which landed us in the dooryards of startled Sugar Hill citizens, we finally found the turn-off that fulfilled the description and turned sharply up into the woods. There at the end was not one but three houses, visible by their lights.

Suddenly a whirl of scarlet flashed across the large illuminated windows of the end house, a door was thrown open and a voice rang out in the mountain stillness, "Hello there!" A voice familiar to millions of people on this earth. The voice of Bette Davis.

As she came across the roll of ground to the car, we saw that the scarlet was a loose hanging jacket worn over a simple black dress. Behind her loomed Sherry, as she calls her husband because when they were introduced that was all she heard of his name.

Greetings over, we trooped into the house—or rather The Barn, as the Sherrys call it. This is to distinguish it from Butternut proper, which is the original farmhouse Bette and her mother lived in when (Continued on page 99)
Man with a major dream: Tyrone Power, next to be seen in "Captain from Castille"
He was at the house of his old friend, was
telling her about his marriage break-up

—when Lana Turner came to call . . .

BY SARA HAMILTON

He was moving easily about the living room when suddenly he came to a halt.

“You've had this rug cut off since I left,” he said with the quality Tyrone Power has for observing the simple things around him.

It was true. The carpet had been too long and had had to be shortened. But somehow nothing could have been more surprising than to have him note this now in the midst of our conversation. Yet it shouldn't have amazed me, for Ty, more than any star in Hollywood, will never grow beyond the sound and feel of everyday life about him.

Much water had gone over the dam since our last visit. He had made his highly successful flight through the Latin Americas, had announced with Annabella the termination of their marriage. He had witnessed the spectacular New York premiere of his picture, "The Razor's Edge," had even been confronted with rumors of his making Gene Tierney the next Mrs. Power. And almost in the same breath he had had his name linked romantically with Lana Turner by the same rumor factories.

The last of these had given me some concern. Both Ty and Lana are close friends and you don't like to see your friends upset by that old Hollywood virus, gossip. The party which had started the talk was given by Otto Preminger, although Ty and Lana hadn't gone together. This fact, of course, didn't stop them from having a good time together while they were there. Hardly a basis, however, for the sort of news manna both air commentators and Hollywood columnists made of it. I was frankly afraid it might jeopardize their new friendship.

Ty, pausing in one of his swift (Continued on page 124)
They called him "Hooks" in the hospital

I'M A LUCKY GUY

Those are the words of Harold Russell, whose "hands" are made of steel, and whose courage is of the same strong metal

BY HAROLD RUSSELL
For thirty years I had hands just like everyone else. For the last two years I've had mechanical hooks instead—but just the same, I'm one of the luckiest guys I know. Why not? Since the day my hands were blown off, two wonderful things have happened to me: I've married my childhood sweetheart and I've been a star in the great moving picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives." And my future looks full of promise.

Before you read on, you must face what I have to face every day: That I have no hands. Once that's established, you can laugh at many of the things that have amused me. And I like to laugh.

Take what happened a couple of weeks ago, while I was crossing Harvard Square in Cambridge. Before the war, you know, I was a butcher in Cambridge. Well, this day I bumped into a little old lady I used to sell meat to. She took one look at my hooks and started moaning, "Oh, you poor boy."

Then she caught herself, laughed, and gave me a sharp look. "What am I talking about?" she said briskly. "It doesn't matter if you've lost your hands... the good Lord knows you sold them to me often enough weighing meat! They didn't belong to you anyway—I bought them many a time with my pot roasts!"

That's the kind of reaction I like to get—frank and sassy. The first time someone was that frank with me it put me on the right beam forever. It was during my first visit (Continued on page 107)
The Lady That’s Known as Luci

The current’s on and the sparks are flying, for Lucille Ball’s on the high wire and Herb Howe’s at the switch

BY HERB HOWE

MISS Lucille Ball, a comedienne of convincing art, is not to be confused with the characters she plays; she is not, as you might suppose, one of the hard leather-covered major league balls, she is of the finest tenderleaf tea-ball stock. In twenty minutes of concentrated worry Miss Ball can work up such a storm in her sinuses that her head splits achingly and her nose swells to gigantic proportions.

Miss Ball has a secret and eccentric complex. She wants everyone on this planet to like her. She cannot work on a set if she feels any of the crew disliking her and she says she has antennae that reach clear up to the juicers on the cat walks.

On a plane trip to New York the combination of altitude and leisure in which to worry had such an effect on sinus and nerves as to unhinge her trickily. Walking down Fifth Avenue looking fine she buckled and fell flat. For a week she had spells of folding into heaps on floors of smart shops, and when she descended in an elevator she felt herself con-
Time out for play. When Desi’s not home, his flowers to Luci represent him.

Her heart belongs to Desi, her Cuban troubadour.

Six years ago they eloped—used a dime-store ring.
Luci's a comedienne of convincing art. Desi beat jungle drums to the tune of half a million last year continuing to the basement after it had stopped. Everywhere you went that week people were picking up Miss Ball from under things where she had rolled.

The natural assumption was that Miss Ball, being an innocent Hollywood girl, had been prevailed upon by New York slickers to take a nip and had gotten tiddly, but all who know her are aware she is too good a poker player ever to lose count. Just now the game is monopoly which she plays practically every night with the family on her Chatsworth farm, across San Fernando Valley.

The question always asked about Miss Ball is, how did she learn to talk that way?

"You should hear the family," grins Kenny Morgan, her handsome brother-in-law, winner of the Silver Star in battle; later as public relations officer he was first to reach General Patton when he was injured mortally and to file a newspaper account that won him a cherished letter from Mrs. (Continued on page 84)
Luci’s secret complex—she wants everyone to like her.

Yankee-Latin harmony. Luci, of “Personal Column,” and Desi.

Happy handout: Rare moment when Luci and Desi are home at the same time.
Little Boy Blue and Little Bo Peep dance

BY DIANE SCOTT

Betty, of "The Perils of Pauline," considers Lindsay Diane her greatest production to date.
SOMEONE new has been added to the home of Betty and Ted Briskin. Holding court in a baby boudoir fit for the little queen she is, from a throne of white marquisette lined with pink satin, is Lindsay Diane Briskin . . . better known as "Buttercup."

That she should be nicknamed after that famous comic strip cherub is only one of the many surprises in Betty Hutton's latest production entitled, "The Birth of Buttercup." They could only happen to this romping beautiful blitzing blonde. And they did.

Her opening scene was done in complete reverse. There was no knitting of tiny garments, to be discovered by a surprised spouse with a "you mean?" accompanied by a modest dropping of eyelashes. Then "Darling" and the big clinch. No walking out of a doctor's office with stars in her eyes, bumping into buildings and plucking daisy petals as she walked.

Perhaps it's parental justice that at long last a father got to take over the announcement of parenthood. For in their case it was Ted who told Betty that she was about to become a mother.

Noticing her unusual nervousness and moodiness, her husband had felt for days that something highly unusual was happening to her. "Honey, why don't you see a doctor?" he suggested. She did, but the report came out (Continued on page 126)
One word defines Clark Gable's beauty—must

with the masculine finger on the simple

facts of feminine allure

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor and Feminine Director of Selznick Studios

By the tone of his voice
Guy Madison tells Anita
his beauty preferences
WOMEN, we hear it said, dress for other women—not for the men in their lives. This probably is true. But it’s definitely not wise. Fairly early in the game I learned that if I wanted a date to be successful I’d better make sure my appearance pleased the man with whom I had the date. And my manners too.

What’s more, I’ve found that men can analyze a girl with surprising accuracy—provided, of course, they’re not blinded by moonlight and roses and stuff. And don’t think they don’t analyze us!

So, if men are going to be important in our scheme of things let’s hear what they have to say. Let’s consider the likes and dislikes of three Hollywood men I know who represent different types and different ages too—namely, Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart and Guy Madison.

Clark, I’ll have you know, is an angel who wears tweeds instead of wings and a devilish grin or scowl rather than any seraphic mien. He hates affectation. All of which is fair enough! He’s so completely unaffected himself. There’s not a grip who hangs from the rafters of a set who doesn’t yell “Hi!” the very instant he comes into view.

Ask Clark what makes a woman attractive and you’ll get his answer in one quick, incisive word. “Naturalness!” He might add, “Naturalness in appearance as well as manner.” For it’s the healthy outdoor looks he likes, including simple sport clothes. Many times he’s been heard to tell girls, “You’d look wonderful in pigtails.”

Clark also likes hair worn loose and flowing—if it’s as shampooed and brushed as it should be. Hair piled high on top of the head until it presents a facade as elaborate and imposing as Notre Dame he dislikes intensely. And says so. He also (Continued on page 105)
HOLLYWOOD'S Marriage

OLLYWOOD marriage manners are different...

A husband comes home for dinner and tells his wife he spent the day kissing Lana Turner or someone at least faintly similar.

A Hollywood wife telephones her husband late in the afternoon to ask: "Darling, would you mind too much dining alone? I'm going to Romanoff's with Joe!" Her husband may or may not know Joe. It doesn't matter.

On the other hand, there are other times when Hollywood's marriage manners are the other extreme. Anne Baxter's, for example. In happy contrast to all the wives who permit their husbands to see them in dishabille, with their hair in curlers or their faces...
smear with cold cream, Anne will not even permit her John to see her when she is working if her role should be unglamorous. All the time she was playing Sophie in “The Razor’s Edge,” a role which has brought her many well-deserved laurels, she asked John Hodiak not to come to her dressing room or her set. Nor would she meet him for lunch, although they both were working at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. For, as Sophie, Anne portrayed a depraved woman. In both appearance and action she was wanton and drunken. In the sweet name of Romance John must not see her that way.

However, where one star like Anne offers charming proof that it is possible for a girl to enjoy fame and a golden income and remain graciously romantic, there are other Hollywood marriages like other marriages? Nonsense, says this cosmopolitan, so how can their manners be the same? And they aren’t, as you will see
stars who present the opposite side of the picture. Some girls, I suspect, become stars because they are dominant and aggressive naturally. Their marriage manners of course are different.

In the film colony innumerable households revolve entirely around the wife's business hours and social obligations. She's the breadwinner and it is the husband who supervises the servants, makes out marketing lists and worries over the domestic budget. Overdoes it sometimes, like a certain husband whose niggardliness with his star-wife's money was the real reason behind their divorce granted for mental cruelty. For a time the star smiled with pleasure while her husband boasted that he had cut household costs in half. But slowly, as her house ceased to run smoothly, her smile faded. Then servants of long standing departed. Guests—unless she took time out to order the luncheon or tea or dinner—fared badly. She asked, politely, that the purse strings be loosened. Refusing, he taxed her with being an extravagant fool. There were quarrels. They're together no more.

Betty Hutton has changed tremendously since she married Ted BRiskin. No longer an attention-getting boisterous hoyden, Betty now dresses and behaves with restraint. She's even given up smoking—except for a surreptitious puff occasionally—to please her lord and master.

Barbara Hale's another girl who is positively terrified for fear her screen career will interfere with her marriage to her co-star, Bill Williams. Away from the studios she literally implores people to call her "Mrs. Williams" and not "Miss Hale." She bends over backwards to play second fiddle.

I've known wives galore but never
I have known one more affectionately dutiful than June Allyson. When Dick Powell had his boat, June did her utmost to be a good sailor. But since she couldn’t control that slight green color she always turned when the sea was even faintly rough, Dick finally decided the boat must go. In its place he bought a plane. Whereupon June, who had a secret fear of flying, smilingly got into his airship and flew to Arrowhead with him.

She’s also endeavoring to overcome her habit of forgetfulness to please him. Irrespective of how heavy her studio schedule may be, at Dick’s insistence she keeps any dinner engagement to which she has forgotten to send her regrets. Dick often arranges for them to leave soon after dinner. But always he rules against the rudeness her forgetfulness otherwise might induce—and always (Continued on page 70)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Six years ago my husband died, leaving me with three small children to rear. At the time I was living in the same small town with my parents.

Three years ago I came to this much larger city, bringing my oldest child with me and leaving the two younger babies with their grandparents. I worked in the daytime and took up study of a trade by night.

I have now passed my examinations and I am ready to return to my home town to live. I have been offered a fine position there and I know I can do well and support my children.

However, I am only twenty-eight so I am in need of occasional recreation. My parents are angrily opposed to my having dates. They insist that since I have already been married and had children I no longer have the right to the company of a man. Can you think of some manner in which I can live in the same town with them and still maintain my independence?

Noreen S. McC.

I agree with you that occasional recreation will be necessary for your mental health and, provided that your children are well cared for during your absence, I see no reason why you should not make your own decisions about escorts.

It is true that some parents never feel that a child is capable of making his own decisions even though he lives to be ninety. The only happy solution is that you refrain from discussion of the subject. Be firm, but loving and pleasant. You may find it necessary to refrain from all mention of your recreational activities.

It is likely that you will marry again. I feel that the restraining influence of your parents may be a very healthful thing. You will be very careful what sort of man you introduce to them as their next son-in-law.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am really in a jam. I am seventeen and having trouble with my boy friend who is nineteen.

While he was overseas he sent me a lot of presents and quite a large sum of money which he asked me to invest in War Bonds. I needed the money desperately so I spent it all. On my last birthday he sent me money to buy a cedar chest which we could use in our house eventually. I didn't buy it because my room is so crowded as it is, but I did buy a wristwatch. When I told him about it he grew angry and said I wasn't a girl to be trusted.

He came home on a thirty-day emergency furlough when his father passed away. At that time I kept things secret from him, but he'll be back in the States again soon and then how should I tell him about his money?

I just don't know what to do because I don't seem to be able to think straight. I'll do anything you say except drop him.

Sally F.

(Continued on page 82)
New! **Blush-cleanse your face**—for that Engaged-lovely look

See it give your skin:
- an instant clean, refreshed look
- an instant softer, silkier feel
- a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—
with the new blush-cleansing
with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face
with warm water. Dip deep into
Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on
your receptively moist, warm
skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your
face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about
25 more creamy Pond's circles
over your face. Tissue well. Tingle
with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—
your face will feel! Pond's demulcent action softens, loosens dirt
and make-up—helps free your
skin! Every night, this full blush-cleansing. Every morning, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's.

---

**Priscilla's Ring**—
a star-brilliant solitaire, diamond-studded at sides.

---

**She's Engaged!**
**She's Lovely!**
**She uses Pond's!**

**Priscilla Thompson** beautifully expresses today's new look of young elegance—with accent on her smooth-gold hair, her smooth-ivory complexion.

One of Chicago's fashionable young set, she is the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Bruce Thompson and the late Mr. Thompson—and is engaged to William Paul Henricks of Chicago, Ex-Navy Lieutenant Commander.

Priscilla is an enthusiast about blush-cleansing with Pond's. "I've never known anything to give my face such a lovely waked-up, soft feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look. Get Pond's Cold Cream today! You'll find the 6-oz. jar is especially nice to use.
Nature has endowed some women with remarkable beauty of face and form—with sweet, loving dispositions. Others—she may have slighted when it came to passing out gifts of charm and beauty.

But in any event—whether beautiful or unattractive—many women by their very physical nature are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on ‘certain days’ of the month,

This Is Something You Shouldn’t Joke About

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause you—like so many unfortunate—to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel so tired and cranky you lose your sense of humor—this is nothing to joke about.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It’s famous for this purpose! Taken regularly throughout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such female distress.

For over 70 years Pinkham’s Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has proved it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don’t remarkably benefit. Pinkham’s Compound is also a splendid stomachic tonic. It is certainly worth trying! Any drugstore.

Hollywood’s Marriage Manners

(Continued from page 67) she accedes to his wishes.

Surprisingly enough, in some ways even Greer Garson, older than Richard Ney, and one who always has known what was good for her, enjoys being dominated too.

There’s the little matter of walking the dog. In Bel-Air where the Neyes live this is a matter of mountain climbing. For their house is in the hills. Nevertheless between nine and ten o’clock in the evening Richard Ney indicates in one subtle way or another—you know how husbands can be—that it is time for the dog’s romp. Whereupon Greer, without a murmur, goes upstairs and changes her slippers and dinner dress for stout shoes and walking clothes. Whereupon she and Richard and any house guest who hasn’t talked fast enough to forestall the consequences, prouls through the moonlit—but still rugged—hills of Bel-Air.

Many times, of course, the Hollywood husband is the breadwinner while the wife, like wives in other communities, concerns herself exclusively with home and family. In such instances I’ve known the stellar husband to appear briefly or not at all at dinner parties given in his home.

As an illustration I give you George Murphy. Casual acquaintances see more of each other than do the George Murphys. To have George alone in the same room with her, even if he napped or hid behind the evening sport page, would be a treat to Juliette Murphy. George is one of the husbands who often isn’t home even for a dinner party. For, active with the Screen Actors Guild and other committees connected with the picture industry, George has to see other stars when they’re free between the time they get home from the studios, and start studying their script for the next day.

There also are Hollywood wives married to men stars who are, in their subtle feminine way, powers behind the thrones. Wives like Sue Ladd. Sue, as you know, met and fell in love with Alan when she was his agent. She’s an agent no longer. First and foremost she’s Mrs. Alan Ladd, wife and mother. She runs their home beautifully. In fact she runs Alan’s life up to the point where a certain timbre in his voice tells her he’s about to take over. Whereupon she becomes a charming background while Alan takes up the reins. The minute he drops them, however, she has them efficiently within her grasp again. I’ve known scores of wives, of course, who have been of the greatest help to their husbands. But I’ve yet to meet a woman whose marriage manners made her a more ideal “helpmate” than Sue Ladd.

In all communities there are, of course, husbands and wives who continue to live together only because of the next month’s rent. There also are couples who would separate, temporarily, after certain quarrels were this financially possible. The stars know no such restraining influences. Consequently, separations and reconciliations are Hollywood’s rule.

Take the divorce rumors which circulated about Hedy Lamarr and John Loder last year. It was intimated that John, who is a leading man, was fed up with the greater money and prestige enjoyed by Hedy, who is a star. But neither Hedy nor John had the slightest intention of divorcing. (Continued on page 72)
High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!

TEST NEW NAPKIN—
88 OUT OF 108 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—Free-Stride Modess.

The girls weren’t told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

The answer? 88 out of 108 reports said: No chafing with Free-Stride Modess!

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many students found in Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges!

Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don’t chafe!

So safe, too! Free-Stride Modess has a triple safety shield to help keep you confident—to chase away accident fears. Modess’ fine, sealed-in deodorant guards your daintiness, too! And no telltale outlines—Modess is silhouette-proof!

Free-Stride Modess—so luxury-comfortable, so luxury-safe—is on sale everywhere now! Get a package today. Product of Personal Products Corporation.

Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-Stride Modess!
They were just getting over a quarrel which ensued after their family car, traveling the curving road which leads to the Lamar-Loder hilltop, smashed into a tree.

Hedy, who was busy at the studio that day, had asked John to drive their baby son and his nurse into town. And he had agreed. However, when his studio had later called him for a sitting, he had instructed the houseman to drive instead.

When Hedy heard of the accident, in which the nurse was hurt and the baby jarred, her anger flared. Whereupon John, deeply resenting much that she said, packed his belongings and silently departed. The publicity that resulted complicated things for a time, naturally. But eventually Hedy, realizing that she had been unkind, and John, aware he had been somewhat at fault, kissed and made up— as two who love each other as much as Hedy and John should do.

TAKE, also, Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles. Rita, I'm sure, left Orson in a moment when his faults and weaknesses rose before her in such an imponderable mass that for the time being she could neither see beyond nor around them. Under the same circumstances other wives, influenced by the less impulsive marriage manners of their communities, would have sat it out. Which way more quickly discovers that a man's faults often are the other side of his greatness, I wouldn't know.

Also, it did not help the Hayworth-Welles marriage that both Rita and Orson were so intent upon all the things they were doing outside of their marriage—in accordance with Hollywood marriage manners—that they had no time to develop any knack for good housekeeping. They were, consequently, utterly dependent, often enough, upon inferior servants and worse cooks. One night when I dined with them dinner was practically unedible with the chicken, hard as leather, smothered in grease, and the potatoes uncooked. "This isn't conducive to connubial bliss," I told them.

However, throughout the entire year they tried going... (Continued on page 74)

BROTHERS—
Without Prejudice

In this, the dawn of the Atomic Age, universal brotherhood is a vital condition of survival.

It is not enough to believe in it—we must live it, support it.

The American Brotherhood, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, is dedicated to the extension of these principles. We cannot hope to command brotherhood abroad unless we practice it at home.

Enlist now in this band of brothers—send contributions to American Brotherhood, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc., 381 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
Proteks as it softens • Rich in luxury lanolin

Reach for it joyously, expectantly. For Woodbury Lotion is new, new, new! Perfected by Woodbury skin specialists, this luscious lotion is a beauty blend of softening and protective ingredients—actually 2-lotions-in-1:

1. A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing natural softness. (Its luxury lanolin is the softening, smoothing "first-cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.)
2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping from winter cold, daily dishwashes and soap and water cleansing.

You'll love the exquisite fragrance, the rich, creamy consistency of Woodbury Lotion. Never sticky or greasy. Use it for soft, smooth elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter. 25c and 50c. Or try Woodbury Lotion for a week at our expense—that's how sure we are you'll fall in love with it.

Made by the makers of Woodbury Facial Soap and other beauty aids.

How wonderful!

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE GIFT BOTTLE.
Let the lovely things Woodbury Lotion does for your hands convince you there has never before been a lotion like it.
Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, Dept. 515. Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion sounds exciting, I'd love to try it. Please send me a FREE purse-size gift bottle.

Name.
Street.
City State.

(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)
Paste on penny postcard if you wish.

Woodbury
Beauty-Blended
Lotion

FREE!

25c and 50c.
(Continued from page 72) separate ways, I knew that they would come together again. For I heard Rita's voice, as she showed me pictures of Rebecca Welles, saying, "Don't you think, Elsa, that she looks just like Orson?" I heard Orson's voice, on the air, denouncing the choice of the name "Gilda" for the fourth atomic bomb dropped at Bikini. I heard him thunder, "I can positively guarantee that Miss Hayworth had nothing to do with the name of her picture being used for this great destroyer of life." I knew, too, that when Orson was Joseph Cotten's house guest Rita brought Rebecca over every Sunday and he took great pleasure in her attitudes, so like his own.

Also, I could guess that Rita, after being married to Orson, must find other fellows pretty dull. And so, Rita and Orson took up their marriage again. All of which in Hollywood is conventional enough!

WHEN both a husband and wife are in pictures and so understand the demands made upon a star, their marriage manners become more polite than they would be otherwise. I'm thinking specifically of the first appearance Maria Montez made after the birth of her baby. She would have no one saying she wasn't as lovely as she had been before her pregnancy. To this end she wore a basic black dress that served as a foil not only for her dark beauty but also for her Hat. It was comprised of a black crown that fit snugly about her head and great jets of glycerined ostrich feathers that sprouted out on the side and front. At Mocambo's where Marin and Jean Pierre Aumont dined, she was the most beautiful woman present. But when Jean Pierre said, "Darling, shall we dance?" I held my breath. It took no little maneuvering for him to keep Maria's feathers out of his eyes as he guided her about the floor. But whereas hundreds of dollars and ninety-nine devoted husbands would have flatly refused to dance with any wife who wore it, Jean Pierre managed gracefully without one word of protest. Part of the Hollywood scene himself, he understood Maria's need to be sensational.

Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have arranged with their producers to leave their studio in time to dine at home at seven o'clock. They make an occasion of the dinner hour that is taken for granted in most families. Always Maureen, their two-year-old daughter, is at the table with them even though she has had supper earlier. First they hear about her day. Then Ronnie has the floor—until Jane says, "But you haven't heard a thing until you've heard my day!" Problems are taboo during this one time they all share.

Furthermore, Jane and Ronnie, both intensely interested in world affairs, have the same interests and the same friends. Ronnie does not have to get along as best he can with husbands of the women with whom Jane plays bridge and Jane does not have to wear a polite smile while the men Ronnie brings home to dinner talk business. In fact, Jane and Ronnie call each other on the phone two or three times a day to compare notes on the new ruling of the Screen Actors Guild or some rumor they've heard about television.

Whether Hollywood marriage manners are better or worse than marriage manners elsewhere I wouldn't venture to say. I only know they're different—because Hollywood marriages are different—because Hollywood life is different, too.

THE END

The Stars Model
Photoplay Fashions on Page 89

Permit-comb

"The best trick in my bag is

for keeping my waves lovely for the camera!"

PERM-O-COMB combs in waves ... saves waves, dollars too! Finger waves, permanents last longer.

PERM-O-COMB gives hair-conditioning, brush-like action! Lifts the hair, aerates the scalp—never flattens your waves.

PERM-O-COMB is easy to use! No intricate parts, complicated gadgets, no chemicals.

PERM-O-COMB — the pocket-sized hairdresser ... at department and drug stores everywhere, $1.98.
"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

Here's the gentle Active-lather care June Allyson uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then splash on cold. With a soft towel pat gently to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness!

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. You can be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.
(Continued from page 41) the bathroom about three times weekly, doing it thoroughly. We take turns cooking. When Wayne cooks, I wash dishes and vice versa. We gave just one “formal dinner party.” It took about a day of preparation and a day of cleaning up, plus a lot of loot. So that’s out. I figure I’ve got a lot of time for that stuff in the future.

If I could do exactly as I’d like, I’d build us a shack, four rooms, in redwood with pine paneled walls, a kind of miniature of a big house I’d like to have someday. But to build even a four-room redwood now would cost $5,000, if I could get the land. So the next best thing was to rent a house and get Wayne to share it with me.

I’ve had a little better than eighteen months of Hollywood now—of belonging to it, starting with that first bit in “Since You Went Away,” getting that wonderful part in “Till the End of Time” and then the lead opposite Shirley Temple in “Honeymoon.” I’ve made a lot of friends, particularly Henry Willson, who got me my contract with David Selznick, Gail Russell, whom I must often and late versing Lynn, Gail’s best friend, and Rory Calhoun, with whom I hope to make a picture. Everybody has been swell to me and I’ve made more money than I ever expected to make in eighteen months.

But I do think I have resisted the “goldfish-bowl glamour of Hollywood” and I think I’ll keep on resisting it—and the reason I will is because of that stretch in the Navy.

If you don’t follow that reasoning, I want to say that my brother and I—in fact all the guys I know—were affected by the war, and that in the last war the fellows tagged themselves “the lost generation.” They seemed to feel very sorry for themselves. I don’t think my generation does. You could even call us the “found generation” because our stretch in service taught us so many things.

One thing I do know—movie acting is not as simple as it looks and it takes all you can give it—and demands more. A year ago I would have wanted to do it much more for the money. But acting sort of gets you.

I know of the reasons I enjoy going home and seeing my parents every month. They still live in Bakersfield, which is an easy drive from Hollywood.

I want Guy Madison to be one of the fine actors but at the same time. Guy Madison wants to be like the older Mr. Mosely, head of a family with a nice, solid home and a batch of healthy, noisy kids. I’ve got very nice parents. There were five of us kids at home, four boys and one girl. We made up the kind of family I want to have for my own, except I want ten kids instead of five. A large family gives you something to do. With so many personalities around the house you can’t get bored. I hate being bored and I am bored if I keep on doing the same thing over and over.

Just before Christmas this year I went on a hunting trip. I was gone for more than a week and I liked every minute of it. But when I got back I wanted a great rush of night clubs. Two years ago I didn’t go for night clubs. That was because I didn’t dance much. Gail made me learn to rumba and samba. So now night clubbing is fun, once in a while.

Sure, there’s glamour in Hollywood, of it very real and glittering and a lot of it very unreal and glittering. I’d be an absolute square if I didn’t see that this town has more color, more excitement and more ambition than any other community on earth. When you click, even in three-minute bits, you are in the spotlight, you do begin swimming around in the eternal goldfish bowl. But the ones who survive are not the drape-shapes in Schmidt’s clothing who clutter up the cafe society. It’s Peck’s good boy, who’s also a two-time father, who’s heading toward an Academy Award.

Watching those things, I think I can safely say that the minnow in this pond will be found at home most nights having cooked his own dinner and having gone to bed early with a good script.

THE END

Spring Decorating Time

Means color portraits of your favorite man or star to cut from the pages of Photoplay and frame for your wall.

To get them

Fill in the coupon below and mail to:

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MAN

WOMAN

MY NAME

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars receiving the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)
As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do:

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. Ovaltine is standardized. Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals.

You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You know that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk always gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be sure that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you all the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—in food.

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as you are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS ... Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.
"You're right
Red Majesty
is the New Queen of the Reds!"

— says MRS. CORNEL WILDE... radiant wife of the screen star.

"BECAUSE," enthuses lovely Mrs. Wilde, "there is something really wonderful about Red Majesty! It gives you confidence that your lips are looking their best. So I think you were perfectly right when you named it the queen of your glamorous family of Tangee lipstick shades."

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY Tangee

Five Famous Glamorous Shades by TANGEE

- Gay-Red
- Red-Red
- Medium-Red
- Theatrical Red
- Natural
Man at the Top

(Continued from page 33) and others who work in the Crosby office building out on Sunset Strip ... nobody else is even in the same league with him.

Which fact a film commentator who recently conducted "The Most Famous Person in the World Contest" could have discovered if he'd followed some of the penny postcards he got back home. "Bing . . . who else?" wrote one of the girls. And, "Crosby, of course," another one. Even his dad, Harry Sr., a genial, lovable man bright of eye and usually equally bright of tie who keeps books for him, mailed in his card voting for his boy Bing.

He usually checks by the office every day when he's not working at the studio. He goes into a huddle with Bill Morrow, producer of the Philco show, decides on ranch details like how many cattle to ship east at what price, goes over the business of Crosby Enterprises which he heads, Rainbow Productions and Crosby Producers, Inc., and takes care of an endless amount of correspondence, pencilling in notes on the letters about how they're to be answered.

THERE'S an elevator in the Crosby building, but Bing seldom uses it. He swings up the two flights of stairs, gives the telephone operator a "Hi, Red," as he goes through the reception room, takes care of the business in his own office, and is going back down the steps, whistling, probably carrying a new putter, en route to Bel-Air Club, before many of the office personnel even know the Boss has been about.

Nobody wins a title alone. And Crosby would be the first to say so. Success is a corporation shared by all who've inspired it and helped it along. In his case, his wife Dixie; his four feeders, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay; his brothers, Larry and Everett; his dad and his mother.

Early conditioning and training play a very large part. His groundwork began in a sturdy eight-room brown frame house in an Irish neighborhood on Sharp Avenue back in Spokane. From the time he could talk, Bing was always whistling and singing. Though he couldn't afford it, "Pop" Crosby bought one of the new cylinder phonographs with the big horns and all the latest cylinder records featuring singers. Bing could be found often cranking away at the machine with one ear in the horn catching the lyrics.

On weekends the Crosbys held their own Sunday night "sings," with Catherine at the piano, Bing on the cymbals, Crosby Sr. alternating between his mandolin and guitar, and all of the family, harmonizing on such oldies as "Memories" and "When You Were a Tulip," while taking a flyer on "Margie" and "Melancholy Baby," very hot hits just then.

Despite the popular impression that Bing's talents just grew by themselves probably in spite of him—he's always had some knowledge of music. He played the drums in the Gonzaga University band and took voice lessons on occasion—brief ones—from two different professors around Spokane. But he still doesn't trust his technical knowledge and has far more confidence in his trusty left foot that wags back and forth like a metronome whenever he's singing now.

He first began singing in public in the boys' choir at church, and for special entertainment programs for organizations his mother belonged to like "The Service League" and Red Cross. He was always willing to sing for charity. But if anybody else was getting paid on any program, Bing always wanted his share. "How much?" he'd say when approached. Even then nobody worried about his making his way in the world. He'd evidenced a brain for business long before that fateful afternoon when he left Spokane with Al Rinker chugging at thirty miles an hour in an old Model-T Ford towards Hollywood and fame.

Hard work—a "must" for any championship bout—has never been foreign to him. As a kid he always made his own spending money, delivering newspapers, working as a paper boy or a caddy, helping out on a farm during the summer and later on by working in a law office in Spokane.

Around home he had his chores to do. Helping beat carpets, carrying wood, and he always fixed his own breakfast too. "Pop" Crosby usually made the coffee and the big double-boiler full of mush. Then as each of the Crosby children got up they'd warm their own, and fix toast and eggs or whatever else they wanted with it. Mrs. Crosby had her hands full getting the six of them ready for school.

It's nothing unusual to find him down in the kitchen of his Bel-Air home in the early mornings, picking stems off strawberries and pulling what he wants for breakfast out of the refrigerator, just as he used to out of the ice box back in Spokane. He's usually up long before the cook arrives anyway.

Highlights for Every Color Type . . . brown-ette, brunette and redhead, as well as blond! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want . . . dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo . . . then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

More Color . . . a little or a lot. Marchand's color chart tells you which rinse to use for the effect you desire for your hair. If gray strands are your problem, there's a shade to blend them in with your original hair color!

Absolutely Harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.
STUBBORN FILM ROBS
YOUR SKIN OF
half its Beauty!

You can't see or feel
this stubborn film... and ordinary cleansing
fails to remove it.

BUT
Once you try this treat-
ment you will instantly
see and feel the differ-
ce!

Every woman's skin has this insidious
enemy . . . a stubborn film, which is a
combination of your natural skin oils and
cosmetics and dirt. Ordinary cleansing
methods don't remove this stubborn film.
Massage or rubbing only forces it deeper
into the mouths of the pores.

This stubborn film dulls the natural
freshness and beauty of your skin . . .
makes even young skin look older.

Here's the safe and sure way to get rid
of this insidious film that dulls the true
freshness of your skin.

See for yourself—tonight
Tonight, smooth on Lady Esther 4-Purpose
Face Cream . . . then wipe it off. Look at
your cleansing tissue. See how surface dirt
and cosmetics have been removed. But
your skin itself is not yet free of that dulling
film.

Now comes the important part! Apply
my unique Lady Esther cream again . . .
and wipe it off. This second cleansing
really rids your skin of that stubborn film
which improper methods fail to remove!

My cream does not need to be rubbed
in, massaged in ... because its unique
texture is so soft, so effective. Lady Esther
4-Purpose Face Cream itself does the work
—not your fingers! And it needs no help
from any other cream or lotion!

A Complete Beauty Treatment
Each time you use my unique cream, it
does four of the things your skin needs
most for beauty. 1) thoroughly cleans your
skin; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature
refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect base
for face powder.

Difference is amazing!
Immediately after your first Lady Esther
treatment, you see the big difference
in your skin. Your skin looks so much fresher,
clearer . . . actually looks younger! And
instantly, you feel the new softness and
smoothness!

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream
today! Let this unique cream work its
beauty wonders on your skin!

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady
Esther Cream shows how much clearer,
 fresher, younger your skin can look!

Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM
Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

go after anything, when the outcome is im-
portant to him, Bing usually finishes in
the money somewhere. He was always a good
student in school without having to work
much at it. Fortunately, he made good
grades in English and public speaking, and
was always very interested in debating.
Once when Bing was captain of a debate
team, and a boy he particularly wanted to
best was leading the opposite side, he
camped down at the library every night
for a week with his nose in a book gather-
ing material. And his team won.

He's always been crazy about baseball.
He played third base on the Webster grade
school team in Spokane. Today he owns
part interest in the Pittsburgh Pirates. In
Hollywood he goes to all the night baseball
games during the season, and holds down
second base himself with a Paramount
nine that includes his prop man, Jimmy Cot-
trell, who manages the team; Pep Lee, a
former professional ballplayer now work-
ing as a studio grip, and Mickey Cohen,
who plays left field.

If it took a lot of persuasion to get him
to dress up for parties in the neighbor-
hood, then, it takes every more to get him
to dress now. Whenever Bing and Dixie
go on trips, the maid, knowing Mrs. Crosby
is taking some formal evening gowns
along, has already done her best to sneak in
Bing's tux too. A practice he finally dis-
couraged with, "When you go away on a
trip, do you wear what you have on
now?"

She looked at him incredulously. "Of
course not. This is my uniform," she said.
"Well . . . so's a tuxedo to me. Strictly a
business uniform," he said.

He's a very fair fighter in or out of the
vocal ring. Crosby has always pulled any
punches that might hurt his fellowman. He
never makes a derogatory remark about
anyone, or sticks around if anybody is let-
ting loose with one. He hates gossip and
wont listen to it. Any attempt to plant a
tidy tid-bit with him would net you a
mildly reproving, "You don't know that.
People should be more careful about what
they say."

Distorting the truth is one of the few
proven ways to really anger him. Despite
his capacity for compounds unusual con-
ceptions of words, probably the most effec-
tive speech he ever gave was from a soap
box on a street corner in Spokane. En
route home from town one afternoon, Bing
and some of his pals passed a street cor-
ner where a rabble rouser was expounding
false theories about different races and re-
ligions.

When the man finished, Bing took his
turn on the soap box too. "Don't pay
any attention to a kid," the man heckled.
Bing went right on addressing them, in-
forming them the man didn't know what
he was talking about, and quoting facts
and figures for them.

Bing's modesty almost to a fault. He's
completely disinterested in the flash and
show that go along with the profession.
He just wants to do a good job and let it
go at that. It's his personal opinion that
the future of photography will progress
equally as well without his face being in
the lens, and he ducks photographers
whenever he can.

He'll probably never be a "Man of Dis-
tinction," because he won't sit still that
long for a portrait . . . not even with a
glass in his hand. Yet I've never known
him to refuse to pose for any picture with
someone else he thinks could use the added
publicity boost.

When you sit ringside as a reporter
covering the Hollywood beat round by
round, you make your own decisions about
the champs . . . and for our typewriter,
he's the King Pin of them all.

The End
Evening in Paris

a perfume
by
BOURJOS
NEW YORK

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I doubt that it will be necessary for me to suggest that you drop this. I am afraid that when you tell him how dishonest you have been he'll drop you.

Frankly, I believe that you have no choice in this matter at all. First, you should consider the man and you should deny yourself every luxury until you can return every penny of this man's money.

No matter how desperately you thought you needed his money, you should not have used it. However, you may now presume that he is cordial to her simply because he is so fond of you. You should investigate your own attitude carefully to be sure your outlook has not been distorted byjealousy.

You failed to mention whether you and your sister live with your parents. If so, I think you and your sister should discuss your emotions quite frankly with your mother. If your sister thinks that she, too, is in love with your fiancé, your parents should talk to her and show her what a fool she is making of herself.

Your boy friend may be terribly embarrassed by the whole thing and not know quite what to do about it. If, however, he is encouraging her attention, then you have no choice but to break up with him. But make very sure he is before you take any definite steps.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-two and have been married since I was eighteen. I have a daughter who is now three.

Two years ago my husband went into business for himself as a contractor, at which time Edith, a rich widow about thirty, suggested that he join her in the business. She was seeing my husband quite often, meetings he always described as "for business reasons only," but I knew better. He ignored our little daughter and he would shout at me because of the slightest thing. Finally Wilbur asked for a divorce, explaining that he wanted to marry Edith. Just before he left he kissed me for the last time and, oh, Miss Colbert, it was the sweetest thing our marriage life. I knew then that he still loved me and that he felt only infatuation for Edith.

The time has now come for final papers to be filed. In spite of the fact that Wilbur has never telephoned me, has never written me a letter, and has even forgotten the baby's birthday, I am convinced he still loves us and that sooner or later he will come to reason that the one-year separation could come to his senses and realize where true love lies.

Donna M.

I'd like to be able to say that I thought Wilbur would come back to you, but that would not be the truth. Since he has never telephoned or written to you and has given you no indication that he even remembers your presence on earth, the only thing for you to do is follow your attorney's advice.

At twenty-two you have most of your life ahead of you. Have courage in the love you feel for your child, raising her in as happy a home as you can make. This should be your first consideration and from this should spring the happiness that you feel you have lost.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My fiancé was recently discharged from the Marines. Before he entered the service he asked me to marry him but I felt that it would be better to wait. Now I think I was a fool, as my sister also likes him and has tried to steal his affections.

I placed the problem before him and asked him which of us he loved. He told me he loved me, always had, and always would. While I was on a vacation I received several letters from him. He didn't mention my sister in one.

I also received letters from a girl friend who mentioned casually that my sister was keeping my boy friend from being lonely and that she had seen him at the movies three nights in succession.

Should I believe he loves me or that he is just trying to make a fool of me?

Teresa J.

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68)

You may be taking the friendship between your sister and your fiancé too seriously. It may be that he is cordial to her simply because he is so fond of you. You should investigate your own attitude carefully to be sure your outlook has not been distorted by jealously.

You failed to mention whether you and your sister live with your parents. If so, I think you and your sister should discuss your emotions quite frankly with your mother. If your sister thinks that she, too, is in love with your fiancé, your parents should talk to her and show her what a fool she is making of herself.

Your boy friend may be terribly embarrassed by the whole thing and not know quite what to do about it. If, however, he is encouraging her attention, then you have no choice but to break up with him. But make very sure he is before you take any definite steps.

Claudette Colbert

(The two letters printed below are answered together for obvious reasons—CC)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two and am now serving a two-year re-enlistment. Previously, I had three and one-half years of service. For three years I've been dating a girl who is now twenty. She has always been the one to do all the serious talking. I always kidded around a lot and pretended to agree when she told me what sort of a house she wanted to live in, what kind of furniture she wanted and even how many children she wanted to have.

I presume that she loves me as she tells me so every time we get together, which is about once a month when I can get leave. Now it seems that she has talked herself into the idea that we are to get married as soon as I am discharged.

I would prefer to wait to marry until I'm at least twenty-five. If I felt that I really loved this girl, things would be different, but to be truthful, I've imagined myself in love a hundred times. This thing has grown so serious that everyone in our hometown thinks we will marry. I want to break off with her, but can't find words. I guess I'm a heel in any case.

If we should marry now I don't think it could last—at least that's the way I feel.

Harry T. D.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been going steady with a boy for the past four years. He tells me that he loves me and for the past two years we are supposed to have been engaged, but he has never given me a ring and neither has he said anything about setting a date. My friends can't understand—and neither can I—why I have no engagement ring and when I say something about setting a date, he changes the subject.

Am I being given the run-around?

Kitty M.

When statisticians are investigating the mounting divorce rate, they might examine the possibility that many girls jump to conclusions, build dream castles out of cobwebs, and literally snare a man who escapes as soon as he can.

In your case, Mr. D., I think you should tell your self-appointed fiancé exactly what you have told me. I don't think that would be heelish. All means break out of the situation before it has gone any farther.

As for you, Miss M., I think you are being given a Grade A run-around. If you are wise, you will look around for other men to date. In the future you shouldn't consider yourself engaged (and set your friends to chattering) until you have been given a ring.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My parents and Pat's parents are the best of friends, but Pat and I don't get along very well.

Pat has had many parties but has never
invited me. Now I am planning a picnic for the girls in my class. Pat has not been invited. Pat’s mother telephoned my mother and wanted to know why her daughter had been left out. Although Pat and I aren’t very good friends and none of my gang likes her, do you think I should invite her to come to my parties just to keep peace between our mothers?

Cynthia B.

For some reason there are many mothers in the world who are not content to keep hands off their daughters’ social lives. I think Pat’s mother should be ashamed to interfere in school-girl affairs.

However, since she makes your mother unhappy, surely your mother’s comfort is important enough to you so that you can set aside your true feeling and invite Pat to the party. Furthermore, I know you will treat Pat with the cordiality becoming to you as a hostess, and refrain from discussing this with your friends.

In years to come you will find that there will be many times when you must invite people to social gatherings in order to spare the feelings of someone who is dear to you. It may annoy you at the time, but it will help you to develop a strong character.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a junior in high school. Practically all the girls at school smoke, and one is considered unpopular if one doesn’t smoke. Since I want to be popular, I have taken up the habit. One day a friend of my mother’s saw me smoking and quickly telephoned my mother to tell her.

When Mother asked me about it I lied. She believed me until she found a pack of cigarettes in my possession. Now Mother does not trust me in the least. I am very unhappy about this, as I want her to regain her faith in me and yet I don’t want to be unpopular in school.

Toni L.

Since your mother disapproves of your smoking I certainly believe that you should abandon the habit. It is far more important for you to maintain your mother’s faith than to impress your school friends with your inclination to follow willfully in the footsteps of others. I know some charming, sophisticated and very smart women who have never smoked. It hasn’t hurt their popularity in the least.

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, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, 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.

What makes Mr. L. W. (Long Winter) Heavies slightly ‘pixilated’? The American Housekeeper knows.

Fels-Naptha Soap is back on her grocer’s shelves.

Here is real proof that ‘days of doing without’ are past and gone. Once more the words ‘clean’ and ‘white’ apply to every washday—not just the times when she was lucky enough to find Fels-Naptha.

Now she can use Fels-Naptha Soap wherever its gentle, thorough action is needed. Now she can get out all the dirt, quickly and safely.

Now she can have Fels-Naptha Soap whenever she wants it.

And so can you!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
NEW! "LIPSTICK"

* won't rub off!

Lovely Barbara Whitmore - National winner of Columbia Pictures talent search contest.

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 lush 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.

**The Lady That's Known as Luci**

(Continued from page 58) Patton Today Mr. Morgan is an associate in a public relations firm that represents Miss Ball. His wife Cleo, actually Miss Ball's cousin but always counted a sister, has eloquent black eyes, dark hair and the facial features of her sister, and so naturally has been taken into pictures. There also is brother Fred and Miss Ball's mother, a witty hand with language, who has had a career as a concert pianist and lately was buyer for Sterns of New York, and, of course, Desi Arnaz, Cuban troubadour, when he is not on tour with his band, chanting Spanish lays and beating the jungle drum to the tune of half a million dollars last year. When not present he is represented always by a flower display, usually yellow roses, bearing the card "Love to Luci from Desi."

This festive little group is generally augmented by friends who drop in not only from this planet but those adjacent. You wonder from the number and variety bow Miss Ball ever got worked up with that morbid fear of people not liking her.

"It started in childhood," she says. "Those things always do."

She was born cheerful enough at the conventional age 6 in Butte, Montana, where her father was a mining engineer. For two years she gurgled happily, squawked only when jibed irreverently in the rear by a fresh safety pin or when room service was slow.

Then her father died. Exigency compelled the family to separate. Mrs. Ball took the children back to the old home near Jamestown, New York, Fred was placed with his maternal grandparents and Luci with a step-grandmother, a Swede of principles but little experience with the younger generation. Luci, a naturally affectionate child, was not allowed to play with neighbor children lest she contract a disease or a naughty word. The child spent a dour seven years. She did not laugh and she does not laugh now.

"Comedians don't laugh," she observes, poker-faced. "I don't know why. Perhaps they were sad children."

Seeing her sitting there in Lucey's (no relation) restaurant was an experience. Her hair was the color of bonfires atop a hill celebrating the Fourth, her eyes the penetrating blue of search lights celebrating a premiere. Add to this: Slim aristocratic hands with cardinal nails longer than a Chinese Empress' s legs racy, elegant, thoroughbred—but alack, they do not show at lunch hour, for she is rolled from top to bottom and well beyond in black and white checked tweed, collared and cuffed in sumptuous beaver. Seeing her you say to yourself, there's an actress as an actress should look: poised, magnetic, resplendent.

In a world grown gray in monotone of uniformity where everyone, even in Hollywood, seems bent on being just like the folks next door, Miss Ball is a phenomenon as individual as aurora borealis. Miss Ball definitely is not the little girl next door. If she were, mama would make papa move. She would be the one who is called up. She would remain in a place the public would never see. Miss Ball is a likeable girl. Notice her infrequent friend. By some magic, possibly that besetting aim to be liked, Miss B. takes you lock, stock and barrel on first meeting so that you collapse and roll over.

**CLEAN 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 and illness

**MINIPOO**

Dairy Shampoo

Cosmetic Distributors, Inc., Jersey City 6, N. J.

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**Turn to Page 89 for Photoplay Fashions in Color**
Luci is a self-glammered gal. Color made her, but literally, she will tell you. She had been loping along at an old gray mare pace, she says, when Technicolor dawned. Instantly her shrewd blue Yankee eye saw possibilities for Ball. To the hair she put the torch, to the eye the plumed lash, over the freckles the cream of peaches. She looked like Sheba the day Solomon fell. Into Technicolor she burst to mad cries of “Ball of fire!” from caption writers. Only once since then, in a spell of neurotic dissatisfaction, has she reverted to natural. “Scared myself,” she comments.

Miss Ball is a show woman who has worked at everything from props and mops to kicking high in “Hi Diddle Diddle.” Unlike most cinema favorites whose art is mainly projecting the personality and kiss, she is what is known in stage parlance as a trumper. She can do things. “I’ve had to,” she says. “I’ve always been the ugly duckling. When I was with the Goldwyn Girls I was the one they yelled for to climb a rope and scream.

Today Miss Ball is a proficient screamer, can climb a rope like a Hindu, give imitations of everyone present including herself, dance, do falls and even force a laugh when necessary. She also can act. She can act so cinematically as to make many an actor look still life. Her skill in purloining pictures can be compared only to that of old time actresses and gypsy horse thieves. Her kleptomania reached a pitch in “Easy to Wed.” Little Miss Ball was waggling away with the picture in her pocket until stopped, searched and scenes taken from her, to no avail. Her fan mail shot up 200 per cent and the only solution seems to be to star her and let her clip. As recognition of her pilfering she was tossed into “Personal Column” in an arena with such male histrionic hi-jackers as Charles Coburn, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

WHETHER Miss Ball is a beauty or the ugly duck she alleges is a question of little interest. “Let’s face it. Beauty is a bit of a bore,” says Somerset Maugham. It is becoming obvious in pictures. Now it’s the gal who can do things on screen or in kitchen who holds you fascinated... Of beauteous Heddy Lamarr, some one asked, “What’s her problem, if any?”

“Brains,” said Luci promptly. “None.”

“No,” said Luci. “She has too many. An actress isn’t supposed to have brains. Heddy has ideas, good ones!”

“Luci should know,” chortled an M-G-M executive. “She’s so opinionated she is in hot water all the time.”

Luci exercises the right of free speech with a vim, looking you straight in the eye, shooting from the shoulder, Yankee as Bunker Hill. Way back her ancestors were French and Irish, as revolutionary a combination as ever fought for the rights of the individual. Miss Ball works like a slave but Hollywood cannot enslave her.

“I want you to meet my friend Harriet McCain,” she said, introducing her negro maid.

Miss Ball picked Miss McCain off the radio eight years ago when she heard her on Hal Styles’s “Help Thy Neighbor” program and they’ve been together since.

“Greatest thing that ever happened to me is that most women like me,” says Luci. “Greatest of all, Carole Lombard liked me. She is my guardian angel.”

“She was?”

“She is,” said Luci. “Has been from the day she saw the gawping at one on set. I was doing bits and getting nowhere. I had no confidence. She yelled at me, ‘Hey, you, come here. Who are you, what do they doing for you? Well, tell the so-and-so to give you a break, you’ve got something. Tell ’em I said they’re missing the boat again.”

JUNE VINCENT, LOVELY STAR OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

At her Westwood home, the charming Star says: “A girl is luckier in love when her hands keep that feminine softness. My hand care is Jergens Lotion.”

...The Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens.

Finer than ever, now. Due to wartime studies, Jergens Lotion now “protects longer,” “makes the hands even smoother, softer,” women say. Still includes the two fine ingredients many doctors use for skin-smoothing. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use JERGENS LOTION

FREE!
See for yourself why Hollywood Stars,
7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Mail coupon today for bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Dept. 97, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

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Address ________________________________
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(Please print name, address plainly. . . . Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)
"You know how Carole was. Always helping everyone. If she saw me coming in here to Lucy's she'd call, 'Hey, how you getting along. Okay?' And she'd slap me on the arm." Miss Ball demonstrated by slapping a guest in such a manner it made him think of Jack Dempsey.

When the guest had been retrieved from the floor, Miss Ball continued.

"Carole Lombard was more than a fine actress. She was a successful woman."

"And what is a successful woman?"

For a moment Luci was stopped for words. Ordinarily they fly as spontaneously as sparks from an anvil.

"A successful woman," she mused. "A successful woman is one with a great desire, an overwhelming motive, all the time, year after year, to make people happy."

"The Guardian Angel must have endorsed with a slap on the arm of her protégé who is proving just that."

"It's an old story now, all but forgotten, how Miss Ball was paralyzed from the head down and for three years sat in a wheel chair refusing to believe she would not walk again and how one midnight she arose, took five steps and fell flat on her nose. She had been a model for Hattie Carnegie and for costume artists when an auto accident snapped her career."

"My first thought was fear of being a burden," she says. "But I had a wonderful mother who helped take the fear out of me."

When Susan Peters suffered an accident that placed her in a wheel chair, Luci sent a yellow rose with a card, "Hi, Sussieface—Luci." For months a yellow rose arrived each day, followed up with stuff from the Ball farm—butter, eggs, pies. Hairdressers and dentists were sent to the hospital. Susan was overwhelmed. "You just don't argue with Luci," she said.

"It's not easy for a movie actress to pursue day after day, year after year, Miss Ball's definition of a successful woman because an actress is on a spot."

"You may arrive in the morning feeling terrible but you can't show it," says Luci. "Directors and grips and electricians can gripe and swear. They can yell at you and stick pins in you—I've had them do it to me—but an actress, oh no, she has to be a good guy. She has to knock herself out being sweet. 'Be funny!' they say. 'Laugh, weep, dance, do your stuff.' If you don't, if you kick things around because you have a howling headache, you are getting hard to handle. The rumors pile up. 'Ball is temperamental.'"

HOLLYWOOD is a tough spot also for making marriage work.

"If you and your husband both work you hardly have time to say hello. You just wave in passing. Actually, I have driven home after working all night to see Desi passing in a car going to work. 'That face is familiar,' I say. 'Oh yes, my husband I haven't seen for days and I wave. In Hollywood too young people see too much, do too much, go too much. They see others getting divorced and they think nothing of trying it. In a small town they are restrained by example and opinion."

Madame Desi Arnaz doesn't intend to let the example, Hollywood's casual marriages, upset her marital bark.

"The only really spectacular thing I ever did was eloping to Greenwich and marrying Desi. It happened so fast he had only time to grab a wedding ring in the ten cent store."

She wears it still above the expensive ring he later placed on her third finger, left hand. It has turned her finger green, thus adding its bit to the spectacular ensemble. They plan to remarry in the Catholic church; they were married by a judge in Greenwich. Mme. Arnaz has the sentiment to be remarried on their wedding anniversary, November 30, but this occurs in Advent when nuptials are not celebrated.

"I want orange blossoms and veil and Gounod's Ave Maria," she says.

Informed of her ardent desire, a jolly old Hollywood padre jests: "She wants to remarry after six years! By local tradition she should be wanting a divorce. A good woman."

A successful woman her Guardian Angel would say.

THE END

TUNE IN "PHILCO RADIO TIME" WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th Gala Reunion Program honoring BING CROSBY WINNER OF THE 1946 PHOTPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARD As America's most popular actor with BOB HOPE, WM. FRAWLEY, LEO McCAREY

Don't miss it! Hear Bing Crosby and the great stars of screen and radio who have appeared with him in a Gala Reunion Program, Wednesday, February 19th, 10 p.m. in the East, 9 p.m. everywhere else; ABC Network and many additional stations.
Brilliant New CUTEX really rates with Young America!

College girls, career girls, high-schoolers wear it... love it... swear by its long-wearing qualities! A special ingredient, used only in the NEW CUTEX is what makes it so endurably alluring. Test it yourself and see! Put NEW CUTEX on your one hand... any brand on the other. See how NEW CUTEX laughs at peeling... defies chipping. See if you don't love its greater luster, too!

P. S. Ask for "Deep Velvet"—the NEW after-dark shade Young America is clamoring for!
MAKE YOUR HAIR A 'VISION OF LOVELINESS'

Let this amazingly beautifying shampoo uncover the natural glossy highlights in your hair

When you have an important date and want your hair to look a 'vision of loveliness'—glamour-bathe it with Kreml Shampoo!

Even after your first Kreml Shampoo—notice how your hair shines with natural glossy brilliance—how much softer and silkier it is.

You see Kreml Shampoo has been especially developed so that its rich active foam actually 'glamour-bathes' each tiny strand of hair and keeps it gleaming-bright for days afterwards.

Works like magic even in the hardest water
This famous hard-water shampoo works wonderfully in every type of water. It penetrates right to the scalp and removes all loose dandruff as well as the dirt. It NEVER leaves any excess dull soapy film. Kreml Shampoo even has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry.

Buy a bottle at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store. Make your hair a 'vision of loveliness' TONIGHT!

Wonderful for shampooing kiddies' hair
Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. It never dries the hair. Mothers are simply delighted with Kreml Shampoo because it rinses out so easily and is so mild and gentle for children's hair.

KREML Shampoo
A product of R. B. Smoker, Inc.
FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC
Virginia Mayo—who not so long ago played an exotic flower in a cloud of dry ice fumes in her first movie, "Up in Arms"
—now is winning laurels for her fine performance in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives."


Beret by Betmar, bag by Lindelle, belt by Ernest Steiner.

Right. The new dropped shoulder line of this Judy Nell coat is dramatized by the beautifully embroidered sleeves. Of American Woolen Co. shetland. Many colors. Sizes 10-18. Under $30.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass., and Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C.

Cloche by Betmar.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 94
spring?
Spring is just around the corner

Ruth Warrick is called two things on the Hollywood sets, "A good guy" and "The queen," which is all you need to know about any girl. Currently appearing in Walt Disney's "Song of the South," she soon will be seen as Kate in "Arch of Triumph".

Sugar and spice (meaning charm and chic) and everything nice (meaning the longer banded hip line to sleek your figure and the Galey & Lord print also designed for slimming) are combined in this dress by Carole King. In red, navy or brown. Sizes 9-15. Under $9.00. At Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis, Mo., Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Right. If you are 5 feet 5 inches or less this navy dress will fit you to a T. A perfect foil for jewelry or flowers with its new side drape and flattering neckline. A Leslie Fay design in Duplex superior rayon. Also in pink, aqua, beige or black. Petite sizes 12-20. About $11.00. At Budget Dress Department of Oppenheim Collins, New York, N.Y., and The Fair, Chicago, Ill.

For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 94.
HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! An asset in any office, these sheer, fine-fitting stockings! Expert fashioning and skillful knitting give them their smooth, wrinkle-free beauty. But they're right down to business when it comes to giving you extra-long wear. Try them and see. Ask for hosiery "As You Like It" by name at your favorite hosiery counter.

Do you want the smartest dress of the year? Well, if you're clever with knitting needles you can have it, for the dress is of hand-knitted ribbon. Just take large wooden needles and ribbon instead of the usual yarn. You have a fabulous addition to your wardrobe. The easiest dress to make is one piece with a gathered waistline.

Wide choker necklaces are going wider and wider. These chokers give a finished look to bare shouldered fashions and plunging necklines, but beware of too wide a neckband if your neck is short. Very wide bands look well only when adorning a long slim neck.

Tie a red and white print scarf around your waist and anchor some real flowers in the knot when you wear a dark simple dress.

Buy a lightweight wool beret, for dress up, in a pastel color and sew sequins here and there to give it a sparkling look. And add a sequin studded scarf if your dress is uncluttered.

Does your dancing dress have a bustle? If it does why not pin three fresh roses on the knot of the bustle bow and complete the costume by pinning three more roses in your hair.

Wherever You Live You Can Buy
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Blue and White Striped Dress
Minx Modes
2223 Locust Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

Suit with Tuxedo Lapels
Stern, Slegman, Prins Co.
Armour Road at Seventh
North Kansas City, Mo.

Coat with Embroidered Sleeves
Julius Nelson
247 West 38th St.
New York, N. Y.

Red and White Print Dress
Carole King
1641 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

Navy Blue Dress
Leslie Fay
301 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.
In good taste everywhere...
my Vicki Lynn blouse

Vicki Lynn

$3 at leading department stores.
VICKI LYNN BLOUSES, Inc.
2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
At the races Betty Grable wore a cutaway worsted suit of cocoa brown. And a very flattering color it is for her, too. The skirt, of the longer length, was very fashion right. A dead white starched waistcoat, under the trim jacket, gave color relief. Betty's large gauntlet gloves were white too. Her hat, a straw bowler, was brown. Her shoulder-stung bag and pumps were of brown alligator.

Lucille Ball celebrated the sixth wedding anniversary of her marriage to Desi Arnaz at Ciro's—where his band played. Lucille's lovely figure paid just tribute to her two-piece white dinner dress, the top of which, completely covered with tiny nail-heads, was snug from the waist up, but had a tunic cut flared from the hips. The skirt, not too full, hung ever so softly to the floor. At her waist Lucille wore a slim gold kid belt. And her jewelry consisted of a huge gold and topaz ring and a matching bracelet.

Marie MacDonald, at Ciro's the same night, combined black and white in her versatile short length dinner dress. The dress, black and simple, was complemented by a snow-white ermine hat which baled her face. White was repeated in her necklace of wooden beads. Her accessories were black suede.

Joan Caulfield lunched at the Brown Derby in a wool coat of a deep champagne, designed after the lines of an officer's coat with belted cuffs and back and wide revers. Her jersey sports dress was light brown. So was her hat, a sailor, and her gloves, bag and shoes.

Anita Colby, Photoplay's Beauty Editor, looked like a figure from a Gainsborough portrait at the Doug Fairbanks' party. Her gown of heavy ivory satin featured a low decollete neckline. The sleeves, satin points, molded gently into her bodice, on which were placed two huge cabbage roses of deep green satin. Her gathered waistline gave vent to a very full skirt and toward the bottom of the skirt another satin rose nestled among the ample folds.

At the same party Claudette Colbert wore a handsome black gown of heavy satin. A gathered bodice crossed in front at the waistline and from there full gathers draped the skirt. The neckline was low in front and even lower in back where an attached yoke of black chantilly lace fell back like a cape. With this gown Claudette wore a platina fox stole.

Dining at La Rue Dinah Shore wore an evening gown of soft gray marquisette. The gracefully draped bodice was cut higher on one shoulder, with a scarf flowing back almost to the hemline. Under her billowing skirt of marquisette was an underskirt of taffeta with a huge decorative bow on one side.

Cleatus Caldwell wore a gay interpretation of a bolero suit to the Beverly Hills Club for lunch the other day. The skirt and small bolero were sheer gray wool. A pure silk carnival print cummerbund swath her waist, with the same highly colored print serving as lining for her jacket and her blouse. A gray wool turban and black accessories were Cleatus' finishing touches.

The Story of Catherine McLeod's Striped Dress

Catherine McLeod, young Republic star of "I've Always Loved You," was Photoplay's representative at a recent Minx Modes Junior Board of Review. Catherine flew from California to St. Louis for a jam-packed three-day whirl of press interviews, radio broadcasts, a visit with the Mayor of St. Louis, who presented her with a key to the city, and, most important of all, the Minx Modes showing of their new spring dresses.

The Minx Modes Board of Review was originated to determine exactly what the young girl of fashion wants to wear. The clothes are modeled before the girls on the Board and votes are taken as to favorites. A pair of scissors is kept handy to eliminate anything on a dress that is not approved by the Board, so that by the time these dresses are sent to a store in your city they warrant their tag of approval.

The girls on this Board are chosen for their fashion interest. Stores throughout the country conduct contests to decide upon their representatives. Anyone can enter these contests who wears a Junior size, is young and knows what she wants in her clothes.

Catherine charmed the girls on the Board with her easy gaiety and enthusiasm. Soon after her arrival they were laughing and whispering as if they had known each other for years.

On the opening color page of our Fashion Section this month you'll find Catherine posing in the dress that she picked from all the exciting clothes. It's in her personal wardrobe, too.
BONNIE LANE
MISSSES FASHIONS
A LOU SCHNEIDER ORIGINAL

THE SOFT TOUCH by BONNIE LANE

for a suave new suit. The drape of the jacket
falls naturally from flange shoulders—the skirt
is reed-slim, flattering. PURE WORSTED
GABARDINE loomed for us exclusively by the
AMERICAN WOOLEN CO.—in Banlee's
Grey with Red, Blue, Black, White or Green
hair-line stripe. Sizes 10 to 18. Around $45

Consult with your Local Retailer,
or write LOU SCHNEIDER
512 Seventh Ave. * New York 18
THE FAMOUS SUIT

DESIGNED TO MAKE YOU THE GLAMOUR IN HIS LIFE...LIVING BY ECLIPSE...ABOUT $55

ABOUT $155

"personal appearance"

by Lili Ann
CALIFORNIA SUIT ORIGINAL

IN SMART SHOPS EVERYWHERE OR WRITE LILI ANN 972 MARKET STREET SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA
AND suddenly we were aware of the swiftness of current of understanding that flows between these two who came together in so short a time from such widely different walks in life.

There's an uprightness about Bill Sherry that goes beyond his lithe carriage as an athlete. His most striking feature is the frankness of the sea of which he is so fond. And though his voice is soft, even gentle, there is no mistaking the power, both mental and physical, that lies behind his words. A man to respect in all ways. And his wife does just that.

Yet there is the tolerance of the artist in him, too. This came out in a lively discussion over the dinner table. Bobbie, Bette's younger sister, Barbara Pelgrum, who is spending the winter at the Butternut house, had joined us and we had all whisked over for dinner to the Horse and Hound, a small country inn. In the midst of the gaiety, the eddies of conversation around the table suddenly resolved themselves into one whirlpool, the center of which was Bobbie and Bette. Bobbie was maintaining stoutly, albeit with lights dancing in her eyes for she knew the torrent she would stir up in her world-minded sister, that there wasn't any use getting all the facts out of Bette for what was happening these days politically or internationally; nothing an individual could do would change it.

Explosion from Bette's end of the table.

"How can you do that?"

And then Sherry moved in. "Frankly I have no desire to tell my neighbor what's good for him and insist that he do it. So long as he doesn't hurt me or my other neighbors it's me."

Bette's eyes snapped open wide. Obviously she was weighing whether or not to retort. But as she weighed, the whirlpool sort of settled itself as presently we went back in the charming upper living room of The Barn.

Bette doesn't call it a living room. It's her trophy room. Here in the seclusion of the New Hampshire mountains she tucks away the things she wouldn't think of having in evidence around Hollywood. On the mantel are her two Oscars and hanging above them a striking camera portrait by Hurrell of Bette as Regina Giddens in "The Little Foxes," for which she should have had an Oscar. In addition there are gold and silver cups from countries across the globe.

One wall is solidly covered with candid shots from the Hollywood Canteen which she founded. One of them includes her—the rest are of the service men themselves and the stars who came as guest entertainers. Another wall is the huge, multi-paneled window that looks out over the White Mountains, capped by the Presidential Range. Yet here one does not have to raise one's eyes "unto the hills." One looks straight across at them, eye to eye.

By this time the night was growing nippy and the fire told us it was time to go to bed. We could save all the things that hadn't been said for a full tomorrow.

THAT tomorrow began with a snapping fire in our dressing room fireplace. Sheer heaven to dance up and down on the white sheepskin rug in front of the flames.

Our host and hostess greeted us in slacks and matching plaid sports coats bearing the distinctive monogram which Sherry himself designed and which marks many of their personal effects.

All hands promptly moved down to Butternut for a real New England breakfast of oatmeal mush, sausage, maple syrup and delicious pancakes made by Sherry's mother. You have only to meet Mrs. Sherry to know where her son gets his quiet dignity. And she commands the unstinted respect of her daughter-in-law. Mrs. Sherry, senior, together with Skippy, who is Sherry's younger brother, are spending the winter in the Butternut house with Bobbie and her fair-haired little daughter Paye. So it will be a community sharing the fortunes of Sugar Hill this winter, of all sizes and sexes and ages.

Breakfast over, the itinerant rubbernecks couldn't help casting a glance over the famed Butternut. It is furnished in the traditional New England farmhouse style. The fireplace is on a less heroic scale than the one in the Barn. But then, there'll always be a fireplace wherever Bill lives.

"When Mother and I remodelled this house, they told us we couldn't have a fireplace in our main bedroom because the upper floor wouldn't stand the weight," I said I didn't care, I had to have a fireplace." There was a tinge of the imperiousness of Queen Bess in her tone. "So they suspended it from the ceiling. Isn't that fun?"

The Queen vanished in a rippling giggle.

Outside, the mountain day was soft and gray, ideal for exploring. For one thing, we discovered that the third house we had seen the night before was occupied by the caretaker and his wife. Then as we started down over the rim of the hill, there in a clump of evergreen a greenish slab of granite not more than a foot high and the eye. It read: "Tibby, My beloved, 1932-1946."" Tibby, the sage little Scotty who, as Bette's inseparable companion, had been as famous in Hollywood as Fala was in Washington.

Bette caught me looking thoughtfully down at the inscription. "Tibby loved this place. I promised her she would be here." It was said with just that lift of the chin that Dave would give it. "She was a flair for the dramatic, you know. So I had her flown back here in a little brown velveteen casket, covered with white gardenias. Great old girl!"

Again the chin was lifting. It did a better job than the voice, which suddenly ceased, then as suddenly picked up on a
high note. "Sherry!" she called, "Let's show them the ski trail."

Whereupon Sherry took over the party as we slipped and slid down the thick carpet of maple and birch leaves that covered the hillside. Once down, the woodlands gave way to rolling fields and a pair of farm houses which Sherry pointed out as the subject for the first oil painting he will have done in New Hampshire. His taste for art started as a little boy. He was born in East Hampton, Long Island. In those days, he will tell you squarely, he did everything, from work in a grocery store after school hours to being a deck hand aboard fishing boats. And you can understand the latter when you note the powerful muscles of his neck and shoulders.

"I don't know how successful I'll be as an artist," Sherry said with his fine frankness. "I haven't done enough to tell."

What tells part of the story, however, are the medical sketches he did while on sea duty in the Atlantic as a pharmacist's mate. Working with the ship's surgeon, he sketched various stages of operations performed by the surgeon; a technique so revolutionary that it won considerable attention for them both from the American Medical Association Journal in an article reproducing the sketches. Of that he is rightly proud.

THE trouble with a toboggan is that you have to go up again. So now we started the three-quarter mile up-grade. And be it said for the Spartan quality of our little mother-to-be that we never gave her physical welfare a thought until Sherry threw a strong arm around his wife's waist and fairly boosted her up the trail. P. S. Characteristically, she arrived at the top in far better condition than the guests.

A round of cider to wet our whistles was a welcome refresher in front of the fire on the living room side of the great chimney on the lower floor. Then came a wonderful bull session for the girls while the men went off for target practice in the woods. Guns are one of Sherry's enthusiasms and as they left he was proudly bearing a German Luger, which Bobbie and Bette had unearthed in the nearby town of Littleton, a far cry from the battle lines of Hitler.

We led off with strictly female talk—about the coming baby.

"The baby's due in early May. I'm booked in at the Hanover Hospital April 28 and will move in with a pile of books and magazines—till ready," Bette grinned. And the grin softened to a smile that skipped over the intervening months of snow on the mountains to a day when the winds would be gentle and a new little voice would be added to the world.

In her plain little white wool sweater, her legs in slacks curled up under her on the deep divan and her hair falling loosely about her face much as you saw her in her last picture, "Deception," she looked far more like a New Hampshire girl than Hollywood's Oscar lady.

"You know," she said, suddenly looking up, "I've thought I'd like to write a book this winter while I'm here. Oh, a very short one." Her hands flicked off deprecatingly. "Everyone says, 'But what do people do in the country, isolated there for six whole months?' Well, for one thing, they have a lot of time to think. So I'd like to put down what people are really thinking about these days...."

A fascinating project for the days when Sherry is painting, but particularly an item that publishers might take note of. Suddenly Bette jumped up and went to the phone. "Time to make our weekly call to Ruthie," she called gaily and placed a long distance call to Palm Springs, Cali-
Reports being eminently satisfactory at both ends of the line, Bette sailed into preparations for five-o’clock dinner. This meant that we moved from the living room side of the chimney to the dining room side. Sherry took over the broiling of four steaks in the fireplace, while Bette devoted her genius to a tossed salad and Bobbie set the great round pine table with the raised Lazy Susan center that revolved to serve sugar, relishes, salt and pepper to whoever could pull the hardest. The idea was familiar but the size of it—out of this world!

After dinner we started to move back into the living room—i.e., the other side of the chimney—and the men actually completed the maneuver. But halfway there the ladies fell by the wayside. It was a perfectly innocent-looking table, to be sure, but on it was a huge jigsaw puzzle, the pieces spread out in disarray, just the moment when challenge rides high. To a woman, we fell upon it, intense, admonitory, taking bets we’d find the missing link, losing them, having a grand if utterly unproductive time.

And then the hour arrived for bed because we had to be on the road early the next morning.

"Don’t worry, I’ll get you up," was Bette’s last word. And indeed she did. A last quick breakfast down at Butternut, then we said our goodbyes and climbed into the car. Far across the valley the sun was shedding majesty on the Presidential Range spearheaded by Mount Washington, highest of them all.

And at our running board stood Hollywood’s star—a pair of gaudy blue corduroy slacks, a little too long, bright red plaid lumber jacket, much too big, and perched on the back of her head, a silly little Tyrolean cap with a beat-up feather which she’d bought at a carnival her first summer in New Hampshire. She looked like a kid dressed up for Halloween. Even the grin.

As the car moved reluctantly away, her voice called after us. "You’re the last people from the outside we’ll see until Spring!"

The End

"Real people instead of puppets"

—That’s what one of the listeners to “MY TRUE STORY” writes of the characters in each day’s complete radio drama. “These people, and their problems ring true!” Like thousands of other women, you’ll be fascinated by these real-life stories on the air taken from the files of TRUE STORY magazine.

EVERY MORNING 10:00 EST—9:00 CST
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 11:30 MST—10:30 PST
AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY
Jeep Hunt

In which Bob and Jessica Ryan and Jane Greer hit the trail of Br'er Rabbit

Outdoor man Bob, of "Woman on the Beach," draws a bead on bunny

Jessica did the driving while Jane, of "They Wouldn't Believe Me," and Bob watched for the elusive prey. The day was cold and breezy and the jeep stalled

One sure shot and Bob bags a big one which he shows off to Jane and Jessica. He crowed about it—but too early, for half an hour later Jane and Jessica came back with a rabbit apiece—and it was back to town with a squelched Mr. Ryan
She shall have music wherever she goes...when she wears Doris Dodson's "Music in the Air."
This lilting, waltztime print was designed exclusively for Doris Dodson in lovely Mallinson's Whirlaway rayon crepe...blue, grey or beige combination.
Sizes 9 to 15, about $15.

Write for the name of your local shop...

DORIS DODSON, ST. LOUIS 1, MISSOURI
Junior dream of a dress, new as spring itself, starring a curved neckline and wide, wide skirt. Bride's blue, dove gray or blush pink rayon spiked with white pique and painted roses. Sizes 9 to 15, under 17.00. With it wear the glamour-stuff created by Minx Modes just for you...color-matched Lip and Nail Lustre and mood-matched perfumes and cologne. Calico for day, Taffeta for dates. All by Minx Modes; all priced to fit junior budgets.

At good stores everywhere; write us, we'll tell you where.
It's Your Say, Gentlemen

(Continued from page 63) dislikes fantastic hats. And says so, together with a couple of dozen other Hollywood men.

Speaking of hats, it seems to me high time the milliners began whipping up hats to woo the glamorous Hollywood women who rarely wear one as well as please the chic New York women who are almost never without one.

Clark, you also should know, is a great builder-upper of women. He never leaves a girl on a date and I'm sure he would be most attentive even if at a dinner party he found his dinner partner disappointing. Girls really are on a pedestal with him until they kick it out from under them by behaving badly—by pretending to be something they aren't, by table hopping (he never does himself), by being untidy (he's meticulous about his grooming), by gossiping (for kind of heart, he will neither gossip nor listen to gossip) or by being bored or boring. He's completely within his rights on this last count too. For, traveled, well-read, schooled in all social sets from the simplest to the most elegant, he would find a girl who didn't know what he was talking about—because she had never had curiosity or interest enough to find out what went on outside of her own little sphere—very dull indeed. As he says, "If a woman doesn't know something beside herself she should subscribe to something."

I might add that once a girl kicks her pedestal out from under her, Clark's disappointment is pretty complete and—he's Pennsylvania Dutch, remember—he neither forgives nor forgets easily.

You don't have to be a great beauty or an heiress to please Clark Gable. You don't even have to share his avid interest in golf and hunting and sports generally. In fact, when an interest in these things isn't natural it's likely to destroy femininity—something Clark rates highly. A good healthy mind—that's the matrix from which a woman's beauty must spring for Clark. For, in his case, the old quote: "If she be not so to me, what care I how fair she be?" applies perfectly.

Now for Jimmy Stewart, who's been going places—socially as well as professionally. For since coming home from war Jimmy's been to more parties than he ever went to before.

Jimmy, who couldn't wait to plunk a nickel in a juke box and hear "Waitin' for the Train to Come In," likes a girl who is "hep" about music; modern ballads and modern instrumentalists like the King Cole Trio and Vocalist Peggy Lee, especially.

He also likes a girl who is a good listener. He talks at length about incidents, of showing the Ponda children how to fly a kite or putting a motor together. But he makes it all real and rich and always his humor has a dry sparkle.

A girl who was too demanding, who felt a date should be wrapped around her preferences exclusively, wouldn't go far with Jimmy. For he knows what he likes, too. Among other things, he likes the food at Chasen's and the fact that, known there, he never has to wait for a table. Night clubs are not on his agenda. But small gatherings at a friend's house where recordings are played and sandwiches are served and the talk is cozy and intimate he rates as fun. No petty gossip though. Like Clark—he likes most men, actually—gossip he cannot abide.

Jimmy also likes old friends as much as old friends like him. In Jimmy's group, you'd find acceptance quickly enough if you took life in the same easy direct stride that they do and didn't push towards the
intimate camaraderie they all enjoy but which, obviously, only time can bring.

Another thing about Jimmy, he rarely calls for a date before the last minute. It would, therefore, only be a girl as relaxed as he is who would understand.

Some girls who've gone out with Jimmy insist he doesn't know what a girl has on. Don't you believe it! His mind may seem to be a million miles away but he always knows exactly what you're wearing. Especially if it is simple and young—his favorite effect. He's convinced, incidentally, there never has and never will be a hair dress as charmingly diverting as the full, open, breezy bob.

Jimmy, for your information, wants to get married and have a large family. Children he adores. But he's as careful and deliberate as he is shy.

UNDERSTANDING, naturalness, alertness—these are the things that make a girl attractive to men these days. Not since way back in the practically prehistoric age of the flapper have the "fluffed-up babes" rated first with men. For it isn't only Gable, in his forties, and Stewart, in his thirties, who find understanding and naturalness and being on the beam attractive. Guy Madison, in his early twenties, the youngest of all Hollywood's heroes, does too.

Guy thinks sophisticated looking and acting girls are a PAIN IN THE NECK. His tone of voice supplies those capitals. With Guy, you're the tops only when you're natural and sincere. Only when, among other things, you dress up when you dress up and are completely casual, even to your shoelaces, when you wear sport clothes. He won't go out with a girl who wears slacks and a fur coat or fuzzy shoes or hat with a tailored suit.

Guy has an aversion to large Hollywood parties and frequent visits to night clubs and for girls who "go" for this sort of thing. He likes a girl to talk while he's dancing with her.

But he doesn't like the current "hot-rod" talk. Neither does he like a loud, strident or a nasal voice. Or a girl who talks about other men in his presence. He likes things to be pleasant when he's on a date. Which seems fair enough.

Guy's girl must enjoy movies for he goes all the time. But she doesn't have to enjoy hunting or fishing even if they are his greatest thrills. He doesn't think the world of sports is a woman's world. His isn't any way! He wouldn't take a girl on a hunting or fishing trip for anything. She'd only be someone to look after.

So, you see, as Gable and Stewart go so goes Guy Madison. And, I suspect, quite a few million men more—including the men in your life. For Clark and Jimmy and Guy undoubtedly represent the current trend of masculine preferences.

So let's be smart. Let's keep our mind open. And stop dressing to impress other women for the men have made it clear they know what they want, after all. A girl who looks right and acts right wherever she goes, who's a pleasant as well as an interesting partner. A girl who knows beauty isn't only skin deep.

The End

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WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days? Especially when that favorite fellow gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hairdo in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin, leaves an texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light-bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

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GOLDEN GLINT
I'm a Lucky Guy

(Continued from page 55) outside the hospital, and I was plenty nervous. Like any disabled man, the first place I headed for was a bar to give me a little false courage. At this bar I met up with a tough old sergeant. He took one look at me and said, "Gee whiz, son, you got trouble."

I said, "Yeah."

He said, "Can you still handle a drink?"

I said, "Yeah."

Then he said, relieved, "Oh, hell—then you're all right!"

That made me laugh. I felt suddenly better and I grabbed a drink in one hook and drank to his health. I've been feeling progressively better ever since.

Actually, it's because I can do almost everything with my hooks that I got the role of Homer Parrish in the picture "The Best Years of Our Lives." On the set, once the actors got used to me they forgot I didn't have hands. I remember one day Fredric March, Dana Andrews and I were waiting around for a shot. Fredric March was talking about men's wedding rings.

"I keep losing mine," he said. "Since I've been married I've had to buy three new ones because I can't keep them."

"Me too," I said, grinning.

March swung matter-of-factly to Dana.

"See, Dana? He has the same trouble," he said. Then, "Hey, who do you think you're kidding, Harold? You don't belong in this conversation at all!"

This sort of thing happens all the time and every time it gives me a kick. But in the beginning, I never thought anything would give me a kick again.

I REMEMBER so clearly the day the accident happened. It was 2:30 in the afternoon on June 6, 1944; I was sitting on a keg of TNT in the embarkation point Camp McColl, North Carolina. I was a sergeant in the demolition squad of the 515th Parachute Troops and how excited I was because we were going to shove off for Europe! By that time I'd been "pushed out" of a plane fifty-two times, with pounds of TNT strapped to my back; and in spite of what happened TNT is the safest thing to have around.

The irony of it is that I shouldn't have been on duty that day at all. I had taken over another sergeant's instruction class so he could take a three-day pass. Well, one minute I was sitting there on that keg of TNT (which luckily didn't go off), showing ten privates how to attach a fuse to a half-pound of TNT. The next minute there was a terrific explosion—thanks to a defective fuse. When I came to, both of my hands were gone.

Oddly enough, my wrist watch never stopped ticking and none of the other fellows was even scratched. It was just me. I lay in that hospital bed looking at the bandages at the ends of my wrists, and I thought about everything anyone would think—about my girl back home in Boston, Rita; and about my future life. My past life didn't promise any big money for the future, you see. My widowed mother had done nursing all her life to raise my two brothers and me. When I'd graduated from Rindge Technical School in 1933, I became a butcher for the First National Stores—the same meat department I'd delivered packages for all during school. I'd left the job right after Pearl Harbor and of course I could never hold it again. Besides, there was Rita. . . .

I was pretty depressed for awhile. I still was when they transferred me to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., where I was to learn how to use mechanical hooks in place of my hands.

But that hadn't been there long before my
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usual good spirits came back. You can't be sensitive in a hospital full of battered guys. They won't let you be. They had nicknames for everyone—a guy with one leg off was called "Lumpy." With two legs gone he was "Shorty." If he had one arm gone he was "Paperhanger," and with both arms gone he was "Hooks."

I was the only "Hooks" around there—the only bilateral, as the doctors call it. I was there for three months. But it only took me half that time to learn how to use my new hooks, which operate by a leather shoulder apparatus and the use of certain muscles. The left hook is plain steel, but the right one is covered with rubber to give you a "grip" on things like door-knobs.

In six weeks I could do everything I can do now: Eat quickly and skillfully, dress myself, swim as well as ever, dial telephones, play Ping-pong, drive a car, smoke cigarettes—and shoot crap and play poker! There are just two things I can't do: Tie my own tie and play golf.

But no matter how cheerful I was around the hospital, it was different when it came time to go home on my first furlough. I began thinking of Rita and I got the jitters. I'd known her ever since the third grade at Cambridge Grammar School, just outside of Boston. On and off I'd seen her all my life, and I guess I was always in love with her. She has big brown eyes and brown hair, and even though she'd had a brief and unfortunate marriage at the start of the war, I'd never been able to get her out of my mind.

So I was pretty jumpy when my plane came down at the Boston Airport. From the window I could see her waiting there with her mother and my mother. Then suddenly my doctor's advice came to me. "Harold, you can do one of two things. You can become a drunkard on pension, or you can fight life. Take your choice."

I MADE my choice then. I waved a newspaper at her when I came down the plane steps and tried to smile—and for some reason it worked. She seemed to think that everything was going to be all right. Only one of them cried—Rita's mother; not my own, nor Rita herself. All during that leave Rita and I talked about how swell life could be for me just the same. Her baby son Jerry helped too —just by being natural. When I reported back to the hospital, we were engaged.

But still lacked solid confidence. I found it unexpectedly back at the hospital. One afternoon my doctor brought an ex-Hollywood producer named Julian Blaustein in to meet me. He was then in the Army making training films. He talked to me for awhile, watching me carefully—and finally he made me the offer that was going to change my whole life as completely as the explosion had. He asked me to act in an Army film.

"Me?" I said, astounded. "But I never acted in my life. Not even in school. Besides, nobody ever called me good looking."

"Doesn't matter. I think you're what we call a natural," he said.

The picture was called "The Diary of a Sergeant," and it was a twenty-minute film based mostly on my own life. In it, I showed how I learned to use my hooks; then I went to Boston University to school, and meanwhile got up enough courage to propose to my girl. Most of it was shot in the Astoria studios near New York City —where I didn't have time to worry about myself. I was too busy meeting new people and trying to act in front of my first camera. By the time that movie was made so was my belief in myself.

But I had no idea what the movie would lead to ultimately. I never dreamed that 3,000 miles away in Hollywood producer Sam Goldwyn would see that little
Army picture and decide to have a part written in for me to act in "The Best Years of Our Lives." And if anyone had told me I'd be acting scenes with Fredric March, Myrna Loy, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo and Cathy O'Donnell, I'd have laughed in their faces.

Yet it all came true.

When I was told, I went crazy with excitement. I called Rita. Now we could be married! That is, after I'd collected my paycheck.

And that's just what happened. I flew to Hollywood, where Sam Goldwyn gave me a little apartment near the studio and told me I could use his limousine and chauffeur whenever I wanted to. I was scared to death of acting—but only until I met director William Wyler. Then I wasn't afraid any more. He talked so convincingly and quietly to me that I was sure I could do whatever he wanted. From then on, acting was almost easy. The only thing I couldn't do was cry in front of the camera. But Mr. Wyler fixed that by blowing something into my eyes that made tears run down my cheeks.

I WAS in Hollywood exactly one month to the day when Rita and I were married. She'd come out a few days earlier. The morning of our wedding the studio make-up department did her hair and face for her. We were married, in Judge Mc-Kay's office in Los Angeles, and Virginia Mayo and Steve Cochran stood up with us. I remember the whole thing clearly: It was February 27, 1946, and Rita wore a light blue suit and I was so excited I forgot to pay the judge or buy any flowers.

The ceremony was at noon sharp. After it we all went to the Beverly Hills Club to a wedding breakfast given us by Mr. Goldwyn. We hadn't been back in our apartment fifteen minutes before a messenger arrived with a big box of flowers from Mr. Wyler—a good start for the seven months we stayed in Hollywood making the picture. What a time we had! Everyone was wonderful to us. And since we've been back in Boston lots of our Hollywood friends have turned up in plays or personal appearance tours. Recently in Boston, we've had dinner with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Danny Kaye, and many others.

Because of the housing shortage, Rita and I are staying with her parents in Cambridge while I study advertising at

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AND right here I'd like to give some advice to future stepfathers: if you really want to make a hit with your new stepson, wear hooks! Four-year-old Jerry is fascinated by them. He brings his friends in to see them and then orders me proudly to pinch his nose with my hooks! Sometimes his love for them is a little inconvenient, I'll admit—but his favorite game is to hide them in the morning before I wake up. But this is all right with me; because whatever Jerry does, he's natural.

However, so are most grown-ups once they're used to me. For every Walter who carefully does not bring me a finger bowl, there's a friend who acts as if I had all ten fingers. A friend of Rita's was over the other night. She borrowed some of Rita's hand lotion and was raving about how good it was. So I said, "Pass me the hand lotion, Florence—I think I'll try it." She said, "Sure," and gave it to me . . . and then hit herself on the forehead with mock horror and said, "What's got into me? Have I lost my mind?"

Rita says I have only one bad fault—I want to buy everything I see in the stores for both of us. I frankly love clothes, everything but hats; I don't wear them because if they blow off they're too hard to retrieve. And I love buying her jewelry. Right now, too, I'm pretty excited about a new group that just started in Boston, the Amputees Club. I wish one like it would start in every city. It's really fun to go to the meetings and get to know all the doctors, lawyers and professional men. Only one other guy and myself were enlisted men during the war, which gives you a faint idea.

Most people want to know what I'm going to do from now on, since my acting life would necessarily be limited. There's a chance I may do one or two more pictures. Then Mr. Goldwyn is helping me decide. When I complete my course at Boston University next summer, I have a job waiting for me in Mr. Goldwyn's business office in New York, doing publicity work. And I have Rita and Jerry and all our friends. Not a bad future is it? Do you wonder I say—I'm a lucky guy?

The End

Home Sweet Home is JOHN LUND'S favorite melody since he and Marie found a home of their own. You can visit them there when you're John Lund's house guest in APRIL PHOTOPLAY.
Sunshine In Her Hands

(Continued from page 43) the brain sends its messages which run along those nerve fibers like the taps on telegraph wires. Furthermore, in each finger tip are the "Pacinian" corpuscles which not only transmit sensations of touch but also act as little brains in themselves. This continual exchange of activity from hand to brain and brain to hand affects the mounts of the hand and creates a living map of character and destiny just as rivers cutting their way through a landscape determine its hills and valleys.

All that we are is the result of what we have felt and thought. This is the unceasing process of moulding character and personality. The hand is the living diary on which those thoughts and feelings are written down.

June had an air of attentive seriousness as she listened, which confirmed the story her hand was telling me of her inner life. Here was the real June, the secret soul whose courage and determination account for her enviable success.

There is nothing superficial about the lovable radiance of her personality. She is not the gay little girl, just dancing through life, but she has attained her radiance by suffering and self-mastery. The audiences respond to it because they feel in it a sympathy and understanding. Few people saw her in "Her Highness and the Bellboy" without being moved to tears.

In a way June Allyson was acting her own story.

Looking at the beginning of her fate and life lines I saw her poignantly unhappy childhood. There was the poverty, the lack of security.

Because June is ambidextrous we have to take both hands equally into consideration. As I searched for these important influences in June's formative life period I saw that one of her parents was driven by restlessness, lack of self control, impulsiveness and irresponsibility—lack of all those qualities which add up to that stability which makes a person competent to rear a happy child. From the other parent however came the deep straight headline with its common sense and driving power, the inherited quality which has done so much for June.

An emotionally unstable and insecure childhood is a terrible handicap to overcome. It creates fear. Fear about practically everything. June has not yet rid herself of these fears. She worries about almost everything.

She was reticent about her parents. But she confirmed the story of a broken home seen in the islanded Saturn line under the third finger and in the lines breaking through it in her early childhood. It was then that destiny relented and she went to live with her grandmother, a woman of maternal kindness and stability who gave her love and care.

The grandmother's love and understanding contributed a philosophical attitude to life which has left its impression on her. She reached the timid child's heart and created a brief and very happy period in her life.

A happiness short-lived, for true to the splitting of her fate line, June suffered a terrible accident when she was only nine years old.

"Look June," I told her, "Here is an island in your life line from the ninth to fourteenth year. It tells of pain, heartbreak and fear—all that is connected with an accident."

June marvelled at the accuracy of the lines in her hand. "That was when I was riding my bicycle to school! I rode head

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Your red blood cells may be faded and shrunken, weakened to a point where they cannot transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

So, if your color is fading—your energy failing—due to this blood deficiency, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells—thus to help restore vigor and good looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may come from other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly.

But in a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore the natural color to your cheeks! Take them so you can enjoy life again!  

*Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

Ironized Yeast TABLETS

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on into a fallen tree," she exclaimed.

When she regained consciousness she was in a hospital with a spinal injury and an arm and leg broken. She was in a cast for months and after that was not able to walk perfectly for five tedious years. This was a time of deep frustration and young loneliness—of being isolated from the activities and pleasures of other children of her age. Her doctor was of the opinion that she might never walk again. Yet she yearned to dance, to run, to skate, to swim. This ordeal would have broken the spirit of any less courageous girl.

Seeing this before me it was possible to understand the tremendous pathos behind the sunny radiance of her present personality. Also the hidden ruggedness under the sparkling feminine charm.

Conquering pain, fatigue, discouragement and all manner of physical obstacles she responded to her physician's encouragement to try to swim. She succeeded. He advised her to try to dance. She did—and succeeded to a remarkable degree.

Where did she get the courage to put up such a successful fight? Her upper Mars, a mount at the outer edge of the hand is exceptionally well developed. It denoted that June is possessed of a courage and perseverance that does not give up. She does not yield to defeat. It is this quality that gives both patience and fortitude to endure pain and discouragement.

Where the headline (the second horizontal line running through the palm) tends to be practical in her right or personality hand, it is imaginative and idealistic in the left hand—a splendid combination for her acting career.

From her heart line—the first horizontal line—we get a warning. She will never be robust. She must always guard her health, never be overworked. Her career will depend on her conserving her strength for it in a quiet, healthy life.

JUNE has the gift of agelessness which is typical of women of enthusiasm, vitality and charm. She will be just as fascinating at fifty as she is today. Her zeal for life will keep her young. I predict that she will hold and consolidate the position she has won, for besides her artistic gifts she has the stability which many stars lack—the quality which will keep her a ranking actress for many years.

Back in Hollywood, June is busy on her new picture—"Cabbages and Kings." It is the modern "Alice in Wonderland" and so is June. Even more akin to her personal story, however, is the old classic of "The Ugly Duckling," that endearing fable of the triumph over a bad start.

Her smooth fingers reveal that she is emotional and impulsive, but her long Saturn (second) finger keeps her emotions well under control. Her Apollo (third) finger with its spankable finger tip and its mount explains her radiant charm. In June it manifests as an inner joy, a spiritual vitality that like a sunlit fountain bubbles over into great enthusiasm. This charm casts a spell on people. It is a great factor in her success. And because it rises from a wellspring deep in her soul, it is a quality she will never lose.

She was irresistible and delightful, even more appealing in human contact than she is on the screen. I was touched when I was saying goodbye to her and she asked me quite seriously, "Do you think I am a good girl?"

Before I could reply, her husband, Dick Powell, said with kindling eyes, "She is wonderful. She is the finest girl in Hollywood!"

I held her hand again. "You are indeed," I said. "The proof is here."

Born to suffer and succeed, she deserves her happiness.
I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"

NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think all tissues are Kleenex, but my skin says different! If you had a faceful of makeup, you'd insist on a soft tissue—and you'd know there's no other kind of Kleenex!

Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over, Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like any tissue. Well, my nose knows there's only one Kleenex. You'll learn!

It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? None but Kleenex! 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only one Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way . . .

Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex quality smalin' through—so you're sure Kleenex must be heavenly soft. And husky! Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

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wouldn't leave while I was having such ups and downs. Finally I went down to Laguna to help run the little theater and then I was really all right.

"At that time Evie and I had another talk and decided that from here on in we'd do what we had planned. For me to say I will change my ways is a ridiculous assumption. If I tried to be someone else, I'd be neurotic. For Evie to say that she doesn't mind if I stay as I am is also silly. If we find that we can have our own personal interests, but that we can't stay apart, we will stay as we are. We aren't mad at each other. So far as the children are concerned, it won't be a matter of one parent insulting the other. I think that children who have to live in a house where there's bickering and nagging turn out with more complications than children with their mother and see their father frequently.

"After all, if we separate, why shouldn't we see each other? Our lives have changed completely. We are not the same people we were and it would be a dull existence if we were. We have filled all our papers for divorce and Evie will go away and go through with it, for nothing can be solved by talk. I am not a person who should be married and I have no intention of getting married again because I love that masculine freedom. Evie will then be in a position to go out with whomever she wants without shocking people.

"No, I'll never marry again except to remarry Evie in the event she finds that with all my faults, I am still okay. For me to place her in the position of saying 'Take me as I am,' is a tough thing to ask of a girl you want to be happy.

"As a husband I am cold, not in the way it sounds, but as far as affection or demonstrations of marital affection are concerned. Evie is the only woman I want to be with but I cannot make constant protestations of my love to my wife.

"Hollywood didn't cause this in our home. After all, I've been used to great theater people all my life. I have seen schools closed when my father visited a town and yet today no one knows him as he walks down the street. So it hasn't been a situation where we were overwhelmed or impressed by stardom and the adulation that comes with it. I know that today no one swoons over Dad, and since I may never be as great as he was, I have no false ideas of lasting fame that would mislead me in making personal decisions.

"You see, my love for a woman is the passive type, and it's more important to me that Evie be happy than for me to be content. I will miss a home and the things I have no right to miss because I don't do anything about them.

"Van has sought us for companionship and friendship, and has gotten both. He is a wonderful friend to both of us and always will be. He or Hollywood had nothing to do with our decision to part. We are just two intelligent people who know what's best for us and this is it, we think. What will happen, seven, two or three months from now no one knows and anyone who tries to foresee it is a fool.

"Naturally, when Evie is free to marry I would want to know the man she has picked. First of all, the guy is going to marry my best girl, and secondly, my children will be around him. Of course, there is nothing I can really do about it but Evie does respect my judgment.

"While I do not think it is an eventuality that Evie will marry Van, I can't think of anyone with whom I would rather have my kids than Van. They like him. He's wonderful to them and a more considerate guy towards Evie I can't think of. And that's the story.

The END
Enter Marcus

(Continued from page 36) all her business associates from her attorney to her dramatic coach and secretary and that her groom was "taking over" in all departments.

Still another "inside" paper ran an item: "Olivia de Havilland and Marc Goodrich (what's he trying to prove?) dining at La Rue last night."

Obviously, the innuendos were flying that Goodrich was stepping feet first into the management of his wife's career with a heavy inference that she was being much too docile where the older man, who is her husband, is concerned.

I called Livvy immediately and found her upset. In fact, she had her fighting bloomers on.

"I am completely puzzled how facts can be distorted in this way," she told me.

"Louella, the truth is very simple and here it is: I discharged my agents because I felt I could improve my representation elsewhere. Certainly an actress has this privilege. And at the same time I relinquished the services of my attorneys because they also represent that agency and I felt they could not sincerely continue to act in my interests under these circumstances.

"As to having fired my dramatic coach and secretary—that is a lot of nonsense because I never had a coach and I still have the secretary who has been with me for years. Marc has not, and does not want to take over 'on all counts.'"

And she added like the proud Frau she is, "He's much too busy writing a new novel to be bothered!"

Well, there are both sides of the stories that had all Hollywood buzzing—and as usual, I'm a gal with her own opinion. In a way, I think I can understand how all this fuss, muss and bother got started.

I sincerely believe that Olivia has gone into her marriage with Marcus Aurelius Goodrich just the way she does everything else—with all her heart and soul. Every sentence she utters, every thought she has, begins and ends with her bridegroom and the best debater in the world couldn't argue with me that he does not now completely dominate her life. She is utterly, completely devoted to him and moreover she doesn't give a Tinkers-you-know-what who knows of her all-absorbing love.

I won't say this is the only time the beautiful Livvy has been in love. I have known her for many years and I have seen her "head over heels" first about Jimmy Stewart, then John Huston, and then over Major Joe McKeon. But the important difference is—this is her first marriage. In Hollywood, where glamour and romance make frequent trips to the altar, it's unusual for a girl to reach thirty years and never have been married once.

Now that it has happened—Livvy is up to her heart in being a wife! "Why did you wait so long to marry?" I asked her the day they came to my home. Marc was with her—but at the time I put out this pertinent question, he was out of the room inspecting the remodeling work I'm having done on the house.

Livvy's beautiful, dark eyes glowed with pleasure at getting on this subject. Heavens above, how she loves to talk about her man! The light from the fireplace played on her face as she sat opposite me, but the real glow came from her heart.

"I never really wanted to marry until I met Marcus," she answered. "I expected to be an old maid like Eleanora Duse, Ellen Terry, Maude Adams, my actress idols."

"Oh, I know what you're thinking—so I'll beat you to it. It's true I was in love with Jimmy Stewart—crazy about him. But, believe me, we were more like a matured high school romance. We had fun. We had dates. We went to parties, to the movies and held hands and we loved to dance. But, never at any time was there any thought or any talk of marriage between us.

"With John Huston—well, I probably would have married him if he had been free when we first fell in love. John was separated from his wife but not divorced. But the years dragged on and we changed as everyone does and finally when he was free to marry, I no longer wanted to be his wife. We had grown apart.

"Joe McKeon was too young. He needed mothering and was so like a little boy I would have to have been the head of the family. I don't like being the boss—it's much more wonderful being bossed."

"Enter Marc!" I laughed.

"Enter Marcus," she echoed with a chuckle. "Remember, he is eighteen years older than I am. He has had a tremendously successful career of his own as a writer. He has ideas and opinions not formed in Hollywood and he will never let me rule the roost."

"After all, a man should be the boss. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that. However, it wasn't I who wanted the word 'obey' in our marriage ceremony. It was Marcus who insisted that we include the time honored promise to love, honor and obey. What I insisted on was that he wear his wedding ring so that all the women
Good company

Every hostess knows that there's nothing like tall, gleaming glasses appropriately decorated, and properly filled, to add zest and sparkle to any occasion, from a big casual party to a foursome for bridge.

So, wherever smart folks gather, you will find the best hands reaching for lovely decorated tumblers which carry the Shield ™ Symbol of luxury-quality Federal glassware. That's natural enough, because tumblers, like people, are known by the company they keep.

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THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY • COLUMBUS 7, OHIO
More Than Ever . . .

(Continued from page 46) are more de-
ceiving here. You see the beginning of a
new romance at a party, perhaps, and you
think how well suited the man and woman
are to each other. You see them again,
at a smaller party in a close-up view, and
you begin to sense that one of them wants
something from the other . . .

“Hollywood women, especially, seem to
be prey to men who want something—
glamour, or publicity, or professional ad-
vancement. The more I see of it, the more
grateful I am for the windfall I seem to
have gotten.”

The “windfall” is a sizable one, stand-
ing six feet four in his socks. Curly-
haired ex-Sergeant Ben Gage is one of
radio’s rarities, an announcer-singer-actor
whose career, interrupted by Army service
but now zooming, is as thrilling to his wife
as her own. You hear him announcing and
singing on the Canada Dry and the
Meredith Willson shows, also as the “love
interest” in the Joan Davis fun-fest.

“It’s nice having him in the entertain-
ment world, so that each of us can un-
derstand what the other is talking about.
But we’re glad to be in different branches
of it.”

MEANTIME, as the greatest insurance for
this healthy arrangement, the Gages
stick close to all those things they might be
doing if they were actually “just a couple
of happy characters who’d met in Al-
toona.” Call on them almost any time
and you’ll find them up to their necks in
wallpaper, paint, or maybe grass-seed.
If they’re not “ad-libbing” a barbecue
party for a few close friends, that is, or
maybe swimming in their home-built pool.

The site of all this energetic homemaking
is a redwood English cottage perched in
the Pacific Palisades, with a hot-and-cold
running ocean out back and a built-in
mountain view. Three years ago Esther
sighted it, bought it, and told her friends,
“I could be happy living here the rest of
my life.”

She should have added—and working on
it the rest of her life, for Esther keeps
adding and changing things to get the
effect she wants, such as pushing out the
upstairs wall—which she actually shoved
right out onto the sleeping porch—to ac-
commodate a nursery. The nursery that
was started a while ago and temporarily
abandoned when her baby was stillborn at
six months. “We’re going ahead and finish
the room—even though we have nothing
but our hopes to fill it for a while—”

The only shadow you’ve ever seen dim
that inner shine passes across her face, but
she doesn’t mind discussing her baby.
“I don’t mind talking about it—” she says.

“So many people have asked me if the fact
that I kept on working for five months had
anything to do with losing my baby. In
fact, the first thing I asked the doctor
when I came out of the anesthesia was,
Tell me the truth—was it my fault? If
he’d said ‘Yes’ I would never have for-
given myself—but he assured me it wasn’t!

“I keep thinking of the thousands of
women all over the country who may have
heard what happened to me, and were
scared to death because they have to keep
working. Actually, whatever happened to
my baby occurred suddenly, almost a
month after I had finished my picture and
was resting. Examinations had showed
that everything was fine up until then. If
a girl does whatever she is used to she is
really better off than if she takes to bed.

“I had some very bad moments during
the first day at the hospital, feeling sorry
for myself and being unable to accept any
philosophy about the thing. Then the
doctor told me about the girl in the next

“Certainly, RC tastes best!”
says

JOAN BENNETT

See Joan Bennett in
Ernest Hemingway’s
“THE MACOMBER AFFAIR”
Produced by
Benedict Rugeous and Casey Robinson
Released through United Artists

“IT WON MY VOTE IN THE TASTE-TEST!”
says Joan Bennett. “I tried leading colas in
d paper cups and picked Royal Crown Cola
best-tasting!’’ Try it! Say, “RC for me!”
That’s the quick way to get a quick-up with
Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

“RC is the quick way to say . . .

ROYAL CROWN
COLA
Best by taste-test
room who'd lost her baby and couldn't ever have any more. And after I got back to Hollywood I went to see a friend of mine whose eight-months baby was killed in a smash-up. "You think you're got trouble?" I told myself, you've still got Ben and you're more in love with him than ever—and you've still got a chance to have a fine, wonderful family. The only trouble with you is that you're the luckiest girl in the world!"

Included in her "luckiest girl in the world" theory is the "windfall" idea of hers. "Wonderful things come to me in windfalls," she says. Ben is the greatest, of course.

The ability to buy each other things, plus other investments they are making, is included in the "windfall" classification Esther elaborates:

"There are all kinds of veterans of course. Among them are the kids who'd never worked, or at least had never had an interesting job and didn't mind leaving it. For them the Army was exciting—travel and food and pay thrown in. They're at loose ends now, with no vocation to take its place, trying to find themselves and their life work."

Then there are the fellows who left good jobs and looked forward to coming back to them. Ben was one of these—he served four years, left his job at twenty-seven, but with a number of signed future contracts in his uniform pocket. When he came back at thirty-one, well, you'd be surprised at the number of people who let him down—but flat. With no announcing spots open, he had a choice of fighting for his GI Bill of Rights, or going back to his singing. It took courage because he was unknown as a singer here, but fortunately, Meredith Willson gave him a chance—and of course he made good.

"I hope to stay in pictures for quite a while, but like most wives I see Ben's career as my real future. I know how lucky we are, because there are thousands of kids who came back, after giving up those important years, who are still wondering how to get started, still looking for that friend who'll give them a chance."

A talent for thinking and feeling are obviously included among Esther's many other accomplishments.

Some day, the Gages would like to take a long trip just by themselves. "But right now, Metro seems to be taking care of my traveling," says Esther. "Fiesta" she spent several months in Mexico and "This Time for Keeps" took her to Mackinac Island, Michigan. Her next, "Two on an Island," has intruiging possibilities because the studio is searching for an especially exotic isle.

Meantime, the Girl With The Perfect Profile All Over is concentrating her extra-special charm on that part of the civic service of Los Angeles which has to do with the laying of pipe-lines and sewers. "Woudn't you just know that as soon as we got our lady to growing and our garden they'd want to tear up the whole place and run a county line right across our back yard! We had two lawns that died out—until we deliberately had a garden of devil grass—which is, at least, growing like devil grass—and just beginning to look decent."

"Of course, the surveyors guaranteed us, 'We promise to put everything back, just like it was.' Just the same, I'm out there every morning, anxiously watching to see sure they don't hurt my rose bushes or my azaleas or any of the other flowers we have put out. So much love goes into a garden—how can they put all that back?"

So much love and so much living—so much spunk and laughter—that's Metro's swim-queen!
ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

My, how we mothers wait for baby's first smile—
cherish each succeeding one. There's such a world
of reassurance in watching the corners of that
tiny mouth curve upward, as if to say, "Everything's
fine with me."

Mrs. Don Gerber

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digestion.

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(Yellow Box). All are rich in added iron and B complex vita-
mins. Pre-cooked—just add milk or formula.
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with your doctor.

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Here's your monthly musical memorandum of the latest movie melodies re-created on records

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA: Another lavish Twentieth Century-Fox musical. This one has a colorful, tropical score by the distinguished Latin-American composer, Ernesto Lecuona. Two of the tunes look like hits, "Another Night Like This," just recorded by Hal Derwin, a promising new sower (Capitol), and "Mi Vida," disked by Desi Arnaz (Victor) and featuring vivacious vocalist Jane Harvey.

DUEL IN THE SUN: The full score from David O. Selznick's ambitious Technicolor Western written by Dimitri Tiomkin and played on one twelve-inch Victor record by Al Goodman and his orchestra. Full-blown and as lusty as the film's locale.

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE: Rimsky-Korsakov's magical oriental suite inspired this new Universal-International Technicolor pageant. Columbia has captured it all in a handsome new album featuring the voice of Met Opera tenor, Charles Kullman, who is also featured in the film.

MY HEART GOES CRAZY: This Arthur Rank import is getting quite a phonograph play now that Skinnay Ennis (Signature), Georgia Gibbs (Majestic) and Claude Thornhill (Columbia) have waxed the Burke-Van Heusen hit, "So Would I."

HUMORESQUE: Theme song of Warner's music drama is, of course, Dvorak's immortal melody. Ray Block (Signature) plays it as it was written, but the versatile Mary Lou Williams Trio (Victor) takes libelous liberties.

JUDY GARLAND: M-G-M's minute-sized star sings two popular ballads, "There Is No Breeze" and "Don't Tell Me That Story" for moderate results (Decca).

BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES: The Samuel Goldwyn film that may well be the Academy champ of the year brings back a well-loved song, "Among My Souvenirs." You'll want to treasure this movie musical memory and fortunately both Frank Sinatra (Columbia) and Bing Crosby (Decca) have just made recordings of the song. For a dance treatment, try Alvino Rey's grooving (Capitol).

THE TIME, PLACE AND THE GIRL: As predicted, this new Warner musical wallop has a bountiful score. A new collection of recordings is out with Dinah Shore (Columbia) giving the rumba beat to "Rainy Night in Rio," Bing Crosby taking up with "A Gal in Calico" (Decca), Carmen Cavallaro (Decca) and Jo Stafford (Capitol) spinning "Through a Thousand Dreams" and Gordon MacRae holding his own with "Oh, But I Do" (Musicraft).

I'LL BE YOURS: George Paxton (Majestic) and Andy Russell (Capitol) have taken hold of the lovely new ballad, "It's Dreamtime."

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: For a beautiful interpretation of Brahms' tender "Cradle Song," try Helen Traubel's new Columbia twelve-inch Masterwork platter . . . Pianist Robert Casadesus has a new Columbia album of DeBussy's Prelude . . . A joyful collection of Sigmund Romberg operetta successes is played by Andre Koslanetz and his orchestra in a new Columbia album . . . For drama lovers, Columbia has just released highlights from Maurice Evans's flawless portrayal of "Hamlet" . . . Ezio Pinza, the Metropolitan Opera's great basso, sings thrilling Mozart operatic arias, including "Magic Flute," "Figaro," "Don Giovanni" in a fine Columbia album . . . Oscar Levant shows piano magic with Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata and Allegretto. This too has the Columbia label . . . Victor has turned out a Viennese Nights waltz album with Henri Rene's orchestra, merging Strauss and Lehár . . . Alfred Newman's Hollywood Symphony, organized by Majestic, plays a stirring collection of operatic melodies, including "Carmen," "La Tosca" and "La Boheme."
Evie Tells Her Story

(Continued from page 34) "Yes—only," she hesitated, "it's been growing so slowly and so long that the word break doesn't fit. Keenan just shouldn't be married. His interests are scattered. He's so much of the theater that a home doesn't mean the same thing to him as it does to me.

"Van, yes," she said slowly, "Van loves a home. He wants a home. He likes coming to a home in the evening after a day at the studio. He likes to feel that around him are those he loves. He enjoys going over his scripts and lines, or relaxing and listening to music or good talk. It's been pretty dismal for him, living alone in a hotel room all these years. Our home has really come to be his home, too. I think Van would like to be married and have children and take roots. But I say again, there are no set plans now for Van and me to marry. That's something fate will have to decide in the future.

"I think, now, that I am divorcing Keenan. But once before in Las Vegas I changed my mind and came home. Two people who have lived together eight years who have been through so much together and have two small boys, don't take those steps lightly. Right now my plans are to go to Sun Valley after New Year's and while I'm there get my divorce. The Gary Coopers will be there and since they are close friends, I shan't be lonely."

We asked about the situation as it stood at the moment. "Keenan has been away in New York making personal appearances, but he's home now for the holidays. We both decided no steps should be taken for the boys' sake until after Christmas. He is staying in the home because there is no place else to go. And it isn't as if we were parting after a bitter quarrel. We each know it should be done—our separating—and there are no hard feelings whatsoever. He'll live in the house while I'm in Sun Valley. In fact, I'm going to the premiere of 'The Yearling' with him."

They met, Evie and Keenan, during the run of "Hitch Your Wagon" on Broadway, Evie and Tom Lewis, now Loretta Young's husband, went back stage after the cast and met Keenan.

"I liked the way you played that dumb football player," Evie told Keenan, among other things. "I thought it was wonderful."

"And I think you're wonderful," Keenan said and asked for a date.

The courtship was interrupted when Evie flew to Hollywood to see Tyrone Power, who had squirmed her about New York, and several of her friends in pictures.

"Please come to see me in 'Blind Alibi,'" he begged. So Evie flew from Hollywood to Skowhegan, Maine, where Keenan was starring in summer stock.

"He was so good in that play," Evie said, "that I fell in love with him then and there."

Ed Wynn was told and liked Evie at once. She and Keenan were married that summer and had just settled down in their New York apartment when Keenan was signed for pictures.

Evie was good for Keenan. She talked of the wonderful things ahead for him if he applied himself, introduced him to young and serious dramatic actors and the fever of acting finally took hold. I think it was wonderful."

But with his advent into movies, the separations began. Almost at once Keenan had to return to New York for a play for which he had signed. Personally, jaunts to New York, an overseas trek in which he did outstanding work, were all a part of his motion-picture life.

And so, slowly but surely, the rift...
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Name__________________________Age________City________State________

widened with Keenan consumed between his love for the stage and his love for motors, with the wanderlust to go places. Balanced against this was Van and his devotion to movies, his contentment with Hollywood. And there was the house Van had bought recently. His very first home. "Yes, it's a beautiful place," Evie said. "It was the Cedric Gibbons house, you know? But there are again the reminders that I had picked out the house for Van. It isn't false. He saw the house, liked it and bought it. I think he made a wise choice. After all, why shouldn't he have a home? He's worked hard and certainly deserves it." As to herself and Van, Evie met the questions fairly and squarely. "We both love to dance. Keenan doesn't. So Keenan has always asked Van to take me dancing while he was off with his motors or cars or meetings. I like hearing lines or listening to scripts and Van is so settled in his work, I think he is happy to have someone share his enthusiasm. I love having guests for dinner and because Van was our friend and without a home, we'd have him over often. Sometimes Peter Lawford would come along, too. I like getting dressed up and going out for dinner, but Keenan, busy with something else, would ask Van to take me dancing. So we got used to each other—"...to being together, dancing, laughing, talking, listening to music and after I decided to divorce Keenan, we saw no reason for not going with the same friends, sharing the same pleasures. "Four years ago when Keenan was in New York and before Van was well known, Keenan asked Van to look after me when he was away. We danced and dined out then, and no one even commented. They knew we were friends—all of us." "How about Van and Keenan?" we asked. "Are they still friends?" "Certainly. They always will be." THEY met in New York when Judy Abbott, Van's girl friend at the moment, dragged her freckle-faced, red-haired beau off to the Grand Central Station to bid goodbye to Keenan Wynn and several other actors who were off for Boston and the screening of "George Abbott's play "White Haired Boy." The big kid awkwardly hung about on the outskirts of the group who were already established actors on Broadway. A chorus boy, felt shy and more than a little awed at the assurance of these young thespians he was meeting for the first time. Evie, who was there to say goodbye to Keenan, was a dramatic actress playing with Katharine Cornell at the time.

And that was the last he saw of them until one day, several years later, he met Keenan in a Elverbro while making "Somewhere I'll Find You." "Hey, didn't I used to see you in New York? My name—" "Yeah, you're Keenan Wynn," Van said, grasping his hand. "My name's Van Johnson." "Come out to the house," Keenan said a few days later and Van accepted. Realizing Keenan was also trying to find a solid starting point in pictures, despite his L.A.-bigged Eden in a tiny apartment or typical California bungalow at least.

He wasn't prepared for the beautiful and tastefully furnished home he was shown into. "This is wonderful," Van said, looking around.

Keenan replied proudly, "Evie figures having a nice home is the most important thing an actor can have." And from then on it became Van's second home.

In that time, four years to be exact, Van has dated several girls. Sonja Henie was his biggest crush. Once he was at a dance examination, Van didn't see Evie and
Keenan for almost a year. It was a lonely year for him and he missed the fun and talk and good times at the Wynn's. He was happy "to come home again" when the misunderstanding cleared up.

They've shared sorrows and new tragedies together. It was Keenan and Evie who were riding with Van the night of his accident. It was Keenan who sat by his bed day and night until Van was out of danger. It was Van, rounding over a hill in his car on a Sunday morning, who found Keenan lying unconscious on the highway, his motorcycle twisted and shattered where a car had struck him head on.

"Remember this ambulance?" the young intern asked Van as they raced with Keenan to the hospital. It was the identical ambulance, the same driver that had carried Van after his accident. And now it was Van who sat night after night by Keenan's bedside until the danger was past and it was Van who telephoned Keenan's father, Ed Wynn, to come quickly.

As the ambulance sped along that day, another passed it on Wilshire Boulevard going in the opposite direction. It was Evie still very ill being taken home from the hospital with the youngest Wynn son, Tracy. It was Van again who brought her word of Keenan. And it was Van, who, despite his fears for Keenan, kept reassuring her all was well.

Of such shared experiences friendships are made and not easily forgotten.

Keenan loved motors. Evie loved tennis. Van loved tennis. So Evie and Van played together. Or the group gathered at the Gary Coopers on a Sunday for swimming, tennis or Ping-pong. Keenan would remain for a little while, wander around by himself and go home. Thus gradually the rift widened and Van, sharing Evie's likes— not through any artificial choice of his own but because he honestly preferred them— was there as Evie's partner, dancing, swimming, or playing tennis.

No hard feelings whatsoever have arisen. To each his own . . . and it so happened Evie's path and Van's lay in the same direction. Whether they will ever meet at some future juncture, no one knows. Not Evie, not Van. Until she is divorced no plans could be discussed, of course.

Van, more than anyone, needs a home and roots and love and family. And Evie needs someone who loves sharing a home and all that goes with it. Grounded in the theater, with both parents professionals, Keenan knows in his heart that the theater will always be his first home.

So, as Evie says, "It's for the fates to decide."

THE END

Yes, Mother . . . tonight you can actually relieve distress of your child's cold while she sleeps! For as your little one slumbers peacefully, this soothing medication keeps right on working to relieve discomforts of her cold.

To give your child this welcome relief, simply rub throat, chest, back with warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Even as you rub it on, VapoRub starts to relieve distress and invite restful sleep.

It penetrates to upper bronchial tubes with special soothing medicinal vapors.

It stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming and comforting poultice.

And . . . it keeps up this wonderful penetrating-stimulating action for hours . . . to soothe distress, ease discomfort while the child sleeps. Often by morning most misery of the cold is gone.

Used By 88 Out Of 100 Mothers in Rochester

In an independent door-to-door survey in Rochester, N.Y., 88 out of every 100 young mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub to relieve distress of colds. You'll know the reason for this overwhelming preference when you use VapoRub yourself. Because only Vicks VapoRub gives you this special penetrating, stimulating action. It relieves distress of colds while you sleep!

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of colds. For children or adults.
Ty Talks It Over
(Continued from page 53) turns on the cut-off carpet, put an end to those worries. "Let's call up your girl friend," he said with a flash of a smile.

Luckily Lana was home. Would she join us? She would, as soon as she could make the trip from Brentwood.

While we waited, Ty returned to some of the ground we hadn't yet covered.

"I want Annabella to have our home in Bel-Air," he said, "and we've arranged it that way.

Annabella loved that house with its spacious green lawns stretching away from the patio to the swimming pool beyond. She loved everything about it, for it was to this home, not yet completed, that Tyrone had brought Annabella as a bride after they had made "Suez" together. And now it was hers.

"All is well then, between you two?"

His eyes went into a twinkle. "This will amuse you. When I got to New York and we'd made our announcement, I invited her to come with me to the premiere of 'The Razor's Edge.' She'd been with me all through the making of the picture and was patient and understanding. Annabella accepted my invitation because she'll always be my friend. We decided to keep the plan to ourselves. Well, you should have heard our New York friends hinting around—about the premiere, asking in a sort of off-hand way if Annabella didn't want tickets for it. She refused politely. So you can imagine their surprise when we attended together!

THAT wasn't the only surprise in store for the Power friends. For not only was Annabella by his side; there, also, was Annie, Annabella's teen-age daughter. Back in the States of all Europe, after Annabella had succeeded at great risk in getting the child out of her native France, it was Tyrone who suggested that he adopt Annie who was then twelve. And the child adored her young and handsome stepfather who, in turn, has been devoted to Annie.

As proof of this, just last June a party of friends, flying East for the Louis-Conn fight, urged Tyrone to join them.

"I'd love to," he said, "But you see, it's Annie's graduation night and she'd be disappointed if I wasn't there."

That night Tyrone sat in the auditorium of University High and watched his step-daughter proudly receive her diploma.

Annie, in turn, had to be with Tyrone and share the excitement of his first big premiere lifted from war. Thus together the three of them proved to curious onlookers that they were in the truest sense of the word "friends," as Tyrone had said.

"You see," Tyrone went thoughtfully, "Annabella and I had begun to drift apart before I enlisted in the Marines. We had even discussed a separation then. But war was no time to take any such step. We might have just gone on drifting even after my return from the South Pacific except for the fact I'd had a lot of time to think over it. I'd come to know how insecure life itself can be and how one should get out of all it the happiness possible. No use dodging issues. The only road to travel is the one that leads to straight-forward decisions. I knew I'd never again accept the easiest line of resistance."

And so they had talked it over, faced the fact that Annabella's social world was not for the simpler tastes of Tyrone and without bitterness or recriminations had decided that the break should be made.

Although Tyrone may have been unaware of it, Hollywood had for some time suspected that all was not serene in...
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(Continued from page 61) negative. A few days later on a bunch Ted called the laboratory and demanded a recount. On Tuesday the verdict came back, positive. Betty learned her tender secret in the midst of the moving scenery, set bells ringing, assistant directors thundering "quiet" and a group of extras in grease paint debating on what horse would come in first in the seventh at Santa Anita. She was working at Paramount on the set of "The Perils of Pauline." It was a very hot morning and the mother-to-be was in the middle of a musical number all made up like a 300-pound Negro mammy and wearing six teen petticoats.

Ted tried to reach her in her dressing room but learned that she was before the camera and just left the message with the maid. She did not call back along to her when she finished the scene.

When she got the news Betty bounced to the phone to check with Ted.

As long as it takes to hang up receiver everybody within the radius of five sound stages knew Betty was expecting. She pirouetted around—petticoats flying.

Doctors recommend exercise for prospective mothers, but Betty Hutton admitted a few that are not on the customary maternal menu. And if there's anything to pre-natal influences, little Lindsay Diane is slated to be a circus trapeze artist, a Hollywood stunt girl, or a somersaulting drum majorete.

For motherhood was one peril the writers of "Perils of Pauline" hadn't counted on. Some of the studio folks thought Betty wouldn't go on with her role as the dauntless serial queen but, trooper that she is, she went through her share of the twenty-two hazards, though, naturally, a double did the most dangerous stuff.

During the first four months of confinement the baby ascended fifty feet in a balloon, was tied to a stake with prop trees burning around her. She climbed the stairs of an airplane, walked through a lion's cage and scaled up a high ladder.

The night he told her she was having a baby, Ted brought home two pairs of booties trimmed with white fur. He hung the pink pair on her side of the bed and the blue ones on his.

She'll tell you readily that Ted is the most understanding husband in the world, and that he sweated out all the sacrifices of motherhood with her. When the doctor put her on a diet, Ted went on it too and lost eighteen pounds. "I was getting too heavy anyway," he says philosophically. "The only really tough thing about it was giving up our cook's biscuits."

He gave up cocktails and cigarettes and took long walks with her. About the only thing he drew the line at was knitting. And he had his share of that wearing the white pull-over sweater Betty made him while she was learning to knit.

So many times we've given her that about all she bought were two custom-made baby dresses of white organdy trimmed in dainty pink rosebuds. "What have you done with them if the baby had been a boy?" wondered Lindsay Durand, Paramount publicist and Betty's best friend, and for whom Lindsay Diane was named.

"You know I must have had a sneaking idea all along it would be a girl," she laughed.

Buttercup has the most fabulous nursery in Hollywood. It's the result of five months' work on the part of Hugo Melchione, the Walt Disney artist who did the spectacular mother goose murals on the wall, of carpenters and electricians. Her proud parents really shot the budget on it. Her
white marquise bassinet lined with pink satin stands before an alcove hung in pink satin with white lace over it. Flowing marquise drapes edged with satin frame each side of the alcove. Built-in shelves and drawers around two walls of the room have animals painted on them, with the animals' eyes cleverly used for knobs.

The walls are illustrated with storybook murals done predominantly in soft shades of pink, blue, and gold. All the beloved characters of childhood are up there... Little Boy Blue, the Cat and the Fiddle and an accompanying cow jumping over a gold moon, a pink Little Bo Peep with sheep with blue hooves trailing behind her. There's Hickory Dickory Dock with a mouse running up a blue clock. Little Jack Horner is painted sitting in one corner of the room...

Over by the door is Goldilocks with the three bears sitting in a tree above her. Rockabye Baby in the tree top has the baby's initials L.B. painted in gold on the tree. Over on the opposite wall a girl on horseback carries a staff with her birthday written on it.

The figures are so animated they seem alive and changing from time to time. Especially at night when the gold lights in them shine. Then all of them seem to be frolicking joyously, as though in sheer happiness at being the subjects of Little Queen Buttercup.

The nursery overlooks the Riviera Golf Course. And her dad meant for her to use it plenty someday.

Yes, she's going to ride a pony on the polo field, too, says her mother, looking forward wistfully to many days ahead when she's older and her rockin' horse quits runnin' away.

Taking every precaution for her safety, they had a white microphone installed in the nursery that connects with another on the stand beside their own bed. Buttercup is on the air all the time now. The Mike is so sensitive they can hear every breath she takes. And a faint cry sounds like a major engagement. Watching all the last-minute touches on the nursery helped Betty through the last two weeks of confinement, when she worried a lot thinking the baby was overdue.

THERE wild dash to the hospital would make a swell sequence for a Hutton movie. "Do you have to go before dinner, honey? I'm hungry," she said plaintively to Ted as he grabbed her and her little bag early one evening and tore out for the Cedars of Lebanon.

Their good friends, the Van Hefflins, found out about Betty when they dropped in on the Biskins en route to a movie, and soon they were tearing out for the hospital too. They arrived only to be told by the receptionist that nobody but fathers were allowed upstairs.

They called Ted who was in the father's room next to the delivery room on the seventh floor. He suggested that they try to make Betty's room on the sixth where her mother and her sister and brother-in-law were waiting.

"I'll go over and see if I can romance the girl into allowing that," said Van to his wife Frances.

"The girl" had been much impressed with him in "Martha Ivers," which fact, together with her own convincing conversation, got them a pass to Betty's room. Somebody there had some playing cards and to pass the time and ease tension they all started a card game. Which ended rather abruptly when a nurse came in to report on Betty and found the room filled with smoke and people, and face cards. "We just can't have this," she said, ushering them out.

The Van Hefflins went across the street for some coffee to send up to Ted and when they came back in a few minutes they found the nurse just starting to set the table. She had heard the story.

"...or the hero," said Van, "I mean the husband," for a few other words.

"I knew him," said the nurse, "a few years ago when he was a soldier and she was a patient. He was all in green and white and she was white and green, and they were married right away and she was just starting her married clothes..."
they got back nobody was in the reception
room, so they got in the elevator, pushed a button, and joined Ted in the
father's room.

Meanwhile, Sue and Alan Ladd had heard about Betty, and they rushed on
to over all. Of them made a big circle and started another card game, a really
big one. They were going strong around five A.M. when the same nurse walked in
and caught them and ordered them out this time for keeps.

By now some new "replacements" had come into the father's room. A garage
mechanic who worked nights and still wore his greasy overalls, and a small nervous
refugee who looked as if he weighed about ninety-eight pounds. A veteran himself
by now, Ted tried to calm them down.

"Your first baby?" he asked the refugee.

"Yes, are you expecting?" the man returned eagerly.

At 8:30 that morning little Lindsay Diane was born. When she found she had a
girl Betty was ecstatic, then her face fell.

"Teddy's going to be disappointed," she lamented. Ted came back and forth
several times daily now between the house and his camera manufacturing plant in
Santa Monica to look at little Lindsay and see if she's changed, while he's been gone.
He's just put out a new Briskin eight millimeter movie camera that's a beauty
and really Betty's inspiration.

"I want you to design one without so darn many gadgets. One even I can
operate," she said.

And he did. "I thought I'd be in production before Betty, but she beat me,"
he says grinning.

Betty is a wonderful mother, calling on all her own past experiences when as a
fourteen-year-old girl she hired out as a baby sitter, washed baby clothes, fed and
took care of them, to help her enough money for the Huttons to live on.

SHE also prided on the bucking care of Buttercup on the nurse's first day off. Doctor's
orders were for her to be out of bed just

two hours a day then but she stayed up all
day and wouldn't let her mother or her
own nurse help at all. "I want to take care
of her all by myself," she said.

"It's a shade early to plan Buttercup's
future. We just want her to be whatever
she wants to be," says her father. "But
I know it would make me happy for her
to want to be an actress. She loves the
profession herself and looks forward
to passing all her knowledge of it along
to her daughter."

One thing sure...both vow she'll have
the best education obtainable. "I guess it's
only natural for you to want the things
for your children that you missed," they say.

With her wonderful husband, her own
success, her first real home and little Lindsay...Betty is truly happy now.

She wants four children, "Or maybe six," she says dreamily, upping the ante
two more.

"I'll settle for four," says Ted. To him the most touching thing about the birth
of Buttercup occurred when the hospital
attendant was wheeling his wife out of
the delivery room and he was walking
along beside her. She kept asking Ted if
he was too disappointed about the baby's being a girl. "We'll have another one
just like you," she said. "Next time we'll sure try for a boy."

Tears came to Ted's eyes at her saying
that, knowing what she'd just been through, "You'll be twins," she went on.

The hospital almost lost two fathers
right then. Some new replacements in the
father's room who overheard her felt
faint at the mere thought of any woman
putting up with finding a father through
two of the same so soon.
"The Swede"

(Continued from page 48) had his contract and, while everyone knows that the Warner organization is amazingly generous and big hearted and friendly to anyone who makes a request for anything, I am unable to make a deal.

Accordingly, I dropped my negotiations for Wayne and began testing other actors. I tested potential Swedes until I thought I was going slightly smorgasbord. If somebody had suggested Garbo, I would have tested her too. It was all pretty discouraging.

The starting date of "The Killers" was drawing uncomfortably close, but I'm a guy who hates to take woe for an answer. Somehow, somewhere, I was going to find the right man to play the Swede.

Came the day, then, that I was lunching with Marty Jurow, an extremely able young citizen who was at that time an assistant to Hal Wallis. Marty told me of an actor that Hal had just signed, a brawny bird whom they had brought out from New York. His real name was Burt Lancaster, and they were planning to call him Stuart Chase.

I told Marty of my casting problem. Did he think this Lancaster could possibly be my Swede? Marty shrugged, which is almost a direct answer in the film business. "Could hang," he said, reasonably.

And it was on this enthusiastic note that he said he would send Lancaster over to see me the next day.

Now, over at Universal-International, we independent producers have individual bungalows around an inner garden. It may not be quite as attractive as it sounds, but it really looks beautiful when you have a bit. I was returning from lunch the following afternoon when I saw a character standing on the steps of Walter Wanger's bungalow reading a letter.

When I say character, that's precisely what I mean. This guy was big. Really big. His hair was tousled. He needed a shave. No tie. And his suit looked as though it hadn't been pressed since C. Aubrey Smith wore short pants. But there was something about him—

"You Lancaster?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied slowly. "You Hellinger?

For way for an actor to talk to a producer! For a second, I thought I was back at Warners. But I didn't argue. He looked too good. And I thought I'd better get him away from Wanger's bungalow before I got a gander at him.

We sat down in my office, and it didn't take me long to determine that everything about this man—his carriage, his quietness, his diction—was the Swede. If all went well, my search was over.

I couldn't, however, let him know that. Not yet. I settled back in my chair and waited for him to start selling himself. No dice. When I didn't speak, he just sat and looked at me. So I was compelled to go into action.

"Look, Lancaster," I said, "I don't know what kind of actor you are, but physically you're my man. The role I have in mind for you is the Swede in 'The Killers'—and if you make the grade, you'll be a star overnight. I'm going to give you a copy and read it, and I don't mind telling you in advance that it's the greatest, the finest, the most suspenseful...

My voice trailed off as I saw him looking at me. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"I read it," he replied calmly. "My agent had a copy.

That took a lot of the wind out of me. "Oh," I said weakly. "And how did you like it?"


He shrugged. "Well," he said, "it may be better than I think. Or it may be worse. You see, it's the first movie script I ever read!"

A few days later, after going through the motions of a test, I signed a contract with Burt. And for films beyond "The Killers," too. For some time to come, he'll do two pictures a year for Hal Wallis and one for me. Unless, of course, he gets fed up with Hollywood and decides to open a book store in Ethiopia, or something. With Lancaster, anything can happen.

Incidentally, you'll remember that Wallis had renamed him Chase Stuart. I objected, pointing out that a certain famed economist of the same name might be slightly puzzled if he found himself bill-boarded as a movie star. Hal agreed, and we began to search diligently for another name for Burt Lancaster.

We searched and we searched, but nothing seemed quite right. One morning, my secretary whispered something to me and promptly phoned Wallis:

"Hal," I said excitedly, "Myrtle suggests something that nobody has thought of. What about using his real name—"

Wallis agreed, and Burt Lancaster became Burt Lancaster. Isn't it remarkable what we Hollywood master-minds can accomplish if we only try?

Burton Stephen Lancaster was born

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The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people 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 travel in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 9,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives.
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JOINTS
ache when genuine talent goes along
with it. It's the no-talent trouble-makers
who drive you daffy in Hollywood.

Lancaster doesn't give out to all at
strangers, regardless of who they are. He
defeats and watches. Two years from
now, I suppose he'll be more diplomatic.
Success changes people in different ways,
and I trust that Burt will survive the
Hollywood hoop-de-do. I've never seen
an actor quite manage it yet, but Lan-
caster may be the exception to prove the
rule. I certainly hope so.

As yet, he shows no signs of hub-and
inflation. When we were in Pittsburgh,
having a press party, he asked if he
might bring some friends in. I said sure—
and he brought in four old beat-up
acroats.

He paid little attention to the press
that day; just sat around and gabbed with
his former pals. We didn't get much
newspaper space, but I guess I'm lucky
at that. Suppose he and his acrobatic
friends had suddenly decided to try out
the old act with several buxom ladies
of the press.

Well, no sense of me rambling along
like this. You must have gathered by now
that I'm plenty fond of Lancaster. I've
been around this world several times the
hard way and I've met a great many
people. But I've never shaken hands with
anyone quite like this man.

He's individual in everything he does.
He's a superb diagnostician of character.
He knows the right guys—and the
dames—from the phonies.

He'll probably hurt a lot of people be-
fore he's through, because he's blunt to
the point of harshness. But come what
may, Lancaster will be himself. Always.

He's quite a guy, my friends. Quite a
guy...

THE END

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 travel in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 9,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives.
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THE END

Romantic wind-up for 1946! Burt Lan-
caster, who made his picture debut as the
Swede in Mark Hellinger's adaptation of
the Hemingway story, "The Killers," met
his bride, Norma Anderson, when both
were touring with the USO in Italy dur-
ing the war. Miss Anderson, a widow
with one child, is from Wisconsin and
New York. She and Burt took the marriage
vows on December 28 in Yuma, Arizona.
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**Brief Reviews**

- **AARIE'S IRISH ROSE**—Bing Crosby-UFA: Dealing with the lighter aspects of racial relations, this is mildly amusing. Jeanne Drue plays the coon with her usual grace; Richard Hong as George E. Stone and Vera Gordon are the players. (Dec.)

- **AFFAIRS OF GERALDINE—**Republic: Cupid takes a beat in this featherweight fable about small-town Jane Withers in search of a bridal gem. James Lyden, Edmund Roberts, Raymond Walburn and Donald Meek are all part of the painful proceedings. (Feb.)

- **ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER—**Rogers-UFA: In this experiment in the realm of fantasy and the afterworld Paul Muni is magnificent as the murdered gangster who wakes up in Hades; Claude Raines has a high old time as Federico himself; Anne Baxter is the only one remotely resembling an angel. (Dec.)

- **BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS, THE—**Stone-UFA: Four phony "sisters" play at a game of make-believe in an attempt to improve their respective fortunes. Gail Russell, Claire Trevor, Ann Dvorak and Jean Wyatt go looking for trouble resembling their "parents" Adolphe Menjou and Bill Burke. (Dec.)

- **BEDELIA—**Elgie Lion: This British brain-cancer has Margaret Lockwood playing the pretty bride of kindly Ian Hunter and Barry K. Barnes as the detective who (destroy her daily. A black pearl ring helps wings to bring about Bedelia's downfall.

- **BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, THE—**Goldwyn: A simple story for and about John and Jane Doe, as told by its great writers and directors, performances by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy and Teresa Wright. Harold Russell, Cathy O'Donnell, Haggie Carmichael. This warmly human film of America's post-war era is a movie must, an instant classic. It should have been nominated. (Dec.)

- **BLACK BEAUTY—**20th Century-Fox: A girl's passionate attachment for her horse and the adventures that befal them both combined to make one of the best films ever set in rural England. Mons Freeman and Richard Denning prove the romantic interest. Evelyn Ankers an obstacle. (Dec.)

- **BRINGING UP FATHER—**Monogram: Joe Yule and Kental Riano bring to life Jiggs and Maggie of George M. Cohan's famous cartoon strip while Tim Ryan plays Dinty Moore. They're a laugh-provoking trio if you enjoy such shenanigans.

- **CHASE, THE—**Nebenzal-UFA: How a nice boy like Robert Cummings gets mixed up with a bad bunch is unfolded in this thriller-chiller. Michele Morgan plays a tramp-strike victim, rescued by Bob from gangster Steve Cochran and his bodyguard, Peter Lorre. (Jan.)

- **CHILDREN OF PARADISE—**Tricolor Films-UFA: Although too long, this French film with exquisitely English title is a fascinating potpourri, all about Paris's Boulevard of Crime in 1840. A superb cast is headed by Anny, Jean-Louis Barrault and Pierre Brasseur. (Jan.)

- **DARK MIRROR, THE—**Universal International: Oliva de Havilland, Lew Ayres and Thomas Mitchell make the old fool of a judge a study in the good, the other bad—seem fairly fresh and believable. Both girls are suspected when a doctor-acquaintance is found fatally stabbed. (Jan.)

- **DECEPTION—**Warner's: It's ye old triangle again, played to the hilt by Bette Davis as a talented musician whose past catches up with her, Paul Henreid as the great romance in her life, and Claude Rains as the threat to their happiness. A high-powered, pulse-quickening drama. (Jan.)

- **DROPPIN' SMOKE—**Viggo: In this Western, a law versus crime in a place crawling with tough hombres who fall back on illegal activities when the ballet runs out. Eddie Dew, Shirley Patterson and Roscoe Arbuckle are on the side of the law with Eddie creasing cowboy ballads in between. (Jan.)

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GAS HOUSE KIDS—P.C.: A sentimental slum story full of de-em-dame characters with Billy Halop as the leader of the neighborhood gang and Robert Lowery and Teala Loring providing the romance. The kids get involved in a robbery-murder. (Jan.)

HOME IN OKLAHOMA—Republic: Roy Rogers is leading man, Dale Evans is the feminine foil with Carol Hughes and George Meeker as the troublemakers. (Jan.)

HUMORESQUE—Warners: It’s music versus music again in this entertaining though uneven picture with Joan Crawford giving a striking portrayal of a woman pianist with John Garfield ably playing a struggling violinist. Oscar Levant puts the humor in “Humoresque” and Joan Chandler is appealing as Garfield’s devoted female artist. (Dec.)

I’VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU—Republic: You’ll enjoy this provided it’s up your musical alley. It introduces a lovely new star, Catherine McLeod. Like her predecessor, Carmen Miranda, she is tall, blonde, with a mop of frizz and very funny. (Dec.)

LADY IN THE LAKE—M-G-M: Detective Robert Montgomery is hired to establish the whereabouts of publisher Leon Ames’s wife, her disappearance being important to a number of people, including Ames’s comic and clever lady editor, Audrey Totter. Montgomery takes plenty of pushing around before he captures the killer and the girl captures him. (Feb.)

LAST BOMB, THE—Warners: Made in cooperation with the U. S. Army Air Forces, this Technicolor short is an awe-inspiring spectacle of the huge striking force used against Japan early in 1945. As a permanent record of this great mission, this first-rate documentary film outdoors any fiction the screen writers can devise. (Dec.)

MAGNIFICENT.DOLL—Universal: An entertaining again in this entertaining though uneven picture with Ginger Rogers donning hoop skirts to play glamorous Dolly. Married David Niven in an amusing Aaron Burr, Burgess Meredith as dignified James Madison, How mac Nelly as Dolly’s first husband, and Peggy Wood as her mother. (Dec.)

MAN FROM MCCORROCO—The—English Films: The fast tempo of this spine-tingling spy story will hold you entranced. Anton Walbrook, as a Spanish spy, is fascinating in this desperately fight for freedom but jalousie long enough to ruin Cram’s career. It is his advent to the provide a spirited tale of international intrigue. (Feb.)

I MAN I LOVE, THE—Warners: Idina Lupino never looked more glamorous than she does in this tale about a night club singer who carries a torch for Bruce Bennett, and who is pursued by wofish Robert Alda. Andrea King handles the role of Idina’s sister sympathetically. In the background is the picture plus some Gershwin and Kern songs. (Dec.)

MARGIE—20th Century-Fox: This refreshing comedy of the thrilling Twenties with the top tunes of that time is a honey. As twin sisters, Marjorie and Jeanne Crichton’s joys and sorrows are something to chuckle over. She’s surrounded by a bevy of newcomers, including Glenn Langan, Barbara Lawrence, Alan Young and Conrad Janis. (Jan.)

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE—20th Century-Fox: A rollicking pictures of the thrilling Old West with Henry Fonda as a straight-shooting, fast-riding marshal, helping his lawless brother, Victor Mature is a reckless gambler and Linda Darnell plays his ravishing sweetheart. (Jan.)

NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE—Warner’s: Dashing Hymn and evergreen song titles are thrown in with marital monkeyshines with starlet Patti Brady


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as a precocious youngster, S. Z. Sakall a sympathetic coon. Forrest Tucker a would-be suitor, Peggy Knudsen a threat, and Lucille Watson a disapproving mother-in-law. (Feb.)

NOCTURNE—REO: When a song writer is found fatally shot, detective George Raft knows it’s murder. Instead of a list of suspects is some looking Lynn Bari. Also entangled are Virginia Huston, Joseph Peveny, Myrna Dell. (Jan.)

PERFECT MARRIAGE, THE—Paramount: Jeff’s (Van Johnson) old flame, Elizabeth Lott (Barbara Stanwyck) with co-starred Loretta Young and David Niven who discover, on their tenth anniversary, that they were both married off. Edith Albert, Virginia Field, Rita Johnson, Zasu Pitts and little Mona Griffth are in too. (Jan.)

PLAINS AND THE LADY —Republic: Bill Elliott (Alan Ladd) is invited by the banker father of his first Pony Express between California and Missouri. Opposite are Joseph Schildkraut and Gail Patrick with a handful of Injuns thrown in for good measure. (Feb.)

RAIDER, THE—English Films: Fact and fiction are blended in this story of a group of non-professionals, formerly attached to the Allied navies. Most exciting scene is a duel between a German U-boat and an English ship, seeking to rescue men adrift in a lifeboat. (Dec.)

RAZOR’S EDGE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Bennettlog’s novel about a worldy young man and a worldly young girl made into a superduper show. its star-studded cast includes Tyrone Power, Fredric March, Madeleine Carroll, George Brent, John Wesley and Herbert Marshall. A leisurely-told tale full of atmosphere. (Feb.)

SIoux CITY SUE—Republic: Gene Autry leads Hollywood’s most popular western star, Roy Rogers, six-gun singing cowboy, his trusty Indian sidekick Hokum, and a determined old-time flapper. (Feb.)

STRANGE WOMAN, THE—Universal: Story of a girl who is unhappily married to a weak man. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, and then becomes infatuated with a ruthless Charles Corwin. Pretty sombre stuff. (Jan.)

THAT BRENNAN GIRL—Republic: A girl who sings but never performs; a boy who tries to lead her on the right path and an old schoolmate who hates the job. An inept little picture with James Dunn as a sentimentalist and a star, and William Marshall as the well-intentioned boy. (Feb.)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—20th Century-Fox: "Delightful" is the word for this musical revue starring Jane Froman, Vera Ellen and June Haver. June is a husband hunter; Vivian plays her secretary, Vera-Elaine Morgan and Frank Marion plays the boys. (Dec.)

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warners: A trite tale about a rich girl who leads a sheltered life until she takes up with some high club entertainers. Dennis Morgan gives Martha Vickers a whirl and Janice Radway are pals; S. Z. Sakall is Martha’s grandpa. (Dec.)

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—Paramount: Dana’s famous saga of men and sailing ships comes to the screen in splendid fashion with Brian Donlevy playing Dana effectively and William Bendix capturing a merciless whip over the seamen. Alan Ladd is the boy, with Howard Petersen, Virginia Mayo, Barry Fitzgerald and Esther Fernandez. (Dec.)

WICKED LADY—Universal: The film breaks from the old time romance, a step out of his class is amusingly told here. With Allen Duryea and Ella Raines. (Dec.)

YEARLING, THE—M-G-M: A memorable picture of a boy and his horse. Seated are Marjorie Main, Marjorie Main, and Claude Jarman Jr, with Wyman running away with acting honors. (Jan.)

UNDERCURRENT—M-G-M: In this disturbingly different melodrama, Katherine Hepburn marries Robert Taylor only to discover he’s a man with a Jekyll-Hyde personality. Poor Kate tries to unravel the mystery of the man to which he brother Bob Mitchum plays a prominent part. (Feb.)

WICKED LADY, THE—Universal: You can safely skip this 17th Century English tale of high jinks and wicked tricks. All right but hardly a lady, surely as she does the daring deeds. Joan Crawford, Pat Ralston’s honey rival, Griffith Jones, Michael Rennie and Mason their willing victims. (Feb.)
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GIRL: Of mice, not men, Nosey. There's no man-trouble in my life. In fact, there's no man in it.

CUPID: Know why?

GIRL: No, why, Mr. Know-it-all?

CUPID: 'Cause you won't smile even the teensiest-weensiest bit. Has the cat got your smile? Then gleam! Glisten! Dazzle 'em!

GIRL: Listen Stupid, I mean Cupid. Some girls have smiles so bright you could read by 'em. Some girls, that is. But include me out.

CUPID: Hmmm... when was the last time you saw "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Yester... "Pink"? weren't we talking about smiles a minute ago?

CUPID: I was. Still am, Quarterwit. That "pink" you saw means see your dentist. Let him decide what's what. If it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And 1-2-3 I start gleaming like nie-a-ad! People mistake me for a Neon sign... 

CUPID: Yappity yap! Look, Glundrop, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice... and there'll be Men, not mice, in your life. Plural!

For the Smile of Beauty
IPANA and MASSAGE
Product of Bristol-Myers
At last! The world is going to see the dramatic picturization of the most hush-hush secret of all time.

M-G-M has made the picture of pictures, "The Beginning or the End"—the story of the beginning of a new civilization or the end of civilization itself—the dramatic story of the atomic bomb.

When you see "The Beginning or the End", you'll virtually become a part of the events that were so fraught with drama, danger, and above all — suspense.

You'll enter the forbidden city at Oak Ridge.

You'll meet the only girl who knew the terrifying secret.

And you will know, too, the nerve-fraying tension of their relentless race against time.

Here is the story of the hour, the burning topic of the moment, the greatest "must" picture in the history of pictures.

M-G-M has assembled top talent for this mighty production. Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, Tom Drake and Beverly Tyler (the celebrated "Green Years" lovers), beautiful Audrey Totter, Hume Cronyn and many more. Each contributes an unforgettable performance.

To Producer Samuel Marx, Director Norman Taurog, and to the many others who helped in picturizing the greatest drama of our time, we offer congratulations on an entertainment unique in motion pictures.

"The Beginning or the End" is tremendous from beginning to end!

— Leo
THE LONG-AWAITED DRAMATIC STORY OF THE ATOMIC BOMB

THE BEGINNING OR THE END

M-G-M presents the picture of pictures...the story of the most HUSH-HUSH secret of all time!

M-G-M’s “THE BEGINNING OR THE END”

Starring
BRIAN DONLEVY • ROBERT WALKER
with
TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER
AUDREY TOTTER • HUME CRONYN

Screen Play by FRANK WEAD • Original Story by ROBERT CONSIDINE
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by SAMUEL MARX
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Look into the forbidden city!
Meet the girl who lost her identity—the only girl who knew the world’s most terrifying secret!
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

**The Red House (Lesser—UA)**

A FARMER the likes of Pete Morgan you've never seen—or at least you should hope you never will. The central figure in this mood masterpiece, as played by Edward G. Robinson, is a study in introspection—a chilling study that will keep you in a high state of tension for the two hours that he moves around the screen.

The mystery centers all around a piece of woods—Oxhead Woods, the very name of which sends Morgan into mad rages. When young Nath, Lon McCallister, comes to help him with his chores, he is warned to stay away from that piece of land, but being the kind of man he is, Lon heads directly for the woods. What he sees and hears there and the reason for it makes for a most absorbing film.

This is McAllister's first picture since his return from war service; his role is merely the light to Robinson's shadows—and the shadows are what really take the prize.

Judith Anderson carries her end of the witch's stick well; Allene Roberts as Meg could have cut a stronger figure. Teller, the dark young giant who gives Lon a fast run for his money—and his girl—is handled strongly by personable newcomer Rory Calhoun.

If you'd like a few chills served up with some excellent musical background, you'll watch for this well-tuned piece of moviemaking.

Your Reviewer Says: Start looking for "The Red House."

**Sinbad the Sailor (RKO)**

A TALE of the fabulous Sinbad is this, embroidered with all the magic of the East. Played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who brings him to twentieth-century life with artistry, Sinbad sets sail in a magical vessel from the Port of Daibul in search of the legendary Deryabar where Alexander the Great is supposed to have hidden a treasure.

In pursuit goes the jealous greedy Emir of Daibul, a menacing Anthony Quinn who is Sinbad's rival not only for the treasure but for the hand of the beauty, Shireen (Maureen O'Hara). A financial rival, too, but a friendly one, is the money-mad barber, Melik (Walter Slezak). Their adventures are many and breath-taking; the climax, at Deryabar, where the ancient Moga finally releases the real treasure to Sinbad, is a drama-packed sequence with a philosophical accent.

Fairbanks fairly dances his role, making of it almost a ballet interpretation. Done in rich Technicolor, with a few modernized quips thrown in just for the fun of it, the film has plenty of action—Sinbad's leaps from turrets to overcome ten men at a time in the old Fairbanks tradition; plenty of beauty—Maureen O'Hara, plus some rubies and cloth of gold; and a fanciful atmosphere that makes of it a celluloid fairy tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Set sail with Sinbad.

**My Brother Talks to Horses (M-G-M)**

HERE'S a picture with personality—a completely beguiling period piece about old Baltimore in the days when gentlemen tipped their hats, ladies twirled their parasols and little boys knew not a thing of atom bombs. Instead—if they were lucky like Butch Jenkins—they talked to horses.

Butch is the brother of Peter Lawford and the son of widow Spring Byington. His coterie of friends is large—all the dogs in the neighborhood, the horses in Edward Arnold's stables, and bilite Charlie Ruggles, who's very interested in what the horses have to say about the outcome of their races. Mama, plus her interest in strange voices has a boarder, too, who's inventing an edible beer bottle; brother Peter has a girl but no money—which all gives you an idea of the possibilities for good-natured fun. The Penroses—all three of them—are perfect.

This is simplicity plus: A look at the life of a little boy growing up; a chance to live awhile with the refreshing Baltimore Penroses; a front seat at the big Preakness as it was in the old days—and an opportunity to go home with a warm feeling that all's right with the world so long as pictures like this are made.

Your Reviewer Says: Race to it!

(Continued on page 6)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 115
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 147
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 144
On her wedding night

She Alone Can Send
A Stranger To His Death,
Or Keep Silent And
Have Her Happiness Forever.

Because she loved him so much... she hurt him so deeply!

“The Imperfect Lady”

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • VIRGINIA FIELD • REGINALD OWEN • ANTHONY QUINN • MELVILLE COOPER

Produced by KARL TUNBERG • Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
Screen Play by Karl Tunberg • A Paramount Picture
More than a delicious chewing gum... IVORYNE is the Chewing Dentifrice! IVORYNE's famous extra ingredient, calcium peroxide, slowly bathes your teeth in New-Born Oxygen as you 

chew. Refreshing, purifying oxygen helps sweeten the breath and add new charm to your smile. Look for the handy little yellow-and-red box of IVORYNE GUM. You'll like the flavor—and the results!

The Gum That Brightens Your Smile

(Continued from page 4)

✓ Suddenly It's Spring (Paramount)

BETWEEN two such lovelies as Paulette Goddard and Arleen Whelan, a guy like Fred MacMurray should be sitting pretty. That's not the case, however, in this frolicsome farce which plays a merry game of tag with the perennial marriage-divorce problem. Paulette is Fred's WAC wife, returning from duty overseas, and Arleen is his lady love. When these rivals for Fred's heart and hand meet, there's an exchange of fancy feline tactics, leaving poor Fred in a thoroughly blitzen state. You see, he's strictly a one-woman man—one woman at a time—only he doesn't know which woman.

As Fred's former law partner, Paulette—dubbed Captain Lovelyhearts—has successfully carried on the work of marital relations expert in the Army. Now she faces an awkward situation with her own husband demanding a divorce, just as she's being widely publicized as a fixer-upper of other people's matrimonial woes.

Possessor of the screen's peppiest personality, Paulette Goddard keeps things humming in her customary fashion while Fred, in his corner, cuts quite a few capers.

Macdonald Carey plays with finesse a very eligible bachelor, scheming to win Paulette for himself; the alluring Arleen Whelan presents a clear-cut portrait of a husband-snatcher, wise in the ways of the world.

Your Reviewer Says: A gloom-chaser.

✓ I'll Be Yours (Universal)

AS frilly as the ruffles that decorate Miss Durbin in a few glamour scenes is this trivial story that takes her as the little gal from the country to the big city. Thanks to the zealous script (Deanna is a big girl now and should rate more than this) she accomplishes in ten days what would take another girl ten years—that is, she finds two true friends, bumps right into a millionaire and meets her great romantic love.

Chief friend is waiter Bill Bendix whose hard-handed acting holds this wavering would-be comedy together. The million- aire is Adolphe Menjou, perfect down to the last pleat, who likes the way Deanna looks and sings. So does the audience, but unfortunately her songs are cut to three, plus one rowdy burlesqued school song and an occasional bit of humming, chiefly into the ear of attractive Tom Drake. The latter is young and somewhat confused about the ways of the world and women. Well he might be—what Deanna does to his life would make any man go hide in his room. The wonder of it is that he comes out looking for her.

Deanna does well, Menjou does better and Bendix does best; but it still doesn't come off. However, you will want to hear Durbin sing.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad, but hope for better.

✓ Pursued (Warner)

THIS will pursue you long after you have left the theater. It's an expert treatment of a tense theme—the life of a man pursued by the blurred memory of a frightful childhood incident. Neither he nor the audience learns the full details of that incident until he has fought through to the end the thoughts—and the man—who pursues him.

(Continued on page 8)
A MOUTH LIKE HERS

IF YOU WERE NORA PRENTISS
WOULDN’T YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

IS JUST FOR KISSING

Ann Sheridan

AS A WOMAN WHO DOES WHAT SHE HAS TO DO

IN “NORA PRENTISS”

THE NEW WARNER SENSATION

NOT FOR TELLING

CO-STARRING
KENT SMITH • BRUCE BENNETT

with ROBERT ALDA

DIRECITED BY

ROSEMARY DE CAMP • VINCENT SHERMAN • WILLIAM JACOBS

SCREEN PLAY BY RICHARD RASH • FROM A STORY BY PAUL WEBSTER & JACK SOBEY

MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN
Hands that rule the dishpan can still rule hearts as well!

Is daily dishwashing giving your hands a "scrub-woman" look? Get yourself a jar of Pacquins Hand Cream. This snow-white, fragrant cream helps keep hands happy... softer, whiter.

First made for the special needs of Doctors and Nurses—

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot, soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. So they need more than just an ordinary preparation to help combat dryness and roughness. Pacquins, first formulated for doctors and nurses, is super-rich in skin-softering ingredients.

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

(Continued from page 6)

Playing slowly and intensely, Robert Mitchum as Jeb, Judith Anderson as the woman he knows as "Ma" and Teresa Wright as the girl who loves him, make this a memorable film. As a young boy in New Mexico at the turn of the century, Jeb is brought to the Calum ranch, grows up there to a love of the daughter, Thor, and a crystallized fear of the stranger, Dean Jagger, who is trying to kill him. Each episode builds suspense and foreboding—his own as well as that of the audience.

The background is the lonely cliffs and wild plains of New Mexico; the inspired camera uses them well to increase the feeling of menace. Extraordinary Max Steiner music is the accent to the dangerous hate—and love—that motivate the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Intense entertainment.

Boomerang
(20th Century-Fox)

Based on a feature that appeared in the Reader's Digest, this is a new type picture that offers the audience a look at themselves as they might be any day. The place is a Connecticut town; the hero, a man who, at the end, is revealed as an important United States official; the plot, a true-to-life story that has more punch than many dreamed-up dramas that come down the Hollywood trail.

Dana Andrews is the center of the film, a state's attorney who finds himself the prosecutor of a man identified by seven townspeople as the murderer of old Father Lambert, the beloved minister. He is a member of the reform government that at long last has gotten its chance to clean up the town; he is a friend of the chief of police, played with quiet sincerity by Lee J. Cobb, whose job it has been to apprehend the murderer. Against Andrews are working some crafty politicians who think fighting an honest man is just a drop in their crooked bucket. They find out otherwise after Andrews studies the case, makes a hard decision and then in the crowded courtroom carries it through in a splendid scene.

This is a film that points up the dangers of circumstantial evidence. More than that, it points out the importance of honesty in mankind. It is a straight realistic picture, punctuated with suspense and played realistically by Andrews with a cast that works wholeheartedly to round out a fine idea.

Your Reviewer Says: A novel touch.

Stagecoach to Denver (Republic)

With its threadbare plot, this stagecoach saga belongs to the here-we-go-again department. As Red Ryder, Allan Lane struggles to lend some life to a hackneyed yarn but the odds are against him.

In case it matters, he slugs it out with one Roy Barcroft, a racketeering rat whose game is to cheat the poor settlers out of their property. This two-faced fellow is guilty of just about every crime in the book—murder, larceny, kidnapping, fraud, to name a few. Why it should take fifty-six minutes for him to get his comeuppance is one of the mysteries of moviemaking.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't bother.

The Pilgrim Lady (Republic)

The Ugly Duckling—Fairy Princess theme has itself a time with Lynne Roberts taking off her glasses in the usual style (Continued on page 10)
YOU DARE NOT EVEN GUESS THE STRANGE LOVE STORY OF "THE RED HOUSE"

SOL LESSER presents
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
and
LON MC'CALLISTER
in
"The RED HOUSE"

Straight from the pages of The Saturday Evening Post serial and the novel that thrilled over 7 million readers!

with JUDITH ANDERSON • RORY CALHOUN • ALLENE ROBERTS • JULIE LONDON
ONA MUNSON • HARRY SHANNON

From the novel "THE RED HOUSE" Written for the Screen
by GEORGE ANKER CAMERON and Directed by DELMER DAVES

Copyright by Thalia Productions, Inc. • Released thru United Artists
"We were out of tune..."

Tirades... bickering... like jangled notes ruining the harmony of our marriage—and I never dreaming it was my fault! Oh, I understood about feminine hygiene—I thought. But, carelessly, I'd depended on just occasional care, "That's why many marriages fail," my doctor said, putting me wise. "Never trust to inadequate feminine hygiene," he told me—that advised using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"But... it's sweet harmony now"

The song is back in my heart! I feel myself loved and cherished again... happy! Yes, our discord has vanished since I took my doctor's advice about feminine hygiene... always use "Lysol" for douching. "Lysol" is far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. "A proved germ-killer," my doctor said—"that cleanses thoroughly, yet so gently!" "Lysol" is so easy to use and so economical!

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide... for 6 reasons

Reason No. 6: HIGHLY ECONOMICAL... "Lysol" is wonderfully economical in solution because it's so highly concentrated. Follow simple, easy directions for using this powerful yet gentle germicide.

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

(Continued from page 8)

and emerging the toast of New York. Well, maybe not quite, but enough anyway to shame pompous critic Alan Mowbray into choosing her book the Literary Gem of the Month. But it really isn't her book—it was written by her aunt, Doris Merrick, who just isn't glamorous enough to be an author. And Lynn's agent, Warren Douglas, isn't really an agent—he's just a fly-by-night trying to make a name for himself.

Since almost everyone thinks everyone else is somebody he isn't the result is a lot of pretty confusion, as merry a mix-up as you might get caught with on any double bill.

Your Reviewer Says: You won't mind too much.

The Fabulous Dorsey's (Rogers-UA)

If "T.D." and "J.D." mean anything to you, you'll probably wait eagerly for this musical tale that has to do with the trials, tribulations and triumphs of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. As played by themselves, they give a fair idea of a musician's life; with Tommy and his trumpet and Jimmy and his sax, there's enough swing to satisfy the most ardent jiver.

Aside from the music, the picture hasn't too much. It starts out with a nice bit of background—two freckled-faced boys and their mom and pop living a music-punctuated life back in Pennsylvania's Shenandoah Valley. With Pop to give them an occasional push, Mom to feed them apple pie and a pretty blonde neighbor, Janet Blair, to sing a pretty tune, they manage to become musicians, form their own band and get into the big time. The major argument of their life—their differences in interpretation—might have made a dramatic film, but with time out for the music, the drama is sacrificed to the band. The result is a bland little movie that does no one any harm.

Tommy and Jimmy are just themselves; Janet Blair and William Lundigan play the love duet; Sara Allgood is wasted in the role of the mother.

Your Reviewer Says: If you think the Dorsey's "fabulous"...

It's a Joke, Son! (Eagle-Lion)

Senator Claghorn—one and the same Kenny Delmar who flourishes in Allen's Alley of a Sunday night—herewith makes a darned fool of himself, hoping against hope to get a few laughs. He may pull a few chuckles, but the reason he—and the film—aren't uproarious is that the comedy is laid on with a cold hand.

The Senator is running for political office in the deep South. His public, true to form, loves him, whereupon his enemies, some bad old-machine politicians, decide to eliminate--that's the story and the Senator sticks by it, booming out his quips to the best of his ability. He is helped along by the dog Doin' and by a lot of Southern accents possessed by wife Una Merkel, daughter June Lockhart and the Daughters of Dixie.

The net result is on the weak-sister side, but it was a good try.

Your Reviewer Says: Laugh it off.

Trail to San Antone (Republic)

Urene Autry doffs his ten-gallon hat to his public after his war leave in a rather routine Western that will probably keep his old admirers happy but isn't guaranteed to gain him any new ones.

(Continued on page 12)
DEBORAH KERR*....
(you'll love her... you'll love her brogue)
as the Gay Young Innocent caught in a Web of Intrigue and Love!

"The Adventuress"

J. ARTHUR RANK presents
DEBORAH KERR • TREVOR HOWARD in "THE ADVENTURESS"
with RAYMOND HUNTLEY • MICHAEL HOWARD • NORMA SHELLEY • LIAM REDMOND
Screenplay written and produced by FRANK LAUNDER and SIDNEY GILILAT
Directed by FRANK LAUNDER • AN INDIVIDUAL PICTURE
An Eagle-Lion Films Release

* KERR RHYMES WITH STAR
He comes home from the fighting to find another fight on his hands—started by one Cal Young (Tristan Coffin), who's trainer for pretty ranch-runner Peggy Stewart. Cal has it in for William Henry and his young jockey brother so, of course, Autry gallops to their rescue. He also rescues Miss Stewart's stallion by lassoing him from an airplane. This, hard as it may seem to the novice, is duck soup for Mr. Autry—much easier than getting Mr. Henry and brother out of a lot of trouble. But, after winning over rival Peggy, Gene manages to pull all the reins together and jog along to a happy ending, singing as he goes.

The Cass County Boys and Champion are there to help him along and the airplane gives a new spurt to life in the wide open spaces.

Your Reviewer Says: Exclusive for Autry fans.

The Fabulous Suzanne (Republic)

UNDERELLA goes to town, a “magic” pin replacing the legendary wand in this romantic rigmarole, starring Barbara Britton and that daddy of crooners, Rudy Vallee. Not that Rudy does much crooning here, worse luck! He merely warbles one number just to show he still knows how; the rest of the time, he's chasing after Barbara who is quite a dish. Rudy's playboy brother, Richard Denning, also spends his time dating her up. Their old man (Otto Kruger) knows a good thing when he sees it, too, and before long he's very much in the running. Barbara believes in giving all the boys a break though her heart belongs to Bill Henry who won't marry her because she’s in the money and he isn’t. A series of misunderstandings, maneuvered by Veda Ann Borg who has her eye on Bill, keeps the lovebirds apart.

The balmy situations are strewn with time-worn gags—a suit case opening at the wrong moment, a man hiding in a closet. Veteran actor Otto Kruger must have been more than slightly embarrassed on being called upon to indulge in these inane antics. At his age, too! As for the beauteous Barbara, may she have better material to work with next time. Ditto as regards the very personable Richard Denning.

Your Reviewer Says: A helping of hokum.

Heldorado (Republic)

THIS time the intrepid Roy Rogers is after the black market boys out Las Vegas way. If anyone can settle their hash, he's the lad to do it. Not that it's a pushover, Paul Harvey says, Ranchmen being a bad bunch who'd as soon pump a fellow full of lead as not. They prove as much in the case of Barry Mitchell when he's served his purpose, and becomes a bit bally. But Rogers, with the staunch help of that bewhiskered old standby, George "Gabby" Hayes and, of course, Dale Evans, has 'em crying "Uncle!"

There's a bang-up fight in the last reel that will make your eyes pop and convince you—if you didn't already know it—that these western characters sure are rugged. As window dressing for a rather familiar story, there's a colorful celebration tied in with Heldorado Week, the festivities including a rodeo, a treasure hunt and a pioneer parade. Bob Nolan and The Sons of The Pioneers are on hand to sing their songs and Trigger, even as his master, is still king of his kind.

Your Reviewer Says: The black market invades the West.

(Continued on page 14)
TOMMY DORSEY - JIMMY DORSEY - JANET BLAIR

"THE FABULOUS DORSEYS"

with PAUL WHITEMAN and WILLIAM LUNDIGAN

Sara Allgood • Arthur Shields
Associate Producer JOHN W. ROGERS
Original Screen Play by Richard English,
Art Arthur, Curtis Kenyon

BLOW-BY-BLOW STORY OF DORSEY BATTLE TO TOP!

The heart-warming history of their thrilling battle to the top makes one of the most exciting pictures of its kind ever filmed!

Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS • ALFRED E. GREEN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

See TOMMY and JIMMY play the hits that made them famous...

"Marie"
"I'm Getting Sentimental Over You"
"Green Eyes"
"Object Of My Affections"
and many more!
STUBBORN FILM
ROBS YOUR SKIN OF
Half its Beauty!

You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it
BUT once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the amazing difference!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

You can't see or feel this stubborn film. That's the danger! You think your skin is clean, when it isn't.

Ordinary cleansing fails to remove this stubborn, invisible film. Day after day, it clings . . . dulling the true freshness and beauty of your skin . . . encouraging blackheads and blemishes!

Here's the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film:

1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
2. Immediately . . . and this is the important part . . . apply Lady Esther cream a second time. Wipe it off.

This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. Now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness.

My Cream is Unique!
The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different . . . so soft, so effective. And remember . . . every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: 1) cleanser thoroughly; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect powder base.

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!

(Continued from page 12)

Song of Scheherazade
(Universal-International)

DREAMED up from the music of RimskyKorsakov, this is exactly like a dream—one you might have after looking at too many story books. It has everything anyone might want; the only trouble is you may not want it all at once.

A Russian naval ship is becalmed in a Moroccan port way back in 1865 when the Russians were known as gay romancers. The port is just the place for a good plot to develop, centering around Yvonne De Carlo, who's dancing incognito in an Oriental cafe. Young naval cadet, Rimsy-Korsakov—a beaming Jean Pierre Aumont—is busy writing music; he really doesn't appreciate Yvonne, an omission that is rectified by woman-charmer Philip Reed.

Yvonne's mama (Eve Arden) appreciates both Aumont and Reed—as a matter of fact, she appreciates the whole Russian Navy. After a lot of music—ten airs, to be exact, songs by Charles Kullman, a cracking good bullwhip fight, slinky Eastern dances by Yvonne and stern fatherly discipline by Captain Brian Donlevy, everyone is ready to call it quits and go to St. Petersburg to see "Scheherazade" produced in flashy Technicolor.

If you don't take it seriously, you'll have a fine time. It's pretty to watch and nice to listen to. No one in the cast performs in any extraordinary fashion, but they all try to make good Russians—and they do look nice in their white uniforms.

Your Reviewer Says: Just for the fun of it.

✓ Johnny O'Clock (Columbia)

JOHNNY O'CLOCK is a smart young man who gets mixed up in the gambling business. As a matter of fact, he's really too smart to let himself in for all the things he does. However, it must be admitted that he has plenty of problems—he gets involved in the murder of a crooked cop, the boss's wife is trailing him romantically and detective Lee J. Cobb is trailing him professionally.

This all makes for a good two hours' entertainment. Dick Powell fits very neatly into the lead role; the plot is also neat and filled with lots of twists and turns. Evelyn Keyes is there, too, as the girl interest, though she's just too, too eager to please Johnny and as a result slows everything up by overreacting all the way through.

The gangster business isn't overdone; it's all woven together in a compact fashion that makes things hum.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth your time.

✓ Nora Prentiss (Warners)

ORA is going to be a talk about lady in a lot of living rooms this spring. Everyone is going to have a different idea about what he'd do if he were in her place—meanwhile crossing his fingers that he never will be!

Nora (Ann Sheridan) is the third side of the old-hat triangle; the picture begins mildly with Nora's building up her angle with Dr. Richard Talbot (Kent Smith), a routine unimaginative young man who's gone along on a comfortable family schedule for a great many years, aided and abetted by his wife, Rosemary De Camp, who likes schedules and a punctual seven o'clock dinner. Naturally, when Dr. Talbot wakes up to the fact that he's getting pretty smug, things start to happen between him and Nora. It is here that the picture starts to be not so pretty; the end occurs after a series of incidents, exag-
KEEP FRESH: After you bathe—shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It gives your whole person a thrilling, singing freshness.

FEEL SMOOTH: Cashmere Bouquet Talc dries up every vestige of moisture; imparts a silken smooth sheath of protection. Girdles slip on slick as a wink.

STAY DAINTY: For long lasting daintiness—use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It points up your feminine appeal with the fragrance men love.

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc
with the fragrance men love

A host superb hits a new high at his top-of-a-hill house

Eddie Bracken, with his Mrs., had guests in gales with pantomime of Brooklyn rookie trying to make the team with "Dem Bums"

Host Atwater Kent thinks Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford look uncommonly well. Party was in honor of Florence Somers

Between the laugh rounds, Jean Pierre Aumont tells Photoplay Editor Helen Gilmore that he hopes to freelance, do a film with his wife and some foreign films

Jack Benny actually played through a violin solo (slightly off key). Ginny Simms sang "Night and Day" as impromptu duet with Frances Langford to the delight of the guests
Radiance is spelled: C-O-L-O-R...
for the NEW "2-O-8" EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER enlivens your skin with a vivacious radiance of color.

Allure is spelled: P-E-R-F-U-M-E...
for this new face powder brings you, in an INTENSIFIED, more lasting form, the alluring perfume of EVENING IN PARIS!

and—
it covers and it clings
and it covers and it clings!

"2-O-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois! A modern miracle of jet-propulsion infuses every tiny powder particle with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute!

Covers so well it hides tiny surface flaws...
and as for cling, you've never seen a powder stay on the way this does! It's moisture-resistant, too...
which means the radiant color stays true on the skin.

$1 plus tax

NEW Clear-Base Box...it's transparent!
Choose your shade from the eight new true-skin colors through this clear-base box —exclusive with Bourjois.

NEW true color...it's moisture-resistant!
NEW truer scent—it's intensified!
NEW long-clinging texture—it's vitalized!
NEW "2-O-8" process—it's exclusive!

NEW Evening in Paris

Face Powder by BOURJOIS
Captured for your nail-do...flaming color from the enchanted tropics

Your fingers, groomed with Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish, fairly dance with life and color...flame like sunlight caught on the wings of tropic birds in flight. And...most wonderful to know...PLASTEEN, miracle ingredient, found only in colors Helen Neushaefer has created, helps shock-proof your nails against chipping...makes more brilliant all twelve of her brilliant color-creations. Only ten cents at chain store and leading drug cosmetic counters.

Helen Neushaefer
NAIL POLISH WITH PLASTEEN

It lasts so long...it looks so beautiful

And ask for these exciting Helen Neushaefer creations:
Liquid Mascara  •  E-Z Hair Removing Glove  •  Lipstick Brush

The Miracle of PLASTEEN
Plasteen is the secret ingredient that makes Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish so easy to put on...so hard to chip off...keeps it smoother-flowing, free of bubbles...adds lustrous, jeweled brilliance to her ravishing colors. And to hers exclusively!

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Co., Inc.
Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 11
Premieres in Passing

New pictures mean after-dark news in Hollywood—with the local lads and lovelies dressing up and joining the parade to an exciting “first night.”

Duo in the limelight: Photoplay’s ace cover photographer Paul Hesse takes lovely-in-lace Martha Vickers to the “Duel in the Sun” premiere.

A bow on her pigtail, a beau on her arm! Margaret O’Brien sees “The Yearling” with Claude Jarman Jr.

Dazzling contrast: Dark and handsome Turhan Bey escorts blonde and pretty Marilyn Maxwell to “Till the Clouds Roll By.”

British concentration: Richard Greene studies the program, David Niven seems pensive at “Stairway to Heaven” premiere in which he stars.

Shop-along with Ellen Chanin

Shopping can be so satisfying when we find products of good value—and we have three to recommend this month.

Start with a Soup Bar...

This is our own private discovery on how to steer a man off to a happy start at a buffet supper. Before you send him foraging among the ladies and the lobster, give him a warm welcome at the soup bar. Ours is famous for an appetizing he-man favorite—Betty Crocker green split-pea soup, 5 minutes to prepare, and the inevitable 5 minutes more to make more. We take the compliments—but Betty Crocker deserves them. You ask for Betty Crocker Pea Soup ingredients.

A Second Look

There are two kinds of pedestrians: the skylookers, the pavement-gazers. Being pavement-gazers ourselves, we recently spotted a pink feather too small for any use, a lone earring of no value...and a lesson of great value. The smartest feet on the avenue wear beautifully shined shoes. Having noted—we profited, and now belong to SHINOLA’s “Shine Your Own” clan. It’s an easy-to-use polish and its multiple blend of oils protects as well as polishes by preserving and adding to the natural oil of the leather. Insist on SHINOLA, in paste or liquid, all colors.

Modern Juicer by Mail!

Fresh orange juice for breakfast at the flick of a wrist! This wonderful new, streamlined, Juicerette extracts ALL the juice. In gleaming snow-white baked-enamel with contrasting red plastic, easy-to-clean, “Konvaku.” Mailed post-paid to “Shopalong” readers who send in $2.98. Leecraft, Dept. M4—405 Lexington Ave., New York 17.
**Sunday at Hedda Hopper’s:** It was a gay and jambled affair in honor of the latest British contingent to reach town—Ivor Novello, popular actor and writer, Bea Lillie and Dorothy Dickson of dancing fame. This is Bea’s first Hollywood visit since her years of service in England during the war in which she lost her son... probably one of the reasons she and Lew Ayres had so much to say to each other on the stairs—which offered the only available seats. For Hedda’s charming home needed rubber walls to accommodate all the stars who gathered for this hands-across-the-Hollywood-palms occasion.

The Harrisons were there—Rex and his lovely Lilli. Rex confided to us his concern about not being able to be present at Photoplay’s Gold Medal dinner to accept the citation for “Anna and the King of Siam.” Seems the studio finally decided that he should play just the fascinating ghost in “The Ghost and Mrs. Muir,” instead of doing both the ghost and the flesh-and-blood lover, and the change had switched his shooting schedule, making it impossible for him to attend.

Then there were the three little British maids—Deborah Kerr, who is winning popularity votes around Metro in “The Hucksters” with Clark Gable, Phyllis Calvert at Universal-International for “Time out of Mind” and Ann Todd, England’s Garbo of “The Seventh Veil”—though she needs no Garbo peg to stand on.

Dean of the American stars present was stately Ethel Barrymore. Jimmy Stewart steered Florence Pritchett, Photoplay’s writer, through the social jam session. In fact the Photoplay crowd was there en masse with Dr. George Gallup. So were the Greg Pecks, Paulette and Buzz Meredith, the Van Heflins, the Doug Fairbanks Jr.’s, Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin... well, let’s just say, so was Hollywood. Because that’s the kind of a hostess Hedda is.

**The Walker Lad:** A campaign is being waged by the publicity department of M-G-M to keep Robert Walker “unpublicized,” which is unusual to say the least.

It all came about when Bob stated that he wanted no more stories or pictures. Surprisingly, the studio agreed. Now Bob sits back and watches writers and reporters being greeted by other actors and actresses on the lot while quite alone (Continued on page 22)
Spicy session: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers exchange party notes at Hopper event

Profiled with Peck: Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard share toast and talk with Greg

Ermine tail "right in the middle of her forehead": Gene Tierney, in smart hat, with smart hostess, Hedda
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20) in his corner he sits. His role of Jerome Kern in "Till the Clouds Roll By" went almost unnoticed by the writers while others in the cast reaped the glory.

His wise old studio is just sitting back and waiting for Robert to come to that full realization all by himself. Well, we'll see.

A Happy Bride: Those pale gray eyes of Ella Raines are all aglow these days because she's married to the man of her heart, Major Robin Olds, son of General Olds.

Flinging her arms high, Ella told Cal, "I didn't know such happiness existed on earth."

Ella, who divorced Major Kenneth Trout last year, met Major Olds in Palm Springs on a blind date. Soon after Major Olds invited Ella to an air show in which he participated. Many dates followed but Ella says she took a whole year to decide because this time she wanted to be sure. And "sure" the lady seems to be, because she intends to make this marriage an "all-time thing."

A Honolulu honeymoon had to be postponed in favor of a briefer one at Snow Valley in Northern California, where the skiing is perfect, because Ella has two pictures, "Black Velvet" and "Brute Force," in the immediate future.

In May the handsome Major and his cute bride with her short black bangs that only accent her strange eyes, will take off for Honolulu and a real honeymoon this time.

Oddments: The braces Jeanne Crain is wearing on her teeth while she's off the screen awaiting her baby lend Jeannie that fourteen-year-old look . . . Alexis Smith, who broke a bone in her foot while leaping from a window for a scene in "The Woman in White," looks so grande dame somehow with that chic gold-handled cane . . . Burt Lancaster in those high horn-rimmed glasses looks more like a high school professor than the "Killer." But don't say we said so . . . Abbott and Costello going into one of those routines in the Universal dining room is one of those we-should-pay-admission things with lunchers falling helpless into their soup. At least we did. (Continued on page 24)
Your hair is magic to a man...  

Make Listerine Antiseptic a Part of Your Regular Hair-Washing Routine as so Many Fastidious Women Do.

They know... and so do you... that infectious dandruff is a constant threat... that its ugly flakes and scales can rob hair of its beauty, and affect the health of the scalp.

And they know also that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene... is a wonderful precaution.

You simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow it with vigorous fingertip massage for a few minutes. That's all there is to it.

How wonderfully clean and cool your scalp feels! How wonderfully fresh your hair looks! How quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear!

And, most important of all...

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"
Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which, many great dermatologists say, is a causative agent of this trouble.

Don't try to whip this stubborn invader with lotions and messy salves devoid of germ-killing power. Attack it with Listerine Antiseptic and its germ-killing action.

Use it Regularly
For your own protection, and that of your husband and your children, use Listerine Antiseptic regularly every time hair is washed. It's a delightful habit that helps people to look their best.

If infectious dandruff should get a head start, increase the treatment to twice a day which usually brings prompt improvement... in a clinical test it brought marked improvement to 76% of dandruff sufferers within a month.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic for Infectious Dandruff

The "Bottle Bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale)
That Bandbox Look

isn’t come by accidentally, Lamby ... You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming ... The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast—if you don’t anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won’t Slip Out

They’re made of high-carbon steel so they can’t slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 22)

Laraine and “Lippy”: She lived in a world removed from Hollywood’s gayer social life devoted to home, career and her three adopted children. And yet today Laraine Day finds herself headlined in a marital mix-up that very few of our most pleasure loving stars ever fell heir to. Not since Lana Turner discovered herself illegally married to Stephen Crane with impending motherhood to complicate matters has there been such a furor. Laraine divorced Ray Hendricks in California, where divorce is not final until a year has passed. The following day, after a quick divorce in Mexico, she married Leo Durocher, Brooklyn Baseball Manager, in Texas. Laraine wanted to be able to join Leo in Brooklyn as his wife and took the only way out that seemed possible.

Then followed all the notoriety with Judge Dockweiler, who had granted Laraine’s California interlocutory divorce and who now objected to her quick Mexican decree and re-marriage. “If there were a uniformity of divorce laws among the states, this couldn’t have happened,” Judge Dockweiler is quoted as saying while Laraine begged the judge for this chance of happiness.

On the set of “Tycoon,” Miss Day’s latest RKO picture, Leo appeared with the actress, posed willingly, took a deep interest in her work and seemed prepared to face the “love conquers all” theory with her. Fear is expressed by her friends, however, that through the mix-up Miss Day may lose the two children recently adopted. The year of approval has not yet run its course.

At this moment no one knows the outcome of this most baffling marital mix-up except for one angle—the Dodgers are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to meet Mrs. Durocher and Brooklyn theaters are already billing Miss Day as Mrs. Leo “Lippy” Durocher.

GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn’t want quick curls these days? Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It’s absolutely tops for quick good grooming that’s so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

MARTHA TILTON

Singing Star of Old Gold’s, Meet Me At Parky’s program, Sunday Nights on the N. B. C. Network

Makes Dull Hair Beautiful

Friends — and your mirror — will tell you there is new beauty, more silky sheen, more dancing highlights in your hair after your first, easily applied Golden Glint hair rinse.

1. Gives a natural color. There’s a special Golden Glint rinse for your hair — 12 different shades and many more easily prepared combinations.

2. Emphasizes the natural color. There’s a special Golden Glint rinse for your hair — 12 different shades and many more easily prepared combinations.

3. Relieves tangles and snarls. Pure RADIEN, used only in Golden Glint, adds gloss, saving hours of comb-snagging and brush fouling.

4. Fifty million Golden Glint rinses sold. Why not join the throng of modish women who know how superior to old-fashioned home rinses this scientific product is? Get a 25c or 10c packet at drug or variety store.

GOLDEN GLINT
By candlelight—John Hodiak and Anne Baxter share splendor spotlight

Dane Clark Marriage Data: Several days before Mrs. Dane Clark left for New York, our telephone gave a jingle and there was Margo wanting to say goodbye. Because there is a great bond of friendship between Cal and this brilliant woman with the glorious red hair, she freely admitted to us that she and Dane were planning a marital holiday.

It was just one of those seemingly blind spots that happy couples so often hit, Margo explained, and because both are intelligent people, they had agreed to a separation in order to re-find their need of each other. And need it is—for, with her own hands, Margo did much of the labor of building their temporary home on their lovely Bel-Air acreage. And it was Dane who aided the decorators, Ione and Mac, in finding materials and searching laboriously for furniture and rugs.

Dane, the emotional, the sensitive one, was balanced by the realistic Margo who kept her head out of the clouds and her feet planted firmly on the ground.

And now comes a letter to Cal from Margo in New York, saying Dane is traveling east for a talk. By this time, of course, the decision between these two fine people will be made. And with all our hearts we are at this moment praying that decision will be to stay together, work together, plan together and go on together to a happier and more solid future.

Oh, Those Golden Medals: We promised to bring you some tidbits from Photoplay's Gold Medal dinner which, the town agrees, made Hollywood history.

There was a good reason for the speed of emcee Danny Kaye's presen-

That April shower won't bring you flowers!

Leaves you whistle-clean and sweet—a refreshing shower like that. But don't stop there, honey. Think of your future charm!

Remember, your bath washes away past perspiration, but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor to come.

So follow up your bath with safe, dependable Mum. That's the way so many popular girls win bouquets and keep a beau enamored.

better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.
INSIDE STUFF

Ingrid Bergman was not able to receive her Gold Medal at the function so it was presented to her in New York. However, she sent her own special greeting to be read for her:

"My thanks to Photoplay—I can't say how this thrills my heart—I humbly bow. And if you like my films I vow to even harder try my best from now."

King Bing, in accepting his Gold Medal as third-time winner, brought a laugh by reporting that Greer Garson had just whispered in his ear, "Now that you've made two good Catholic pictures, why don't you make one good Presbyterian one?"

After all the hilarity, Danny for his close switched from the ridiculous to the sentimental and with that serious note which every great comedian has he softly sang a lullaby he had written to his baby daughter, Dena. A fitting topper to an evening that was tops.

(Continued on page 28)
a new idea in nail polish
a new idea in nail polish bottles
a new idea in nail polish applicators
a new idea in nail polish colors

NAYLON! Now you’ll apply nail polish as easily as you write your name with Naylon’s steady stroke applicator and a bottle that won’t tip or tilt. Twelve breath-taking colors that last! At fine stores. 60¢ a bottle plus Fed. Tax.

SCHNEFEL & BROS CORPORATION • 630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

NAYLON TRADEMARKS U.S. PAT. OFF.

By La Cross
EASY TO 'GLAMOUR-BATHE' YOUR HAIR TO TANTALIZING BEAUTY LIKE POWERS MODELS!

Uncovers ALL The Natural Glossy Highlights That Lie Concealed In The Hair!

Before that important date—just wash your hair with Kreml Shampoo. This amazingly beautifying Kreml Shampoo—which lovely Powers Models use—has been especially developed to 'glamour-bathe' each tiny strand of hair to reveal ALL its natural shining lustre. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silkier—fairly teeming with glossy beauty. Its luxurious active foam thoroughly cleanses the scalp and removes all loose dandruff as well as the dirt. When your hair dries—it's just a VISION OF LOVELINESS—sure date-bait!

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry

Many shampoos may bring out highlights but are very drying to the hair. BUT NOT KREML SHAMPOO! It leaves hair simply radiant with natural shimmering highlights yet NEVER dries the hair. Instead, Kreml Shampoo has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. Give your hair this 'beauty-treat' today. Buy a bottle at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

KREML SHAMPOO
A product of B. B. Sender, Inc.
FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR — EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

INSIDE STUFF

Here and There: We regret the loss of our good neighbors, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, who have moved into their new home in the Valley . . . Diana Lynn and Jane Withers, with many a beau in sight, lunching together at Romanoff's. Maybe Diana will find an exciting new heart interest on her trip to New York . . . While Dana Andrews was East making "Boomerang," he and Mrs. Andrews, in their countryside drives, fell in love with an old house in Stowe, Vermont, which they promptly rented for a few weeks. Sending west for Dana's son, David, the family settled down to some real winter fun before returning to California. David made the biggest snow man. Mrs. Andrews threw the hardest snowballs . . . Peggy Cummins is being paged for the movie version of "First Gentleman" to play the role created by Wendy Heller in London. But little Peggy is such a hit in "The Late George Apley" and "Moss Rose" that Hollywood won't let England have her . . . Vincent Price, who finally got his release from Twentieth, heads for the New York stage. Wonder who inherits that old converted truck Vince drives around town? . . . Professor Flynn, Errol's father, writes Cal from Queen's University in Belfast, Ireland, that he hopes to visit our town again next summer. If Errol, who is very fond of his father, has anything to say about it, Professor Flynn will be back.

Droppers-in: It began with a phone call from Audrey Totter, asking if she might bring around a friend or two to call. So Audrey, being one of our favorite people, came 'round that evening with Sidney Guilaroff, M-G-M's hair stylist, and that cutest of all teenagers, Jane Powell. Prim as a little puppy, the golden-voiced Jane, in her black velvet frock with the bouquet of ermine tails at the throat, sat by and listened politely to the conversation.

When Cesar Romero popped in later with the Zachary Scotts, the evening grew lively with everyone giving Cesar a gay send-off for his Mexican location jaunt for "Captain from Castile."

Close to midnight, when no one else could possibly be expected to call, the doorbell rang and there stood Lana Turner, smart and svelte in a long black frock. She had come by to say hello and to introduce Cal to an M-G-M newcomer, Peter Shaw, an attractive Irishman who looks not unlike Errol Flynn.

"But it can't be Jane Powell," Peter kept insisting. "Why I saw her this morning in bobby sox at the studio.

After a lengthy conversation with Miss Jane, Peter allowed as how he thought American girls were wonderful—so young in the daytime, so grown up in the evenings.

And, of course, when Lana addressed her as Miss Powell, Jane fairly beamed. And, oh yes, Jane confides she's now allowed beaus provided she's chaperoned. Cal promptly put in his bid for chaperon and got accepted on the spot.
Lana Goes to Mexico: Two days before New Year's the director on "Green Dolphin Street" informed Lana Turner she needn't report back to work until Wednesday, the day following New Year's Day. Instantly, that quick-thinking mind computed the miles and the flying hours between her and Tyrone Power in Morelia, Mexico, on location and that afternoon she was on a plane, Mexico City bound.

At the airport, instead of Tyrone awaiting her, there was a message for Mrs. Crane, her married name, to telephone a certain number. The voice at the other end of the phone explained that Lana's wire to Tyrone had been delayed to the point where he could not make it into Mexico City. Alone then, at three in the morning, Lana stood and looked around. Where to go, what to do, she wondered, when a voice at her elbow inquired, "Mrs. Crane?" It was the Mexican friend of a close friend of Lana's in Hollywood, who had foreseen just such a contingency.

With the Mexican gentleman to look after her and take her to the hotel, Lana relaxed and on the drive back to town listened excitedly to the music of the native players who patrol the little side streets. Next day, Tyrone's pilot flew over to Mexico City and that afternoon, with an excited Tyrone on the field, Lana landed in the little Mexican town of Morelia.

"It's New Year's Eve," Lana said excitedly, "so let's dress." So across the town square where the band was playing for dear life, handsome Tyrone in black tie, and Lana radiantly lovely in her white satin, pearl-trimmed gown, began their march to what is incongruously called, "The Mocambo." One by one the musicians in the band, catching sight of this unbelievable spectacle, left off in the midst of notes to hang breathless over the platform while Cesar Romero and Lee Cobb followed behind, convulsed. In fact, Lana's perfect description of the weirdly trailing notes that drifted off into nothing while the dumbstruck musicians sat stupefied, rolled Cal right on the floor. Morelia had never seen, and probably never will see, the equal.

After dinner Tyrone and Lana climbed the steps of the hotel to the rooftop and there amid the melodious ringing of the cathedral bells in a simple little Mexican town, two wonderful people said, "Happy New Year."

It was the unexpected rain that delayed Lana's return the following day—an even more disheartening blow —but on Thursday she was back on the set again to find Director Victor Saville and all the cast wearing huge sombreros and sarapes, as a humorous and kidding gesture of welcome.

Like the sincere and deeply conscientious person she is, where her work is concerned, Lana apologized for the delay and was graciously forgiven.

Now with "Green Dolphin Street" behind her, Lana is spending her vacation in Mexico City to be near Tyrone and this time the studio knows and approves her jaunt.

(Continued on page 139)
a filly that doesn't tame easy... long-limbed and deep through the heart!

broad in the shoulder... with fire in his blood... and not too easy to hold on to!

CORNEL WILDE

Your Kind of Romance!

THE HOMESTRETCH

in TECHNICOLOR

MAUREEN O'HARA

20th CENTURY-FOX ROMANCE!

GLENN LANGAN • HELEN WALKER

JAMES GLEASON • HENRY STEPHENSON • MARGARET BANNERMAN • ETHEL GRIFFIES • TOMMY COOK

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER • Original Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock
AN you spare fifteen minutes for a dream tour of Hollywood? There’s a limousine waiting to whisk you to lunch at the Brown Derby . . . an afternoon inside a film studio watching motion pictures in the making . . . dinner at Mike Romanoff’s . . . dancing at Mocambo.

In cooperation with the editors of PHOTOPLAY, the American Broadcasting Company is presenting a new radio program called “Hollywood Tour,” with PHOTOPLAY’s own Cal York as master of ceremonies.

Each weekday afternoon by a twist of your radio dial you can join Cal York as he selects two women in his radio audience for the day’s special tour. Not until they are called before the microphone will they or you who are listening in know what is in store—whether their trip will be to a famous studio, or tea with a favorite star or a pair of tickets to a world premiere on Hollywood Boulevard. Best of all for those listening, you won’t have to imagine what happens to these lucky travelers. They return to the program the following day to tell on the air everything that happened on their tour.

When you listen, you’ll share not only this excitement of a daily tour of Hollywood, but will also hear Cal York interviewing a celebrity. One day it may be Bob Cummings talking about his latest hobby—flying. The next, a worker behind the movie scene—perhaps Lana Turner’s wardrobe mistress—will tell her exciting story.

PHOTOPLAY is delighted to help radio bring Hollywood into your home. We hope you will be listening.

The time: 3:45 P.M., Eastern Standard Time; 2:45 Central and 1:15 Pacific
The station: Your nearest ABC outlet
The place: Hollywood
The man: Cal York
The price of admission: Your radio set
Happy Listening!
ROY RIDES ALONE

A famous reporter accustomed to scoops calls this the most exciting story she ever told—the story of a husband tragically losing a wife, a father fighting for his children, a man discovering a new world
UNTIL Roy Rogers came over the Hollywood horizon into view again (my view, anyway) I didn't realize how little we know about the private lives of the movie cowboys.

Sure, we know that Roy and the Gene Autrys, Bill Elliotts and Bill Boyds break box-office records with their rootin', tootin' horse operas. We know some of them are rich and live on ranches in the Valley.

But what do we know about them as men, human beings with problems of the heart, marriage and careers as real as any of the dramas in the lives of Van Johnson, Gregory Peck or Cary Grant?

The answer is—a good snappy nothing—or very little. They are not, as a group, habitues of Mocambo or Ciro's, nor do they change wives with such regularity that you have to keep a check on whether the current "missus" is their fourth or fifth.

But recently, Hollywood and I have re-discovered Roy Rogers as a person and a personality—and ironically, it was a personal tragedy in his life that brought this about.

His wife died in childbirth, and suddenly and sadly we were all conscious of Roy as a man alone, with three small children to raise—not as a handsome Westerner with a sombrero atop his head and boots on his feet.

I've known him for a long time, many years in fact, but never very well. He was on my Hollywood radio show seven or eight years ago and I liked him very much. But, all in all, he was just another outdoor hero with all the personality trimmings, (Cont'd on page 127)
IN Hollywood when they say "Health Is Wealth" they bring new meaning to this old expression. For those who are in pictures must function on an alert and healthy beam and dare to look the relentless camera squarely in the lens eleven hours a day, six days a week. No wonder then that the stars live under the careful surveillance of their trainers like highly trained race horses.

But the diet routine is now passe. Film people have discovered they cannot diet without loss of energy—and they need every last drop of energy they possess, and more.

There are a few girls who are beautiful because they incline to be a little on the lush side. They must fight their weight problems by watching every morsel they consume between pictures. Girls like Lana Turner. When Lana puts on weight during a holiday, before she goes back

INN Hollywood when they say “Health Is Wealth” they bring new meaning to this old expression. For those who are in pictures must function on an alert and healthy beam and dare to look the relentless camera squarely in the lens eleven hours a day, six days a week. No wonder then that the stars live under the careful surveillance of their trainers like highly trained race horses. But the diet routine is now passe. Film people have discovered they cannot diet without loss of energy—and they need every last drop of energy they possess, and more. There are a few girls who are beautiful because they incline to be a little on the lush side. They must fight their weight problems by watching every morsel they consume between pictures. Girls like Lana Turner. When Lana puts on weight during a holiday, before she goes back
ON A BINGE!...

strange and wondrous results

that film society sleuth

MAXWELL

into production she lives on raw vegetable salads and nibbles fresh chilled cauliflower many times a day. But dieting and working at the same time—that's tabu!

Last winter, for instance, Billy de Wolfe had to go to Florida and lie in the sun to recoup from the ill effects of his diet. Billy, who took on pounds when he quit the stage dancing he had done all his life for a more sedentary existence in pictures, went on high proteins, meat mostly. And lost both weight and zest too fast for comfort. Now he too has joined the ranks of those who cry, "Never again!"

Massage has become the thing. However, the massage table is not primarily for weight control. It is relaxing and so serves as a defense against Hollywood's occupational disease—nerves! Many stars have a masseuse (Continued on page 79)


Only this great playwright could tell the story of Ingrid and her dream—to play, as she is now, the girl from Lorraine

**BY MAXWELL ANDERSON**

**How INGRID became JOAN**

**WHEN** Ingrid Bergman came East to do “Joan of Lorraine” on Broadway, she had two purposes in mind. One was to prove to the critics and the public that she was just as good an actress on the stage as on the screen (personally, I think she’s better). The other was to prove to the Hollywood magnates that “Joan” would make a good picture and that she should be allowed to play it as a picture. With characteristic completeness she accomplished both objectives. The critics gave her a unanimous hand for her acting—and she deserved it. And since the success of the play, every moving picture company in the West has offered to make “Joan of Lorraine” into a picture with Ingrid as its star.

This is more of a victory for Ingrid than appears on the surface. When she came to this country six years ago, she came because David Selznick had promised that he would star her in a picture about Joan of Arc. Then Selznick lost heart in the venture, decided that a “Joan” picture wouldn’t be profitable. Ingrid was not discouraged. She tried to interest other producers in the subject. She talked about it to every director she knew. She spoke about her desire for that one particular part in every interview she gave out. But Hollywood was adamant. There was no interest in Joan, no interest in her playing it. She continued to be certain that it was a great subject, certain that it was the one subject she wanted, and determined that sooner or later she would have her chance at it.

Meanwhile other parts were offered to her in a steady stream and she chose the best she could find and kept busy—playing each new picture with a growing sureness and range that put her in a class by herself among picture favorites. **(Continued on page 106)**
Lights up! Gold Medal Lady, Ingrid Bergman, in stage play “Joan of Lorraine”
A can of soup and bread made on a stick is no banquet—

unless you’re young and hungry

as were those two struggling actors, Greg and Ken

BY KENNETH TOBEY

SOME of the best adventures we have in life happen when we’re broke—usually because we’re broke. I think of that every time I see Gregory Peck. We had many a penniless adventure together when he and I were a couple of threadbare young actors in New York City. But I particularly remember one evening five years ago. Greg appeared at my door just as the rest of the city was eating dinner.

“Old Tobe, I’ve just lost my current home,” said he. “Share mine,” said I. (One of us was always being evicted for nonpayment of rent. When that happened, the victim stayed with the other.)

“Also, I’m hungry,” said Peck. “But I regret to inform you I have only thirty cents to my name.”

“I have exactly zero to mine,” said I, “but at least there’s a kitchenette here. Let’s see if the last tenants left anything.”

They had left a cup of flour, and at sight of it Greg said triumphantly, “Bread! Can you make bread? I love bread homemade.”

“I can make Boy Scout bread—the kind you wrap on a stick,” I said.

That was all Greg needed to know. We promptly planned our thirty-cent shopping list: Three eggs, one quart of milk, and one can of tomatoes.

Greg looked at me and said mournfully, “My thirty cents will only cover the eggs and milk . . .”

I said, “Get out one of your coins and we’ll flip to see who nips the tomatoes.” Let me hereby say that hungry young actors begin losing their nobility about stealing food during the first bad spell of starvation. Greg and I had often survived on small easily-taken cans of food that fitted into overcoat pockets. But to get on with my yarn:

I lost the flip. So while Greg bought the eggs and milk and kept the storekeeper busily engaged in conversation, I delicately removed a can of tomatoes from a shelf and dropped it into my overcoat pocket.

Then we bustled home again. And that dinner—fried eggs, tomato soup and hard twist wrapped around the broom handle—was one
Distinction in tweed: Gregory Peck, star of "The Yearling"
Greg's a homebody, likes to putter around the place, loves view from the back of his house.

In spite of his busy life he manages to read every best seller, runs movies at home, likes disreputable old clothes.

Greta and Greg celebrate in style—at Ciro's, but it's a rare occasion. They prefer having their friends at home parties.
of the best meals either of us ever ate!
That evening seems pretty hard to remember now I must admit—now, when Greg’s a famous star in pictures. But one of the great things about Greg is that it’s not hard for him to remember. He sat up all night remembering it (and others like it) the night I arrived in California to visit him and his wife, a few months ago. I couldn’t get over his house—a warm, comfortable house set on top of a Hollywood mountain. His garage held two big cars; Greta’s closet had several fur coats in it and the kitchen cupboards were piled high with every kind of food in the world! What a difference five years could make!

But there was no difference in Greg as a friend. The next evening he proved it. He came home for dinner laden down with presents for me—he had quietly recalled that it was my birthday. He’d bought presents for me from every member of his household—his wife Greta, his son Jonathan, even the cook and the nurse. On top of that, he’d secretly told Greta to plan me a birthday dinner, complete with champagne. And on top of that, after dinner he and Greta took me to a mammoth Hollywood party given by Jane and Ronald Reagan. It was in honor of Joan Crawford’s birthday, and inside of a few minutes it was also in honor of mine!
You can pretty well judge a person by his friends and you can judge a lot about Greg by the ones he’s chosen in Hollywood: Jane and Ronnie Reagan, Burl Ives, the William Princes, the Henry Morgans, the Forrest Tuckers, Eve Arden, the Jerry Walds... all of them completely without pretense. In fact, they all hate pretense to the point of developing an odd and interesting game. Whenever one of those “name-droppers” comes over to the Peck house, the Pecks and (Continued on page 74)
Sunshine and shadows—piquant Jeanne Crain, star of "Margie"
With Jeanne and Paul

Marriage was not the happy ending—

It was the happy beginning

By Elaine St. Johns

She hasn’t made a safari into darkest Africa yet! That’s the only dream that hasn’t come true for Jeanne Crain in this past year.

A year ago, early in the morning of December 31, 1945, quiet Jeanne Crain, who had been a movie star for two and a half years but still didn’t have the Hollywood habit of displaying her private emotions in public, quietly married Paul Brinkman, young radio manufacturer.

For two years—ever since their first date, on New Year’s Eve, 1943—they had been in love. But they had avoided publicity, jealously guarded their secret, their hope of marrying.

When they took their marriage vows that morning, in the church of Jeanne’s choosing, only a few intimate friends were present. That evening—New Year’s Eve, 1945—they were 300 miles away from even those friends, honeymooning at an out-of-the-way desert resort. Dreaming about the future.

New Year’s Eve, 1946, they celebrated their first wedding anniversary by going calling. Hand in hand, looking radiant, they visited all the friends who had not been present at that quiet, private ceremony. They wanted them all to know how happy they were. . . .

The Brinkmans started married life in a beautiful hillside house not far from where they were to build their home. Then they began moving from hotel to hotel on the five-day plan. (Continued on page 136)
They're gay, they're lovely, they're romantic. And they should give you ideas, these Hollywood fads and fancies.

**Sensational:** Jane Wyman's ring and earrings at a recent premiere

**Dreamy:** Lana Turner with gold and diamond halo

**Queenly:** Loretta Young in creamy brocade

**PARTIES** and premieres are by all odds the best Hollywood history-makers these days. And we might add they're making mighty pretty history.

First of all, there was the gala premiere of "The Yearling" which brought out a lot of things besides stars. Because the stars "brought out" some of their best finery for it. Lana Turner was outstanding that evening, with her hair darker than ever—almost black—wearing a blue and gold dress with a tiny halter neck. Her
combining of gold and diamond jewelry on her arm was not as gaudy as it may sound. But really unique was what Lana did with a gold link and diamond chain which she had "broken up" into two bracelets on one arm, and the other half of which she was wearing worked into her coiffure. It twined under and over her pompadour—and across her forehead. Not advised for general imitating—but on her, it looked good.

Ann Todd, the lovely new British star of "The Seventh Veil," was (Continued on page 104)
Jimmy Stewart, a lanky Yankee whose laconic look and shy smile pack a romantic wallop.

James Stewart is a shy, unassuming, easy-going guy, who is plenty determined.

He was determined to get into the Army. He was determined to get out of his Metro contract. He accomplished both.

Take the Army: He was the first Hollywood star to enter the armed services. When he first tried to get into service he was rejected for being underweight. He went on a diet of spaghetti, bananas and cream, just plain cream and other fattening foods and tried again. And made it by one slender pound.

Then take Metro: He had a permanent job at Metro, big salary, all advantages. He decided to free lance. His contract with Metro expired while he was in the service, due to the ruling about the statute of limitations in the Olivia de Havilland law suit against Warners. All their talk and temptation didn't sway him.

He then said that he was going to make a picture with his friend, Frank Capra. He's a firm believer in picking directors rather than stories. He went to work in the Capra production, "It's a Wonderful Life." After this he made "Magic Town" directed by William Wellman, whom he also admires.

He thinks that actors who demand story approval make a mistake, unless they know as much about stories as they think they know about acting. He feels that he has a lot to learn about acting. But (Continued on page 108)
American magic: James Stewart, star of "Magic Town"
1. All his life George Bailey is frustrated in his one ambition—to travel. Above, he defends his father against Potter (Lionel Barrymore) who, owning all Bedford Falls, seeks to control Bailey’s building and loan company

2. Druggist Gower, drunk and grieving over news of son's death, puts poison in capsules. George, his errand boy, discovers the mistake and earns Gower’s undying gratitude

3. Grown up, George (Jimmy Stewart) meets Mary (Donna Reed) who’s always loved him. He tells her of his plans to travel and go to college. Then his father dies

4. George has to give up his plans to see the world and attend college, to take over the loan company and struggle for the little people against Potter’s greed. He and Mary are married

Two men believed in each other—and a story. It happened before in “You Can’t Take It with You” and “Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.” Now again in “It’s a Wonderful Life,” Jimmy Stewart, star, and Frank Capra, director, have given you a picture at which you can warm your heart.
5. As they leave for their honeymoon there is a run on the banks. They give up their trip and turn their money over to save the company.

6. When Uncle Billy (Thomas Mitchell) loses $8000 of the company's money, Potter sees his chance to take over.

7. Christmas Eve George is faced with disgrace. At home he takes it out on the family.

8. Despairing, he plans suicide. His guardian angel, Clarence (Henry Travers) appears. When he wishes he had never been born, Clarence gives him his wish. They tour the town.

9. They see a different, poorer town under Potter's control. Nobody knows George. Mary's an old maid; Mom, impoverished, rents rooms; Gower's a ragged old drunk.

10. George, realizing his life was not a failure, returns to bridge where he planned suicide and prays for life to return as it was. He's overjoyed when cop arrives, recognizes him.

11. All the town folk who love George help to save the loan company. Clarence, who'd been an Angel Second Class, wins his wings for the success of his mission.
If you’re smart, you’ll be smart, by wearing your clothes better than the next sister. This being smart pays off—in dates, in romance, in careers. I’ll even say it in another way: Any girl who doesn’t learn how to wear her glad rags is a sad sack.

Across the page, June Haver wears a coat dress I designed for her to model for Photoplay readers. Junie is just about the fastest rising star on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. She is exactly twenty, has a brilliant career ahead of her, has more dates than she has time to accept and is definitely one of the smartest kids—in the sense of being brainy—that you or I ever encountered.

The class in smart dressing will now come to order while Instructor Cashin gives out, using Junie as a dreamy example.

Why do I choose a coat dress for June? Why does she wear that gingham scarf about her shoulders? Why does her hat have that double brim, one gingham, one white? Should you, assuming you have Junie’s height and kind of figure and a busy, dating life like hers, get an outfit (Continued on page 88)

Splendor in satin. Bonnie designed it, June wears it, in “I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now”

By Bonnie Cashin

Twentieth Century-Fox Designer

Easter—1947: June Haver’s ready to greet that glorious morning

Powolny
“Miss United Nations”: Betty Grable of “The Shocking Miss Pilgrim”
IF IT'S a girl, that maybasket from heaven should bear the name Jessica on reaching the home of Betty Grable and Harry James. "We can call her Jesse James then," says Betty. "A boy of course would be named Harry Haag James for his father. Jesse James wouldn't be so cute for a boy, it could be taken seriously."

Jesse James could easily be taken seriously as a name appropriate to Mama in view of Mom's record in heisting five million a year at the box office from the pokes of her fellow Americans and two million more from sabots of foreigners. There are no complaints for two very good reasons, familiar to all appraisers of our Betty's natural gifts.

But let's try to keep our minds off them for the nonce. Gams aren't all Mom's got; Mom's got everything. Only one thing; no ambition. That's what she says. That's what this spectacular creature says whose face has followed the flag to the far jungles of the earth, the pin-up champ of creation whose fan mail reached a pitch of 90,000 a month when Our Boys were hottest in the heat of battle, the star voted to top ten by exhibitors four years running.

Miss Grable herself would tell you, "I have never had ambition to be a great actress, no ambition to be a pin-up girl. I have not wanted to be anybody nor to have anything in particular."

If this sounds buttery from a babe who was practicing her arts at four and cashing them in at twelve on the Hollywood (Continued on page 132)
FOR some reason Jack Carson has been riding me for years about singing “One Alone.” I’ve never been able to figure out why. Could be that he’s a person who can’t stand his own company. That I could understand.

But whatever the reason, the song’s out from now on. We’ve made seven pictures together with an eighth coming up. And from all indications I’ll never be alone again.

True . . . I’m getting through “My Wild Irish Rose” without him. But nobody could avoid that. It’s a class production, thereby automatically cutting Jack out.

Life is funny. You work your way up, starve, sing for pennies or less, finally make stardom, and wind up as just one of two guys. But if it has to be . . . I don’t know of anyone I’d rather lose my identity with than Jack. He’s a solid friend who carries his weight in everything. And in his case, that’s saying quite a lot.

We’re good enough friends to carry a rivalry on. Take golf. Though I hate to say this, and usually don’t, he clips me a little at golf. And he’s always rubbing it in. “The only way you’ll ever get anywhere on a golf course is by charming the ball, Stan,” he says.

Actually I hit the ball farther and play a much better game than he does. I just don’t score as well. If I shoot an 89, he shoots 87. If I shoot 81 he does it in 79. It never fails. He plays a lot more than I do and has a handicap of eleven to my nine. He won’t ever give me the two strokes, but always insists on playing even.

That reminds me . . . Just for a gag one day I got the caddie at Lakeside

They’re the Katzenjammer Kids of Warners. Dennis, of “Cheyenne,” and Jack of “Love and Learn,” usually team up, but here Dennis gives studious Jack the hotfoot on the Carson radio show
Golf Club to pick up his ball and drop it into the cup on a very tough hole. Jack was shooting around a hill on the course and almost fainted when he came around and saw what he thought he’d done. What’s more, nobody could convince him he hadn’t. I made the caddie swear to it, before he got back to the clubhouse and bragged about making an impossible hole in one.

His biggest handicap is that Lakeside is too close to Warner Brothers and the studio keeps interrupting his golf game. Although, in all justice to Jack, it isn’t true that he plays a round between camera set-ups on the picture every day. There are some days when he only gets in nine holes.

Our director, David Butler, is aging fast. After directing Hope and Crosby he was satisfied nothing worse could ever happen to him. Then he drew Jack Carson. And Dave realized the terrific talent he’s working with. So do I.

Nobody can convince me that Jack isn’t the best actor in Hollywood. Even the best critics acclaimed his dramatic work in “Roughly Speaking” and “Mildred Pierce,” and I’ve seen him top both of them.

He holds me speechless with his dramatic account of a fishing trip we took to Park Falls, Wisconsin, together last summer. I couldn’t believe my ears when I walked into Lakeside the other day and caught him just as he was reeling off. “Stan (that’s what he calls me) is supposed to be the fisherman,” he said with a tolerant smile, “but I caught more in two days then he could catch in
Dennis takes the guitar in his stride. Carson's all concentration—on Jack's CBS Wednesday radio show.

“On Wisconsin!” lustily sing three Badgers, Jack, Dennis and old pal Dave Willock.

Home-town news: Dave once
Green Bay Packers have Jack's tense support (in Press Box with Dennis) for game with the Los Angeles Rams

worked with Dennis and Jack

a whole season!" I was completely stopped for here was acting at its best. Such assurance, such timing such imagination. It took the combined efforts of myself and my old fisherman friends like Scully Gustafson, who runs the sporting goods store in Park Falls; Jimmy Coston, Warner Brothers' Midwestern representative; and Ben Wing, who runs the drugstore in Marshfield, to get one on Jack's line.

It's true that he unloaded more fish than I did one day, but only because a bunch of other fishermen threw all their fish in his boat—at Jack's request. He doesn't know to this day—and won't until he reads this—that I'm wise to how he "caught" them. After all, you can't fish with guys all your life without them telling you a few things.

From the first, Jack was determined to catch more fish than I did and I spent my whole vacation trying to help him. We put him in the surest fishing spots in the lake and even then they wouldn't bite for him. I'd try out a new one and come in loaded with pike and bass.

I even put him in Ben's boat. When Ben Wing's fishing with you, you can usually count on bringing in more fish than anybody. But, as luck would have it, the boat I was fishing in caught the biggest one that day. Doc McGinnis, a Marshfield doctor, landed a five-pound bass where we were fishing on the opposite side of the lake. Just to kid Jack, we kept the fish under water on a tight reel, rowed over to where he was fishing and brought it up to the net right in front of him. "Here's (Continued on page 70)
IF YOU WERE THE HOUSE

You'd have a lazy, laughing weekend

BY DOROTHY

W HY don't you come over some weekend and join us in a fight?” he suggests.

Here, you must admit, is a stimulating invitation. Especially coming from John Lund, the stimulating blond six-footer who played opposite Olivia de Havilland in the sob-classic “To Each His Own.” He’s a high humored young man who regards his success as one of his favorite jokes and makes a private career of heckling his patient wife—not to mention itinerant house guests.

“What an invitation!” protests Marie. “You know perfectly well we don’t fight—”

“Ah, we do too—”

“Why, we do not—”

“See what I mean?” he says gleefully. “Always disagreeing—”

Sounds like the kind of “fight” anyone would like to get in, so comes a bright Saturday afternoon and you...
drive north into the Hollywood hills. There's no danger of passing up the Lunds' friendly-looking house because the master is out front, exchanging a little informal conversation with the neighbors' dogs. Obviously he has just returned from a weekend foraging trip, for the lady of the house is standing in the doorway, taking a dim view of the assorted packages in his arms: "Gee, I hope you got enough fruit this time—you always buy too much meat and not enough oranges."

"Be glad you don't lead a man's life," says John soulfully to one of the doggy spectators. "Hurry on in," calls out Marie, ignoring him, "I want to show you something."

You're thinking, as you follow the groceries across the front lawn, that your hostess, framed in an ivy-twined doorway, is about as attractive a picture as you've ever seen.

Black hair coiled (Cont'd on page 116)
Danny Kaye as MC kept guests in hilarious mood. Greer Garson, last year's winner, was in top five this year.

The golden voice of Crosby, the wit of Danny Kaye, the glitter of jewels, the lift of champagne . . . Hollywood called it the event of the year—when Photoplay, at your direction, awarded its Gold Medals.

Director of top picture, Leo McCarey, chats with Lew Schreiber, executive assistant to Fox's Zanuck.

Thanks for the melody: Vivian Blaine sang "It Might as Well be Spring," from "State Fair."

A laugh among leaders—Photoplay's Fred Sammis, Bing Crosby, Dr. Gallup.
THE winter night was incredibly balmy. Stars like oranges hung in the deep blue sky over the guests as they crowded into the Beverly Hills Hotel for the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner. It was the Four Hundred of Hollywood that attended—both socially and literally. For Photoplay’s invitations had to be limited to those who were connected with the pictures and players whom you yourself voted the most popular through Dr. George Gallup’s Audience Research poll.
Stars from the ten top pictures were there, as well as the top five men and the top five women in the most popular race. Leading executives of studios were present. So, too, were officers of all the Guilds—Dick Powell of the Screen Actors’ Guild; Emmett Lavery of the Screen Writers Guild; Delmar Daves of the Screen Directors Guild; Jean Hersholt, President of the Motion Picture Academy of the Arts and Sciences; Byron Price of the Johnston office, representing the major producers, and Marvin Faris, representing the independent producers.

Bing Crosby, three-time winner of Gold Medal, sang a duet with Kaye, soloed “A-Huggin’ and A-Chalkin’”

Kaye let out a wolf whistle when beautiful Lana Turner came up to get her citation as one of top five women stars

Danny keeps presentations going at top speed. Producer William Perlberg accepts the Gold Plaque for “State Fair”
Richard Ney and Greer Garson assure Photoplay's Herb Drake that party was a great success. Party was held at Beverly Hills Hotel.

Dick Powell, representing Screen Actors Guild, and June Allyson congratulate Jane Wyman on "Night and Day," one of top ten

**Photoplay's Gold**

Adela Rogers St. Johns and her daughter Elaine, who also writes for Photoplay, congratulate Van Johnson on being in top five producers. Photoplay's own Adela Rogers St. Johns, who nearly thirty years ago as Photoplay's first Western editor conceived the idea of the Gold Medals with the beloved editor Jimmy Quirk, sat at the speakers' table, now dean of American women in journalism.

Yes, Hollywood's brains were represented and Hollywood's wealth and power. Even that busy gentleman, Dr. Gallup, famed throughout the world as the founder of public opinion polls, had flown across the country just to be present. So, too, had Photoplay's editors, Fred Sammis and slim, black-haired Helen Gilmore, who wore a gold lamé gown and a cap of golden coq feathers in keeping with her role as Gold Medal hostess.

But who actually took all the attention? (Continued on page 144)
Jeanne Crain, star of top musical, “State Fair,” came to the party with husband Paul Brinkman, in spite of spring stork date.

Gregory Peck, who showed most popularity gains among men stars, and appeared in “Spellbound,” one of ten high films, takes a word from the wise, Charles Coburn, of “Green Years,” in top ten.

Medal Party

Byron Price gives new Johnston office dope to RKO’s Peter Rathvon.

Conversation, like the champagne, sparkled. Alexis Smith, with husband Craig Stevens, was in “Night and Day,” one of ten high films.
YOUR hands are showing ... more than ever. We girls are so active nowadays. And the way our hands look is as important as ever to our over-all beauty. For they're still the stuff of men's songs, our hands; just as they were when they were "pale beside the Shalimar."

Nail polish, I'll have you know, isn't any new fad. Oriental women used it years and years ago as a lure for men's eyes. And in Hawaii, where they speak with their hands, the women, as rotund as it is their figure fashion to be, see to it they have the most graceful hands in the world. They move their hands as subtly and gently as if they were touching raindrops.

Hands do not have to be tapering and pale with almond nails to be beautiful. They need only speak of you and be groomed and graceful. Shirley Temple's hands, for instance, are tender, sweet little-girl hands. Gene Tierney's hands are as witty and elegant as she is. And Jennifer Jones's hands are dramatic and expressive.

There's Bette Davis, too. Bette's hands are not unusually beautiful in a classical sense. But they definitely are one of her loveliest features because of the grooming she gives them and the way she uses them to emphasize what she is saying. In fact, when Josef Karsch, world famous Canadian cameraman, who's photographed the King and Queen of England and General Ike Eisenhower among other world famous, arrived in Hollywood, he wanted, above all, to photograph Bette and her hands.

You can make your hands important to your charm, too.

Don't protest deprecatingly. Don't murmur that your hands are scarred by domestic battles, that you must wash clothes and dishes, polish furniture and oil floors.

Martha Vickers helps her mother, Mrs. Frances MacVicar, with all of their household tasks but her hands are as beautiful as they were when she posed them for advertisements. Because she takes care of them, gives them as much thought and time as she gives her face or her hair. Martha says, "It's a good trick to massage your hands when you apply lotion, to massage them with good strong motions—from the wrist up into the fingers. This, in time, tends to make hands longer."

Dorothy Lamour's hands are none the worse for the heavy work she did when her husband was in service and she kept house over in (Continued on page 81)
Finger-tip-offs that show the way
to that special, romantic touch

Gene Tierney—beauty
accented with a brush

Rita Hayworth—supple fingers
for those subtle gestures

Diana Lynn—for that subdued note
—pale pink polish
I AM very serious," said Mark Stevens, examining a firecracker, "about acting. Anyway, I always know my lines. If there is one thing I can’t stand—"

He struck a match, lit the firecracker and rolled a mischievous eye around the big room. The Twentieth Century-Fox commissary at lunch time is jampacked with glitter like a Tiffany window, bristling with executive talk, sleek with smick-smack girls in nothing much and scented with rich food and expensive perfume.

"—if there’s one thing I can’t stand it’s people who won’t take the trouble to learn their lines.

"At a wonderful studio like this they do everything else for an actor. Why, the other day, Georgie Jessel came over to me and here is what he said, ‘Look, kid, are you comfortable? Do you like your part? Do you want any changes made?’"
Life was as uneven as a roller-coaster for Mark Stevens until luck stepped in and applied the "breaks"

BY CAMERON SHIPP

The fuse sputtered slowly. Steve twirled it between his fingers, looking about the room.

"...and I said, 'Look, George, how in the world could I improve on your show? You put those lines in there and they'll be right for me and I'll read 'em.'

"Then consider the help you get from a director. And the make-up people, the cameramen. Now—"

The wick had virtually disappeared. Steve regarded his fire-cracker solemnly for a moment, then skidded it across the floor. It came to rest two tables away, precisely under the rear of a blonde girl who was eating soup.

"Now, I like the idea of being a movie star," said Steve. He flipped a quick hand in greeting to June Haver, his co-star in the Jessel picture, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." June left her table and scampered over, (Continued on page 83)
What Should I Do?

Dear Miss Colbert:

I started working as a secretary in a business firm. The man who trained me is a twenty-three-year-old veteran who is very popular in the company, physically attractive and mentally keen.

He has always treated me with the greatest respect, but during the past few weeks he has occasionally called me honey, sweetheart, dear or some endearing term. On one occasion, he approved of some work I had done and said that he would certainly marry me if he didn't have such a nice wife already.

I am nineteen and I feel that I am mature enough to know what love is. I am in love with this man. I know that he has no intention of divorcing his wife, because I don't think he knows that I love him.

I don't want to give up my job, because it is a good one. Yet I'm miserable—seeing him every day and not knowing what to do.

Anne Spring S.

Please don't be hurt by what I am going to say.

The pleasant veteran who is so popular in the company simply has a knack of cajolery. When he calls you pet names, he does it partly to tire you—because I suspect that you are somewhat naive and serious minded—and partly because he is good natured. When he told you that he would marry you if he were free, he was simply paying you an elaborate compliment because he was pleased with your work.

I don't think it will be necessary for you to leave your job. Under no circumstances should you allow this man to think that your interest in him is other than friendly; if he knew otherwise I'm afraid that it might amuse him considerably.

What you have is a good, healthy school-girl crush on the veteran. I predict that, in six or eight months, you will smile to yourself when you remember how breathless you were over him.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem deals with a girl. I am deeply in love with her, and vice versa.

She thinks that we should be married as soon as I get out of the Navy, but I disagree. I am not now in a position, and I can't be for some time, to give her what she deserves. It is true, as she has pointed out, that I have a good job waiting for me as soon as I'm out of uniform. This would support us nicely, but I want to pass this up and go back to school under the G.I. bill. I can get my degree, finishing the work I started before war interrupted my schooling.

I can't make her see my point. She says either we get married now, or we are through. What do you say? Should I finish my education, or should I get married?

Hank McD. S 2/c

It seems to me that a girl who makes an arbitrary statement to the effect that a man must do as she says—without regard to his viewpoint—or she will quit, should be allowed to go her own way without hindrance. If marriage is started with one of the partners giving unequivocal orders, unhappiness is certain to ensue.

Personally, my sympathies are with you. Each passing year demands greater education of those who are to advance with our jet-propelled age. If this girl were right for you, I think it might occur to her that you could be married; you could go to school and she could get work. Together, you could work out a future.

I should like to appeal to married readers of this column, young people who are going to (Continued on page 122)
New! Blush-cleanse your face—for that Engaged-pretty look

You'll see results tonight—with the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circles over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's demulcent action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps free your skin! Every night, this full blush-cleansing. Every morning, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's.

KATHARINE'S RING—set with precious family stones—a diamond flashing between two white pearls

Katharine's Ring—her rose-petal complexion is blush-cleansed with Pond's

She's Engaged!  
She's Lovely!  
She uses Pond's!

Charming Katharine Kurr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Kurr of Rye, N. Y., is engaged to Lawrence Esterbrook Wattles of Wynnewood, Pa. They plan to be married at beautiful Belgrade Lakes, Maine, where both families have summer homes.

Katharine is startlingly like her charming mother—the same dark blue eyes and complexion so rose-petal fresh you must see it to believe it. She is delighted by this new blush-cleansing way to use Pond's Cold Cream. "It gives my face such a clean-soft, waked-up feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get your Pond's Cold Cream today—a convenient big 6-oz. jar is especially nice to use!

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

VISCONTRESS MOUNTBATTEN MRS. VICTOR DU FORT, III
THE LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME
MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY
THE COUNTESS DE PETITEVILLE
MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR THE LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT

Diamonds and Pond's! Classic round diamonds, like Katharine Kurr's; luxurious emerald-cut diamonds; and a graceful pointed marquise.
My Handicap—Carson

(Continued from page 57) another one," I said casually, as though we'd been catching bigger ones all day.

Jack's eyes popped. "You've been catching quite a few," he said.

"Oh, we've been doing all right," I shrugged.

Jack wouldn't leave that spot all day. Not even to come in to lunch. But he didn't catch any. "Jeepers, Stan ... do you sing to 'em?" he said.

We were fishing partly to let down and recover from the shock of the reception we had been given in Milwaukee when we went there for the premiere of "Two Guys from Milwaukee." We thought we'd take a few fast bows at the Warners' theater and a few fast beers with some of the boys around town we'd known. But we reckoned without Milwaukee. What a place. They really stick by the home team, whether you've got it coming or not.

Streets were roped off, sirens were going, fire engines whistling, confetti falling and bands playing "On Wisconsin," as we rode on the back of a 1910 White automobile in the mile-long parade.

The city was all ours, but we were too stunned to take it and we didn't feel like making much conversation, for our throats were too full. "This is ridiculous," I said.

"Don't you wish we'd discovered penicillin or something ... Anything?" said Jack. I don't know what he was thinking about as we chugged along. But I can guess. That not so many years ago we were downing a beer and steakhunk down at Fritz Gust's joint down the street and wondering what, if anything, the future had in mind for us. I was thinking, too, and with small satisfaction, that I probably owed part of mine to Jack who was taking bows there beside me.

Jack was selling insurance when I first met him. Rather, he was the son of an insurance man. I think Jack sold a couple of policies to some distant cousins since removed. We only knew each other casually and he didn't try to sell me.

I was working at radio station WTMJ, reading poetry, going over the news in "The Green Sheet," the Milwaukee Journal, sweeping out, playing records and announcing my own vocal program as Tomorrow's Star of the Prince of Song.

Carson was afraid of radio then. He couldn't see any future in it. He thought we were taking people's money for doing nothing. And I had just as little faith in vaudeville when Dave Willock, who worked on the station with me, took Carson out on the road to break in an act. But when they came back to town making around $400 a week at the Palace Theater and walked down the same red carpets Sarah Bernhardt had trod, I was jealous as all get out. I quit my $35 position and started into show business too.

We met up again three years later in Chicago, where I was doing okay at the Palmer House and Jack was playing for peanuts in a third-rate vaudeville house. I'll never forget it. I ran into him on Randolph Street one cold, wintry day and he was wearing a too-thin overcoat and the customary Jack Carson courage.

"Stan! What are you doing here?" he greeted. I told him modestly that I was breaking records at the Palmer House.

"Well don't worry about it. You'll do better. Just keep at it," he said.

He's always been very ambitious. Always trying to exceed his own expectations—and that's no easy job. He tries a little of everything. In fact he changed his mind about radio. Has a show of his own now. In fact, he and Crosby both hit the West Coast at the (Continued on page 72)
Never a Love so True.....
Never a Ring so Cherished

A GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake DIAMOND RING

For this, love's shining hour,
when the heart seeks something very
special to bestow . . . choose the
imperishable beauty of a genuine registered
Keepsake Diamond Ring. Individually selected by master craftsmen,
each Keepsake diamond flames with pure and lovely light. Keepsake
ring settings are exquisitely crafted to suit the most fastidious taste. Look
for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and ask for the Keepsake Certificate of
Guarantee and Registration. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices to $5000.

A. LAWRENCE Set 400.00
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   Engagement Ring 175.00
   All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold
   Rings enlarged in show details
   Prices include Federal tax

Traditionally through Six Decades the Choice of America's Loveliest Brides
1

Continued from page 70) same time on
nights. And Jack can’t understand why I listen to Bing. I don’t see anything strange about it. After all, it’s only
natural that one good singer likes to listen
(

Wednesday

another one. Besides, my young son,
Stanley, always listens to Jack’s and relays
it on to me.
He’s Jack’s greatest fan and
refuses to go to bed before his broadcast
comes on. “I can’t go to sleep yet, Daddy,”
he protests. “I’ve got to listen to Jack.”
to

)

ACK’S always been on the

serious side. In

J fact, Jack’s one of the very few guys I
know who hasn’t changed since coming to
Hollywood. Same jokes. Same loud neckties.

ice

Even the same capacity

for chocolate

He loves chocolate ice cream almuch as he loves an audience,

cream.

most as
which is a

lot of ice

make

for him,

I should know.
winding one of those
old-fashioned hand freezers you crank until your arm feels like it’s falling off.
I’ll
never forget once when Jack was
very ill, when I cranked up a batch of it
and took it over to him. His fever was
around 105 and the nurse looked askance
at the ice cream when I walked in with it.
I

it

cream.

can’t give him
Upon which Jack

“You

that,” she said.
rallied quickly.

My

want that

ice cream.
insisted.
He ate the

friend

made

“I
it,”

he
whole six quarts
during the next two days. That touches
me whenever I think about it. Even though
he was out of his head at the time.
When we go out on hunting trips he
leaves me out in the middle of the woods
some place while he hunts up the nearest
town with a golf course. “I’ve always been
squeamish about killing things ever since
I

was

a

kid.

I

just

can’t

hunt.

I’m a

coward,” he says.
I

have a new hunting wagon

beaut.

that’s

a

A long, low, beige streamlined Chrys-

ler station

wagon

that I’m

still

trying to

myself was a very conservative, pracI gave Humphrey Bogart and
tical buy.
Lauren Bacall the de luxe tour in it the
other day, pointing out all the latest improvements. Bogie wanted to know what
the rack on top of the car is for.
“Don’t you know that’s where he hauls
Carson,” said Lauren.
I’m not sure just who hauls whom. But
it looks like we’ll be toting each other in
our next one, “Two Guys from Texas.”
With Jack back home on the stage, anyThe eyes of Texas
thing can happen.
haven’t seen anything yet. Just give him
sell

guarantee!

HYGIENIC

a

DOROTHY REED
Dorothy Reed

MATCHED TO FASHIONS’ FAVORITE COLORS!

LIPSTICK!

lipsticks

1.

DAYTIME

2.

PINK DELIGHT (Fuchsia Red)

1

The Camelia’s fuchsia beauty haunt
ingly blended with flame red!

lipstick is finished
3.

off, it

(Orchid Red)
The orchid’s exotic purple blends with
true red

are

automatically flame-treated!

Once the

3ay ^Sert/anc/ o£SBe/tb&c/t SRetfa

c

fjtf

FLAMING HEAT TREATMENT

remains untouched by

human hands!

4.

NEW RED

(Bright Blue Red)
Brightest red highlighted by the bright
est blue on the artist's pallette.

MACIC RED

(Rich Dark Red)
Magnificent Titian Red for sheer ele

gance

LARGE JUMBO SWIVEL STICK
S.

MEDIUM

(True Red)

Clear vivid red, absolutely unblended

—

his boots and saddle
in the tumbleweeds.

and a place

to light

But

I’ll be riding right along beside him.
speaking as one guy of another, I
don’t know anybody I’d rather ride along
with, on screen or off, than Jack. He’s a
mighty charming guy.

And

The End

Co 5 "

1

Plus

At Your Favorite Five-and-Ten

Tan

and Variety

Store

the

menu:

Carson

at

Romance on
and

Jack

Chili Williams

Slapsie

Maxie’s


WHICH TWIN HAS THE Toni?

You, too, will want your next wave to be a TONI Home Permanent

You'll thank the lucky day you give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. For you'll discover an amazingly easy and inexpensive way to keep your hair always at its loveliest. Beautifully groomed with deep, luxurious waves...silky soft and natural looking. Because Toni Creme Lotion waves your hair permanently, but gently...leaves it frizz-free and easy to manage.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. That's why every hour of the day another 1,000 women use Toni.

No trick at all to giving yourself a Toni...just three simple steps.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, and dab on Toni Creme Lotion.
2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your Toni Cold Wave is finished...it's beautiful...and will last as long as a $15 permanent.

Now, while you are thinking about it, get a Toni Home Permanent Kit. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Consuelo, the twin at the left above, is the one who has the Toni Home Permanent. Could you tell?

Listen to "Give and Take" CBS Network Every Saturday at 2 P.M., E.S.T.

*125 plus tax

Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in...
My Pal Peck

(Continued from page 47) all their friends read the same way. It goes like this:

The name-dropper says, "I lunched with Clark yesterday—that's Clark Gable, you know," and all the assembled Peck friends say quietly, but in perfect unison, "Bong!"

Then the name-dropper looks confused. But he doesn't get the point. So he clears his throat and starts again: "The other day in Washington, whom should I see but Harry—that's Harry Truman, you know."

Quietly, in chorus, everyone remarks again, "Bong!"

Well, it usually takes about five "Bongs!" By then the name-dropper gives up his favorite pastime. And you know what happens? He changes into a nice guy who's not straining to impress anyone.

Visiting Greg is not like visiting at all; it's like being one of the family. I decided to take them up on many bids, after my seventeenth flip play on Broadway. Planned to stay a week. And stayed four months!

But I didn't feel as guilty as I normally would for such a long haul. I felt particularly useful because Greta was expecting her second child. So I tried to keep her from exerting herself. I washed mirrors and cars and ran errands. I got rid of all their teeming gophers by trapping them. I made salad every night—fact is, I went wild in their kitchen because Greta has every herb ever invented there. Also every cookbook, including those two intellectual ones called "The Gentleman's Companion." And I thought up a device for using their movie projection machine that completely eliminated noise—by setting it up outside the living-room window, so that it beamed right through the window onto the opposite wall.

Greg and Greta run movies every evening the way the rest of us read the newspapers, you see. Some wag among his friends began calling the Peck living room "Loew's Peck," and that's just about right.

But don't let me give the impression that I did things for Greg that weren't reciprocated. Quite the contrary. For any little thing like car-washing that I did, Greg did something monumental for me. He did the greatest thing one actor can do for another for that matter; thanks to knowing him I got my first roles in the movies.

I went down to watch him act on the set. He was doing retakes on "Duel in the Sun" and "The Yearling" and he was acting in "The Macomber Affair." Anyhow Greg introduced me to the director. I thought that was that. But the next day Greg came rushing home and began shouting as he opened the front door, "Ken!" he yelled. "Can you ride a horse?"

The point was that I had been offered a part in a Hopalong Cassidy picture as a result of that visit to the set.

Also, thanks to Greg, I got a part in "This Time For Keeps." My visit with the Pecks was a thrill. Not to mention the laughs.

For instance, one morning when Greg and I were off at studios a big gravel truck backed up into the driveway and unloaded a mountain of gravel. Then it went away again. This was, of course, a huge mistake—the load was intended for a nearby house that was being landscaped.

Anyway, Greta came home from the hairdresser's to discover it completely blocking the front of the house—and, being a thrifty Scandinavian, she was delighted, "A free load of gravel!" she said to the cook. At that (Continued on page 76)
How a glass of water can help you buy a better mattress

1. On the outside, most mattresses look pretty much alike. It's what's inside them—the coil springs—that makes the big difference.

There's a simple way to prove this—the "water glass test." It reveals clearly how no other mattress but Beautyrest can offer you Beautyrest comfort. Read and see why:

2. Compare! Above, see how the water glass spills when the average inner-spring coils are pressed down. Why? These coils are all joined together! When one goes down, others follow—the mattress sags!

But, below, see how steadily the glass of water stands on a Beautyrest coil. Each of your Beautyrest's 837 coils are individually pocketed, act separately, thus give every inch of your body firm, buoyant support!

3. No-sag edge! Other mattresses may promise firm edges for a while. But Beautyrest's patented border keeps edges neat and firm for the life of the mattress.

Beautyrest is guaranteed for at least TEN years, too. Special "torture tests" made by United States Testing Company, Inc., prove it lasts for longer than any other inner-spring mattress tested.

4. 1¢ a night! Based on its TEN-year guarantee, a big luxurious Beautyrest costs little more than 1¢ a night. What a bargain, especially today! No wonder the demand for Beautyrests often exceeds your dealer's supply!

Deliveries are increasing daily, so order your luxurious, new Beautyrest now. You should get yours soon!

Beautyrest by SIMMONS

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET
AND OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING

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(Continued from page 74) moment, a representative of the gravel company showed up.

"It was a mistake, but since we left it there we'd be delighted to let you keep it gratis," he said with all the generosity of Santa Claus.

Greta was even more delighted. Joyfully she signed for free ownership of the gravel. Then she waited for Greg to come home and rejoice over the gift from Heaven. Of course, both Greg and I, being males, instantly realized what had happened. Greg said it at once:

"It would cost twice as much as the price of the gravel to haul it away," he announced. "Which is why they cleverly gave it to us . . . and what, Greta, are we going to do with it?"

That had never occurred to her. "We must have some use for it," she said. But there wasn't any. So Greg and I spent three weeks shoveling it out of the driveway and down the mountainside next to the house. But hard going as it was, we couldn't help laughing. It was such a screwy situation! One of many that have happened to us since we met back in 1936 on the campus of the University of California. I was a law-student and he a medical student—but we met while savagely criticising each other in one-act plays put on by the students. Then we re-met in New York City, in the lobby of the Neighborhood Playhouse. We were both strangers in Manhattan, both hungry and both determined to act; and we went through a lot together.

For several months I was the wealthier of the two—once every two weeks my dad sent me $15! (I had arranged for him to do this from a several-hundred-dollar amount I had earned by bartending in San Francisco before coming East.) Anyway, with my first $15 windfall, Greg and I decided to do something clever. We could go to the famous restaurant Sardi's. There we would see famous people in the theater—and also be seen by them. Who knew what might not happen?

The only catch was that, in our eagerness, we went at three in the afternoon—when the place was empty! So we sat there until midnight, toying with our food and drink. By midnight everyone had seen us, we had seen everybody—and we had nothing to show for it but the complete expenditure of my $15!

Greg always hated to borrow money as much as anyone does. But necessity made him adept at it . . . though I never remember him borrowing more than $5 at a time. But I've often seen him preparing for a touch. He'd clench his teeth, tighten his fists and then blurt out an ecstasy of embarrassment and shyness, "Give me a loan of five dollars!" He was almost rude about it, it upset him so much. But people always gave it to him after one look at his strained face—and he always paid it back the minute he could.

Let me add here that we weren't always starving; we were also acting. We went together to the Barter Theatre in Virginia. We went to the Suffern Theater the summer of 1941; it was our first acting for real pay. We were in "The Male Animal" together—I was a football player, Greg leader of the school band. And finally, just before Greg went to Hollywood, we realized our many-years ambition: We were together in a Broadway play, "Sons and Suitors." Opening night we had a big celebration party at Sardi's.

It was somewhere in those lean years that Greg got a present from a friend—a gray suit the friend no longer needed. I'll never forget his pleasure as he unwrapped it.

"Gee, Ken—this'll be my prop suit to use in casting directors' films! Make a fine impression!" he said. Then he tried it on. The sleeves came up to his elbows!

Silently he took it off and handed it to me. I got into it and it fit perfectly. There was only one drawback. It had a large hole in the seat! So all that summer skinny Greg went around in his worn clothes and I went with him—sweating under a smotheringly hot overcoat in order to conceal the hole. We were both the only thirteen-year-olds with Greg was both the creditors in Manhattan, both hungry and both determined to act; and we went through a lot together.

Maybe he was thinking of that clothes shortage this Christmas when he sent me a swell lounging robe which I most certainly needed. He also sent my best girl, Sally Gracie—"a bottle of perfume . . . which is, you must admit, thinking of everything! But more than anyone else he thinks of Greta. When her second baby was born, he had two big gifts waiting for her when she returned from the hospital; a new car and a string of pearls.

Yes, visiting the Pecks is an experience in pure American family life. In all my four months' stay, we never went near a night club; our social life was spent entirely in the Pecks' home or in their friends' homes. And I noticed that in spite of Greg's busy acting life and his interest in his movies and records, he has time to read every best seller . . . his two favorite among late ones being "Look Away, Look Away," and "The Foxes of Harrow."

Most of all I noticed how much I wanted to come back again. With that in mind, I tackled up signs all over my room when I was leaving: "Ken Tobey Slept Here," and "He'll Be Back!" I sure hope I am. Because you don't find friends like Gregory Peck every day. And I'll always want to see a lot of him.

The End

---

FOR A HALF-HOUR OF ACTION-PACKED DRAMA TUNE IN
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Every Sunday Afternoon

Join the millions of radio listeners who have become avid fans of "True Detective Mysteries" . . . the most exciting half-hour on your radio. Tune in "True Detective Mysteries" this Sunday and every Sunday afternoon.

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As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. Ovaltine is standardized. Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals.

You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You know that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk always gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B₁, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be sure that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you all the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—in food.

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Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

**It's the Neuer Way for Better Results**

**Get ALL your Vitamins in Food**

**Read what you get in 2 Glasses of OVALTINE**

- More **VITAMIN A** than 2 servings of Peas
- More **VITAMIN B₁** than 3 servings of Oatmeal
- More **VITAMIN C** than 4 ounces of Tomato Juice
- More **VITAMIN D** than 10 ounces of Butter
- More **VITAMIN G** than 1 pound of Sirloin Steak
- More **CALCIUM** and **PHOSPHORUS** than 2½ servings of American Cheese
- More **IRON** than 3 servings of Spinach
- More **PROTEIN** than 3 Eggs
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"Red Majesty suits my King's taste!"

— says MRS. DICK HAYMES

Thrillingly attractive wife of the popular young singing star.

"WHETHER the problem is 'Get your man'... or 'Keep your man,'" explains pert, charming Joanne Haymes... "Red Majesty is the best friend a girl's lips can have."

This new shade makes your mouth look exciting... inviting... irresistible to men!

Make your next lipstick
Tangee Red Majesty.

**Red Majesty**

NEW HIT SHADE BY

Tangee
Hollywood Is on a Binge!...

(Continued from page 35) waiting at home every night so they can sleep well after the hours of tension an acting day holds. There are sleeping pills, of course. Some Hollywood stars and directors take them. But they do no one any good. As Betty Hutton, probably the greatest generator of nervous energy in town, discovered when she abandoned these pills during her pregnancy. To her surprise she felt greatly improved, especially upon awakening in the morning. She had none of the sluggishness which is the evil of such pills. Now Betty and her husband, Ted Briskin, hopped and mumbled as anyone has ever known them to be, retiring between eight-thirty and nine and are up before seven.

Joan Crawford stresses the importance—for her—of early hours. "How anyone can leave the studio at seven o'clock and dress and go on to a party—get home after midnight and be up at five or six the next morning ready for eleven hours' work, I don't know," she says. "When I'm working I don't go out during the week. And leave Saturday night parties at ten."

John Payne concurs with Joan. "You have to use your head and your will to keep healthy," Johnny says. "I remember when one of my best friends invited me to a birthday party. I didn't feel like going. I was dog-tired and heavy eyed from overwork. But when the host insisted, I went, not wanting to hurt anybody's feelings or to appear difficult. I hadn't been there a half hour before someone grabbed my arm and said, 'John, you look sick! You should go home to bed!'

'I thought I was being unselfish when I forced myself to go to that party—but I wasn't at all. I was being unfair to everyone there, and to myself.'

Peggy Cummins has worked out her own routine for relaxing—sans pills or massage. When fatigue closes in, the first thing Peggy does upon entering her room is kick off her shoes. Then, lying flat on the floor, she works her feet in wiggly exercises. Also she walks around the house—as much as she can without seeming a character out of "Tobacco Road"—in her bare or stocking feet. This removes pressure from the spine and nerve centers and is conducive to relaxation.

Frances Gifford's health problem used to be colds. And even a girl as sheerly beautiful as Frances cannot face a camera with a cold and equanimity. At last Frances and her doctor decided to search for the cause of those colds. A tiny remnant of a tonsil long since removed was discovered to be the criminal. It was treated by X-ray over two years ago and Frances has had exactly one cold since. It wasn't a full-grown cold, either. For as soon as she felt snuffy she went for a penicillin inhalation and presto—the cold was gone. Most doctors do not give penicillin unless an infection is more serious. The doctors of the stars, however, waste no time in employing emergency measures when the patient can stand the treatment.

FRANCES also tries to drink eight glasses of water a day. This, physicians agree, is about the best health measure of all. For water is our rolling stock and promptly carries things to their proper destination.

Frances has two other simple routines—and if you could see her, so beautiful and alive, you'd heed them too.

"I try to conserve my energy," she told me. "Instead of dashing over to the commissary in noon and having a grand time visiting from table to table, I have lunch alone in my dressing room. And on the set instead of learning how a baby spot works or talking with prop men about my period furniture I sit quietly in my little chair."

Also at four o'clock—the hour when our energy flags—Frances, with two hours of work still ahead of her, orders a malted milk. This is a sufficient pick-up to keep her from tapping nervous energy.

Overhead on a production costs thousands of dollars a day. Consequently in Hollywood you've got to be healthy and wise to become wealthy. The studios, if possible, are more constantly concerned over the stars' health than the stars themselves. At the beginning of a picture, for instance, before the shooting schedule is made up, a star is asked if there is any time during the weeks of production when she might prefer to remain at home or at least not to have any close-up scenes. Also every studio has a physician and a nurse on the lot at all times. The instant a player develops a backache, sinus, indigestion or any other complaint, the studio physician, in consultation with the player's personal physician, begins...
treatment. Dorothy Lamour, for instance, has an ear which acts up every now and then as a result of water that got in it during the filming of a South Seas picture and the studio physician knows just what to do.

The fact that Southern California weather permits most sports to be enjoyed all year round goes a long way toward keeping the stars relaxed.

On the golf links you’ll find Joan Caulfield. Every day Joan isn’t working she plays nine holes. “Golf,” she says, “takes so much time and concentration especially when you’re a beginner that it leaves you no time to think about yourself or to worry.”... June Allyson likes golf, too. Three and four times a week, when her schedule permits, she plays with Jane Bryan (Mrs. Justin Dart) ... Bing Crosby, of course, has always been a handicap man on the links. Bob Hope, too. Often, these friends play an informal tournament of a day or two with as many as ten thousand watching ... Zachary Scott, Joe Cotten, Pat O’Brien, Fred Astarie and Dean Kaye number among the other invertebrate golfers.

This is another favorite. Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli play all the time. So do Joan Fontaine and her husband, Bill Dozier. Charles Boyer goes in for all other sports. Fred and six months Jack Galloway. But then Paulette is a great all-round exercise enthusiast. She does ballet exercises and swims, too. Whatever the order of her day, however, Paulette has a little siesta.

Veronica Lake and her husband, Andre de Toth, get away from nerves by trekking off to Bishup, California, for three weeks at a time. They spend in the fish, trout, stream, serene in the knowledge that no one can reach them on the telephone.

There are times, emergencies, when Hollywood people may have extra energy. I’ve heard of directors taking benzedrine when they have to keep their players’ emotions at high pitch for the whole day and consequently have to maintain a high pitch themselves. Benzedrine was given out to the stars who went on Bond Drives. They couldn’t have survived without it. For often enough they would get into a crisis like Washington at ten o’clock at night and rehearse until early the next morning. Then after a few hours of sleep they would start out on a round, including their performances, which would continue until the following midnight. And “when we face our would be the same routine at the next stop. Benzedrine to keep going during the day and sleeping pills to counteract the effects of the benzedrine and let them sleep for the few hours that they get. For he’s been happier and healthier than ever before since he’s been married to Cleatus Caldwell and has spent much of his time out of the studio and away from the press.”

“I’m forever grateful for an experience I had when I fell while skating in Europe. Before I could get up a man skated over my fingers. The pain was excruciating, but I knew there was nothing I could do, and I came out. But when my nails grew in again they were stronger than ever—just as scar tissue is stronger always. Our bodies are marvelously wonderfull—when we treat them properly, when we give them a chance!

“Happiness, of course, is more conducive to well-being than anything else in the world.”... She’s the one who does problems philosophically and constructively—when our thoughts go out to others, when we live simply and within our income—then we are healthiest!”

Ditto Alan Ladd—since he and his Sue bought their farm in Hidden Valley. For Alan, too, has two problems: one to worry as he runs bulldozers, digs holes for pipes and does the chores of a farm crew generally any time he isn’t up to his neck in work at the studio. And, at night, he’s tired, he sits up and keeps the minute his head touches the pillow.

There’s more to life in the film colony than meets the eye in the sensational headlines. As you know, a newspaper which certainly do not create the idea that Hollywood harbors the hardest working health devotes you’ll find anywhere. And that, I can assure you, they are!
Your Hands Are Showing

(Continued from page 64) San Bernardino. Because she, too, had a special beauty routine.

"In fact," says Dottie, "all that domestic exercise made my nails stronger than they ever were before." Which is reasonable enough. Nails, you know, like teeth and skin, bespeak general health always.

The first thing to do to bring your hands to greater beauty is to consider the length and shape of your nails. Long pointed nails are dainty. Let your nails grow out with the corners square or slightly rounded. Nails kept the width of the fingers grow stronger.

Don't bruise your nails with cuticle pushers. And don't clip your cuticle.

Never oil or wash your nails before you file them. This has a softening effect—makes them more likely to tear under the file and emery board.

Hold an emery board or file flat against the edge of the nail or tip it slightly toward the underneath area.

Be sure to take in the entire tip of your nail with every stroke. Don't use either file or emery like a buzz saw. And don't let them bite into the corners of your nail where it joins the cuticle.

Polish will protect weak nails. Every now and then, however, go without polish for a week or so—to give your nails a "breather."

Whenever you remove your polish soak your hands in warm olive oil.

Buffing strengthens the nails by stimulating circulation. So buff your nails even though you immediately cover their shine with polish.

Never shake your polish bottle. Shaking produces bubbles.

Clean your polish brush regularly. Keep it free of dust, little particles of hardened polish and loose hairs.

To keep polish from chipping wipe a fine hairline off the edge of the nail.

Short nails will look longer if you'll cover them completely even the moons.

Nails will look slimmer if you leave a hairline free from polish on each side.

If you keep your nails short because you do heavy housework, play the piano, type or use your hands in some similar way, take a leaf from Dinna Lynn's book and use only a clear or subdued pink polish.

A small jar of oil on your night table will help you remember to oil your cuticle daily.

So your hands will be supple, exercise them. Wring them and pull on imaginary gloves, a la Rita Hayworth. Rita also snaps her fingers on a table, pulls every finger back as far as possible and shakes her hands until her fingertips tingle.

See that your gloves fit properly, are not too tight and are free at all times from ugly folds.

Betty Grable, who learned to use her hands gracefully years ago when she was a dancer, says men like to see a woman's hands in graceful repose. She warns against toying with table silver, twisting your rings or putting your hands to your hair or face.

And last, but far, far from least, see that your hands—which do more grumbling than any other part of the body—get plenty of soap and water.

Gene Tierney, who is credited with having especially beautiful hands, says, "Soap and water isn't enough. Scrub your hands briskly with a small stiff brush—as often as possible."

Lend yourself a helping hand by giving your hands meticulous care. You'll be surprised what this will do for your life-line—and your heart-line!

The END

"I get so darn mad!"

"I'm fed up with 'wash day fairy tales.' How any grown woman can believe some of them is more than I can understand!"

Lady, we don't blame you. But please don't point at Fels-Naptha Soap.

Every word we say about Fels-Naptha has been said before . . . by the women who use it. In fact many of our customers make stronger claims for this fine laundry soap than we do.

We say Fels-Naptha is better because it gives you two great cleaners—gentle, active naptha and good mild soap; that it makes all kinds of washing quicker and easier; that it makes linens and delicate garments so fragrantly clean they're a joy to behold.

And we believe—if you try Fels-Naptha Soap—you'll never even read another 'wash day fairy tale."

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...

- But GAYLA HOLD-BOB'S kept her hair stylish till lunch!

- Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.

Not in the Script

Right on the set dancers Joy Ames and Dick Landry said, “I do!”

Bridesmaid Andrea King helps Joy dress for nuptials on “My Wild Irish Rose” set

The groom isn’t smiling as best man Dennis Morgan in costume kisses the bride

Ben Blue drives the blissful pair home for a honeymoon—until morning set call!
Even Stevens

(Continued from page 67) pressing a friendly cheek to Steve's jaw before she sped on. She was wearing gingham, but a one-handed seamstress could have run up that alarming garment while papering a house.

Anyway, as Steve was saying, "I like the idea of being a movie star, but the idea is about all I've got through my head yet. Take the matter of money—"

It exploded. You're darn right it exploded. In that chi chi room, it went off with the detonation of a bomb in a tin factory.

"—Money," said Steve. "I would like to spend some money. But all this has been kind of sudden, you know, and there were a lot of things to be taken care of."

The blonde hadn't even moved. By the sidewalkers of Darryl F. Zanuck, that cutey did not even drool a drop of pea soup down her bosom.

She spoke calmly, without turning around. "Hiya, Stevie," she said.

"We have fun here," said Steve, grinning—to whom it might concern.

After lunch, Steve rode from the commissary to the "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" set in his new jeep. The Twentieth Century-Fox lot, which is the largest in the world, except for Warner Brothers and M-G-M, which can also prove they are the largest in the world, is so big that only cross-country hikers try to get anywhere by foot. Steve was surprised to find his jeep where he had left it.

"Grable is not on the lot today," he grinned. "She always steals the jeep."

"It came," said a dress extra as the jeep pulled up at Stage 15. "It's over there in the snow."

"Brother!" said Steve. "Let's go see it."

On the way, six other people grinned and pointed.

It was one of the biggest trailers you ever clapped eyes on. It had been towed into a gypsum drift, the stuff they use to look like snow for street scenes.

"Can I come in?" said Steve at the door.

Ernie Park, make-up man, moved aside, slightly. "Yeah, come in, Steve. It's yours. But don't get any funny ideas. This is where the gang hangs out."

"No respect," said Steve. "It was the same in my dressing room. They made sandwiches there all day and played gin. Now this."

Steve and Ernie grinned at each other. "I will show you around the premises," said Ernie. "This trap door leads to the penthouse, and below you have the basement playroom. In the rear is the master bedroom, and up here we have the servants' quarters. You may sit there, if you're quiet."

He indicated a corner of the servants' quarters.

"Anything in the icebox?" asked Steve.

"Naw," said Ernie. "You do not run this place right. Please have the icebox filled immediately. And come here, Mister Stevens, I got to fix your face."

"This is the end," said Steve. He submitted to a light flick of make-up.

The trailer, it turned out, is a gift to Steve from Mr. Jessel. Even on the opulent Twentieth lot it is a sign of distinction when a star receives a private trailer from a producer. Steve remarked (this was before they found a house and had a baby) that he was going to need that trailer.

"We will be living in this," he said. "Maybe we could fix up the front end for a nursery."
UTTERLY NEW SHAMPOO
GIVES
softer, more lustrous hair

Not a liquid—Not a soap—but a revolutionary new CREAM shampoo that gives amazing results!

See how soft—how shining—how easy to manage your hair can be!

Now, millions of women can have softer, more radiant and glamorous hair that's also easy to manage—thanks to a remarkable cream shampoo discovery—Lustre-Creme Shampoo by Kay Daumit!

Lustre-Creme Shampoo was created by the genius of Kay Daumit. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, she combined rich lanolin with special secret ingredients in an almost-magic new formula. Once you try Lustre-Creme Shampoo you'll find its abundant, pleasant lather offers these advantages—compared to soap and liquid soap shampoos you've used before.

1. Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair glowing soft and brilliant, as though it had been given lots of good brushing. 2. Not drying. 3. Leaves no dulling soap film. 4. Your hair is easier to manage, easier to arrange and keep in place. 5. No vinegar or lemon rinse. 6. Works just as well in hard water.

So, no matter how you've been shampooing, you owe it to your hair to try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. See how soft, how naturally lovely, how brilliantly alive and well-behaved your hair can be. Simple and easy to use. Economical—a little does so much. Ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

KAY DAUMIT, INC. (Successor)

540 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago, Illinois

The Stevens—Mark and Annelle, the Mississippi girl he married in March, 1945—were dispossessed. What happened to them is a story not calculated to enhance the reputation of landlords.

They had a place in Beverly Hills which consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. It had no telephone, nor could the Stevens get one. It was not on a bus line, so they could not enjoy the dubious pleasure of having a servant. Not having a telephone, Steve had to report to Twentieth daily to see if he was wanted.

When Steve and Annelle knew they were going to have a baby, they also knew, obviously, that they required more space. They solved this by adding a wing to their two-room rented place. This wing cost almost $2,000.

They were evicted just as the wing was completed and just before their child was born. An old friend found them a rented house. But they still had no telephone. So they hadn't yet had an opportunity to make like movie stars. One of the bare necessities of making like a movie star is a large house with a swimming pool. Next is a fine car.

"The trouble is," says Steve cheerfully, "that ever since I landed at this wonderful place (I mean Twentieth Century-Fox)—I have been paying off debts. Mostly doctor bills. You know about my back. That took a lot."

"The ten thousand dollars that Darryl Zanuck gave me for a bonus after 'The Dark Corner'? Used that to pay up with.

"Things cost a lot—that is, they suddenly begin to cost more when people begin reading about how you're a movie star. Now, ordinarily, a doctor charges you about $300 when you have a baby. We were willing to pay any sum for our baby, but I was a little startled when I discovered this was a fifteen-hundred-dollar baby. So we haven't done anything fancy and we probably won't for a while."

Mark Richard Stevens Jr. was born at 6:45 p.m., September 30, at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, and immediately established himself as a harbinger of good luck. Before the baby arrived, Dr. Lowell F. Bushnell told the parents that the perfect child should weigh six pounds, twelve ounces at birth. Young Mark weighed precisely six pounds, twelve ounces.

Steve and Annelle—who is called "Nell"—found their new home just four days before Mark Jr. came, and their new station wagon, ordered a year ago, was delivered four days after.

Because Nell was not out of danger for several days after the baby came, a special telephone was rigged on the set where Mark was working. The cast eyed it nervously for four days. It did not ring. Then, when everyone had relaxed, more or less, that phone went off with a demanding summons. The entire envelope held its collective breath. Mark listened seriously, then broke into an enormous grin.

"That was Nell herself on the phone," he reported. "She was feeling so good she wanted to read me a letter. It was from the income tax people. I get a $5 refund on last year's returns!"

"I like my job," says Steve. "I ought to. It is the only job I was ever able to hold."

This remark is literally true. His stepfather makes locomotives. Steve tried to sell them, and didn't. He ran a general store. He sang in waterfront cafés. He was a commercial artist. He sold punchboards. He peddled soap. He washed cars. He sold electric razors. He sold cosmetics. He sold..."
various. bee) was test. creamy great. that. more.
ever obligation long, Fresh small, my catch star, friends expanded dous thinks "I other Power, one left, throws none ambidextrous Colman, likes is many best to severe in picnic, Lucille in home Twentieth, fought decent stone took contract, ter engagement of dime it ever companies.

Today finds Mr. Mark Stevens, the commissary incendiary and motion picture star, as relaxing as a long letter from home. Gone is the bitterness of his Warner days, the tension of his epic struggle to catch on. Life has finally put the shoe on the other foot. It's even Stevens now.

The End

Turn to Page 91 for Photoplay Fashions in Color

Lovely to know ... that you can really rely on Fresh. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!
Lovely to use ... creamy Fresh stays smooth ... never greasy, gritty or sticky ... doesn't dry out.
And gentle ... Fresh contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.
No wonder ... more and more women are switching to Fresh.

© 1947, the Pharma-Craft Corporation, Inc.
He could have been a leading man, this dynamic director, but he preferred saying, "How would it be if—" and turning out a Gold Medal Award Winning picture

BY KENNETH RHODES

The old Irishman had raced the best horses, promoted the best prize fights, made and lost a fortune or so, and he had founded a convent.

Out of his wisdom, he gave the young Irishman some astute advice.

"Son, don't ever bore people."

The kid was hard fisted and hot eyed, with soot-black hair like his mother, who was French. He never forgot what his father said, but actually, he needed that advice less than you need a flea circus. Leo McCarey has never bored anybody at any time in any of his enterprises, some of which are as gaudy as horse blankets and some as purely reverent as "Ave Maria" at twilight.

We are referring, naturally, to the Leo McCarey who made that wonderful, good-humored and essentially pious picture called "Going My Way," in which he proved for the first time on any screen that religion and laughs are not incompatible. Last year he directed "The Bells of St. Mary's," a natural follow-up in which Padre Crosby was teamed with Ingrid Bergman, who played a nun. Net result: The American public chose the picture and both stars as their favorites for 1946 in the poll conducted for Photoplay by Dr. George Gallup and his Audience Research, Inc. Mr. McCarey, along with the winning stars, received a Gold Medal Award.

McCarey looks like Cary Grant. He is the only director extant who could at any moment become a romantic leading man. Which is to say that he is an exceedingly handsome dog.

McCarey is man-sized, a sixfooter, lean, bronzed, his hair like a black plume, his eyes the eyes of an adventurer and his laughter near the surface. He made a test at Universal years ago, was self-conscious before the camera and thus didn't become an actor. Leo says mildly that his advisers advised him that "intellectually and temperamentally" he wasn't suited to be an actor. Today he is a director with a talent so mercurial that neither precedent nor occult science could predict the play of his imagination from one scene to the next.

He strolls on the set in haberdashery as casual as Crosby's, sits down (Continued on page 121)
Be young...be bright...be lovely
...the gladness in the air
is irresistible when you're wearing
the gay-hearted fragrance...

YARDLEY English Lavender.

Yardley English Lavender,
$5, $2.50, $1.50, plus tax.

Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c,
box of three tablets, $1.
If You're Smart...

(Continued from page 51) similar to this? I'll answer those questions in order.

The reason I designed this coat dress for Easter 1947 is, first of all, because I believe we are coming into a season of more feminine fashions. For the first time in years we designers can give you girls longer, fuller skirts, real pockets, real hems and the like. There will definitely be a style change this spring. On the other hand, it can't be too radical.

But war restrictions meant we practically couldn't make anything but short, quite tailored suits for the last five years. Therefore, I believe, we are all tired of them—and that goes for you, wearing them, and your dates looking at you wearing them.

Still, a neat line is something we don't want to abandon. Hence my compromise—a coat dress, which is feminine, warm, tailored, yet casual.

Notice, please, that I've made the shoulders definitely softer than they would have been last year. I've lowered the hem line somewhat, in the front, and definitely in the back. In fact I've split the back hem line into two points that look like exclamation points—directing the eye toward June's lovely ankles.

The reason for the gingham scarf is that I think clothes that are essentially young should have just a dash of sophistication about them. This keeps them from getting sugary sweet and also proves the wearer has a sense of originality and daring. In this particular case, I could have used fur or a similar accessory touch—but gingham isn't usually used for scarfs, and therefore it's new—and nice, I think.

When it comes to that double hair-brim, I evolved it for the same reasons: Originality, freshness, plus the flattery of white against the face.

So, should you, if you are June's type, wear something similar to this? Yes, if your life is active like June's—and also if it suits, not alone your face and figure, but also your individuality.

0R haven't you any individuality? The chances are pretty good that you haven't as yet—a style individuality, anyhow. Few women have before thirty, many don't get it before forty and lots never get it at all. But you can, if you will work at it.

If you are really serious about being smart—here is your first step. Select the good friend or relative whose taste you trust and ask her just what is wrong with your appearance. She will probably tell you something you don't like. It may hurt you—but it is getting to be a big girl now. You are about to prove that you are smart—so you take that criticism and digest it thoroughly.

What's more, don't stop there. Have plenty of mirrors at home, at least one in a harsh, cold light, and look at yourself in them, frankly, even brutally.

Don't just look at your face. Look at your figure. See yourself as a whole. Watch yourself walking toward the mirror. Watch yourself walking away.

Are you a dream walking, or are you humped like a camel? If you're the latter, let me tell you something. You could put on a five-hundred-dollar custom-made dress and you still wouldn't look chic. Reversely, if you carry your body proudly, you can put on a two-dollar wash dress and look distinguished.

So teach yourself good posture, first of all. That's one thing every movie starlet masters as Lesson A. It will save you money, improve your health and what it will do to your date life is no fooling.

---

Hers is "SKIN THAT STIRS THE SENSES!"

It's captivating, intoxicating, man-catching, this skin that stirs the senses. And here's the wonderful Phillips' "Beauty Facial" created to give it to you!

- Twice a day, spread a thin beauty-veil of new, gentle Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream over face and neck. Instantly, it will loosen dirt and makeup, floating them on the surface of your skin. As you tissue off this beauty-veil—always using an upward, outward motion—you almost feel your skin breathing with cleanliness!
- Next, wash with soap and warm water. Blot dry. Finally, touch your fingertips to new Phillips' Cleansing Cream and pat very lightly on face and neck. Tissue off.

Start today! . . . Get thrilling new Phillips' Cleansing Cream!

Or haven't you any individuality?

The chances are pretty good that you haven't as yet—a style individuality, anyhow. Few women have before thirty, many don't get it before forty and lots never get it at all. But you can, if you will work at it.

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---

Skin that looks radiant, romantic!

Skin that feels velvety soft and smooth!

Skin that makes hearts beat faster with its alluring fragrance!

New PHILLIPS' CLEANSING CREAM
Now one big asset you girls of under twenty have is that your figure is usually pretty good. Keep it that way and work to improve it. Next, look to your hair and make-up. To me the worst thing about the appearance of most teenagers is their long straight hair worn way down to there. It's my pet hate, except long hair done up in sheep curls. Hair should be smooth, well burnished, and combed, up or down, with some sense of form.

Going back to June Haver, she is fast becoming one of our best-dressed young stars. In a couple of years' time, with the interest and intelligence she puts into it, she will be one of our smartest.

Gene Tierney is an example of a young woman with great individual fashion sense. Among the young players, Nancy Guild is one of the best-dressed girls. Lauren Bacall, Cathy Downs and June Vincent also seem to be young women with smartness beyond their years.

June has a good head on her shoulders. She is trying to learn, she is amenable to new ideas and wants to be a leader, and is unlike most kids her age who feel they'll die if they don't wear what the whole gang is wearing. Junie likes to be ahead of the mob.

A THING I know June does, and which I advise your copying, is to study the fashion magazines. Don't merely look at the pictures. Read what lines are new, what lines are old. Study the models displaying the clothes. Select the one who looks, not as you wish you did, but approximately as you do now. She's smoother, of course, but remember you are still going to stay you. If you're tall, you can't look short or if you're thick, you can't look like a slut. Consider Dorothy McGuire. She isn't glamorous. Smartly, she doesn't try to be. She goes casual—and gains ten times the personality of the blonded little copycats who look like weak carbons of some outstanding girls.

Be on guard against flattery. Some boy says you look divine and you believe him. Well, don't know little about clothes. You'll be a darned sight smarter—in both senses—if you are guided by what your worst enemy (female) says about you. Correct the flaws she points out and make her eat her spite words with your future chic dressing.

If I were your age, and didn't know how to sew, I'd learn. Or if you already know how to sew, I advise you to do a lot of it. You can make yourself such cute things at low cost and with much originality. But if you can't, and haven't too much to spend on your outfits—and few young girls have—I advise your saving up for one very good outfit, rather than having a lot of junky ones. Don't fall for "sales." The reasons such clothes are at half price are because the mass of buyers were too smart to get stuck with them. So don't you. Buy carefully, at the right season, for the right occasion.

For average wear, I advise "separates"—a couple of good skirts and jackets, two or three sweaters, one an evening one, and possibly a couple of long skirts, for casual "formals." Of course, if you can afford it, I think it's really darling to have one formal that is strictly not practical and entirely out of this world.

I'm sure I don't have to tell you that you must always be spotless, wrinklelessly neat, but I do tell you, first, last and always—

Be yourself . . . plus.

And if all this doesn't prove that you have to be smart to be smart, why study the girls who are, which confirms it.
For all eternity the cherished beauty of your hands can hold him close. Thrilling-soft, enchanting hands... pampered with NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands — instantly makes them feel smoother... lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic — because your skin eagerly takes in the special softening ingredient. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects longer against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10c, 25c, 50c, and $1.

Adele Whitely Fletcher  Director
Peggy Thorndike  Fashion Editor
Gerry Southmayd  Fashion Service Manager
Jack Force Jr.  Fashion Art Director
Ben Studios  Photographers
Biddy Banton  West Coast Associate
John Engstead  West Coast Photographer

Virginia Welles
She's 22 years old, stands 5' 2" high, weighs 105 pounds, has red-gold hair and brown eyes—and Paramount Studios expects great things from her since she appeared, so charmingly opposite Eddie Bracken in "Ladies' Man."

Be the best-dressed girl in the Easter parade in this Doris Dodson butcher linen dress and jacket. Also in black and white. Sizes 9-15. About $15.00 at Maison Blanche (Daytime Dress Dept.) New Orleans, La., and Mabley & Carew (Junior Shop) Cincinnati, Ohio.

Flowered Bonnet, about $8.00. By Brewster
For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 101
Young...
VIRGINIA WELLES

She studied drama with Maude Adams . . .
She wrote the music of “The Love Waltz” and “I’m So Afraid” for which Eddie Bracken wrote the words . . .

Her “dream man” combines the best features of Laurence Olivier, Ronald Colman, Bob Preston, Bing Crosby and Richard Whorf . . . You’ll see her next in “Dear Ruth”

Romantic . . . and Designed for Spring

A peplum suit that works figure magic. By McArthur in light wool crepe. Light and dark shades. Sizes 10-20. About $35.00. At Saks, 34th (Sportswear Department), New York, N. Y., and Blatt’s, Atlantic City, N. J. Hat by Brewster, $8.00.

Above, a blouse by Vicki Lynn with a cowl neckline and lace insert. Sizes 32-38. About $3.00. At The Hecht Co. (Blouse Department), Washington, D. C., and Crowley-Miller (Basement Sportswear), Detroit, Mich.

Patent leather belt with removable flower bouquet by Vogue, $5.00

Right, Navy blue dotted swiss is back! A hand-sewn blouse by Yolande, in sizes 32-38. About $7.95. At J. P. Allen (Blouse Department), Atlanta, Ga., and Famous-Barr (Blouse Department), St. Louis, Mo.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturers listed on page 101
Look Pretty for

“The rich full life”—that was the great operatic star Geraldine Farrar’s wish for Geraldine Brooks, her namesake. And her wish is coming true. For Geraldine, only twenty-two, is the Bright Hope of the Warner Brothers Studios. You’ll see her in “Cry Wolf” with Errol Flynn and with Joan Crawford in “Possessed.”
Easter

Left, if the sun shines—you'll love this New Hi Ho Junior coat. Perfect for Easter parading and on through summer.


Right, if it rains—you'll be pretty as a picture in Sherbrooke's exciting belted coat. Celanese Doveelle in many colors. Sizes 10-20. Around $25.00 at Macy's (Better Sports Coats Dept., 3rd floor, Broadway Bldg.) New York, N. Y., and Jordan Marsh (Coat and Suit Department), Boston, Mass.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer list on page 101.
Five foot two, eyes of blue—that's Geraldine Brooks. Geraldine, walking into Ben's studio for her fashion sitting, looked an average, very pretty American girl. She's far from average, however. Ask anyone who has seen her in her first motion picture role in Warner Brothers' "Cry Wolf."

She's been training for a theatrical career since she was two! At Julia Richman High she was president of the Drama Club. She attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and studied at the Neighborhood playhouse. She made a name for herself in summer stock, the Theatre Guild play, "The Winter's Tale" and radio work.

Geraldine and her sister, also in the movies now, live in a cute little house in California with a housekeeper-chaperone. Geraldine has contributed to the general decoration with a sweet potato which she planted in water. It grew and grew until it covered the whole mantelpiece. She and her sister have nicknamed it Sweet Potato Jenny—after the heroine of "Portrait of Jenny" who grew so fast!

Geraldine has lots of beaus, but no one steady. She loves parties, especially when they play charades. Her father, James Stroock, who, incidentally, is president of the Brooks Costume Company, costumers to many New York stage productions, is even more excited about her career than she is, she insists, and struts around like a peacock.

Geraldine designs many of her own clothes—a talent she inherits from her mother, one of the leading stylists of the New York stage.

When Geraldine arrived at the studio to pose for this fashion section she was wearing a lovely Chinese green shantung blouse with a slim black skirt. Around her tiny waist was an amusing belt inscribed with the words "Soyons Preparés," meaning "Be Prepared." She keeps prepared with pennies in the small pouch purse attached to this belt! Because she's so small—a size 9 is too large—most of her clothes have to be made for her.

She also collects four-leaf clovers—for luck. And when you add luck to looks and ability you go places. Whenever Geraldine goes, however, it will have to be in the theater or studios for—ask her—she's in show business for life!
Vicki Lynn

Twice as cute, as Pigtails matches big sister in her very own Vicki Lynn blouse.

$3 at leading department stores.

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Caltex of California’s own wonderful “Ripple-tide”...rich textured water fabric of rayon and *Lastex... in a one-piece classic that molds your figure yet gives with every motion. Inviting sun shades: foam white, sea aqua, shore pink, sunny yellow, sizes 10 to 20... $12.95

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fashion is Fun and makes you lovelier

Look for narrower belts, this year of 1947, to replace the wide ones we’ve loved for so long. They’re more exciting, really. Look, for example, at the belt photographed in our Fashion Section. It’s black patent leather and the little rose and lace boutonniere slips off so you sometimes can substitute fresh flowers. A big pin clipped or pinned on this Vogue belt would be a smart variation. And when you want to be very tailored, the black patent is perfect by itself.

You’ve heard of “loud” clothes and probably thought they meant gaudy colors. Not always! Hollywood designers often mean something else when they describe a dress as “loud.” An elaborate taffeta gown which Adrian designed for Joan Crawford, for instance, literally talked its way out of the picture because the sensitive microphones registered too loud a crackle when this gown rustled. So take a tip from the movies! When you not only want to be seen, but heard too, wear something that rustles!

Have you seen the attractive new trim that can be bought by the yard. It’s Trimz; and it’s available in ½” to 1” widths. There are endless ways you can use it to brighten clothes or linens. One of our favorite trims is a flower printed white organdy—for a gay, fresh-looking headband.

... Do you have a basic dress in a pastel or dark solid color? If so, here’s the way to accessorize it so it will have a custom-made look. Buy a short length of fabric in a striped or print design with a white background; dye it to match your dress. The white in the print will be the color of your dress and the dark design will remain the same color. Make a set of hat, belt and gloves with it. Or a headband and bandbag.

Belt buckles provide a gay accent with scarves this spring. A scarf (Continued on page 100)
I'm dreaming of a Flexnit figure...

Wake up, your dream of wonderful new figure flattery has come true. For Flexnit molds your body magically like a second skin.

No restraint . . . you're free as a bird. Yes, Flexnit proves that youth is not an age, but a figure. Ask for Flexnit youth girdles at leading stores.

FLEXNIT, 200 Madison Ave., New York 16
Spring season opens on a Velvet Step

One-two-three, glide. That's the new step—the effortless Velvet Step. More lilting than walking, in these worldly wise Velvet Step spectators. Sold only through retailers...write us for your dealer's name.

FASHION IS FUN
(Continued from page 98)
slipped through a buckle will bold tightly around your hips. Or drape your scarf over your shoulders with the buckle anchored high on one shoulder. A buckle also will give a finished look to a scarf worn as a turban.

Add glitter to your spring wardrobe with the new rhinestone jewels. What could highlight a lovely back more than a sparkling clip pinned low in the deep V of a dancing dress? Or wear a delicately made necklace of rhinestones high around your neck with an off-the-shoulder party dress.

Right this minute you're probably thinking "What kind of a spring hat do I want?" Here are a few suggestions to give you that "I'm a new woman" feeling. Consider a hat with a brim that swoops low on one side near your cheek. This effect, easy to wear, is equally wonderful in felt or straw. It's so right, too, for a variety of trimming. Trim a hat like this by draping fabric across the crown. And wear a scarf of that fabric tucked high at your throat. Or pin a bunch of flowers on the low side of the hat to hold your veil—for the softest, most romantic look ever. Or clip your best pin on the low side of the brim at about eyebrow level.

Beloved full skirts, back in the swing now that fabric restrictions have been lifted, make spring clothes exciting and different. When you shop for your summer cottons, look for unpressed pleats, circular skirts, pleats plus an over-blouse look, extended cuffs, little capes and lots of front fullness.

Walter Florell, the guy whose hats make the movie stars even starrier, has a new idea in his spring hat collection...It's a hat he calls "Follow Me Laddies," a charming pillbox of straw with long ribbon streamers bearing flower clusters that can be worn draped around the neck, floating down the back, or tucked behind each ear like flower sachets. You know the Laddies will follow this bonnet.

An umbrella, these days, has to be something more than a rain shelter. Paris says, "They're a gay accessory." And that's just what they've become with bright fabric cases, large important looking handles and new looking wrist straps. Make a case of plaid to
FASHION IS FUN

give your umbrella a new face when the sun shines. Or make a case of a solid color and tuck a taffeta flower just under the handle. These “Dandy-lish” umbrellas are a perfect accessory for the new spring peplum suits.

Do as the movie stars are doing these spring “dress up” evenings. Slip your favorite bangle on a narrow satin ribbon and wear it high at your throat. This gives a specially romantic touch to a low round neckline and off-the-shoulder dresses.

Nylon lastex is being used in a new Diana panty girdle that is made for a young figure. It has satin panels front and back with a detachable crotch that can be taken out and laundered as easily as a hanky. It comes in pretty pastel colors, too, so you can match your bra and slip.

Wherever You Live
You Can Buy
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photo-play Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Navy and White Butcher Linen Dress
Doris Dodson
1120 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

Peplum Suit
McArthur, Ltd.
1372 Broadway
New York City

Cowl Neck Blouse
Vicki Lynn
2 Park Avenue
New York City

Dotted Swiss Blouse
Yolande
16 East 34th Street
New York City

Three-quarter Length Coat
Leeds, Ltd.
500 Seventh Avenue
New York City

Belted Raincoat
Sherman Bros.
205 West 39th Street
New York City

Hats
Brewster
411 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Flowered Belt
Vogue Belts
14 East 32nd Street
New York City

Miracle of miracles, a sleek new girdle that STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS. No more wrinkling, rolling over, no more discomfort found in old-fashioned boned garments. Your beautifully styled, lightweight, comfortable “Perma-lift” Girdle eliminates all that. A Magic Inset, soft yet firm, prevents your “Perma-lift” Girdle from wrinkling, rolling over ... gives you smooth, comfortable support. Best of all, the “Perma-lift” Magic Inset is self-ironing, withstands countless washings and wear. For a comfort thrill beyond belief, wear a new, youthful, lightweight “Perma-lift” Girdle, Pantie, or Foundation. At fine corset departments everywhere—most styles $7 to $12.50. The perfect companion to your “Perma-lift” Brassiere — AMERICA'S FAVORITE BRA—with The Lift that never lets you down.

*“Perma-lift” and “Hickory” are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off)
**Beauty Spots**

BY MARY JANE FULTON

**SWAM WAY INTO HOLLYWOOD**

*Esther Williams*, former national swimming champion and World's Fair Aquacade star, literally swam her way into Hollywood. Until M-G-M made her an offer that was a challenge to this brown-haired, hazel-eyed, champion-spirited beauty, she turned down all movie offers. In "Fiesta," her ninth picture, you'll again have a chance to admire her glowing prettiness. Esther's knack for always looking lovely, even though she's dripping wet from a swim, has made many of you wonder how she does it. So we asked her.

**HER MAKE-UP TECHNIQUE**

"I find that the only way to obtain a smooth outline," Esther says, "is to apply my lipstick with a lipstick brush. At each corner of my upper lip I give a slight, upturned stroke. This helps to give a smiling look to my face. I think lipstick, applied before powdering, gives a more natural look. I then dust a little powder over my lipstick, and moisten my lips with my tongue...To avoid over-powdering my nose, I begin with the lower part of my face and work toward the center. I powder my nose last. Then, so I won't rub the powder into my pores, I remove the excess with a soft powder brush...I'm usually very tired at night. It's a temptation to undress quickly and hop into bed without removing my make-up. But I don't. Before my date with the sandman, I have formed the habit of using warm water, creamy-lathering soap and a complexion brush to scrub my face clean."

**HER EYES, TOO**

Esther says she doesn't feel her make-up is complete without mascara, which she applies to her upper lashes only. "This is so, even when in swimming, it doesn't smear and make me look as though I had two black eyes!" she laughed..."I use one tiny brush to apply mascara, then another clean one to remove the excess and to separate the lashes...My brows? I don't pluck them and change their shape. I do remove all stray hairs, however, which appear between and beneath the brows, so that they will look well groomed and cared for. I use a clean mascara brush to brush my brows straight up, then with the tip I smooth them into a trim line...And that is how Esther Williams accents her loveliness. Swimming, a natural body beautifier, is how she keeps her gorgeous figure!"

---

**CREAM OF THE COTTON CROP**

Bare shoulders, bold checks...this date-time dirndl made of Dan River's Starspun.* It's cotton with a sunny disposition...color-fast, pre-shrunk,‡ and crisp through many a sun and soap-suds session. Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

Dress about $11 in sizes 9 to 15. At Charles A. Stevens, Chicago, and other fine stores across the country.

*Fabric Shrinkage less than 3%
'Twas all in fun, and it got funnier—but nobody knows who was fooled

BY MERLE OBERON

I'm beginning to believe that with a bit of effort one can make anybody believe anything.

My good friend Paulette Goddard, for example, most certainly is not a gullible person, yet recently her husband Burgess Meredith, my husband Lucien Ballard and I had her believing an utterly preposterous story which grew out of a single line of kidding.

Paulette and Buzz bought a lot adjoining our home at Trancas Beach on the beautiful rocky stretch of seacoast, so like the Riviera, north of Malibu. Just before Paulette left for England she jestingly suggested to Buzz that he have their house built and the landscaping finished by the time she returned, which would be in about four weeks.

On her homecoming we invited them to our beach house for the weekend and the four of us met in town to dine.

Quite casually, over dessert, I asked Buzz, "Did you tell sugar what happened to your lot?" I don't know why I said it. We had not rehearsed any sort of rib and I had no idea what Buzz would say in reply.

"Why did you mention that, Merle? I was going to let Sugar see for herself," he answered calmly.

"What happened? For heaven's sake, tell me!" Paulette inquired.

"Well," Buzz hedged, "you said you wanted me to start building, so I hired a contractor to level off the property. I'm sorry, but they bulldozed most of the lot into the sea."

"They did what? Will it be possible to build a house on it?" Paulette was completely aghast.

"It looks a little like the top of Vesuvius," Lucien contributed.

"One advantage, though. Trespassers don't come to fish any more. Not with so much dirt pushed in by the rocks," Buzz added, still as serious as a professor lecturing on atomic power.

"This is horrible. And just the sort of thing you would do, Buzz," Paulette fumed at her husband.

During the hour's trip to the beach she tried to be calm but as soon as we arrived in our patio she peered through the moonless night toward their property. In that darkness it was impossible to see anything, but she imagined she could.

"It looks awful! What contractor could be so stupid?"

All the laughs were over the lot that Paulette and Burgess had bought

"The Murphy Brothers," Buzz told her without a flicker of hesitation.

"Now let's not talk about it any more tonight," I suggested placatingly; I didn't want our silly story to lead to an argument.

Early the next morning Paulette rushed to the window and saw two men on the nearby lot. Her lot.

"Look!" she cried. "There are those miserable, mangy Murphy Brothers. I'm going to tell them exactly what I think of them."

She started from the house, then for the first time saw the lot had not been bulldozed into the sea. We howled with laughter. But so did Paulette. So convincingly that I wonder just when she might have started acting and ribbing us.

At any rate, the next day two characters appeared before Buzz's dressing room, carrying picket signs announcing, "Burgess Meredith Unfair to the Murphy Brothers."

THE END

More sureness in your samba, too, when you wear this Real-form Panty Girdle! It's fashioned to fit of two-way stretch Raschel-knitted Lastex and DuPont Rayon for gentle control. Won't roll or ride up, guaranteed non-run—and the crotch is semi-detachable!

Sizes: Small, medium and large.

JUST $5.00

Real In-Form-ation! Send 25¢ in coin or stamps for the Arthur Murray Dance Book, Real-form Girdle Co., Dept. 3F, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1
Pretties at Parties

(Continued from page 45) at the premiere in a stunning two-piece white dinner suit. The tailored coat featured shoulders with an epaulet effect and a tiny standing collar. It also had large sloping pockets, large turn-back cuffs. The strips across the shoulder line, white pockets and cuffs—and part of the coat from the waistline up, were sparingly embroidered in white with gold sequins. The skirt was straight and full. In a way this was a "coming-home" present from her husband, Nigel Tangye, who flew with the R.A.F. for it’s fashioned from a parachute in which he had to bail out when he was flying over Germany.

Jane Wyman’s white lace gown and white evening wrap came in for its share of attention at the premiere of The Yearling,” along with her swell performance as Mrs. Baxter. But the really knock-out part of her costume consisted of the unusual earring and ring set. The ring was a highly polished saucerish disc of platinum. And set low in the center was a huge pearl. The earrings, of course, matched the ring, though much smaller. The effect created by the reflection of the pearl on the polished metal and vice versa was really something!

The deep-sea party the Nunnally Johnsons gave for Peter Lind Haye’s took the sponge cake for novelty and lavishness. The soiree celebrated the start of "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" which Johnson will produce—and the whole party had an "underwater" décor. The top of the huge tent bellowed with a festooned chiffon, the color of ocean waves. Real live mermaids complete with fish tails were reclining on mossy settings at various points—from the entrance hall to the tent where two hundred guests dined and danced.

A lot of the glamour girls were wearing draped-to-the-back, bustle-effect evening gowns. Joan Fontaine’s gown was a toasty brown combination of crepe and net. The top gave a filmy, draped effect, the skirt was draped to the back into a rather large bustle and the skirt hung rather full from there. The hostess, the former Doris Bowden (who once starred in movies), wore a lovely dress of heavy ice blue taffeta—very decollete. But most of the evening, a tiny sequin and bead trimmed jacket of the same taffeta covered her upper half. It had huge off-the-shoulder sleeves which became snug from elbow to wrist. The skirt was crisply draped to the back, ending in a bustle and fanning out from there down into almost a straight train. Very effective.

Maria Montez was wearing a divine gown she had just brought back from Paris along with a terrible wardrobe she purchased there. It was of white heavy silk jersey, draped into a million or more intricate folds from top to bottom. Just no describing the way it was made. Only a genius with the scissors and sewing thread could copy it, anyway—so relax, kids.

Some of the Hollywood smarties have uncovered a couple of silk shops in town that somehow or other have suddenly blazed forth with "pre-war" materials—the kind of gorgeous, heavy slipper satins, brocades and lamés, such as haven’t been buyable around here for years. And lately at parties you can look around and note just who has been at those counters picking up yards of this or that and had her dressmaker fashion the material into dreamy dresses. The glossy, heavy satins seem to be the favorites—particularly in emerald green shades—and we’ll bet they’ll be wearing them as year-round gowns.

Jennifer Jones, at Mocambo after the "Duel in the Sun" premiere, wore a white,
very decollete evening gown of brocade—the white shading into creamy tones where it changed from shiny to dull. Bodice was snug, with a basque waistline; skirt was plain and very full. Tiny shoulder straps held up the top which featured a five-inch semi-pleated ruffle flaring out across the bustline and flattening down against the dress across the back. Jennifer wore her hair parted in the middle, full and fluffy.

Loretta Young, too, has a new cream brocade number. It’s a dinner suit, with a tailored tunic, rolled collar and a pencil-slim skirt. Soo simple. Edith Head, who designed it, describes it as a prime example of the simple use of a fabulous fabric.

Marie McDonald steals the show at parties by bringing out all her blonde beauty with bon bon colors. With one confection, in which a net hoop skirt, sequin starred, falls over a huge blue satin bow, Marie tucks a pink rose in her low, draped blue satin bodice and ties a slim, blue satin band high about her throat.

DIANA LYNN is another gal who, more than ever lately, gets double takes from the boys at parties. She favors black for evening. Romantic effects, too. Heart-shaped decolletages edged in net, full skirts, and little cameo lockets on narrow, black satin necklaces.

June Allyson has been wearing an old-fashioned wool stocking cap for cocktail parties—but rolls it a bit so that the “stocking” part doesn’t by any means look too long or too sloppy. Cute gag is the way the cap goes glamorous when June studs the crown with several little be-jeweled animal pins. And sometimes varies this idea by pinning graduated little gold flower pins onto it instead.

Also, if a new trend started by Anita Colby gets picked up as fast as your reporter thinks it will, then an awful lot of Hollywood gals will be “wearing their hearts on their sleeves” as an accessory whether they’re in the midst of a romance or not. Anita wears a rather large gold (the fourteen karat kind) heart pinned to her coat sleeve—on dresses—and even on sweater sleeves. Just the idea—whether you take it up in gold, silver or just plain tin—sounds intriguing. And think of all the different inscriptions that could be engraved on the hearts!

Shirley Temple wears a wide red calf belt and matching shoulder-strap bag with a fine sheer-wool sports dress that certainly makes her a cute trick on a Beverly Hills shopping spree. Shirley’s belt features a chatelaine of polished silver coins, fastening in the center. Her red calf moccasins have buckles on the toes which also just happen (because Shirley bothered to see that it happened!) to have little matching silver coins dangling from them.

Then there’s the return of the scarf. Joan Crawford is one of the many who have gone mad for long, long scarves of net or lace with evening dresses—especially the topless kind. They sort of “finish the dress off” in a graceful, feminine way and we’ve noticed that Cleatus Caldwell, like her husband Bob Hutton’s ex-wife Natalie Thompson, is a fan for the scarf at evening. Joan’s dramatic evening gown of black net, with its bare top, boasts a scarf of the black net that’s about a yard wide, and when crushed across her neck and shoulders, drops almost to the floor behind her when she walks or dances. With chiffon gown, a matching chiffon scarf gives the same flowing effect. Or if you have a lace evening dress that can’t be matched, then a huge long scarf of net dyed to match will certainly make it seem new—to say nothing of the dramatic effect!

So with the green light on parties this year, Hollywood says look your prettiest. And have fun!
How Ingrid Became Joan
(Continued from page 36) As she climbed toward the top of the list of box office names, she also neared the end of her contract with David Selznick. And one thing she kept constantly in mind was that when she had worked out her contract she was free to do a picture about Joan. The only difficulties were that everybody in Hollywood, except Ingrid, was afraid of the subject, and that she had no script about Joan that she liked and could offer to a director or a studio.

Without knowing any of these things, I wrote “Joan of Lorraine” in the fall of 1944, and began to think about the casting sometime in December of that year. My wife’s advice, when she had finished typing the script, was to try to get Ingrid Bergman to play it. Ingrid had been a neighbor of ours at New City, New York, a few years before. When she first came to the United States she played “Liliom” with Burgess Meredith, and that acquaintance led to her renting Burgess’s house for a time while he was in Hollywood. Ingrid and her husband, Dr. Lindstrom, came to lunch with us, and we talked about many things—including the imminence of the second World War, which was then looming over us and the possibility of American participation. Ingrid was at that time much more silent, much less assured, than she has since become. Her beauty was breath-taking, but whether she could act or not I had no idea. She did not have any of the superficial aspects of an actress. She was reserved, poised, seemingly without temperament, seemingly just an amazingly beautiful Swedish girl.

But when you saw her on the stage (and she played in both “Liliom” and “Anna Christie”) this impression vanished. Out of this girl who seemed to have no temperament came a steady flow of emotion to fill and illuminate the parts she played. She would have triumphed as overwhelmingly in the theater then as she did later in pictures if she had been more fortunate in the roles assigned to her. It just happened that Burgess Meredith (who played opposite her in “Liliom”) is not tall enough to play opposite Ingrid—and it happens, too, that Ingrid is not at her happiest when playing a prostitute, as she was in “Anna Christie.” She is so pure, so clean, so uncontaminated as a person that to do her best she must essay a less bedraggled character than the unfortunate girl who gives her name to this early O’Neill play. Nevertheless, her ability and her amazing emotional power came through in both these revivals, and she convinced me and my wife that she was a stage actress with great possibilities. It was the memory of those two performances that made my wife certain that Ingrid was first choice for “Joan of Lorraine.” And I agreed about that. The only question in my mind was whether Ingrid was still ambitious to appear on the legitimate stage. She had become so famous in pictures since we last saw her, she was so obviously the rising star, that it seemed most unlikely that she would gamble her future on a Broadway appearance.

But I went to California, taking the play with me, and when I told Ingrid what it was about, she told me the story of how long she had been trying to get herself cast in the part of Joan. As soon as she read “Joan of Lorraine” she said she wanted to play it. She promised to play it, in fact, as soon as she was through with her picture commitments. She wanted to play it not only on Broadway...
but also as a picture. Her main concern in discussing the contracts was that there should be doubt that she would play both the stage and the picture versions of “Joan of Lorraine.” She was in such great demand in the studios that she felt she could give only one season to Joan in the theater, and so she asked that the run be limited. At first, it was set at eight months, then, since she felt that was more time than she could afford to give, because she was the perfect Joan, and because she intended to play the picture as well as the play, the Playwrights’ Company agreed to a six-months’ contract. “Joan of Lorraine” has more pull at the box office than any other play I can remember. It is harder to get seats for it than for any other play the Playwrights have produced, or for any now running in New York. It could remain at the Alvin Theatre at least three years. Yet Ingrid’s contract allows her to leave it some time in May. If she were to leave for any other purpose than to make a picture version of “Joan of Lorraine,” it would be difficult to reconcile us to her departure.

The End

Greer Garson

To the Editor, Photoplay,
205 East 42 St.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Since my reference to “haggis” in my Christmas article in the January issue of Photoplay I have received a number of letters from readers who seem to have inside (!) information on the subject.

The gist of the matter seems to be: “Haggis is an over-sized sausage composed of a sheep’s heart and liver, with onions and suet, mixed with oatmeal and boiled in a sheep’s stomach. Scots have been known to walk miles for it, but other inhabitants of the British Isles claim it is unfit to eat.”

Thought you might be interested so I am passing it along although perhaps the subject is less suited to Photoplay than, say, to “The Readers’ Digest.” (Ouch!)

With best wishes for the New Year, I am

Sincerely,

Greer Garson

Ooh la la! Life Bra

for the Lift of your Lifeline

There is only one Life-Bra—and it’s made by Formfit. Only Life can give you the firm, curvaceous upper Lifeline you dream about! Because no other bra is so cleverly tailored to fit... no other bra has the scientifically designed quilted cushions that Lift, Mold, Correct, Hold—all at once. See the proof today, at any of the better stores and shops.

Life-Bra $1.25 to $3.50

Look for this Formfit label. It is your assurance of quality—in fit, fabric, long life.

The Formfit Company, Chicago, New York

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The Squire of Vinegar Hill

(Continued from page 46) he is determined to learn it.

He hails from Vinegar Hill, Indiana, Pennsylvania, was born on May 20, 1908. He is Scotch-Irish. He was a skinny kid, wore eyeglasses, and wanted to be a big-game hunter. Like the hero in many a movie, he merely took off his eyeglasses one day for a heroine and never needed to wear them again.

He is six feet three inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair streaked with gray and is always trying to keep it neatly combed.

He became interested in the theater while at Princeton. He is a graduate of that university and has a degree in architecture. However, the main thing he got from Princeton was the stage experience from working in the Triangle shows. The day after he was graduated, he accepted an offer from two Princeton grads to work in their stock company at Falmouth, Massachusetts.

His job with this stock company was to play the accordion in the combination tearoom and night club next to the theater.

LATER he appeared in stock in Baltimore with Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, who were unknowns then. He and Fonda and Maggie are still great friends, even though Fonda and Margaret have long been divorced and both are remarried.

When he came back to Hollywood, his Brentwood house was tenanted and he stayed at the Hank Fondas for months until he could move into his own house. It is a comfortable house, not too large.

There's a large divan in front of the fireplace, occasional chairs, a piano and a recording machine. He likes jazz music. In the back is a den with a small bar in the wall. He now has book-lined walls in his house.

He does little reading and is ashamed of it. He feels everyone should read. He just didn't get the habit. What time he does have to himself is either spent fishing, golfing, helping Fonda make model planes, or going to parties.

He's not a joiner. As a veteran he belongs to only one group that might be vaguely construed as a veterans' organization—the Air Forces Association. He's on the board of directors, along with Jimmy Doolittle.

He's no clothes horse, and has no aspirations toward being named one of the best-dressed actors. He's not vain. His idea of dress is to be able to put on a pair of old slacks, a sweatshirt, socks and moccasins. He hasn't too many suits, and when he gets dressed up he just wants to be neat.

He hates banquets where guys get up and speak for hours and never say anything. He can stretch out a silence in an interview longer than any other actor.

He is attentive and well prepared on a set. He comes there knowing his lines and his job. However, he will listen to direction, for he tries to select a picture because of the director. He isn't concerned about "scene stealers," and believes that anyone griping about them is plain silly. He says, "The idea is to just get in there and do your job to the best of your ability." Which is what he does in "One Big Happy Family," for Liberty Films.

He is almost always chewing gum. He often has to be reminded to toss it away when doing a love scene.

He hasn't got a finicky appetite, but eats whatever is put before him. He has the orange juice habit. Immediately
upon arising in the morning, he has a glass of orange juice. When he starts eating, he can really pack it away.

He is a typical movie fan and goes to the movies often. His favorite actress is Photoplay's Gold Medal Lady, Ingrid Bergman. His favorite actor is Spencer Tracy. He would like to make a picture with Bergman, and he would also like to do one with Barbara Stanwyck who, like Margaret Sullavan, he considers a very fine actress. If he weren't a star himself, he'd probably be stopping the stars and asking them for autographs.

In fact, after he got out of the Army, he visited Metro and took a look at Van Johnson, this phenomenon who developed while he was away, for he wanted to see what the bobby-soxers shriek at and go for. Then about a week later, while exiting from a department store in Beverly Hills, he was besieged by bobby-soxers who wanted bits of his new civilian suit.

"I'm not Van Johnson," he said, smiling. "We know it," shouted a bobby-soxer, "but you send us, too."

He amuses himself by playing the accordion. His favorite selection is "Sweet Sue." He plays the flute secretly.

He doesn't get angry quickly or often. In fact he hasn't been angry for too long. When he gets angry, he stutters. His favorite outdoor sport is golf, and he plays a good game. His golf partner is usually Bill Grady, Metro casting chief, an old friend. Other friends are the Leland Haywards (Margaret Sullavan), the Fondas and Cary Grant. He wears well.

He has romantic appeal off the screen as well as on. He is the shy type with the girls. He has good taste, having been romantic with such lovelies as Olivia de Havilland and Rita Hayworth. A recent romance was Anita Colby. He is silent about his romances. He will go with an actress for weeks before he tries to kiss her.

It is his slow approach that makes them believe that he is different. He shaves himself once a day, prefers a shower to a tub, and is ticklish.

He sleeps alone in a large bed, for he likes and needs plenty of room. Before the war he was a pajama sleeper, but now he sleeps in the nude. He has no regular hours for going to bed. He goes to bed when he's tired.

He is eager to get married, settle down, have a home and a number of Jimmy Stewarts. And he's a determined fellow!

The End

YOU THINK OF HER
as full of happiness, but

June Allyson
has had to learn the
hard way about being a
sunshine girl . . .

Don't miss

Adela Rogers St. John's
heart-stirring story

How June Allyson is
Learning to be happy

In May Photoplay

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"Bubble Blonde"

The test was such a surprise, little Audrey hadn't a word to say

BY SARA HAMILTON

ALERT, knowing, intelligent, yet blonde and beautiful, Audrey Totter—like the other little Audrey of story fame—"laughed and laughed" at her chances for pictures. In fact she paid so little attention to a screen test, her agent grabbed her just as she was about to agree to another year of radio. Her voice, rich and throaty, had caught the attention of Marvin Schenck who arranged for a test at M-G-M; a test Audrey had no faith in. When it resulted in a contract, no one was more dumbfounded than Miss Totter of Joliet, Illinois. Unfortunately the lack of television prevented the listeners of such serials as "Ma Perkins," "Cisco Kid," "Road of Life" and "Bright Horizons" from viewing the five foot three lovely or they'd have stamped the studios.

Reversing the usual procedure for young actresses, Audrey went from stage to radio to screen. The stage came after she'd graduated from high school and trekked off to Chicago, against her parents' wishes. After they'd viewed their daughter in such plays as "Stage Door," "Night Must Fall" and "My Sister Eileen," which toured the country, they thought to themselves well, now, this isn't so bad. And then Audrey ups and goes to New York and when no show came peeping over the horizon of Shubert's Alley, she went to radio, from there to Hollywood where she sat and sat and fretted and fumed for almost a year.

Little bits at which she snatched eagerly finally came her way in such movies as "Main Street after Dark," "Dangerous Partners," "The Sailor Takes a Wife," and "But Not Goodbye." Those roles paid off, for when Robert Montgomery saw Audrey in a wee bit, he was so impressed he tested and cast her for the lead opposite himself in "Lady in the Lake," the picture Robert directs and stars in. Studio workers loved to linger on that set and just listen to the hazel-eyed blonde who had something to say and said it with bubbling wit and humor. The awful truth is she can figure out her own income tax and even likes to test herself against those "How Much Do You Know?" quizzes in magazines.

Obviously someone pitched her a curve, several of them, and she knew exactly where to place them for Audrey possesses a sort of divine. She eats three hefty meals a day and nary adds one pound to a delectable one hundred and three.

Her parents, her two brothers and two sisters, all in Joliet, are her most devoted fans. Naturally.

She can mount a deer head or stuff a skunk with the best of them, having studied taxidermy in school. Suits in odd shades, such as chartreuse, worn with tons of old jewelry add to her chic and smartness, and no one would guess in a million years Audrey taught Sunday School in the First Christian Church in Joliet. Her most embarrassing moment occurred during her last New York radio broadcast—a soap opera. Audrey, no longer in the show, asked for a small part as a farewell gesture. When they gave her the commercial to read, Audrey was delighted until she suddenly heard herself saying to the vast audience of listeners, "Use Blank's cream, tissue it off, and leave a light film of skin on your face evening." The performers had hysterics, the sponsor had apoplexy and Audrey left hurriedly next day for Hollywood.
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MAN

WOMAN

MY NAME

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The romance of a rainy night captured in softly shining, Jolene Hollywood-inspired patents.

$6 and $7 (Slightly Higher Denver West)
Photoplay's Gold Medal Party

(Continued from page 62) It was a girl and two guys—one, a man with a head like a chrysanthemum, the other, with a voice as pure gold as the Photoplay medals. The girl wasn't even there—that tall broad-shouldered girl you voted the most popular actress of 1946, Ingrid Bergman—because she was appearing in New York as the star of the Broadway hit, "Joan of Lorraine."

The chrysanthemum-thatched gentleman, as you very well know, was Danny Kaye and he was master of ceremonies. He presented the medals at a speed equalled only by the passing of champagne at the tables. He said, "You're welcome," to Van Johnson, for his citation as one of the top five actors, before Van got a chance to say thanks to the crowd; he gave Producer William Perlberg of "State Fair" barely time enough to thank Darryl Zanuck, head of the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio; he made Zachary Scott run to get the award for "Mildred Pierce"; he didn't give the witty red-headed Greer Garson time to get in a word as she accepted her citation; he galloped right through Peter Rathvon and Leo McCarey, representing the studio and the producer-director of "The Bells of St Mary's." But he did stop long enough to whistle at Lana Turner, swaying up to get her Photoplay citation—and also an introduction to Dr. Gallup, whom she'd never met before. Danny sang; Danny clowned—but Fred Sammis topped him by presenting him with a gold-studded bib for his own best production—his newly born daughter, Dena.

The other guy—well, he was none other than Mr. Harry Lillis Crosby, complete with tuxedo, which was for him an almost unheard-of bow to the occasion. And he was utterly and enchantingly Bing. A lesser showman would have sung "The Bells of St. Mary's"—but Bing knew better. He wasn't pretentious. He wasn't mock-modest. He caroled "A-Huggin' and A-Chalkin'" and "Ole Buttermilk Sky." He did a duet with Danny. He grinned and radiated charm—and kidded Bing Crosby. In three words, he was perfect.

So was the whole evening—the best evening ever in Hollywood—until the Gold Medal Party of 1948 which your votes, you readers and you movie-goers of America, will make possible and at which you, only you, will have charge of the guest list.

The End

ELSA MAXWELL

rocks the cradle!

She was so entranced with

LIZA MINNELLI

that she wants to tell you

about this amazing young lady

and her lovely mother

JUDY GARLAND

in May

Photoplay
Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 14)

generated to make a point, in a courtroom where Nora faces the gruesome decision. The "what would you do?" dilemma is what gives the picture its stiff punch; otherwise, it might have turned into a run-of-the-mill back-street film acted routinely by Sheridan and Smith. Bruce Bennett plays Dr. Merriam, good friend of the family; Robert Alda is a sympathetic faithful lover for Nora.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll wonder about it.

San Quentin (RKO-Radio)

WHEN Lewis E. Lawes says by way of introduction that this picture is to be a glimpse of life behind the bars of federal prisons, he has everyone perking up. This is a short reaction, though, due to the sad fact that life in prison gets the light touch and the escape of a criminal the heavy one. Which means that this turns into a routine gangster picture—and not too good a one at that.

Lawrence Tierney is an ex-convict who gets decorated for his country in the war and thereby wins his pardon. He is earnest and sincere about the work of the inmates' league for self-discipline. The press isn't; neither is inmate Nick Taylor who joins the league just as an easier way of escape than filing bars. Escape he does and Tierney decides to go off on his own and capture him thereby—to his mind—saving the honor of the league. That he could have worked just as well with the police just doesn't seem to occur to him, but at any rate, this is the signal for the screeching of tires in the usual automobile chase, the rat-tat-tat of a lot of gunfire and the eventual man-to-man fight between Tierney and his prey.

Tierney gets excited about nothing that happens—he is grim throughout. That will probably be your reaction.

Your Reviewer Says: Old stuff.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Red House
Sinbad the Sailor
My Brother Talks to Horses
Boomerang

Best Performances

Edward G. Robinson in
"The Red House"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Walter Slezak in
"Sinbad the Sailor"

Butch Jenkins, Peter Lawford and Spring Byington in
"My Brother Talks to Horses"

Robert Mitchum in "Pursued"

William Bendix in
"I'll Be Yours"

Dana Andrews and
Lee J. Cobb in
"Boomerang"

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Write for Free Booklet, Dept. P-1, Victoria Pearl Co., Rockefeller Center, N.Y.

*SIMPLIFIED
If You Were the House Guest of John Lund

(Continued from page 59) In braids over a pair of very hazel eyes, black slacks topped by a scarlet and white jockey blouse—lovely as a Conover model. An easy simile, since before marriage and Hollywood, she was a Conover model, also a stage actress. The unexpected part about young Mrs. Lund is the utilitarian use to which she puts her decorative self. The "something" she can't wait to show you is her newly completed job of window drapery.

"Just finished the valances this morning," the valances are chartreuse crush, with side panels of a blending California print framing the wide windows. Like the entire interior, they emphasize the color and spaciousness you somehow weren't thinking of as you stepped in from outside. Shaggy chartreuse carpeting covers the living-room floor; one wide, low divan is tailored in chartreuse, on the other side of the room is a sectional group upholstered in the California print. Two straight-backed chairs strike a challenging, ruby-red note, and with a trio of stunning lamps and a red lacquer fire-screen, give a Chinese Modern motif.

"A nice change from the Early Packing Crate period we went through for the first six months," remarks John. "Looks pretty smart, don't you think? You do? Well, don't let it fool you. This figured cotton, for instance, is really a bargain-basement job—looks good on top but underneath it's put together with spit and cardboard. I don't trust it."

"He's green-eyed because I found the couch first, then went out and found the same, exact print for the drapes—which, as anybody knows, is impossible," says Marie complacently.

You suspect she has analyzed the situation correctly because her husband has just shown his distrust by lowering his six-foot weight, all at once, with a thud that would shake a marble bench. This particular piece of furniture, you are to learn by experience, is a kind of throne your host leaves only at reluctant intervals and from which, without disturbing his horizontal stance, he can hecke in all directions.

Before relaxing completely, however, he does his duty: "Can I get you anything—a piece of candy, a stick of gum, a strong drink? No? Good! Show her our back yard, honey—I don't want to get myself sunburned," he adds comfortably.

"Varlet!" Mrs. Lund is leading you through a dining room St. Peter would be content to be caught taking a snack in. The walls are papered in a heavenly gray-blue, white patterned, and sheer white silk-voile bilows in soft clouds at the windows. The rug is a shaggy gray-blue to match the walls and the chairs are thickly upholstered in white. "We—correction, I—am going to paint the table white, too," says Marie.

Through a spice-and-span kitchen, and running across the back of the house is a wide and comfortably furnished sun-porch. A flight of steps below it is the green and rolling back yard. Below and beyond both yard and porch is a priceless view of lush Cahuenga Pass—"The only thing about the house we didn't want to do over—isn't it wonderful?"

How really wonderful it is, is easy to comprehend when you know that the Lunds, fresh out of New York, were for a while one of Hollywood's most homeless and harried couples. Three hotels, a motel and a boarding-house room all turned out to have one common feature—a built-in...
eviction notice. “You can’t imagine how desperate I was the day they told me we’d have to give up our room,” recalls Marie, leading you back inside. “I guess it showed on my face because walking down Hollywood Boulevard, just aimlessly, I passed a girl who stopped me. It turned out that I’d been introduced to her some weeks before, and she recognized that I was in trouble. They’re selling a little house across the street from my home,’ she told me. ‘Why don’t you take a look at it?’”

The house, darkly furnished, seemed rather small for the large sum the owner was asking. Moreover, newcomer Lund wasn’t ready to buy.

“Too much responsibility,” he told his wife. “This is no time to tie ourselves down. In this business, you never can tell what will happen.”

ALTHOUGH this last remark will never establish John as a prophet, it was not entirely unfounded. In New York he had enjoyed the highly successful role in “The Hasty Heart” which brought him to Paramount’s notice, and before that, a year’s run in the lavish musical, “Early to Bed.” Before these clicks, however, he had at various times exercised his bent for ditch-digging, soda-jerking, carpentering, time-keeping, advertising agency work, and as a minor thespian in a World’s Fair pageant—none of which classified as stationary occupations. So, “Let’s keep looking,” he told her.

“We took a cab and went up and down street after street,” says Marie. “Of course, John insisted I picked the streets I already knew had no vacancies. We looked at other places to buy, too—big barns for $50,000—and one place, s’help me, which the lady was willing to sell for a neat sum, immediate occupancy, if I’d throw in nursing services during her imminent child-birth. All in all, I knew this place to be my own dear little haven when we finally got back to it.

“After that, there was the escrow we had to coax people to waive, so we could move right in. And the termites we had to coax to move out. And a leak in the kitchen drain pipe. And then there was the day they delivered my stove and because John had forgotten to leave a check to pay for it, they took it back again—”

“Hey,” calls the check-foregger at this point, “I have just realized that is the longest and saddest story I have ever listened to. If it gets into print, you have just set the home-owning business back a good twenty years. Besides, what happens to all that food I bought—doesn’t a man ever eat around here?”

A man eats very well around there, as Marie eventually demonstrates. There’s a lamb curry, a lettuce and tomato salad with a secret-recipe dressing, and hot garlic bread. No potatoes, and fruit for dessert. If you want to keep your figure, which you do. And salting the entire meal, there are Barrymore anecdotes by John, complete with snorts and other characteristic gestures.

The Lunds are not party or cafe people. To a fellow who has to hit the soundstage early every morning, Saturday seems like a nice time to stay home and indulge. “My favorite bad habit—laziness. We like to read—sometimes we play cards—but usually we just sit around and try to raise tedium to a new level.” This particular Saturday night, however, there is a new foreign importation at a favorite cinema. John, who is a serious actor for all his funning, would like to see the Noel Coward picture so you’ve got off for a “Brief Encounter” with the Britisher. Afterwards there is a slight controversy over the merits of a chicken sandwich at Dave’s Blue Room, as opposed to the lure of a chocolate soda at a drive-in. Home—and
No longer need women feel the constraint of a "monthly harness" of belts, pins and external pads. When "those days" appear on the calendar she can use Tampanx for sanitary protection and avoid all worry about bulges and ridges and revealing edge-lines. For Tampanx is worn internally and that's the secret of a success which has swept the country among progressive women.

Tampanx is doctor-invented and made of pure absorbent cotton contained in dainty disposable applicators. Insertion is easy and the Tampanx when in place is invisible and unfelt. No odor, no chafing, no disposal problem. For Tampanx contains only one-fifteenth the bulk of the older forms of protection.

Prepare for next month! Buy Tampanx now at drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampanx provides new comfort and freedom. You can even wear it in tub or shower. Tampanx Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

a hot cup of tea—wins out.

Sleeping rooms are on opposite sides of the house. The master bedroom is done in bleached oak; its counterpane and curtains hand-tinted to a particularly sunny yellow by Marie. The guest room is in a state of making up its mind whether to be den or bedroom, with only a comfortable studio couch so far positive of its use.

"You can blame the unfinished state on John," says Marie. "I was reckless enough to take him along to help me pick out the furniture. He spent the entire afternoon confusing me—likewise the salespeople."

I'd ask to see something special and John would pop out with 'I don't like your attitude!' Not to the clerk, but to me.

"Women are flinches; they dance to talk, don't you think?" he'd ask the clerk conversationally and the poor woman wouldn't know whether he was in a sale or a debate. I finally gave up. Can you beat that for a help-mate?"

"I find myself a very lovable fellow—exuding charm from every pore," comments her husband contentedly. The exuding is cut short by a sofa cushion aimed by his wife's expert hand.

You sleep later than you'd planned and waken to the sound of splashing and a peculiar type of vocalizing later described as "robustly" by the bathroom baritone:

"It has come in very handy at times. Once I joined a stock company in which it was the rule that every member of the cast had to be able to sing and dance. Everybody but you—you are the exception to the rule," said the casting director after I had sung and danced for him.

Breakfast is an uninhibited refueling job of prune juice, eggs, thin pancakes, sausage and bacon. "But you will observe we are a household free from French toast," says young Mr. Lund. "You have no idea of how many months I stood embattled, fighting for my liberation from the silly stuff." After eating you take a turn around the yard to observe the strawberry patch which, in season, produces "berries so big you wouldn't believe 'em." After a sunning session on the porch with its adjoining mountain view, you take a short tour of the most fascinating room in the house—Marie's clothes closet.

Young Mrs. Lund, one of the most strikingly gown girls in Hollywood, makes all her own clothes. A blue lamé evening gown with long intricately fashioned gloves to match—a ballet-length gown of black velvet, a tailored blue gabardine suit and coat. All copied from Schiaparelli styles months ahead of local fashion news. Her mother was a designer and Marie's a gal who just can't stand to let her thimble cool.

"Have you observed my new slacks—beige burlap and one drop-hi?" Her husband does a mincing inspiration.

He is in his favorite recumbent position one hour later when cries of "Fire!" accompanied by clouds of smoke and wife, Marie, burst out of the kitchen. The new range, informal as the rest of the family, has ignited with the chicken broiler and is blazing merrily up to the ceiling. Afterward, when the fire has been doused, it can be testified by witnesses that Mr. Lund not stirred from his couch. "All out?" he asks, without turning his head.

"How did you manage it?"

"We poured salt on it, you big hero!

"Salt, humm? Very clever—very, very clever—"

For a minute it looks as if Mrs. Lund will not recover her voice. "You should have been here when I cut my finger one night," she finally says with indignation.

"There I was with the finger practically hanging from the bone—and there was nothing to stretch out on that couch—and you know what he said? He said, 'Keep it in the kitchen, dear. I don't want you coming out here and bleeding on me.' Can you imagine that?"

"Why not? I'm a man who takes cold easily—I have to be careful, don't I?" The Pride of Paramount twists an imaginary mustache, strokes his hair, and adjusts his feet to a more blissful position.

"Gone Hollywood, that's his trouble," says his wife, grinning.

And suddenly, between laughs, you know the reason the Lunds are so much fun to be with. Because they haven't gone "Hollywood," and it's doubtful if they ever will. Pleased with success, as evidenced by that high humor of theirs, but neither overwhelmed nor frightened by it. John has made a second picture, "The Perils of Pauline," with Betty Hutton. A fellow who refuses to go ga-ga over anything, including himself, he quite frankly thinks another type actor would have been better in the role. He prefers vehicles with a psychological twist, while the studio is busy hand-picking a third role for him, would like to take a fling at something serious on the stage. "Might as well keep my hand in back East, too—you never can tell what will happen in this business."

Meantime, he'll go on spending those lazy, lubbraculous weekends—which, because John and Marie are such unexpected young people, go so unexpectedly fast! The End

"It's like listening in on a party line..."

That's how women feel about the dramas, the conversations, the people they hear about on "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program. They're real people! Listen in and share their joys and problems. A complete story every morning Monday thru Friday. Your American Broadcasting Company Station; 10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST.

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the world. Available now at your Philco dealer.

PHILCO Famous for Quality the World Over
The Magic of McCarey

(Continued from page 86) at a piano and plays old tunes. The cast gathers around and hums. "Now, in this next scene," says McCarey, "I want mentally, "how would it be if..."

His "how would it be if" is an improvisation, a brand-new idea, which is not in the script, and which is likely to change the entire storyline of a two-million-dollar picture. That's how "Going My Way" was made. Same with "The Bells of St. Mary's" and his other pictures.

THE fact that the son of a prize-fight promoter and the director of many films that turned the Hays Office into a worry-wart has become the No. 1 maker of religious pictures is not a coincidence.

The origin of "Bells" is heart-close to Leo McCarey. He had a sister, a beautiful girl, who was very deeply religious and who became a nun. The father was surprised but approving, and he did something about it. He called in Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette and a few other top-flight prize fighters of the day, explained the idea, and said, "How would it be if...?" So they put on a benefit performance. The result was a great many thousand dollars which Leo's father used to found the Convent of the Sacred Heart, one of the finest schools in the West. The sister died two weeks before the convent opened. She was a good-humored, intensely religious girl who liked to laugh. She had taken the name of Sister Mary Benedict.

Ingrid Bergman is a beautiful, good-humored, intensely religious nun in "The Bells of St. Mary's." Leo McCarey gave her the name of Sister Mary Benedict.

Aside from making pictures, Leo McCarey spends as little time in Hollywood as possible. He and his wife Stella Martin (his high school sweetheart) and their three-year-old daughter, Mary, shuttled between Lake Arrowhead and the beach. They ride horses and surf boards, swim and kid each other.

In town, when good conversation and story-telling lure him into the bistros, Leo consorts with old friends Dave Butler, Buddy De Sylva, Gene Fowler, Bill Fields and other rugged gentry who can talk heroically about fighters, horses and the theater.

Leo's father, widely known as "Uncle Tom," sent him to the University of Southern California to learn the law. Leo took four years to complete a three-year course, but explained to Uncle Tom that he was taking special studies which would make him superior to the ill-prepared three-year students.

He won only once in his entire legal career. He represented the defendant in an attack case. "I argued so glibly about how much he loved this little gal," says Leo, "that the judge put the em on the spot. My client wanted to beat me up after court. Said he'd rather have had thirty years, I didn't get to handle the divorce."

He worked for a San Francisco law firm and made a meager living for himself and young wife by beating the office boy to work every morning in order to grab all the summonses that were ready to serve. Evenings, he wrote songs, which didn't pay, and played pool, which did.

It was Butler who got him in pictures, after songs, law, and pool-playing failed as steady careers. Leo started as a second assistant director at Universal, became head of the Hal Roach studio, discovered and teamed Laurel and Hardy, and became one of the great comedy directors of all time. There is a story around Hollywood that he once aspired to be a prize-fighter, inspired, no doubt, by the fact that he is indubitably good with his dukes. "That's all," says Leo. "I weighed 126 as a kid, the limit in my class, and I boxed in the gyms. On fight nights, I drank three malts, which made me weigh 128. So they always threw me out. I never came near a championship and those melted milks.

He can't remember names. In a restaurant once with Butler, he saw a friend approaching. "Quick," he whispered, "what's that fellow's name? I know it but I can't say it."

"It's Fred Astaire," Leo called Astaire over. "I want you to know this little gal, Fred," he began. "Mr. Astaire, this is Mr. . . Say, now I've forgotten your name."

He imitates whomever he is talking about, and he spins yarns with the skill of a professional raconteur. He maintains his membership in the Los Angeles bar, but claims he can't write a contract. He is a soft touch for a songwriter with talent, or for anybody with talent, but not for the non-talent brigade. He made $12,000 a year more as the Laurel and Hardy producer than he makes now—because of taxes. And he thinks it's a joke.

He's world-famous today for two pictures about the church. He was desperate about what to do after "Going My Way" until he received a note from a chaplain on a Pacific Island, a Father Pat Duffy.

"I think I can read your mind," wrote Father Duffy 4,000 miles away, "just remember that religion can't be exhausted in a two-hour show."

So he remembered Sister Mary Benedict and made "The Bells of St. Mary's," with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby. Now he is stuck again, but he is mulling an idea for a story with three priests in it. Some day he'll say quietly, "Say, how would it be if..."

And the chances are he will come up with another Photoplay Gold Medal Award winner!

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Eleanor Harris's lively account of her visit with

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IN MAY PHOTOPLAY

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Dear Miss Colbert:

A year ago I married one of the finest men in the world. He is so good and kind that I know I am a lucky girl. However, nothing in life can be perfect it seems. I knew before we married that his mother would have to live with us. This has not been easy as she means well, but she and I don’t do things in the same way, and I feel that it is my home.

My husband’s oldest brother has become a hopeless invalid. He and his wife have always been the type who spent everything they made even faster than they made it. My husband has spent hundreds of dollars on doctor bills for his brother, and has paid their mortgage payments for the past five years. Now his wife has made the statement that she is too young to be tied to a cripple, so she has left him and we have had to take him into our already crowded home.

I will soon be thirty, so I would like to have my family as soon as possible. I have been scrimping and saving so that we could bring children into the world with some sort of security, and could start to buy our own home. Now all that will be impossible if we must accept the burden of this brother-in-law, along with my mother-in-law. Can you think of some way to lighten the burden?

Margaret E.

I’m certain that there are a number of things you can do to aid your husband in this difficulty. First of all, you must remember that his brother and his mother may be very dear to him so don’t antagonize him. Try to work along with him, easing his burden.

Your sister-in-law should be forced, legally, to accept at least part of the responsibility for her husband. You should see your public defender about this as I am certain that she can be forced to contribute to his support.

Since your mother-in-law attempts to ran the house, why don’t you allow her to accept the responsibility along with the nursing care of her ailing son? Why not return to work, setting aside your entire salary for a home and the welfare of the family you hope to establish. With care, you could save a nice nest egg in two or three years. Meanwhile, you would have given your mother-in-law the place she really wants, and you would have eased your husband’s conscience about his duty to his brother.

Try to work out a comfortable solution that will engender no friction between you and your husband. Don’t lose your temper nor become irritable; try to be constructive, and to attack the problem with cheerful efficiency.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old. Three years ago I started going with a girl I met in school. Until that time I had spent most of my time with my mother, taking her shopping, to movies, driving her to call on her friends, etc.

When I started going steady with this girl, my mother was upset because I spent all my time with the girl.

The situation was temporarily solved when I went into the Navy where I spent two and one-half years. During that time
my girl wrote to me every single day and my mother wrote on the average of twice a month. 

Upon coming home, I got engaged to my girl and began to spend more time than ever with her. My mother still feels that I should spend more time at home, and that I should care more for her than for the girl I intend to marry. 

I love this girl more than anything in the world and want to know what is right. 

Philip D.

Probably your mother's objection to your seeing so much of this girl, even though you plan to marry her, is that you are too young to marry—no matter who the girl is or how much time you spend with her. Frankly, I must agree that—
even though you have seen almost three years of service—twenty is too young an age for a man to assume the burdens and responsibilities of heading a family.

However, the time will come in a few years when you will be in a position to marry. Perhaps this girl will still be your choice; perhaps there may be another love. But when you are certain that you have found your proper mate, you will have to be genteel firm with your mother. Show her all the filial devotion to which she is entitled, but let her know from the start that you have every intention of making a life for yourself and your wife that will be independent of hers.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I come from a very religious family. Now I believe in good and in divinity and in doing right, but I simply don't want to talk about religious subjects morning, noon and night. I believe and observe the Ten Commandments, but I take an interest in other things, too. My mother keeps harping on holiness and loving one's family.

The other night we were coming out of a meeting and she tried to put her arm around me. It had been very warm in the meeting hall and I was simply cooked, so I asked her not to put her arm around me. She said I was ashamed of her.

It's always like that. If I forget to kiss her before I leave for school, she pouts when I come home. I have an older sister and an older brother and Mom isn't quite as hard on them, but I think it is because they are downright mean with her if she gets too sticky. I can't be mean to her.

Can you think of some nice way in which I can tell my mother that I would bring my friends to the house more often if she wouldn't start to try to save them right off? And how can I let her know I love her without having her hanging onto me all the time?

Ella Alice C.

Your mother is probably a demonstrative person who is devoted to her children and who yearns for their love in return. From your description of your older brother's and sister's behavior toward your mother, I would venture to say that they only increase her sense of being unloved.

There are many ways to make someone you love know of your affection. For instance, you might bring your mother an occasional surprise after school. Perhaps she likes some particular kind of candy—two or three bites of sweet would be unexpected, not expensive, and would please her. You might buy her an occasional handkerchief, or send her a card through the mail. You will find that she will make many fewer requests for physical demonstration of attachment if you go out of your way to assure her that she is deeply appreciated.

As for your religious problem: Simply go to your pastor and explain your prob-
len in a fair, constructive way. Ask him to have a talk with your mother—without revealing your instigation of the talk—encouraging her to allow you to entertain your guests in your own way, just as your mother has her own methods of amusing her guests.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one years old and have been married for one year. I can say with pride and gratitude that I have no marital problems. My tale of woe is, briefly, this:

My husband's work requires that he travel almost constantly, so we live away from home and friends. I travel with him, so I find that I have a lot of unused time on my hands. Because we are usually located in hotels I am somewhat limited as to recreation. I have tried buying myself with hobbies: I've worked on scrapbooks and albums; I've window-shopped and explored towns; I've attended movies and listened to soap operas.

Yet I feel that my life is being wasted. It exasperates me to think that day after day I am accomplishing nothing.

Can you suggest a hobby that will bring happiness to a lonesome girl?

Sharon E.

The world is so full of things to do that my problem, in answering you, is to refrain from filling the rest of this magazine with suggestions.

First, why not plan for the future? Since you and your husband travel, why don't you start a study of languages. You should buy any of the several books guiding language study and bolster these with recordings which can be played upon a small portable phonograph.

While memorizing vocabularies, or listening to recordings, you might start to embroider a set of petit point covers for a dining-room suite.

You wrote to me from a large city, so undoubtedly there are a number of orphanages nearby. Whenever possible, you should introduce yourself to the superintendent, and make arrangements to take two or three children on an afternoon outing. There is always need at hospitals, homes for the aged, or orphanages for a cheerful person who wishes to be of service.

Please let me know whether any of these suggestions prove to be of help to you.

Claudette Colbert

I'm seventeen and I am in love with a man thirty-two. I have been going with him for over a year.

I know he loves me because he does everything in the world for me. He says he would marry me tomorrow but he hasn't enough money. He claims he never has had anything and he never will have anything.

I have told him that by both of us working together we could get along fine and make a good life together, but he doesn't see it that way.

He tells me to go out and have a good time, but I don't want to because I love him too much.

What should I do—keep on staying at home in hope that he will change his mind, or go out and try to forget him?

Doris N.

I have said it before, but I'll say it again: When a man gives a girl an excuse for not marrying her, the plain truth is that he is not in love with her, or he has some secret and highly important reason for not wishing to marry her.

When a man is in love with a girl he thinks nothing of asking her to marry him, even if he has to borrow money for the marriage license. Nothing matters except being with the girl of his choice.

Any girl who refuses to have dates when a man specifically suggests that she go out with other men, simply doesn't understand the basic personality of mankind. A man in love is jealous; he can't bear to think of his girl being out with another man.

By all means, take this man's advice. Go out on dates with other boys. One of two things will happen: Either you will find someone more suited to you, or this man will come to his senses and decide that he loves you and wants to marry you after all.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was ten my widowed father remarried. I tried to please my stepmother and gain her love for my father's sake, but she was always cold, critical and treated me like an unwanted outsider.

When I married, my stepmother told my husband that she didn't like him and never would and made a good many disparaging remarks about his family background. We moved to another city, so her unkindness made no difference in the happiness of our marriage. We now have a three-year-old daughter.

A year ago my father died. My stepmother made a series of bad investments and eventually lost everything my father had left her. I had inherited nothing from him, incidentally. Last week I received a letter from her, asking us to take her in. Glenn flatly refuses even to consider the matter and says that I must choose between my stepmother and him.
I feel that I owe her something for the seven years of care she gave me, even though I know she never liked me. Furthermore, I know she loved my father deeply. Should I endanger my marriage to take her into my home, or can I refuse without suffering from a guilty conscience?

Betty B.

Your first consideration, of course, should be your husband and the happiness of his home. Under the circumstances I see no reason why you should threaten that happiness by bringing your stepmother into your home. Since you have said nothing in your letter about your stepmother’s health, I assume that she is able-bodied. I think you should feel quite free in suggesting to her that she go to work. For her own happiness, as well as yours, she needs to make a new place for herself in life.

However, I do think it would be extremely generous of you and your husband if you could send her a small amount of money for a few months until she is able to find employment.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and soon to be discharged from service. I am still undecided about my life work, and therein lies my problem. When I was eleven, I discovered in a doctor’s clinical report that I was adopted child. I questioned my mother about it and she admitted the truth. I realized that discussion of the matter was painful, so I let the subject drop.

Since then, I have been wondering just what work my personality best suits me for. My temperament differs from that of both my foster parents. I feel that an investigation of my “birth” parents might reveal some interesting facts about my heredity influences. Also, I strongly believe that everyone has a right to know of his origins. However, I hesitate to hurt my foster parents. I will welcome anything you have to say on the subject.

Stuart O’M.

Psychologists tell us that environment is far more important in determining the future of a child than his heredity. Furthermore, hereditary influences are difficult to trace since some children seem to resemble one particular grandparent more than their parents. Since you have been screened by the service, a reference to the aptitudes discovered by Navy psychologists will serve you more efficiently than all the parental investigation on earth.

Your foster parents love you; they would be deeply hurt by any hint that you are dissatisfied with them and are seeking other parentage.

Why not relegate the past to the past. It is only your future that counts—that, and the happiness of two people who have given you their loyalty.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Because of my admiration for you and for your work in “Imitation of Life” I feel that I can explain something that has long been on my mind.

Here in the South, we colored people are segregated, as you know. So are our children. I teach a group of youngsters who love Western pictures. Naturally they are also mad about the actors.

A few stars visit our cities from time to time to make personal appearances. Our youngsters are wild to see such famous people as Bill Elliott, Tim McCoy, Roy Rogers, Charles Starrett, John Mack Brown, Hopalong Cassidy and Tex Ritter.

All of us, children and adults, save our pennies to see these admired performers, so we have wondered if it wouldn’t be possible for them to pay brief visits to our theaters. Our youngsters are quite as enthusiastic an audience as they will ever find and our manners are above reproach.

I have written only in the hope that a word to an understanding person might bring a bit of unexpected happiness to some of our children.

A Teacher

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, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, 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.

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ALWAYS BETTER... BETTER ALL WAYS
LADIES' MAN: The new Eddie Bracken Paramount comedy will probably be best remembered for the mad musical interludes supplied by Spike Jones and the City Slickers. Hear them torture “Cocktails for Two” and “Holiday for Strings” just as they did in the picture (Victor). On the saner side, Cahn and Styne styled the film’s two new tunes, “What Am I Gonna Do About You?” and “I Gotta Gal I Love,” Perry Como croons both creditably (Victor) while Margaret Whiting (Capitol) concentrates on the former.

CARNegie HALL: United Artists actually invaded music’s sacred sanctum to shoot scenes for this forthcoming film, but the first records out sound more as if they came from Tin Pan Alley. Vigorous Vaughn Monroe muscles through “Beware My Heart” (Victor) while Capitol elected Margaret Whiting to carol the same song.

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY: Saluting the pretentious M-G-M Jerome Kern musical biography, Capitol has just issued a new album blending the best Kern songs recorded by its galaxy of stars. Johnny Mercer and Martha Tilton duet the gay “A Fine Romance,” which, if you recall, came from an early Astaire-Rogers hit, “Swingtime.” Margaret Whiting sings the wistful “Look for the Silver Lining,” The Pied Pipers collectively ask “Who?” and Peggy Lee gets coy with “She Didn’t Say Yes.” All in all, a handsome discollection. For more Kern, try Dick Haymes’s “They Didn’t Believe Me” and Tony Martin’s “The Last Time I Saw Paris.” Both on Decca.

MARGIE: To modern movie-goers this saucy little looker will always be Jeanne Crain, thanks to Twentieth Century-Fox’s sentimental swan song to flappers and flappers. Jimmie Lunceford (Majestic) makes “Margie” hotter than a firecracker, but Eddie Cantor (Decca), who originally introduced the song, sings it with familiar breathlessness.


I’LL BE YOURS: Universal-International’s latest has a song, “It’s Dreamtime” that’s right down Vaughn Monroe’s musical alley (Victor).

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS: Tommy Dorsey, one-half of the new musical biography of the battling bandsmen, rides his orchestra through two of the tunes from the Charles Rogers film, the new, “To Me” with an excellent vocal by Stuart Foster, and the timeless, “At Sundown” (Victor).

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA: Dick Haymes sings the two best tunes from his newest musical, “Mi Vida,” and “Another Night Like This” (Decca).

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: With Igor Stravinsky conducting the New York Philharmonic in his own Firebird Suite, listeners are in for some of the weirdest, yet most compelling ballet music ever written. Excellentiy recorded by Columbia. . . . The peaceful tranquility of Mother Nature is captured in music by Beethoven for his Symphony No. 6 in F Major, the “Pastorale.” Bruno Walter conducts the famed Philadelphia Orchestra in the new Columbia Masterworks edition . . . . Haydn’s Quartet No. 30 in G Minor is played by Columbia’s Budapest String Quartet . . . . The delicate Mozart Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord get a brilliant new treatment in the Columbia album featuring violinist Alexander Schneider and harpsichordist Ralph Kirkpatrick . . . . For new albums of Irish songs try Eileen Farrell’s new Columbia collection, or Kate Smith’s Erin wrap-up.
Roy Rides Alone

(Continued from page 33) shy, diffident and done up in cowboy trappings all the time.

But when unhappiness came into his life, I wanted to see Roy again because his plight touched my heart—and I asked him to come to my home.

He came straight from the set of his newest Republic movie late one evening so, of course, he was wearing his cowboy regalia, boots and sombrero plus, all but the saddle. I sensed as well as saw the change in him, although a half dozen years have not left much physical trace. He's extraordinarily young looking for his thirty-five years and he has the same boyish appeal. But he is far more poised than when I first met him.

Roy speaks softly but without a drawl ("I'm from Ohio, not Texas") he laughs. "Some of the best cowboys I've ever known come from the East—not the West.") And for awhile we chatted, recalling that radio show we did and his recent tour with his rodeo. Then, with the first lull in the chit chat, I think he decided to get something off his chest.

He said, "Louella, I was hurt when you said on the air that I was deeply interested in Dale Evans who plays in my pictures. My wife has been dead only a few months, and it came as a shock to me."

WELL, I'm not one of those girls who refuse to say, "I'm sorry," I said.

"I know that you didn't intend to hurt anyone," Roy nodded. "It's just that you didn't understand. I like Dale. I like her fine. She's the only girl I know well. She's been in twenty pictures with me and when I take out the rodeo, she's our singer. Naturally, I see her all the time.

"I went to see that no girl could have been sweeter or more sympathetic to me and my babies when Arlene died—but I'm not getting married immediately. Not to anyone. My first obligation is to my children. They are my entire life right now—those three kids."

You'd have to have a heart made of sawdust not to have believed Roy and to have realized how sincere he was in what he was saying. I think he wanted me, and through me you, to understand exactly how he feels about this.

"Oh, I'm not saying I'll never marry again. I'm not cut out to be a bachelor and children need a mother—a woman's affection and care. The devoted father in the world can't give that to them. There's a big void in their lives right now. But this isn't the time to try to fill it. They wouldn't understand and they would be hurt. For quite awhile longer it is going to be—just the children and me." From the set of his firm jaw, I knew there was more to that remark than floated to the surface.

I had heard that Roy and his in-laws had had some discussions over the children following the death of his wife and because I wanted to keep all my cards face up with Roy in the future, I asked him if this was true.

He said, "They want me to give up my little Linda, who is just four years old. In fact, they wanted all three of the children."

"And you refused?" I asked. No need to ask that question. His blue eyes blazed.

"My children remain with me!"

The eldest, Rogers girl, Cheryl, was adopted. Roy and his wife drove to Texas to get her. Then when she was four, little Linda was born. It was during the birth of their only son, Roy Jr., that Mrs. Rogers died.

"I love Cheryl just as much as though she had been born to us," Roy went on in that deadly serious vein. "We told her from the beginning that she was adopted. I told her that out of all the children we

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could have taken, we chose her. It made her feel sort of special and happy about it.

"But the main thing and the important thing is that we are one family—the children and I. We belong together and we're going to stay together and nothing is going to separate us. You ought to see the way those two little girls love their new brother! He weighs twelve pounds, and laughs like a toothless old man when I call him 'Dusty.'

"We've worked out a pretty good system for housekeeping out at the house in the Valley," he told me. "My pal and stand-in, Whitey, lives with us, and his mother keeps house. That arrangement suits me right down to the ground. We're a pretty big household—but there's never a dull moment.

I didn't want to interrupt him with too many questions because I wanted him to tell his own story in his own way. He was certainly doing a good job of it.

"We're so happy in our own little world out there," he went on, "and we're working things out so well that I find I don't want to get away from home too much. And, yet, I've begun to think that is a mistake. I've been part, maybe just a small part, of Hollywood for a long time, but I don't know much about it. I feel I'd like to know some of the folks better." (He calls everyone he likes "folks"—it's about the nicest compliment he can bestow.)

"And look here—don't you think children need to know other children and sort of get some friendships started that will last them all their lives?"

I said I did.

"That's the way I feel about it." He nodded in that way he has as though he were silently agreeing with what he had said. "I admire and respect the movie folks and I want to meet some of them. Particularly the ones who have children about the ages of my own kids."

He took an invitation out of his pocket. "See here," he showed me, "I'm invited to go to the radio party Atwater Kent is giving and I would like to go. But I don't know who to go with."

I said, "How would you like to go with me?"

"You mean it?!!!" he laughed, his face lighting up, "Lady, you got yourself a date!"

And, maybe you think I didn't! I've never spent a more delightful evening nor had a more attentive escort—but that's getting ahead a little bit.

I could see he was thinking something over and then he came out with it. "What should I wear?" he asked. When I said, "Black tie," I could see he was thinking at sea. I might have been talking Greek.

I went on to explain that the invitation called for a dinner jacket. When he said he didn't own one, I told him to go out and rent a suit with all the trimmings.

So, in that way, I was not only "in" on Roy's debut into Hollywood society, I practically sponsored it. The night of the party he showed up looking as well groomed as Adolph Menjou in what he laughingly referred to as his "rented finery." I slipped a red carnation into his buttonhole and he liked the effect very much. I was just like a kid.

"And these," he said, producing a box, "are for you." They were orchids.

How proud I was introducing my "beau"—for-the-evening to all the radio kings and queens at Kent's—I don't know when I've gotten a bigger kick out of anything. I'm not exaggerating when I say that Jack Benny, George Burns, Kay Kyser, Ginny Simms, Frances Langford, Eddie Bracken, Edgar Bergen and the Art Linkletter, Fibber and Molly, were all quite impressed at meeting him.

The last dinner at a table with Maria
Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont and the celebrated French star, Claude Dauphin. Roy looked a little helpless when they lapsed into French. Maria, sensing he couldn't understand them and fearing he might think he was the subject of their conversation, immediately lapsed back into English. That struck Roy as a very "folksy" thing to do.

But as much as he enjoyed meeting the Hollywood folks, he has no intention of becoming an habitue of the night clubs with a different girl on his arm every night. He'll never go the way of some attractive "eligibles" who have let the tinsel and the flattery of beautiful women affect him. Roy Rogers is too much of a real person. He's too much "just folks."

On the way home he summed it all up for me. "I guess that's one of the nicest evenings I ever spent," he said appreciatively. "When I was a kid I never dreamed I'd ever be meeting those millionaires and famous people. You know, when I was a boy I was very poor. I never had a pair of shoes until I was almost twelve years old. My family lived in Duck Run, near Portsmouth, Ohio, and just from hand to mouth. My two sisters were child brides, married when they were fourteen.

"As I see it, the nicest and best thing about having a little money is that I am able now to do things for my family." I gave them a new Plymouth last Christmas," he explained. "It was the first new car they ever had and their happiness was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. This evening I've just spent, thanks to you, is another big moment in my life. I guess when you get down to it, people are all just folks, whether they're rich or poor."

And when you get right down to Roy Rogers—that philosophy is what makes him such a swell guy and will be responsible for keeping those cowboy boots of his right on the ground even in a town like Hollywood.

THE END

Roy Rogers puts away his boots and ten gallon hat, dons first tuxedo he ever wore to take Louella Parsons to a party.

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Bergen PLAYS HOST

With stars toasting Edgar on his ten radio years with NBC

Bill Bendix makes a point for Bergen, (where's Charlie McCarthy), Molly and Fibber McGee, MC was Jack Benny

Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard among guests to see Bergen's huge television set—like the one at the White House

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Laughs by Hope. Bob put on a fun act, to amusement of guests, including Mrs. Hope. Bergen received a Lincoln car
ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 100, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn’t cost you a cent. (Advertisement)
It's the Darndest Thing

(Continued from page 53) chorus line, don't misjudge it as a pose. Pose is another thing Miss Grable hasn't got. She lays what she thinks on the line quick as it comes, and it comes ack-ack.

The astounding nuclear discovery about this gorgeous party is a mind, one rarely associated with bisque beauty and all those other sumptuous assets. Such discovery was made possible through the rare happenstance of catching Miss Grable fully gowned on the set, playing a woman of forty-five in a scene of "Mother Wore Tights," so that the scientist's mind was not distracted as it surely would have been had Mother been wearing 'em.

But even though Miss Grable was shrouded in midnight blue crepe it was no easy matter for him to concentrate. The gown was clinging. Miss Grable's talents are to be hid in a bushel of crepe. Erect and businesslike though she be, neither flippant nor flocculous, she still is primitive man's pin-up.

Vitality emanates from her person so that she appears brisk even when sitting perfectly still. An alertness of body and mind combined with her industrious record would appear to belle a lack of ambition.

"My mother had the ambition," she explains. "She did not force me, she gave me her boost. I have rolled along on the momentum she gave. I have not forced myself. I believe in letting nature take its course."

Nature being what it is, in Miss Grable's case there was little need to force matters. Wanting nothing, she has everything and vice versa. There are always eggshells in the garbage, as Miss Texas Guinan used to say in boasting her own prosperity.

Mrs. James earns a very tidy sum, indeed, each year and Mr. James with his trumpet sends the public for as much or more. Being an old-fashioned type husband, the good provider, he pays all his wife's upkeep. Her only financial obligations are the support of her mother and the United States government. Her mother lives modestly and carefully for the fan mail. Uncle Sam spends like a sailor with a swoonful and writes her mash notes thanking her for winning the war with bonds as well as pins. He has bestowed her daughter Vickie, age three, who is such a model child that instead of disciplining her, Mama finds it necessary to discipline nurses who indulge her. Even animals strive to oblige. Fifteen race horses are running their legs off for Papa at Santa Anita. A ranch of sixty-three acres, amounting to an empire in San Fernando Valley where so much as one acre is called a hacienda, boasts a collection of sundry priceless objects such as cows, horses, chickens, ducks, goats, all ambitiously vying to produce for Mom. Still other of nature's creatures have contributed their all to her closet of fur coats, exact number of which is withheld lest it give comfort to the enemy, the ubiquitous California mink.

Withal there is no ostentation in the Jameses' way of life. They spend weekends on the ranch at Calabasas across the hills from their home in Beverly. Their home is an eight-room house in Coldwater Canyon. Two acres of flowers and trees require the attention of two gardeners and two servants are employed in the house.

"I would do housework myself if I had time," says Mrs. Pin-up James. "I love it. That's something I have to look forward to when I retire."

By letting nature have the rein Miss Grable finds life fruitful. And all around her, as if by example, things have a
tendency to be fruitful and multiply like the Bible says to do. The mare that Harry gave her is in foal after presenting already one colt. Three brood mares are expecting. The cows, she says, are always enucleate. Ducks have duckling goats have goatlings and her chickens cank all night long. Even the GIs whose pin-up inspiration she was, are back home multiplying. They did not write her mash notes, for the most part, she says. They wanted pictures of her and Harry and the baby. This family group picture may have done not a little to put an objective gleam in a dogfoot's eye—a wholesome determination to do his part in promoting his nation's fecundity. Thus while England, Russia and other lands find it necessary to offer bonuses to induce blessed events, our own Betty-blessed America is awash with missies. Miss Grable takes pleasure in thinking she was a wholesome symbol of home life for the boys.

"Home life is more important than work," says the sage of Coldwater Canyon. "My work is important. Both are important. But I have gotten everything I want so far as work goes. Now it's home.

She lived in a hotel from the time she was five. Her parents were well-to-do St. Louis folks, her father a stock broker. There was no necessity for her to work. She took to dancing like a bee to the buzz. "I loved it but it wasn't easy," says Miss Grable. "I led a regulated life. Other children were playing and going to parties while I was rehearsing and going to bed at nine. I still rehearse and go to bed at nine!"

SHE HAS made the rounds of show business. She went on the radio while still a child in St. Louis. She danced and sang in the chorus of movie musicals at twelve, went on tour as soloist with a band, made personal appearances in movie theaters.

"At twenty-one I was washed up," she says. "I was a has-been in pictures. So I've had that experience, too."

And she had the experience of staging a comeback after knocking New York over the skyscrapers with her stage performance in "Du Barry Was a Lady."

Retirement will come the minute she feels she is not moving up, she says. It holds no terrors. On the contrary, it will offer opportunity to do the things she has missed. "I want to sleep late, do as I please. I started at bottom but I will not quit there. I don't want to be around here acting at sixty. I have no desire to be the grand old lady of the screen."

She gives the impression of being far from that decrepitude. "I look so healthy I never get sympathy. I have never missed a day's work. It's the darnest thing, if I ever go to the hospital, it's when I'm not working."

Miss Grable ascribes her health to dancing—and eating.

"I love to eat. I can't understand people getting so upset they can't eat. There's never been a time when I couldn't. Why, I eat more than any man in my studio crew. Breakfasts, no, I can't eat breakfast. But by ten I need doughnuts and coffee. At twelve I stuff."

She likes everything except bananas and calvies liver. Her favorite food: "Potatoes and corn on the cob."

Doesn't she worry about getting fat?

"Worry," says Dick Haymes, her old chum and screen mate in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," "is something Betty hasn't heard about. That's her chief charm for me. How I hate worrisome women!"

Miss Grable acknowledges her inability to worry. Not wishing to be thought insensible, though, she adds that her mother says she gets annoyed over trifles. Her joyful approach to the table no doubt has much to do with her whole-

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Ashland, Ohio

some beauty and even temper. Actresses who diet rigorously are notoriously witchy. Sure, she does get mad at times. "What kind of person would I be if I didn't?"

Her beauty is the uniquely American type, though Betty says she has been taken for every nationality including the Scandinavian and Jewish. That's probably what makes her the American type; she's a synthesis of the features of nations like to claim. She's the UN pin-up.

Her mother is of Scotch-Irish ancestry, her father Dutch-German. She figures she's got her sound practical sense from the latter heritage.

Darryl F. Zanuck, her producer, declared on the release of "Wilson" that if it was not a success he never again would make a picture without Betty Grable. Some exhibitors wish he had cast her for Wilson. But then it would have been hard to explain why the League of Nations failed. Bearing this in mind, Mr. Zanuck, on producing his three-million-dollar version of Maugham's "The Razor's Edge," offered Miss Grable the dramatic role of Sophie.

Miss Grable looked at him aghast. For a moment her faith in his acumen and the soundness of the entire structure of Twentieth Century-Fox was sorely shaken. Then she brushed her doubt aside, helped herself to dinner and went into her dance routine for "Mother Wore Tights."

She and husband James enjoy the same things: Music, horse races, Western togs, Hitching Post movies. The joys they didn't have in common before, they have cultivated since they married. Harry, for instance, had no idea of the Lucullan delights of victualing before he met Betty.

"He was skin and bones, now he weighs close to two hundred," chortles Betty triumphantly. "It's the darnedest thing!"

When people who have not seen Harry for some time exclaim, "My God, you're fat," he grins cherubically.

Similar, too, are the Jameses' histories. Both have been in show business from kids. He was a contortionist in the Haag circus from which he gets his middle name. His father led the band. His mother was, in circus terminology, an iron jaw. She hung by her teeth in mid-air while Papa James waved the baton. Little Harry soon took to the trumpet and quit his contortioning, a change of occupation which can only be regarded as fortunate in view of what's happened to old skin and bones since meeting up with festive Betty.

"Does he do any contorting now?" Betty was asked.

"Ho!" chortled Betty, "ho!" conveying the impression that Fatsie would be doing well if he could touch his toes.

But Harry may have the last "ho!" Wait until Mama retires and quits dancing. Ho! You can't worry Betty though. Let nature take its course.

It's the darnedest thing!"
COMEBACK

BY SARA HAMILTON

IT'S news, wonderful news when a Hollywood favorite, who has slipped away from the limelight for three long years, suddenly finds herself back again, loved, needed and appreciated.

Una Merkel, the soft-spoken little Southerner who had been a favorite of movie fans for fifteen years, is back—after years of heartbreak—her mother's tragic death, the break-up of her marriage.

Una and Ronald Burla had been married several years when they brought Bessie and Arno Merkel, Una's parents, out to the Coast. They were a happy and contented family. No shadow of the future tragedy darkened Una's path. She went on from one movie to another.

War came. Una toured the South Pacific with Gary Cooper and Phyllis Brooks.

After her return the mother she adored was found overcome by gas in their apartment. Una, exhausted by her war work, suffered such shock and unhappiness that she lay desperately ill in the hospital for two months.

Alone—for Una and Ronald had broken completely—she went to her father's boat anchored off Key West, Florida. And here Una slowly grew strong again in body and heart.

After three years absence, when Hollywood again remembered Una, she was ready to return to play opposite Kenny Delmar (the repetitious-mouthed Senator Claghorn of Fred Allen's radio show) in "It's a Joke, Son." And to be cast for the latest Eagle-Lion's production, "Bury Me Dead."

The cast and even the director had hystareics at Boston-born Delmar attempting to teach Una how to speak with a Southern accent. "I'm from Kentucky," she kept protesting, "and I talk like a real Southerner." "I'm from Boston but I talk like a real Democrat," Kenny insisted.

There is an honest appealing quality in Una that has grown with sorrow. In fact the set of "It's a Joke, Son" became a sort of reunion stage for all the old-timers who flocked over to see her. Her eyes are still twinkly, her hands that so often served as models are still long and shapely, her voice cozy with a faint Covington, Kentucky flavor. Too, that never-forgetting-to-be-kind quality is still intact.

Una has proved her strength—and made her triumphant comeback!

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Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association.

First Year

(Continued from page 43) Every fifth day the young bride packed their toothbrushes and they moved on, until they finally found a haven in a small, cramped Santa Monica apartment.

Today they are settling into their own home, a home they have built together with infinite love and care, where they will await the arrival of their first child.

Last spring Jeanne was "that pretty little thing in 'State Fair' and 'Centennial Summer.'" Now, she is Jeanne Crain, star of the sensational "Margie!" You hear of stars being made overnight. This time it achieved tragically. For tragic, wispy funny little Margie moved right in and captured the nostalgic heart of the public.

What a difference twelve short months can make. And—this is an American success story—Jeanne has proven that here things still move with breathless swiftness. That in New York, or Des Moines, or Peoria our country still holds out rich treasures to any of us who will take them. Jeanne Crain has done just that!

Beneath the little Crain girl's delicate loveliness there is a strength, a faith, a conviction that will never accept defeat. She believes in her star and she believes in herself. Under her husband's polished manner you find the courage and humor and drive that will support her.

That their marriage is a success is apparent. It is there in the way her eyes light up when she looks at him. In the smiles they share when they are separated in a crowd. It's in the gardenia he dropped for her on one day in a famous Hollywood restaurant because he was a little late to lunch. And in the gentle way he teases her.

"For a girl's appetite," he grinned across the table at her, "you'd never guess that her favorite lunch is a fruit salad."

She smiled at him. "Why, anybody would assume that. It's right in my studio biography. But, to change the subject, do you know what he wants to name the baby? 'Margie!'"

"Margie Jeanne," he corrected.

"It doesn't matter. It's going to be a boy. And I get to name the boys. I've always liked 'Michael Anthony' but, well, I guess Paul is my favorite name. Only 'big' Paul and 'little' Paul—how will you feel when he's as tall as you are?"

Jeanne is going to buy all her baby things at the last minute. "I know that's not what it says in the books. But I was so efficient the nursery room is finished, so there are a few things that might have worried him. And if Paul is too worried about me on the night, I'll be worried about him."

She has taken pains to make sure Paul has a good, sound foundation to see him through the big event. Georgianna Young Montalban, Loretta's pretty sister, is expecting her baby about the same time as Jeanne. And the girls have arranged an exchange of pacing privileges for their husbands.

It is typical of Jeanne Crain Brinkman that her first baby will be in the little dressing room next to his parents' bedroom. "That's where a baby belongs. Near his mother. I only wish he could stay there. There would never be a nursery or a nurse." But Jeanne will start...
work on her next picture eight weeks after he is born.

"Paul will be such a help. He's had some marvelous training, taking care of Shah. Why gave her her bottle ever so much better than I did."

Shah is Jeanne's lion cub. They met her at a Hollywood circus party and bought her because Jeanne just couldn't forget her.

Shah has changed quarters as she has changed size. That has been rapidly. When she could no longer be concealed in their apartment they transferred her to an empty stable near their new home.

Jeanne will keep her after the baby arrives—but Paul decrees differently. Then she sends Shah. "The worst thing she ever does is to tackle people. Then she just stands there patiently waiting for them to get out of her way again." She's very sporting, too. Won't do it if you're looking.

Shah manages to keep the workers who are building their house from finding her life dull. But even without a lion cub nothing the Brinkmans could do was dull. They put too much of themselves into everyday living.

PAUL enthuses over Jeanne's work in this past year until her cheeks turn a very becoming blossom pink. If the rest of the nation were not at her feet, she knows she would always have one ardent fan.

Jeanne herself talks with intelligence as well as interest about radio manufacturing. Her husband's business. "It's opened-up a whole new world to me. I think it's healthy and stimulating to be in different fields. It gives me so much to talk about."

They have a great gift for finding little things to do to please each other. Nor do they fall into the trap of repeating a happy gesture until it has become routine, devoid of thought and spontaneity.

Take the business of presents—a most important one in any marriage. Jeanne and Paul started giving each other a monthly remembrance on their anniversary date. Nothing expensive. Just a "darling, I remember" sort of gift. Today they still give them. But the flavor is new. Now it's something sensible, something for the house. Paul designs a new broiler for Jeanne, or a photograph of a Shah or a Disney drawing for the baby's room.

Their marriage is as fresh and sweet today as Jeanne herself. And it is definitely their marriage. Just as it was a year ago when they accomplished it in the face of so much opposition. And just as the house that they have built is their house.

They wanted a modern house, so they went to the most famous modern architectural team on the West Coast—Wurdean and Beckett—who transferred the Block-Brinkmans' dreams to perspective drawings, floor plans, blueprints. Then they searched until they found a contractor—the John Keith Construction Company—who would guarantee the materialization of all those dreams.

The barbecue gadget in the kitchen for roasting meats fascinates them both. They can't wait to try it and plan a picnic in the half-flint on the house to show it off. Any day a new idea or touch may occur to one of them.

At lunch in a popular restaurant Paul is apt to pull out a sketch for Jeanne to take home. She will stop in the middle of a sentence, all attention. Furthermore. She seems to understand the realms of figures and the weird designs that unravel on the tablecloth.

She just smiles and says, "You should see our tablecloths at home."
Their plans are far-reaching. When Paul bought their piece of land for their dream house, they decided the spot was too beautiful not to share. So Paul started his own real estate development. It is high in the hills behind Hollywood, secluded, sunny, covered with trees. They have named it Outpost Cove.

The advantage of owning one's own development became apparent almost at once. Jeanne didn't like the street number the City Hall issued them. So they changed things around a bit and Jeanne got the number of her choice.

There will be certain things about the neighbors who join them there. Jeanne is determined to make sure her children have plenty of play fellows.

"The most fun I had as a child was when I went to play with a family nearby who had seven children," she says.

It is a very full life, the life these young people share. A life of work and plans and more dreams. They have brought a great deal more to it than young love.

They have brought determination and intelligent thinking. They have brought faith and boundless enthusiasm. They are building solidly for that "end of life for which the first was planned." Lucky? Yes! And more. The Brinkmans are not idle dreamers. Yet still they find time to fashion dreams for the future.

For the Brinkmans, to stop dreaming would be to stand still. There are those journeys they'll make "some day." There's that pet trip of Jeanne's, a safari into Africa to hunt big game. There's the "rest of our family" and the ranch they'll have some day.

There's each new picture Jeanne will make. The expansion of Paul's business. There are the neighbors who have not yet moved to Outpost Cove.

Best of all, there are the years to live out together, confident that so long as they are together all will be well. That they will see each anniversary, each New Year's Eve, bring more dreams into reality.

THE END

Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison at Lux Radio Theater broadcast of "Anna and the King of Siam," one of ten high pictures in poll conducted for Photoplay by Dr. Gallup and his Audience Research, Inc.
**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from page 29)

**Set of the Month:** On the old “Phantom” set, as they call it at Universal Studios, we stood in the doorway of Bob Hutton's dressing room and watched an amazing scene in progress for the picture “Time out of Mind.”

In an un-furnished, full dress suit replete with stiff high collar, Bob Hutton stood facing a symphonic orchestra, wielding his baton with an amazingly professional touch. Behind the orchestra were the stairs leading up to the various boxes of the make-believe concert hall. In one box sat Ella Raines who plays Bob's sister. With her was newcomer Helena Carter who plays his wife. It was a tense moment in the story, for Helena Carter was about to signal for the bedlam that was to ruin composer Hutton's concert and his life.

As we watched, completely fascinated, the camera, mounted on a high boom, began to creep in behind the stage action.

Down one flight of stairs from her box came Phyllis Calvert. Like a great monster the iron contraption bearing crew men, director Robert Siodmak and the camera, silently moved with Phyllis. Once it caught a quick glimpse of Bob as it followed Phyllis in her behind stage race against disaster. Across stage and up the stairs she stole with the camera following. And then the door of the box opened and quickly she disappeared inside.

In that brief walk, (shot, we confide, fourteen times) we felt something of the authority and command of this English Miss Calvert, who came to Hollywood for the picture. And disregarding the usual studio raves saying here was a hit in the making, we came away convinced that at least we had seen fine direction and fine acting that go toward making finer pictures.

**Honor Guest:** Hollywood recently spread its very, best red carpet for

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INSIDE STUFF

Light up for Lund with his lovely wife—

John and Marie at Mitch Leisen party

Prema Fernando, managing director of the Sentiette Century Theaters Ltd. in Ceylon. Mr. Fernando and his charming bride stopped off on their round-the-world honeymoon.

Gary Cooper was their host. And Cecil B. de Mille. They lunched with Alexis Smith, Eleanor Parker and Ida Lupino. Bob Mitchum entertained for them at Lucey's. And Paul Lukas gave a cocktail party in their honor during a Palm Springs sojourn.

Mr. Fernando told Cal that Proroa-Play is a familiar sight in his land and admitted his firm frequently uses our reviews as a guide in booking pictures.

In spite of the fact that Ceylon audiences usually favor lavish Technicolor productions and spectacular musicals, the most popular film to be shown there in years is "Going My Way."

Also, Bing Crosby is the most popular actor in Ceylon. Others who cause movie fans there to stand in line are Alan Ladd, Betty Grable, Bette Davis and Ingrid Bergman.

Personalities: Irene Dunne is acharming woman who makes her presence felt in a roomful of people by her complete serenity. At a party recently we noted how Irene alone, of all the guests, remained quietly in her chair, and yet seemed to hold the center of interest. Her devotion to home and husband, Dr. Griffin, was evidenced in her remark during the peak of the fun when she quietly announced she must get home to her family. Dr. Griffin has recently been ill and Irene was faithfully devoted throughout.

The couple completely captivating Hollywood, these days, is the British Deborah Kerr and her husband Anthony Bartley. Playing opposite Clark Gable in "The Glass Menagerie," Deborah has become a favorite of the cast, crew and Gable himself. Her youthful, good
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Youthfully profiled—Cathy Downs and Guy Madison, paired at the same party

looking husband was a British Ace in the war and a hero many times over. Their easy charm and naturalness has won them friends everywhere and Hollywood hopes they’ll never go back to England.

Dr. Gallup of Poll fame makes a welcome addition to any party. Cal noticed recently, holding attention with his own vigorous personality. In town for Photoplay’s Gold Metal Award party, Dr. Gallup was feted and re-feted and, on the occasions Cal met him doing the rounds, he was always the center of attraction. Fact is if Photoplay took a poll of the popularity of recent visitors our guess is Dr. Gallup would find himself high on the list.

Dream Date: Jeanne Crain and her husband Paul Brinkman hoped to return to their honeymoon site, Furnace Creek Inn in Death Valley, for their first wedding anniversary but the doctor said no. Jeanne expects her baby in a few months and the drive is a long tiring one. So the happy couple stayed here and watched their home go up. The house, a modified Cape Cod type, is in the Outpost Estates above Franklin Avenue in Hollywood and can easily be added on to from time to time. After they learned about the baby the Brinkmans hoped to add a nursery but the planning commission said no. The den is being converted into a room for the baby. 

They cling to the paper tradition for their first anniversary gifts and without either one suspecting, they chose identical gifts of heavy linen stationery with their brand new Outpost address engraved in gold. That’s how eager they are to get into their very first home.

This and That: A wire from Bette Davis who is awaiting her baby at her New Hampshire farm indicates all is well. Bette spends a lot of time tramping about in the snow and loving it. A cable from Jack Warner, head of Warners’ Studios, and his lovely Ann, was sent us from Cannes in Southern France where the couple are vacationing. The joint message should allay those separation rumors that have been

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flying... A wire from Tyrone Power in Mexico to Cal in Kansas City threw the operator into a state of stunned surprise. Especially since "Razor's Edge" was showing there at the time.

The height of modesty was revealed in a note to Cal from Jean Morison whose married name is Reams and who was renamed Janet Leigh by Van Johnson himself when she became his leading lady. Janet hopes we haven't gotten too mixed up by the names to remember her and to tell us how much she enjoyed talking with us. After "Romance of Rosy Ridge" is released, we feel sure no one will forget little Janet... No surprise to Hollywood was the announced separation of Mickey Rooney and his second wife Betty Jane Rase. When Mickey failed to follow his wife to Birmingham when their second child was born, Hollywood knew their suspicions were confirmed. Mrs. Rooney will sue for divorce in her home state. "She wasn't attentive to my mom," Mickey says—which seems as good a reason for the break-up as any.

On? Off?: Hollywood is wondering if Greer Garson and Richard Ney are going to call it a day any day now, because it's obvious all is not well.

Separation rumors first started when Richard moved to the home of Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, and Greer said it was only for a little while—until the house was redecorated. Richard hadn't much to say either. Greer was ill, he said, and he was sure if they could take a trip together, where they could be alone, that they could patch up their differences. It's true that Greer has been working very hard, under terrific tension. Cal, along with the rest of filmland, sincerely hopes they can work it out.
Cathy Downs square dances with Henry Fonda in "My Darling Clementine"

Cal's Bow of the Month: In the direction of Henry Fonda, Cal lifts his hat in a low bow for Henry's outstanding performance in the film "My Darling Clementine."

By this time fans everywhere have had a chance to see the picture and we have no doubt will join us in our acclaim for a fine job brilliantly done.

This is Fonda's first picture since his enlistment in the Navy in 1942 as an apprentice seaman. Qualified for Navy Indoculation School, he was sent to Quonset, R. I., and graduated among the top ten per cent, making him eligible for Air Combat Intelligence School. He served overseas as an assistant operations officer, lieutenant senior grade, and received both the Presidential Citation and Bronze Star.

After a brilliant war record the Nebraska boy returned to his Bel-Air home and his wife, Frances Seymour Brokaw, whom he married September 16, 1936. His daughter, Jayne, is ten years old and his seven-year-old son, Peter Fonda, regard their father not so much as an actor as the daddy who loves to putter about the garden.

His hobby is making a complete camera record of his children, the construction of airplane models and amateur sculpturing.

Trained in the theater, he has slowly but surely become an actor of quiet authority. "The Ox-Bow Incident" is still regarded as one of the best pictures ever made, largely due to Henry's work. After "Clementine" he made two more pictures. "The Long Night" for RKO and "A Miracle Can Happen" for United International. He's glad to be back and busy.

Cal's Tour: Well, kids, Cal is on the air these days—every afternoon. Why not tune in and see what we're up to? We'll tell you more next month, but meantime turn to page 31 for details, time and stations.

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so hard-boiled his prisoners in Nazi concentration camp, with Michael Redgrave assuming a dead man's identity along with his wife and baby. Katharine Hepburn plays a dizzy gangster named Bob from Chicago whose prowess of performances by a distinguished cast. (Mar.)

CHASE, the—Nelis and Richard Knowles: How a nice boy like Robert Cummings is mixed up with a bad bunch is unfolded in this thriller-vehicle, Michele Morgan plays a good girl who marries a dashing gangster Steve Cochran and his bodyguard, Peter Lorre. (Jan.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE—Talbot Jennings—A: Although too long, this French film with explanatory English titles is a fascinating potpouri, all about Paris’ Boulevard of Crime in 1840. A superb cast headed by Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault and Pierre Brasseur. (Jan.)

CROSS MY HEART—Paramount: Slapstick tales, familiar themes, with Betty Hutton, a dizzy dame trying to drum up clients for her lawyer-sweetie, Springfield. He fails to talk fast and furiously when her frantic flap results in a murder charge. (Mar.)

DEAD RECKONING—Columbia: Not for the smash-up this Humphrey Bogart picture full of savage action, cracking talk, casual love-making. Hard-boiled Bogie meets his match in Siren Lil Scott. She and Chester Morris Carnovsky are a pair of spades against the truth to their happiness. A high-powered, pulse-quickening drama. (Mar.)

DECEPTION—Warners: It’s a real triangle again, played by the bette Davis as a talented musician whose past catches up with her. Paul Henreid is the hero in love with her and David Niven is another. (Mar.)

DEVIL ON WHEELS, THE—PRC: An effective sermon on reckless driving by kids who clutter the roads with their hop-up jalopies. Parents as well as gangsters are put on the carpet for endangering their own and others’ lives. Darryl Hickman is the boy who gets a lesson he won’t soon forget. (Mar.)

DRIFTIN’ RIVER—PRC: In this routine Western, it’s a love story between Robert Lowery and Deanna Durbin. If the Westerns are on the side of the law, with Eddie Cooein cowboy balls in between the fighting. (Jan.)

AFFAIR OF GERALDINE—Republic: Coud takes a look at the first feature film about small-town Jane Wither’s in search of a bridge. James Lydon, Gordon Douglas, Raymond Hathaway and Andra Meek are all part of the painful proceedings. (Feb.)

BEDELIA—Lion-Lion: This British brain-teaser has Margaret Lockwood playing the psychologically pretty bride of kindly Ian Hunter, and the detective who discloses her shady past. A black pearl ring helps to bring about Beedle’s downfall. Anna Crawford is the girl to be married. Jill Esmond is her nurse. (Feb.)

NEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, THE—Col.: A story about John and Sarah Doe, as timely as today’s headlines, with grand performances by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, Harold Russell, Cathy O’Donnell, Holly Carrick. This warmly human story of America’s post-war era is a movie must, meriting top rating. (Feb.)

BRINGING UP FATHER—Monogram: Joe Yule and Renee Kano bring to life the wits and wagers of the late George M. Cohan’s famous cartoon strip while Tim Ryan plays Dinty Moore. They’re a laugh-provoking trio if you enjoy slapstick and shenanigans by Bob and his girl. (Feb.)

CALIFORNIA—Paramount: You’ll get your quota of gunplay in this chronicle of California’s battle for admission into the Union. Ray Milland and Barbara Stanwyck have their personal reasons for seeing to it that the villainous George Coulouris has plenty to be afraid of. (Aug.)

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EASY COME, EASY GO—Paramount: Life on New York's Third Avenue with Barry Fitzgerald as an amiable, no-account Irishman who plays the horses, Diana Lynn as his disdained daughter and Sonny Tufts as her rejected suitor, trying to raise enough cash so they can tie the knot. (Mar.)

HUMORESQUE—Warners: It's music versus love in this entertaining though uneven picture with Joan Crawford giving a striking portrayal of a much-married patrician of the arts, and John Garfieldably turning a violent, Oscar Levant puts the humor in "Humoresque." (Jan.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE—Liberty-RKO: This has romance, comedy, tragedy, fantasy, satire—and Jimmy Stewart, who learns that it isn't worldy goods which enrich a man but the friends he makes in life. This highly original film with Donna Reed, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers and Lionel Barrymore, leaves a good taste in the mouth. (Mar.)

LADY IN THE LAKE—M-G-M: Detective Robert Montgomery is hired to establish the whereabouts of publisher Leon Ames's wife, her disappearance being important to a number of people, including Ames's clever lady editor, Audrey Totter. (Feb.)

MAGNIFICENT DOLL—Universal: An entertaining if not exactly authentic historical picture with Ginger Rogers donning boopie skirts to play glamorous Dolly Madison, David Niven as traitor Aaron Burr, Burr with his aloofness disguised James Madison, Horace McNally and Peggy Wood. (Feb.)

MAN FROM MOROCCO, THE—English Films: The fast tempo of this spine-tingling spy story will hold you entranced. Anton Walbrook, as a Spanish Civil War veteran, has many close calls in his desperate fight for freedom but passes long enough to remain with Margaret Scott. (Feb.)

MARGIE—20th Century-Fox: This refreshing comedy of the thrilling Twenties with the top tunes of that period is a hoot. As teenage Margie, Jeanne Crain's joys and sorrows are something to chuckle over. She's surrounded by a flock of newsmen, including Glenn Langan, Barbara Lawrence, Alan Young and Conrad Janis. (Jan.)

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE—20th Century-Fox: A rowdy, picturesque film of the tawd Old West with Henry Fonda as a street-shootin' marshal. Victor Mature is a reckless gambler and Linda Darnell plays his ravishing sweetheart. (Jan.)

NEVER SAY GOODBYE—Warners: Dashing Fred MacMurray and ever-liking Eleanor Parker come in marital monkeyshines with starlet Patti Brady, S. Z. Sakall, Forrest Tucker, Peggy Knudsen, and Lucille Watson. (Feb.)

OUT CALIFORNIA WAY—Republic: Ridein', rovin' and fightin' plus some singing and romancing with starlet Monte Hale, rounding John Dehner, winsome Adrian Booth, bright Bobby Blake and the Riders of the Purple Sage. (Mar.)

PERFECT MARRIAGE, THE—Paramount: Hi-jinks in a smart set, co-starring Lorena Young and David Niven who discover, on their tenth anniversary, that the bloom has worn off. Eddie Albert, Virginia Field, Rita Johnson, Zasu Pitts and little Mona Griffith are in it too. (Jan.)

PLAINS MAN AND THE LADY—Republic: Bill Elliott the plainsman, Vera Ralston the lady whose banker-father starts the first Pony Express between California and Missouri. In support are Joseph Schildkraut and Gail Patrick. (Feb.)

RAZOR'S EDGE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Somerset Maugham's novel about an unworlthy young man and a worldly young girl made into a super-duper show, its star-studded cast including Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, John Payne, Anne Baxter, Clifton Webb and Herbert Marshall. (Feb.)

SECRET HEART, THE—M-G-M: Good psychological drama with Claudette Colbert playing a widow who has a ton of debts to pay, two stepchildren to raise, and Walter Pidgeon to resist. There's trouble.

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So, to speed this relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo Ointment. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all drugstores in tubs complete with perfumed paper pipe—also tins and handy suppositories.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BOOMERANG—20th Century Fox: Henry L. Har- ney, Dana Andrews; Mrs. Harry, Jane Wyatt; Chief Robby, John Ireland; Catt Williams, John Haldron; Mr. Robert, Kenneth, Woods; Sam Lewis, McCreery, Robert Keith; Wade, Taylor Holmes; Mrs. Smith, Esther, Allen; Carlin, Lester Longman; Whitney, Lewis Lovett; Cross, Philip, Teasdale; Donnelly, John Murray; Mr. Rogers, Richard, Harris; Edward Berg- ley; Ed, White, Nellie, Mensch; James, Ben Lackland; Anson, Herbert, Sterling; Wewer Bircho, Rev. Gardiner, Johnny Stears; Cartwright, Guy - Tideway, Sissy, Seeger, D.; Lutcher, Claude, Sanger, Dr. H rozwiązanie, Dudley Sadler; Mayor Sweeney, Walter Grease; Miss Mason, Helen Hatch; Mr. Locksh, Joe Kazan; Mr. Rogers, Arthur, Shields; Miss Gouge, O. George, Petrie; Calabas, John Carmody; Judge Tate, Clay, Clement, McDowell, E.; Bannerman, Stone, William Chiles; Corner, Edgar Steer; Bill, Jimmy Dobson; Tom, Bernard, Hurd; Howard, Lee Robert; Mann, Pauline Myers; Cate, James, Sandler; Investigator, Herbert, Ratner; Graham, Fred, Stewart; Man, Sherlock; Anna, Minot.

FABULOUS DORSEY'S, THE—Rogers, U.: Jane Howard, Janet Blair; Bob Bentover, William Vand- ing; Mr. Dorse, Sara Allgood; Mr. Dors, Arthur; Shields, plus Tommy Dorsey and orchestra. Jimmy Howard and orchestra, Paul Whitman, Charlie Barnett, Helen Busse, Helen O'Connor, Elmer Ray Bande, Mike Pingatore, Ziggy Elman, Art Tatum and Stuart Foster.

FABULOUS SUZANNE, THE REPUBLIC: Suzanne, Betty, Haynes, Guy; Judy Vales; Hendrick Courtyard, Sr., Otto Krueger; Rye, Richard, Denning; William Harris, Bill Henry; Adam, Wallace, Ray; Wesley, Harry; Way- s Choose, Mabel, Ruth; Wenny, George, Fox; John, S.; Mabel, Ruth; Patti, Natalie, Dionne; World, Herb; Russell, Lee; Robertson, Robert; Martin, Eddy; Fields, The Little, Al; Hamer.

HELDORADO—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; Gabby Whittaker, George, "Gabby" Hayes; Carol Randall, Dale E.; Pounding, Harvey; Duke, William; Dr. Hill, Bob; Harmon, Bert, Jr.; Acre, Barry; Mitchell, John; Baghi, Roger; Sall and, Philip, Belushi; James, Taggart; Charlie, rex, Lewis, Mitch; Stave, Steve; Parker, Jr., Odeo E.; Rapper, LeRoy Mason; Gog, Eddie; cracking, Al; Eddie Auff and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

ALL THE YEARS—Universal-International: Louise English, Helen, Fitzgerald; Miss Thompson, Billie; Drake, Weckberg, William; Bendix, J. Conrad, Nelson; M. Jackson, Mary; Wein; Atwood, Lew; Gess, George; Wyman, George; Carleton, Myrtle; Cattell, Barber, Franklin; Pipen; Captain, William; Trenk, Blanche, John, Fulton; Gillette, Patricia; Alphin, Stage Door, Charles; Masterson, James; Train, Mel; O'Donoghue, Art; Eddie Auff and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

IT'S A JOKE, SON—Eagle-Lion: Senator Claghorn, Kenny Delmar; Magnolia Claghorn, Ura Merkel; Mary Long, June, Conway; Jeff Davis, Kenneth For- tini; Dan Healey, Douglas, Dumbre; Senator, Leeda, Jimmy, Conlin; Ace, Matt, Willis; Kufey, Ralph; Hett, Ed; Howard, Verno; Lewis, Whipple, Sisters; Margaret McAdow and Ida

JOHNNY O'CLOCK—Columbia: Johnny O'Clock, Dick Powell, Andy Devine, Ken; Researchers, Ted, Corbett, Lee J., Cobb; Nelle Marchetti, Ellen Drew; Hartcock, Howard, Estelle, Mac; Guido Marchetti, S. Thomas; Gomme, John, Kellogg; Chuck Blay- den, Jim Brennan; Slaton, Woman, Mabel; Hotel, Claire, Woman; Yark, Tur, Jeff, Chandler; Pimpy, Kit Guard.

MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES—M-G-M: Lew, Penrose, "Butch" Jenkins; John, S. Penrose, Peter Lawford; Martha, Herbert, Tyler; Mr. Bled- edor, Edward Arnold; Richard Pennington, Roeder, Charles; Ram, Penrose, Spring, Byington; Hudd, Mrs. Puddy, O., Z, Whitehead; Mr. Gillette, Paul Langston, Tom, Langston, Frank, Whitmon; Mr. Piper, Irving; Bacon, Psycho, Bill, Vaskar; Harvey, D. How- son, Howard Freeman; Mr. Gibly, Harry Hayden.

NORA PRENTIS—Warner: Nora Prentiss, Ann Sheridan, G. Robert, Morgan; Dr. Joel Merriman, Bruce, Bennett; Phil McDade, Robert; Ada, Lucy Talbot, Rosemary, DeCamp; Walter, Bailey, John, Roberts; Arthur, Bonita, Talbot, Wanda Hendrix; Max, Joan, Hall, Mary, Mylin; Policeman, Lieutenant, Harry, Shannon; District, Attorney, James, Flavin; Doctor, Douglas, Kennedy; Zek Driver, Don, McGuire; Policeman, Clifton Long.

PILGRIM LADY, THE—Republic: Henrietta Rankin, Lynn, Roberts, Dennis, Carter, Warren; Watson, Clifford, D. dorothy, Mollins, Eve; Stead, Veda Ann Bong; Professor, Rolf, Rankin, Char- lottesville, Sol, Kolten; Jif, Rolf, Rankin, Doris, Merrick; Thackeray, Gibb, Russell; Vaughn, Ray, Reynolds, Ray, Walker; Noel, Charles; Coleman, Wayne, Talbot, III, Carlyle, Blackwell, Jr., Dr. Brevna, Harry, V. Cheshire; Neti, Brown, Doro- thy, Chesty; Gage, Paul, E, Burns; Womack, Tom; Duggan, Hotel, Jack, Rice, Cab, Driver, William, Hands; Bello, William, Benedict.

PURSUED—Warner: Thor, Teresa Wright; Jeth, Robert, MacLean, Judith, Art, Campbell, Thomas, Several, George, Faye, Dennis, Donald, Grant, Dean, Ruggles, Jake, Lingle, Alan, Hale; Adam, John, Rodney, Prentis, Harry, Carey, Jr.; Bob ( RECOMMENDED)

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"The Work I Love"

And $25 to $35 A WEEK!

"I'm a former practical nurse, and thankful to offer this opportunity for trained nurses to

"Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those torments of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo Ointment—acts instantly to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissue, and firm up fibrous dry, hardened parts—helps prevent cracking

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"FABULOUS SUZANNE, THE REPUBLIC: Suzanne, Betty, Haynes, Guy; Judy Vales; Hendrick Courtyard, Sr., Otto Krueger; Rye, Richard, Denning; William Harris, Bill Henry; Adam, Wallace, Ray; Wesley, Harry; W"
if you've objections to cold infections . . .

**to the rescue with SITROUX!**

**. . . say SIT-TRUE**

**THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP**

**LYDIA**

(From the Alexander Korda film, "Lydia")

*RAY BLOCH AND HIS ORCHESTRA*

**SIGNATURE RECORDS**

**On wheels! Ilona Massey is “taken for a ride” by Nelson Eddy between scenes of “One Exciting Kiss”**
I simply adore Maybelline mascara — it's the most important part of my daily make-up.

Joan Leslie
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage
Still Acute
Crowds Queue Up...Millions
Try Different Brands...Smoke
Whatever They Can Get.

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.

It's only a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not. And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels...always great...grew greater still...so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:
Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CamelS
than any other cigarette

When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!
Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!

It's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch—the clearer, softer complexion that comes with your first cake of Camay! So change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions; reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had softer, smoother skin!

WITH THE COURSENS
A mutual interest in auto racing helped to bring engineer Johnny Coursen and lovely Marian together. They went often to a speedway in a New York suburb. But races couldn't compete with Marian's fair-skinned beauty for Johnny's attentions! She uses Camay for her skin!

MRS. JOHN WILLIAM COURSEN
the former Marian Reid of Valley Stream, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by Sandor

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Now the Courseen have a home in Connecticut, and Johnny vows he'll build a closet just for Marian's hats. She has dozens—and her young-bride complexion looks lovely with every one. Marian pledges: "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you? Follow directions on wrapper.
"He loves you NOT... he loves you NOT..."

GIRL: Oh, it's you again! Well, it so happens I was just seeing how many petals—
GIRL: I was up to five—
CUPID: Pardon me for suggesting—but wouldn't it be more fun to fool around with orchids? Okay... then start gleaming instead of glooming at men! Break down and use your smile!
GIRL: My smile? You don't know what you're saying! Sure, I brush my teeth—but my smile's like a storm-cloud. People run for cover—
CUPID: I bet you see "pink" on your tooth brush.
GIRL: Yes, and red when I look at you... you—
CUPID: Look, my little petal-picker, forget me and pay attention to that "pink." Because it's a warning to see your dentist at once. Let him decide what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."
GIRL: And a set of headlights for my smile?
CUPID: Listen, goon, a bright smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, take his advice... and you'll be started on a smile that'll have men picking petals off daisies!

Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers
Brooklyn boasts a tree, a ball club, and a flair for butcher ing the English language.

But that's not all. Now it's also famous for a wonderful musical film!

M-G-M has turned out four of its most talented stars loose somewhere in the area of Brooklyn Bridge ... and what comes out is sheer enchantment, surefire humor, solid entertainment entitled "It Happened In Brooklyn".

Frank Sinatra is just as the girl-shy hero who thinks that "New York is just a place to see Brooklyn from". And "The Voice" is in rare voice.

Then, to prove that Brooklyn has an eye for beauty and an ear for song, there's lovely Kathryn Grayson.

As the romantic young blue-blood who doesn't know that Greenpoint is pronounced 'Greenpoort', Peter Lawford proves he's the screen's new heart-throb.

Brightening "Brooklyn" with songs and quips is Jimmy Durante, who's got a million of them!

Yes, it happened in "Anchors Aweigh"; it happened in "Till the Clouds Roll By"; and it's happened again.

That now-famous M-G-M "musical romance" touch is TOPS!

The screen play by Isobel Lennart, based on an original story by John McGowan, abounds in happy moments.

Richard Whorf directed and Jack Cummings produced the picture and it's a happy combination.

"It Happened in Brooklyn" is a wonderful weaving of story and song, a rollicking, easy-going motion picture that simply bubbles over with delight.

It's just about the happiest thing that ever happened!

- Leo

P. S. Best-sellers make better pictures!

Three great novels are on their way to being M-G-M hits: "The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", "East River".

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 36 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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IT'S THE HAPPIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED!!!

FRANK SINATRA
sings 7 romantic songs ... and

KATHRYN GRAYSON
finds love in the arms of handsome

PETER LAWFORD
Hollywood's new heart-throb, and

JIMMY DURANTE
is funnier than ever!

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Based on an Original Story by JOHN McGOWAN
Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Song Hits
"Time After Time"
"Brooklyn Bridge"
"It's the Same Old Dream"
and many more!
The Sea of Grass (M-G-M)

SPENCER TRACY and Katharine Hepburn join dynamic forces again, this time to give a strong emotional picture of life on the cattle range in the late eighteen-hundreds. Tracy is Jim Brewton, a cattle baron who falls in love with a city miss; brings her as his bride to Salt Forks, where he and the "sea of grass," the great open cattle range, hold sway.

As Lutie, Tracy's wife, Hepburn walks right into a bad situation. The farmers are eager to farm the range; Tracy, realizing its possibilities as fertile grazing land, refuses to let them stake claims. This makes him show up as a selfish overlord both to Lutie and the town's altruistic lawyer, Melvyn Douglas, who finds Lutie sympathetic to his ideas but not to his love. Time is good to Tracy—so far as the land goes. It proves his point about the value of the sea of grass. But when it comes to his marriage, that's another matter. Lutie and Jim grow further apart, despite children that come to them.

However, you'll enjoy sharing the years with them, though sometimes you may be a bit impatient about their seemingly futile love.

Robert Walker hits home as their son; Phyllis Thaxter does her minor job well as the daughter. Both Tracy and Hepburn play out the strong stuff softly, thereby making this a very good picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty to keep you interested.

My Favorite Brunette (Paramount)

WORDS and facial expression by Bob Hope—and that puts this right up at the top of the chucklers. There's lots of opportunity in this story of Ronnie Jackson (Hope), the child photographer who gets himself a gun and a lady in distress (Dorothy Lamour) and then proceeds to be a private detective.

He enjoys every minute of the proceedings which take him right into a mental sanatorium where he comes face to face with Peter Lorre—and guess who backs up first. Before he's through with things, he's a murder suspect; and before the plot's through with him he's a hero.

Everything in this depends on Hope and as usual he's right there with all the makings. Alan Ladd and Bing Crosby are there too, just for a couple of minutes, contributing their famous bits to the general nonsense. Bob really has himself a time—and you will too.

Your Reviewer Says: Our favorite Hope.

Odd Man Out (J. Arthur Rank)

PEOPLE will go to see this British film because it stars James Mason who's made a name for himself in America; they'll come out wishing that more films like this can be made. England has given us a pretty prize this time, with a touch of genius turning the story of a man-hunt into a motion picture that won't easily be forgotten.

James Mason plays the leader of "the organization" in Northern Ireland. He plans and executes a raid on a mill to secure funds; he is wounded and abandoned in the street. The picture is the story of the next eight hours when he is hunted down unmercifully by the police; of the people who try to help him; and of the girl who waits for his return.

The film is peopled with many characters: they emerge as real as the man in the next seat. This is acting—by a cast chosen with care.

James Mason is excellent in the most sympathetic role he's had for a spell. Robert Newton as Lukey is outstanding, as is F. J. McCormick as Shell and W. G. Fay as Father Tom. Kathleen Ryan, playing Mason's sweetheart, brings an effective face to the screen.

It is not a prettied-up picture that comes forth. You may find it depressing; if this talent and sincerity had gone into a film to give greater happiness it might have been more of a boon to many people. In any event it is a production of which the motion-picture field can be proud.

Your Reviewer Says: Hand out the gold star.

(Continued on page 6)
"I can't stand to see you kiss him... even though you're my brother's wife!"

Look who's back! It's Bill Holden! It's Sterling Hayden! They're not only back on the screen... but they're both in love with the same girl!

All kinds of men were interested in Poppy's charms... but only one kind of husband.

Paramount presents

"Blaze of Noon"

Back together... after their super-smash in "Two Years Before The Mast"!

ANNE BAXTER
WILLIAM HOLDEN
SONNY TUFTS
WILLIAM BENDIX
STERLING HAYDEN
HOWARD DA SILVA

with

JOHNNY SANDS - JEAN WALLACE

Directed by JOHN FARROW
Screenplay by Frank Wead and Arthur Sheekman
Why didn't somebody tell me -
All tissues aren't Kleenex?

Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing! — I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain tissues. If you think all tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's only one Kleenex!

Bess, you alarm me — snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny — when I depend on Kleenex so. Listen, My skin knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!

Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex quality smilin' through — always the same — so you just know Kleenex has super softness. And are those tissues rugged!

Now I know... There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE
A Love as Bold, as Beautiful, as Wild as the Hills that Hid Their Story!

The excitement they couldn't drive out of their blood will surge in yours... these two who shared a savage love not even the lawless West could forgive!

Teresa Wright Robert Mitchum

"Pursued"

with Judith Anderson, Dean Jagger, Allan Hale, John Rodney

Directed by Raoul Walsh

Produced by United States Pictures for Warners
The Delightful Gum

IVORYNE

that helps keep your smile Sparkling!

Attractive popular women everywhere are known for their sparkling, gleaming smiles. That's why so many women are turning to IVORYNE. For only IVORYNE has the famous extra ingredient, calcium peroxide, which releases newborn oxygen as you chew. Refreshing, purifying oxygen helps sweeten your breath and brighten your smile. Look to IVORYNE... for the sparkle it brings to your smile.

The Late George Apley
(20th Century-Fox)

HAVING been given a successful ride by author John Marquand in the field of literature, "George Apley" now plays to the movie spotlight in a film that is as absorbing a play of manners as was the book. Ronald Colman moves into a Beacon Hill house, puts on a morning coat and emerges unquestionably as George Apley. His daughter is the rebellious Peggy Cummings; his son, Richard Ney; his wife, Edna Best—and they are all Apleys right down to the last drop of their blue, blue blood. Boston had better be ready to laugh at itself because the rest of the country will at this story of a man, hidebound by family tradition, who tries so hard to find himself in a changing world. The family picture, with its Horatios, Amelias and Rogers, is an engrossing one; the family life turns into a brilliant satire that makes of life on Beacon Hill thirty years ago a film that is perfect entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: In the upper strata.

The Affairs of Bel Ami
(Loew-Lewin-UA)

GETTING right into the sophisticated French spirit of things, George Sanders plays Bel Ami to make this an entertaining if somewhat restricted bit of filmmaking. Entertaining, because it is just what it claims to be—the history of a scoundrel; restricted, because by a somewhat exaggerated plot and an ironic expose of sophistication it may deprive itself of that "popular" appeal.

But appeal it does have—first of all, because Sanders does such a fine job at playing that unscrupulous rascal Bel Ami, who believes that men and women (mostly women) are in this world merely to help him help himself to a pot of gold. He shows up as a thoroughly bad character but also a thoroughly intriguing one. John Carradine makes a fine French Nineteenth Century journalist; Angela Lansbury does the understanding angel and Frances Dee the ingenue with good spirit; Ann Dvorak looks just a bit too sharply modern to fit in with the Louis XIV furniture.

The film has atmosphere—plenty of it—assignations, (Continued on page 10)
Is her sin in your secret heart too?

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

ROSALIND RUSSELL

MELVYN DOUGLAS

The Guilt of Janet Ames

with SID CAESAR • BETSY BLAIR • NINA FOCH

Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane, Allen Rivkin, Devery Freeman
Directed by HENRY LEVIN
What a puzzled young wife asked her doctor...

Ignorance of These
INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS
Has Wrecked
Many a Happy Marriage!

This pitiful young wife was puzzled. Her husband was growing so indifferent—almost as if he didn’t care any more.

Fortunately, her doctor explained to her 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.

And wives should certainly know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—zonite! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as zonite.

What Zonite Does...
Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It’s so powerfully effective no germ of any kind tested 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 zonite immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy Zonite today. All drugstores.

FREE! NEW!
For amazing enlightening NEW booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-57, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

(Continued from page 8) bon mots and duelling pistols all making a pretty background for a savoir-faire piece.

Your Reviewer Says: Well-mannered.

Imperfect Lady (Paramount)
A LADY’S past comes sneaking into this, just to make things difficult for the love of Ray Milland and Teresa Wright. Ray is Member of Parliament, Teresa an ex-dancer. Her past does the damage.

And such damage! Everything is going along nicely with Ray going places fast when something that happened on the night of August 17th involving a tail dark man (Anthony Quinn) makes headlines. Everyone gets pretty mixed up at this point, including Teresa’s best friend, Virginia Field; Ray’s brother, a stern Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Scotland Yard.

The proceedings are arranged to give you a good evening’s entertainment watching how conventions can involve the innocent and just how wrong some right people can be. Teresa Wright is a perfect “imperfect lady”; Virginia Field turns in a lively able performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Good picture of a bad mix-up.

It Happened on Fifth Avenue (Allied Artists)
A FIFTH AVENUE mansion boarded up for the winter is the background for some happy happenings in this. The owner of the mansion is tycoon Charlie Ruggles, but the occupant is homeless philosopher Victor Moore. This state of affairs exists because Mr. O’Connor (Ruggles) winters in the South, and opportunist Mac (Moore) hates to see a big house going to waste. This special winter, however, he runs into a bit of difficulty—a crowd of them, to be exact. Don De Fore, an evicted veteran, comes in the back door, too; Mr. O’Connor’s daughter (Gale Storm) just happens in, finds things—and Don—intriguing, so remains incognito. Before everything’s over, two homeless veterans and families plus tycoon Ruggles, disguised in some second-hand clothes, plus his estranged wife (Ann Harding) are all living together in a cozy hilarious fashion.

No one knows who anyone else is—which means that the opportunities for turn-the-table comedies are limitless.

Victor Moore is excellent as the philosophizing old panhandler; Charlie Ruggles, nobly restrained as O’Connor; Gale Storm and Don De Fore make an attractive couple. It’s simple; it’s homey.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughs plus.

The Macomber Affair (Bogeaus-UA)
If JOAN BENNETT goes around acting like this she’ll never be happy. She’s Mrs. Macomber, who plays a major part in the Macombers in Africa, made famous by Ernest Hemingway. In this film version she gives Gregory Peck and Robert Preston a fine run for their money.

Peck is the professional hunter who takes the Macombers on a hunting trip. It’s not long before he—and the audience—realize things aren’t what they seem. Mr. and Mrs. Macomber may look like a wealthy young American couple who have come to Africa to shoot lions, but what they look like and what they are are two different things. What goes on out there on the African veldt is really something, with Mrs. Macomber calling the shots.

You’ll find the setting unusual enough to give a lot of spark (Continued on page 12)
THIS IS IT!...the most exciting motion picture ever made!

Never has the screen searched so deeply into the love, fear and passion that lie hidden in the human heart!

Based on Today's best selling novel by F.L. Green and Directed with the skill and impact only Carol Reed could master!

J. ARTHUR RANK Presents
JAMES MASON
in Carol Reed's Production
"ODD MAN OUT"
... an adventure in unbearable suspense!
also starring ROBERT NEWTON
with Kathleen Ryan • Fay Compton
and Stars of the Famous Abbey Playhouse
A Two Cities Film • Produced and Directed by CAROL REED
Story by F. L. Green • Screenplay by Robert Sherriff and R. L. Green
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
WALTER THORNTON, originator of the Pin-Up Girl says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all of my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour... no blurry edges!"

How do they do it? Dashing here, rushing there... but always alluring every second of the day or night! Want to know their beauty secret? It's Flame-Glo, of course! What other lipstick keeps lips lovely so many hours longer? Where else can you find such radiant, shimmering lips — never a blurry edge, always water repellent? Yes, it's Flame-Glo and only Flame-Glo. In eight smartest shades, glorified by a new metal case you'll adore!

JOHNNY O'CLOCK (Columbia)

JOHNNY O'CLOCK is a smart young man who gets mixed up in the gambling business. As a matter of fact, he's really too smart to let himself in for all the things he does. However, it must be admitted that he has plenty of problems—he gets involved in the murder of a crooked cop, the boss's wife is trailing him romantically and detective Lee J. Cobb is trailing him professionally.

Dick Powell fits very neatly into his role: the plot is also neat and filled with lots of twists and turns. Evelyn Keyes is there, too, as the girl interest, though she's just too, too eager to please Johnny and as a result slows everything up by overacting all the way through.

The gangster business isn't overdone; it's all woven together in a compact fashion that makes things hum.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth your time.

Stallion Road (Warner's)

THIS goes hurdling along, leaping over everything, including common sense, to produce a film about three people and a lot of horses. The horses really win out over the people because they act naturally, but the poor humans are called upon to perform in such an extraordinary fashion they just don't have a chance.

Ronald Reagan is a ranch veterinarian who yearns for the simple life decorated with wife and little ones but just hasn't gotten around to taking the steps to get it. Alexis Smith is the girl on the next ranch who wishes he would. Zachary Scott is the city feller, an author, who comes West to visit his friend Reagan. It is Scott who saves the situation from becoming downright ridiculous by acting in an easy fashion, and giving forth with some droll dialogue. He views all the amazing proceedings with a jaundiced eye — and no one can blame him.

Reagan is affably indifferent; Alexis Smith looks well on a horse. It is Scott who takes over and delivers whatever good goods there are.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't look too hard for this road.

The Brasher Doubloon (20th Century-Fox)

GEORGE MONTGOMERY takes on the role of Philip Marlowe, previously handled by Humphrey Bogart and Dick Powell. He goes about the same kind of business, taking on a private case from an eccentric Mrs. Murdock.

At least, her secretary Nancy Guild says she's eccentric, but all she really seems to be is a loud-voiced female with lots of money and an avid desire to recover the brasher doubloon. This, in case you don't know—Marlowe didn't either— is a very valuable coin.

Lots of people could have taken it — young Leslie Murdock, who obviously is a "callow" youth; some gambling characters with ugly dispositions; or maybe even Nancy, whose gun is found near the scene of a murder. Oh, yes, there's a murder—matter of fact, there are three of them, with Marlowe right in there with the corpses before the police catch on.

This is meant to be another chiller-diller episode in the life of the famous detective, but it (Continued on page 14)
IT HAPPENED IN THE STRANGEST PLACES...

IT HAPPENED IN AN ICE-BOX!...
It was 20 below when they met... but it didn’t take them long to start a heat wave!

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK!...
Even the lovebirds were jealous of the way these two traded hugs ‘n’ kisses!

IT HAPPENED IN A NIGHT CLUB...
First she blew warm... then she blew cold... while the music just blew hot!

IT HAPPENED IN THE DARK!

ALLIED ARTISTS PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

DON ANN CHARLIE VICTOR GALE

DeFORE · HARDING · RUGGLES · MOORE · STORM
in ROY DEL RUTH’s

"IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE."

and it hasn’t been the same since!

GRANT MITCHELL · EDWARD BROWNY
EDWARD RYAN, Jr. · DANA ANDERSON · GREGORY WARD

Produced by ROY DEL RUTH

Associate Producer, JOE KAUFMAN

Screenplay: EVERETT FREEMAN - Story: HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS

FREDERICK STEWART Music and Lyrics by EDWARD WARD

Music and Lyrics by HARRY DEVLIN & PAUL WEBSTER
How Arthur Murray girls keep dainty while dancing!

Famous instructresses rely on this "safe-and-sure" deodorant!

BEAUTIFUL, TALENTED... Arthur Murray instructresses must have dancing ability, social poise - and in addition - complete personal daintiness that will last through strenuous hours of dancing.

THAT IS WHY they have selected Etiquet - as the deodorant that gives safe-and-sure protection '... stops underarm odor ... checks perspiration. Etiquet works so effectively - does such a thoroughly efficient job - it can be depended upon to guard daintiness through hours of active exercise.

ETIQUET is delightfully "fluffy," too - goes on easily - is soothing to the skin. Stays moist in jar, and is harmless to the most delicate fabrics.

NOW you, too, can have this secret of "dancing daintiness" - be sure of your charm at all times by using Etiquet. You'll find it at all cosmetic counters - in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.

The safe-and-sure deodorant Etiquet

(Continued from page 12) misses by a gasp or two. Maybe it's because Montgomery really seems too harmless a chap to be mixed up in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to standard.

THE GUILT OF JANET AMES
(Columbia)

THERE'S a lot of mist in this with Rosalind Russell as a neurotic war widow walking right through it. As you can imagine, this is quite a trick, accomplished here by several dream-like sequences.

Melvyn Douglas is a newspaper man who tries to get Rosalind to forget her personal grief by introducing her into the lives of the other veterans her husband's death saved. This is the type film that is hard to make and, unless done perfectly, is also hard to take. It represents a fairly good try at portraying mental images, but it never quite takes the audience along with Russell in her visionary moments. Since the handling of all the sequences is the same - Douglas literally talking Rosalind into a dream-like state in which she "sees" the veterans against a painfully artificial background - the film begins to drag. It is saved momentarily by Sid Caesar who, as one of the veterans, does a sparked-up take-off on all "psychological" films in general and even has Janet Ames laughing at itself.

Russell and Douglas both try hard with material that's difficult to get a grip on. It's an experimental type picture, and you may enjoy watching it more than you would a routine mediocre film.

Your Reviewer Says: Maybe.

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE
(Universal-International)

DREAMED up from the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, this is exactly like a dream - one you might have after looking at too many storybooks. It has everything anyone might want; the only trouble is you may not want it all at once.

A Russian naval ship is becalmed in a Moroccan port 'way back in 1865 when the Russians were known as gay romancers. The port is just the place for a good plot to develop, centering around Yvonne de Carlo who's dancing incognito in an Oriental cafe. Young naval cadet Rimsy-Korsakoff - a beaming Jean Pierre Aumont - is busy writing music; he really doesn't appreciate Yvonne, an omission that is rectified by woman-charmer Philip Reed. Yvonne's mama (Eve Arden) appreciates both Aumont and Reed - as a matter of fact, she appreciates the whole Russian Navy. After a lot of music, songs by Charles Kullman, a cracking good bull-whip fight, slynk Eastern dances by Yvonne and stern fatherly discipline by Brian Donlevy, everyone is ready to call it quits and go to St. Petersburg to see "Scheherazade" produced in flashy Technicolor.

If you don't take it seriously, you'll have a fair time. No one in the cast performs in any extraordinary fashion, but they all try to make good Russians - and they do look nice in their white uniforms.

Your Reviewer Says: Just for the fun of it.

ESCAPE ME NEVER
(Warners)

A PICTURE has no right to have such a sudden change of heart. For the first hour, this is an unimportant little opertatt-like film in which Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker, Ida (Continued on page 16)
The same Glenn Ford who tamed GILDA!

"I didn’t ask you to come into my life!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Glenn Ford in
FRAMED

with
Janis CARTER • Barry SULLIVAN
Edgar, Karen, Jim
BUCHANAN • MORLEY • BANNON
Screenplay by Ben Maddow
Directed by
Produced by
RICHARD WALLACE • JULES SCHERMER
No Male—Either!

WHY would a town filled with land crowd filling foam of helping much YOU MUST WRITE WHAT I TAKE THIS out. I get my Dental Cream's And enamel BREATH, BREATH, MATTER OF THE DENTIST OF THE AEON. 

If the active agent makes lower to escape. Your three to quick get knowledge. This has a novel touch in that it gives a quick and interest-stirring look at the Quaker way of life. Had it been done a bit more subtly, it would have made a better picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Cupid gets the gun.

New Orleans
(Levey-United Artists)

JOE ARMSTRONG and his cornet make an A-1 musical combination, but it would be more fun listening to them if you didn’t have to watch the film. Everything but Louis, plus some rhythmic numbers by Billie Holiday and the bands, is so much excess baggage.

The story has to do with the birth of jazz in the back room of a New Orleans gambling establishment run by Arturo De Cordova. Nice girl Dorothy Patrick falls in love with this new-type music and also with Arturo. He indulges in some mighty theatrics to give her the idea he doesn’t love her any more, moves off to Chicago where jazz is handed a new hat and the name bands—Armstrong’s, Woody Herman’s—are born. Meanwhile, she sails off to Europe and fame as a concert singer, propped by her classic-loving mama Irene Rehn.

Naturally in the end they get together—both the girl and the boy and jazz and the classics. You’ll like Louis and the music, but you’d probably like them better if they were the whole show.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing to offer but music.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Sea of Grass
My Favorite Brunette
Odd Man Out
The Beginning or the End
The Late George Apley

Best Performances

Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in "The Sea of Grass"
Bob Hope in "My Favorite Brunette"
James Mason in "Odd Man Out"
Susan Hayward in "Smash-up—the Story of a Woman"
Ronald Colman, Peggy Cummins in "The Late George Apley"
Victor Moore, Charles Ruggles in "It Happened on 5th Avenue"

(Continued from page 14) Lupino and Gig Young cavort about in picturesque costumes, singing for their supper at little cafes. Then, without any fair warning, the film turns into a solemn tear-jerker with tragedy stalking the London slums. The audience just can’t take it—it’s all too quick to be true.

Errol and Gig are sons of a famous composer. Gil is the sincere conservative; Errol (guess what?), the carefree gay blade. Eleanor Parker likes Gig—in the first place, that’s Isidora likes Errol; Errol likes his music. There’s a minor mix-up that causes Eleanor to dash away from fiancé Gig, so to patch things up the other three—plus a babe in arms—put some Tyrolean feathers in their hats and go off in search of her. By the time she and Gig together, she’s decided she likes Errol. At this point, everyone goes back to London and both Errol and the film sink into maudlin solemnity.

The four principals are, as required, gay as gay can be and tragic as all get-out but nothing comes out of their efforts.

Your Reviewer Says: You may want to escape.

Trail Street (RKO)

IT TAKES Randolph Scott to tame these Western towns, as every Western follower knows. On Trail Street in Liberal, Kansas, where the law just doesn’t have a chance, lots of things are going on. Robert Ryan is a land agent who hopes to get the farmers to farm; Steve Brodie is a cattleman who hopes to get them out. Everything blows up every so often until U. S. Marshal Scott comes riding in.

He gets a few shy boys behind bars, subdues some big mobs singlehanded and makes everything right for Ryan and his lady fair, Madge Meredith. Madge is a sort of can’t-make-up-her-mind girl; we much preferred the saloon singer, Annie Jeffreys, who went right after what she wanted. "Golly!" Hayes is there doing his usual stint and Billy House moves his huge bulk around in an ominous fashion.

It’s another law-and-disorder production that stacks up fairly in the Western pile.

Your Reviewer Says: Randy does it again.

Calendar Girl (Republic)

THE music gets all tuned up in this and then has no place special to go—except to a Greenwich Village boardinghouse at the turn of the century. This gay establishment is presided over by Irene Rich and is filled with a crowd of hopeful young people who want to play, or paint, or compose music, or act—or any one of a number of things.

Jane Frazee is the fireman’s daughter next door; William Marshall is the boy who loves her in his dull fashion; James Ellison is the young rake who really gives her a carefree whirl. Everyone does what he has to do with a vengeance, and everything goes along at a dizzy pace with the painters and dancers and composers plying their trades in colorful Bohemian fashion.

Chief singer is Kenny Baker; the hearty Irishman is Victor McLaglen.

The costumes are quaint, the music modern, but no one cares. Enough unimportant things happen in this to fill twenty calendars.

Your Reviewer Says: Tunes, that’s all.

Angel and the Bad Man (Republic)

BAD MAN John Wayne gets reformed by Quaker Angel Gall Russell in this, which is a fine idea, except that the refor-
Young America loves...

Blossoms on the trees

Looking pretty please

and New CUTEX

Applecart

★ So fashion-fresh—this newest Cutex shade, A ripe rosy red that shines up to Spring's new styles. Tipping "APPLECART" upon their pretty fingers. Young America is ready for anything this season. Same way with new Cutex "PIPPIN," another new come-hither color!

Remember, new Cutex contains a specially developed ingredient. Tests prove it wears longer, dries faster than even higher priced polishes. See for yourself what a difference it makes! See how it wears and wears and wears!

Shhh! Rumors are flying about a new Cutex idea... for Cutex, the originator of matching lips and finger tips, is preparing a new harmonizing lipstick that'll open your eyes! Watch for it soon.

*Tests made in our own research laboratory by one of the foremost nail-polish chemists in the country.
CREATE A NEW COMPLEXION WITH

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

A new beauty secret is revealed to you. The key to thrilling new loveliness is contained in the chart shown here. Select from it your shade of Pan-Cake Make-Up to harmonize with your own individual colorings... Then see for yourself how just a few seconds with "Pan-Cake" will amaze you with a make-up that stays on for hours without retouching... You will be delighted, too, with the softer, smoother, younger look it gives your skin... And "Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults... and the exclusive formula safeguards your skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs tomorrow. Try "Pan-Cake" now for new glamour today, for a lovelier tomorrow.
Incidentally

MR. GRANT

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

T HE RKO Still Picture Department is presided over by two blithe and pretty girls, Maggie and Tidbit. They are fans—especially Cary Grant fans.

When Cary stopped at the Still Department one afternoon he heard the girls announce that they were planning to see the only Grant picture unviewed by them at that date. It was an oldie titled "Only Angels Have Wings."

"You mean that's still around?" asked Cary in some surprise. "Where is it showing?"

The girls told him. It was at a rather inaccessible theater some distance from the studio. "But we don't mind going out there in order to make our record perfect."

Cary shook his head in wonder. "How are you girls going to get to the theater?" he wanted to know.

They said they would take a bus, transfer to a street car, then transfer to a second bus.

"I live in that general direction," said Cary. "When we're through shooting this afternoon, I'll collect you girls here and drive you out, if you like."

Maggie and Tidbit exchanged enthralled glances. Really, that was too much trouble for Mr. Grant, they said, but thank you, they would be ready at six. From that moment on, things were in a fine jumble in the Still Department.

Promptly at six, Cary drove up in his stupendous Lincoln Twelve and helped both girls into the front seat. "Would you mind if I stopped at my house for a moment, on the way to the theater?" Cary asked. The girls giggled. No, they said they wouldn't mind, as he put it.

The Grant menage is a low, squat, English cottage. The housekeeper opened the door for them. "Are you home for dinner, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

"No, I won't be here. Miss Hensel and I are eating together. By the way, where are you girls having dinner?" he asked.

They said there was a little sandwich stand across the street from the theater. They would catch a hamburger and a cup of coffee there.

"After working all day running around the lot—only a hamburger? No, that won't do. Would you join Miss Hensel and me at Romanoff's?"

The two girls lost control of their chin muscles and simply stared at Mr. Grant open-mouthed. Finally one of them said, "But perhaps Miss Hensel wouldn't care much to have us along."

And the other said, "But, Mr. Grant, look at us!" Both were wearing blouses, sloppy joes, bobby socks and saddle oxfords. One was wearing a pleated plaid skirt and the other was wearing slacks.

"You look fine," said Cary, snatching up his topcoat.

ALL of which explains why two utterly breathless girls tiptoed into Romanoff's with Cary Grant and Betty Hensel and had the dinner of their lives on a recent night. Afterward they were dropped at the movie. Postscript: Maggie and Tidbit had to return the following night to see the picture again because, on sober thought the next morning, neither could remember enough of the plot to be coherent about it.

And this is the guy the fans say is rude. Just goes to show it's all in the approach. Or perhaps some of it is in Mr. Grant. A native kindness, for instance.

Shortly after the holidays, Cary Grant was visiting—with a mob of other people—at the apartment of a friend. He happened to be talking to a group standing near the door and because Cary is utterly without pretension or self-importance, he had been serving as butler. Opening the door to a tentative ring, he found—not another guest—but a rather bewildered looking young chaplain.

"I think I've made a mistake," said the chaplain. "I'm looking for the apartment of . . ." and he named another of the building's tenants.

The host for whom Cary was doing honors suggested (Continued on page 118)
Child stars of yesterday and today: At charity affair Shirley Temple and Maggie O'Brien do their bit

Hope has faith and harps for charity—but Harpo Marx has ears—and winces

Just a bib for Bracken and a gag for Jane Powell at the annual party for Jewish Home for Aged

Cal Goes on the Air: Well, well, we're on the ether! If you don't believe it, just listen in on your local ABC station at 1:15 if you're on the West Coast; 3:45 if you're in the East; 2:45 in the central states; or 1:45 Mountain Standard Time. And what's the idea?

Well, would you like to visit a motion-picture set? Are you interested in meeting Gregory Peck, Robert Hutton, Maria Montez, Bing Crosby, Robert Cummings, or June Allyson? Would lunching at The Players, the Brown Derby, or Romanoff's or night clubbing at Mocambo or Ciro's with a favorite player interest you? Listen in on our daily program called Hollywood Tour and we'll tell you how the invitation works.

Two recent winners spent the day at Jane Withers's home viewing the pool and grounds. They had a soda whipped up by Jane at her own fountain, and later watched a picture run by Jane in her living room.

The two women who earned a Helen Hunt coiffure at Columbia Studios with glamour portraits by Columbia's photographer, Bob Coburn, compared notes with the experiences
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Photoplay's Hollywood Tour guests: Etta Rue and Mrs. Marie Kamen win a flight with Jon Hall

Dinah Shore gets a gag-award on Tour program—her own recording presented by Maxine Arnold

Olivia Egan and Mary Jones on Hollywood Tour view a Jane Withers childhood film at Janie's home

of the couple who visited Don Loper's fashion show and later received John Frederics chapeaus especially created for them by John in his Beverly Hills salon.

Cal recalls one winner, a charming miss of about seventy, who confided to Joan Leslie on the set of "Repeat Performance" that this was indeed the crowning event of her long life.

Bing Crosby, the old crooner himself, guested another lucky pair at one of his radio rehearsals and broadcasts; others have watched Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont in a love scene for "Atlantis"; or visited the sets of "Heaven Only Knows" with Bob Cummings playing an angel; or "Wall Flower" that features Bob Hutton; and of "The Paradine Case" with Gregory Peck.

Charles Boyer, Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, June Allyson are just a few of the many stars who have greeted Photoplay's winners.

Every day during the broadcast Cal interviews a star on the air and so far Dinah Shore, Eve Arden (whom Cal gifted with a Valentine bouquet), John Carroll, Martha
INSIDE STUFF

O'Driscoll, Brian Aherne, Bob Stack, Macdonald Carey and many others have stood up to Cal's questions.

If you're coming to Hollywood this summer listen in so that you, too, may be a winner and have the chance to unlock the gates of Hollywood for one golden day.

Meet Mr. Ladd Jr.: Three and a half years old, Alana Ladd doesn't at all resent her baby brother, David Alan, because Alana has now been promoted to a room "wil a beeg bed" all her own while the nursery has been given to David Alan.

Father Ladd, we may say, looks at least twenty years younger after the worry of Susie's prolonged pregnancy. Few people know that Sue was given up twice by the doctors and a week after the baby's birth was still dangerously ill. "Only her strong will to live kept her alive," the doctors said. But now the worries are forgotten.

On the day Susie returned home Alan had hung up amusing signs. At the gate was posted "Is it a stork? Is it a plane? No, it's Susie and David." And on the bed Alan had hung the words "I'm a Proud Papa." All of these entertained and amused little Alana.

The most generous and kind-hearted people in the world, the Ladds this time were on the receiving end. Susie in fact had to beat a path through the flowers that crowded her bedroom. And as a token of appreciation to the three nurses who worked in shifts to aid Susie in her fight to live, the Ladds presented each with a combination record player and radio.

"No wonder people love them," the nurses agreed with Cal.

Here and There: Bette Davis has returned to California from her New Hampshire home where she had planned to have her baby born. A chance to buy a home in Laguna brought the Sherrys back post haste. Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston have taken a lesson from the Laraine Day-Leo Durocher Mexican divorce and Texas marriage mix-up, which ended in headlined court battles, and decided (Continued on page 24)
"No, never!" muttered Mrs. Jackson.

"But, Alice! Your hair looks lovely! What is wrong?"

"That girl—that's what's wrong!" Mrs. Jackson fumed on.

"What girl?"

"Why, the one who did my hair! Honestly, it's trying enough to have to sit for hours under a hot drier, but it's downright agony to be overcome by a breath that is, to say the least, off-color!"

"Oh, that's it!" said Mrs. Gage. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. That girl ought to be fired!"

And the girl was fired! This is just another random instance of how costly halitosis (bad breath) can be in business; Mrs. Jackson lost her temper... the girl lost her job... the shop lost a profitable customer.

**How Dare You?**

When the penalties can be so great how dare you take a chance on offending others when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a wonderful precaution against halitosis. Almost immediately this delightful antiseptic makes breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times, before any close contact with others. It gives you a wonderful feeling of assurance.

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.

**Use LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**
That Bandbox Look
isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast—if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out
They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.

(Continued from page 22) to wait until fall, when Johnny's divorce becomes final. M-G-M is sending up prayers of thanksgiving over Katie's decision . . . The romance of Elizabeth Taylor, just sixteen, and young actor Marshall Thompson is so tenderly serious, Elizabeth's mother is concerned. Elizabeth insists on unchaperoned dates but Mrs. Taylor says no. Knowing the two are really in love—and young love can be serious—what do you readers think?

Bits and Pieces: Look for a hasty merging of Gail Russell and Guy Madison now that Selznick Studios has lifted that no-marriage ban . . . Errol Flynn left his beloved boat, the Zaca, moored to his newly purchased island (Navy Island) in the West Indies. The island came complete with mansion, gardens, sugar cane and natives. Errol flew back for the birth of his and Nora's second child . . . One hears that Humphrey Bogart is recovering from a scalp ailment that caused his hair to fall in bunches. A new crop is said to be growing in . . . To hear them tell it, Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer are now going to set the wedding date for sometime in May—but don't make any bets on it . . . Turhan Bey met Linda Christians shortly before she left to visit her family in Mexico City. In no time the pair were chatting in French and German with Turhan more interested than he's been since the Lana Turner romance.

Garson and Ney: Like most broken marriages, that of Greer Garson and Richard Ney was brought on by a series of intangible but deeply rooted differences in make-up. They slowly discovered the relationship between them was based on surface likes. They liked to dance together, to laugh and enjoy friends together, which is hardly a lasting marriage foundation.

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Greer's mother suggested she move into a little home of her own, Greer violently opposed it. She needed that warm companionship, that understanding that comes only from shared hardships and trials.

When Richard's mother, who holds an executive position in Washington, D.C., came on to visit, an instant liking sprang up between Mrs. Garson and Mrs. Ney. They lunched and dined out together, attended movies and spent many happy hours together. Greer, too, was more than fond of Richard's attractive mother.

Cal hopes, but won't bet on it, that somehow all will be well and these two handsome people will again find happiness together.

**Party with Ford:** "Ellie leaves this afternoon at five," Glenn Ford said over the phone and something in his voice prompted us to ask about his plans for that evening. "Gee, I'm lonesome already," he said, "what can we do?" So after the departure of his wife, Eleanor Powell, for a dancing engagement in Chicago, Glenn and Cal met at the home of charming Elyse Hunt where a cocktail party was in full swing.

Cal spied pretty Martha O'Driscoll, another blonde gone brownette. Director Johnny Farrow and Sir Charles Mendl seemed to be making movie plans of some sort (Sir Charles loves acting in films). While Glenn chatted amiably with Mervyn Leroy, Mervyn's very pretty wife Kitty, one of the town's most popular matrons, seemed to be having an interesting chat with Peter Shaw who came alone. Popular Atwater Kent, who gives such wonderful parties, and Cal sat down for a discussion of mutual friends and were soon joined by Johnny Meyers, Howard Hughes's close associate.

At 8:30 Glenn and Cal departed for a bit of dinner and Glenn, we noticed, seemed to have lost his blues.

---

**That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!**

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away past perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of future underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

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1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

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Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For **Sanitary Napkins**—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.
"My husband became a grim stranger . . ."

Could this grim-faced man be my once gay, loving husband? What had I done to change him? . . . Well, it seems I'd been careless in trusting to now-and-then care in my feminine hygiene. "A sad mistake made by all too many wives," my doctor told me. Then he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"He's my own man again now"

My own devoted husband is back again, now I'm faithful to my doctor's advice. No more careless feminine hygiene, with "Lysol" so easy and economical to use. It's far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions—a proved germ-killer, cleansing thoroughly yet gently. I always use "Lysol" for douching...and it works beautifully!

Many Doctors Recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 Reasons

Reason No. 1: POWERFUL, PROVED GERM-KILLER . . . "Lysol" is a true germicide of great germ-killing power. This power is not reduced by age or exposure to air.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol," always!

Toast to youth: Marshall Thompson and Joyce Reynolds at recent theater opening

INSIDE STUFF

Home Again: About the time vacation looms ahead for most people, Hollywoodites are returning from theirs. Home from Sun Valley are the Gary Coopers who, with Cladette Colbert, her husband Dr. Joel Pressman, Norma Shearer and her husband Marty Arrouge and children, have spent most of the winter at the ski resort. Life there is simple and pleasant and exactly to Gary's liking. His little daughter Maria and Norma's two children, by her former husband Irving Thalberg, attended the little village school nearby while their parents skied. After school, Gary says, the kids proceeded to show up their parents on the ski tracks.

Gary says that Van Johnson, who spent several weeks there with Evie Wynn, has now replaced George Washington for fame with practically every shop in the village boasting that Van Johnson had been there.

The Acapulco crowd is drifting back from Mexico with tales of moonlight nights and golden days. Letters from Tyrone Power and Lana Turner were full of romantic stories that turned Cal green with envy. And what an odd situation when Howard Hughes, Lana's former boy friend, flew to Acapulco to visit Jane Peters. Ty's leading lady, and all four met amicably and happily. And of course when Frank Sinatra showed up with his Nancy, the place really took on life. Esther Williams and Ben Gage are already building a home for a vacation spot at this Mexican resort. They will rent the house while they are working in Hollywood. "We'd rather have two modest homes than one big estate," Esther says.

The Palm Springs group, brown as berries, are straggling back to town. Incidentally, that romance between Bob Walker and Mrs. Herbert Marshall that began at the Palm Springs Racquet Club is over. "Just another winter romance," Hollywood says.

(Continued on page 28)
The gift that's a promise of lovelier hair

Jewelite by Pro-phy-lac-tic

- No tribute to Mother could be more gracious than a gift of Jewelite by Pro-phy-lac-tic. Jewelite Brushes, Combs, and complete Dresser Sets, styled in the most beautiful of plastics, are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, as well as in diamond-clear crystal. And every Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon (finest of synthetic bristle) to help burnish the hair and bring out every natural highlight. Jewelite, sold at good brush departments, is a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Look for the name Jewelite on the box.


The unique Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush has wide-flaring bristles trimmed in a curve to conform to your scalp. Helps provide healthful stimulation. Individual brush, $4.00. Dresser set, above, $12.00.

Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs for men and women are designed for perfect combing. Available in a wide variety of styles and colors. 15c to 50c.
The Redcoats Are Coming! They seem to be arriving in droves, these charming British stars, and we needed only Michael Redgrave to complete the list. The star of "The Lady Vanishes," "The Stars Looked Down," "Jeannie," "Thunder Rock" and so many others has long been a favorite of ours, so we quickly phoned in our acceptance when Universal Studios invited us to a cocktail party to meet Michael. Joan Bennett, who will co-star with the English actor in "The Secret Beyond the Door," came early and brought her husband, Walter Wanger, who will produce the picture. Joan had met Michael during her recent Command Performance in London and was thrilled to be playing with him. It was director Fritz Lang, he of the monocle, who introduced Cal to Redgrave and secretly we wondered how Mr. Redgrave would accept the Lang directorial authority, once the picture gets going.

We were amazed to discover "The Lady Vanishes" with Dame May Whitty was Michael's first film. He told us, too, that he was born in Bristol, is a third generation actor, is married to actress Rachael Kempson, has three children, and was a modern language instructor at Cambridge before signing with "Old Vic," at present Laurence Olivier's famous stock company.

Now in his thirties, the six-foot-three Michael promises to become as popular as David Niven.

Set Doings: It's director Michael Curtiz's first production on his own, and after several setbacks "The Unsuspected" is zooming along. Young Ted North, who has made only B pictures, was given the role Dana Andrews refused and Mr. Curtiz is so enthusiastic over the lad he's renamed him Michael North, "because he seems almost like my own son," the director told us. He's a handsome young man with dimples...

Quite a difference here! One of these summer wash dresses costs $17.95 . . . and the other, $45. More than twice as much!

But the interesting thing is that both dresses look equally crisp, fresh and appealing—because they've been starched with LIMIT®!

You'll find LIMIT Starch gives a fresh, smooth, soil-resisting finish to all your things. Get a package today. Follow the easy directions on the box.

It's the shell pink dress that cost $45.

... ADDS THE "finishing touch"

LIMIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton look and feel luxurious as linen. Use LIMIT to restore the charm of a fabric's original finish—for curtains, blouses, accessories, children's clothes, men's shirts. In fact, all your washables.

Peggy Cummins, young and wistful Welsh importation, at the Fox commissary
and hazel eyes and, since his divorce from Mary Beth Hughes, quite eligible. It's an interesting, tense, alive set that constantly wavers between high good humor and near hysteria, especially when Curtiz gets mad. Audrey Totter, borrowed from M-G-M, was literally yanked from a Texas-bound train to play the meanie. "Not since Carole Lombard has there been such a one—so bubbly like the champagne when cct is lively," Curtiz tried to explain about Audrey. And when he introduced us so proudly we both played it straight, for he had no idea Totter and Cal are old friends.

Claude Rains sits on the sidelines and watches intently while others work and Joan Caulfield, borrowed from Paramount, has already promised the director he shall have first chance to test her pretty sister soon to arrive in Hollywood from New York.

"I need two more girls for my stock company," Curtiz told us, but hey, don't come to Cal about it. We haven't an ounce of pull with the famous man.

O'Brien News: When Margaret O'Brien's best friend Nancy went away to a convent school, Maggie wanted to send a gift to express her devotion. Using her mother's checkbook she laboriously wrote out a check for five dollars and mailed it to Nancy. Mother Superior mailed it back to Margaret's amazed mother who suggested her daughter send a more usable gift.

As Maggie was too shy to ask Clark Gable for an autographed photograph for Nancy, Deborah Kerr offered to get it for her. In the commissary a few days later Margaret, on roller skates, spied both Deborah and Clark on opposite sides of the room and impulsively scooted over the floor, dodging startled waitresses and bus boys, to offer her thanks.

In this corner: Cornel Wilde's intrigued by something in the commissary too

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Such lovely luminous lustre. Such tantalizing moistness. You will never know how unbelievably beautiful you can look until you've followed the soft curve of your lips with Shimmer Lipstick. Wildly exciting in itself. Ecstatic when paired with either Peggy Sage's Shimmer Sheen or Regular Nail Polish.

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Songs by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON

Associate Producer and Director — FRANK McDONALD

A REPUBLIC PICTURE
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 29)

Family Man: That tall, lanky lad who has been driving through the southern states and who looks like Jimmy Stewart, really is Jimmy, taking his family on that long-promised jaunt. “I kinda wanta see my own country for a change,” Jimmy says.

Griddle Hot: Unconfirmed but widespread is the rumor that the Van Johnsons are expecting. Clark Gable’s eyes all but popped out when the lovely Ava Gardner first stepped onto “The Hucksters” set in that very, very decollete gown. And now Clark, who seems to have just discovered Ava, is dating the young lady after work... Hollywood is holding its breath over the hushed but coming divorce of an actress from her producer husband, which may mean that a star who has always loved the actress will finally have a chance. If this sounds complicated, so is the romance. Mrs. Dick Haymes, who did a bit of acting under the name of Joanne Dru, is giving it all up to stay home with husband and babies. Dick couldn’t be happier... That constant, unhappy bickering between Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles just isn’t worth it. Surely some pleasant solution could be worked out.

Line or Two: Nice of Bing and Bob Hope to cut in their old friend Barney Dean on the profits of “Road to Rio.” Barney is a veteran writer on Bob’s radio show... Dorothy Lamour, who always dresses in quiet, good taste, is hurt and puzzled over being included in a certain (Continued on page 74)

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion
is actually 2-lotions-in-1

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN

It’s love at first touch—when you smooth new Woodbury Lotion on your hands. So rich. So luscious. So different. It’s a beauty blend of softening and protective ingredients. Actually 2-lotions-in-1.

1. A softening lotion—lavish with luxury lanolin—that helps bring hands endearing natural softness.
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with a taunting smile...

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GENE GENE TIERNEY
REX REX HARRISON
GEORGE GEORGE SANDERS

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

with EDNA BEST - Vanessa Brown - Anna Lee - Robert Coote - Natalie Wood - Isobel Elsom - Victoria Horne

Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ - Produced by FRED KOHLMAR - Screen Play by Philip Dunne From the Novel by R. A. Dick
CERTAIN Hollywood homes are automatically avoided by cautious editors. A distinct few are placed in the prize category—where you pay a visit of five minutes or two hours and are completely bemused.

The household of Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford nestles off Sunset Boulevard, past Beverly Hills, straight toward the Pacific. This home is new for the Lawfords, but already its solid walls have had to give a little not to burst at the seams.

In the first place, this is all their son Peter's doing. Last fall, deciding that an M-G-M star and his parents should have their own home, he quietly went house-shopping. Then, since of course you don’t buy furniture in Hollywood for a house in California, Peter did the more logical thing of buying all the furniture in Chicago and having it shipped back. Freight delivery being what it is, Peter is at the moment sleeping on a mattress on the floor.

The color scheme of the house was also Peter's. Grays and greens are dominant. Lady Lawford makes protesting noises. After all, this is the first time her young son has really managed such a deal without her. It wouldn't do to let him think she really approved. Peter and Sir Sidney might, you know, get out of hand.

Which is what has happened, to tell the truth. Sir Sidney, a relatively young man on the sunny side of the seventies, couldn't be happy for long supervising the Lawford roses and hedges. Screen careers were running in the family. Why not Sir Sidney? Metro still wonders dazedly (Continued on page 126)
What's wrong with

All work and no rest made Frank—not himself

Between beats—Frankie grabs a slim bite

“I've never asked for anything I did not think right . . .”
I got news for you.

It's all sunshine and flowers with Frankie and me.

That rootin', tootin', telegram-sending, column-chiding, air-blasting, letter-writing feud that Sinatra and I have been carrying on for the past six months—is all over.

It died a natural death after we met and aired our grievances over a luncheon table at the Beverly Hills Club. In the long run, I'm not one to harbor grudges and neither is he. He has a quick Latin temper and when he's mad—you know it if you're the object of his dis-affection.

Me? I'm half Irish. We were going to it hot and heavy for awhile via every medium at hand with Frankie showing a preference for insulting telegrams.

When I wrote in my column that he had become so temperamental at M-G-M that he and that studio might soon part company, Frankie sent a three-page blast that simmered down to the idea that I was incompetent to report on Hollywood doings. That (Cont'd on page 107)
How June Allyson Is Learning To Be Happy

Behind her bubbling laughter—her new security
At first I thought there couldn't—positively couldn't—be anything new to write about June Allyson. In fact, I said so. I said, look, the girl is only twenty-two and there have already been nine or ten million words written about her. There can't be anything new to say. But I was mistaken.

There is quite a lot about June that is new. All growing things change, and June Allyson, who has more of Peter Pan in her soul than most anybody I know, is growing up. In that process, she is leaving behind her two things which, alone in her sensitive and vividly responsive nature, might have twisted that always tricky development out of shape.

Worry.

And ambition.

Over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where Junie has spent all of her motion-picture life, I heard a story about her the other day.

A new contract was being drawn for Miss Allyson and—like all new contracts—there were some slight differences of opinion between the parties thereto. Usually nowadays (Continued on page 76)
HOLLYWOOD had begun to breathe again. The black clouds of censorship that had whirled around its head as a result of the release of “The Outlaw” had seemed to have moved on without leaving too much damage in their wake. Yes, things were looking up.

Then on December 31, the last day on which it could qualify for an Oscar nomination under Academy rules, David O. Selznick opened his super wild-Western, “Duel in the Sun,” at the Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood.

Eighteen days later, on January 17, the severest censorship storm since 1930 broke in full force. On that date Archbishop John J. Cantwell in “The Tidings,” official archdiocesan newspaper, announced: “Pending classification by the Legion of Decency, Catholic people may not, with a free conscience, attend the motion picture ‘Duel in the Sun.’ This motion picture, of which the National Legion of Decency was not afforded the usual advance viewing, appears to be morally offensive and spiritually (Continued on page 127)
Don't look now, Judy, but your happiness is showing. How come? Just listen to what an old friend has to say

BY ELSA MAXWELL

SURPRISING what a difference a little thing like Liza can make in a life.
One year you're still the Judy Garland whom Metro put under contract at the age of twelve because your voice had an odd habit of flying straight from your heart to the heart of your audience. You're the Judy who—before you had a chance to think of the things you wanted for yourself—had become a part of Hollywood's golden saga and, shy and sensitive, found yourself with the wrong people.
The next year, Liza! And you're the real you. Only, like most personal metamorphoses, yours has been so gradual, it's only now that you, or your friends, catch on to what's been happening.
At least, that's the way it looked to this reporter the other day as I watched Judy with her baby Liza in her arms. At the risk of sounding like last year's Valentine, I must report on the discovery I made that afternoon. We were in Vincente Minnelli's old study which has been transformed into the nursery because it is the room into which the sun shines all day.
Liza, I must tell you, is enchanting. She loves being alive. She cannot yet walk but she bounces on her feet trying to dance. Music, unless it is very gay, makes her very quiet. And Judy has started a collection of recordings for her, including several lullabies. She cuts a disc for Liza every time she makes a professional recording and included in the collection is the lovely "Liza, Liza."

Liza flirts boldly, aided and abetted by big dark eyes and long black lashes. Usually she's sunny. But, denied
Every day is Mother’s day since Liza Minnelli came to stay with her mother, Judy
Judy, star of "The Pirate," has emerged an old-fashioned girl who finds most pleasure in simple things.

Liza, Liza
Smile at Me

Her father's dark eyes—mother's sparkle.
Liza flirts boldly—is sunny most of the time—until she’s denied something she wants, she gets as mad as a hornet. Also, because she’s interested in everything, her wants are not few. Judy, of course, dresses her in the most divine little-girl clothes.

On the day of which I write, Liza, who is teething, grabbed the soft folds of Judy’s dress and stuffed them into her mouth. With gentle authority Judy freed her dress from the baby’s determined grasp. And I became aware Judy had changed. For only those with personal security, only those who are self-sufficient and self-contained can have gentle authority.

Judy used to remind me of a startled fawn, with her restless eyes, her quivering nose and her little awkward leggedness. With her wildness too. For, a typical bobby-soxer, she went for hot (Continued on page 80)
In the driver's seat: Dana Andrews, starred in "The Best Years of Our Lives"
For one who has had a lot of the West, the East can create an appetite as keen as an African native's craving for salt.

So Dana Andrews discovered when he went to Connecticut to make "Boomerang." This was it! The smell of an eastern autumn in the air; real Colonial houses with their roots in the soil for half a century instead of the transplanted variety that stood out on the dry California hills like Christmas boxes in July.

Promptly he rented one of the real ones and sent for his whole family—Mary, his wife; four-year-old Kathy; two-year-old Stephen; with thirteen-year-old David joining them during the school holidays.

There was the added tang of getting into New York—particularly for the giant premiere of Samuel Goldwyn's picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives" in which Dana gives one of his finest performances. On that day Dana was lunching peacefully with a friend at "21" when the waiter interrupted him.

"There's a telephone call for you, Mr. Andrews," he said. "It's a Mr. Bob Shirley who says he knew you in Texas."

Dana thought hard. Then he remembered. Exactly sixteen years before, he had shared a room at the Y.M.C.A. in Austin, Texas, with a Bob Shirley. He sprinted to the telephone.

Over the wire came the same Texan drawl he had heard sixteen years earlier. It was Bob Shirley, all right, still sprinkling Texas liberally into his English. He congratulated Dana on his career. Then he added, "Matter of fact, I've a little favor to ask you concernin' that, Dana."

"What is it?" said Dana, ready to loan a few dollars to his old roommate, or give him some introduction for a job.

"I kinda wondered if you couldn't git me six tickets for the big premier tonight," Bob said.

Dana was appalled. He explained that the theater was sold out. There wasn't a ticket to be had. (Continued on page 119)
Photoplay's private enterprise for the month—putting Hymie Fink and his camera on a plane Mexico-bound. His orders: Cover "Captain from Castile" on location and bring back the year's most exciting pictures. P.S. He did!

**By Hymie Fink**

On location—3000 miles from Hollywood and Vine in ground of billowing smoke from the volcano Paricutin.

Ty as Pedro de Vargas, Captain from Castile who finds adventure in Mexico.

The sombrero and serape are Mexican but the shapely legs belong to Jean Peters.

With banners flying high, the small army of Conquistadores marches to find glory and riches in the valley of Mexico.
the shadows of the hills of ancient Mexico with a back- 
Prop men lift screens to help camera catch light

Montezuma

Even photographers now and then get breaks —and the breaks were with me when PHOTOPLAY decided to send me down to Mexico for some location shots of the "Captain from Castile" Technicolor extravaganza.

My plane landed in Mexico City at three A.M. and I went straight to the Reforma Hotel for some necessary shut-eye. The next afternoon, still half asleep, I went to the airport and met Ty Power's pilot Jeff who was to fly me to Uruapan (pronounced Oor-wa-pan),

Jean Peters, new personality, as Catana, inn dancer who follows her man to Mexico

Ty takes time out to catch up on correspondence, backed up by the King's men

Chow—and judging by the enjoyment of Ty, Cesar Romero, Thomas Gomez and other members of cast, a welcome pause
Strange twist: Sixteenth Century captain navigates Twentieth Century typewriter

Hollywood's contribution to the Good Neighbor Policy—Ty as a hidalgo from old Spain—his straw hat adds the modern touch

a little town about three hundred miles from Mexico City.

We took off and about an hour and a half later landed in a cow patch guarded by Mexican soldiers. The shooting here was mostly of crowd scenes showing the historical march of Cortez on what is now Mexico City but was then the stronghold of Montezuma, the great Aztec king. The next day we were a little uneasy. You see, about ten miles from location is Mexico's famous active volcano which the natives call Paricutin because its real name is too long to handle. Never have learned to trust a volcano belching fire and smoke. Pari kept at it all day, and when the wind was right the fine ash came down like light rain. There was real rain too and when the ash and rain tangled we were spattered with fine black mud.

This location involved serious transportation problems. There were horses, tents, trucks, all the costumes, etc. Over three thousand extras (Tarascan Indians) were used. They made fires at noon and cooked their tortillas, frijoles and chili. At night, wrapped in their serapes, they slept on the ground.

Ty was swell about letting me take pictures. So was his co-star Jean Peters. Jean, by the way, has never before made a picture. She won Twentieth Century-Fox's college girl contest as Miss Ohio State and is now Ty's leading lady. Also, (Cont'd on page 51)
Director King shot this tender scene especially for Hymie so our cameraman could catch Ty and Jean together.

Conqueror of a new world: Tyrone as the dashing Captain from Castile.

Cesar Romero as Cortez, bold leader of the Mexican invasion, with Ty.
Gilding-the-lily department: Jean's popularity at college won her best-liked-girl prize

Some Indians live in jakeles like this in old Mexico

LAND OF

Tyrone, in brief interlude on location, grins at friend
director Henry King was pretty swell. He shot a whole scene just so I could catch the two leads.

Before we left Uruapan we went to a most spectacular baseball game between the Mexicans and the Americans. The game was a lot of fun because the Mexicans make up their own rules as they go along. However, the Americans won. While we were watching, Ty's co-pilot came in with a bandage over his nose. He said he had been taking up Ty's plane when the motor conked out near the end of the runway. The plane was wrecked. Jeff was sure lucky to come out with only a bruised nose.

When the scenes were finished here, the company prepared to leave for Acapulco, the famous coast resort about two hundred miles south. We heard the location in Acapulco was being guarded night and day by the Army because they still have trouble with bandits from the hills.

Since the crew was leaving for Acapulco that weekend, Ty decided to fly the film into Mexico City. I went along with him, as this was my only chance to get back in a hurry.

And that's it, kids—what happens when your photographer gets a fling down Mexico way!
Janet Blair makes news in the “nude” line

Royal touch for royalty—Shirley Temple wears her first strapless gown of mousseline with brocade bodice, gold rose in her hair

Breathtakingly tops in fashion combat—Ginger Rogers’s ermine trench coat
WARD dinners, excitement-crowded days at the races, glamorous movie premieres share the fashion spotlight with Hollywood parties this month. Also, I think that two particular fashion "musts" many leading stylists are determined to foist upon the gals from West to East and from North to South, furnish some very depressing style news at the moment. But I'll get to that later. First let's take up the gorgeous array of duds that were paraded at a recent premiere.

The most stunning effect of the evening was achieved by Ginger Rogers who was wearing that fabulous ermine trench coat designed especially for her by Don Loper. That's right—an ermine trench-coat! As trim, as tailored, as belted and as casual as any ever sported by an Army officer. And complete with notched lapels. Ginger wore it over a simple, floor-length black crepe dinner dress. Tucked softly around her neck was a black chiffon scarf. Long black suede gloves, black sandals and large flat black envelope bag enhanced the striking simplicity of the entire costume. And— we almost forgot—on the bag, stamp-fashion, was Ginger's name—tiny black beads (in her own handwriting) on a background of little dead white beads.

Barbara Stanwyck was at the opening in a simple, very décolleté black crepe evening gown—a sheath-like top tapering to a skin-tight waistline. The skirt was tunic-tiered in black lace. Only note of color—and a rather unusual place for it, was one (Continued on page 92)
Lights up! Larry Parks, starring in "Down to Earth."
Almost Down To Earth

So he’s up in the clouds! And why not—when his castle in the air becomes a hillside home, complete with mate

BY DOROTHY DEERE

HAPPEN you’re up Nichols Canyon way one of these fine weekends, and happen you have to step aside to let a dark chap and his blonde girl friend go flying past on their motorcycle—well, just step aside. Nine out of ten times, it will be Mr. and Mrs. Larry Parks, and outside of the possibility of a brush fire being set off by the happy tinder of their eyes, the danger is slight.

“We like to do what you call ‘cow-path’ exploring,” says Larry. “Get off the beaten road onto the paths, or bump along the fire breaks till we reach what the maps call uncharted country. There’s still quite a bit of it in this state—” But most of all, Larry and the recently returned Betty Garrett are blissfully exploring their brand new state of being together.

In any town, the story of Larry and Betty would be a mighty sweet saga. In Hollywood, town of both fame and frustration, there are few couples with courage enough to try the long-distance love which for two long years was the only sustaining link between them. Voluntarily, these two kids gave each other up right after their marriage so that each might have a fair fling at his private ambition. Betty already had her agile toes on Broadway’s musical comedy ladder. Larry had hung up his hat on one of the more inconspicuous pegs at Columbia Studios. Between the two lay some three thousand miles—a distance to stretch even the optimism and faith of youth pretty taut.

Today Betty, the musical-comedy hit of “Call Me Mister,” returned to Hollywood to accept a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. And today, Larry is the fellow who made screen history doing what even Al Jolson couldn’t do. He’s the brown-eyed and pink-

Another log on the fire—a chance for Larry and his Betty to get reacquainted
Almost Down

In his memory book—once was a pullman inspec-

cheeked young chap who turned Jolson, rave of the champagne-filled-slipper era, into Jolson, rave of the bobby-soxers. If you don't believe it, check Al's teen-age mail these days, or notice the jive fans suddenly besieging the music counters for the Mammy-singer's records.

Coincidentally, Mr. Parks's own mail is bulging with the same swoon-type missives—a very pleasant situation, indeed. In fact, after the current success of his second starring role opposite Rita Hayworth in the Technicolor "Down to Earth," he finds the entire business of being a star a highly satisfactory one. It's nice to play in million-dollar productions. That is, "Just because a picture is big, is no sign it's going to be good—but it sure helps." He should know, because of that dreary number of months in which he played

Kansan becomes clansman: Larry in "The Swordsman," which takes place in Eighteenth Century Scotland
in nothing but an uninspiring succession of low-budget B's.

... "Unless I was busy being chief punching-bag for the lot. I hate to remember the number of screen fights I had to engage in, doubling for a star whose face they didn't want marked up. I'm a little glad those days are over."

He was skeptical that he'd get the Jolson role.

"You see, I was always testing—for everything. I made five tests for the role of Chopin in 'A Song to Remember'—even had the costumes fitted—but Cornel Wilde got the role. I tested for 'The Bandit of Sherwood Forest'—Cornel got that one, too. When they told me I was testing for Jolson, I muttered a merry 'So what—who cares?' Afterwards I promptly forgot the thing (Continued on page 110)
Quickest way to catch some men
Is to run away from them

Glenn Ford

A man thinks he likes to know how a girl feels about him but he really doesn't. Romance is like a steak. When it's hard to get it becomes more tempting. Every man thinks he's a hunter and has an instinct for the chase. Once he's sure he's cornered his bird, he no longer feels like hunting. To me, the most interesting women are those you're never quite sure about.

Barbara Stanwyck

A girl should keep a fellow guessing. I never saw one of those forthright females who ever got anywhere with a man. They clomp around in sensible shoes, taking a grim pride in their honesty and looking everybody smack in the eye with their gimlet gaze. It's a losing system. Show me one gal without one whit of guessability, and I'll show you a gal who spends plenty of time curled up with a good book.

High brow and gimlet eye
Are not designed to get a guy

Kurt Kreuger

A girl should keep a man guessing, for nothing pays off as well as mystery in romance. A man is one who should do the courting. It's the nature of the male beast to think he doesn't have to bother with the courting business once the girl admits she's interested in him. His usual reaction then is to lose interest in her. I don't think any man wants to be too sure of any girl. She's far more intriguing and exciting when he doesn't know where he stands. But the girl must, of course, be subtle. For her to play an obvious game is pretty stupid.

Are you listening, Cupid, while

Dorothy Lamour

Should a girl be mysterious and keep a fellow guessing? Yes! Yes! Yes! Just ask Bill Howard, my husband. Oh, I don't believe in a girl's trying to make a fellow jealous by telling him about all the men in her life. That's really corny. But she should be mentally stimulating enough and mysterious enough to make a man wonder in the end how he was so lucky to win her for a wife. No girl should be so forthright that a man can tab her easily and figure out what she's going to do next.
Esther Williams

I've always believed in the honest approach. I never liked the big line routine and the sweet, toothless nothings. When I met my husband, Ben, for example, I thought he was the typical man-about-town. He asked me for a date one night and I told him I couldn't make it. Then, to test him, I asked him to have dinner at my mother's house, knowing most men disliked this sort of thing. "However," I added, "I'm sure that wouldn't interest you." To which Ben said, "On the contrary, I would like it very much. I want to meet your mother and the sooner the better." And that's the man I married.

Vera-Ellen

Sincerity is very important in matters of romance. Without it, the whole affair is phony and will never amount to anything. Any man a girl can't hold with her own personality and her own charm isn't worth holding—and is certainly not worth playing games with. And any man who would run away from an honest confession of love is little more than a heel.

Him Guessing?

these romance experts battle it out?

Frank Latimore

I personally resent being made a tool of a girl's flippancy—and keeping a man guessing is a form of flippancy and insincerity. Nothing makes a fellow feel so foolish as to admit he's in love and then have the girl say, "I don't know whether I'm in love or not. I'll have to have time." Or to have her out when you call for your date. After all, it's human nature to admit any deep emotional feeling. I wouldn't want to marry a girl who looked upon my love as something she could toss around according to her playful moods.

John Payne

It's downright old-fashioned to think that dangling a guy is a natural weapon of subterfuge. I think girls should be honest with a man. If it's a game they're playing, admit that it's a game. It all seems to boil down to this: Women have crossed over so effectively into world affairs today and have fought for their place so long that it's silly to cling to the old idea of being frivolous.

If you dangle many beaus
The one you want may not propose
IT'S MY BUSINESS

Read this—then apply the "Goldwyn" touch to yourself and watch it work

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN
Producer of "The Best Years of Our Lives"

Dana Andrews's question changed his luck

Vera-Ellen's nostalgic personality—not her dancing—did the trick
Ann Steely was only a shadow of Cathy O'Donnell

**There** is no more dangerous and misleading phrase than “discover a star.” It makes talent on the screen seem like a kind of black magic. Too many young hopefuls feel that all that is needed to send them on their way to stardom is a nod.

But let me tell the readers of *Photoplay* what I believe:

I think a producer may find or recognize the seed or germ of a great talent in any beginner.

Having found it, the producer has to develop and train that talent. He has to give it the benefit of his insight, his experience, his judgment. He has to give the beginner protection from mistakes. And he has to have a great faith.

It is equally important for that beginner, the newcomer, the talent-in-training to try. He has to work. He has to believe in himself.

In the old days in Hollywood, it was a common boast that a good producer could take a girl from a five and dime store, turn the star-making batteries of studio experts on her and in no time she would be a star with her name in lights.

That was nonsense then, and it is more completely nonsense now. The pattern is still—what have you to begin with? What is done for you? What do you do for yourself?

I think with much pride—and much affection—of the people I helped to stardom: Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky in the days of silent pictures—and Gary Cooper, Eddie Cantor, Paulette Goddard, David Niven, Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, Teresa Wright, Danny Kaye, Dana Andrews, Virginia Mayo and Cathy O'Donnell.

I’ve often wondered how (Continued on page 85)
Livvie has delivered a solar plexus blow to Hollywood—by getting herself labeled merely a woman

BY HERB HOWE

The exclamatory thing about Olivia de Havilland is, she's a woman. Defining her indefinable quality, the writer Charles Brackett, who got to know her well in producing "To Each His Own," says with a writer's acute perspicacity, "Olivia is a woman." That's what everyone says.

"My gosh, a woman!" say men who have been heard to use swear words about glamour babes.

In an industry so specialized that females are packaged in parts, like The Body, The Bust, The Face, a whole woman is a buy. Church bells ring and men want to marry. Olivia gives them the old-time religion.

On the wall of Olivia's apartment there is a goddess in a panel.
giving a handout to a girl. To an old de Havilland partisan it looked prophetic.

"Looks like Minerva dealing Olivia the Oscar."

"Let us hope it is Minerva giving wisdom to Olivia," said Olivia being modest. "Or a steak. I dote on meat. Isn't it awful?"

"At these prices it is," said a half-starved writer.

Olivia got up and passed him tea and eyedropper cakes on a silver tray you could hock for a lot. Her shoulders sagged a little. It was the fourth time.

Miss de Havilland married a writer. In so doing she confirmed a suspicion long current in Hollywood that she is possessed of superlative mind. Writers are God's masterpieces as everyone knows except editors. (Continued on page 130)
A party-of-the-first-part account of how a casual vacation abroad became a march of triumphs for the Millands

ASKING ME to talk about a trip to Europe in a sense is like asking Fred Astaire what he thinks about dancing. I didn't see anything particularly newsworthy about it. After all, this wasn't my first trip—or my tenth. My fourteenth to be exact, twenty-eight crossings all told. Certainly no astounding revelations involved the way I looked at it. That was before I took the trip. So now, in a request from Photoplay for a first hand report, I've this to say.

This fourteenth trip was the thrill of my life! There were three particular reasons for wanting to take this trip. First, I wanted Mal, my wife to meet my father. (By the way, her full name is Muriel. She used to call herself Mal when she was too young to pronounce it correctly, and it became a pet name in the family.) On former European trips, we were never quite able to make connections with him. Now, after fifteen years of marriage, I thought it high time we do something definite about it.
Then, along with other Hollywood representatives, I was honored at being selected to be present at a Command Performance for the King and Queen of England.

The third reason for the trip was because of the Grand Prix award for my contribution to "The Lost Weekend," which was to be presented by the then President of France Georges Bidault at a special reception in Paris.

With the Reginald Gardiners, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Dorothy Malone and the Pat O'Briens, we crossed on the Queen Elizabeth. What a beautiful boat! From food to fixtures—the best of everything. Our cabin was only twenty minutes from the sea!

In my time I've landed in England under many conditions and circumstances. But I've never witnessed anything like this reception. It was tumultous. Movie stars aren't exactly a novelty there, but the people seemed to be gripped by a post-war passion for festivity.

The night of our (Continued on page 83)
Bedtime Story
Make your beauty program at bedtime
not a bad time but a good time

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor

ONCE upon a time there was a young girl who said to herself, "I intend to be homely." So every night she jumped right out of her clothes and into bed, without a backward glance at her cold cream, hand pomade or, in fact, anything at all. And you know what happened? She got her wish—she was indeed far homelier than fate had ever intended her to be!

But that girl is such a rarity that she belongs in the Smithsonian Institute. Most of us have only one wish to ask of our fairy godmothers: "Please make me beautiful." And that's just what can be accomplished—without benefit of fairy godmothers—if you read the bedtime story I'm about to tell you.

It's the bedtime story of Hollywood's beautiful stars—who know that the night before makes or breaks the next day. Actually, the same is true for the rest of us, if we only realized it. For instance, there's Gail Russell. I consider her one of Hollywood's really beautiful girls. Her satiny skin, violet eyes and blue-black hair have won her quick recognition in our town. But even Gail is convinced that on her bedtime story depends the following day's beauty!

She makes her bedtime story full of fun, too. This, I think, is a smart tip for all of us. Part of the time Gail studies her script for the next day. (You could answer letters or read a chapter in that fascinating new book.) Throughout another part she listens to relaxing music. By the end of it she's fed her soul as well as her body and she's ready to drift into dreamland, muscles and mind relaxed.

Now don't complain that you're too busy and tired at the end of the day to run through a beauty routine. The stars are the busiest people on earth. What's more, most of them get up long before the rest of us—around five A.M. And all of them must look truly beautiful for a much longer day than ours.

So on with my bedtime story, whose heroine is Gail Russell. Let's watch her. First she cleanses her skin thoroughly with a heavy coat of cold cream. Time-saver that she is, she pops under a warm shower while the cream is on. Out of the shower, a good brisk rub, and off with the cold cream. Then Gail gives her face a thorough washing with soap and water.

The next step is her shining hair—an intensive brushing and then she pins in a few curls to keep it fluffy the next day. Now comes her favorite part of the routine. She smooths a good emolient cream on her face and neck. Then she lies down on her bed with pads of cotton dipped in eye lotion or skin fresher on her eyelids . . . and listens to music. By the time she's ready to wipe off the cream for the night and remove the eye pads, she's relaxed and ready to turn off the music—and sleep like the sleeping beauty that she is. (Continued on page 113)
CAN'T SAY

Goodbye

Pev visits “Forever Amber” set. An old story—he was cameraman on Linda’s first three pictures.
Linda and Pev have learned
that with so much to remember,
you just can’t forget

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

“LINDA’S a swell person, the best,” says Peverell Marley.
“TThere isn’t anyone I like better than Pev,” says Linda Darnell.
And so—they are giving their marriage another trial. The big decision was made on New Year’s Day. I saw Linda the day after, and she showed me all the wonderful presents Pev had given her. For the first time since she started working in “Forever Amber,” Linda was not tired.
“We had a fine day together yesterday,” she said with her characteristic honesty, “and we decided to try marriage again. But,” she added, forestalling the obvious question, “we’re going to wait until I finish my picture, because we don’t want anything to go wrong this time.” Too much work, resulting jangled nerves, and too little time together were the chief reasons behind the separation.
“What of Pev?” I asked Linda. “Does he mind waiting until you’re ready to go back to him?”
Linda smiled the confident smile of a beautiful young woman of twenty-four. “He understands.”
So I went to see Peverell Marley whose greatest claim to fame in Hollywood is not that he is the husband of Linda Darnell, but that he is one of the industry’s top cameramen. But regardless of how much Pev has understood about Linda and his marriage, there was no mistaking the lines of suffering on his very sensitive face.
And for a long time we hesitated to talk about Linda. But Pev suddenly opened up about the gal he married four years ago. It was in answer to the question, “What is your next picture?”
“I don’t know and I don’t (Continued on page 124)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am nineteen and deeply in love with a boy of twenty-six. How can I make him get serious with me and marry me now? He says he likes me very much and does not date anyone else. He doesn't want to get married, though, because he doesn't want to be tied down. We always go out with married couples and you would think he could see how happy they are. There is no financial reason why he couldn't marry. He is in business with his father and they are very prosperous.

Since this is a small town everyone asks us when we're getting married. It is very embarrassing to me when he just laughs. He told me, not once but several times, to date with other boys because if we ever broke up, I would be very hurt and lonely. Still, none of the boys in this town will ask me for dates because it is taken for granted that I am in love.

I am desperately in love; everything I do centers around this boy. I've talked this situation over with some of my friends and they all seem to feel that I ought to be indifferent to him, but I can't deceive people. In my heart I am committed to him.

Can you tell me how to get this boy to realize how happy we could be?

Sara G.

Things have come to a stalemate between you, so the only possible step is for you to change the situation. This you can do by running away from the actual situation. Since you have a good position with a company with branches in cities away from the one in which you now live you could apply for a transfer with this company. This would be a desperate measure, which I think would be unnecessary. If you actually wanted to bring the situation to a head you could give parties in your own home to which the young man is not invited. As your town is small it would take a very short time for the word to get around that you were available for engagements with other young men.

One of two things will happen: He will realize how important you are and insist that you give up your job and marry him, or the static situation will have been broken and you will be able—while you are still young and pretty—to find a new romance.

If you are wise, you will act as soon as possible. And, in the future, never let a man be so sure of you that he will laugh at friends who ask when you are to be married.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My mother has a little gift shop. We don't need the money, as my father's business is successful, but Mother enjoys doing this sort of thing. She has a display on our glassed-in front porch.

One day I invited some of my friends to my house. I didn't think anything about it at the time, but a few days later they began to make fun of my mother's shop.

That made me ashamed. Nowadays when my mother asks me why I never bring my friends home with me, I justumble something or other. The truth would hurt her feelings.

Can you think of some way to make these girls stop making fun of me? Or how I could tactfully get my mother to give up her gift shop?

Joanne M.

I thoroughly sympathize with your situation. There is no group of savages as cruel, emotionally, as a clique of teensters. One must conform, or one is branded.

If the mothers of your impolite friends were engaged in some profitable hobby like that of your own mother, no one would think a thing about it.

And in that fact lies your (Continued on page 115)
New! Blush-cleanse your face — for that lovely engaged-girl look

See it give your skin:
— an instant clean, refreshed look
— an instant softer, silkier feel
— a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight — with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse — Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond’s Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy “engagement ring” circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

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Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing — your face will feel! Pond’s demulcent action softens, loosens dirt and make-up — helps free your skin! Every night, this full blush-cleansing. Every morning, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond’s!

Claire Dunham says — “A blush-cleanse with Pond’s gives my face a clean-glowy look”

Miss Claire d’Arcis Dunham, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Dunham of “Meadowmount,” Warrenton, Va., is engaged to Charles Ranlet Lincoln of Washington, D. C.

Descended from many distinguished Virginians, Miss Dunham has inherited their charming air of aristocracy and ease.

There is a glamorous bewitchment about her dark, dark eyes, her exquisite sensitive mouth, her cream-smooth complexion and lovely look of mindful chic. “I really enjoy caring for my face the new blush-cleanse way with Pond’s,” she says. “It makes my skin look especially fresh and soft.”

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it is antique French,
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Eau de Toilette, $2.00
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There's fresh bright magic in this gay perfume! Frolic whispers to you of high-hearted moments—joy that lingers in your heart, and his!

Eau de Toilette, $2.00. Dusting Powder, $1.00. Talcum Powder, 50¢. Perfume, $7.50, $4.50; debutante size, $1.25 —plus tax

May Poll

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shop-along
with ELLEN CHANIN

MAY is a merry month for excursions... shopping trips included. Check with Shop-along for smart tips for your shopping list.

Epicurean is down-to-earth...
Ask any epicure... the French, for instance, who make a career of good food. They will tell you that truly epicurean food is not a matter of sauces and spices alone. It is honest food, first of all, beautifully cooked. Their pot-aux-feu (the vegetable soup that is always on the stove) is an example. And the Betty Crocker vegetable noodle soup is another. Both are beautiful withishes blended from fine ingredients. I'm recommending to you the Betty Crocker vegetable noodle soup ingredients.

Shining Example by the Gentlemen
The nicest men we know have an instinctive love for polished wood, pedigreed dogs, good tweeds and the gleaming glow of shoes they shine themselves! Real fanciers in the art of shining tell us that the "Shine Your Own" rite starts with the right polish. SHINOLA, for instance—its multiple blend of oily waxes designed to polish—and protect, by preserving and adding to the natural oil of the leather. Insist on SHINOLA in paste or liquid, all colors.

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Inside Stuff
(Continued from page 31) columnist's list of the ten worst-dressed women. Hollywood agrees Dorothy doesn't deserve it... Speaking of "Road to Rio," Frank Sinatra has agreed to appear in a brief but hilarious moment at the end of the picture... Charles Boyer, who goes to France in July, expects to remain long enough to make a picture or do a play... It will be interesting to hear Maurice Chevalier again and on Bob Hope's program. Maurice was certainly the charm boy of the French lads... Brian Donlevy secured custody of his child when he divorced Mrs. Donlevy. But Brian isn't too happy about any of it.

Around Town: Pete Shaw, who drops in every so often or rings us up for a daily chat, is rapidly becoming one of the most popular men in town. The handsome Irishman is simple, generous and charming to say nothing of being tall, dark and handsome. Once the escort of Lana Turner, Peter recently met Joan Crawford at a party and it was mutual liking at first sight. "She's really wonderful, you know," Peter phoned Cal. His thick Irish brogue is also a part of the Shaw charm. A major in a British tank corps, Peter saw seven years of action before coming to Hollywood. An unsettled and unhappy marriage is in the British background. But no two ways about it, without having appeared in a single picture, Peter is Hollywood's most popular escort.

Richard Llewellyn, author of "How Green Was My Valley" and "None But the Lonely Heart," recently reawakened Cal's interest in the sport of prize fighting. The evening of the event, Panamanian friends, the Adolpho Arias and Hilda Vallarino (daughter of Panamania's Ambassador to United States and close friend of Margaret Truman's) dropped in for a cocktail. Later Glenn Ford, Peter Shaw and Richard Derr came by but promptly at eight the author announced he and Cal were going to the boxing matches regardless.

The plight of John Carroll, incoently caught between radio columnists when his engagement to Lucille Ryman was announced by one and immediately denied by another (who claimed John had telephoned him the denial) the following week, was reaffirmed by one and again denied by the other, who claimed John was already wed to Miss Ryman, almost, but not quite, topped the Wynn-Johnson mix-up. John, who claimed he was waiting only for Miss Ryman's divorce to become final, was even more confused when his fiancee's ex-husband announced from the East that he was already divorced from Miss Ryman and had been since July, 1946. John hopes all this ring-around-the-rosy bewilderment won't interfere with his coming marriage to Lucille, who is assistant talent director at M-G-M.

Every eye in town is fastened on "The Man from Colorado" set where Glenn Ford, who testified for Harry Cohn in that headlined court battle brought by director Charles Vidor against Cohn, is caught in a peculiar web of fate. For some reason Mr. Cohn, who won the case, assigned Vidor to direct the Ford picture and to say relations are strained is to understake. Hollywood has its ear covered against reverberations in case of an explosion. The Cary Grant-Betty Hensel romance may lead to the altar but the way Mr. Grant rushed a certain English stage star during her visit here
didn’t foretell any wedding bells in the immediate future. Or maybe they’re peeling this very minute for all Cal knows. The only thing we’re really certain about Hollywood is the unpredictable behavior of the natives.

Diana Lynn has a brand new twinkle in both eyes since that New York trip and the reason is Bob Neill, said to be a Texas millionaire (what, another one?), who met Diana in the big city and followed her to Hollywood. Cal sees the pair together everywhere.

**A Salute to Reagan:** It seems to Cal that of all the people who have become motion-picture actors, Ronald Reagan has taken firmer and more solid roots as a citizen who takes his responsibilities conscientiously and even weightily. He neither flinches nor falls down on duties that mean the advancement of what he believes to be right. In short, he is a sincere American who can be counted on one hundred per cent.

Ronald hails from Dixon, Illinois, and as a typical American lad worked as lifeguard and radio sports announcer. We telephoned him recently with a message from the lovely Helen Alt-schuler, formerly of Dixon. He was instantly delighted, recalled how he had taught her daughter Sidney to swim and was pleased to hear that daughter was now a very pretty matron.

It is this quality, we decided, plus his civic pride, that has made Reagan a respected and admired citizen. And while the career of his wife Jane Wyman has zoomed with “The Yearling,” his own has progressed with “Night Unto Night” and “Stallion Road.” And for an unblemished marital record, we again salute a splendid gentleman!

Joel McCrea, who was acting Governor of Utah for four days during “Ramrod” festivities, gets support of Veronica Lake and Bob Neill for his marriage to Diana Lynn.

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**Double or…**

To all housekeepers we venture a gentle warning: don’t gamble on laundry soap. You can’t win.

Millions of women before you have found from experience that ordinary laundry soap can’t—and won’t—wash like Fels-Naptha.

Your bar of Fels-Naptha soap contains double the usual dirt-removing action. . . . Because it’s good mild soap blended with active Fels naptha.

Together, these two grand cleaners do a matchless washing job.

They get ground-in dirt out quickly. And get it all out. They keep colors bright and clear. They wash towels and linens white-clean, through and through.

Whenever you are spending money for laundry soap, spend it on a ‘sure thing’—Fels-Naptha Soap.

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Fels-Naptha Soap

**BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"**
How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?

Bright young careerists—girls to whom freedom of action means so much—have made a smart discovery for you!

Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, Free-Stride Modess. Objet: To see if it gave freedom from chafe.

The answer: 102 out of 127 reported no chafing with Free-Stride Modess!

The secret of chafe-free comfort is many girls found in Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges.

Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

How June Allyson Is Learning to Be Happy

(Continued from page 37) stars want more say about their stories, they want more time off between pictures, they want the privilege of traveling in their spare time, concessions of various kinds because with the income tax what it is increase in salary doesn't mean much any more.

June, who is as popular on her home lot as any star I have ever known, (I would hate to disillusion you but all stars are not popular on their home lots) was being more difficult about the new deal than they had figured she would be, being June. There wasn't any question that little Miss Allyson had become one of the biggest drawing cards in the business. The studio was quite naturally willing to do quite a lot of things about that. They wanted June to be happy, and said so.

But Miss Allyson said she wasn't happy—not exactly. Of course there were lots of things about the studio she loved—but there was something that she was very unhappy about indeed. Shyly, blushing a little, she finally told them what it was.

"The contract is wonderful," she said. "Sometimes I can hardly believe it. But—there's just one thing. I'll sign it if you'll build me a new dressing room. You see, I spend so much of my time here—you know. So if you really want me to be happy, I'd like to have a new dressing room, a real nice simple sort of homelike one—"

So they're building little June Allyson a new dressing room that is as homelike as possible.

Believe me, two years ago, a year and a half ago, that would never have occurred to June one way or the other. A great many things would have occurred to her then, because she was the most ambitious young star in Hollywood, the most absorbed in her career, the least interested in things outside of it. She worked hard not only at her pictures but on her dancing, her singing, and everything that had to do with being a bigger and better movie star. It wouldn't have been part of that pattern for Junie to want a more elaborate dressing room than someone else—say Judy Garland, or as swanky a one as Greer Garson. She never mentioned the fact that she still had the dressing room which had been given her when she arrived from New York and was just a "possibility."

Her career, her work, filled June Allyson's life in those days. They don't any more.

Today, she loves her work and she loves to make motion pictures, but she could be happy "staying home." And being happy, she is learning, is important.

The difference is entirely in her marriage. From the day she married Dick Powell—her whole life, her whole outlook and her whole sense of values seems to have altered.

Little Miss Allyson has one panacea now for everything and everybody. A happy marriage.

While we were talking the other afternoon at my house, several people dropped in—people of varying ages and sexes. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, which is her favorite position, with her back to the fire, very smooth indeed in dove-gray slacks, a tailored white shirt and a bright red sports coat, June was immediately interested in all of them. She always is.

The thing she was most interested in, however, wasn't what they did or how suc...
“Learn to Understand Men”
says Cathy O’Donnell

"Know the part soft hands can play in love," Cathy O’Donnell says. "And keep your hands completely feminine; appealingly soft with Jergens Lotion."

CATHY O’DONNELL, FEATURED IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN’S "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES".

CATHY O’DONNELL uses Jergens Lotion for her adorable hands. So do other Stars. Jergens Lotion is 7 to 1 the favorite hand care of the Stars.

You can expect even more from Jergens now — even smoother, softer hands and longer protection. This comes from wartime skin research. Two skin-care ingredients many doctors use are included in postwar Jergens Lotion. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this hand care the Stars use. Never oily-feeling; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use JERGENS LOTION

FREE!
See for yourself why Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

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(Please print name, address plainly) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)
very brave indeed. Courage is the overcom-
ing fear, it is going ahead and doing some-
thing when you are afraid."
That's one reason, I think, that June
Allyson has always awakened such loyalty
and admiration. There were a great many
fears in her—fears that came from the
sensitive, always active and vivid imagina-
tion which make her such a real artist;
fears from long years of helplessness in a
wheel chair when she was young and
malleable, from no very settled or ordered
family life behind her.
When you think about it, for little Junie
to venture out alone into the big world
must have taken super-courage. You can
almost see her moving ahead step by step,
like someone moving through a jungle.
Knowing her, you have to think of her
with that timidity, that wistful lack of any
appreciation of herself, as the last girl in
the world who would dare the hurly-burly,
the rough-and-tumble, the dog-eat-dog
battle for success in the theater or movies.
Yet because she loved it so from
somewhere she got the courage to take
these steps, one by one.
Her first year or two in Hollywood, she
suffered untold agonies over parties,
people, new things. If she had to go
to a formal party she was in real, cold
terror about it—she was apt to stay home
with her music, her books, a few friends
—and that's not good at June's age.

What happened, between her and Betty
Hutton was a good example of the things
that June went through.

In one of her first shows in New York,
June had understudied Betty who, big-
hearted, kind, had helped her a lot.
June was grateful to Betty, and adored
her from afar, though Betty's humor and
violence and vivacity terrified her just a
little bit.

Later they met in Hollywood—and Betty
Hutton thought June had gone high hat
and June thought that Betty had just
simply forgotten all about her and didn't
recognize her at all. "I didn't really expect
her to, of course," June told me. "But she
was so good to me in New York and—I felt
awfully disappointed." And Betty said,
"What's gone wrong with that little Al-
lyson girl? I know she's a great actress and
good, but we were buddies in New York
and then when she sort of ran when she
saw me—I was kind of hurt."

Of course they "made it up" as the chil-
dren say—but that was typical of June.

Not expecting Betty Hutton to remember.
So that there were times when I used
to wonder whether the dark shadows of
her childhood, the little worries and fears
she had outgrown—her childhood fears carried over into grown-up
days can be very miserable things.

From the beginning, from the first day
she fell in love with him, Dick Powell
treated all that for June Allyson

"We've been married a year and a
half," June said. "And every day has been
better than I thought it would be. Mar-
rriage is something you can depend on,
and belong to, and it makes you not afraid of
anything any more. Your real inside hap-
piness isn't at the mercy of the world—or
your career. Marriage with Richard is
something you can trust."

Thus Mrs. Dick Powell is a new June
Allyson. Her interests have broadened
immeasurably. We talked about the ap-
pointment of General George Marshall as
Secretary of State, and Junie had that
clear and definite response that comes from
her own inward truth to a lot of things.
Her part in the trip to Chicago on the
jurisdictional strike situation, when she
and Betty Hutton were called out for
leaders of the AF of L, had frightened her once—
she'd enjoyed every minute of it, she'd
studied and thought about it and she was

"I took a vice-president of the SAG.
Pointment. Betty and I went to the movies
and we said, "These are all new things to her. The time
she spent in a wheel chair had kept her
from an interest in athletics—but she is
making up for lost time.

Betty and I feel that the steady com-
pansionship of an intelligent man has
strengthened her own brilliant and fan-
eful mind. And having a home of her own,
her own plot of ground to grow things
in—it seems somehow like a miracle to
her.

In other words—June says the best thing
is to get married.

From the first time I saw her on the
screen I have believed June Allyson had
the greatest acting gift of any present-
day star. I think she is touched with genius
—and I don't use that word lightly.

The new June Allyson has added
strength to that genius. She ought—if the
right stories come along—to be one of the
really great stars now. You wait and see.
Hollywood inspired
Woodbury

Fiesta

...saucy, spirited new powder shade named for the technicolor hit picture “Fiesta”

Rose-sparkle for your skin! Wear Fiesta, spirited new powder shade that warms and livens your skin to breathless new beauty. Blended first for Fiesta’s dazzling Star, Esther Williams, this enchanting Woodbury shade is color-right for YOU! Luscious rose-rachel—disarming, disturbing! A Woodbury-Wonderful shade that stays color-fresh. See its loveliness on you! For free “try-on” sample, mail coupon below!

with Woodbury Fiesta film-finish Powder you also get Fiesta Red Lipstick and Rouge . . . all 3 in the dollar powder box—only $1.00

“Try-it” sizes of Fiesta Film-Finish Powder...
8 other Star shades . . . 25c, 10c. All prices plus tax.

Free Sample! FIESTA POWDER... so beautifying!
See Fiesta’s sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler (contains eight other flattering shades), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio Dept. 308

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Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only. Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.

That glow-of-roses on her skin? It’s yours . . . with Woodbury Fiesta.
Yes, you can give yourself a lovely

TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No trick at all to give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. And you'll be delighted with results. Deep, wonderful waves—heavenly soft and natural-looking. Easy to manage, too, because your Toni Home Permanent is friz-free from the start.

Toni works like a charm on any kind of hair—even gray, dyed, bleach or baby-fine hair. And the permanent is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 permanent—or your money back. Try Toni today. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Just ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at your drug, notion or cosmetic counter.

Ella, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is the one at the left above.

When Vincente won a prize for his costume she beamed upon every one, Vincente especially. And he beamed upon her. For this is a real love match, one I predict will last. Of course they have spats. Isn't it one of the oldest human laws that those who love will quarrel?

"Judy's learning to cook," Vincente told me that night. "You must come for a spaghetti dinner on our cook's night out."

This was news! I thought of Judy's first marriage, at nineteen, to David Rose. It lasted less than two years. I don't know what he did or didn't do that was wrong. But I do know that Judy at this time was completely unfitted to be a wife. In the studios—and her work dictated her life—she had just been cast as a thirteen-year-old in an Andy Hardy picture. In fact, it was the knowledge that she would be a married woman by the time the picture was shown that influenced the studio to let her grow up.

One time, I remember, dinner guests arrived at Judy's house to find Dave out and her having dinner in bed. She had invited the guests, then forgotten them. Other times, because she never did keep the engagement book necessary in a family, women and Dave would discover they had accepted dinner dates or asked separate groups of friends for the same evening. The servants, who had seen her as Dorothy in 'The Wizard of Oz' called her Judy. And if she went into the kitchen and said, "We'll have clams and a roast, a mixed green salad ..." her cook was not impressed at all.

It's different now. Vincente's bachelor house, with its acres sprawling down the hillside in gardens, a tennis court and a pool, has been redecorated as a family home. Like all beautifully managed marriages it runs as if it ran itself. Whiskey and soda, for a gentleman guest, tea and sandwiches, a pot of coffee for an early morning caller, appear as if by their own accord. The silver always is shining, bath towels and linen are always fresh and ashtrays always clean.

Also, I delight to report Judy's spaghetti dinner is worthy of a husband with Italian
ancestry. Her meat is savory and her spaghetti is al dente, not limply done over.

"You know, Elsa," she told me that day as we sat in the nursery, "we mothers have a great responsibility. We must guide our children and we must discipline them—yet, above all, we must be a friend...."

I never in the world thought Judy would be such a wonderful mother. "The Pirate," a Technicolor production in which Vincente will direct her and Gene Kelly, will be the first film she has made since months before Liza was born. At first there was her illness. Then there was her wish to get Vincente's house in order and see Liza started in the way she should go. For the first time in her life, you see, since she sang in her family's vaudeville act at four years of age, the personal demands upon her time, thoughts and energies have been so many that her professional life hasn't had a chance.

The most important thing she is teaching Liza is not to be afraid. She even seeks to free her of the two fears with which an infant comes into this world—the fear of loud noises and the fear of falling. If there is an unexpected noise everyone acts as if nothing had happened. If Liza falls everyone laughs.

A few days before I saw Liza, Judy and her nurse had taken her for a drive. When the nurse had accidentally let the car door slam with a frightful noise, Liza had practically leapt into her mother's arms. Then she had laughed. And Judy had wept with pride and joy.

Judy, who loves jewelry, used to buy pieces that befitted her position. Now she thinks of Liza. "She'll love this when she's older," she said, admiring the heavy coral necklace and earrings which, I'm sure, were Vincente's choice. With his artist's eye he would have picked out, what he thought they would be to Judy's frail dark beauty. It's good to see Judy these days... being herself. It used to be only infrequently and briefly she knew this pleasure. I remember how she used to talk about the few months she once had in high school while Metro were deciding what to do with her. "I wasn't known," she always says describing this interlude, "and I didn't tell that I'd done a few small parts in pictures and been in vaudeville. So I was just like the other girls! It was wonderful!"

Another time, in 1943, after her marriage to David Rose, Judy tried to crash a party I gave at Romanoff's. However, since she was with two sailor boys, was wearing old sport clothes and had no invitation, the doorman didn't recognize her and would not admit her. "I knew Elsa Maxwell," she told the boys. "I'm sure she'd let us in; then you could see the stars. Let's wait—maybe we'll catch her... So they stood with the crowd and waited. They didn't catch me. But they had a magnificent time. For, in slacks with the collar of her coat turned up and her hat pulled down, Judy was not recognized and the crowd's comments were unconfined.

"I never had a better time," Judy told me afterward, "I kept wondering what they would have said about me had I arrived all dressed up. I had more fun than I would have had at your party, Elsa. I was one of the people as never before!"

Always, I think, Judy has longed for a place in the world without benefit of her name in electric lights. At last she's found it. And from the slightly reckless, slightly wild, jam session devotee there has emerged an old-fashioned girl who finds her pleasure in the simplest things.

Vincente started her transformation, no doubt. Then, there was Liza.

Liza, Liza... The End

AMAZING! Such luxury and beauty, at such an unbelievably low price! New drapes for less than the cost of cleaning old ones!

Clopay Lintoned Drapes have the charm of costly fabric, but they're actually cellulose fibre. A full 2 1/2 yards long—matching tie-backs, automatic pleater and reinforced edges. Stunning florals, dashing stripes and smart new plaids. Now at your favorite store, only 98c a pair.

SO GAY, for kitchen, bath, bedroom! Made of plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot, strawberry patterns. 7-piece cottage-sets, above, only 98c. In 5-piece Hollywood style, without sash panels, (at right) only 93c.

Free Booklet: "Beautiful Windows at Low Cost." Write to: Clopay Corp., 1272 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.
Introducing Revlon's New "Fashion Plate" Cream Wafer Face Make-up

The first real fashion make-up ever created!

Imagine! You put it on as you would a wonderful hat for an instant change in your appearance!

Imagine! "Fashion Plate" is a firm wafer BUT it changes at your touch to delicate cream fluff! No water needed. So easy to use!

Imagine! You change, too, as this dreamy fine Cream Wafer transforms your complexion with a radiant illusion of poreless-as-porcelain perfection. You've never been this pretty before!

the only Cream Wafer face make-up in the world!

Imagine! No mask-y look! No fear of clogging or drying! "Fashion Plate"—the one and only Cream Wafer make-up—15 and does everything you've ever dreamed! Even the sensitive skin will bless it. Hard to believe? You'll see!

In madly beautiful "Ultra Violet" and ten other Revlon "Genius" colors. 1.75 plus tax.

REVLO... creators of world-famous color originals in Nail Enamel • Lipstick • Face Powder

Not a Cake!
Non-Drying!
No Water Needed!

Touch it, feel the difference. Just stroke it on.
Thrill of My Life

(Continued from page 65) Command Performance, there was no controlling the mob. Even the King and Queen were in peril. For awhile it looked as if we'd never be able to make our way through. Finally, four mounted policemen came to our rescue.

When it came my turn on the program, my mind went completely blank, just like that night at Grauman's Chinese Theater when I stood on the stage tongue-tied, holding on to my "Oscar." Then a sudden thought hit me.

"The last time I was in this theater," I began, "I sat in the last row of the balcony. I saw a picture called 'Alien Jimmy Valentine,' starring William Haines and Leila Hyams and that's when I first got the idea that I'd like to go to Hollywood and meet Leila Hyams in person.

"Eventually I did get to Hollywood. I worked, struggled, got fired, worked and struggled some more. Finally, lady luck beckoned and things began to happen. I have a beautiful wife, a fine son, a home in Beverly Hills and a career. And now after seventeen years I find myself in the Empire Theater once again. This time I'm on the stage instead of in the balcony. So you see, in seventeen years I've travelled exactly one hundred and twenty-one feet! And I still haven't met Leila Hyams!"

Needless to say when the reception came and some thirty or forty of us were presented to the King and Queen, the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary Rose, it was a thrilling experience.

But again my mind went blank. I can only remember that the Queen wore fabulously beautiful jewels, that they were gracious, friendly, a composite of everything you'd ever expect of a king and queen.

Afterward Mal said with that wonderful humor: "Why didn't you tell the King that you used to work for his father?"

(Author's note: When I was quite a young man, I served in the King's Guard, as a member of the Household Cavalry.)

Arrangements had been made for our visit to Cardiff, capital of Wales, land of my birth and upbringing. When we walked out of the station at Cardiff, we just stood there astonished. I'd overlooked something.

"Think heaven a town-boys returns there! It's an eye-opener. Local boy makes good," muttered Mal and at that exact moment they swept her completely away from me.

Several anxious hours later I reached our suite at the Angel Hotel. Mal was already safely there. The room was crowded with photographers and reporters. There in a quiet corner, in typical unassuming manner, sat my father. Thinking he was a reporter I had merely bowed pleasantly and turned to unpacking. Thus did my two loved ones meet.

At six-thirty the following morning, I rented a car and set out to recall old landmarks. We drove past my old Radyl School—I—painful memories of a painful adolescence. Past the Portobello, my first pub and my first glass of beer. The Taff River, cold and fast, where I first learned to swim. The big railroad viaduct, spanning the gap from mountain to mountain. I must have been all of nine when the school bully dared me to cross hand over hand, swinging dangerously from the supporting rods beneath. Now, looking up, I suddenly felt sick inside. Fear gripped me—maybe it was only yesterday.

Throughout the civic affairs of the day, my father remained singularly disinterested. Finally, in the midst of a special luncheon, he excused himself and went back to see me. He really seemed glad to see me and that was all that impressed him. Finally, we were forced to slip out the back way to our car parked behind the stables. My father went out on the balcony to divert the attention of the throng in the meantime.

"Goodbye son," he said quietly, as we shook hands. "When you get back to Hollywood, don't forget to buy yourself a good warm overcoat!" (I was wearing a light topcoat, something unheard of in the rugged country of Wales.)

We turned our faces toward the third goal of our trip. It's been ten years since the last time we saw Paris. I can only say, everything singing fabulous city is purported to be, she is today. Twice a week the city lights are dimmed to conserve power. We happened to arrive in the midst of a dim-out. Such a sight at the station! Crowds of people carrying huge, three-foot-high sparklers to provide light for the camera men. It was like nothing you've ever seen in the movies.

Thank heaven my wife was the "star" in Paris. She took them by storm and they loved her. I don't know which rated more attention, my "Oscar" or my wife, but I have a sneaking feeling it was Mal.

Speech-making in English is bad enough. So you can imagine me when the President of France made the Grand Prix Award and I had to make a speech of acceptance—in French yet!

It's new!
It's exciting!
It's glamorous!

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Hear Cal York of Photoplay Magazine interview visitors to Hollywood on this new type radio program. Learn what sights from all over the country say about their trips through the most fascinating town in the world where they see movies in production and meet the stars in action and in real life.

For a new and interesting program, set your radio dial to "Hollywood Tour . . ."

Daily — Monday through Friday
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Over Many Stations of the American Broadcasting Co.

New way to be KISS SWEET

A lovelier new kind of underarm cream—Jergens Dryad. Already has approval of leading skin specialists. New Dryad actually prevents underarm odor safely; helps check perspiration more daintily. A secret ingredient keeps Dryad face-cream-smooth to the bottom of the largest jar. More luxurious fragrance. Harmless to clothing. Be kiss-sweet with Dryad today.

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FREE: GIFT JAR — so you can try this new kind of underarm cream—free.

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(Please send coupon to nearest distributor.)

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CLEANING — REMOVAL — TONING

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STUBBORN FILM
ROBS YOUR SKIN OF
Half its Beauty!

You can’t see or feel this stubborn film... and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it
BUT once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the amazing difference!

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, younger your skin can look!

Every woman’s skin has this insidious enemy... a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

You can’t see or feel this stubborn film. That’s the danger! You think your skin is clean, when it isn’t.

Ordinary cleansing fails to remove this stubborn, invisible film. Day after day, it clings... dulling the true freshness and beauty of your skin... encouraging blackheads and blemishes.

Here’s the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film!
1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
2. Immediately... and this is the important part... apply Lady Esther cream a second time. Wipe it off.

This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. Now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness.

My Cream is Unique!
The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different... so soft, so effective. And remember... every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: 1) cleanses thoroughly; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) and leaves a perfect powder base.

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!

Back in Hollywood, it never would have occurred to me to accompany Mal on a clothes shopping tour. But in Paris we made the rounds. One day we were "summoned" to the shop of a leading French milliner. They had designed a special chapeau for Mal. Typical of the highly excitable Parisienne, they staged their little act and I was part of it.

At a given signal I was to open my eyes as Mal made a dramatic entrance. There she stood, wearing a black velvet crown trimmed with two sky blue bird of paradise feathers. It was one of the most unbecoming hats I’d ever seen! Sweet Mal didn’t want to offend them by expressing her displeasure, so it was my cue to go into my act. I tactfully made a suggestion. They crowded around, obviously pleased. Finally, the session ended with my completely remodelling the hat. They got a great kick and no one was offended.

Wherever we went Mal was presented with flowers. Even in the South of France, we were recognized by a peasant woman who shouted: “How long you be here? Where’s your kid?” So much for Hollywood publicity. We swam at Cannes, gambled at Monte Carlo. We stayed at strange inns, buried in the mountains.

Our last night in Paris we went to The Casanova. To forty violins and a harp, we danced to Liszt, Bach and Tchaikowsky. The leader was marvelous. He came to our table and played any piece we could think of. Finally I redristened him, “Nicolo Paganini.” So help me, he kept the name and even had it outside in front of the building. It could only happen in Paris!

The next day we were off to the land of Smorgasbord and Aquavit. (It tastes like Vodka.) In Stockholm I visited their famous Royal Dramatic Theater, training center for some Hollywood stars as Ingrid Bergman, Signe Hasso and Viveca Lindfors. I was asked to appear at a theater and accept two Lapland horses!

“How are you going to get them on the boat?” teased Mal. “Now let’s see you get out of this one.”

They turned out to be two bright orange-colored wooden horses, one for me, one for Danny. I wish they could have seen his face the day we gave it to him. During my first newspaper interview, I was asked if I wanted anything special printed. Came a sudden inspiration.

“Indeed there is,” I said. “Randy Scott has a sister somewhere in Stockholm. We lost her address and we can’t remember her married name. If she reads this would she please get in touch with us?”

The next morning we went shopping at Nordiska Companiet, the largest department store in Sweden. The one thing Danny wanted us to bring him was a cap pistol, so we started our search. Just as we entered the store, a charming young woman stopped us. She had called our hotel and learned where we were. Yes, it was Randy’s sister!

Before our shopping spree Paramount arranged a dinner party with a special folk dance put on by young girls in native costume. In the grand finale, I was asked to be a participant.

“How I doin’?” I called out to Mal, as my partner and I went whirling by.

“Much better than when you rumba,” retaliated the woman I love.

Oh yes, I almost forgot to mention that we did find Danny his cap pistol. Got it at the Broadway Department store—in Hollywood!

The End

Photoplay Fashions to
Make You Louvelier on Page 95
It's My Business

(Continued from page 61) Each one of them was "discovered," certainly no two had the same circumstances. The one thing they all had in common was that I believed in them. The better I knew them, the longer I worked with them, the more I believed in them. It is a partnership, a kind of family feeling that grows in you.

I couldn't tell you in exact words what starts that confidence on the part of a producer in a new star. It might be the warmth, the heart, that I feel in you. It might be that glowing, healthy, young look, above all things, natural. It might be the way you laugh, or light a cigarette. Your eyes, your hair, anything about you, might be the point that first attracts my interest.

Three years ago, an agent brought a young girl to see me. Her name was Ann Steely. She had never been on the screen. Never had a screen test. Never met a producer before. She was so nervous when she came into my office that she was shaking all over. She was so shy that she answered my questions in a whisper. She kept her chin tucked down. Her voice was high and childlike. She had lovely eyes, but not the kind of beauty that bids for attention. All of us know people like that—sweet and pretty but with the kind of suppressed attractiveness that never gets a second glance.

But she had something special. She had a warmth, a gentle whimsical quality, a sympathetic tender thing about her. (Teresa Wright has this same sympathetic quality. When she says "I'm going to break up that marriage!" in "The Best Years of Our Lives" and gets a round of applause, you know she has a sympathetic quality!) And she had a wonderful unshakable determination to be an actress. I'll come back to that later. It is important.

She had no stage experience except for parts in a few school plays. I asked her to do any scene she could remember so that I could hear her voice. Of all things, she chose the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." In a deep southern accent! It was funny—the combination of her nervousness, a plain little street dress, the southern whisper, and Shakespeare!

I did not want to laugh out loud, so I stopped her after three lines. "Am I that bad?" she asked.

"You're terrible!" I had to say. "But I can use a girl like you if you are willing to work."

She said she was and she meant it.

A course of study was outlined for her and she followed it faithfully. Not for just the hours set aside for study, but she concentrated all of her mind and time on getting ready for her first opportunity. That is where that all-important determination comes in. That is the difference between a girl who wants to be a star and a girl who wants to be an actress. The girl who wants to be a star . . . to have the wealth, adulation and attention, the clothes and the position of a star . . . and thinks only of that, is the girl who is never going to get anywhere. It is the girl who wants to play every part the best she can, who thinks about the job she is doing first of all, who is the girl worth training.

It is the same in anything you do. The girl who marries because she wants a nice house is not going to be happy. The girl who marries because she loves a man and who puts her wits to helping him save to get a nice house is the one who is going to make a success of that career.

This girl was well worth training because she did her part. After two years, she was ready to play the part of Wilma in...
“The Best Years of Our Lives.” You know her as Cathy O’Donnell.

If you want to be successful, whether in private life, in business or in the theater—be yourself. Avoid imitations. Do not try to be something you are not. Maybe you like jive and can’t stand classical music. Admit it. Perhaps you are the robust type. Then don’t pretend to be a piece of Dresden china.

When Lucille Ball was a Goldwyn Girl, I used to enjoy her because she was so refreshingly herself. Lucille hated to be alone and she loved to eat. She would go across the street, buy huge sticky pieces of chocolate cake, bring them to my office and eat them there. She wasn’t a sophisticated woman and she didn’t try to be.

When Paulette Goddard was first in pictures, she often came to my house with Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin was trying to teach Paulette to act with her eyes. “Just imagine you have no face below your eyes,” he told her. “You can be a ham with your eyes,” he added. Paulette would sit an evening through, handkerchief over the lower part of her face, patiently registering every emotion, from hunger to heartbreak, with her eyes. She worked at her job of being an actress by learning. She did not waste time by pretending to know more than she did.

Part of being a producer is trying to see possibilities in people. That is one of the things that makes it such a fascinating profession. The camera does strange things to people. Sometimes the littlest changes make all the difference.

When Robert Montgomery made his first screen test, the report came back, “His neck is too long.” The test was not made for me but, chancing to see it, I said, “His neck is not too long; his collar is too short.” It made all the difference in front of the camera in this very good-looking man.

In the stage musical, “The Connecticut Yankee,” I saw Vera-Ellen do a bit of a dance. I liked her personality. The next day, I sent for her. She didn’t know how to walk and she talked through her nose, but she was charming, highly individual. I knew that training would take care of her speech, but her personality was heaven-sent. Without making a test of her, I signed her to a contract. Her first appearance on the screen was with Danny Kaye in “Wonder Man.” She didn’t change her personality, but she did work on her speech. Now she is ready for stardom.

I don’t claim to be infallible. Many wonderful players have come to see me in the hope of getting parts and I have not signed them. Sometimes because I did not have the right part. Sometimes because I did not see the potentialities that other producers saw and developed. But I am proud of the number of stars that have grown to greatness under my banner. Who wouldn’t be?

Finding a great star is a creative thing. And helping a great star to his proper place brings amusement and pleasure to millions of people. Of course I am proud, for instance, that I “took a chance” on Danny Kaye.

Danny Kaye was a very fine performer in the theater before I brought him to Hollywood. He had made a number of tests for different producers, but no one had ever signed him. Looking back, it is funny to think that he was considered “not interesting looking, and his eyes too light for the cameras.” I thought he was funny and like himself and nobody else to an extraordinary extent. I starred him in “Up in Arms.”

Sometimes I am wrong. Then I have no one to blame but myself. No one can “sell” me on a player. I have to feel that
I am right. Then I do my best in my part of the "partnership." All the adjectives in the world can't convince me about a player if I don't get that conviction of something special. If I get that conviction, I don't let anything unsell me. Perhaps I should say that only the public can sell me. I feel unhappy when that happens.

Some years ago, in a German-made film, "The Brothers Karamazoff," I saw a young actress whose name was Anna Sten. In type, she was a cross between a young Marlene Dietrich, a new Pola Negri. I bringing Anna Sten to America, to Hollywood. I worked very hard with her. She worked very hard with, and for, me. She learned to speak English. She took singing lessons. Dancing lessons. She worked with our studio experts on make-up, hair, clothes. Through months that ran into more than two years, she was patient, indefatigable. When I believed she was ready, I starred Anna Sten in "Nana." The response on the part of the public was tepid. But we didn't give up. We made two other pictures, "The Wedding Night" and "We Live Again." Still, the reaction was negative. I do not believe we failed, I still believe, what I believed then, that Anna Sten was talented. I know that she was beautiful. But something in the final reduction did not come over for the audience and to that verdict, producer and star having done their utmost, there is no appeal.

Each of the actors I have mentioned was chosen for a different reason, but there is one common denominator—each was a born actor.

If you are born without talent, a producer can turn you over to what my friend called "the star-making batteries of studio experts" and you can be taught how to walk, talk, dress, make up, and how to register emotions. A producer can then, if he is so disposed, display you on the screen and even give you star billing. But

What's closest to a woman's heart?

Sometimes it's her love for a man. Sometimes her love for a child. Sometimes it's a secret problem she cannot tell anyone. Listen in on these heart-stirring dramas of real-life women: hear M.Y. TRUE STORY Radio Program...

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11:30 a.m. MST • 10:30 a.m. PST

THE Early Bird GETS THE BEST VACATION

• Here's smart advice to all who want a fun-filled, carefree vacation this year: First, GO EARLY! Start in Spring or early Summer, to get first choice of hotel or resort accommodations, and to be sure of uncrowded transportation. • Second, GO GREYHOUND! For only Greyhound serves all the 48 States, reaching up into Canada, down to Mexico. Its modern motor coaches go direct to the most desirable of vacation spots, the National Parks, the mountains and seashore, the big cities and little resort towns. • A Greyhound ticket always means a saving—often enough for extra days of enjoyment. Coaches are unusually comfortable—schedules most frequent and conveniently timed.

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This coupon will bring you a fascinating Picture Map of America, lithographed in full colors, unfolding to 18 x 24 inches in size. Mail it to GREYHOUND HIGHWAY TOURS, DEPT. PH 57, ROOM 2600, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
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P

PH 57
Exclamation point of any occasion

The hostess who thoughtfully places lovely, gleaming glasses—and the ingredients for filling them—within easy reach of all hands, is bound to appreciate the admiring “Ohs” and “Ahs” that pay tribute to her good taste and judgment.

There’s no doubt about it, beautifully cut or decorated tumblers are the exclamation point of any occasion—and the chances are that they bear the Shield $\mathcal{F}$ of Federal.

Luxury-quality tumblers by Federal are first choice of leading cutters and decorators. They know that the matchless color, clarity and brilliance of Federal tumblers make a perfect base for lovely cutting or decorating.

When you buy glassware, in department stores, gift shops, variety or convenience stores—look for the Shield $\mathcal{F}$ of Federal. It’s your assurance of luxury-quality unsurpassed—at the price you wish to pay.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY * COLUMBUS 7, OHIO
and washed at least once every week is beautiful!

My wife once asked me why I had selected a certain girl out of a dozen different applicants for the job of Goldwyn Girl.

"Because she looks as if she had just stepped out of a bath," I said.

I meant it. There is something fresh and radiant and even beautiful about being exquisitely clean. So—get that "well-scrubbed" look. Ingrid Bergman is a shining example of it. It is as attractive to your friends and to your dates as it is to a movie star's fans. It is the best "foundation cream" on the market.

Once every six months, the boys and girls on my payroll visit a dentist. I lay down an eight-hour rule—every night law—and can tell whether it has been kept, or broken. If you have a good night's sleep, and a good bath, you look as though life agreed with you. It is a pleasing look.

Cigarettes and drinking do not help health, beauty, charm, or a career. While I do not actually forbid smoking, or an occasional cocktail, the girl who becomes a "chimney" (or is known to "drink") is no longer in my employ.

Nor do I hesitate to step into the private lives of my players with advice if I feel their behavior is injuring their reputations. Scandal, unsavory gossip is to the reputation what a blemish is to the face.

I am interested in young people who are ambitious, who are eager to know and to do things. A daily newspaper and a weekly news magazine are required reading for any modern girl or boy, whether in Hoboken or in Hollywood. You will not be an interesting personality unless you can carry on an intelligent conversation.

There is nothing more important to charm and personality—especially in a woman—than the speaking voice which should and can be made warm and intimate. When an actress comes to me with a high or strident speaking voice, I send her home with a copy of Shakespeare and instructions to spend an hour a day reading aloud. The result of this inexpensive course in voice culture is usually satisfactory. Try it. You will find it works wonders.

I advise the young people in my studio to take up bowling, tennis, riding, golf. I advise the girls to acquire the good old-fashioned accomplishments of sewing, cooking, housekeeping. "You will be a woman," I tell them, "long after you are an actress." I ask them whether they can write an amusing, informative letter. Play a decent hand of Bridge? Garden? Tend a baby?

"Be natural, friendly, organized, relaxed, graceful, healthy, well-dressed (within your budget), confident, knowing and happy"—this is the scut law, according to my conception, for success in Hollywood.

You may never become a movie star but you can be a star in your own circle by working at it. And it is worth it. The ability to live gracefully from day to day is not gained by accident. Marriage is as competitive a career as motion pictures. In both, the better you do your part, the more successful you will be.

I would like to believe that, as the Midas touch turned everything into gold, the "Goldwyn touch" turns the fit and the unfit, alike, into stars.

Actually, it is a combination of circumstances that makes you a star. You have the talent. You meet a producer who divines your talent and undertakes to develop it. You have what it takes of courage, patience and the capacity for hard work you need for the roadwork that leads to stardom. It is not easy. It is hard work, hard work, hard work . . .

I know. You see, it's my business.

The End
Hoagy Carmichael, the little man with the big ears that never miss a note, finds himself stepping high in the bobby-sox parade of favorites these days and loving it. He isn’t sure just how it happened, or why. He can’t read a note of music but he can play and even make up right good tunes that hit the jackpot on the Hit Parade. He can’t warble like Crosby but he gets a Hooper rating on the radio that any star might envy. And many do. He can’t out-Muni Paul on the screen but his fan mail pours in like rain after a long drought, so Hoagy—why he’s as happy and busy as one of those little old love bugs he writes about. What’s more, he’s about to become an author. His book “Stardust Trail” will hit the stands any minute. He’s just a Hoosier caution, Hoagy is, and he knows it.

As a child he learned to play the piano while sitting beside his mother who thumped out the accompanying music to the villain’s schemes in silent movies. At eighteen he was a member of the Indiana University orchestra and a member of the dance committee. Hoagy always voted for Bix Beiderbecke and his Wolverines to play at the school dances and so began the friendship between Hoagy and Bix, the young-man-with-the-horn. His death was a blow to Hoagy who named his oldest son Hoagy Bix in his honor and then euphoniously called his younger son Randy Bob.

Hoagy’s composing began while he was still at the University. His “Washboard Blues” and “Riverboat Shuffle” were recorded and played with no resultant hosannas. And then many years later Isham Jones revived another long forgotten tune of Hoagy’s called “Stardust”—a little ditty Hoagy had whipped up on an old piano at a Greek candy store where the college gang gathered. (Continued on page 123)
An English Complexion with lips of "Cherry"—

a spring-fresh color

by YARDLEY

To the natural loveliness of an “English Complexion," Cherry, a gay lipstick shade, gives glowing springtime spirit. With it wear an undertone of Yardley Make-Up Base to "Color-light" your skin, a touch of Cherry Cream Rouge to match your lips, and a soft, smooth finish of flattering "English Complexion" Powder in a shade that's most becoming. Cream Rouge 85c.

All others $1 each, plus tax.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue N.Y.C.
and the secret of this romantic blessing
... the PHILLIPS' "BEAUTY FACIAL"

Take any girl. Give her skin that stirs the senses... and see what a difference it makes to men. For romance—thrilling romance—is born of such skin. And this luxurious Phillips' 'Beauty Facial' is designed to make it yours!

- **Twice a day**, spread a thin beauty-veil of new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream over face and neck. Instantly, it loosens dirt, makeup, floating them on skin surface. As you tissue off this beauty-veil—always using an upward, outward motion—you almost feel your skin breathing with cleanliness!
- **Next**, wash with soap and warm water. Blot dry. Finally touch your fingertips to new Phillips' Cleansing Cream and pat very lightly on face and neck. Tissue off.

Start today!... Try thrilling new Phillips' Cleansing Cream—for radiantly romantic skin that stirs the senses!

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**New PHILLIPS' CLEANSING CREAM**
black bugle beads—sort of necklace effect. The long sleeves are embroidered with large shiny leaves of the bugle beads.

Alexis Smith, because of that broken foot, has to use a cane as part of her “costume”—and she manages to be chic about it. At a party recently Miley Smith wore a dinner dress that consisted of a floorlength, slinky black crepe skirt. The top was a pale beige, threaded with gold—and most of the evening, she wore long, black suede gloves. The cane with which she hobbled was black and shiny—topped by a big gold head. It “matched”!

And speaking of “disabilities” reminds me of how well Connie Moore managed to conceal the fact that she’ll be a mama again soon, with the lovely evening gown she wore to director Mitch Leisen’s gorgeous party. It is of black net, the bodice softly draped, very low V neck, front and back. But along the V-line in front runs a jabot-type of collar, very full and tapering to nothing at the waist. The black net jabot is edged in a tiny piping of pale green satin. And now comes the important part. The skirt of black net is tremendously full—gathered to the waist. But all around and falling to just below the hips is an equally full gathered peplum—most of the fullness being toward the front—and this frilly flounce is also edged with the piping of green satin. Sitting, standing or dancing, the lines of this gown are just perfect for any gal expecting the stork—and wishing to create the illusion that she isn’t!

AND what an illusion “Mitch” created as the setting for this party! He turned a bare, rather large vacant dance studio into a combination indoor and outdoor night club. And by the time the guests arrived, the walls had been painted, the place had been furnished (even to crystal chandeliers)—a bar had been installed—and a complete kitchen to cater the sumptuous buffet that spread over a table that looked a block long! Shrubbery and trees, striped awnings and parasol-topped tables featured the “outdoor” part of the soirée where guests dined. The setting was perfect for the glamour gals and their gowns.

Claudette Colbert was there in emerald green, stiff satin, simply made, the bodice featuring an almost leg-o’ mutton type of sleeve that ended just above the elbow; Rosalind Russell was wearing a rose-red duplicate of a black evening gown she adores. Tremendous, flowing skirt, one bare shoulder, the snug bodice continuing up over the other where an enormous fluffy “flower” made of the same material nestled. She was wearing an inch-wide gold and diamond bracelet that Barbara Hutton gave her.

The special handbag that producer Bill Menzies had made for Joan Fontaine to use in “Ivy” is likely to start a new fad. An ornament at the top opens so that a modern Lucretia Borgia could hide her poison there. But a Hollywood handbag manufacturer thinks the gals could find a lot of uses for a bag gadget like that, and is going to put out purses trimmed with them by the thousands.

Standout for something different was on Laraine Day (she came with her Leo Durocher) at the lovely dinner dance of Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames. With ermine coats and fox stoles slung over chairs by the dozens, Laraine managed to get most of the attention by wearing a bright red crocheted shawl for her evening wrap! It was so becoming and looked so smart over the simple black gown she was wearing. Love, to say nothing of the little red shawl, gave Laraine such a glow. And when you gotta glow, you gotta glow!

The End
Perfume portrait by Audrey Butler

Poetic Dream—a tender floral blend sings of sheer enchantment

Leigh Perfumes

“POETIC DREAM” REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. BY LEIGH PERFUMES, A DIVISION OF SHULTON, NEW YORK

Marie McDonald, daughter of a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, has measurements which Hollywood producers, artists and at least one professor of anatomy and physical anthropology rate ideal. She’s 5’ 6½” tall and weighs 119 pounds. Her bust measures 37”, waist 23½”, hips 36”, thigh 20”, calf 12½”, ankle 7½” and wrist 5½”. Her next Metro picture will be “Living in a Big Way” with Gene Kelly


For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102
Karin Booth wanted to become a ballerina. But Metro saw some pictures of her—and she was in the movies. She has blue eyes and auburn hair and boasts one of the smallest waists—a scant twenty-one inches—in Hollywood. Her next release is “The Unfinished Dance” with Maggie O’Brien.
to Flirt with the Sun

A "beau catcher" playsuit by Koret of California in Dan River cotton. Three pieces (Little bloomers hide under the skirt). Many colors: Small, medium, large. About $10.95 at Sanger Bros., Dallas, Tex., and The Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102.

Gail Russell wanted to become an artist. But a Paramount talent scout heard about "a great beauty over at Santa Monica High"—and wooed her from her drawing-board.

She has blue eyes and black hair. And she's amazed at her natural flair for acting.

Her next film is "Calcutta."
Cyd Charisse, at twelve, studied dancing with Nico Charisse. Five years later, while she appeared in France with the Ballet Russe, she married him. Now she’s under contract with M-G-M. You’ll see her with Esther Williams in “Fiesta.”


For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102.
Jane Greer, born in Washington in 1924, sang torrid Latin songs with Eric Madriguera’s Orchestra. Then, for a short time, she was Mrs. Rudy Vallee. Striking out for a career of her own again, she signed with the R.K.O. Studios. You’ll see her with Bob Young and Susan Hayward in “They Won’t Believe It.”


For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102.
Fashion is Fun

Little tricks you can use . . . new items
you can buy . . . to dramatize your wardrobe

ACCESSORIZE your new summer clothes with a smart hat and matching bag like this set designed by Everitt. Made of a cool straw fabric, the hat is trimmed with yarn. The bag has a spring closing, which eliminates buttons or snaps. Hat is $3.95 and matching bag $5.00.

DON'T THINK that pleated skirts, fashion's newest look, are not flattering to large hips. Pleats are very flattering on the larger girl if they are stitched down from waist to hip bone.

TUCK A LITTLE half veil, that just covers your eyes, under the brim of your summer hat. It's the newest look in veils and especially good in a rather wide apart and stiff veiling. Try lace on a flowered head band instead of veiling, for a glamorous after-dark chapeau.

WHAT TO DO with sunburn cream, sun glasses, etc. for that day at the beach? Well, your problem is solved with these water resistant bags by U. S. Rubber Co. They're big and roomy and so easy to clean by wiping with a damp cloth. They come in wonderful colors. The bathing cap, a new version of the flattering helmet, really fits and keeps your hair dry.

ARE YOU wearing a black sweater or a filmy white blouse? It doesn't matter which if you own this Lovable reversible bra that is black satin on one side and white satin on the other. Invisible stitching and perfect fit make this bra a "must" in the wardrobe of a busy gal. Comes in sizes 32-38 and it's $2.00.

NOW IS THE time to blossom out in colorful prints, soft cool fabrics and clothes gay as a summer breeze. The stores are full of such as these . . .

Dan River, famous for their plaids and ginghams, have wonderful color combinations that look so right in crisp play clothes and summer dresses.

A divinely soft fabric called Ponemah Spoven is lovely for summer clothes that keep you cool and fresh looking.

Concordia-Galla have a crush resistant fabric called "Tangelo." This material makes slacks, suits and summer sportswear look crisp and well tailored and the color range is terrific.

These fabrics can be found in clothes that suit your budget so here's looking forward to a bright gay summer!!!

ANN SHERIDAN, that red-haired beauty, apparently doesn't believe in the maxim, "Redheads shouldn't wear red." She has decorated her new portable dressing room and the walls, lamp shades, rug and curtains are in deep crimson hue. If you're a redhead you might try a red or pink dress on the next time you're shopping. Never can tell, it might be the perfect color for you.

YOU'LL SEE more and more wonderful sun-back dresses this summer. Most of them come with a jacket or bolero that makes them cool and right for an office or while traveling to the beach. Low cut backless bras or strapless bras and petti-skirts (half a slip) are the perfect undergarments for this type of dress.

HOLLYWOOD MOTHER GOOSE
Buy, buy lady hunting,
They've found a pretty garment thin
To wrap that lovely body in.

HAVE three or four pairs of white shorty gloves in your summer wardrobe. You'll need that many, for each day you will want a fresh pair to complete that "bandbox" look. Tuck sachet in between the gloves and dust a little bit down in the fingers while they're still damp. You'll really start the day right when you slip them on.
IN THE good old summertime you'll bless this cool white nylon girdle and bra. You'll also need the sleek hip look these foundation garments by Venus induce since so many of the new dresses have molded torso lines. They're cool and pretty and you know how nylon wears. The girdle is about $8.50 and the bra is $2.00.

DID YOU know there are earrings made especially for your type of face? Jordon has designed the earrings and Eddie Senz, famous Hollywood beauty expert, who has drawn the various types of faces, explains why certain shaped earrings are right for each type. Jordon earrings are sold in large stores throughout the country and you'll find the informative booklet with the Senz drawings at the jewelry counter. Ask for the booklet and then choose the earrings, priced from $1.00 to $2.00, made especially for you.

"IT'S FUN to be fooled," Barnum said. But we don't agree when we buy washable dresses. Today most dresses come equipped with a tag telling if they're washable, non-shrinking or sunfast. Great strides have been made in this fabric guarantee. So be thankful that the day is past when we tub a dress only to find, when it's dry, that on a Singer midget it would look well.

ARE YOU too tall, or too short, or just plain hard to fit? Designers have taken pity on those with "problem figures." There are dresses at stores made for every height and figure. Ask about these special sizes when next you shop. You'll be amazed at the money you'll save on alterations.

HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Not every stocking can go to a picnic, but these hardy beauties can. Don't let their filmy sheerness fool you. There's great strength behind that delicate air. You'll love, too, the perfect, clinging fit that expert knitting gives them. Ask for "As You Like It" at your favorite hosiery counter.

"IT'S FUN to be fooled," Barnum said. But we don't agree when we buy washable dresses. Today most dresses come equipped with a tag telling if they're washable, non-shrinking or sunfast. Great strides have been made in this fabric guarantee. So be thankful that the day is past when we tub a dress only to find, when it's dry, that on a Singer midget it would look well.

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HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"

READING, PA.
Cyd Charisse, who poses for our fashion section this month, took up dancing at the age of eight. Her family physician recommended this, as she was so underweight.

Cyd, a ballerina with the Ballet Russe before she entered the movies, knows how to walk—with the legs and the hips. She's not very big—only five feet and one-half inches. Her graceful figure makes her seem taller than this, however.

Nico Charisse, Cyd's first dancing teacher, took her to Colonel de Basil of the Ballet Russe when it was playing in Los Angeles. Impressed with her talent and beauty, de Basil signed her immediately. She toured the United States and was ready to sail for Europe with the Ballet when her father became seriously ill. Canceling her plans, Cyd remained with her father until his death. When the Ballet came back to Los Angeles, however, she rejoined the ranks and went with them on their next tour of Europe.

Nico Charisse followed them to France and married Cyd soon after her seventeenth birthday. While they were honeymooning in Monte Carlo, Hitler invaded Poland and Cyd and her husband returned to Hollywood and his ballet school.

Four weeks after the birth of her son, Nicky, in 1942, Cyd was signed for a dancing spot in "Something to Shout About." Now under contract to M-G-M, she is devoting herself to a career that will, she hopes, give her dramatic as well as dancing roles.

A Texas girl, true to the traditions of the Lone Star State, Cyd adores riding. Swimming, too, and like many stars, she is an avid movie fan.

But most of all, however, Cyd loves to dance and act—and as she posed in the gay print bathing suit we wished that the family doctor who decreed dancing for her because she was "too thin." could see her now!

The End

Wherever You Live You Can Buy

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Coral bathing suit
Caltex
846 South Broadway
Los Angeles, California

Dress and bolero
Monroe Lloyd
719 South Los Angeles
Los Angeles, California

Three-piece playsuit
Korets
611 Mission Street
San Francisco 5, California

Two-piece print suit
Mabs of Hollywood
425 East Pico
Los Angeles, California

Blue one-piece suit
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Beauty Spots

Bewitching
Frances Gifford, starred in "The Arnelo Affair"

By Mary Jane Fulton

LOVES HER FANS

In her flower-filled suite at the Waldorf, FRANCES GIFFORD excitedly admitted the fun of being a movie star and having fans ask for her autograph... But there isn't an ounce of conceit in this tall, slim Hollywood lovely with the chestnut hair and friendly, dark blue eyes, which are very blue when she wears blue, and greenish-blue when she wears green.

A MODEST BEAUTY

Beauty secrets? Frances modestly claimed she didn't have any. While chatting with her, however, we discovered how she keeps herself looking so beautiful. Even when away from home, she washes and sets her own hair and has learned to do it expertly and quickly. As proof, she ran to get a small electric hand hair dryer to show us, and the bottle of shampoo she also brought with her... Her skin is oily, she claims, so she scrubs it twice daily with soap suds and a complexion brush. After rinsing with warm, then cold water, she rubs cracked ice, wrapped in a hand towel, over her face and neck, pats dry with another towel, then applies an astringent. Once a week she gives herself a facial, using a prepared one on the market, or one she mixes by dissolving a yeast cake in enough milk to make a smooth-spreading paste. When dry, she removes it with warm water, then gives her skin the ice treatment... She likes alternating between powder or a pancake make-up, applied sparingly.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Frances loves to get tan as early as possible, but avoids painful burning first by using a baby oil, which she says gives her an even, golden color and keeps her skin soft and smooth. The reason her feet never bother her, she thinks, may be because she gives them weekly pedicures and wears low-heeled shoes for walking... She relaxes nightly by reading in a warm, scented tub bath. Then, before hopping into bed, she splashes on lots of cologne in one of the floral fragrances... Frances loves to eat! She keeps slim by playing tennis, bending to touch her toes a dozen times daily, and running with her cocker spaniel. Who is her dream man? None other than the nine-year-old heartbreaker—Butch Jenkins!
The case of the man whose magic world was served up to him from a waiter’s tray

**Nick, alias Dick**

If anyone had told Nick Conte that he was riding into a magic world that day he boarded the train for Connecticut, he'd have said, “You’re bats in the belfry.” All he knew was that he'd get twenty-five bucks a week, plus tips, for waiting on table.

Way back in 1938 a job at a summer camp was the equivalent of a vacation—if standing on your feet from seven to seven and Waltzing the girls around in the social hall at eight, when you were dying to soak your aching feet in Epsom salts, could be called a vacation. It was one way of getting out of the hot grimy dust that was Jersey City and at the end of the summer you could come back with a nice fat bankroll.

Meanwhile he was having fun and meeting lots of people that up until now he had only read about in the newspapers. Like the blond guy with the horn-rimmed glasses who was always playing slow, sad music on the victrola in his room when Nick brought his breakfast on a tray. Clifford Odets. And the pretty girl he had just married who had caused a stir in camp when she came to see him one weekend, Luise Rainer. Imagine, movie stars! They were all regular people though. Take Bobbie and Julie Garfield for instance. Just as friendly as the neighbors back in Jersey City where he came from. For this was the summer the Group Theatre was at the Pine Brook Country Club, where Nick had a job.

He was just another waiter until the night he played an extra in “Waiting for Lefty.” He was nice to have around because he vibrated such a sense of being glad to be alive and he was good-looking. Add to this a gift for barbering. He’d learned how from his dad. In his spare time he was cutting the hair of Elia Kazan or Joe Pevney in the back in the little barber shop he’d fixed up for himself.

Then one afternoon all the waiters were called in and told they'd have to report for rehearsal. The Group Theatre needed plenty of extras for “Waiting for Lefty” which was the week’s performance and the boys would have to pitch in and help. Nick griped along with the others. Rehearse. Put grease paint on your face. Stand under hot lights. After a hard day on your feet.
Malarkey. What wouldn’t they think of next? Well it was part of the job. So why not?
And then it was the night of the play. Odets was at his best. While up there on the stage, Nick Conte was being ensnared in the exciting web the actors were spinning. He wanted to cry. He was feeling so deeply. Why this...this was what he was looking for. It was the answer to why he was always quitting his jobs. This was living. This was for him. That night Nick wasn’t in the dance hall. He was in his room figuring out this new thing that had hit him right over the heart.

From then on Nick spent his free time around the rehearsal hall, listening to Michael Gordon. Direct or remembering words of acting wisdom fall from the lips of Stella Adler. At night he’d hang around drinking cokes with the actors, listening to them talk shop. The members of the group were intrigued by his obvious sincerity. They held out a helping hand to him.

They taught him about books, about music. So now he knew the music Odets played was Brahms and Bach. Theory of acting, Nick would be the first to admit today, “They made me what I am, taught me everything I know about theater and gave me my first break in the theater.”

It was a long hard grind from that summer to a little part in the Group’s production of “My Heart’s in the Highlands.” His first. There were months of making the rounds. No casting. Maybe next week. A part. Rehearsals. A flop. A long lull. The Group Theatre to the rescue with another part.

Then “Jason” and a hit. The thrill of seeing the newspaper blow-ups of the critics’ reviews. Hailing one Nick Conte of Jersey City now of Broadway as the find of the season. He was on equal footing with Julie Garfield, Luther Adler and Elia Kazan.

Yes, Nick would have laughed at you if you’d told him all this was going to happen that day he boarded the train for New Haven. That there’d be trips all over the country after that. Even to Hollywood. He’s just beginning to cause comment out on the West Coast with his brilliant portrayals and it’s a sure thing, given the right parts, the name you’re going to be hearing a lot of from now on is going to be Nick, or as Hollywood has named him...Dick Conte.

**The End**

---

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“AT YOUR BEAUTY SALON”

VITA FLUFF
“THE WORLD’S FINEST SHAMPOO” by Duor
What's Wrong with Sinatra?

(Continued from page 35) endeared him to me like a baby python.

When he banned the bobby-soxers from his broadcasts in New York I thought he had taken leave of his senses and said so. Frankie retaliated with the argument that they were his broadcasts and that I should mind my own business.

He came back to Hollywood and got in a battle royal with his broadcasting company over permitting another program to use his broadcast theater. Since there was no apparent reason for this (Frankie couldn’t be broadcasting when the other program was on the air, natch), I set it down to the fact that he had just made up his mind to be disagreeable.

When he separated from Nancy, the little wife who adores him, and then staged a reconciliation in a public night club—it was the final straw. I was sure he was crazy.

Then along came the Hollywood Women’s Press Club and nominated my pet peeve as the “most uncooperative actor of 1946.” Frankie had not only been raring and tearing with me, he had engaged in a vendetta with the entire press, even going so far as to inform one reporter that he would pop him in the mouth the next time they chanced to meet.

It was getting ridiculous!

Suddenly, all my pique began to die out both in my heart and my column. Something was seriously wrong. Something had happened to Frank Sinatra. What was it?

Perhaps it was this slight weakening in my armor that inspired George Evans, Frankie’s Man Friday, to invite me to lunch with Sinatra. My answer was brief and to the point—“No.” But, if you think that daunted Mr. Evans, you don’t know the little man who has been with Frankie for so many years.

George is just plain painsnt if you don’t see his idol as he sees him. I finally agreed to have luncheon with Frank in Beverly. The stipulation was that George was to call for me and Frank was to be ready and waiting. I didn’t trust the Skinny Thrush.

Sure enough, there he was sitting in a booth, very conservatively groomed—and not even a bow tie. He looked the usual Sinatra, thin, but better than the last time I had seen him.

When I walked in, I said: “If I’m not out of here unharmed in twenty minutes my armed guards will call the police. I insist that the maitre d’hotel taste all food before it passes my lips.” Suddenly our eyes met, Frankie’s and mine, and we broke into quick and good laughter. It was good for both of us. It broke the ice that had been so long freezing.

You don’t just start, in a situation like this by saying, “What in jumping blazes happened to you”; so—for a while we sparred over conversation about the new home he and Nancy are building in Palm Springs and how exciting it is to build a house for the first time.

“When I have a little rest,” he said, “I’ll be even more interested.” And then, quietly and unexpectedly, he added: “I have been so exhausted. I have been confused. I know I did many things I shouldn’t have, things I am now sorry for.”

There it was—the explanation for his whole puzzling behavior. How wonderful is complete simplicity and honesty. He could have spoken around the issue in a few thousand words and not have won me as completely as he did in those simple sentences.

It was as near to an apology as he gave—but it was good enough for me. Exhaus—confusion—those two devitalizing
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Millie was a
morning glory...

neat at nine. Her
hair combed and
curls—every strand
in place. On her way
to work, she caught
admiring glances
and a few low
whistles. But look...

tossed at twelve.
After a few hours,
Millie's hair-do just
seemed to come
apart! Drod... no
tools looking now...

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demons that follow in the trail of working
too hard, of taxing one's strength almost
beyond endurance. I know that story by
heart. It cost me five months away from
my job and a serious operation last
year. I looked at this boy and realized that if
he doesn't slow down, it will cost him
that much—and more. It is no secret that
his health is not good. He has serious ear
trouble that has been rumored as develop-
ing into a pressure on the nerve centers in
the back of his brain. It is impossible for
him to push and put on an ounce of weight. And
yet, in the past few years, he has spurned
through his career like a punchy prize
fighter—almost out on his feet. When he
should have been taking it easy—between
movies, he has almost burned himself out
in his zeal to fight intolerance and gone
barnstorming around the country.

He has done a weekly radio show plus
"guest" spots. He has made two pictures in
the past year. He has had to be separated
from his family for months at a time. And
always—always—there are those mobs of
adoring kids almost killing him with love
and admiration.

It was complete exhaustion that caused
him to ban the youngsters from his New
York broadcasts and yet not single out the
Hollywood bobby-soxers.

HE SAID to me: "The kids in New York
are different. Louella. They aren't used
to stars like Ingrid Bergman, Kathryn
Grayson or Greer Garson going into stores
or theaters as they do in Hollywood. The
Hollywood kids ask for autographs—but
they don't go wild.

"I know very well that when the New
York youngsters cheered and yelled and
stamped—it was because they liked me.
But suddenly, I found I was having to
grit my teeth to bear it. It was like being
drowned by an overwhelming wave of
noise. After all, I had responsibilities to
my listening audiences as well as those in
the studio. As things were, I was getting
to the point where I felt I could not go on
with my shows. I was trembling and
shaking like a leaf.

"I didn't want to do it, but I finally had
to bar them. And who can say it was the
wrong thing to do? After that little spell
of discipline they came back as quiet as
mice. If one of them got out of order, the
rest of the kids silenced him yelling, 'Ah,
pipe down. Frankie gets noisier!'

He had no intention of tossing another log
on our subsiding feud when I said, "But,
Frankie, there was no confusion or noise
on the set at M-G-M and yet straight from
headquarters I heard you were difficult
and temperamental."

He hit that straight on, too. "I've never
asked for anything I did not think was
reasonable and right," he answered. "When
so many human beings of varied tempera-
ment are thrown together in the making of
a picture, there are bound to be some
differences. But to the best I know, I have
never been unreasonable or failed to listen
to the other fellow's opinion. All I expect
is that he listen to me, too. Between us,
we'll usually arrive at the right thing. You
have to believe in what you are doing
and fight for the things you think are
right. Otherwise, you won't be around very
long," he smiled.

"One of the things you heard is that I
was disagreeable and raised thunder to
use a song they wouldn't let me have. I'll
tell you a secret. I didn't. I might have,
then if you—then if it wasn't a very
good song!"

For the first time in my interviewing
life I found myself reluctant about dis-
cussing a personal problem with a star—
I mean Frankie's short rift with his wife.
It seemed a little silly to pry into that
in view of what he had told me. It was all
too obvious. Little irritations and nerves
that were becoming as heavy as hammers hanging over his head in his career must have made him difficult to live with. He had practically admitted as much when he said, "—so many things I am sorry for and wish had not happened." One of the things, I am sure, is that he walked out of his home for two weeks. Instead of probing an old wound, I was content when Frankie was willing to talk about the new plane he and Nancy and the kids have.

"That house in Palm Springs is a nine-day wonder around our place," he said enthusiastically, "We own the house we now live in—but we didn't build it. It formerly belonged to Mary Astor. This will be the first place we have had the fun of wearing the new off ourselves.

"The swimming pool is shaped like a grand piano. The narrow part is shallow so it is safe for the kids. Almost every room has a wall of windows because none of us can get enough sunshine."

"Fine thing," I laughed, "for Frankie Sinatra, of all people, to be living in the next best thing to a glass house!"

"Oh, we've got blinds," he came back.

That he is sincerely devoted to Nancy and his two children I believe with all my heart. He carries pictures of them in his wallet and trots them out at the slightest provocation.

There was one point I could and did discuss with him—that booby prize he won from the Hollywood Women's Press Club as the least cooperative actor of the year. Was he angry? Did it make him even madder at the press in general?

He said quietly, "I was hurt—really hurt. That was something I never wanted to happen. Maybe it was good for me though. It's made me stop and think. Not everybody can be out of step but me."

I liked that—his saying he was not angry—just hurt. It all goes back to his diagnosis of himself—exhaustion and confusion.

"All right, Frankie," I said, "What's for the future?"

"You can't change yourself suddenly, Louella," he said honestly. "Many things I'll just have to work out. Some of them will take me. I'm going to have to take it easier and not get nervous about things that don't matter. First, I want to take a rest of three or four weeks. I'm off my radio show for just that purpose. What will happen is that I'll probably just move around. I'm freer than I've been since the days when I couldn't get a job—and I like it. Guess you can say I haven't any plans—and it's worth a million dollars for the privilege!"

Well, the armed guards didn't have to come in after me. Frankie and I had buried the hatchet in a better understanding, I think, of each other—even if it took a heap of doing.

The End

They called her "high-hat" and "temperamental" but Joan Crawford's critics sing another tune now!

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Almost Down to Earth

(Continued from page 57) because, confidentially, even at this late date, it wouldn’t shock me to see my pal Cornell down on his knees, in black-face and white gloves!

In the long interval between the test and the filming, there was the gratification of his first chance in an “A” picture. He played a supporting part in “Counter-Attack,” and then, in the super-Western, “Renegades.” His work in these helped to convince his bosses he should be given the plum Jolson role. And meantime, by some considerate arrangement of the fates that rule Broadway, wife Betty had sung her way into her lustiest opportunity. Opening in “Call Me Mister,” she enticed critics into calling her “the best musical-comedy personality since Marilyn Miller,” and the producers into giving her top billing.

In the two years of their marriage, there had been occasional reunions—the brief sort that begin on a note of approaching an ending. At long last, however, it looked as if the little house Larry had bought in Nichols Canyon was soon going to be big enough to hold two careers. Young Mr. Parks started learning to cook.

“I’m getting ready for Betty to settle down with me and one of those three picture contracts she’s been offered—” he grinned. “She can probably get a husband as good as me any time, so for an added attraction, I’m learning to wrangle a skillet. You see, I’m so much in love with Betty, I’m not taking any chances on losing her—now.”

That “now” was Larry’s three-letter word for all they’d risked, and all they’d finally won. Only one sad circumstance was to dim the happiness of his wife’s homecoming. Larry’s mother, who lived with him, died. For the son who’d known her encouragement and comfort when the going was tough, it seemed extra tragedy to have her pass away just when she might have enjoyed the benefits of his success. However, Mrs. Parks had lived to see him gain the things he wanted—and usually, for mothers, that is enough.

“Our little doll house,” as its mistress calls it, is the second residence Larry has owned in California. The first was one he built with a couple of pals, strictly for profit, when he first arrived on the Coast. All three of the fellows were broke, but one of them owned a vacant lot. Brooding over the sad fact that you can’t eat real estate, young Parks had an ambitious idea. They would float a small loan, build a house on the lot and make enough to fill three pockets. It took a succession of miracles to accomplish each step, but they did it.

“I understand the place is still standing,” he says, “although we never knew what made the walls stay up to begin with. When it came to putting in the windows—a tricky job—we cheated a little. That is, we went down the street to where some carpenters were working and accepted a little professional advice. When we got the roof on we sold the place—but quick, before the next wind storm. I made $133 on the deal.”

The feature they’re proudest of in their current abode is the fireplace, where both of them love to sit and read—or just get reacquainted.

“It’s funny, the things you discover about each other,” grins Betty. “The other day, for instance, Larry let me know—in a subtle way, of course—that he was all tired out from picking up after me. I was perfectly astounded. Until that minute I thought I’d been picking up after him!”

There is a small point of difference, too, concerning their first meeting: “Actually, we only knew each other two months

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before we were married. Imagine my surprise to hear him telling reporters we'd known each other two years before in New York, when he was with the Group Theatre.

"Well, I saw you that long ago in New York—only you didn't know it," says her husband, not at all sheepishly. "Besides, I wasn't going to let people think our marriage was a fly-by-night thing."

The wedding took place at the Episcopal Church here. "We'd decided, since he was working in a picture at the time, we'd make it a quick and quiet affair," Betty says. "No one there except us, Larry's mother and our witnesses. The minister looked a little astonished when people started to troop into the church. On the way, Larry had just gone up the street telling everybody he met, 'Hey, come on to my wedding!'"

Sparkling on Betty's third finger is a recently purchased diamond of ample carats. "Her engagement ring—although it's about two-and-a-half years late," says its purchaser, "he didn't miss any of the usual thrill, however," says his wife. "It was such a complete surprise, I could still gasp and say, 'But this is so sudden!'"

In a man's way, Larry was filled with the same sentiments when Betty surprised him with the motorcycle, a gift sent from New York. "I'd been away on location, and the first thing Mother told me when I got back was that she'd had a slight mishap with my Ford convertible. I started for the garage with visions of the old jalap a crumpled wreck. I opened the door—and there stood the motorcycle—the thing I'd wanted all my life. I think I just gulped, and said something like, 'Well, I'll be darned—!'"

That warm smell from a motor has always been the Parks lad's favorite fragrance. He is moved by simple, elementary sights and sounds: "The most beautiful thing I ever saw was the sun coming up one Easter morning in New York. There was I on the dark and deserted city street, tired out after an all-night rehearsal—and then suddenly, there was the sun coming up over the RCA building—like a great promise. I automatically turned and walked to St. Patrick's Cathedral."

For his own private music, he'll take the sound of a teakettle. "We have one of the whistling kind someone gave us," says Betty. "He's put it on at the slightest provocation and let it whistle away for hours. There was a time when the thing affected me like chalk drawn down a blackboard, but with my husband enjoying it so, how can I complain?"

Both of them prefer small, informal
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getings at home to large social affairs, or night-clubbing. In friends, they demand one major quality—tolerance. “I can’t stand intolerant people,” Larry says.

“The finest thing that ever happened to me was a summer I spent at camp when I was a kid. I was a rather sickly boy, and because of it Mom had coddled me. Usually, if I was told to do anything, I had to be bribed with a candy bar. At camp things were different. That temper I had had to be controlled if I didn’t want to wind up with a sore jaw, donated by one of the other boys. I learned to get along with other people and, believe me, I’ve always valued the lesson.”

Larry—formally known as Lawrence—was born in Olathe, Kansas, but spent most of his early life in Joliet, Illinois. His mother was an organist of talent and his father an advertising man. As a small boy he suffered a weakened heart from rheumatic fever—and later, a paralyzing illness left him with one leg temporarily shortened. Today, he excels in such virile exercises as skiing, surfboard riding and tennis, and stands five feet eleven.

“I never brag about it, though—I’m still the smallest fellow on our family tree. My father was over six feet, and his sisters were giant women. One of my aunts on my mother’s side, believe it or not, stood six feet seven. Maybe that’s why I’m so fond of Betty—she’s small enough for me to best in a wrestling match. Providing, of course, you don’t tell her I said so!”

ACTING was an “accidental” profession discovered when, while studying for medicine at the University of Illinois, he took part in some campus dramatics. By the time he obtained his Bachelor of Science degree, he had decided to trade it for stock-show billing. After touring Illinois, he headed for New York. In the big city, there was a period when “the wolf was not only sitting on my doorstep, but inside and sharing my furnished room.”

One of his early jobs was as a uniformed guide at Radio City and one of his fellow ushers was Gregory Peck. With his heels acquiring callouses from Radio City’s endless halls, he decided to seek a foothold break via mail order. He got a list of sixty-four stock companies from a theatrical magazine and wrote a letter to the whole sixty-four. Six of them answered, and he was then in a position to grant a favor to the fellow making the best offer. He went to work for twenty dollars a week in a community theater in up-state New York, playing there two seasons.

Next time Broadway saw him, he met with better luck. He joined the Group Theater, which included John Garfield and J. Edward Bromberg. At this encouraging point, tragedy called him back home. His dad had died, and a job as Pullman inspector on the New York Central railroad offered him the more reliable income he and his mother would need. It was a dull occupation, but he stuck at it until one day a wire arrived from John Garfield. There was a small part awaiting him at Warners in “Mama Rafferty”—a picture that was cancelled thirty-six hours after his arrival on the West Coast.

Now that the “downs” have turned into “ups,” he hopes to get a chance soon at a light comedy role. “Something like ‘Arsenic and Old Lace,’ I hope. Mostly, however, I will be content to do as good a job as I can, in whatever they pick out for me. You see, I’ve always wanted to be an actor—it was just that I never wanted to be a starring actor!”

Talk like this is, in its way, as good a definition of Mr. and Mrs. Park as any we can supply. Up in the happy heights now, but still almost “down to earth.”

THE END
Bedtime Story

(Continued from page 67.) But there's still another chapter to Gail's bedtime story. It goes under the heading of "Hands." Whenever she buys a new toothbrush, she buys two of them—in different colors. One is for her fingernails. Each evening before putting on her cold cream she gives her nails a good scrubbing with soap. Then the cold creaming of her face softens her nails at the same time. And her last move before turning out the light is to rub on some cuticle cream, covering her hands for the night with white cotton gloves to keep the oil on her nails—not on the sheets.

But to each her own bedtime story. Each of us must plot her own. However, this rough outline should be applicable, with variations, for all of us:

1. Since cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but the first step to good health and good looks—cleanse your face. You may either use two coats of cold cream to insure thorough cleanliness (like Rita Hayworth and Maureen O'Hara) or you may use first cold cream and then soap and warm water, followed by cold. This latter method is preferred not only by Gail Russell, but also by Diana Lynn, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton and Ella Raines. But there are the soap and water gals—and you may be one of them. Audrey Totter and Esther Williams are firmly fixed in this school of thought.

And right here let me stop and point out something: Every one of those stars wastes no time while applying the cleansing cream—which they leave on for twenty minutes before removing. Maureen O'Hara reads a bedtime story to her daughter Bronwyn during the "absorbing period." Ellen Drew lies on the floor with her feet elevated on a chair, so as to give her face the benefit of blood circulation.

2. Care of your hair. Brush it—and brush it thoroughly. Not only does brushing cleanse the hair and scalp, but it aids growth and sheen. Remember, the smart way to wield the brush is to stretch out across your bed, with your head hanging over the side. This combines two things: Your hair is being brushed, while your face and scalp are being stimulated.

3. Exercise! Even if you have a magnificent figure already, remember it won't stay that way without help. To keep you limber, as well as to whittle the hips and waistline, I'd suggest scattering a deck of cards on the floor, then picking them up without bending the knees. Another easy but worthwhile exercise is to lie on your back and

As lovely as an American Beauty rose is Shirley Temple

Photoplay's June cover girl—
On newsstands May 9th, or as soon thereafter as transportation permits.
in bed, raise your legs and make like a six-day bike rider.

4. Now you are ready to put your hair up in pin curls. If you've been smart enough to practice and learn how to do it as many of the stars do, this should take only a couple of minutes.

5. Next, you apply a rich night cream to your nice, clean face before you step into your bath or shower. This is especially important for the girl with a dry skin, or for the woman whose skin is beginning to show a few lines and wrinkles.

6. And after the bath is an excellent time to check up on the de-fuzzing of underarms and legs that fastidious women never neglect.

7. You may also want to give your hands a little extra attention. Try massaging them with hand cream. Next follow in Gall Russell's footsteps—put on a pair of old cotton gloves to protect your hands.

Another tip: An application of castor oil and white iodine will help make your fingernails strong, and will keep them from breaking. However, be sure not to do this more than once a week. The iodine is very drying.

NOW this simple bedtime story is almost ended. I've suggested seven chapters to it. However there may be certain things you, with your own personal problems, may want to leave out—or add to it. But whatever you do, make sure you work out a bedtime beauty routine for yourself—and stick to it. Time yourself when you first start this nightly regime... and then time yourself again when it is established as a habit. You'll be astonished at how little time it takes once you're in the swing.

Remember, too, not to make your bedtime story an unpleasant task. Use your free time in it to read or make out household lists. And pamper yourself: Use a new bath oil or a delightfully scented eau de cologne. Or treat yourself to one of the new bath mists or powder mists for after the bath. A feeling of feminine luxury goes a long way toward relaxing you for the night's rest that lies ahead.

Oh, you relaxed, well-cared-for body is between your clean sheets, pamper yourself in one final way: Listen to music and read something entertaining until you are drowsy. But if it's reading, be sure to sit upright in bed, not slumped halfway down, or you'll strain your eyes. Then turn off your light, close your eyes—and drift into the dreamless sleep of a completely relaxed and lovely body.

Like Gall Russell, you'll wake up more beautiful than when you went to sleep. Then you can plant your feet firmly in your mules and say or sing confidently, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" Because your bedtime story gave you a beautiful night.

THE END
What Should I Do?

(Listless) seventeen-year-old long pale want probably quit the is don't impossible had pay of your your are stay she I living home. I quit school and got a job. I don't feel welcome here, although I pay board. I am a long way from my home town and friends and I am very unhappy. I feel as if no one wants me, or cares. Will you tell me some way to make my life worthwhile? Please don't think I'm silly.

Sandy

Believe me, Sandy, I don't think you are silly, I don't think anyone who reads your letter will think you are silly.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a seventeen-year-old boy. I left home over a month ago because I couldn't stand my father's drinking. I had been living with my father and stepmother. I went to my mother's home, but couldn't stay there because my stepfather objected. My mother loves me very much although I have never lived with her since she and my father separated when I was six. When she saw that my living with her wasn't going to work out she sent me to my aunt's home. I quit school and got a job. I don't feel welcome here, although I pay board. I am a long way from my home town and friends and I am very unhappy. I feel as if no one wants me, or cares. Will you tell me some way to make my life worthwhile? Please don't think I'm silly.

Sandy

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, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, 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.

How do you appear to others? Are you tired-looking and listless? Is your face pale? Have you lost charm along with the vitality you once had?

Such effects often come from a blood condition. You may have a Borderline Anemia, due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Your red blood cells may be too puny and faded and weak to transmit full energy to your body, leaving you pale, weary. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

When your color is fading—your energy too low—due to this common blood condition, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help restore your usual vigor. Of course, continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high," to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

*Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

BORDERLINE ANEMIA why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS

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. Many 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.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA

Improved, Concentrated Formula
Ironized Yeast TABLETS
Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of seventeen and quite fond of a man twenty-five. There are some who think him low for me, but I am a serious-minded girl and appear to be much older than my years. I consider boys my age to be silly, noisy and without manners.

This man likes me, I'm sure, because he has asked me for five or six dates within the past two months. Each time I have thanked him and made some excuse. The reason I haven't gone with him is this: He lives in one of the most beautiful parts of this city. I secured his address from the telephone book, rode a bus out there, then walked past.

I live in a poor district, on one of the ugliest streets. I must add that our house is one of the worst on the street. We try to keep it tidy, but we have a big family and there simply isn't space enough.

I would be ashamed to bring this boy into my house. Would it be simply awful of me to meet him on a street corner downtown, then have him leave me there after our date?

Edna M.

It would be "simply awful" for you to suggest meeting this man anywhere except at your own door.

Since he has asked you for dates repeatedly, I think it sensible to assume that he is drawn to you. Just as you went to the trouble to find something of his background, it is likely that he has done the same about you. He may know that your family are clean and proud, although they haven't the worldly goods of his own parents.

The most important thing to establish in the mind of a boy with whom you are to have dates is that one of your outstanding characteristics is self-respect. By all means ask this boy to call for you at your home. Be sure to introduce him to your father and mother.

If he is the right sort of person he will like you for yourself. If he is a sub, find out about him and spare yourself much humiliation later.

Here is another thing for you to consider: Since you are now seventeen, you have years of peace before you. Psychiatrists to whom I have talked stress the fact that the best way for a human being to retain mental health is to admit fearlessly at all times his background, while doing a good job of what he is. Be what you are without apology. Once you let yourself feel inferior, you open the way for all manner of personality ills.

Claudette Colbert

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There's new beauty in Bis-o-Cup, the bra whose patented feature holds your breasts gently but firmly in place... prevents shoulder straps from slipping. In individualized cup depths at better stores.

Write for NEW Beauty Hint Booklet
Made by MODEL BRASSIERES
DEPT. 3P 258 Fifth Ave., New York 1

It's the FIt in the Cup that Counts
I firmly believe that there is no material advantage on earth to equal the love of one's own family. A young child needs emotional security above all else. This very precious and very fragile thing is best obtained with natural parents, or their best substitute—whenever this is possible.

By this I don't mean to imply that a child can't be entirely happy with adoptive parents; to the contrary, I think that both parents and child are lucky when they are brought together by agencies and happily matched. However, in such a case as you describe, I think the little girl should remain with her grandparents as long as they live. If some of the "rich people" you have mentioned are really anxious to be of help, why don't they offer assistance to the grandparents? Let them set up a fund for the child's welfare and eventual education.

Claudette Colbert
Incidentally, Mr. Grant

(Continued from page 19) that the chaplain might try a door farther down the patio.

Some minutes later, while Cary was still answering the doorbell, the padre—with a brother priest—returned. Said the chaplain, “I’m sorry to appear to crack this party, but your face is so familiar. I’m certain I’ve known you at some time. I’m Father X, and this is Father Y.”

“How do you do,” said Cary, shaking hands. “My name is Grant—Cary.”

One of the chaplains fell into embarrassed laughter. “They said they had been in the South Pacific for several years and had been so busy that—even when Cary’s pictures had been shown at the base—they hadn’t always seen him. Their memories of Cary’s familiar face had clung since civilian days.

Intensely interested in the lives of persons outside the motion-picture industry (a rare characteristic in an actor), Cary enticed the chaplains into another room, where he secured food and drink for them and settled down for a long talk. He asked about the work of the Chaplain Corps and conditions in the Pacific.

Someone in the party noticing Cary’s interest observed, “There’s Grant again. The best listener in Hollywood.

“At any party, you can look around and count on finding Cary where the conversation is unfamiliar—anything from talmudry to Egyptology.”

One of the chaplains asked if Cary knew a certain Hollywood publicist.

“Yes, he’s just out of the Navy. I saw him only yesterday,” said Cary. “But I haven’t any idea where to find him in town.”

The chaplain said, “Too bad. I’d like to get in touch with him. You see, his brother died in my arms overseas.”

“Call me tomorrow morning and somehow I’ll put you in touch with him,” promised Cary.

Many people in Hollywood have a reputation for being lavish with offers, miserly with gifts. Cary Grant is not one of them. When he chooses, he will do a certain thing, you may dismiss it from your worry list, because Cary Grant makes good.

The day after the party Cary spent much of his time away from the camera, placing telephone calls.

He finally contacted the publicist, explained the chaplain’s mission and made an appointment for the two men to meet.

These two anecdotes illuminate the salient factor of Cary Grant’s nature: He is a genuinely kind human being.

Perhaps Cary himself has given us the true key to his own character in the following observation made by him.

Cary knows a good deal about natural history—an amateur sort of way—and is always fascinated by a study outside his ordinary experience. Extremely elated when he discovered William Beebe’s “Book of Naturalists” and enthused by the stories about the pen-guins, the eels, the bees and such, Cary laid in a stock of the book, and delighted many friends by presenting them with a copy.

When someone, confronted once again by this proof of Cary’s generosity, commented on his open-handedness, Cary answered with a shrug: “Generosity isn’t anything—if you can afford it. And if you can’t afford it, a kind word will do; come to think of it, it’s probably much better.”

THE END
Dana Faces East

(Continued from page 45) "Ah, now, isn’t that too bad? My boss was kinda countin’ on goin’," Bob said.

"Who is your boss?" Dana asked.

"Why, Senator Connally, from Texas," said Bob. "Fact is, he and Jimmy Byrnes wanted to go together, and that Russian fella Gromyko said he’d like to go too. . . ."

Dana thought he was going to faint. But he promised to do what he could—and somehow he did manage to get six tickets. They were used by the then Secretary of State James Byrnes, Senator Connally, Senator Austin and their wives. Dana met them all after the premiere. And the next day Bob Shirley escorted him out to the United Nations Conference—where he met Gromyko!

On their way out to the Conference at Lake Success they blew a tire. Since they were already late, Bob and Dana got out and flagged down the next limousine they saw. It stopped promptly and they climbed into the back seat next to its solitary occupant—a gloomy individual who curtly introduced himself as a Russian delegate and then retired into what seemed to be a terrified silence.

His apparent terror was what drove Dana and Bob into endless conversational springboards. But nothing worked—until Dana suddenly remembered a Russian song he had once learned, and sang it. Then abruptly the Russian delegate thowed. He confided that he was one of the two Ukrainians who had recently been given headlines in the nation’s newspapers. They’d gone into a delicatessen shop to buy some cheese—and had been shot by a robber holding up the store! Naturally, he had been paralyzed with fright after he’d picked up the strange pair of men on the highway.

"My first impulse was to help you," he explained. "But my second one was—are these also American hold-up men?"

They managed to resist holding him up. And finally they were in the United Nations restaurant and Dana was meeting Gromyko.

"But haven’t we met before, Mr. Andrews?" inquired the head of the Russian delegation.

"No, Mr. Gromyko," said Dana. "I’d certainly remember if we had. There’s the faint chance you might have seen me in some movie."

"Ah, that’s it!" exclaimed Gromyko.

"You were the flier in the movie ‘The North Star!’"

This immediate placing of his face staggered Dana. But he was even more staggered over his reunion with Bob Shirley and what it had entailed. "The moral is," he says now, "you should never lose track of your old roommates from the Y.M.C.A." He reported back for work on "Boomerang," an awed man. Verily, you meet such interesting people in the East!

After the picture was finished, Dana discovered that he had a two-months’ vacation ahead of him.

"After four years we have a vacation! What’ll we do with it?" he asked Mary.

"I’m not sure yet. But you’ll be sure in a few minutes," said the fair-haired Mary. She knew the symptoms. Dana was about to indulge in a new "craze"—the last one having been sail boats.

At the moment of this discussion they were lunching with a drama critic. For the rest of the meal the three of them discussed possible vacations—Mexico? South America? Florida? But the critic criticized everything. Finally he came up with some constructive advice:

"Why don’t you go to Stowe, Vermont?" he demanded. "Stay at the Lodge at..."
One of the most exciting beauty events of the season! Never, never in all its wonderful history has the House of Daggett and Ramsdell presented a more brilliant collection of beauty preparations. Debutante is different! Enchantingly new... engagingly young-in-heart. Completely modern! Ask for Debutante creams, make-up, bath accessories—at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Created by the House of Daggett and Ramsdell
and inside was my spare tire! Don't think I won the struggle, either; I lost it. I walked ten miles to the nearest garage—and then had to wait all morning until it opened for the day!"

So he arrived back in Stowe looking like a ghost. And feeling like Daniel Boone. But he didn't care—it had been an adventure, hadn't it? And a typical Vermont one.

However, there was another Vermont incident that didn't have such a happy ending. It occurred when Dana and Mary were both down in New York City for the weekend they left Vermont—he to appear on a radio show, to attend the New York reunion of the Pasadena Community Playhouse. They were both back in their New York hotel room late at night when the telephone rang. Mary answered it. "Vermont calling," announced the operator. Then Mary heard her colored cook's voice.

"Mrs. Andrews? This is Gertrude," she said. "I think you and Mr. Andrews had best hurry back. Something's happened to Stephen—one of the women here set him on the hot radiator to punish him for wetting his pants. The backs of his legs are all burnt. I sent for the doctor, and he said it's second-degree."

Dana and Mary drove all night getting back to Stowe. There, early in the morning, they took one look at two-year-old Stephen. The backs of his legs were burnt savagely from the calf to the hip. Promptly they fired the woman. As for their gratitude to the cook—they are so sure of her common sense that they are bringing her and her husband back to California with them.

"But," Dana says now, "that isn't the only reason, though it's reason enough." It's also because William, the butler, has such an unexpected personality. He's traveled all over the world and was elegantly educated. The primitive conditions in Stowe caused him silent horror. Once Dana, coming downstairs in the house, found William sweeping them—wearing ear-pads and a wool cap.

"Well, William," Dana said, "you look like a regular woodman."

"I'm adjusting myself, sir," said William tonelessly.

The Andrews family settled into the life of Stowe as into a down mattress. Little Kathy went to a school called "The Shoe." Mary and Dana skied endlessly down Mount Mansfield, ate hot maple syrup spilled on snow—an old Vermont custom—and used the Charming Lodge at Smuggler's Notch like a second home. Its manager, six-foot-six George Morrell, became one of their close friends—and its famed meals became another of Dana's crazes. Even in the middle-aged Vermont hostess who led him—still flushed from his triumph in the great movie, "The Best Years of Our Lives"—up to her friends and said, "This is Mr. Anderson. He's in the picture. Better Times."

He learned to say "Dear me suds" with the best of the Yankees. And he'll never get tired of William's grunts and "It seems," he'll tell you when you meet him, "that a customer came into a Vermont grocery store and asked for a package of shredded wheat. I'm sorry," the owner said, "but I don't carry shredded wheat any more. It sells too fast."

"That's why I like Vermont," Dana laughs. "After all my years in Hollywood it was like going to the wonderful Land of Oz."

And you see by the lights dancing in back of his eyes that the East has touched him with its tang and said its appetite upon him. He'll be back for more!
A rapid record review of this month's popular and classical discs spotlighting songs and singers from Hollywood

SONG OF THE SIERRAS: Monogram's singing cowboy star is Jimmy Wakely, who achieved top record popularity with the war-time "Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere." Now he has a new Decca disk headed for the hillbilly hit parade. "Texas Tornado" is from his newest horse opera; the reverse is the plaintive "Blue, Blue Eyes."

BING CROSBY: Listen to Bing turn in his briar pipe for a clay one as he clowns through "McNamara's Band" and "Dear Old Donegal" with a gracious ad lib to his friend Pat O'Brien (Decca).

THE JOLSON STORY: Once again Hollywood has demonstrated its ability to give the nation a song to remember. This time it's the haunting "Anniversary Song" and almost every recording artist has an interpretation. Because you'll want at least one rendition to join Al Jolson's great original (Decca) here are some candidates: Dinah Shore (Columbia), Andy Russell (Capitol), Tex Beneke (Victor), and Guy Lombardo (Decca). For another memorable melody from this fine Columbia film, try Monica Lewis and Bobby Doyle's sentimental duet of "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" (Signature).

DOWN TO EARTH: This film has a likely winner in "They Can't Convince Me," especially the way young Elliot Lawrence and his band convince their instruments to play it (Columbia).

GENE AUTRY: More western stuff, this time by an old cow hand, whose hitchin' post is the neighborhood movie. Columbia has just issued a new album lassoin' eight of Autry's best tunes, including "South of the Border," "Mexicali Rose" and "Red River Valley."

LADIES' MAN: Frank Sinatra selects the amusing "Gotta Gal I Love in North and South Dakota" from the Eddie Bracken Paramount film. Although the results are sub-Sinatra you still may enjoy it (Columbia).

SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM: Now that the over abundant plugging of this film's top tune, "For You, for Me," has died down, perhaps the happy little song Betty Grable sings earlier in the footage will get a break. It's called "Changing My Tune" and Artie Shaw and Mel Torme give it every opportunity (Musicalcraft).

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY: The Kern biography will soon be recorded right off the sound track by the new M-G-M record company. Meanwhile George Olson's band picks the imperishable "Who" for a straight dance version (Majestic).

CARNEGIE HALL: Another cutting of the new hit "Beware My Heart" has just been grooved by Les Brown's fine band (Columbia).

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Probably one of the most ambitious recording works ever undertaken is Columbia's production of Handel's "Messiah." It takes thirty-eight sides for the fine performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic and the Huddersfield Choral Society, with the immortal "Hallelujah" oratorio an outstanding feature. The seldom-heard "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra" by Russian Aram Khatchaturian is performed by Victor's Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky with William Kapell giving the work an exceptional piano execution... For "Carmen" lovers, Victor's single disk of the Bizet score featuring violinist Jascha Heifetz, is urgently recommended... Rise Stevens sings a brace of familiar concert songs for Columbia, including "Trees," "At Dawning" and "The Rosary"... Arturo Toscanini gives a spirited performance of Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" with the NBC Symphony on a new Victor Red Seal single disk.
Starduster

(Continued from page 90) After receiving his law degree Hoagy organized his own band and eventually landed in New York playing with Paul Whiteman and rooming with another young struggling, Bing Crosby, who was singing with the band. It was a long time after that Hoagy sat by his radio listening to Bing, the radio star, warble the songs Hoagy had composed: "Small Fry," "Old Rocking Chair," "Little Old Lady," "Georgia on My Mind," "Two Sleepy People," "Skyblark," "Lamplighter's Serenade" and many others.

He hit movies playing a small hit in "Topper" but his big chance came in "To Have and Have Not" where he warbled into fame another old Carmichael tune, "The Hong Kong Blues." There remains one thing about the character that troubles him. That match he everlastingly clenched between his teeth (and has since become his movie trademark) has been mistaken by fans for a cigarette and Hoagy wants the world to know he neither smokes, drinks nor says bad words in his pictures.

He sat on the set during the making of "Canyon Passage" and tried to think up a melody to be used in the film. Finally he and Jack Brooks worked out "Ole Butter-milk Sky" but Hoagy thought so little of it he begged them not to use it. The day it hit tops on the Hit Parade, Hoagy went out and weeded his garden all over again. Darned if he could make it out.

He likes best his role of Butch in "The Best Years of Our Lives" because he gets away from eccentric characterizations. He's just plain ole buttermilk Hoagy in that one and loves it. It was during the making of the film that he painstakingly taught Harold Russell, the lad that wears hooks, to jazz up "Chopsticks." He even invented a certain type of golf club that may enable Harold to play the game.

HOAGY, born Hoagland back in Bloomington, Indiana, was a crack golfer himself, but suddenly went stale. "Everything went blank," Hoagy says, so he took to gardening and cultivates the prettiest fuchsias in Beverly Hills.

He loves to play at parties and will improvise for hours while his friend Walter Pidgeon goes along on the vocal. His two boys, eight and six, provide fun in his life, too, except when they knock over valuable objects in their game of woodtag and are called on the carpet by Mrs. Carmichael.

Hoagy married Ruth Meinardt, whom he met in Indiana in 1936, when jazz was her only rival. He still prefers the hot licks type of music and every evening at Hoagy's usually ends in a jam session.

He claims a song can happen to him just about anywhere. He can be driving along in his car and there it is, going round and 'round in his head. He gets a chuckle out of the fact the printers who turned out "Archie's Little Love Song" mistakenly credited Ed Gardiner with the music and Hoagy with the words. "Wait till my Indiana friends hear 'em there language," he says. Indiana, he's mighty proud of. The hep wise people, its celebrities who are born its great men and women, its bright youngsters. When Indianapolis proclaimed it "Hoagy Carmichael Day," the day Hoagy recently did his broadcast from there, he was all broken out in red spots of happiness. He couldn't believe it. For to Hoagy his songs are just little ole melodies that just kind of happen and—well, anyway you know Hoagy. He's American as an antimacassar and as sharp and bright as a polished kettle that many an American pioneer might have carried down any ole Buttermilk Trail.

The End
Can't Say Goodbye
(Continued from page 69) care,” Pev replied. This seemed odd from the man who photographed “Night and Day,” “Life with Father,” and more recently “Night unto Night.”

“But I'll tell you this,” he continued, staring at some inner picture of his own, “Linda and I have decided that every year from now on, we're going to have at least two months together. It was ridiculous—in three and a half years of marriage we hardly saw each other at all. When I was through with a picture, she'd always be starting one and vice versa. We'd sometimes pass each other in the hall of our house and say ‘Hello’ and that's all we'd see of each other the whole day.

Once,” said Pev with a bitter laugh, “we went to Palm Springs for two weeks. Yes, nothing was going to interfere with our little vacation. We had a wonderful time, we played golf, we rode, we swam. I taught her to dive. It was Paradise—for two days. Then one of us—I forget which and it doesn't matter—had to come back to Hollywood and to work.”

I REMEMBER Linda's telling me at the time of the break-up that in addition to those two days in Palm Springs, the only other time she and Pev had really had any time together was for three days in New York. “But then of course I had to spend a lot of time giving interviews and doing radio shows.”

“But this time it's going to be different,” said Pev grimly. “It wouldn't matter so much if Linda and I didn't enjoy doing the same things. But we do. We have real fun. You know I taught her to fish and last summer we managed to get in one afternoon when neither of us was working and we rented a boat and went fishing. Linda caught a fifty-five pound shark! And once I taught her to play golf—on a Sunday when we weren't too tired from working six days a week. And she used to practice between pictures. Of course I wasn't with her because I was working, but she's quite good at golf now. And we both like to travel—Linda maybe more than I do. I've already been halfway around the world.”

I hated to interrupt Pev at this point, but I had to ask him, “But what happens to the reconciliation if you can't arrange to do your pictures at the same time, so you can have fun in between?”

“There are ways of arranging those things,” Pev replied mysteriously. He might mean he or Linda will take a suspension from their respective studios if a new picture threatens to encroach on their time together.

“That is why,” he continued, “I will not accept another picture at Warners until after Linda and I have been away together for two or three months.”

When I asked Linda where they were going for the second honeymoon—or perhaps I should call it “first,” she told me, “Pev is crazy to go to Hollywood, but I'd like to go to the West Indies.”

If Linda is smart, she'll go where Pev wants to go. Because she's right—he is understanding. He understands that Linda is a fine person and is waiting for. And he understands that she's young and hasn't yet achieved his own realistic approach to life. But he's very proud of her—of her looks and her talent.

“When I asked him, ‘Who is the actress you find it easiest to photograph?’ he replied, ‘Can't you guess? The girl with the prettiest skin, the prettiest eyes, the best shaped face is Linda. You can't go wrong no matter what angle you photograph her from. And she knows all the angles. That much I taught her. She's a
Soothing was the beautiful to girl. Tampax hoping, sore D-
superior r
Comes LOVALON YOUR a Stationery Scholls 4.
2.
shampoo, spots a Rinses Adds Leaves — hair relieve less.
D.D.D. your At Misery Relieve 12 merely Cushioning everywhere proves simple flattering a color, druggist does Prescription. which itching foot, stain- KUROTEX — Use it
by it
Pev!
Sometimes
I
Well, "Sometimes
I
But
I
friends.
Certainly subsequent events seem to have borne this out.

But while the stories must have been very painful for Pev as well as Linda, they didn’t destroy his love for Linda and his hope that they could get together again.

“All my clothes and furs at the house were left just as I left them,” Linda told me. And that was another story that hurt—that Pev had taken back all his gifts and furs. “He’d just bought me, the week before we separated, two fur coats and some new jewelry and I didn’t think it was fair for me to keep them,” says Linda. But Pev kept them—for Linda.

Sometimes think that one of the reasons why the marriage was difficult for them is because Linda earns more than her husband does as a star cameraman. I once heard Pev say to her, “You’re earning twice as much money as I am and it doesn’t feel right.”

So Pev tries to make it right by buying Linda very expensive presents. I wish you could see the ring he gave her for Christmas—a beautiful pink quartz stone surrounded by square-cut diamonds. But too many presents can make a girl feel too aware of her husband’s love. Just a thought.

But Linda will really have to have her head examined if she lets Pev slip through her fingers this second time. He’s one of the nicest men I’ve ever met and all he wants to do is to make the gal happy.

Linda’s nobody’s fool and I’m sure she realizes this. I reminded Pev that a couple of years ago Linda told me that she planned to retire at the age of twenty-five and raise a large family.

“I’d like that very much,” remarked Pev quietly.

“But wouldn’t Linda be bored without her movie-working job?” I asked him.

“She paints very well,” he reminded me. “I think if she had time she’d be a great painter. She did a really fine painting of me in about five hours.” Pev’s own ambition—apart from making Linda happy—is to direct pictures.

“Would you like to direct Linda in a picture?” I wanted to know.

“Sometimes that’s not a good idea,” Pev replied with a grin.

Well, it will be interesting to see how the reconciliation turns out. You see, it was Linda’s idea to get married to Pev in the first place.

“I forced him to marry me,” she told me. “I fell in love with him when I was fifteen and loved him for years but he’d have nothing to do with me and to bring him up to scratch almost eloped with someone else. But he turned back when I told him about Pev.” And when she told Pev about it, he knew she wasn’t kidding.

And I don’t think she’s kidding now—she wants the reconciliation to take place.

Let’s keep our fingers crossed for them.

**How young is 26?**

W A IT a minute, you 26-year-olds! Take a look into the minds of those nineteen-agers you see all around you. They think you’re a million years old. You wore saddle shoes at 19 and probably didn’t even use Tampax—that monthly sanitary protection that sells more in college towns proportionately than in other places. . . . Yes, time moves ahead, but it’s not too late to keep up your young ideas!

Please note, then, that Tampax was invented by a doctor for internal use by women during those “hateful days” which you know only too well. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes in slim one-time-use applicators. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor, no chafing, no edge-lines to show through. Very dainty and trim — easy disposal. Wear it in tub or shower if you want to!

Tampax gives you new confidence and reduces the mental strain at such times. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, and Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association**
Life at the Lawfords'

(Continued from page 33) how it happened that their next short subject features the father of their young British find. There was also the matter of Phineas Lawford's Cal York to clear up. It was Cal who had stated the belief that Peter was an adopted son. Not so, father Lawford said firmly, and offered as proof the birth certificate on file at the Embassy in Washington.

The most recent visit this editor paid to the Lawfords, he arrived to find Peter not yet home and Lady Lawford entertaining some baron or other. Peter would be late. It seems Sir Sidney had a leg infection he wouldn't own up to, because if he had the doctors would have forced him into bed. Which would have meant walking out on his big role at the studio. Now the role was finished, but so was Sir Sidney. Peter had him at the Cedars of Lebanon where needles were rapidly filling Sir Sidney with penicillin. But they'd be along soon, perhaps by ambulance. And meantime, could Lady Lawford find a nurse to be on hand to continue the injections during the night?

The next hour was a series of swift laps dissolved with both telephones ringing once, the baron reminiscing about various friends who had died torturous deaths because of neglected leg infections, and Lady Lawford looking through the Red Book for nurses. At the height of this sound and fury, Sir Sidney bounced into the living room, ruddy and cheerful.

"How about a whiskey and soda, old girl?" he suggested in his "best General" tone.

The baron looked disappointed, Peter rushed in and began a tour of the home, including the patio obscured by dust and Pacific night fog. Lady Lawford discovered a bed and left both receivers off the telephone hooks and your editor stole quietly out to the garage.

The End

T. D. M. SPELLS THRILLS

Make a Date with a Detective

Every Sunday Afternoon

Tune in "True Detective Mysteries" every Sunday afternoon for a thrilling half-hour radio program that takes you behind the scenes in crime-fighting! Every case is based on fact... taken from the files of True Detective magazine. Exciting! Dramatic! Be sure to listen.

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3:30 PM C.T. 1:30 PM P.T.

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
ON ALL MUTUAL NETWORK STATIONS
The Case of "Duel in the Sun"

(Continued from page 38) depressing."

Subsequently Mr. Selznick refused to give out any statements, but on that date he said, "I am particularly surprised at the Archbishop's statement, in view of the fact that at all times we worked closely with the Production Code Administration of the Motion Picture Association. All suggestions made by the Production Code Administration were followed to the letter."

The result was that we received the Production Code seal of approval without question."

"The Tidings" quickly answered that statement through its movie critic, William H. Mooring. Mr. Mooring wrote: "Although this film gets a certificate of approval from the Production Code Administration, many critics, myself included, consider it far worse in the moral sense than Howard Hughes' 'The Outlaw,' which provoked the Motion Picture Producers Association to protest and sent it to the slicers."

Mr. Mooring went on to say that Selznick's "filming of this immoral story indicates the beginning of a new and dangerous Hollywood trend... (and) no amount of argument that the public demands realistic screenplays will ever justify the screen representation of lust as if it were love... He (Selznick) also ignored the Code provision that 'screen treatment of love should be guided always by the dictates of good taste.' Jennifer Jones' costumes permitted 'undue' if not 'indecent exposure'..."

NR did the attacks stop there. Representatives of the Protestant and Jewish churches of Los Angeles, while not giving up their protests, let it be known that "they were in accord with the stand taken by Archbishop Cantwell."

The Catholics took an even more concrete step toward a boycott. Members of the Sodalities of Our Lady at the Los Angeles Archdiocese resolved to boycott all motion pictures for a month as a protest against such films as "Duel in the Sun" and "The Outlaw."

About the only editorial voice raised in Selznick's defense was that of "The Nation," which said: "The important issue here is whether Selznick has a moral picture or an offensive picture, but whether a segment of the population is to impose its standards on all the rest—whether one group has the right to decide for the others what is right or wrong.

And what's all the shooting for? Well, the story, based on Niven Bush's novel, "Duel in the Sun," is set in the lusty days of the Eighties in the South, where the fight was hot and heavy between the cattle barons and the railroads. Into the McCabes home comes Pearl Chavez, the fiery half-breed played by Jennifer Jones, to bring hatred between the two brothers, one, solid citizen Joseph Cotten, the other, outlaw Gregory Peck. During the action of the picture there are murder, rape, train-wrecking, a gayly-souled-saving sequence by Walter Huston as "The Sin Killer."

Hollywood was frankly looking forward to seeing the much-touted film and crammed the doors of Grauman's Chinese Theater at the premiere with high hopes. However, the consensus of opinion was that Selznick had a box-office property (Dr. Gallup's Audience Research Institute estimates it will take in over $10,000,000), but not a great film. As a matter of fact, the picture did not receive the coveted nomination for the Academy Awards, but its star, Jennifer Jones, was nominated for the year's best acting among women stars.

At least Mr. Selznick can take so much
policy pays
Hospital Room and Board for Sickness or Accident
Per Day Up to $6.00
Doctor Visits In Case of Accident Per Visit $3.00
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It's New! It's Different! It's a real Security Plan... designed to give you the Protection you're really need in case of Hospital confinement for sickness or accident. When these strikes, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. WE PAY YOUR EXPENSES in full accordance with Federal provisions. You are insured of expert medical care... without the financial worry.

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You are not required to take a medical examination to get North American Hospitalization Protection. Already over 2 million persons in America have enrolled for this valuable kind of coverage, proving the practical common sense of protecting your savings. Send off at once for all the details about this plan. No obligation. No Agent will call.

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 away the ordinary, normal, daily waste products of the body. If the kidneys are overworked, they may become congested, and this can lead to kidney failure and other serious problems. The best way to keep your kidneys healthy is to avoid things that put a strain on them, such as a high-salt diet, alcohol, and certain medications.

This is why it’s important to see a doctor if you have any symptoms of kidney problems, such as backache, leg pains, and other discomforts. Early intervention can help prevent further damage to your kidneys and improve your overall health.

If you are experiencing any of these symptoms, please see a medical professional for a proper diagnosis and treatment plan. It’s important to address any underlying issues that may be contributing to your discomfort.

Get in touch with your healthcare provider to discuss your symptoms and develop a plan for improved kidney health.
WHY SUFFER FROM MISERY OF SIMPLE PILES?

- Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those torments of simple piles. It’s amazing Pazo Ointment—acts instantly to relieve pain and itching, soothes inflamed tissues—lubricates dry, hardened parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness—acts to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. It’s wonderful!

To speed this relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo Ointment. Your doctor can tell you how it will work for you, inserted in tubes complete with perforated pile pipe that makes application simple and thorough—also tins and handy suppositories.

[Image of a medicine packet]

A NEW FACE — A NEW FUTURE!
25c
FRANKLIN HOUSE PUBLISHERS

[Image of a book cover]

Birthstone King GIVEN
Lonely solid sterile Sterling Silver 12 gauge ring in your birthstone's silver. Fits most fingers, guaranteed. Given for only $1.00 No Money. Order.
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[Image of a product label]

SELL INDIVIDUAL $30 AND UP GREETING CARDS
COST YOU THE EACH OF
FREE SAMPLES ON REQUEST.
FREE SAMPLES ON REQUEST.
ACCENTED IN beautiful East Coast Coast, Ornate, and all New England, Mass.

[Image of a product label]

I GOT RID OF BLACKHEADS
Nadinola’s 4-WAY ACTION HELPS AMAZINGLY TO COMBAT UGLY BLACKHEADS, EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES, DARK DULL SKIN
One gleam may kill romance—if your skin is dark, dull or needlessly blemished! That’s why thousands of men and women trust Nadinola for the clinicallyproved 4-way treatment cream. Quickly, gently, Nadinola helps get blemishes away—clear up externally caused pimples—to fade freckles—to lighten, brighten and freshen your skin to create a radiant complex. See for yourself what Nadinola can do in days—what wonders it works in weeks! Full treatment-size jar of Nadinola Cream just 60c, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10c.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BEAUTY BOOKLET— hurry now, with photographs and sworn proof of wonderful results from just one jar of Nadinola. Write NADINOLA, Dept. 20, Paris, Tenn.

[Image of a product label]

MAKES SWEEPING CHANGE from older method of Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient

[Image of a product label]

Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours Easy To Carry If Away From Home!

Here’s one of the most effective and satisfactory methods ever discovered for intimate feminine cleanliness—easier—daintier—more convenient—so powerful yet so safe to tissues. It’s called—Zonitors.
Positively Non-Irritating; Non-Smearing
Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type which quickly melt away. Instead, when inserted—Zonitors instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours. They are positively non-burning, non-poisonous, non-irritating.

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Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so powerful, so fully effective they immediately kill every germ they touch. You know it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy at any drugstore.

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End
How Dreamy Can You Get?

(Continued from page 63) The one Olivia chose from a line of literary associates extending from Shakespeare to Errol Flynn is Marcus Goodrich, author of "De-Jillah" and himself a character for a book. A Virginian, Texas reared, he hitched to sea at sixteen, quit swabbing decks to be a drama critic and stage manager for the Barrymores, hit the deck again as Commander of LST's in battles of Africa, Sicily, Salerno, Okinawa. Besides these hazardous occupations he survived the shatter of marital romances as only a sailor could.

Though Marcus is the only one Olivia has married, her destiny is gemmed with writers. It's a joy not unloved.

Shakespeare fetched her to Hollywood when she was a schoolgirl eighteen. It was said she was highbrow. "It's the worst thing you can say to a girl in the Athens of America where bosoms are valued more highly than brows.

Rumor that Miss de Haviland had a brain snowballed into the monstrous legend that she is B.A., Ph.D., Phi Beta Kappa—symbols sometimes confused in the lay mind with Ku Klux Klan.

Actually, Miss de Haviland never went to college and has brooded a sense of illiteracy in the company of the illustrous writers she seems to attract.

Nature gave Olivia discriminating intellect. Born in Tokyo where her father was an English attorney she dodged away from the ill-omened place before she was two. With an entourage comprising her mother and an aide little Miss de Haviland barged to San Francisco.

THEY promptly settled in Saratoga, a village in a lovely vale with population of eight hundred. It had no high school. She was sent to Notre Dame Convent at Belmont. There to her shame she disregarded the nuns. Her marks were fine but her bloomers showed. This was the final indication she was destined for Hollywood.

Sensing evil omen, the good sisters compelled her to write a hundred times, "I will in future be modest and will not again display my bloomers while playing basketball." It left her handicapped. In Hollywood a girl thus shy gets the name of being stiffnecked and proud, enigmatic and aloof and hard to work.

Olivia had entertained thoughts of becoming an actress but after her bloomer trouble she put them aside. Instead she took entrance exams for Mills College and planned to devote herself to teaching behind a desk where nothing showed.

Here is where Shakespeare came peering in. A scout for Max Reinhardt, who was producing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl, arrived in Olivia's neck of the woods, seeking girls who could speak Shakespeare's lines. In due course, Olivia's liquid language sent Max in a classic way. The schoolgirl made her first stage appearance as Hermia before twenty-six thousand people under the stars and sent them too. Warner Brothers elatedly signed her up and, after some B-minus pictures, cast her with Errol Flynn in his first notable effort, "Captain Blood."

She's been busy ever since giving a magic touch to a variety of roles. In fact, the magic of de Havilland so engrosses the spectator in the character she plays that he fails to think of her personally until hours later.

Brackett's young daughter Alexandra summarizes the impression you get of Olivia in "To Each His Own." She said: "She couldn't have played the part if she were not a nice woman."

She is not so keen as to be negative, though. For all the velvet gentleness we call breeding, our Olivia is no dove; she's...
a jet-propelled tigress when aroused in a cause.

For eighteen months she went off screen to do battle with producers of a drama which courts might agree might well lead to slavery. She dispatches the faithless with guillotine celerity and rewards the loyal with more than gratitude.

She loves politics and makes speeches, always on the liberal side. Her name flies on the mastheads of committees to aid the persecuted and underprivileged. Trampling on human rights is stepping right on Olivia's toes and she tells the tramps off in words so brilliantly chosen they go away educated.

"Women should know the art of self-defense," says Olivia. "Everyone exploits women. Women are by nature trusting. They must be constantly on guard in this business."

"What about the men in the business?"

"They get ulcers."

Men, she observes, are caught up in a system that is stronger than they are.

You have the happy feeling that Miss de Havilland will not get ulcers.

HER tastes are definite and indicative.

She likes gold jewelry and is cold to diamonds. Her clothes are feminine without fuss. She's eloquent in black crepe slacks, white blouse and two strands of pearl. Young, slender with dark luxurious beauty she should play Juliet, as Max Reinhardt instantly observed. She likes flowers in bouquets but not in corsages. She is at odds with snakes, wind, radio commercials, bridge, snobs, hysterical people and those familiar on first acquaintance. She enjoys gray days and gentle rains, tea by an open fire, books and Chinese checkers and long montanas.

Her taste in literature is universal. She reads newspapers with devotion, "even the Wall Street Journal." When young, she adored the Brontes and George Eliot. Her favorite novel now is "Delilah," by Marcus Goodrich, pursued by Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" which she would like to do in pictures. Other favored authors are Henry James, Dickens, W. Somerset Maugham, Thomas Hardy and Thomas Mann.

Chinese checkers is a favorite indoor sport at which she has a record of beating her husband nine games out of ten.

It is the matter of her eating. It cannot be said she eats like a horse because a horse might sue for libel; Olivia is carnivorous. Steaks, chops, lamb, squab, ham, turkey, sea food and roast beef, rice. It's awful.

Her name is French but her maternal ancestors crossed to England from Normandy a thousand years ago. Olivia pays respect to the French with devotion to green salad. Her liberal Americanism is shown by attacks on corn on the cob, potatoes and pickled watermelon.

"Need I say I have to go on periodic diets?" asks the grocers' delight. Harper high protein diet, by necessity not choice. Olivia fattens on work. Honeymoons too are fattening. She took two with Mr. Goodrich and gained eight pounds. They were married in Westport, Connecticut, and motored through the South to Hollywood. The bridegroom had virus pneumonia all the way and didn't know it until he reached California and a doctor told him. He still had a cold. To clear it up he suggested a honeymoon at Del Monte.

"What was that we just had?" asked Mrs. Goodrich.

"A wedding trip," said Mr. Goodrich who knows how to motivate, being a writer.

"A honeymoon you stay in one place."

"All right," said Olivia who knows by now that writers are always right.

The End.
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.

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### Brief Reviews

**ANTIPHLOGISTINE**

*Indicates picture rated “outstanding” when reviewed*

*Indicates picture rated “very good” when reviewed*

*Indicates picture rated “good” when reviewed*

**AFFAIRS OF GERALDINE**—Republic: Cupid takes a beating in this featherweight fable about small-town romance. June Lockhart, J. Edmund Roberts, Raymond Walburn and Donald Meek are all part of the painful proceedings. (Feb.)

**BEDELLA**—Eagle-Lion: This British brain-teaser has Margaret Lockwood playing the locked-box handle to the prettiest bride of kindly Ian Hunter, and Barry K. Barnes as the detective who discloses her shady past. A black pearl ring helps to bring about Bedella's downfall. Anne Crawford is the girl the film should have married; Jill Esmond is his nurse. (Feb.)

**BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, THE**—Goldwyn: A simple story for and about John and Jane Doe, as timely as today's top headlines, with grand performances by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, Harold Russell, Cathy O'Donnell, and Carole Lombard. This warmly human film of America's post-war era is a movie must, meriting top推荐. (Feb.)

**BOOMERANG**—20th Century-Fox: New type picture based on a Reader's Digest feature in which honest state's attorney Dana Andrews tries to decide the innocence or guilt of a suspect physician murderer. Straight realistic film with suspense. (Apr.)

**BRINGING UP FATHER**—Monogram: Joe Yule and Renée Riano bring to life Jiggs and Maggie of George M. Cohan's famous cartoon strip while Tim Ryan plays Dirty Mike. They're a laugh provoking trio in which you enjoy such such vases. (Feb.)

**CALIFORNIA**—Paramount: You'll get your quota of gunplay in this chronicle of California's battle for admission into the Union. Ray Milland and Barbara Stanwyck have their personal reasons for taking sides and the villainous George Coulouris has plenty to stake, too. An action-packed Western set in Technicolor trimmings. (Mar.)

**CAPTIVE, THE**—Ealing-Prestige: Top-notch British war drama, presenting the life of prisoners in Nazi concentration camp, with Michael Redgrave assuming a dead man's identity along with his wife, Rachel Kempson. A compelling picture with praiseworthy performances. (Mar.)

**CROSS MY HEART**—Paramount: Slapstick farce, funny in spots, with Bette Hutton as a dizzy dame trying to drum up clients for her lawyer sweetheart, Sonny Tufts. He talks fast and furiously when his nisi result in a murder charge. (Mar.)

**DEAD RECKONING**—Columbia: Not for the squeamish is this Humphrey Bogart picture full of savage action, cracking talk, casual love-making. Hard-boiled Bogie meets his match in Siren Liz Scott. She and maverick Morris Carnovsky keep the answers to his wartime buddy's disappearance and Bogie's out to get 'em. (Mar.)

**DEVIL ON WHEELS, THE**—PRC: An effective sermon on reckless driving by kids who clutter the roads with their hopped-up jalopies. Parents as well as youngsters are put on the carpet for endangering their own and others' lives. (Mar.)

**EASY COME, EASY GO**—Paramount: Life on New York's Third Avenue with Barry Fitzgerald as an amiable, no-account Irishman who plays the horses. Diana Lynn as his disgusted daughter and Sonny Tufts as her rejected suitor, trying to raise enough cash so they can tie the knot. (Mar.)

**FABULOUS DORSEYs, THE**—Rogers-UA: Tommy and Jimmy give out with the trumpet and sax but, aside from the music, the picture hasn't much. It shows the Dorsey's life, featuring Sara Allgood as their mother and Janet Blair as their singer. William Lundigan carries the love interest. (Apr.)

**FABULOUS SUZANNE**—Republic: Cinderella goes to town in this romantic farce, starring beauteous Barbara Britton and daddy-of-crooners Rudy Vallee. The final situation provides the sweetest of helping of hokum with Richard Denning, Bill Henry, Veda Ann Borg and Otto Kruger. (Apr.)

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### CORN BAD?
FEEL SAD?
GET GLAD!

**BLUE-JAY** with Nuprene® RELIEVES 3 WAYS:

**STOPS**

**Pain**—its soft Dura-felt pad relieves pain instantly! Curbs surface pain, thanks to Blue-Jay's exclusive anesthetic Nuprene®! Lovers hard core with gentle medication—you just lift it out in a few days! For greater relief get Blue-Jay.

**America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster.**

[Image of Blue-Jay corn plaster with text: "NOW IN 2 SIZES: STANDARD AND LITTLE TOE."]

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### Silver Chromium and Brass Plating

**Silver chromium and brass plating.**

**Worn silverware, silverware, etc. cleaned, polished.**

**Dishes repaired.**

**Lids removed.**

**Chromi-**

**um, brass or tin-plating of all metal articles.**

**Write for literature.**

**THE BETTER SILVERPLATERS.**

[Image of advertisement with text: "WHEN NERVOUS HEADACHES PICK ON YOU, AND CAUSE A LOT OF GRIEF, LET MILES NERVINE SMOOTH OUT THE KINKS... AND BRING YOU CALM RELIEF."]

When nervous tension brings on an occasional headache, keeps you awake or makes you irritable and cranky, try Miles Nervine—it can help permit restful sleep and help calm your nerves.

CAUTION: Use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c. Liquid 25c and $1.00. Miles Labora tories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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### EX-LAX

**THE CHOCOLATEATED LAXATIVE.**

ACTS WELL...TASTES SWELL.

**EX-LAX**

[Image of advertisement with text: "S48."]
DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

Let this famous medicated cream help improve your complexion

Don't go around just "covering up" a skin that's marred by externally-caused blemishes! You may make those very flaws you wish to hide worse!

Do as millions of beauty-wise women do—let Noxzema, the snow-white Medicated Cream, help improve your skin.

Works 24 hours a day!

Here's a greaseless cream that's not only an effective night cream, but a grand powder base, too! 24 hours a day, Noxzema can help smooth and soften rough, dry skin... soothe irritated skin, help heal externally-caused blemishes.

Nurses first discovered how Noxzema Skin Cream helped softened and whitened red, rough hands. Now thousands of women rely on it for their hands and their complexions! Over 20,000,000 jars used yearly! See what it can do for your skin.

Get your jar today! At all drug counters—35c and 50c plus tax

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Size 8 x 10 inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER

Same price for full length or half form, group, landscape, portrait, action, sports, etc. or divided into many smaller groups

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PROFESSIONAL ART STUDIOS
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PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY—Republic: Bill Elliott is the plumed vignette of a hide-and-go- seek, maquiladora-type game where things seem to be going well enough to make it worthwhile, and possibly ...
All her life Lissa had wanted beau, good-times, pretty clothes. Unfortunately, her opportunity for a fling came after she was married. What happened when Lissa took a separate vacation—and did all the things she ever wanted to do—is told in the real-life story "Once in Every Marriage," a short novel-of-the-month in the new May TRUE STORY.

And that's just one of the 21 exciting True-To-Life Stories and Helpful Features in the Big May TRUE STORY.

**READ**

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MACOMBER AFFAIR, THE—Bogue-Aua-Us: Robert Wilssom, Gregory Peck; Margaret Macomber, Joan Bennett; Francis Macomber, Robert Preston; Police Inspector, Reginald Denny; Coroner, Carl Harbord; Amee, Jen Ball; Kowtow, Earl Smith.

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE—Paramount: Ros- nie Jackson, Bob Hope; Corlessia Montay, Dorothy Lamour; Kiss, Peter Lorre; Wille, Lon Chaney; Dr. Landa, John Hart; Major Simon Montague, Charles Dingle; James Collins; Reginald Denny; Baron Montay, Frank Paulin; Miss Rogers, Ann Derai; Prison Warden, Willard Robertson; Tony, Jack La Rue.

NEW ORLEANS—Levee-UAY: Nick DuQuense, Arturo De Cordova; Minnie Smith, Dorothy Patrick; Grace Vaille, Marjorie Lord; Mother, Irene Rich; Col. McArthur, John Alexander; Henri Forbes, Richard Hageman; Endie, Billie Holiday; and Louis Armstrong and his band, Woody Herman and his orchestra, Zoot Singleton, Barney Bigard, Kid Ory, Bud Scott, Red Callender, Charlie Beal and Meade Lux Lewis.

ODD MAN OUT—Rank: Johnny, James Mason; Kathleen, Kathleen Kranz; Lakey, Robert Newton; Dennis, Robert Beatty; Pat, Cyril Cusack; Murphy, Roy Telfer; Yale, Dan O'Herlihy; Grannie, Kitty Kirkman; Teresa, Maureen Delany; Head Constable, Dennis Coffey; Desra, Rossy; Ray, Compston; Sandie, Beryl Measom; Tom, Arthur Hambling; Fennie, William Harrett; Shelly, F. J. McCormick.

SEA OF GRASS, THE—M-G-M: Col. Jim Bresnon, Spencer Tracy; Luf, Cowper; Katharine Hepburn; Brock Bresnon, Robert Walker; Brice Chamberlain, Melvyn Douglas; Sarah Beth Bresnon, Phyllis Thaxter; Jeff, Edgar Buchanan; Joe Reid, Harry Carey; Selma Hall; Ruth Nelson; Betsy, Wm. "Bill" Phillips; Floyd McCutie, Robert Armstrong; Sam Hall; James Bell; Judge White, Robert Baratt; George Cameron, Charles Trombridge; Maj. Harvey, Russell Hicks; Andy Booga, Trevor Bartlett.

SMASH-UP—THE STORY OF A WOMAN—Universal-International: Angie, Susan Hayward; Ken Conway, Lee Bowman; Martha Ray, Marsha Hunt; Steve, Eddie Albert; Dr. Lorenzo, Carl Esmond; Mr. Elliott, Carleton Young; Mike Davenport, Charles D. Talton; Alia Kirk, Janet Mansfield; Edwards, Tom Chatten; Angelica, Sharyn Flame; Mr. Gordon, Robert Shayne; Emcee, Larry Blake.

SONG OF SCHEMERAZADE—Universal-International: Cara, Yvonne De Carlo; Captain, Brian Donlevy; Kimyke Karskoff, Jean Pierre Aumont; Mme. de Talavera, Eve Arden; Prince Migdorzhay, Philip Reed; Dr. Klein, Charles Kollman; Lorenzo, John Doucet; Lieutenant, Richard Lane; Lovin, Terry Kilbourn; Pierre, George Dolenz; Assurina, Elena Verde; Haskin, Robert Kendall; Robert, Rex Ravelin; John, Ronald Cope; Maxon, Susan, Stuart, Sol Haines; Little Sister, Florence Rosen; Students, William Brooks; Leonard, Edward Kelly; Russ Vincent, Peter Varney; Charles Robertson, Tom Skinner; Warren W. McCollom; Ernie Misperton, Marvin Press; Fred A. Hartsock, Gordon Anderson; Bill Cahaner, Don Garner and George Holmes; and Basso, Milso Sharan.

STALLION ROAD—Warner: Larry Harrah; Ronald Reagan; Rovy Teller, Alex Smithey; Steve Purcell, Zachary Scott; Chris Teller, Patti Brady; Dutch Ott, Peggy Knudsen; Ben Ott, Lloyd Corrigan; Poles, Frank Paulin; Cat Face, Fernando Alvarado; R. Mallard, Roky Mallarton; Don, Rodrie Red Wing; Ric, Nama Peisgrove.

TRAIL STREET—RKO: Burt, Randolph Scott; Allen, Robert Ryan; Ruby, Anne Jeffreys; Billy George "Gable" Hayes; Susan, Madge Meredith; Harry, Steve Brodie; Carved, Billy House; Hanah, Virginia Sale; Larkin, Harry Woods; Slim, Phil Warren; Mayor, Harry Harvey.

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April 14-20
Have fun—and be healthy
Build a good citizen for tomorrow by joining your local Boys' Club today.
Once before, she had transformed the ideas of millions about nail polish when she discovered how to get deep, rich, solid color into the thin watery transparent polishes of yesteryear. Now, Helen Neushaefer and her cosmetic chemists again bring to nail polish a new miracle—this time, Plasteen—to help shock-proof your nail-do against chipping and to add astonishing new brilliance. Today you can delight in the longer-lasting, shining loveliness of any of her 12 breath-taking colors. Just 10¢ at all chain and drugstore cosmetic counters.

Helen Neushaefer Lipstick—It's new...it's wonderful! Smooth as cream but not smearable—in fashion-matching colors to go with her ravishing nail colors. In smart, simple, beautiful swivel-type pearlized metal case.

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RIGHT COMBINATION ★ WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS • PROPERLY AGED
Shirley Temple's 10 Rules for a happy honeymoon
IDA LUPINO, glamorous Hollywood star, says: "It's simply wonderful the way new Drene brings out all the brilliance in my hair." Now... you, too, can have hair that shines like the stars.

For this amazing shampoo discovery brings out all the glorious brilliance... awakens all the natural highlights... reveals all the shimmering lustre that may now be hidden by dulling soap film. Yes! You can have hair that shines like the stars, tonight... if you take Ida Lupino's advice, and shampoo with new, improved Drene, today!

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Actually preferred in tests by hundreds of women. New, improved Drene does not dry-out your hair. Instead, its fragrant, freshening whipped-cream lather leaves your hair seductively soft, sublimely smooth, far easier to set, curl and arrange right after shampooing.

You owe it to your hair to try this miracle shampoo. Ask for it today!

New, improved Drene is at your dealer's now in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.

NEVER BEFORE DRENE COULD ANY SHAMPOO PERFORM ALL OF THESE MIRACLES:
- Reveals All the Lustre in Your Hair
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- Does Not Dry-out Hair
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- Luxurious Instant Lather
- For All Types of Hair
- No Acid After-rinse Needed
- Flower-fresh Fragrance

NEW IMPROVED Drene SHAMPOO FOR ALL TYPES OF HAIR.
Hold on, hon... your bath's not done until you Mum!

...you just washed away past perspiration—now guard your future freshness.

True, glamour does begin in the tub. But, while your bath gives you a fresh lease on loveliness, it can't safeguard your future charm.

Mum

checks perspiration odor

1. Safe for charm. Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.
2. Safe for skin. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin... forms no irritating crystals.
3. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

So, after you wash away past perspiration, complete your bath with Mum. That's the safe, sure way to prevent risk of underarm odor to come. With Mum, you stay sweet, nice to be near, all day or evening.

Product of Bristol-Myers
"High Barbaree" hits a new high in adventure. "High Barbaree" hits a new high in romance.

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who wrote the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty", have penned a new modern story with equal fascination.

As a Cosmopolitan magazine story, as a popular novel, it won millions of readers for its tale both taut and tense, its love story tender and touching.

Van Johnson's role is completely different from anything he's done in the past. Tough and dramatic, suave and civilized, it's a characterization that will absorb you. June Adams, with stars in her eyes, is the girl he loves. But there's another girl in his life — Marilyn Maxwell.

Thomas Mitchell adds the tang of salty humor with his part. Claude Jarman, Jr., flaxen-haired star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull, one of the stage's finest actors, head a perfect supporting cast.

Cyril Hume. "High Barbaree" hits a new high in entertainment.

For spring enchantment, come along to the isle of High Barbaree .. that tropic paradise of which all lovers dream.

You'll have a high good time at "High Barbaree".

Louella Parsons has just given it Cosmopolitan Magazine's Citation as the Picture of the Month.

To see is to agree!

Van Johnson - June Allyson
(In a NEW and DIFFERENT role... with the screen's most lovable girl)

A spectacular adventure-romance by the authors of “Muriny On The Bounty”

He wanted to stay in the arms of his first true love — but another woman claimed him!

M-G-M presents

“HIGH BARBAREE”
(Where every lover’s fondest dream comes true!)

THOMAS MITCHELL - MARILYN MAXWELL - HENRY HULL - CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.

Screen Play by ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN, WHITFIELD COOK and CYRIL HUME
Based on the Novel by CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

Produced by EVERETT RISKIN - Directed by JACK CONWAY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Hold Your breath again—here comes another tensed-up movie with Glenn Ford making you wonder how he's ever going to get out of all the trouble he gets into.

He's a down-on-his-luck mining engineer who drifts into a small Arizona town where he knows no one. When this sort of thing happens men with Glenn's looks are apt to get into trouble—they may even get framed. This is just what happens—without you reacting readily to Ford's special brand of acting. Janis Carter and Barry Sullivan are the evil schemers that get you nice and mad; and Edgar Buchanan is one of those old codgers who lends the heart-warming touch.

Janis is just too mild to match wits with a guy who's known Gilda: And Glenn should have a little more pepper with his blondes.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of what it takes and you'll enjoy taking it.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls (Warners)

Barbara Stanwyck is Mrs. Carroll number two. Of the first Mrs. Carroll you don't see much—just a weird picture painted by Mr. Carroll who is, of all people, Humphrey Bogart. There's a hint that Alexis Smith may be Mrs. Carroll number three, but her predatory interest in Bogart is cut short when Miss Stanwyck catches on to what's happening.

By that time, your interest will begin to fall off, too, though there's plenty going on all the time. It revolves around Bogie, who as Mr. Carroll plays a neurotic artist with Bluebeard tendencies—and that's just the catch. It's a celluloid crime to have rough-and-tough Bogie break up under nerve strain right before your eyes. Furthermore, it just makes you lose faith in the whole business.

Stanwyck gives a neat performance; so does Nigel Bruce as an English country doctor. The atmosphere's fine—big house, roaring wind, beating rain. You'll have some good moments of suspense, but they won't last long enough to make this more than a fairly good "also ran."

Your Reviewer Says: Two's plenty!

Duel in the Sun (Vanguard)

No wonder the sun gets hot down in Texas if he has to look down on doings like this. Jennifer Jones, all browned up by the make-up department, turns into a sultry half-breed who loves two men, wild-oat sower Gregory Peck and his even-keel brother Joseph Cotten. She is supposed to be Herbert Marshall's half-lady, half-savage daughter, but somehow she's neither. The signal for her baser instincts to hold sway is the obvious device of half-closed eyes and moving shoulders, a trick that doesn't fool anyone into being deeply moved by this film.

The locale is a ranch in Texas where Jennifer comes to live with Lionel Barrymore, his wife Lillian Gish and the aforementioned two sons. From then on the duels start—Lionel fighting the railroad; Jennifer fighting her better or worse nature, depending on which son she's clinging to at the time. Both Barrymore and Peck work well; Cotten just doesn't have a chance to look anything but colorless against the gusty "drayma."

The overtones are all big-time: Blaze of Technicolor, blare of music, the U.S. Army thundering in at the crisis. That roar you hear in the background is supposed to be the surge of primitive emotions, but really all this is is a gawdy little lady dressed up to be a big prima-donna. Don't look now, her slip is showing.

Your Reviewer Says: Above average, but mostly because of the gorgeous production.

(Continued on page 6)

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

By Marian Quinn Kelly

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 8
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 133
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 129
TWO DAMES ARE OUT TO STOP HIM...
ONE WITH HER LIPS...
The other with a gun!

This is Ladd's toughest fight... up against the hidden riptides of deadly Eastern intrigue... and the two women who stand in the way of his revenge against the Orient's underworld!

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD
GAIL RUSSELL • WILLIAM BENDIX

in

CALCUTTA

with

JUNE DUPREZ

LOWELL GILMORE • EDITH KING • Directed by JOHN FARROW
New Odoron Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

**New Odoron Cream** not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but...

**It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE...the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.**

Just think! One application of new Odoron Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odoron leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

**More economical!** Odoron gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odoron comes in liquid form, also.)

(Continued from page 4)

**High Barbaree** (M-G-M)

Two favorite blondes—Van Johnson and June Allyson—make this a money-maker. They're also favored blondes—by having wise old Thomas Mitchell to pilot them about.

There couldn't be a more ingratiating little chap around to play Van as a boy than Claude Jarman, Jr.; there couldn't be a pleasanter Van than this one; and if anyone wants a nice girl to dream about he couldn't ask for more than June Allyson, especially when she's all dressed up in crisp white organdy.

**High Barbaree** is a mountain that old sailor Uncle Thad Mitchell saw—or thought he saw—out in the South Pacific. He tells its fabulous tale to his freckled-faced nephew and his little girl pal out in Iowa. The little girl grew up to be Navy nurse June who remembers **High Barbaree** and Van; Van grows up to forget his ideals—and June.

The war brings the three of them close to **High Barbaree** again with Van telling the whole story as he lies in his crashed plane in the South Pacific, a not-too-satisfactory method. The story sometimes gets a little too high-falutin' for its cover, but it has the sort of nice big print you like—small town in Iowa, home-made shortcake and a true-love touch that would make it a crime if Van and June didn't climb right up to the top of **High Barbaree** together.

Your Reviewer Says: A Johnson-Allyson special.

**Tarzan and the Huntress** (RKO)

It's good to see Johnny Weissmuller's chest measurement is still as big as ever and to know he hasn't forgotten that Tarzan call. He needs both this time, since some hunters invade his jungle bent on filling up war-depleted zoos.

This looks like a pleasant travelogue, except when **Tarzan**, **Jane** and **Boy** (Brenda Joyce and Johnny Sheffield respectively) are around. Cheta, the pet chimp, runs through some clever tricks and there are refreshing views of the jungle flora and fauna which are much more interesting than when they're viewed in a science book. The plot has villains—a native prince and bad hunter Barton MacLane; but it's a nice comfortable feeling to know that no matter how bad the situation gets, Tarzan will save everybody, and everything in the end.

Patricia Morison is presumably the “huntress” of the title, but she's really on Tarzan's side all along and even though she has more female trappings than Jane we're inclined to envy the latter and that idyllic life she leads with Tarzan in the jungle.

A foregone winner in the Saturday matinee lineup, **Tarzan** sometimes makes more sense than his more pretentious film brethren.

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee, Tarzan!

**Cheyenne** (Warner's)

What a nice bad man Dennis Morgan makes! He really isn't bad—just slightly wicked, which fact, plus his perfect tailoring, makes him most attractive to Jane Wyman and Janis Paige. Janis is a friendly little dancing lady—who—a refreshing touch in this dressed-up Western—doesn't look like a hard-boiled frontier high-stopper; Jane is Anne Kinsaid. That's all anyone really knows about her except that she looks very grim and seems to have a
(Continued from page 6) chip on her shoulder about something.

Bandit Arthur Kennedy is mad too because someone called "The Poet" is always beating him at getting the money out of the strong boxes on the stagecoaches. He thinks Dennis is the Poet and married to Jane; they let him think so for reasons of their own.

This is enough to show you there's quite an angle in this, one that picks the story right out of the routine stagecoach robbery Westerns and puts it in a very good class by itself. Morgan gives a nice deft turn to the goings-on and both Jane and Janis keep things peppery as can be.

Your Reviewer Says: New front for the frontier.

\[The Farmer's Daughter (RKO)\]

They started out calling this "Kat for Congress" and that's just what Katy is slated for. Katy is the daughter of a Swedish farmer who comes to sweep up the house of young Congressman Joseph Cotten and finds herself swept into Congress instead.

Loretta Young is Katy, a good servant to Cotten's mother, old political veteran Ethel Barrymore. How good a servant of the public she would make is open to question but she does ask an embarrassed candidate some questions about free lunches back on the farm and she may be just the ticket.

It's all fairly amusing with quite a dash in it of the way you'd like our democratic politics to work. You don't really cross your heart believe that Congressman Cotten would fall in love with Katy, that Ethel Barrymore would welcome her with open arms, that butler Charles Bickford would be the political mentor of a political family. But it all happens joyfully, anyway.

Loretta Young wears thick braids, carries trays and makes speeches with a Swedish accent, but she's still familiar Loretta. Joseph Cotten seems to feel the role doesn't call for too much from him—it doesn't. Ethel Barrymore may feel the same way, but she gives a lot more.

Your Reviewer Says: Even if your tongue's in your cheek, enjoy the fun.

\[Welcome Stranger (Paramount)\]

Everyone takes it easy in this. Bing Crosby sings a few songs and acts the genial young fellow; Barry Fitzgerald is a

**Best Picture of the Month**

*The Locket*

**Best Performances**

Glenn Ford in "Framed"

Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore in "Duel in the Sun"

Barry Fitzgerald in "Welcome Stranger"

Brian Aherne, Robert Mitchum and Laraine Day in "The Locket"

Dennis Morgan in "Cheyenne"
AHEAD and say IT...I'M NO GOOD!

Beautiful...faithless...this woman brings out the worst in men. You may despise her...but you can never, never forget her!

JOAN BENNETT
ROBERT RYAN • CHARLES BICKFORD

in
THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH

Directed by JEAN RENOIR
Screen Play by Frank Davis and Jean Renoir
still doesn't catch on—along with a lot of others—to her wily ways.

Veronica is her usual sizzling self—probably a bit too obvious for the ladies of the audience. The gentlemen may feel differently. Preston Foster doesn't make any screen certainly did. Sex seems a little out of place in this shoot-'em-up story; you're more apt to like Arleen Whelan who keeps her coffee pot hot and her back room ready to shelter wounded fugitives. Charlie Ruggles plays an insignificant role as Veronica's father; Preston Foster doesn't get enough to do as the villain; McCrea goes about his job efficiently, getting a lot of sympathy as the wronged guy. There's one good sequence where Don Defore shoots it out with Foster; otherwise, the film is all Veronica's. She makes it a Lake special; it suffers because of that.

Your Reviewer Says: Veronica Lake goes West.

\textbf{The Shocking Miss Pilgrim (20th Century-Fox)}

A FEMALE "typewriter" walks into a staid Boston office in 1874, puts a few flowers around, shows a pretty ankle and that's the signal for the firemen.

Betty Grable is the "typewriter," looking lush in some Orry-Kelly outfits; Dick Haymes is her boss who just has to give her a chance because his auntie is a suffragette.

Here's the basis for a smart little comedy; unfortunately, it runs short of being the real thing, mostly because the situation is allowed to peter out. into a love duet between Betty and Dick who croon some pretty tunes together. The singing is fun, but the comedy would have been more fun if everyone had gotten together and made the most of some sequences that just cry out for better acting.

Betty Grable is such a nice little trick she may be excused her overacting; Dick Haymes's songs are the kind people like. If this is enough to amuse you, you'll be amused; but you'll still wish "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" had made more of its opportunities. The Grable-Haymes combination is aided by old reliables Gene Lockhart, Allyn Joslyn and Elizabeth Patterson.

Your Reviewer Says: Mild.

\textbf{Calcutta (Paramount)}

ALAN LADD has brains and Bill Bendix a brawn; it's a good thing because they must solve a murder puzzle of both old and new. The murder is a murder that turns up in Calcutta. Ladd and Bendix are flyer pals of John Whitney. He's murdered; they know how, but they need help to do it. (They know how, but they need help to do it."

Dedication: Ladd finds her pretty good, and they do make a nice team. About this time, Alan discovers some wondrous jewels hidden under the floor of his plane which all spells smugglers to him or any- one who's seen those jewel-theft pictures. He's on the right track this time, but when he gets to the end of the line he's in for a lot of surprises. It has enough zip to keep things moving.

Ladd and Bendix do good teamwork. Gail Russell doesn't seem too sure about what she's doing but maybe that's the way she's supposed to be, considering how things turn out. June Duprez plays an old-faithful type and Edith King is a fabulous cigar-smoking addition.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be entertained.
"There's thrill in skin that's fragrantly smooth and soft," says lovely Barbara Stanwyck. "You'll love the delicate, clinging perfume a Lux Soap beauty bath leaves on your skin. It's foolish to take chances—daintiness is the most important charm of all. Lux Soap's Active lather makes you sure—leaves skin fresh and sweet."

Use this fine white beauty soap as a daily bath soap, too. You'll agree—Lux Girls are daintier!

"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

Barbara Stanwyck
star of Enterprise Studios' "The Other Love"

"You" thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal in skin that's fragrant with Lux Toilet Soap's delicate perfume.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
New way to be SWEET to EMBRACE

You'll stay lovable with Jergens Dryad, a new kind of cream deodorant. Already approved by leading skin specialists, Dryad actually prevents underarm odor safely; helps check perspiration more daintily. A secret ingredient keeps it face-cream-smooth to the bottom of the largest jar. Dryad is harmless to clothing—has a more luxurious fragrance. Fastidious women everywhere depend on Dryad.

10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

(Continued from page 10)

**Buck Privates Come Home**
(Universal-International)

IT'S Abbott and Costello kind, this is good, providing you like the fat little fall guy and his long lean chum. With Abbott on the receiving end, the gags come and go; they may not always make for big hearty laughs, but they're running around there just the same.

So are Lou and Bud, who do as the title says—come home from the war. The catch is they have a smuggled French orphan in tow and that, plus their tangles with copper Nat Pendleton, gives them plenty to worry Bud's brow and leave Lou in a constant state of face-making. Joan Fulton is a pretty blonde who also likes orphans; Tom Brown is the man who likes her. Beverly Simmons makes a nice little orphan; she seems normal and she stays out of the picture the way a lot of other child actors should.

There's a midget auto along, too, supposed to be raced by Tom. Of course, who should get behind the wheel by mistake but Lou—and that's all that's needed to wind things up in a wild fashion. It's as silly as a Silly Symphony, but if you can take Abbott and Costello comedy for an hour and a half, you're in.

**Your Reviewer Says:** They're loose again!

**The Locket (RKO)**

YOUR EYES keep getting bigger and bigger watching the things Laraine Day does. She's the charming young lady who's about to marry Gene Raymond when Brian Aherne walks into the picture to mix things up.

How do they get mixed up? It seems that Laraine looks lovely but isn't—she's already had quite a questionable married life with psychiatrist Brian and before that she had a delicate hand in the not-so-delicate events in artist Robert Mitchum's life. It all started when a little girl she was deprived of a locket she wanted very much; this turned her into a "case"—a perfect send-off for another psychological thriller.

You'll travel around her with from America to England in the war and back again, watching some very innocent people get incredibly involved in her twisted life. Chances are you may feel sorry for her, too; but the point is, you'll hold your breath for a good hour and a half and not mind a bit.

This is because Laraine handles her good-bad role in quite an accomplished fashion; and the Messrs. Aherne and Mitchum know how to keep an audience on its toes. It's good to see Gene Raymond looking fit and also to have a glimpse of old-time favorite Ricardo Cortez.

**Lost Honeymoon (Eagle-Lion)**

FRANCOTONE should have smartened up and said "I don't" instead of "I do." He would have saved himself the trouble of having to make a spectacle of himself in this little opus about an American who married an English girl while—most unfortunately—he was suffering from anemia. He doesn't remember anything (the lucky guy) until Ann Richards turns up with twins who look like him—at least that's what the script says. But being a chap of resources and with pal Tom Conway toprop him up he decides to brush the whole thing off and just go on and marry shrew Frances Rafferty.

He could never brush this off, though—it's too complicated. Ann isn't his former wife, she's just a friend who sneaked in from England to deposit the twins in his lap. Tom Conway looks and talks like his brother George Sanders and he has a touch of that appeal that seems to run in the family. Franchot and Ann try to keep straight faces about all this but, just like the honeymoon, it was a lost cause before they ever began.

**Time Out of Mind**
(Universal-International)

THIS IS just too bad. The novel was a best-seller, but look what's happened to the film! Robert Hutton plays hero Christopher Fortune who wants to be a musician. His papa wants him to go to sea; so does Phyllis Calvert, the housekeeper's daughter Kate. Ella Raines is his sister who helps him steal away to Paris, but it's Kate who pulls him up by his bootstraps when he comes back home with a new wife, a liking for the bottle and no music.

That's the plot—and it is dragged out to a fare-thee-well! Robert Hutton looks like a nice gentle juvenile in a tempestuous role that's just too much for him. Phyllis Calvert is an excellent Kate, but all her hard work doesn't save the picture from falling flat on its high-minded nose. Edie Albert's there, too, but he can't do anything either.

At one point, during a big concert, villainess Helena Carter is about to drop a handkerchief as a signal to start a calling riot. We almost wish she had.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Big disappointment.

**FREE: GIFT JAR**—so you can try this new kind of cream deodorant—free.

Simply fill out and mail coupon to:
Box 57, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Your name

F City _ State __

(Artist Bob Mitchum and long-time-no-see Ricardo Cortez, dubious and amused with Laraine Day, in "The Locket," a thriller that will keep you involved to the end)
Can you imagine what infectious dandruff could do to the health of your scalp and the looks of your lovely hair? Those ugly flakes! Those embarrassing scales! The germ colonies on the scalp!

Fastidious women recognize this constant threat and make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair-washing. It's so simple, so easy, so delightful... a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand twice-a-day treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Why not start using Listerine Antiseptic whether or not you detect flakes and scales? You get the benefit of its cool, refreshing effect, and, if the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) is present, Listerine Antiseptic kills it by millions. Remember, the "bottle bacillus", in the opinion of many dermatologists, is a causative agent of this distressing infection.

No Fuss... No Bother

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow with vigorous fingertip massage for several minutes. No fuss, no bother, no messy salves or lotions.

How gloriously cool and fresh your scalp feels! How fresh your hair looks! How quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear! In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. You know you've taken a precaution against infectious dandruff that can't be had with salves and lotions devoid of germ-killing power.

Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" with your family at hair-washing time. It is a delightful habit worth sticking to. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Missouri

At the first symptom of Infectious Dandruff... Listerine Antiseptic
There's nothing quite so attractive as a sparkling, gleaming smile. You'll smile all the while when you use IVORYNE Chewing Gum, for IVORYNE is America's favorite chewing dentifrice. Yes, IVORYNE contains tasteless calcium peroxide, the famous extra ingredient that releases new-born oxygen as you chew. New-born oxygen helps sweeten the breath and brighten the smile. So get some IVORYNE today. You'll like it for its rich peppermint flavor, its firm chewiness... for the sparkle it brings to your smile!

GUM LABORATORIES, Clifton Heights, Pa.

**IVORYNE**

The Gum That Brightens Your Smile

---

**JIMMY WAKELY**, who sings his way out of some tough situations, says most of his fan mail comes from girls ranging in age from eight to eighteen. The soft-spoken cowboy star of Monogram Pictures thinks this is unusual, but any woman knows a gal goes for action stuff.

Jimmy was born in Mineola, Arkansas, on February 16, 1914—and boasts an ancestry of one-sixteenth Cherokee Indian! As a boy he played the church organ in Battiest, Oklahoma, and even wrote some of the church music. In between time he worked at raising cattle and hogs but a natural gift for song led to singing for the radio in Oklahoma City. Jimmy has written over a hundred songs and has recorded many of them for Decca. He's had sixty-four songs published—"Texas Tornado" being his newest. You'll hear it in his picture, "Song of the Sierras."

Friday the thirteenth is his lucky day—he was married on that date. His four children have fun on their ranch home, but they do chores, too. Linda, aged seven, is much more interested in her dad's recording than the others and has decided she wants to become an opera singer.

Jimmy has been riding in and out of trouble in his pictures on his "Paint" horse Lucky. Recently, however, he bought a Palomino stud named King. You'll be seeing King soon... soon as he grows up to fifteen hands. That's the ideal height for pictures, Jimmy says. King is golden in color and has a white mane and tail.

Jimmy's growing popularity with western fans hasn't changed him a bit. He loves to ride and he loves to sing and when you have a wonderful wife and four wonderful children, you have something to sing about says Jimmy.

Out in Copperas Cove, Texas, there's a ranch home for boys to which Jimmy has agreed to assign ten per cent of his salary for seven years. It's a project of the Variety Club of America and provides a ranch home for orphans. Jimmy believes children are mighty important—not only to the individual, but to the country they grow up in and starting them out on the right trail keeps them from a lot of rough riding later on.

Maybe it's thinking like that that accounts for his increasing popularity but whatever it is, there'll never be a "Lonely Trail" for Jimmy Wakely.
HUNT STROMBERG presents

HEDY LAMARR as

Dishonored Lady

co-starring

DENNIS O'KEEFE · JOHN LODER

with

WILLIAM LUNDIGAN · MORRIS CARNOVSKY · PAUL CAVANAGH · NATALIE SCHAFFER

Produced by JACK CHERTOK
Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON
Screenplay by ROBERT STEVENSON · EDMUND H. NORTH
A HUNT STROMBERG Production
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

5 MINUTES after the curtain went up sophisticated New Yorkers realized they were witnessing the frankest, most fearlessly outspoken stage play they had ever seen. Now it comes to the screen with all its electrifying impact.

AT 12 O'CLOCK... A LADY WITH A FUTURE!

AT 12:05... A WOMAN WITH A PAST!
HOLLYWOOD fathers are no different from fathers everywhere—at least not when it comes to the stork watch. They’re just as scared or nonchalant and proud and papa-ish as any father when the heirs appear. As a nurse in Hollywood hospitals, I’ve done some close-up observing of film fathers.

Charlie McCarthy didn’t miss out completely when Edgar Bergen rushed to the hospital to wait for his daughter. Though the very shy Bergen appeared at the hospital alone, at least he hadn’t forgotten the inimitable Charlie. Bergen gave silver bracelets with tiny figures of Charlie to the delighted nurses.

You’d naturally expect Orson Welles to be the picture of poise and dignity. He was anything but. Embarrassed and ill at ease, he paced nervously until the nurse informed him Rita Hayworth had presented him with their daughter, Rebecca.

Franchot Tone, on the other hand, kept his dignity—that is, until his son arrived. Then he rushed happily to a phone and telephoned relatives to tell them he had a boy—when he knew all the time it would be a girl!

The youngest film father was Donald O’Connor who brought along chocolate bars and begged the nurses not to shut the door to his wife’s room because she had claustrophobia. He settled down to wait—and fell sound asleep! He looked exactly like a tired little boy having his nap when the nurse awakened him to tell him he had a daughter! And Donald was chagrined. He’d missed out completely on the pacing.

William Holden and the stork had a race to the hospital, and Bill lost. He was a lieutenant in the Air Corps when Brenda Marshall gave birth to their son, and though he flew from his base in Texas, the stork flew faster.

Walter Slezak arrived directly from the studio in make-up—long brown curly hair, a large felt hat with an ostrich plume, pink satin coat. He was carrying a small lace pillow, a small clock, several books and a cosmetic case. Politely he said, “This is the first time I’ve ever been in a maternity ward and I’m trying to be nonchalant, but I’m not.” Then he removed his hat and wig and settled down to wait for his daughter.

John Beal, after two nights of pacing and drinking black coffee, stumbled out into the corridor, after he’d seen his tiny daughter, and wept.

So you see Hollywood fathers aren’t different. And perhaps they all agree that Father’s Day is really a personal date—a reminder of the time when they paced and prayed—and waited for a temperamental stork!
Here it is! New as tomorrow and already the rave of Hollywood! The first big improvement in cake make-up! Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake has its own dainty make-up sponge in a moisture-proof compartment. As vivacious Hillary Brooke says—“It’s a thrilling convenience. When I open my Beau Cake the sponge is ready.” Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake gives your skin a smooth-as-silk finish; hides tiny blemishes, imparts ravishing young color. All this beauty with the convenience of the ever-ready make-up sponge in Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake.

**Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake**

$1.50

Gay new cake make-up with sponge compartment right in the case
La Cross hands you a new idea!
a nail enamel flexible as the nail itself!
a bottle that won't tip or topple!
an applicator as easy to use as a pencil!
nail enamel colors that sing!

NAYLON! Now you'll apply nail enamel as easily as you write your name with Naylon's steady stroke applicator and a bottle streamlined for perfect balance.

Twelve breath-taking colors. At fine stores.
60¢ a bottle plus Fed. Tax.

By LaCross
Drama and glamour set off the Awards Night. Olivia de Havilland and Anne Baxter, winners, with Jean Hersholt, President of the Academy.

Harold Russell takes Oscar in his hooks for work in “Best Years of Our Lives.” Shirley Temple, Claude Jarman Jr. share his joy.

Speaker Rex Harrison’s nervousness endeared him to all. His spouse, lovely Lilli Palmer, was proud.

That gleam in the eyes of William Wyler and Sam Goldwyn is for Oscars for direction and production of “Best Years of Our Lives.”

When a man marries, his troubles begin!

To combat bad breath I recommend Colgate Dental Cream for scientific tests prove that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate’s instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth!

Colgate Dental Cream’s active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate’s soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, safely!

Colgate Dental Cream Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
Maureen O'Hara does a take-off as a siren with Edward Ashley at the exclusive Stephen Ames party...

...While continental dash is added to the affair by Paul Henreid and charming wife Lisl.

Heart Department: Jimmy Stewart likes a fun girl and on the set of "A Miracle Can Happen," Jimmy found her in tall and handsome Dorothy Ford. Jimmy telephoned Dorothy when he went East to receive those Princeton honors, and Dorothy was the first girl he saw on his return.

The way Robert Stack has forgotten all other girls to devote himself to pretty Irene Wrightsman McEvoy (whose ex-husband Freddie was a recent suitor of Barbara Hutton) leads me to believe this is Bob's most serious romance. He has taught Irene to shoot and ski. When a man instructs a woman in the fine points of his favorite sports, it must be love.

Tour Highlights: Guests on Cal's daily afternoon radio tour who received biggest thrills were: The women who met Frank Sinatra... The pair that were taken to the Academy Awards... Two who attended "The Egg and I" premiere... The couple invited to "The Hucksters" party at Billingsley's and had such fun with Red Skelton... The happy two who ate Lum-burgers with Lum and Abner and later attended their broadcast... Cal's biggest thrill was meeting an army nurse winner who'd been an internee in the Santo Tomas prison camp.

True or False: Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan passed near Cal's table at Romanoff's the other day and stopped to chat. Cal noticed with a perceptible start that on the third finger of Ann's left hand were two rings that looked suspiciously like a wedding and engagement ring. Realizing how mum Ann has been concerning marriage rumors, we stared again at the rings and murmured, "If you were Nora Prentiss would you keep your mouth shut?"

Ann, who plays Nora on the screen, only laughed which leaves us all right back with the rumors.

It Happened in Hollywood: A lady of title arrived at a Jack Tune in Cal's Hollywood Tour—Monday through Friday.
The Van Johnsons, on one of their rare public dates since wedding, celebrate with George and Gracie Jolson, invisible star of "The Jolson Story," with his wife, former actress Erle Calbraith.

Van Johnson's Santa Monica home. The Johnsons were in their upstairs living room and soon we were admiring the modern six-room house, the lovely outdoor pool and by far the best tennis court in town.

Dinner was pleasant, with Van taking second helpings of everything, especially the wonderful cake. Van is sincere as a husband. He has endured criticism and ridicule to achieve his happiness, and he will not hold it lightly.

"Yes," he said in answer to our question, "I did get a lot of mail before and after I married and I read every single letter. About fifty per cent were against it and fifty for it. But now I notice a trend of approval in the tone of letters that suggests that because I did marry a woman with two children and have taken them into my home, I was sincere."

Laugh of the Month: Hollywood is in stitches over the true story of a famous and handsome screen star who entered his first love scene in a recent picture, with a new leading lady.

Fervently kissing her cheek and throat, the star suddenly stopped, with a look of stunned surprise on his face while trying to pry loose from his lips a wad of sticky chewing gum.

3:45 P.M. EDT—2:45 P.M. CDT—1:45 P.M. MDT—1:15 P.M. PDT
BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!

Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—
restored healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

BEAUTY fades when a woman's face grows pale—when her freshness is failing—when her energy runs low. Yes, and these signs often come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

The red cells in your blood may be below par in color and size. They may be weakened to the point where they can't transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—drag along with this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

So, if your blush of health is vanishing—if your energy's running low and this common blood condition is to blame—take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help you reclaim your usual vigor and looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

*Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

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why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS

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. Many 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

INSIDE STUFF

Vivacious Luci Ball and hubby Desi Arnaz
at Dion's, chic eatery recently launched

"Oh, I forgot," the lady said, "I put my gum behind my ear this morning."

Joan, Greg, Peter: At the Harriet Reshefsky party, Peter Shaw rushed over to greet Cal. "I have only a minute," he said, "as I'm rushing to meet Joan but I did want you to know I may soon be going to Las Vegas to get a divorce from my wife in England. I am in love with Joan and I think she loves me too."

"Sounds as if you were planning to marry Joan Crawford," we suggested. "It could be," he said happily.

Two days later came the news that Joan and Greg Bautzer had reconciled. We instantly phoned Peter.

"All I know," he said dejectedly, "is Joan's secretary phoned that Joan was still thinking things over and not to feel badly. So you see things may still be in my favor. I can only wait and see. I've spent every evening with Joan for weeks and weeks. She knows how I feel."

Well, things weren't decided in Pete's favor, as Greg is again top man. We hope Pete's deal with romance will tend to make him more serious over his career. Work is a great cure for a broken heart.

Mr. and Mrs: When June Haver was a teen-age singer with Ted Florito's band in St. Louis, six years ago, she first met Jimmy Zito, a trumpet player with the band, who fell head over heels for the little blonde. When the band toured, June and Jimmy dated a lot and almost nightly Jimmy asked June to marry him. "Let's wait and see," June always said.

During the war when Jimmy was stationed at Atlantic City and June became a movie actress, they corresponded regularly. When Jimmy was playing in Los Angeles he always asked June the same question and got the same answer.

Finally, one day on the "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay" set, actor Robert Karnes, in a scene with the little actress, repeated over and over, "Why don't we slip away and get married?" (Continued on page 24)
Are you in the know?

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, but—"fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your inwards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive safety center of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively supersonic, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)

Tired of being "a cute trick"? Wee widgets who'd like to come up in the world should wear clothes that add height. Steer clear of peplums; long jackets. Stripes are smart, but shy from the zebra type (shown here). Vertical lines make you look taller. Don't give a second thought to the "lines" that plague you on problem days. Choose Kotex... for those special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. You can fool the eye, with Kotex!

How would you refuse a date?

- Brush him off
- Invent an excuse
- Say you'll be busy

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed. Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going—comfortably—with Kotex, and the lasting softness Kotex gives you. It's softness that stays faithfully yours— for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So date away, in comfort!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST
Every toot helps, so Benny Goodman and Danny Kaye add to fun at Runyon Cancer Benefit

(Continued from page 22) June told Jimmy about the line and he thought the idea a good one in real life. That night at 11:30 June's parents, her sister Evelyn and beau Jim McNamara were on their way to Las Vegas arriving at seven in the morning. At eight, clad in a black faille suit and aqua sequin blouse, June became Mrs. Zito. After breakfast at El Rancho Vegas they all drove back to Hollywood.

Because both are Catholics they were remarried in the Church and this time June wore a specially made white satin suit and white lace blouse.

Jimmy telephoned the news to his parents in Chicago and Mr. and Mrs. Zito promptly responded with a $3,000 check.

A trumpet player who ranks with the best, Jimmy, now twenty-three, is organizing his own band. For the present the happy couple will live with June's parents until they can some day build their own home. Turn to page 128 for pictures of the bride and groom.

Set of the Month: On a sideshow platform, those two travelers of the Road pictures, Bing and Bob, were executing a strictly-from-ham routine when Cal entered the “Road to Rio” set. “Hi pal,” Bob called to Cal from the platform and then fell right into a corny duet with Bing. On the sidelines sat Mrs. Hope and Linda and Tony. Wide eyed at their father's antics, the children wavered between amazement and amusement.

“Hello dad,” Tony called out when the scene ended. “Hello dad,” Linda echoed. “Hi Tony, Hi Lin,” Bob responded, and then leaped right into another duet of nonsense before the camera.

“I'm weary,” Bob told us after the final take. “I feel physically well and with just two days complete rest I'll be myself again, but right now I'm exhausted.”

He told us how hard he'd tried to get boat reservations to South America. “I'm in no hurry to get there, but I guess we'll have to fly.” We explained it was a long tedious trip by air for children and answered dozens of questions about South America and our trip there.

There's such an air of fun and friendliness on this set; actors who are not working visit the lot just to get in on the extemporaneous clowning between Bing and Bob. Alan Ladd left as Cal arrived and Jerry Colonna and Bill Demarest were (Continued on page 26)

Her heart's in the right place: Dottie Lamour and Bill Howard at “My Favorite Brunette” opening for Runyon Cancer Fund. Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin share the fun...
Never a Love so True...Never a Ring so Cherished

A GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RING
TRADE NAME REGISTERED

Just you...and the man you
love...together in a new-found world of
happiness. And on your finger...the glory
of your Keepsake, his gift of magic and
eternal meaning. When love rules your heart,
you want the most treasured of all diamond
rings...a Keepsake, the traditional symbol of
the engagement. Identify Keepsake by the name in the
ring, and be sure you receive your absolute
assurance of quality, the Keepsake Certificate
of Guarantee and Registration. Better jewelers
are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices to $5,000.

A ARCADIA Set $375.00
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platinum $300 to 3450
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Engagement Ring 500.00
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white as well as natural gold.
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Engagement and Wedding"...a complete guide to social correct-
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illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the
nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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Betty Crocker knows that you are interested in dressing up your table—as well as your menus. So ... she recommends this gay bread and cracker basket of gleaming Sytron plastic, in rich brown color. It's yours for one box-top (from either the Betty Crocker Green Split Pea Soup or the Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients) — and 25 cents. This special get-acquainted offer made to Shop-along readers only while the supply lasts — so send today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 476, at 629 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

Ahl "Lemon-y" Chiffon Pie . . .
The recipe for this, the best lemon pie you ever tasted, is yours for the asking in a handy little folder, "Luscious Pies and Candies". You should own it: Every housewife should, for here are 15 delicious Knox Gelatine treats. Candies and pies to delight men, women and children. For your FREE copy of this recipe folder, write to Mrs. Knox, Knox Gelatine Co., Box K 4, Johns-town, N. Y.

Footlights in Piccadilly Circus
We saw London the conducted-tour way: Boswell and Johnson's, Cheddar Cheese, Westminster Abbey, the Crown Jewels . . . but certain impressions of our own linger. One—the fact that well-shined shoes are part of every Englishman's personality, Queen Mary has, baggy suits . . . but a "Shine Your Own" tradition that reminds us of SHINOLA . . . the polish that protects as well as polishes by adding oils to the natural oil of fine leather. SHINOLA comes in all colors, liquid or paste, and in white.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 24) among the spectators. No one enjoyed the clowning more than the lovely Dolores Hope.
"When Bing and I have a difference of opinion, we speak our piece then and there and get it off our chest," Bob said when we commented on the perfect understanding between them. "There's never any ill feeling between us for that reason." To see them together is to see real friendship in full working order and to catch something of the genuine good feeling the boys radiate—not only to each other but to everyone around.

Stirling Speaks Up: "Why does everyone want to make something out of the fact I've got a girl called Betty de Noon, that she lives on my boat anchored off Santa Barbara and I go up to see her when I can?"
Cal rocked back on his heels a bit at Stirling Hayden's remarks, especially since his coming marriage to Betty was reported in the papers. In fact, Stirling would much rather talk about his boat than his marital plans. For instance, we learned it isn't a boat at all, but a schooner, sixty-seven feet long and two masted. Stirling long ago removed the motors.
We did discover, however, that Stirling met Betty, who was working as a model in Los Angeles, in May, 1946, at Balboa, where his boat was anchored. Betty has been his favorite girl friend ever since.
"Now about taking Betty back East to meet your family before the wedding," we began, but soon discovered that his smile can hide a stubborn silence.
From a close friend we did learn that Stirling still corresponds with his former wife, Madeleine Carroll, who may soon be coming back (Continued on page 29)

Myrna Dell and Rory Calhoun have fun at the Decca Records Barn Dance while at same dance . . .

... Gail Russell gives Guy Madison a boot for a boot
**FREE!**

**A New Book**

...tells you how to get wonderful canned or frozen fruit...new directions...simple as 1-2-3.

With KARO® Syrup you make blended syrups for canning and freezing. Use them for any fruit! Easy recipes tell you exactly how. And results are wonderful! Fruits fairly sparkle! Their color is bright. Their texture is firm. And they have that delicious natural flavor you've always longed for.

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Angela Lansbury
In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"10th AVENUE ANGEL"
Starring MARGARET O'BRIEN

Clear Red  Blue Red  Rose Red

THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE

Correct for your coloring . . . correct for your costume

Blondes . . . . Clear Red No. 1  Blue Red No. 1  Rose Red No. 1
Brunettes . . . . Clear Red No. 3  Blue Red No. 3  Rose Red No. 3
Brownettes . . . . Clear Red No. 2  Blue Red No. 2  Rose Red No. 2
Redheads . . . . Clear Red No. 1  Blue Red No. 1  Rose Red No. 1

And different, too . . . because you can now have three shades correct for your own type of coloring . . . Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Three exclusive new lipstick reds for thrilling glamour changes to harmonize with your costume, to match your mood. Select from the chart the shades recommended for your type. Then for new loveliness and glamour try the new Max Factor Hollywood Lipstick.
Andy Russell and Dick Haymes make with the grins, but ol' massa Bing sticks to business—momentarily—as the crooners congregated at a Jack Benny broadcast.

(Continued from page 26) to Hollywood. And even if Stirling has remarried, he and Madeleine will always be friends.

* * *

Marching through Metro: Over the hill to M-G-M is a short ten-minute drive for Cal who always finds pleasure in a visit to these studios. In the commission we greet Gene Kelly, in sailor's undershirt and pants, his rehearsal clothes for a dance sequence in his new film, "The Pirate." As always the talk swung around to our home town, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. On "The Hucksters" set, Clark Gable and Deborah Kerr were going through a scene in the rear of a taxi. Clark looked exceedingly well. After the scene we listened to the conversation between Deborah and her handsome husband Tony Bartley, anet their Sealyham that had just been sheared. Producer Arthur Hornblow strolled over and told Cal what a pleasure it was to work with Clark. "He knows the script inside out weeks in advance and if there is a complaint to be made, he makes it before the picture starts instead of waiting until the day of the scene. An intelligent, sensitive actor," Mr. Hornblow pronounced him.

Over on the "Good News" set we watched Joan McCracken from the New York stage go through a clever dance routine. Keenan Wynn, a visitor on the set, strolled over and told Cal if only he could find a role that suited his talents he'd be happy. If he doesn't, the stage may win him back again.

A wave of the hand to Bill Powell about to enter "The Song of the Thin Man" set and we took off, chalking up another good day with Leo, the Lion.

* * *

Happy Ending: From the time Bonita Granville entered pictures as a child in "We Three" until her recent marriage, the actress and her mother have been inseparable. Theirs was a closeness that comes only when a mother renounces her own life to devote herself exclusively to the demands of a professional child. Knowing from other instances how the break-up of such a closely knit relationship can and has resulted in some unhappy consequences, we asked Bonita, who has recently married Jack Wrather and moved into her own home, how her mother felt about it.

"You know how close mother and I really were," Bonita said. "We always traveled together, shared confidences, troubles and happiness and until I married we always shared one bedroom. Well, I'm proud to say my mother is living her own life now and liking it. She has made friends of her own and plans of her own. Only yesterday she telephoned to know if I wanted to join her and her friends at the races and the Turf Club. And you know it was I who had a sudden feeling of being left behind, of wondering why she should be enjoying life without me. It lasted only a moment and then suddenly I was so proud of my mother I can't begin to tell you."

* * *

Here and There: Kurt Krueger limping around town on crutches after breaking his leg skiing at Sun Valley... Hollywood is definitely on Olivia de Havilland's side in that feud with her sister, Joan Fontaine... Heads are shaking apprehensively over Gloria De Haven's refusal to work in "Good News," which resulted in M-G-M's cancelling her contract. Friends feel Gloria will one day regret this definite break with the studio that built her up... Handsome Michael North of "The Unsuspected" is soon to be in love with Audrey Totter of the same film but Audrey is only in love with her work. Joan Caulfield made few friends and influenced nobody during her stint in this picture... The Ann Sothern-Robert Sterling on-and-off marriage is definitely off with Ann applying for a Los Angeles divorce.
Love me... IF YOU DARE!

Hate me... IF YOU CAN!

Kill me... IF YOU MUST!

The story of love that flowered like the Moss Rose... out of the ashes of death and violence!

PEGGY CUMMINS
VICTOR MATURE
ETHEL BARRYMORE
MOSS ROSE

with
VINCENT PRICE
MARGO WOOD - GEORGE ZUCCO
PATRICIA MEDINA - RHYS WILLIAMS

20th CENTURY-FOX
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF - Produced by GENE MARKEY

From the best-thriller novel that startled ...and stunned!
Should you pay more to go to the movies?

Photoplay believes that already you pay too much. The price of your ticket of admission should be reduced. However, the chances are good that, instead, your price of admission will go higher—unless all of us who are movie-goers take action.

Last year our government collected about 460 million dollars in a Federal tax on movie admissions. This tax remains in force. Now, in many of our communities, there are proposals for new state and local taxes to be levied on top of the Federal tax on admissions.

Photoplay protests this as an unfair taxation on movie-goers. For the motion picture theaters themselves will not pay such taxes. They will be added to the admission price. It will be the sixty million Americans who go to the movies regularly who will pay these additional taxes.

If you agree with the editors of Photoplay that such additional taxes would place an unjust share of the tax burden on those who like to go to the movies, say so . . .

Buy a penny postal card. On it write: "I think it unjust that further taxes be imposed on movie admissions. Please see this does not happen." Sign your name and address.

If the new taxes proposed in your neighborhood are to be levied by the State, address your postal card to your governor. If they are to be levied by the municipality or village, address your postal card to your mayor. And should you hear that there is any likelihood of other Federal taxes, over and above the 20 per cent you already are paying, being put into effect, write at once to your representative in Congress.

You need not pay more to go to the movies if you will make yourself heard now.

Fred Astaire
The Turner glory golden again, Lana sits pretty at Academy Awards affair.
The romance to end all Hollywood love affairs? Or just one of those things? The girl in the case does some straight— and exclusive—talking to an old friend.

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

If Tyrone Power were a free man at this moment—I would come right out and say in bold-faced type that he and Lana Turner would be married.

But to look into the future and foresee what will happen in this banner-line romance, I would have to be as prophetic as a Cassandra and endowed with more wisdom than a hundred Solomons.

The box score of strikes against this love story are many and varied:

First, who is to know by the time this reaches print that the desirable Lana won’t be casting glances in another direction? Or that the handsome Ty won’t be sending flowers to another charmer?

Second, Annabella has said that she has no plans for filing a divorce suit, at least until she returns from France in the fall. When she left Hollywood she gave out an interview in which she persistently referred to Tyrone as “my husband” without adding an “ex.” (Continued on page 81)
You say "I do"—then some don’ts begin—that is, if you’re smart like this authority of nineteen

BY SHIRLEY TEMPLE AGAR

In the year and a half of my married life, I have already had two honeymoons and I am now looking forward to a third. First, there was my real honeymoon. Then, RKO’s film called "Honeymoon" and now the second honeymoon John and I plan to take soon in Hawaii. All this makes me feel slightly like an authority on the subject.

In the picture which I made with Guy Madison the script writers went to great lengths to have our honeymoon a mad scramble. Yet the wedding trip on which John and I embarked under the names of Emil and Emma Glutz couldn’t have been more hectic if it had been written by the same scripters. From it I’ve drawn some rules on what to plan for—and against.

The first would be a sort of introductory one: Keep in mind that a honeymoon is only a build-up for the steadier happiness that is to follow.

A lot of that build-up is concerned with little things—little concrete things like car keys, for instance. That may seem like going from the sublime to the ridiculous. But I can tell you it’s important enough to make it your second rule.

If you’re going away on your honeymoon in a car, don’t trust your (Continued on page 84)
Shirley’s ring has a twin—on John’s hand.

Leading man in Shirley’s life, John Agar — for the way he looks and the way he laughs.

A broken car door was the gateway to happiness for Shirley, star of “Honeymoon,” on her own wedding trip.
Photoplay's photographer finds

himself suddenly present at one

of those once-in-a-lifetime moments

BY HYMIE FINK

ALL OF US camera guys were gathered in the back room of the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. We had Joan Fontaine surrounded and were getting her to pose for us. Out front the big event of the Hollywood year was coming off—the Academy Awards. Olivia de Havilland had just won her first Oscar for the swell job she did in the Paramount picture, “To Each His Own.” Joan, who had won her own Oscar several years ago for “Suspicion,” was tickled for Livvie. We asked her if she wouldn’t pose with her sister when Olivia came off stage. Joan said she’d love to.

But there was some delay, so Joan walked out of the room onto the backstage section of the auditorium and we guys started to scatter. I was just behind Joan as Olivia came off stage. Joan started forward with her hand out. Olivia stopped short, wheeled around and hurried away. I shot just as Olivia stopped—don’t think any of the other boys happened to be there when the mercury hit zero. As she walked away somebody heard her say, “I don’t know why she does that when she knows how I feel.”

Next day the papers were full of stories about the feud. Mostly the guess was that it dated back to the same old feud of years ago. Career competition, people said. But I’ve got a funny hunch that isn’t it—not after what Livvie said. She’s hurt about something and she isn’t in a position to say what.

... And that’s how exclusives are born.
Candid of the month: Tense moment caught by Hymie Fink just as Olivia de Havilland turned away from the outstretched hand of Joan Fontaine at the Academy Awards.
On The
"AMBER"
Spot

A famous studio head tells the trials and triumphs of filming the book twenty million readers have argued about

By DARRYL F. ZANUCK

WHEN a studio spends millions to make a dramatic spectacle out of the most talked-about novel of the current generation, that studio certainly is putting itself "on the spot" in every conceivable way.

The Twentieth Century-Fox company knew this when it undertook to bring Kathleen Winsor's controversial novel "Forever Amber" to the screen for its 20,000,000 readers in this country, its millions of readers in the twenty foreign countries where it was translated—and the stern jury of critics the world over who praised and condemned the woman whose affairs of the heart made it such a sensation.

Not for one moment during the making of this most costly picture in motion-picture history have we been off the spot. Never for a moment have we been out of trouble. But we are confident the results justify all the travail, and that we have a perfect picture of one of

Color Portrait by Kornman

Amber kissed them—and left them. Glenn Langan as the loving Capt. Rex Morgan

She who gets slapped—Linda and Richard Haydn as Earl of Radcliffe
Cornel Wilde as Bruce Carlton, the only man versatile Amber truly loved
On The
"AMBER"
Spot

Amber coquettes with the King—
George Sanders plays Charles II

Amber battles district nurse when
Bruce is stricken with the plague

Director Preminger shows an amused
Cornel how he would have kissed Amber

history's most exciting and colorful eras, produced in good taste and capable of passing every test of press, pulpit and public opinion.

I have said we had trouble in making "Forever Amber." That is putting it mildly. Everyone who follows the screen remembers the first choice of Peggy Cummins for the role of Amber. We brought Peggy over from England, where this Welsh lass, born of Irish parents, had proved herself a remarkably talented stage and screen actress. But "Forever Amber," for all its exciting scenes of the great London fire, the Black Plague and its intrigues around the throne of King Charles II, is the story of a woman who went to her downfall because she loved not wisely but too well.

After we had spent a month on shooting Peggy Cummins's scenes (Continued on page 76)
Moonlight and Gingham—Kay Nelson tells about the dress she designed for Maureen on page 101.
"I'M GOING to live to a ripe old age—and I'm going to enjoy it. And I'm going to be an old devil and rule the roost!" If you've read the papers, you know who is speaking—Maureen O'Hara!

Everything you want to know and understand about Maureen is contained in the above sentence. She's the strongest minded colleen ever to leave ould Ireland for the fleshpots of Hollywood. And if she wants to live to be a hundred—she will!

When it comes to "ruling the roost," the new California ranch house of the Prices couldn't be a more appropriate one. For it sits roost-like on top of a hill overlooking the swank Bel-Air section. But there's nothing swanky about the house or its occupants.

When I called on them, I was greeted in the wide driveway by a man wearing overalls and carrying carpenters' tools. It was my host Will Price, who is a writer-director at RKO. He waved a saw and said, "I'm building a dog house. I'm the only husband in captivity who builds his own dog house." And with a laugh he's off. The dog house, of course, was for Tripoli, their Great Dane.

The large wooden front door was opened by a delicious brown-haired, blue-eyed, fat little (Continued on page 87)
Jody figures he'll "be raising cotton soon" but after "The Yearling" maybe us folks just won't let him.

Just between men—a touching scene in "The Yearling"

Howdy Jody

The Blue and the Grey were fighting it out on a strategic corner lot in Culver City, California. It was very hot for March.

On the sidelines some two hundred people watched tensely. It was a tough fight but finally the Greys won a clear-cut triumph for the South. Cheers rose, but the dauntless leader of the Greys wasn't as happy as might have been expected under the circumstances of a score of 29 to 24.

"Shucks," he said, pulling off his headgear. "Those folks weren't watching the game. All they were looking at was Van Johnson."

This leader was tow-headed, quick-smiling Claude Jarman Jr., who right now is (Continued on page 110)
Claude Jarman Jr. is not impressed by Hollywood or “success”

Jody and Flag—Claude was in the mood for “deers, does, and dems”

Double security: If the bait don’t work—the net will
I took one look at her...

A top-drawer producer tells what happened when Joan Crawford, the erstwhile "clothes horse," stepped into his office—and a house dress

BY

JERRY WALD

Jerry Wald, producer of "Mildred Pierce," "Humoresque" and "Possessed," with Joan and Director Curtis Bernhardt

WHEN Joan Crawford originally was signed with Warners, almost three years ago, her agent, the astute Lou Wasserman, brought her around to visit us various Warner producers. This is standard studio practice in the best Hollywood flesh peddling circles.

I had never met Crawford though I had seen all her pictures. I thought I was completely prepared for her, the glamour queen, the outstandingly beautiful clothes horse.

But when this de luxe dish stepped into my office, I wondered how it happened that other men, in my kind of a spot, hadn't observed in her what I saw.

To me, even in that initial meeting, Crawford appealed as something a hundred times more important than glamour. I looked at that pulse-speeding face and figure and I thought, "Here's a great dramatic actress."

I caught wise to something more, too, though Joan hasn't known it until now. Nobody has, because I haven't admitted it until now. My confession is that I (Continued on page 78)
Artist, beauty—but most of all, woman: Joan Crawford, star of "Humoresque"
Tom admits he loves animals, even if they aren’t his own

He’s in the groove but not in a rut—this cheery young man who hitches rides on trucks to go to night clubs

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

THERE’S the right way to do it—and there’s the Drake way.

Twenty minutes before Tom Drake was due to leave for his first trip to New York City in four years, he raced into his one-room home in the Ambassador Hotel in Santa Monica, California.

“Gotta pack,” he muttered to himself. “Gotta get everything ready for the East. And for the Washington opening of ‘The Beginning or the End’.” He tapped his forehead, thinking, then sprang into action. “Ah! My twelve tailor-made white shirts.” He tore open their accustomed drawer—it lay empty beneath his startled gaze.

“Oh, yes,” he remembered sadly. “I sent them all to the laundry yesterday. Well, little matter. Voom—and I’m away!”

A few minutes later he rushed through the lobby on his way to a taxi. Idlers there noted a blond-haired, brown-eyed young man carrying a suitcase from which dangled a red necktie and a black sock. He was hatless, gloveless, and he wore a tan gabardine suit which was pleasantly cool in the California heat.

When the big transcontinental plane landed a few hours later at La Guardia Airport outside New York City, a blizzard was raging. Snow and hail took turns pounding the frozen ground. Twenty men clambered down the steps of the plane—twenty men bundled up in heavy greatcoats, mufflers, hats and fur-lined gloves. Then came Tom... in his gabardine (Continued on page 113)
He'll be yours — after you see "I'll Be Yours" and "The Beginning or the End"
They parked the car on the hill. Then came the sand parade to a picnic spot on the beach for Marshall Thompson, Dorothy Patrick, Chuck Bradstreet, Audrey Totter and Jim Davis.

All play and no work for five

who dashed off to the beach on

this free-for-fun fiesta

The sun was shining and the sea was calling, and they had an afternoon off. So—playmates Marshall Thompson, Audrey Totter, Chuck Bradstreet, Dorothy Patrick and Jim Davis decided to launch the season with a bang—and they did. The "old swimming hole" they picked was Malibu—that lovely expanse of white sand with its beautiful rocky inlets and coves. It is on this picturesque beach that many of the stars have built their summer homes.

The gay quintet packed the car with goodies—juicy weiners with all the trimmings, cold soft drinks to quench the thirst of the sea—and off they went.

Small matter that the day was cool and breezy. When spirits are high let the wind blow—add a dash of youth, sunshine, healthy appetites—and the grand and glorious total is A WONDERFUL TIME.
Fun, blaze and food! Jim, of "Gallant Bess," Dorothy, Chuck and Audrey, both of "The Beginning or the End," and Marshall after the swim: No dampened spirits for Dorothy (she was in "Boys' Ranch"), Jim, Marshall, Audrey, Chuck setting up beach camp. The five defy the wind and roll out the blankets to the tune of the surf.

"The Lady in the Lake," Audrey, is Jim's lens lady.
Breaker retreat! The breeze is blowing Jim, Audrey, Chuck, Dorothy and Marshall sandward.

Photographs by Fink, Smith and Galindo.

No soap, Audrey! Jim is dry and determined—no more dips.

The shade blows up, compliments of the wind!
Marshall's hot in "The Missouri Story"

Sand Spree

The touch off! Jim, Dorothy and Chuck warm up with a volley ball session

Nightfall and the welcome and friendly warmth of a fire—with watermelon disappearing, but fast!
I can begin to value it now—this place called Hollywood, this prominence called fame, this thing called love.

Seven years ago I couldn't. Seven years ago, I knew from nothing. But, brother, I sure thought I did.

It was 1940. That was a year before Joanne. It was two years before Skipper and Hollywood. It was four years before Pidge.

I look back at Mr. Haymes of 1940 and I wonder who on earth he thought he was impressing at that time. What a square!
I was spending every cent I could get my hands on then—and I was being lucky and catching many a mitt full of pennies. Nor did I stop there. I owed my right arm besides. The minute I saw anything new, I wanted it and I bought it. After a wonderful childhood traveling all over the world, I was singing for my supper—but I wanted the works from turtle soup to crepes Suzette, washed down with vintage wines. So I spent the cash and established credit and wouldn't let myself worry about how I would pay off—when those bills finally got rendered.
Hollywood family portrait—
Pidge, Joanne, Skipper and Dick

"If I sound like a crusader, okay, as long as I am a crusader for good things"

Unmentioned member of the Haymes ranch—Rufe the goat
It was really Skipper who changed everything—though, of course, there wouldn't have been any Skipper if first there hadn't been Joanne.

I was playing a double date on Broadway in 1940—singing with the band at the Lincoln Hotel, then rushing around the corner from there, over to the Paramount Theater, for a fast half hour.

One evening as I stood up on the bandstand at the Lincoln I saw a pal, Larry Shayne, sitting at a ringstand table with a beautiful doll. Today Larry is my partner in my music publishing business—but my mind was not on commerce as I looked across the room that evening.

The moment my number was finished, I went over and got myself introduced. After the name exchange, Larry volunteered some information. "Miss Dru is a dancer over at the Paramount Theater," he said. Maybe he said more than that. I don't know. For once I was knocked dumb. Looking at those Dru eyes, seeing that Dru smile, not one smooth line came to me.

For what reason I'll (Continued on page 121)
Loretta Young in a dream hat, guaranteed to make even Boris Karloff look pretty.

Hollywood summertime—
and a riot of flowers and straws
scouted for you in this
gossamer gossip

BY EDITH GWYNN

ALL the Hollywood girls are up to their necks (and higher!) in the pre-June weather. And that's why this time the accent is on hats. You can tell from the lovely lids in the photos that the gals are impartial about their headgear this year. All kinds—large and small, forward tilts and back-on-the-head types—are much in evidence. But gone are the huge flowers and cabbage roses that decorated just about every other lid a season or so ago. In fact, Walter Florel, whose chapeaus are grabbed up by the Hollywood belles as fast as he designs and makes them, says that hats generally will be daintier from now on. Lacy straws, much maline, dainty flowers and other trimmings.
Shades of Queen Victoria! But the good Queen never looked as fetching as Janet Blair in this green straw garden.

Try a halo of scarlet poppies and white larkspur a la Catherine McLeod if you want to set the boys and bees buzzing.

Two glamor-pusses who favor the bonnet-type of hat are Joan Crawford and Loretta Young. They're so becoming, framing the face as they do. The boys certainly were taken with the effect of Joan's pale pink straw and veiling hat the night Fink snapped this picture at Ciro's. They never took their eyes off her. Brim of Joan's hat rolled back and was twined and twined with soft, rather large meshed net veiling, a long wisp of which hung down in the back and was draped around her throat. It looked so lovely worn with her wine-colored satin cocktail suit. Those gorgeous diamond and ruby butterfly clips, which carried out even further the pink to deep red color combination, (Continued on page 107)
ENTRANCED by the brooding eyes and muted power of Ma Baxter in "The Yearling," you are liable to compare her to a figure of Greek tragedy you never saw or read. You may even bone up on Sophocles with the idea of swapping persiflage with that great tragedienne Sarah Jane Wyman in case you run into her in Schwab's soda-jerkery. In a word my boy, you are being hexed by the art of the Wyman woman. You are until honest Annie Sheridan pipes, "I love that gal, she's a million laughs."

The tragedienne herself sweeps in with the exclusive news that she is forever falling on her face because she can't see a thing. She also has the habit, she confides, of twining legs so ardently with chairs that, when called upon suddenly to arise, the floor smacks her face and the chair her behind. (It may be noted that Madame's nose is a bit upturned, either from nature or hard surfaces, but la belle derriere retains its perfect shape, vive la.)

So overpowering is Ma Baxter, you may have forgotten Madame Wyman has a past involving "The Doughgirls," "Smart Blonde," "Animal Kingdom" and like frivolities.

Trim as a racing yacht, Mme. Wyman sails into The Players bar restaurant at lunch hour cutting the dimness like a bugle at reveille. Veterans are instantly on their toes. An old skeptic, informed that the apparition is Jane Wyman, looks at his cocktail glass accusingly. "If that's Ma Baxter I'm the Yearling," he says. "Let her shoot."

The only clue to Ma's identity lies in the huge deep Wyman eyes. They are purloined arc lamps, brown filtered. They appear to look straight from the soul into yours and you wonder nervously what they are seeing.

"Can't see a thing," said (Continued on page 74)
Have you heard the one about the Mayor's daughter? She began by sweeping the Missouri town off its feet and wound up by putting it on the map.

BY HERB HOWE

Ronnie Reagan, star of "Stallion Road," Ted Malone and Jane, during a broadcast from their living room.

Ronnie is nearsighted, Jane is farsighted—but neither has overlooked the delights of a family.
With this Ring...

It happened like this—and these “better-halves” from the Hollywood wood scene let you in on the stories behind the most sentimental jewelry in the world.

Robert Mitchum
Star of “The Locket”

SAYS: Dover, Delaware, was the scene of the “wedding-ring chase” for Dotty and me. She was working in Philadelphia; I was working in Delaware; so we met at Dover to do our last-minute shopping. While Dotty went to buy a dress, Charlie Thompson, my best man, went with me to search for a ring. I finally found what I wanted—a thin, plain gold band. But I wasn’t sure of the size, so I borrowed the jeweler’s sample scale to measure Dotty’s finger. As Charlie and I left the jeweler’s, we realized we’d forgotten the name of the store Dotty was in. So we started walking—up and down the main stem. Dotty, in the midst of trying on a dress, spied us through the window. She knew we didn’t know where to find her so she jammed on the dress any which way and ran out of the store after us. Right on the street I measured her finger—and she rushed back to the store before they were convinced she was running off with their dress. It wasn’t much of a ring at that—I didn’t have too much money then—but it hasn’t turned green yet!
Evelyn Keyes  
*Starring in "Johnny O'Clock"

SAYS: One night when John and I were having dinner at Mike Romanoff’s in Beverly Hills, we suddenly decided right then and there to fly to Las Vegas and get married that evening. Knowing Mike and his wire-pulling abilities, we asked him to help us get a plane reservation. All arrangements were made—when John remembered he didn’t have a wedding ring. How can you have a wedding without a ring? Mike overheard us discussing this serious problem. And, like Mike, he promptly came up with a solution. “I can help you. Some time ago I found a wedding ring in my pool. It’s in my safe at home. No one has ever claimed it, so you might as well have it.” Quick as a flash he sent a man to his house for the ring. It was lovely—a stunning, plain gold band—and it fit perfectly. And so, with Mike’s aiding and abetting, I became Mrs. John Huston at three in the morning on July 22, 1946.

Alan Ladd  
*Star of "Calcutta"

SAYS: When Sue said she’d marry me, I made up my mind to design a ring—a ring especially for Sue. So I went off to a jeweler and described in detail exactly what I wanted. A simple gold band with tiny rubies all over it. The jeweler was a little amazed but very polite. “It’ll be beautiful,” he said, “but it won’t be practical. It’s bound to get chipped.” But I was stubborn—and I didn’t want to be practical, not with Sue’s wedding ring. So I stuck to my guns. Sue loves the ring. She wears it all the time—and it hasn’t chipped yet!

Jeanette MacDonald  
*Star of "The Birds and the Bees"  
Gene Raymond, star of "The Locket"

SAYS: Did you ever hear of a “slip-cover”—for a wedding ring? Well, that’s exactly what I have—and wear. Somehow, I always felt your wedding ring was one ring you never wanted to part with—for even a minute. So, I solved the problem this way. In pictures where I play a “single” role I wear rings designed especially to fit over it. And I have a gold “slip-cover” to wear over it when my jewelry is gold. There’s something else about my ring. I vowed, when Gene put it on my finger, that I’d never take it off. So I’ve never seen the message engraved inside. Gene has told it to me and you may be sure I know every precious word by heart—but I’ve never read it myself!
A world-famous authority picks twelve Hollywood glamour-plusses who know how to cook a wolf—without turning on the heat.

Lana Turner: Perfect model of a man's woman

Betty Grable: Her personality makes men forget she has legs.

TAKE any group of girls anywhere—Manhattan, Pleasant Valley or Hollywood—and always you will find certain girls entirely surrounded by men. They're not necessarily the prettiest girls—or the best dressed. Their attraction is glibly described as "sex appeal." Unless this expression means merely an appeal for the opposite sex, I object! For more often than not these girls aren't torrid numbers, not at all!

It has been my observation that most men like girls who are ladies. Not in any stuffy old-fashioned sense, but in the sense that the girls are fastidious, well-groomed, softly spoken and civilized-acting human beings. For men, essentially conventional, are embarrassed by the girl who dresses theatrically, dances in a vulgar way, is loud in her talk and laughter, or flagrant in public demonstrations of affection.

No one has ever put a finger on the ingredients of this indefinable lure for men that some girls possess. But that doesn't deter me. The twelve stars who, in my opinion, have this quality to the greatest degree shall be my (Continued on page 72)
BY ELSA MAXWELL

Ingrid: Men adore the stars, the moon and Bergman

Ann Sheridan: She meets a man on his own footing

Rita Hayworth: She's a pal—and dynamite!
IF YOU WERE

Bob Hope's HOUSE GUEST

Rare shot of the Hopes—Linda, Bob, and Tony
Bob thought it wasn't loaded—and good cooks are so hard to find.

There'd be Hope—and the four Hope-fuls—and life—warmth—and laughter.

BY DOROTHY DEERE

SO YOU think your weekend with the Hopes is going to be a howling affair with your comic host springing trap doors and slipping rubber olives into the Martinis? Then you have a surprise in store. For the howls will be tempered to smiles in this home run on graciousness, even though it was built on gags.

First of all, there's the informal sort of street in the Toluca Lake district which runs to both snug cottages and to large walled-in dwellings. Bob's home is one of the larger ones. But its stucco wall has a friendly look with its soft tangle of ivy. Inside the gate young Tony Hope, in levis, is pursuing a bounding puppy across the lawn.

"Don't fall on the puppy, Tony," calls Dolores Hope, "or, I mean, just don't fall!"

Bob's wife is the tall and lovely singer, Dolores Read, who once used to join him in personal appearance tours. She is wearing a two-piece gray flannel dress, with an exquisitely monogrammed white blouse-collar (Continued on page 117)
TRAVEL TRICKS

Heigh-ho—if a-traveling you go,
stop, look—and listen to the
gals in the know

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor

Beauty packs a wallop—in small packages,
so Diana seals perfume in small bottles

YOU'RE off and away! You want change, adventure,
fun—and you know what I predict? That you'll have
all three, if you're ready for them. Be ready by carefully
planning ahead of time.

But let's watch Diana Lynn—who's traveled in the past
five years as much as any ambassador. In fact, her studio
has used her for just that—a pretty ambassador of good
will. And she has learned a lot from her trips.

The first thing Diana does in preparation for one is to
sit down well in advance with a paper and pencil. Under
"Travel" she writes down what she will need to wear
on the plane, train or in the automobile. It's always a
comfortable suit with several changes of blouses—jersey
blouses, because they whisk out of a suitcase fresh and
unwrinkled. Plenty of hose for foot-ease. And low-heeled
shoes for straddling a rocking train, or for walking to that
garage after a blow-out. (Continued on page 104)

Save space for easy going—Diana Lynn,
star of "Easy Come, Easy Go," stuffs
undies into the crowns of her hats
New! Blush-cleanse your face— for that lovely engaged-girl look

You'll see results tonight—
with this new blush-cleansing
with Pond's Cold Cream.
You blush-cleanse—Rouse
face with warm water. Dip deep
into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl
it over your receptively moist,
warm skin in little creamy "en-
gagement ring" circles up over
your face and throat. Tissue off.
You blush-rinse—Swirl about
25 more creamy Pond's circlets
over your face. Tissue well.
Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—
your face will feel! Pond's demul-
cent action softens, loosens dirt
and makeup—helps free your
skin! Every night, this full blush-
cleansing. Every morning, a once-
over blush-cleansing with Pond's!

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

Miss Clara Malone Jones, daughter of
the internationally famous golfer and Mrs.
Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., is engaged to William
Harman Black, II. Their wedding unites two
of Atlanta's most prominent families.

Dark eyes, dark hair are in arresting con-
trast to the cool, milk-china whiteness of
her fine, smooth complexion. "I just love
the new blush-cleansing way to use Pond's
Cold Cream," she says. "I especially like the
way it leaves my naturally pale skin with a
faint glow, and feeling so soft."

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get
your Pond's Cold Cream today—a big, boun-
tiful 6-ounce jar!

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

H. H. PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIRESCO
MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III
MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT
THE COUNTESS OF NORMANTON
MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT
MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My husband and I have been married for four years and we have two lovely children, a boy of three and a girl of one. My husband comes home from work very late and when the children come into the room and chatter or cry as children will, he slaps them in the face.

A few weeks ago the boy came home from visiting the neighbors next door and my husband grabbed him by the neck and tore off his shirt. My parents died six years ago so I have no one to turn to in this whole world. Would you please tell me what to do because I am afraid for my children.

Mona L.

Your letter leads me to believe that your husband is mentally ill. Go to the Child Welfare Bureau and tell them your story at once, otherwise one of your children may be seriously injured.

Don’t delay a moment. Had you supplied your home address, I would have made air mail arrangements for someone to aid you.

Every state in the union has laws which protect the welfare of children, a fact which every mother should know.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two and deeply in love with a man twenty-six. Three weeks ago he asked me to marry him and I said “Yes.” You would think I would be wonderfully happy, wouldn’t you?

Well, here’s the catch: Before he went into the Army, he was engaged to another girl here in town and bought her a beautiful engagement ring. This girl fell in love with another man while Bob was gone, so she gave his ring to his mother for safekeeping and married the other man. They are now living in another state.

When Bob slipped this same ring on my finger, I must say that I was nonplussed. After he left I removed the ring and haven’t worn it since. We were out with friends the other night and he asked me why I wasn’t wearing the ring. I said it was a little too large, and he said he’d have it sized.

Actually, I wish he’d have the setting changed. I wouldn’t have any objection to using the same diamond in my ring, but I can’t feel that the ring in its present form is really mine. Perhaps I’m being sentimentally and not at all practical. Do you think I’m being absurd?

Doris M.

Believe me, I don’t think you are being absurd. I know that I should feel exactly as you do, and I’m certain that most girls would agree.

(Continued on page 125)
Office girls test new napkin—
82 out of 103 report no chafing
with new Free-Stride Modess!

East, West, North, South—the bright girls
who smooth the path of business have made a
smooth discovery for you!

It all started when stenographers, typists,
clerks—girls who had suffered chafing with their
regular napkin—were asked to test a new, im-
proved napkin, Free-Stride Modess.

The girls weren't told the brand or name.
They were simply asked to see if it gave them
freedom from chafe.

Here are the astonishing results: 82 out of 103
girls reported no chafing with new Free-Stride
Modess!

The secret of the chafe-free comfort which
so many smart young business women found in
Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning
of the napkin edges.

Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton—extra
softness on its edges—right where the cause of
chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain
moisture inside the napkin, keeping the edges
dry and smooth longer. (And dry, smooth edges
don't chafe!)

So safe, too! Free-Stride Modess has a triple
safety shield—a wonderful guard against acci-
dents. And a fine, sealed-in deodorant to help
keep you fresh as spring. No telltale outlines
with Free-Stride Modess—it's silhouette-proof!

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe nap-
kin now. Free-Stride Modess is on sale every-
where.

Product of Personal Products Corporation.

Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-Stride Modess!
(Continued from page 64) beautiful guinea pig.

Don’t expect me to list these girls in any order of precedence. I’m a daring woman to choose just twelve. Alphabetically my twelve slayers are:

Lauren Bacall, Ingrid Bergman, Claudette Colbert, Jeanne Crain, Joan Crawford, Joan Fontaine, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Ann Sheridan, Shirley Temple, Lana Turner, and Jane Wyman.

It was no fluke that Lauren Bacall came to Hollywood and, bring her career had even gotten well under way, married Humphrey Bogart. It was inevitable. If Lauren hadn’t married Humphrey there would have been something she, equally sensational, The girls in New York with whom Lauren went to high school love to tell how she kept them wide-eyed with her tales of dancing at the Stork Club, lunched at Twenty One and supping at El Morocco with prominent young blades. She’s always been attractive. Not because she’s a natural beauty. But because she’s studied herself and dressed not only her body, but her personality. And who can blame them to the greatest possible advantage. This, however, is only an initial snare.

Lauren goes on from there. I’ve watched her career. At first she was a waif. She regards the newcomer a little coolly as well as steadfastly. Then suddenly she turns her smile and warm interest upon her. He’s triumphant.

And her body. Previously a model for the fashion magazines, Lauren looks very self-sufficient in her scrubbed and sultry way. But she isn’t as self-sufficient as she looks. There’s a little-girl quality about her that goes with her long colt-like legs. A man, discovering this, feels strong and needed. Need I go on?

Ingrid Bergman, second on my list. I could, I believe, with a flick of her strong Swedish wrist cause any man to fall in love with her. Which reminds me of Ingrid recently when she attended a big New York cocktail party. She was late, stopping by en route to the theater where she was playing in “Joan of Lorraine.” Cocktails had been passed and repassed. Girls had theirs or the beau they had attended during the convivial gathering. She glanced at their feet.

“Ingred Bergman just came in!” The word spread in excited whispers. Ingrid, who is very shy, has Joe Steele, her personal representative, with her. She left her mink coat and the brown wool helmet she was wearing in defense of a late but lusty snowstorm at the check room. Her hair, worn in a bang with a Joan of Arc cut, was rumpled from her helmet. Her gray wool dress, utterly simple, was belted at her not-too-small waist. She made no attempt to attract, but in five minutes she was surrounded by the men. She previously had seemed spellbound by the words and smiles of other girls. And they remained clustered about Ingrid in a solid phalanx until she murmured apologetically that she must look at these things.

Her eyes shine so. So does her hair. If a man compliments her the color flows into her face. She likes to laugh, but she never has been known to giggle. And she has even less reason she’s so full of vitality. She is always something more a man wants to know about her. Only the other evening Sam Wanamaker, who plays with her in “This Is Lorraine,” and invited her to the Palladium and most happily married men I know, said, “Bergman! I adore her! But I also adore the sun and the moon . . .”

There could be no more perfect description of her charm.

Coming to Claudette Colbert, I come to the nicest flirt I know. Claudette doesn’t smile coquettishly. She doesn’t ask teasing questions. She doesn’t drop her eyes from her handkerchief. Anything so trite she would scorn. I doubt that she is aware of the lures she puts out for men’s attention. They lie in her vitality, her humor and her quick responsiveness.

Not long ago at a luncheon Claudette attended, a man said something about the political situation which was contrary to her more liberal views. “You don’t really mean that,” she was laughing. Whereupon a vital discussion ensued—with Claudette making enough sense to be taken seriously as well as admiring.

Her attraction is even greater now that she is older. I think this is because, happy and secure in her marriage to Doctor Joel Pressman, she is relaxed so far as other men are concerned. Men shy away from the girl who regards them as prey, however beautiful. And who can blame them to the greatest possible advantage. This, however, is only an initial snare.

Remember the old song “Did you ever see a dream walking?” That’s the way men feel about Jeanne Crain. I wish you could see it. But when she was among her best is, With her wonderfully pure and untouched look and her gentle ways, Jeanne is the American romantic ideal. She also looks, and is, religious. Men seek goodness in a woman and Jeanne’s is. Her religion makes her generous and tolerant. She loves to laugh, softly. And she loves to listen, interpolating just enough intelligent questions to keep a man talking.

Joan Crawford’s appeal is something else entirely. With her intelligent, sophisticated maturity, Joan personifies the “glamour” men forever seek in women. But glamour is a steady diet, even though it comes wrapped up in big black hats, trailing veils, low cut gowns, such as Joan wears, can become too much of a good thing. Joan knows this. The beau who danced with a glamorous Joan Saturday night arrives at her house Sunday to find her wearing a dirndl and her freckles showing.

Another Joan who “slays” the boys—as the song should say—is Jeanne Crain. She gets off to a good start with her misty gold hair, her beautiful features and her slender body. But I can assure you that, literally, is not the half of it. Too many women with a patrician beauty turn out to be great bores—because they insist on acting patrician. Not Joan. She knows no girl is any more intriguing than the life she creates around herself. So she whips her visibility on. She will invite a man into the kitchen while she cooks dinner. She has comfortable armchairs there with upholstered seats. I’m sure Bill Dozier, who has married Joan, had a difficult time deciding which was more tempting—the savoy smells of the dinner, or Joan, apron-garbed, pausing to occupy a facing armchair long enough to sip a glass of wine or light a cigarette.

No list of Hollywood charmers would be complete without Betty Grable. And not because of her wonderful legs. Her’s so much fun men forget she has them. She’s not the least sizeable. She’s so full of vitality. She eats heartily, like any man. She has a clean, fresh look. Her large male following undoubtedly has a hunch that she smokes a cigarette or some luxurious night spot she’d be just the same—lots of laughs. She would too.
Now for Rita Hayworth. Were I to list my Hollywood men-slayers other than alphabetically, Rita would have come first or, at least, second. There’s nothing even a little mysterious about Rita’s popularity. You have only to look at her. And men do, all the time! Some of them—the more cynical—say defensively, “Oh well, she’s probably so selfish and spoiled that she isn’t too dreamy after all—when you really get to know her!” But when they really get to know her—if they do—they find her dreamier than ever.

Rita has too much humor to live by her beauty. I’ll long remember the time she came to a party I gave looking especially divine. Her glorious hair, loosely waved, had been brushed until it shone. She was wearing a gown that would have been lovely on any girl but on her was breathtaking. “Oh,” I despaired, “why do you have to look like this—tonight! I was going to blacken your face with soot and fix you up as a chimney sweep for a new game! Now I couldn’t think of it!”

“A new game!” Rita exclaimed. “Fine, Elsa! Let’s go!”

Above all, Rita’s a pal. And when a girl who looks like that has the wit to be a pal too—she’s dynamite.

MEN, to think about their problems for a minute, spend their lives fighting a competitive world. They may fight sitting behind a big mahogany desk. Or they may fight in a lesser job. It doesn’t matter. They need to escape the doubts the best of them sometimes entertain about themselves. So they seek a girl who plans an evening with a little fillip, who soothes their ego because, attractive enough to have other men, she chooses them. Who by virtue of her own good spirits leads them to relax and have fun.

Ann Sheridan belongs in the latter category. Some think Ann Sheridan is beautiful. Others do not. But she has a gamin quality that lets a man know she is ready to meet him on his own footing. It’s obvious Annie would eat a hot dog with relish, sing sad songs in the moonlight with hearty peals of laughter for the corny lines, and have a pretty direct approach to anything with a man might talk about. She looks too, as if she would be regular enough to listen to him instead of talking about herself all the time. And men flock around her. Even though no one doubts her heart belongs to Daddy Steve Hanan.

Some girls are born with charm for men. As infants in their bassinets—haven’t you seen them?—they would make a man walks into their vision or they hear a deep male voice. Their attraction to men, and, by the same token, for men, is innate. As they grow older, aware they have this quality, they glory in it. Which does their charm no harm at all.

Which brings me to Shirley Temple. Even as a four-year-old Shirley was devastating. I’ve seen visiting firemen unwilling to leave Shirley’s set even when their next stop was to be a studio stage where a chorus of pretties was practising a dance routine.

Shirley’s never been coy. Always this has been her charm. With the looks to support coyness she’s grown up simple and direct and surprisingly intelligent in conduct and speech.

It’s this attitude—if such a stiff word can be used to describe anyone as young and fetching—that serves Shirley so well today when she goes night-clubbing with John Agar, her husband. Her strapless evening gowns are rather daring but she bestows such a delightful young dignity upon them that no one is shocked or offended.

It is, of course, solely the arrangement of the alphabet which places Lana Turner’s

`Mess’ call, 1947

Take a robust boy, aged eight or thereabouts, add one inquisitive pooch, stir in a soft Spring day—and what have you got? A job for Fels-Naptha, of course!

It’s a fact—and most mothers know it—there’s nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap for washing grimy garments. Clothes that look hopelessly soiled come out of Fels-Naptha suds clean and fresh.

And you needn’t rub them ragged to do it.

It’s the combination of active Fels naptha and good mild soap that dislodges dirt—deep down in the fabric—and gently washes it away. Whether you’re doing heavy work clothes or perishable dresses, you can wash them cleaner and quicker with Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
The kind of hair all men adore

What man can help adoring hair that gleams with natural high-lights and shadows—sparkles with silky softness—delights with clean fragrance. Your hair-style may be moulded precision, or wind-blown abandon, it's the hair-appeal itself that matters. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair...quickly (no special rinse)...easily...inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty cream that whips up like magic in hard or soft water into mild, gentle lather that sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new formula that leaves the hair so manageable. Say the name, Lustre-Creme Shampoo, at your department or drug store cosmetic counter.

The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness

Lustre-Creme

Four ounces, $1.00, Family 1 lb., $3.50.

KAY DAUMIT INC. (SUCCESSOR) 540 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

name next to last on my list. For it would be difficult to find a more perfect example of a man’s woman. Lana makes any man she is with feel he is the only person in the room—or even the world. She listens to him, laughs with him and, dancing, twines her arms about him and gazes into his eyes.

However, Lana also behaves modestly. This in itself is intriguing. For anyone put together like Lana, with her penchant for daring gowns and extreme coiffures, is not expected to behave quietly and modestly.

There finally is Jane Wyman. Jane’s no beauty in any orthodox sense. In spite of this she’s accepted as one of the most attractive girls in the film colony. She’s made it her business to know Jane Wyman—and to dress Jane Wyman to the greatest possible advantage.

The first thing men see in Jane—I’ve asked dozens and the answer invariably is the same—is her zest and verve. With every move she makes, the way she walks and sits, listens and talks she conveys the idea that she is completely alive.

So it goes in Hollywood.

Consider the women in your home town. See if it isn’t the same de’reables in them which add up to that indefinable something.

The End

St. Joe’s Jane

(Continued from page 60) Miss Wyman, jolting the old skeptic at whom she gazed. He ordered a zombie. It seemed appropriate.

“I have lived in the same house six years and still can’t find the steps at night,” she said, laying dark glasses on the table. “I am far-sighted.”

Her greatest feat, worthy of the Nobel prize, is destruction of the suicidal tendency engendered by Dorothy Parker’s lament: “Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses.” Miss Wyman was passed at and married by the dashing Ronald Reagan.

“Ronnie can’t see either,” says Madame Reagan, who has no vanity.

Ronnie is near-sighted. It killed him because he couldn’t get overseas with the cavalry, his wife says. He also suffered grave distress at the beach while tanning white circles away from his eyes. Chums would cry, “Pipe the shape hitting the waves.” Before Ronnie could locate his specs crying, “Where, where?” the shape would vanish.

“He has got around that,” says Mrs. Reagan. “He has found that by pulling up the corners of his eyes he can see well enough for the occasion. Squinting helps near-sighted people for a moment.”

Fear of falling is the only thing that makes Miss Wyman nervous in facing an audience. Before a show she makes a topographical survey of the stage. Once in Chicago a carpet was laid after her stage inspection. As she started to come on, elegantly lifting her jersey gown that had been stretched too far by the cleaners, she tripped on the carpet’s edge and entered horizontally, face down, floor up. There are times, Miss Wyman says, when rage stumps up in her and she blows her top. This was such an occasion. She just lay indignant on her reticula nose muttering into the carpet. The audience was startled. They had come in a mood for seeing glamour. Little could be seen of Miss Wyman above the footlights but evidently that portion pleased for the house shook with handclaps and whistles.

“I knew I couldn’t top that,” says Miss Wyman, an experienced trouper. “So I reared up, took a bow and exited waving.”
While doing blackouts she ingeniously tied strings of white rags to a couple of astonished electricians and propelled herself off, hand over hand.

During the war three-fourths of her time was spent in camps and hospitals. She and Ann Sheridan teamed for a while to lift the boys' morale. Entertaining as many as 15,000 troops at one sitting, Jane was rated tops as a performer because she has range. She sings, dances, acts, gags and does her falls.

She has been versatile from the day she was born in St. Joe to Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Polka. Her father got elected mayor of the town, though not on her talents, she says modestly. Of talents she had so many as to perplex her parents. Her mother decided on opera training and handed her over to a couple of Egyptians. One played a cello, the other a drum. Jane emerged a dancer. Not a Streets of Cairo couch but flip enough with hip and heel.

BOUNCING like the Yearling, Jane was off to Hollywood pastures when she was eight. Producers were asleep and her mother packed her home after three months. Dauntless Jane returned at fifteen, enrolled in Los Angeles High and prowled around the studios. Producers were still in conference. Back to Missouri, she entered the university. From there she swung into radio, becoming a chanteuse.

In 1936 movie producers woke up. She came into pictures with Carole Lombard and William Powell in "My Man Godfrey."

The Reagans, including Maureen, age six, and Michael, two, live on top of the world and the boundary between Hollywood and Beverly. From the front door of the stone and frame American farmhouse you can take a running dive into the pool. Somewhat beyond lies the Pacific Ocean and Catalina Island. Pa Reagan dives in the pool but farsighted Ma refrains out of fear of hitting Catalina. On the other side of the ridge they have a small ranch with five thoroughbred jumpers.

Jane is to the mike born. She doesn't know what it is to feel nervous. Benny paces the floor, Mary Livingstone fainst, Bob Hope chews his nails, Dick Haymes sweats his shirt, but Jane, with her script stuck a couple of feet in front of her, flips her lines like Egyptian hips. The effort of concentration does not prevent her from acting as she reads. In the Edgar Bergen show she pinched Charlie McCarthy's cheek and was startled to feel wood. Apparently no one had told her.

Jane returned to her home town for a guest part in Jack Benny's radio show. Jack was on the spot because of his familiar boast, "They loved me in St. Joe." This he had to prove to the world.

During the performance Miss Wyman sat calmly awaiting her cue, her legs wreathing the chair's with the grip of honeysuckle vine. When Jane's cue flashed, Mr. Benny, always on the verge of nervous breakdown, looked at the nylon-knotted chair legs. The toothy smile of a death's head spread over his countenance. He prayed to Houdini. If Mr. Benny did not believe in prayer before he does now. The Wyman tended upon him with the speed of serpents. In a bound St. Joe's Jane was at the mike popping corn.

St. Joe loves her; so do Joes who ain't saints.  

The End

The Stars Model  
Photoplay Fashions on Page 91

Are you really sure of your present deodorant?  
Test it against Fresh

See for yourself why more and more women are switching to Fresh—the new cream deodorant they find the most effective and so gentle

Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on Fresh. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy Fresh stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

And gentle . . . Fresh contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.

No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to Fresh.  

On the Amber Spot

(Continued from page 41) at a cost of $1,000,000 we realized that Peggy could act the role, but could never look at it. She was too young. We had spent two years in research for the perfection of the production, but we also wanted perfection in casting. So we decided to start all over again.

And for the role of Amber we chose a star who had not only great beauty and talent, but a sense of sophistication which would convince the public and critics that this was the Amber the author had written about. And as we watched the "rushes" after each day's shooting we realized that in Linda Darnell we had the Amber who rose from village innocence to become the mistress of the king's palace.

I think you will like Miss Darnell as Amber and at the same time that you will be surprised. Her "amber" blonde hair has added to her glamour and she never has been more breathtaking. Aside, however, from her sheer physical beauty, you will find a gifted actress, a girl who has brought Amber St. Claire out of the shadows of words into the sharpest bas-relief.

THE choice of Bruce Carlton, the man whom she loved all of her life and whom she lost because of her profligate ways, was equally difficult. Bruce Carlton had fought for King Charles II during the civil war. He was an adventurer and a great lover but at the same time he was "born to the manor" with an aristocrat's ideas. His character was complex.

We chose Cornel Wilde, who has brought to Bruce Carlton the dash and verve that he had in Miss Winsor's book and who has given him dignity and intelligence.

Just as we knew that "Forever Amber" will establish Linda Darnell as one of the great stars of this town, it will be difficult to find for her another role comparable to that of Amber. We realize that and we are already searching for such a vehicle.

It goes without saying, of course, that "Forever Amber" will add greatly to Cornel Wilde's stature as a star. There we have solved our casting problem by buying "The Black Rose," Thomas Costain's story of high adventure in Old Cathay.

I want to tell you something about the men who made "Forever Amber." Although you never see them, their thoughts moulded every scene.

From the time that we bought Miss Winsor's book more than two years ago, producer William Perlberg has supervised this great undertaking. When Otto Preminger took over the direction of the picture, he tackled one of the most difficult assignments handed any director since "Gone with the Wind." With imaginative daring and impressive execution, Mr. Perlberg and Mr. Preminger conceived the method of handling the story, laid the all-important groundwork of exhaustive preparation and "built" Kathleen Winsor's words into a London that lives and breathes as it did almost three hundred years ago. I predict that Preminger's direction will receive top acclaim from both critics and public.

Leon Shamroy, who won the Motion Picture Academy award for "Wilson," "Leave Her to Heaven" and "The Black Swan," has transferred the scenes to celluloid with great artistry.

The making of "Forever Amber" was a tremendous undertaking. More than two years of preparation went into the picture, which required 112 days actually to film. Around a thousand craftsmen on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot contributed their talents. The production utilized some four thousand extras and around a hundred players.

It was one of the most colorful ages in all history. Lyle Wheeler, who won the Academy Award for the art direction of "Gone with the Wind," designed seventy-three sets. These included the sprawling, dirty London of 1660, Newgate Prison, the Theater Royal, Whitehall Palace and Marygreen village. Most of these sets are replicas. We have been able to picture King Charles II's day with remarkable authenticity because it was one of the best documented periods in history. Samuel Pepys described everything in detail in his diaries, Sir Peter Lely painted court life, and William Hogarth pictured the common people and their towns.

You will see all of the spectacular scenes that Miss Winsor wrote about—the Black Plague of 1665, the great London fire of 1666 which destroyed most of the city, the lavish balls at Whitehall Palace, the plays at the Theater Royal and the duel between Bruce Carlton and Captain Rex Morgan.

We consider the spectacle, however, as background. This is not an epic in the sense that that word usually is employed. We have attempted rather to create an intimate, personal story as emotionally moving as was the novel—a story of characterization told with dramatic impact.

The End

Different from all other radio shows!

"MY TRUE STORY"

A complete real-life story every morning, Monday through Friday! Dramas from the files of TRUE STORY magazine. Actual stories that can help with your own love problems!

10:00 EDT • 9:00 CDT • 11:30 MDT • 10:30 PDT

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
Romance... in the eight radiant NEW shades of EVENING IN PARIS "2-0-8" FACE POWDER!

Allure... in the intensified fragrance of EVENING IN PARIS perfume!

Beauty... in the vitalized texture of "2-0-8" FACE POWDER... it covers and it clings and it covers and it clings!

Choose your own shade through this clear-base box ...exclusive with Bourjois.

"2-0-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois. A modern miracle of jet-propulsion infuses the powder with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute... creating a face powder of richer color, finer texture, greater covering power, to make YOU lovelier than you ever dreamed.

$1 plus tax

NEW Evening in PARIS Face Powder by BOURJOIS

... makes you lovelier

... and LOVELIER

... and LOVELIER!
Which Twin has the Toni?

(Continued from page 46) beheld in Crawford an "out" for one Jerry Wald who was becoming too well known as a producer of "men's pictures."

It's the beginning of Hollywood death when you get pigeon-holed.

I'd had a wonderful production year. Behind me I had "Objective Burma," "Destination Tokyo" and "Pride of the Marines." They had all clicked big. "Objective Burma" had no women in it at all. "Destination Tokyo" gave them a couple of long shots. "Pride of the Marines" was certainly a man's story, though it did have love scenes.

So what was the word around Warners? "Give Wald the action pictures. Give him the men stars." I was too much a mark for men when Crawford, a woman marked "glamour," walked into my office—and my life.

On the shelf at Warners we had a book named "Mildred Pierce." Several writers had tried to get a script out of it that would get by the Johnston office. Nobody had succeeded on this score.

The next morning, with Miss C. buzzing in my bonnet, I bumbled with the veteran and excellent scenarist, Ronald MacDougall, about evolving a censor-proof script out of "Mildred Pierce" that would still retain the force and honesty of the original. Only Randy knew I was angling it for Joan.

He turned out a terrific script. But! The moment I started telling people that (a) I wanted to do a woman's picture and (b) wanted to star Joan Crawford, everybody told me I was a fool of the most exaggerated type.

It is true that the front office was sore. Joan had turned down two-scripts which had been submitted to her. A perfectly natural error was being made, all along the line. Warners are famous for their stories that present life realistically. They do this, in my opinion, with more accuracy and honesty than any other studio. But writers, every time they were contacted for a Crawford vehicle, began thinking in terms of stories that she had done in the past. Joan, very shrewdly, was thinking ahead of them. She knew what the constant repetition of the same tired, tripe plot had already done to her career. She was having no more of it—even if it meant that she had no more pictures at all.

For the time being the kindest things said about her were that she was high hat and temperamental.

But the real switch on the situation came when I sent the James Cain original novel and MacDougall's script to Joan. For then all her friends advised her (a) not to work with me because I was a man's producer; (b) not to do a drab character role that wasn't considered dramatic enough.

Fortunately Joan can both read and think. She called me up at home that night, whooping with joy, I didn't know about Joan and the telephone then. She considers an hour on the phone par.

But she didn't know about me and the telephone then, either. I consider an hour and a half par.

So we talked and talked—angles, cast, production costs, clothes, everything, and got steadily more enthusiastic. A day later I went to sell Jack Warner on the idea of Crawford as "Mildred Pierce." "It's all right by me, if it's all right by Mike Curtiz," Jack finally said.

It was definitely not all right by Mike Curtiz. Photoplay wouldn't print exactly what Mike, the director of the immortal "Casablanca" and a thousand other highly distinguished films, said when I talked the idea to him. I'll whitewash and report that he tossed around the words "tempera-

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mental,” “high hat” and “through” with great heat.
I can take a lot of heat, however, and I had something Mike did want. He wanted that script. He was terribly hooked by the general story. So, finally, he agreed he would do the picture if—and he yelled that “if” so that it must have been heard from California to Chicago—the star would firmly realize that he was boss.
I wasn’t clear yet. I wanted Ernest Haller as my cameraman. Ernie gazed through his lens at Joan and reared back saying he couldn’t photograph her—in fact, that he wouldn’t photograph her.
I finally got my cast, director and cameraman together. “Let’s stop this non-sense and start shooting,” I ordered.
For the next week I kept order. The days were rugged. Joan, facing the camera for the first time in two years, at a new studio, with a new crew, a new director, a new producer, a new bunch of players and a new cameraman, was tense and nervous. Curtis, feeling his reputation was at stake, had his back up a mile. He nearly wrecked Crawford by insisting she eliminate her exaggerated mouth make-up, her elaborate hair-do and then killed her by insisting she drop her broad shoulder pads and her even broader “a” for accent. When she got her Mildred Pierce house dresses and discovered they were genuine Sears-Roebuck $3.97 specials and not Adrian creations, she was really beat. Ernie began lighting her the reverse of the way she had ever been lighted before.

CONFIDENTIALLY, for the first few days the rushes looked like hell from every angle. But the dawn came before the end of the week. Mike cut himself down to swearing only in Hungarian. Ernie began smiling. Crawford stopped trying to wrap those aprons around her and let them drag. I began sleeping nights.
All that had happened was that we had all discovered we didn’t have a glamorous girl or even a temperamental actress in our star spot. We had a hard-working technician, who was on time every morning, who never complained how late we worked at night, who knew her lines and who was not only willing but positively humble about doing what she was told.
One result, as you very well know, was the Academy Award for Joan. But there were other by-products: A lasting friendship between Crawford and Curtiz, a practical hero-worship between Crawford and Haller, and yours truly suddenly being discovered as a woman’s producer! Incidentally, at a party celebrating the finish of “Mildred Pierce” Joan gave Mike a set of very wonderful shoulder pads.
So I felt fine and confident as we headed toward “Humoresque”—and how wrong I was! For John Garfield didn’t care about working with Joan “because she was temperamental.” Jean Negulesco, as director, echoed these statements.
By the time we got to “Possessed,” I was prepared for this reaction to Joan from people who don’t know her.
They all start with mental reservations—and all end up Crawford converts—just as I have.
Personally, I don’t believe anything can ever cool the enthusiasm I have steadily developed for Joan. From a producer’s angle she is a great asset to a picture, not alone for her box-office drawing power, but because her attitude toward her work is so businesslike that she makes the other stars fall into line.
In “Humoresque” she had great difficulty saying one line in the cafe scene where she tosses a cocktail in Garfield’s face. She was supposed to say, “What did you talk about—the life and times of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky?” She could remember the first and last name of the Russian

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The Gallup Audience Research Inc. Poll for the annual Photoplay Gold Medal Awards is the movie industry's only national public opinion poll.
Lana and Ty

(Continued from page 33) Last, but not least, there was an undercurrent of disapproval from two studios in the early stages of this romance.

Those are important hurdles for any Hollywood love story to clear.

But on the other side of the ledger, the facts are equally clear:

**Ty and Lana are in love.**

Second, the two women in Ty's life want, above all else, his happiness. I know I have shared Annabella's confidence. And I have just talked with Lana.

I didn't make any bones over what I wanted to talk to Lana about when I asked her to the house for cocktails. It's never been hard for me to contact her. She knows I'm on her team right or wrong—and wrong she's been many times.

In her love life, Lana has often been her own worst enemy. She's too impetuous. She's been in love too often—a little fault that has earned her headlines and heartaches. I can see through her like a celophane florist's box holding an orchid. Everytime she has talked with me about one of the loves of her life, she has been a "different" Lana. So I mentally reserved judgment when this blonde beauty, whom I sincerely like so much, came into the very room where we have talked so often in the past, looking like a new Lana.

Under her again—blonde thatch of hair, her face was as sun tanned as a native girl's. Her black and white suit was strictly for sports. She was glowing with health and mischief as she rolled up her sleeve and flexed the muscle of her upper arm.

"Feel the muscle, Louella," she kidded. "Just an outdoor girl at heart!" This from the luxurious Lana who has never done a two-minute set-up exercise in her life, much less lived in the great outdoors!

"Is this what falling in love with Ty has done to you?" I asked, on account of I can go along with a joke.

"It's what a five weeks' vacation in Mexico did for me," she cagily corrected. "Believe it or not, I swam, aquaplaned, played tennis and followed the sun right around the clock. I had the best time of my life—and the happiest."

"I suppose Ty's being there had nothing to do with it," I suggested.

She didn't answer for a minute as she tossed her bag on a table and sat down in a red chair. I wonder if she realized what a picture she made in her black and white suit against that red chair.

"It's wonderful," she said simply. Then added slowly, as though she were measuring out the very essence of truth about them. "But neither Ty nor I are ready for marriage right away—if that is what you want to hear from me." I didn't interrupt and she went on:

"Neither one of us is in a position to say anything. Ty isn't free. We know that we can't think about marriage. So we have never discussed it. From Ty's angle— you must remember that he lost a lot of time when he was overseas. Right now he is so eager to have his career amount to something fine.

"As for me—I know what you must be thinking. You must be saying to yourself, she's been married twice before—and in love several times! We've sat right in this room and talked about romance and love several times in the past, haven't we, Louella? But I have always been honest.

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with you. I am sure you will admit that. (I do!) I want you to believe that I feel that the two marriages in my past and other moments when I felt I was in love were just preparation for the right thing—the real thing.

I asked, "Is Ty the right thing—the real thing?"

A little cloud of impatience crossed her lovely face. She fanned her hands in an expressive little gesture. "What more can I say at this time? Only time itself will tell."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime—everything is very gay and very happy and very wonderful." I asked, "Lana, when and where did you first meet Ty?"

"Strangely enough, at a party Annabella gave," she answered without hesitation. "At the time I was married to Steve Crane. Annabella invited us to a party—a benefit for the Free French. Steve and I had a nice time and, naturally, I met your host, Tyrone. Then I didn't see him again for nearly four years.

"So many things happened in those short—or were they long—years. I had a baby. Steve and I separated and were divorced. Tyrone joined the Air Force and went overseas."

AND when he returned I happen to know that his marriage to Annabella was over and finished although the official story of the break didn't occur until he returned from his tour of South America and he and Annabella broke the "surprise" from the East.

"Before Ty left for South America," she continued, "he and I met again at a party given by Junior Little. We were dinner partners and found ourselves in a long conversation about South America. I had been there and he was just preparing to go. We had much to say about the place I loved so much and about which he was so excited. He phoned me in the morning to say how he had enjoyed our talk and—about seeing me again," she said softly. "I felt the same way—about seeing him.

"Most of our romancing, if you can call it a romance at that time—friendship is a better word—was done by letters. All the time Ty was on his air tour with Cesar Romero we corresponded constantly. He writes the most interesting letters, so vivid they're just like talking to him.

"In view of all this, it must have been a bombshell to all concerned when, following the Powers' admitting their separation, a story broke out of New York that Ty and Gene Tierney had fallen in love during the filming of "The Razor's Edge" and planned to be married!

"It didn't take long after Ty's return to Hollywood to learn where his real interest was. Not once since his parting from Annabella has he been seen with anyone but Lana.

"Oh, she's just one of those things with them," the wiseacres said. "It won't last."

No one fully realized how far this romance had gone until Lana practically bolted off the set of "Green Dolphin Street," caught a plane and spent New Year's with Ty in Mexico where he had gone to film "Captain from Castile."

Lana said, "I was very hurt, Louella, when you printed that my absence on this trip had cost M-G-M $200,000 in delayed shooting. The truth is that I missed just twenty-four hours. The company hardly would have given me a welcome back party on the set if I had added that much overhead to the budget."
I could see her point and said I was sorry. "But you did promise that you wouldn't return to Mexico until you finished your picture, didn't you?"

"Yes," she answered, "and I kept that promise. I've never been so interested in my screen work in my life as I am now. I believe 'Green Dolphin Street' is the best thing I have done and I'm restless that the studio hasn't another picture for me to go into immediately."

I accused her of catching that enthusiasm for work from Ty—and she didn't deny it. "We talk pictures and performances and stories like a couple of worried old producers," she laughed. "Even though we found some spare hours for swimming and tennis and aquaplaning the second time I went down to Mexico, Ty never had his mind off his role in 'Captain from Castile.'"

I chuckled, "I can't get over you as a girl athlete, Lana."

"And neither can I," smiled my girl friend. "You know I'm not athletic—but if I do say so, I was game! Sometimes with dire results! The most awful thing happened on one occasion: I was just learning to stand up on an aquaplane and I was cutting the water behind a speed boat like an expert when suddenly my 'bra' strap broke! What else was there for me to do but to let out one shriek, grasp for my swim suit top and fall right off into the water? Was I the discouraged gal athlete?"

By telling me of these pranks and jokes, I could see that she was anxious to turn the subject away from anything more about Tyrone and herself. I'm no ogre, and I realized that all Lana could say to me at this time she had said.

As for Ty, there is nothing he can say under the circumstances. In spite of the marital estrangement, he is technically a married man until Annabella files her divorce suit. But this I feel I know about him: He is a one-woman man—and the woman in his life right now is Lana.

What Annabella will do—and how soon or how late—is the immediate problem. There is no bitterness in her, for she herself told me that her marriage to Tyrone had never been the same since his return from the service. So I sincerely believe that this woman, who commands my greatest respect and admiration, will do nothing to stand in the way of his happiness, for he will always occupy a special and sweet place in her heart.

But if she wants to wait and make sure that Ty is on the real road to happiness, who can say that isn't a very human thing? After all, isn't all Hollywood guessing about the love story of Tyrone Power and Lana Turner?

THE END

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Ten Rules for a Happy Honeymoon

(Continued from page 34) car keys with anyone but yourself. For this is what happened to John and me. We decided our wedding reception was lasting too long and made a run for it out the door. A race against the rice, with us way out in front until we reached the car and came up against a barrier. It hadn't been our idea in the first place to have a squad of policemen guarding the house and the car, and now we were even sure it was a mistake. One of the dutiful cops had locked up the car but with the keys inside!

The rice had caught up to us and was coming in great pelting handfuls as John and the cops worked at breaking the lock. It broke all right. So did the hinges. The first ride of Mr. and Mrs. Agar found me unable to sit close to my husband. I was on the far side of the seat straining every muscle to keep the car door from falling off its broken hinges.

Rule number three: If you want your hotel reservations to run smoothly, don't play jokes on the hotel clerk. That's what John and I did. We thought we'd be smart and not attract attention if we made our reservations in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Glutz. So what happened? When we arrived at the hotel around midnight, the clerk had given our reservations to another pair of newlyweds. There was nothing to do but cool our heels in the lobby until matters were straightened out.

We'd scheduled an early get-away the next morning, but there was the car door to be fixed. For two hours, while the repairman worked at proving nothing could be done with the hinges, we hid inside the car, with my bridal orchids wilting on my traveling suit in the sweltering heat. Finally we rode off, the door roped with a huge hunk of hemp and no way to drown out the rattling except by laughing ourselves weak.

Which brings us to rule number four: For smooth traveling, take along your sense of humor. That one really belongs at the head of the list.

I think number five might very well be: Tell the truth. I almost got us into trouble by a slight variation of the facts which I thought at the time was very funny.

We had selected a hotel in Santa Barbara because of its elderly clientele whom we hoped wouldn't pay much attention to us. But, hardly had we unpacked our suit cases and John gone into the bathroom to shave when a maid came sidling in.

"They told me Shirley Temple was here with her sister," she said. "I never read any place that you had a sister."

Then her eyes began to go around the room to the male bathrobe on the bed, the big shoes on the floor and finally to the bathroom door behind which a loud whistling was going on.

"You're right, I haven't any sister," I told her. "I'm just here with a gentleman friend."

That particular maid never came back to our room. Maybe she's even sworn off movies since then. John was rather disapproving when I told him what I had said. I didn't get the laugh I'd expected. In fact, remembering that look on his face for several days afterward, I would say he was downright stuffy. I forgave him a little when I noticed he was enjoying those shocked glances that met us later in the lobby as much as I was. By the next

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day, of course, someone had thought to look at the register and Hollywood's reputation was saved.

At this point I stumbled on rule number six: Be careful not to attract any male attention except your groom's. That should be obvious, but sometimes you don't realize what you're letting yourself in for. I remember, John and I were having dinner at an oceanside restaurant, a fascinating place where the roof obligingly slid back to let in the salt breezes and there was dreamy music for dancing. That is, for other couples to dance, it proved, because the minute we sat down a youngster came over and asked for my autograph. It was the first time in my life I'd ever felt smart-alecky about signing those things.

As a steady stream of people came to the table I developed what I fondly imagined was a sophisticated flourish.

Watching us—adoringly, I was sure—was a funny little man sitting at the next table. Finally, as still another diner brought me a piece of paper to sign, his curiosity exploded. "What is this?" he burst out to John. "This woman, your girl friend, is she the cashier?"

Explosion number two was my husband's as he choked on his coffee. Misplaced mirth I considered it, remembering the laugh I didn't get that morning. The man was a foreign diplomat we learned later at the hotel and knew nothing of the American autograph system. He was also somewhat of a wolf I discovered when he joined me for a walk in the garden next morning. A walk which ended quickly when John looked out the hotel window. That was when I learned rule number six.

Rule number seven, courtesy of my husband: Don't carry things around within yourself. Talk them out together. No ceremony ever joined two people's opinions. They are still two separate minds, laughing, talking and viewing things. The trick is to find a way of blending them and you can't do that if you don't know what's on the other person's mind. Fortunately, my husband and I weren't the complete

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strangers to each other some couples find themselves to be. We'd gone together on and off for more than two years, the Army controlling the intermissions. I was still smug about how tall and good looking he was, how well poised and sincere. I'd found out some funny little things about him too, like the way he grunts when he's playing cards, as if laying down that ace were really getting at his back muscles.

I was a little unprepared, however, for the intenfness that is John's, the way he can make his mind a blank to anything but the thoughts that occupy him at the moment. This I bumped into one evening in a restaurant when I was following my favorite pastime of gaily reporting the progress the gal at the next table was making with the gentleman paying her check. It's dismaying for a bride to discover her happy chatter is not the most delightful music in the world to her groom. But John obviously hadn't heard me. Actually he wasn't even listening.

I kept this unhappy drastic discovery with me for the rest of the evening and part of the next day. Dramatizing his snub, I treated him to poignant periods of silence which I grieved he wasn't hearing either. After a particularly loud absence of my silvery conversation, I looked up to him giving me what I call his serious grin. "Okay, Shirl, out with it. If it's on your mind, let's share it." He was smart enough to realize that the enjoyment of being two is talking things over.

It seems to me that the earlier you get going on rule eight the better. Don't start out with a fixed set of likes and dislikes. Try things first, then decide. For instance, John spent countless meals trying to convince me that I liked salad dressing. He also spent days coaxing me to try miniature golf. Well, finally I gave in and tried salad with dressing which I'd never given a fair taste before, and found out I really did not like it. I passed up the golf until just recently when it seemed I'd better get at it or become a golf widow. Currently, my driving ambition is to become as professional a golfer as he is, and my lurking regret is that I passed up the fun of playing with him before.

My ninth rule for honeymooners is an important one, although I didn't realize it until we were home again and I saw the relief in my mother's eyes. Don't let your own happiness make you selfish or thoughtless. You see, John and I had left for an unannounced destination. Shortly after that there'd been a very bad automobile accident just outside of Los Angeles involving the same model of car as ours, the couple dead and unidentifiable. Both police and newsmen were convinced it was John and I. Our families went through a lot of horror until they proved it wasn't.

Of course, I'd written Mother later and told her where we were. She was big enough not to let any of that first unpleasantness spoil things for us in her reply. But how much better it would have been if I'd had the thoughtfulness to let her know where we were as soon as we arrived.

Last, there's that most workable of all rules, the one John and I have found we couldn't get along without. It's come in handy on such occasions as when John decided my Pekinese, Ching II, was no dog for a man and proved it by bringing home his collie, Lancelet of Brentwood. Or when I decided I didn't want to conform to a set program of visiting either his folks or mine. It's that grand little axiom that keeps small details reduced to their proper place of unimportance:

"Never make any rule that, when it endangers continued love and understanding, can't be broken!"
"Will and Me"

(Continued from page 43) bundle of femininity—two-and-a-half-year-old Bronwyn Bridget Price. And this description will have to be sufficient, because there has never yet been, and there never will be, a likeness published of the little girl. "In this way," says her doting mother, "she can have privacy and grow up naturally."

Bronwyn led me solemnly into the library where her mama was sitting with tea and cookies.

Then Bronwyn resumed her chief occupation—telephoning on her toy instrument. She kept it up all during our two-hour visit. The telephone make-believe was especially amusing because I've never yet seen Maureen but that she wasn't hanging on to the telephone talking for seemingly hours on end.

"It's a terrible problem," said Maureen, indicating her chubby daughter who had just laughed uproariously at something said by the non-existent person at the other end of her phone, "not to let her know how cute she is." But there's nothing of the spoiled brat about Bronwyn, although she is completely un-selfconscious and an actress to her small fingertips.

"We used to make Bronwyn sit at the table until she'd finished every scrap of food. Sometimes she'd be there for an hour and a half. She learned to accept our rules for her, and not her own."

The result is good. You've never seen a healthier child in your life. "She's never had a cold and she's only been sick once," said her mother. "That was a year ago when we moved into our house. Bronwyn had the chickenpox and a temperature of a hundred and five! We moved her crib into our bedroom and Will and I sat up with her all night. I'll never forget it."

Maureen, who comes from a large family, is desperately anxious to have more children. "I don't like to think of Bronwyn's growing up by herself. You see there's no one here for her to play with, except one little friend, Sandra Gray, and she's away right now in Idaho. Bronwyn is lonely. If another year goes by without any prospect of my having another child, Will and I are going to adopt some children. But I'm not too depressed because a fortune teller in Ireland told me that I'd have two redheaded sons!"

Maureen is as superstitious as all get out! On her visit to Ireland, she not only consulted the Irish fortune-teller she'd known since she was a girl, but she had her nurse, Eleanor, see her as well. "And she told Eleanor," reported her mistress happily, "that she'll stay with Bronwyn for two more years. After some of the nurse trouble I had in the beginning, that's a big relief!"

"But what did she tell you?" I asked.

"Well, before I had Bronwyn, she predicted that she'd look like her Dad. And she does! There was a triumphant glint in her eye, "This time she told me to expect two redheaded sons, and she said that Bronwyn would be an actress and there was nothing I could do to stop it. And she said there would be a fire at my studio, and there was—a scene of the pictures in 'Amber' burned up. And she said that in three years' time I'll have reached the top of my movie career and that three good pictures will do it."

Which is interesting in view of her being seen currently in "Sinbad" with "Home Stretch" to come out shortly in

---

Leaves Hair Teeming With Natural Dazzling Lustre—Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry and Brittle

Would you like your hair to radiate its natural dazzling highlights and satiny sheen like gorgeous Powers Models? Then 'glamour-bathe' it with beautifying Kreml Shampoo!

Powers Models could afford to spend a 'fortune' on their hair. Yet they know from experience that no other shampoo leaves their hair glistening with more shining lustre and sparkling beauty. So why not take a tip from these world-famous Beauty-Queens?

Not a soapless shampoo
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It's entirely different—

Kreml Shampoo has been especially designed to 'glamour-bathe' each tiny strand of hair to reveal all its natural brilliant lustre and highlights. And it keeps hair glossy bright for days. This truly amazing Kreml Shampoo also has a beneficial 'built-in' oil base which actually helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Its luxurious rich active foam removes unsightly dandruff flakes the very first time you use it! It rinses out like a breeze and never leaves any excess soapy film to dull the hair.

Buy a bottle of beautifying Kreml Shampoo today. See for yourself how easy it is to 'glamour-bathe' your hair to tantalizing beauty. At all drug, dept. or 10¢ stores. Complete directions with every package.

KREML SHAMPOO

A product of B. G. Smiler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 91
MAUREEN'S family includes her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, FitzSimons, three sisters, Margo and Florence—now in Hollywood considering movie careers—and the third a nun in Ireland. Then there are two brothers: Charles, twenty-two, a lawyer by day and an actor by night in the famous Dublin Abbey Theatre, and James, nineteen, who at present is playing a dragon in an Irish pantomime. You can expect them both in Hollywood soon because Twentieth and Metro and Twentieth Century-Fox are dangling fat movie contracts in front of their interested noses.

When your brothers come here, I suppose your mother and father will follow," I asked Maureen. Mrs. FitzSimons had accompanied Maureen to Hollywood in 1939 and stayed until the war when she felt that the rest of her family in Europe needed her more.

"My mother will not come here to live, as long as my older sister is in a convent in Ireland," said Maureen thoughtfully. "We are hoping that she will be transferred to a branch of her convent in the United States."

Will's father is a lawyer and lives in Mississippi. His grandfather, a Supreme Court judge, is ninety-five and still going strong.

"But that's nothing," said Maureen smugly. "My great great grandfather was a judge and eighty and eighty enjoy their work-outs together."

I'll give you an example of how strong minded she is. And of how it paid off for her. "I love sweets," says Maureen. "And for Lent, I told Dick Haymes that I would give up all desserts. He bet a hundred dollars that I couldn't do it." In the words of Red Skelton, Maureen 'doo it.' "You know, one of the reasons Will and I seldom go out to restaurants or night clubs, the food at home is so good! It kills us to go out because we'll be missing something good at home. Will sometimes gets up in the middle of the night, and I'll find him in the kitchen eating cold beans with homemade mayonnaise."

There's as much luck with servants as with love. Their colored couple worked for Will's aunt for twenty years, "And they are only happy when they are cleaning and cooking! You can say the same for Maureen. She's happiest when she's doing something useful, like making curtains for the nursery. She makes most of her daughter's clothes and some of her own. But you'd never guess it when you see Maureen at a party.

I'm thinking of a recent party at the Atwater Kent home. Maureen came in late because she had been working until seven p.m. on her picture, "Miracle on 34th Street," and she was in a strapless black velvet picture gown that knocked your eye out. "But I didn't see you come in," I told Maureen. "No one ever sees me come in," replied the most beautiful redhead in Hollywood.

"She never makes an 'entrance,'" explained her husband. I never thought of that before, but Will is right. Maureen comes into a room just like you or me. She does not make an "entrance" in the manner of Marlene Dietrich, or Maria Montez or Joan Crawford.

She is still essentially the shy, quiet Irish girl I knew when she first came to Hollywood. Slimmer these days. The war was partly responsible for that. For Will, as you know, spent three years in the Marines. Personally I will never forget the Iwo Jima period. When I was there and I were see-

ing a good deal of each other during the time Will was there. The girl nearly lost her mind with anxiety. "The only good it did me," she says now, "was to make me lose eight pounds in eight days."

Exercising she finds is a less harrowing way of keeping the weight in hand. And the two of them enjoy their work-outs together.

"We're building a big pool," Maureen enthused, then added significantly, "not to impress Hollywood. Just for Will and me."

And there you have the keynote to Maureen O'Hara's philosophy of "Will and Me."
Now sunglasses join your glamour gallery . . .

with a whole galaxy of flattering fashions.

Choose several styles and colors, for Hollywood

says a sunglass wardrobe's the latest thing!

Beautiful! Safe! And so very inexpensive!

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Halo of pink chambray . . . designed exclusively for Debutante cosmetics by Florence Reichman.

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they'd charm an angel!

This brilliant new Debutante collection
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. . . or a summer honeymoon, perhaps . . .
Whichever it is to be, anticipating your need for an all-purpose wardrobe, Photoplay Fashions offer:
A Summer Trousseau
Of Five Costumes for
$63.65

KATHRYN GRAYSON
When Kathryn was a school girl in St. Louis, dreaming of the Metropolitan Opera House, her name was Zelma Medrich. Metro gave her the name she has made famous when they decided she was an exceptional actress as well as an exceptional coloratura soprano. You'll see Kathryn soon in "It Happened in Brooklyn" with Frank Sinatra and Peter Lawford

COPY 1947, DAGGETT AND RANSDELL.
Gale Storm—her real name is Josephine Cottle—is twenty-six years old, stands 5'4" tall and weighs 109 pounds. Married to Lee Bonnell, she has two sons, Philip Lee, four, and Peter Wade, nine months. Her latest picture is Allied Artists' "It Happened on Fifth Avenue."


Espadrilles by Ropeez $3.95.
As feminine as its crisp lace ruffle—a flattering white faille bathing suit by Brilliant. Sizes 34-40. Also available in black. About $6.95 at all Hale Bros. California Stores (Sportswear Depts.), and Hochschild, Kohn & Co. (Sport Shop), Baltimore, Md.

For the store in your vicinity where these fashions are sold write to the manufacturer listed on page 100.
Marsha Hunt—married to Robert R. Presnell Jr., screen writer and playwright—was a Powers model before her ambition focused upon the drama and Hollywood focused upon her. Her new picture is “Carnegie Hall,” a Federal Film released by United Artists.

Capelet sleeves and full pouch pockets are important features of the new mode—and of this Iridescent chambray dress by Junior Accent. Ideal for the office or traveling. Also in aqua, yellow and lilac. Sizes 9-15. About $14.95 at Kaufmann’s (Princess Shop), Pittsburgh, Pa., and Scruggs-Vandervoort Barney, Inc. (Junior Dept.), St. Louis, Mo. Lacy straw hat bound in black velvet by Leighton. Around $10.00.
and play you’ll go


For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 100.
Fashions you can concoct . . . fashions
you can buy . . . to add to your charm

While we're on the subject of flowers, and who isn't these days, why not pin a flower boutonniere on the hip pocket of your suit. Or, if you're feeling terrifically romantic, tack six or eight carnations on a flat ribbon and wear this as a lei halter above a strapless dress.

Now it's perfumed stockings! When you open your stocking drawer you'll be greeted by a delicate fragrance called "Parfum Imperiale" if you buy Artcraft nylons or silk. For these stockings are packaged with tiny sachet blotters saturated with the perfume. What a wonderful idea to make your cherished nylons even lovelier to wear.

Strictly dream stuff—this glamorous one-shoulder gown of soft Luron crepe with added beauty in the spray of Venise lace across the bosom. Designed by Colura it comes in pink or blue. Sizes are 34-38 and the price is $7.95.

"Learn to Crochet" is a book with appeal for the girl who loves to make things for her wardrobe. It's full of photographs which illustrate the attractive crocheted fashions you can wear for day or evening. Complete directions are given for every style, so you'll have no trouble making a dress or bright accessories via the crochet hook. It's the first book to include directions for a left-handed person, too. "Learn to Crochet" is sold for ten cents at store notion counters.

Press wire from Paris tells us that the mannequins are wearing fresh flowers in their hair when they model the Parisian collections. (How many times have you read in this column that flowers were smart as a hair adornment?) The mannequins pull their hair back and up into a knot high on the head from which finger curls dangle beguilingly. Fresh flowers are tucked in the knot. This creates a new, chic and cool look.

What sparkling accessories you'll have, my dear, if you own this bag and matching belt for they really do add glitter to your dresses. Garay designed them and has used white vinylite threads woven with non-tarnishable gold metallic threads so all you need to do is wipe with a damp cloth to keep them white and sparkling. The price is so nice, too. Bag is $2.98 and the belt $1.95. You can have this set with silver threads instead of gold, if you like.

Now that the new longer length in skirts is really here to stay you're probably wondering what to do with that perfectly lovely slip that's a little too short. Most slips are made in two pieces with the bust part separate—so that you may rip this seam all around and insert a two- or three-inch width of lace. This will provide a fetching lace midriff—and a slip that's the right length for your new clothes. Or hem the slip that is too short with a band of lace.
You won't mind one little bit if your slip does show when you're wearing this adorable pettiskirt with its net and lace ruffle. There's even a satin ribbon running around the hem flounce!!! Both the skirt and matching panties are made by Extacee in soft and heaven-to-wash Tricot jersey. The pettiskirt is $3.95 and panties $2.95 in sizes 9-15. This set also comes in black.

Nothing's so sweet as a bride in June. And you'll want to wear your prettiest for those first dinners at home together. An easy to make and oh, so becoming negligée is created as simply as this! Buy a length of tubular jersey. Hold it up to your shoulder, leaving enough room for your head to slip through. Open each side for the armholes, turn up the hem and presto, you have a smart negligée. Cinch your waist in with a satin ribbon or gold belt and wear your most exciting jewelry. Candlelight and you in white or pastel jersey is such a flattering combination.

When you want to shield your eyes from the sun (or try to go incognito) don these sun-glasses by Oculens. You might as well be pretty as possible so we offer two that really fill the bill. One pair when you want to look "extra special" and the other for all-around wear. The rim and sides of the white pair are set with rhinestones and its name, can't you guess, is "Twinkler." They're $7.00 and also come in green, blue, red or tortoise. The other pair called "Pan America" comes in various shades to match practically any costume. These are $5.98.

Yours for a Glorified Lifeline

...with Life's magic fit, all the way!

Life Foundations are the only garments with the twin magic of Life-Bra and Life-Girdle all in one piece! Above, the exclusive Life-Bra top Lifts, Molds, Corrects, Holds. Then this supple "one-piece" sweeps downward to give your hipline that alluring sculptured look. Never drags or pulls, because it fits with ease and hugs your figure... thanks to its elastic comfort and tailored-in material control! Be expertly fitted today, at any of the better stores and shops.
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

There’s magic in your “Perma-lift”* Bra—the magic of comfortable uplift. In a “Perma-lift” Bra, the specially constructed cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below—never lose that support thru ever so many washings and wearings. Your favorite corsetiere has a “Perma-lift” Bra for you—smartly styled in lovely new fabrics—most styles $1.75 to 3.50. • For a real comfort thrill, you’ll also enjoy a new “Perma-lift” Girdle. No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

**“Perma-lift” and “Hickory” are trademarks of A. STEIN & COMPANY (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Side View
of the Fashion Sitting
with GALE STORM

By Rena Firth

When Gale Storm walks into a room it’s like encountering a breath of fresh air. For she has a young aliveness that adds sparkle to any group.

For her Photoplay fashion appointment at Ben’s studio, Gale was wearing a gold suit with gold buttons and the flaps of her green blouse came out over the collarless jacket. She dresses to please her husband and admits it. “Lee has very good taste,” she explained. “In fact I rarely go shopping unless he goes too. When we were first married I used to wonder why he picked out certain clothes for me. But we like the same things now. I suppose,” she mused, “you grow to be the same!”

Gale, who comes from a long line of Texans, has chestnut hair, gray-green eyes and a sunny smile. She was an ideal subject for Ben’s lens.

Gale and her husband, Lee Bonnell, have been married six years—and have enjoyed every year. Their two children are the joy of their existence. One night while Gale was in New York, she phoned home and little Phil wanted to know when she was coming back. So she told him she had to buy him a present first, which satisfied him. “Now,” said Gale, “I have to go department shopping and get something for the boys!”

While Gale was trying on the three-piece denim play suit, with its gay stripes, she talked about her Manhattan holiday. It was her husband’s first visit to New York so, of course, their days were crammed full of the things they just had to do. They had been for a ride in a hansom cab through Central Park, explored most of the churches, made a tour of lower Manhattan and had dinner in a Greenwich Village apartment. They had seen several plays and been to some night clubs, including El Borracho, where Gale had left her kiss imprint for the Kiss Room.

You get quite a kick out of meeting Gale. She’s so completely natural and so completely happy. There are big things ahead for this little girl who made such a hit in her latest picture, “It Happened on Fifth Avenue.” For Gale, it happened six years ago—in Hollywood when she and Lee first met and fell in love.
you can swim for miles in one of these, sun for hours, looking new and wonderful all the time, at any angle, in any light. Jantzens have a special way of smoothing you. They come in dreamy new slimming textures and dreamy colors. They’re as exciting actually as they look. “Heavenly”, left, is a new knitted fabric with peachskin finish... bow comes off and straps go on for swimming. “Double-dare” the two-piece job, is Petit-point with “Lastex” yarn. 9.95 each... at most stores.
FORMOST DIVVY
WITH THE WIRE PART FOR THE PART OF BEAUTY

WIRE INSTANTLY REMOVABLE FOR EASY LAUNDERING

at better stores everywhere... $3.50

FORMOST FOUNDATIONS
New York

IT'S DIVVY'S wire part for the part of beauty... a tiny wire that controls and uplifts tenderly... instantly removable for easy laundering. Satin, with plush-softened wire. Nude, White and Black. Sizes: A Cup 32–36, B Cup 32–38, C Cup 32–40.

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—so comfortable to wear
CRAFTRITE'S DIRndl SKIRT SENSATION of fine, rich looking, black combed cotton with 3 tiers of white lace and with zipper placket... faultlessly tailored for guaranteed fit and long fashionable wear... in sizes of 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and from 22 to 30.

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MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photo play Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

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805 South 5th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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Majestic
1410 Broadway
New York, New York

Bathing suit
Brilliant
1410 Broadway
New York, New York

Chambray with pouch pockets
Junior Accent, Inc.
New Haven
Connecticut

Two-piece dress with embroidered top
Kay Dunhill
1350 Broadway
New York, New York

Wherever You Live
You Can Buy

Order direct from 5th Ave.—the world's fashion center
By KAY NELSON

As we all know, gingham has "stepped out of the kitchen" forever. American designers have been glorifying this typical American fabric for almost a decade—first in casual dresses and playclothes, and now in evening attire designed and cut with all the loving care we lavish on a fine brocade.

In Grandma's day, the gingham gown that I've designed for Maureen O'Hara (see page 42) would quite probably have been made of brocade or stiff silk. Grandma would have been astonished at any idea of doing such an important gown in cotton. But having just finished a modern wardrobe for Maureen to wear in "The Miracle on 34th Street," I can assure you that Maureen's style sense is as great as her beauty, and she loved the special piquancy of using a formal silhouette, such as bare shoulders and a bustle back, done in an informal fabric like cotton.

Maureen has the height to wear a dress of this type and proportions; on a smaller girl, of course, the bustle would have been considerably reduced. Maureen has lovely shoulders, and so looks extremely well in a dress with a strapless bodice. The blue, pale green and yellow plaid is a color combination that includes her favorite shades—all of them setting off her titian-colored hair and fair complexion.

I purposely made the skirt of this frock with much more fullness than the average narrow one usually cut for bustles. It has enough side and back swing to be very comfortable for the dance floor, and for sitting without wrinkling. The fullness also tends to make the dress look definitely modern rather than "quaintly period." Another nice note is the way the bodice and skirt are cut so that the plaid pattern meets to accent Maureen's slender waistline.

Finally, I think gingham has particular summer enchantment. It's cool and young. And, rightly handled, it's glamorous. You'll see a lot of gingham, I think, worn for evening this season by the most style-wise young ladies of the land.

Wide shoulders and turned back cuffs dramatize Doris Dodson's "Dark Angel Wings." Zephyr Gingham plaid in grey, brown and maize or black, rose, green and yellow. Sizes 9 to 15. About $11.00

Write for the name of your local shop...Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri
JUST LOOK AT YOU NOW

... IN STARSpun!

No tricks, no frou-frou—just fresh-scrubbed, fresh-tubbed simplicity. That’s you all summer long in Dan River’s Starspun.* It’s pure cotton, every last thread, vat-dyed not to fade, Sanforized not to shrink more than 1%. Wear it with nice, simple accessories and you can’t lose.
Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

A DREAM IN “KANSAS”

Dreamy best describes how MARTHA VICKERS looked as she came off the stage of New York’s Strand Theatre. We were waiting in “Kansas” to interview her. (Stars’ dressing rooms at the Strand are named for different states.) Martha wore a powder blue net evening dress with bouffant skirt, which, by reflection, made her blue-green eyes seem true blue. Her light brown hair was upswept into curls. A friendly smile gave sparkling warmth to the prettiness of her fresh, young face.

MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS

It was Martha’s first New York visit, and her first personal appearance experience. She admitted to being awed by both ... She would have talked the whole time about New York’s wonders—the Empire State Building, Broadway, the subway, automats, night clubs, etc., had we not reluctantly broken in on her refreshing enthusiasm ... How did it feel to win votes two successive years for having the most beautiful legs in Hollywood? How had she acquired such a gorgeous tan? These were our opening questions.

GROOMING IS VERY ET CETERA

Self-consciously, but proudly, she lifted her skirt to show shapely, slender, nylon-sheathed legs. She had forgotten their measurements, but said she keeps them hair-free, because she feels that’s as important a part of grooming as having well-cared-for nails, teeth, hair and skin. Before sunning herself she smooths lots of baby oil on her legs and other parts of her body, then blots off excess with a Turkish towel. She pedicures her feet once a week. To keep her toes separated until the polish on her toenails is dry, she puts wads of cotton between them. Martha likes riding a bicycle to and from the studio, and says this exercise is a wonderful way to take off any extra fat on the hips and thighs ... She sings in the shower, uses lots of cologne, talcum and bath powder, and sleeps without a pillow, which is good for her posture ... Very cooling and relaxing, she claims, is a massage with rubbing alcohol.

PAGING CUPID

MARTHA is only twenty-one, and says she’s fickle. But our guess is that soon she’ll be a bride. We’ve heard romantic rumors about her!
“BOLERO”...the sun’s gonna getcha...in your Carole King Original sun dress with its wisp of bolero for street wear. Checked gingham with solid color rayon Carole Crash...both Sanforized. Sizes 9 to 15. Complete, about $13.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.
Travel Tricks

(Continued from page 60) Then she writes the heading: "Necessary clothes when at destination," carefully thinking out what everyone wears at that destination. Diana is always prepared with a glamorous evening gown, suits with assorted blouses, play clothes, afternoon dresses and accessories that make each of these outfits look like a new one with different scarves, gloves and shoes.

One of her "musts" is a small traveling iron to keep things wrinkle-proof. And as a tip to the wise she says: "For an ironing board, turn your dresser drawer upside down, fold a blanket on top of it, and add a sheet. Then on it, it's a perfect ironing board. Another Lynn tip: Take plenty of cotton gloves along rather than kid. They can be rinsed out like stockings and they take up no space.

For the least—"Mind your travel manners! Which means, consider other people. For example, on trains, when you see the same people for several days, don't act as if they don't exist because you haven't been formally introduced. Smile at them—naturally, not flirtatiously. You can be friendly without losing your reserve. And without injuring their reserve—keep the conversation general. How do you know that they aren't traveling on some sad mission like serious illness, or a death in the family?"

Once at your destination, if it's a hotel or resort, remember that everyone else is there for the same reason: rest, relaxation, privacy and fun. Don't be a social burden—and above all, don't make a habit of letting others pick up your check.

That's all tip-top advice. But now let's get down to frank details on your vacation trip—and a few general rules.

RULE Number One—always be immaculate. Hard as it may be to achieve, remember the Hollywood stars do it. Each has her system. Gene Tierney's: Never take pleated dresses along; hotel valets don't know how to press them. In their stead take knit suits and kerchiefs. A hatbox may be awkward but take it for hat-preservation.

Speaking of hatboxes, here's a Dorothy Lamour tip: Roll your jersey underthings in cheese cloth and fit them into the crowns of your hats instead of tissue—thus carrying two items in the space of one!

Your face goes under the heading of immaculate too, of course. Let's look at Linda Darnell's method of keeping her face constantly up to snuff. She carries in her hand a separate kit for make-up so that it cannot be misplaced . . . and is always handy for that quick make-up change so necessary on a trip. If she hasn't time to re-do her face completely, she makes a compress of thin tissue, dips it in ice-water—and then holds it against her face to "set" the make-up she's wearing. With a thin dusting of powder and some new lipstick, she looks a new Darnell!

Rule Number Two—be prepared for emergencies. Thanks to Betty Hutton's long experience in traveling with bands, she's an old hand at tricks. Betty never carries big perfume bottles. They're too apt to leak and ruin your clothes. Instead, she pours her favorite scents into small pill bottles, then seals the lids with candle wax. She carries a small candle so she can repeat this performance every time she opens the perfume. She also carries small bottles of bicarbonate and aspirin—for that indigestion attack or headache. Another excellent Hutton trick: Stick a dozen common pins, small safety pins, and needle and thread on the inner lid of your suitcase. No searching, then, for those last-minute emergency items!
Your suitcase should be feather light, and if possible one with hangers. Your dresses can then be swished right off and into the closet when you unpack. The closest thing to wrinkle-free packing can be achieved by Joan Crawford's tip: Use plenty of tissue paper between the folds of your clothes. Bunch it up, accordion-wise, and it will do a better job of keeping your clothes smooth. Pack jackets inside out, with the shoulder of one sleeve fitting into the shoulder of another, to preserve them better.

It's a good idea to select clothes that will do double duty. Take blouses that will go with several suits, and jackets which blend with different skirts. A very slick trick: Take a fancy blouse that will go with a short and a long silk skirt. That's really double duty! Another slick trick: Those new hoods are wonderful for air or boat travel. They keep your hair in place and make you look charmingly feminine.

And here's a big DON'T: If you're going to sea, don't take taffeta. The salt air cracks it. Make it cotton or shantung.

Now for general what-to-take advice if you're heading for the usual summer resort: You can't go wrong with sports-wear; shirtmakers in bright colors, perfect-fitting slacks and beach wear. Take a couple of short print dresses for informal evenings and a simple evening gown for emergencies. And for those cool evenings, if your coat isn't adaptable for evening clothes, take along a family shawl. They're the latest rage in Hollywood.

Tuck in one more unforgettable item: A small box of soap chips for sudsing undies, hose and white cotton "shortie" gloves. With your traveling iron, you'll be ready for anything—including that shipwreck!

THE END

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IF POLIO COMES...
and it usually does—in summer—
knowing what to do about it,
where to turn for help, is
your greatest protection against it.

BE ON THE SAFE SIDE
if Infantile Paralysis strikes
in your community

Call your doctor
immediately when
you have unexplained fever,
nausea, a cold,
headaches, muscle soreness.

Don't get overtired
Don't swim in polluted waters
Avoid chilling  Keep clean
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There's creamy flattery in a Deltah necklace!
The loveliest of Hollywood stars...the best-dressed society women, depend on lustrous, luminous Deltah simulated pearls for added neckline glamour.
So like precious Orientals in appearance, they bring a touch of luxury to every costume, whether it be a decollete gown, simple frock or tailored suit. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched.

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Once Chosen—Always Treasured

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california in a swim suit

Colorful desert panoramas...warm, vibrant hues are the inspiration for your new Catalina...brilliantly styled by Hollywood's most talented designers. Above: Milo Anderson of Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc. styles the “Yucca” print, hand-blocked on Celanese and Lastex knitted two-way stretch fabric. $14.00. Write for name of nearest store.

* Catalina's 1947 Collection designed by Travis Banton, Universal International Studios; Milo Anderson, Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.; Edith Head, Paramount Pictures, Inc.; Howard Shoup, who has designed for stars of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Vera West, Universal International Studios; Renie, RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.; Edward Stevenson, RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.—all designing in collaboration with Mary Ann DeWeese, Catalina's Head Designer.
Holiday for Hats

(Continued from page 59) didn't hurt none, either!

Loretta Young's spring bonnet is a dream thing—especially with her beige afternoon dress which matched its straw portions. Also it would be a perfect, so-feminine topper to simple dresses of black, brown, navy or any leaf-green shades. Worn far back on the head, it has a shallow little crown of pale beige smooth straw. Its straw brim is generous (in a small way) and scooped forward. The brim is laden with small, dead-white sweet peas, intertwined and covered with coarse, dead-white, large mesh veiling. A hat like this is guaranteed to make even Paris Karloff look pretty! Recommended too, as a relief from the usual black, which is practically a "uniform" at Filmtown cocktail parties, is Loretta's smart, sleek short dress of soft beige. A dull crepe featuring svelte detail in the way the skirt crosses snugly and smoothly around the hips to a little tie in the back. Her only jewelry—pearls. Her purse, a large oblong compact of brown tortoise shell.

It was awfully hard for anyone to keep the mind on clothes the night of Atwater Kent's tremendous party, what with all the mad jumper—routines going on, lovers sprints (meaning Guy Madison and Gail Russell, who made up before the night was over—and Ginny Simms and Hyatt Dehn, who didn't. Ginny left in a huff but Hyatt stayed on until the wee hours).

Gail Russell's black net gown featured an enormously full, almost trailing skirt (over a shiny black satin sheath). The top, too, was black net over satin, and snuggly draped from waist to bust-line, and the draped net was softly molded around and off both shoulders. No straps. But the difference between Gail's gowns and most others like it was in the net itself, which was entirely striped with tiny bands of black satin—that livened up the fabric.

Barbara Hale, soon to be a ma, was wearing a heavenly evening dress with the fullest white organdy eyelet-embroidered skirt ever. The bodice, along basque lines, was of tight-fitting heavy emerald green taffeta; high backed, tiny sleeved, with a deep V plunged neckline in front. On her right hip, an enormous red rose.

White net, sparsely splattered with silver sequins in a leafy design on one side of the bodice, and peeping out here and there from the billows of a very full gathered skirt, was the choice of John Wayne's pretty wife, Esperanza Bauer.

Another husband who was beaming on his lovely wife that night was Cornel Wilde who was piloting Pat Knight and her stunning gown of eggshell satin, embroidered in bronze-gold thread in an all-over design. The dress was rather tailored, had a pinched-in waistline, with a rather wide, stitched belt of the same material, long, full gored skirt, high back, and very low decolletage in front. Short, cap sleeves.

Joan Fontaine danced by with hubby Bill Dozier in a stunning topless gown of griege heavy slipper satin. The very low neckline went almost straight around, dipping slightly in back. The skin-tight bodice ended at the hips, where the skirt was stiffened or paddled to stand out just a little at the hip-line. From the luxurious material fell in soft folds to the floor. Her satin slippers matched the gown.

Joan wore a choker necklace of huge pale amethysts, with merely a single inch-row of diamonds connecting the stones. A matching bracelet was on her arm. When we raved to her about the dress (she said she got it at Bergdorf—Goodman in N. Y.) and the divine combination of griege and
amethyst. Bill piped up with, “My shorts are made of white crepe de chine—and the monogram is done in blue and I bought them at—” But we screamed him out of finishing that sentence.

The big steel gate that bars the entrance to the new home Van Johnson and Evie Wynn are honeymooning in didn’t stop Evie from receiving a bunch of palms a few days after they really settled down to domestic life. She was lounging in a silver lamé blouse, short-sleeved and tailored as though it were linen. Small round collar and very small glass buttons. The blouse topped a pair of heavy black silk slacks with very full trousers and an enormous green chiffon handkerchief carelessly tucked into the waist-band.

A cocktail dress, with which Paulette Goddard is probably making Londoners’ eyes pop at this writing, is one we caught a glimpse of when she was dining at La Rue. With Buzz, of course. And with the foursome rounded out by Marie Oberon and Lucien Ballard—all gabbing like mad. Paulette’s frock was of black, pure silk—with the new rather longer hemline—but NOT drooping in back—heaven be praised! The top was simple, clingy, and had a rather low neckline. Very broad shoulders and short plain sleeves. The skirt, a mere sheath, hung softly—neither full nor tight. Now here’s the fetching topper. Dress has a detachable black lace “apron” which really isn’t an apron, because it cascades down more like a tapered peplum to the hem of the skirt. It ties on around the waist with a sash of the black silk. Paulette can (and does) wear this lace frill—either in back or in front. No matter where it falls, your beau will “fall” for it. Go add a lace apron to your simplest black dress—but quick!

CAROLE LANDIS was so smitten by just about everything in the new Don Loper fashion collection that before the showing was over she cracked, “I’ll be working for Loper for the next three years!” She isn’t the only one of the many movie stars and starlets who turned out for the event—and went for costumes galore. We were happy to note that square, broad shoulders are very much in evidence for both day and evening wear—and though Loper showed a few of those uneven hem-lines for cocktail wear—they were much outnumbered by the straight—though longer hemlines. This goes for Adrian’s new and luxurious collection, too.

We told you about the hit that Laraine Day made, wearing that bright red woolen shawl for an “evening wrap” over her black gown to a party. Now the Hollywood belles have gone so crazy on the subject of shawls that they not only wear them over evening clothes, but show up at cocktail parties with matching shawls and bags of all kinds. Stunning over a plain black cocktail dress, was that shawl-bag ensemble that Ava Gardner wore to a cocktail party given for the Van Johnsons. Just “like Grandma used to wear” were the cape lines of the shawl, with it was a huge pouch-bag of the same crocheted wool. But here’s the modern touch. Worked in with the egg-shell white wool were metallic threads of gold—the whole thing so lovely you couldn’t blame her for keeping it on all through the soiree—which she did. John Frederics is making these shawl-bag combinations in many colors. Some of the crocheted design are wonderful, shell-like patterns. If you’re lucky maybe you can get someone to fashion a set for you.

Joan Bennett has a black faille shawl edged in silk fringe that she can wear as a shawl around her shoulders or as a hood. Needless to say, it’s a rich handy “accessory” for cocktail or evening wear.

The End
My dear, you look irresistibly modern but your deodorant is hopelessly old fashioned. Women-in-the-know use 5 DAY Under Arm Pads. They're handier, better, quicker, safe, gentle—stop under arm perspiration and odor longer—1 to 7 days, depending on you and the weather. No messy creams, spilly liquids. Just pat under arms with one lotionized, modern 5 DAY Pad; throw it away; and you're sweet to be near—longer!

29c, 55c Also $1 economy size
Howdy Jody

(Continued from page 44) twelve years old, five feet four in height and still shooting upward. His altitude means much more to Claude than his outstanding hit as Jody in "The Yearling." Movies are just a happy accident with him. His major ambition remains unchanged. He aims to play quarterback on the University of Tennessee team in a winning game against some silly old Yankee school, like Harvard or something. That's what the Blue and the Grey battles, aforementioned, are all about. Strictly future training.

Being a child movie star is nothing glorious to him. Rather, he accepts it as one of those gruesome facts kids learn to accept, like hands having to be washed before all meals, for instance.

And believe me, Claude washes his hands before all meals. Claude passes his grades in school, being excellent at geography, his favorite subject, pretty stinky at arithmetic, his hate, and okay at all the other things in between. He attends school on the M-G-M lot, along with Dean Stockwell, Jackie Jenkins, Margaret O'Brien and similar small fry and also does whatever M-G-M demands of him, via his father. Or else.

For Pa is 'boss' distinctly. Of average height, solidly set, Mr. Jarman has a pleasant face, kind eyes and a determined jaw. It was no easy task for him to make the decision to give up his job as an accountant with the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. It was a hard job, but it was safe for life, and it carried a retirement pension for his old age. To give that up for a kid's gamble in Hollywood and, more important, to give up their old home in Nashville and their many friends, was a most thought-provoking decision. The very fact that after coming West with Claude for his tests, and going on location with him in Florida, Mr. Jarman risked then bringing out his pretty wife and daughter, Mildred Ann, aged fourteen, makes it very necessary that he maintain his position of authority in the family today.

And that he does.

This was proved when Claude was asked what happened when he was disobedient.

"I get spanked," he said, with the most serene cheerfulness. He grinned across the room at his father. "That man does it," he added.

This bouncing cheer is Claude's outstanding characteristic. Along with it he has his almost adult sense of humor and mockery. He's obviously very sensitive to beauty in all forms and completely unaware of his reaction.

He likes 'folks' but two things do not impress him at all. One is Hollywood. The other is his 'success.'

The fact that Van Johnson chose to watch the Greys playing against the Blues did nothing to Claude whatsoever. Mildred Ann is different. At the Hollywood premiere of "The Yearling" she sat between Claude and Van and nearly fainted with excitement.

"It wasn't me being near her that was knocking her out," her brother says.

Take the Red Book party as another example. Claude went and danced a mean rumba with Mrs. Gregory Peck, who is no taller than he is. Mildred Ann, meanwhile, danced with Greg. Instead of being set up, Claude is a shade apprehensive about his performance. "Wouldn't want to get too good at that dance stuff," he says. "That's pretty sissy for a fellow." But the memory of Mildred Ann's expression as she looked up at the mighty Peck makes Claude chuckle. "She's been weedy ever since," he announces.

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110
Surely the kid knows that he was the winner among 19,863 boys who were either photographed, investigated or interviewed for *Jody*. But it doesn’t seem to have touched his ego any more than finding a five-dollar bill in the street would have. Both, he comprehends, are matters of sheer luck.

When I asked him how he felt when he was discovered, he said, “You don’t know what to expect when the principal sends for you,” and went on to reveal that he had visited the principal’s office with some regularity and always uncomfortable results, due to bubble gum chewing, fights and the like. Even when he was introduced to Director Clarence Brown that day, two years back, the incident impressed him so little that he went right on to a Cub Scout meeting after school—and nearly ruined the whole deal by being missing when Brown called on his mother.

Neither did his parents take it big. Contrarily, they took this wild break of good fortune with something close to fear and trembling.

Brown, sure that he had the right boy after his long search, wanted an immediate departure for Hollywood for tests. Mr. Jarman, however, had his job to think about. Too much the conservative Southerner to even think of sending his wife alone with his son to the wilds of Hollywood, Mr. Jarman wasn’t sure he could get a leave of absence. He and his pretty wife talked all night long before it was decided that he and Claude would go with Brown next day “and see.” They didn’t mention what had happened to any of their relatives or friends. “Suppose he’d failed?” Mr. Jarman asks you now. “We’d have all looked pretty silly.”

Even when Claude didn’t fail, even after Mr. Jarman and he had been on location in Florida and the picture was finished, the Jarmans still did no home town bragging. After six months of much soul-searching and personal loneliness in Hollywood, Mr. Jarman resigned his job and had Mrs. Jarman and Mildred Ann move west. The only house they could find was a small, over-crowded one in Culver City near the studio. They are still in it and have all hated it since the beginning. With “The Yearling” out, with “High Barbaree” just released, with praise for Claude busting out all over, like June, the Jarmons are still being cautious. “We’ll wait for a bit to see if we can afford to buy a house,” Mr. Jarman says.

---

**Evelyn Keyes,**

sweetheart of

“The Jolson Story”

romances with Sidney Skolsky——

Don’t miss

her four color portrait

in the July issue of

PHOTOPLAY

On sale June 11th,

or as soon thereafter

as transportation permits

perfection in figure flattering swim suits...

SeaMolds by FLEXEES
Only a few weeks back they had arranged for Claude's grandfather, Dr. J. J. Freeman, resident physician of the famous Nebb School at Bell Buckle, Tennessee, to view "The Yearling." The way Claude begins to glow at the very name, you know Grandpa is Claude's dreamboat. But is he set up over having appeared bigger than life before the old gentleman? No.

"Didn't even see me," Claude says. "Wrote he was crying too hard at Flag.

The lad is always serene and relaxed. Take just before last Christmas, when he was going on the Louella Parsons air show. That wizard reporter asked him what he wanted for Christmas. "Something I won't get," he said, smiling merrily.

Being Louella, she had to get the answer then. It came out finally. Claude wanted a football suit but his father had forbidden it because he had blacked his eyes in several pigskin Flourishes and the studio likes his eyes their natural blue.

What happened was that when Claude reported for the broadcast at ABC, there was his football suit, shoulder pads, knee pads, head gear and all. You should have seen his face! Like Jody, he "seen a wonderful sight." But before he dived into it, he looked over at his father who still had a sweet and shining obedience that caressed your heart. "Can I put it on—the whole thing?" he asked.

Of course, his father relented and Louella glowed like a white satin robe. Claude has had a crush on her ever since. He sent her a ham from his grandfather's farm for Christmas. He sent her a great big red rose for Valentine's Day heart. He never stops talking about her. In a way, you see, she "made" the Greys.

BELIEVE it or not, they have sort of tried to romance Claude since he got to Hollywood. They tried to circulate that he was "that way" about Elizabeth Taylor, who is older than he by three years, and Mary O'Brien who is younger. Claude just grins. When they were on location near Silver Springs, Florida, the publicity boys tried to dig up some news for the local papers by saying his girl friend from Nashville was coming down to visit him.

Greg Peck queried Claude about that. "Don't figure on having her come at all," Claude said.

"Why not?" asked the Peck, giving it a big romantic thing.

"Oh," grinned Claude, "we've phffft!!

And surely you've heard his gag about the mosquitoes. That was on the Florida location, too, and those nuisances were really biting. Everybody in the troupe was cussing—except young Mr. Jarman.

"Don't bother Southerners any," he announced ably.

He still loves the South. After he goes back to the University of Tennessee and makes that winning touchdown in the big game of his last year, he expects to settle down on a farm, apply the agricultural lessons which he will have majoried in. "Be raising cotton probably," he says.

That's what he thinks. But once you talk to him, you doubt that it will happen. You doubt it because he's growing so tall, and, if as he himself says, he grows up to his feet, he'll be mighty big. He'll be mighty handsome, too, though he doesn't realize that and mighty cute also. And bright!

Well, I'll give you one more crack. I asked him, how on earth, never having acted, he was so good as Jody.

He grinned again. "Oh, Mr. Brown just got me in the spirit of deer, does . . ." he stopped and caught it. He laughed. "Deers, does and dems!" he shouted.

Now you know for yourself that once discovered, Coleman's fault, smart and beautiful talent like that escape!

THF END
Operation Drake

(Continued from page 48) suit.

"Forgot it was cold here. No overcoat," he was muttering to himself. "Ah, well. There are stores in New York."

He registered at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, his blue hands barely able to write "Tom Drake" on the card. Then he dispatched a bellboy to his room with the sorry suitcase—tie and sock still hanging out of it. He himself headed at once back into the blizzard to find a men's store.

You can imagine the scene when he entered one of the smartest shops on Fifth Avenue. He looked, of course, like a young bowery bum who was panhandling on the wrong side of town. Snow crested his hair and the turned-up collar of his suit, and his tan gabardine had wet patches all over it.

"An overcoat, I'd like to see an overcoat," he announced between chattering teeth. The salesman looked him over, clucked sympathetically, and returned shortly with the cheapest overcoat in the store. "Marked down on sale, young man, to twenty dollars," he said kindly.

The salesman kept trying to wrestle Tom into buying the bargain coat; while Tom kept asking for something of better cut and material. Only the excited gasp of two salesgirls settled the matter. When they said in awed tones, "It's Tom Drake! What about an autograph?" the salesman did a mental somersault—and then rushed out to offer the best overcoats the store had to offer.

Tom bought the place out. An overcoat, a raincoat, gloves, overshirts, two mufflers. Then, whisking contentedly, he stepped out into the blizzard again—a man dressed for the East!

THE Drake behavior upsets neither Tom nor his friends. But it often thoroughly confuses strangers. When he was in Washington, D.C., attending the brilliant opening of "The Beginning or the End," he met endless senators and their wives, foreign diplomats and displaced celebrities. All of them swarmed around him in the lobby of the theater demanding autographs. It wasn't until the supper party following the premiere that he got a chance to relax.

Then a famous Washington hostess accosted him. "Well, Mr. Drake, how do you like the way we Washingtonians have rushed you tonight?"

He grinned. A Drakeism flashed through his mind. "I like it fine," he said. "But I got my biggest kick when Senator Claghorn's wife asked for an autograph."

The famous hostess gasped. "Oh, my dear boy! Somebody has been fibbing to you, because Senator Claghorn isn't a real Senator at all!"

Telling actress Linda Watkins about it later, back in New York, Tom said, "What could I do? I couldn't tell her I was trying to be funny. To be polite, I had to play dumb!"

Linda has been one of Tom's closest running-mates for four years—ever since she played his mother in the Broadway play "Jamie." She is probably the best friend he has, and his most ardent admirer. Plus being his daffest playmate.

One midnight she and Tom stood on a Broadway street corner yelling fruitlessly at passing taxis. Presently a huge truck ground to a stop near them at a stop light. Linda and Tom eyed each other thoughtfully, then ran together for the truck.

They were up beside the confused driver before he could escape, pouring out their troubles.

"Hours waiting . . . Freezing . . . No taxis . . . Life and death to get where we're going . . . A lift in need is a lift.
Indeed...

To shut them up the driver took them to where they were headed. Which is
why a two-ton truck rolled up to the
Stork Club, and while the doorman
gaped in amazement, Tom and Linda
descended from it and walked with dignity
inside.

When Linda did two plays on the West
Coast, Hollywood watched open-mouthed
while she and Tom went through their
normal activities together. One of them
consisted of Linda's returning home from
a night club one night, while Tom paced
her in a taxi. "She beat the taxi," he's
claimed ever since.

Then again last Christmas Eve, Tom,
actor Michael Harvey, and two girls
headed for Martha Raye's party, some-
where in San Fernando Valley. Some-
where was right—they spent hours hunt-
ing for the Raye domicile with no success.
Finally Tom came to a decision.

"It's 11:45—in another fifteen minutes
it'll be Christmas. I suggest we stop at
the next lighted house—we come to. We'll
go in with the excuse of telephoning
Martha Raye for directions—but if it's a
good party we'll stay.

Nobody argued with this idea. In only
a few minutes they drove past not one
lighted house—but two, side by side.

"Ideal!" said Tom. "You, Mike, go in one
house and I'll go in the other. The best
party will be our visiting home from
Mike discovered that his house was
lighted but completely empty, so he re-
turned to the car. Meanwhile Tom headed
for the house on the right. He adjusted
his tie, rambling to bowl over the strange
host with charm, and rang the bell. A
second later a butler opened the door and
bowed him in as if he were an expected
guest. Another second later, a voice cried
warmly, "Hello, Tom! Welcome to my
party!"

Tom, with his jaw drooping, recognized
Frank Sinatra—whom he had never met
in his life!

But Frank was already pumping his
hand. "We never met around the studio,
Tom, but I've seen you often enough. If
I'd known you I'd have asked you tonight
—but this is the next best thing!"

Stuttering nervously about calling
Martha Raye, he backed in the direction
of the telephone. But Frank completely
ambushed all his plans. First he intro-
duced Tom warmly to his friends, then
ercited him to the telephone and called
Martha Raye himself. He wished her a
Merry Christmas, and told her he'd cap-
tured Tom Drake as a guest at his own
party and wouldn't dream of letting him
off.

Back in the crowded living room, Tom
found an enmity in his hand and realized
that half of it was already down his throat.

Weary he mumbled, "Trouble is, Frank,
it's not me alone. I have some friends in
the car outside."

"Fine!" said Frank. "Tell 'em to come in.

So Tom stepped to the front door, opened
it, and yelled for the gang to enter. They
trooped up the front steps and, like Tom,
came to a horrified stop at their social
blunder of crashing the Sinatra party.

Mike Harvey felt more self-conscious
than any of the others. For the first time
in his life he was drooping bow
that evening. He got Tom aside and
whispered, looking at his host's bow tie,
"Get me a razor and I promise to cut my
throat!"

The party was a tremendous success.
The four crashers were the last to go.

The next day Tom went over to Mike's
house to deliver a Christmas present. There
on the front door was pasted a picture of
Sinatra with the bow tie draped around

CLEARANCE

---

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.
rt as a tribute to a genial host.

During the past year, ever since he and his wife Chris parted, the Drake life has been the Life Dizzy. He moved to one room at the Ambassador Hotel—and that one room can hold him. Example:

A few weeks ago he sauntered into a music store with the object of buying one record, Show Business. He came out a few minutes later looking pleased but worried—he was the owner of two records, and a $700 custom-built radio recording machine!

There was no room for it in his small quarters, of course. So he'd ordered it delivered to the home of his friends Lucille and Clyde Thebeau. When it arrived, sans any warning from Tom (natch!), the Thebeaus should have been confused. But no. As workmen carried it into the house, they told each other, "Obviously, this is Tom Drake's newest purchase—and he's leaving it with us!"

How did they guess? Because two other friends are looking after two Caphearts he'd bought in the past; and actress Jay Davis is taking care of his new Persian kitten, "Rockey." And when friends aren't sheltering Tom's latest purchases, they're sheltering Tom himself!

"Yes, I get hankering for a home again after awhile," Tom admits. "And when that happens, I just call up some friend and say, 'Unless there are violent objections—here comes a house guest!' Then I move in for a couple of weeks." He grins.

"Then, five minutes before they get sick of me, I move back to my hotel again!"

The telephone operators at Tom's hotel sometimes wish that his hankering for a home occurred more often. Maybe he'd stay away from the hotel longer! When he's there, confusion reigns. One—he never orders normal meals. He will ask for two cups of coffee, three orders of spinach, and one of chops—when he's ordering just for Tom! This keeps the operators misera-

erably uncertain.

But his last encounter with a meal order was a resounding Drake success. This day he was ordering lunch for two—himself and a friend.

"Please send two orders of scrambled eggs and bacon, two cups of coffee, and three chocolate ice cream's," he said.

"How many is the service for?" asked operator, as usual.

"For two," said Tom.

"Then what?" demanded the operator, "are you gonna do with that other ice cream?"

"I'm going to give it to the waiter!" yelled Tom.

The operator retired in disorder. Since then she's stopped asking him questions, having learned that there's the right way—and then there's the Drake way! And it's not a bad way, at that!

The End

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WOMAN ____________________________________________

MY NAME ____________________________________________

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you individually will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars who receive the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)
If You Were Bob Hope's House Guest

(Continued from page 67) showing at the throat. You note that the handkerchief she carries is monogrammed in the same manner, with a faint thread of black and red outlining the large initials, and you wonder why these white touches always look so much cleaner and crisper on some women than on others.

Arm in arm with Dolores, you go up the path to the house, a wide-spread white Tudor dwelling. On one side is an open-doored garage, with bicycles sprawled against the walls, and around the corner ambles an aged but agreeable Great Dane. Already you know that you are entering a home devoted to children and comfort and living.

The entrance hall is distinguished by an old-fashioned high-backed bench, upholstered in a quaint print. In a small alcove stands a huge grandfather clock. Later you learn that the clock was a wedding gift from that favorite Uncle Frank of Bob's who died several years ago. It is one of the most venerable looking timekeepers you have ever seen—and was made at least a hundred and fifty years ago. "You have an idea it will go on ticking for centuries after we've stopped," its present owner will tell you.

Right now, however, Bob is springing up from a divan in the living room with outstretched hand. The hand has a copy of his next Tuesday's radio script in it, which increases the naturalness. "So you made it!" he says, in a way that makes you feel you've accomplished something especially commendable. And then, "Hello, stock-company," he adds, his eyes going past you with a special Hope look rarely seen in public. Tony, aged six, and small, blonde Linda, aged eight, have followed you in the front door. A daddy who's been confined to a script conference all Saturday morning is a daddy who's been away a long time—at least several hours—so you remove yourself from the path of stampede.

The thing that strikes you about the living room is that it has nothing intended to strike you. No inescapable color scheme to burn itself on your eye—no labored period furnishing to make a guest feel like an anachronism. There's an ingratiating amount of space—a great deal of subdued color and charm. A semi-circle of long, low divans—quilted in soft yellow and greens—complements the broad expanse of window—hung in a rich, autumnal hunting print.

There's a long Early American table in the center of the room, and numerous small ones all cordially laden with reading matter and smoking accessories. Copper glows in the form of lamps and bowls. Open-faced cupboards display an array of lovingly collected antique plates, and over the fireplace hangs a striking portrait of Linda and Tony, their small arms around the neck of the masterful Great Dane.

"Outside for you two," says Dolores. "You haven't got long to play before it's time for your naps—"

Bob, too, doesn't have very long to play before next week's crowded schedule of movie-making and radio, plus those endless "good fellow" performances that make Hope admirers wonder how he holds up. These things considered, he's off to meet his golfing pal Bing at the Lakeside Country Club. Meanwhile you and Dolores have a little woman's fun to indulge in.

Upstairs, in the Hope nursery, is not one brand-new baby—but two of them. Kelly and Norah, aged seven months apiece. You follow their foster mother up the stairs, through the nurse's room, past the com-

"This way, Mommy—new housekeepers can be clever as old ones!"

Baby: 'Course you keep house just fine, Mommy, for being so new at it. But don't you know you should learn about "Lysol"?

Mother: Is that so! Well then, what about "Lysol"?

Baby: Why, you ought to put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water every time you clean—to kill germs. That's what experienced housekeepers do.

Mother: You mean it's an old housekeeping custom? Why, how many women do you suppose follow it?

Baby: Oh, most women—like about 2 out of 3, I hear. For health's sake, you know.

Mother: Then I'll start cleaning with germ-killing "Lysol," too, for your health's sake!

The American thing that is so outstanding in Bob Hope's house is the amount of "Lysol" in every room. For the housekeepers think it's the only brand disinfectant to use, and no other for the home of Bob Hope.

Every single time you clean... disinfect with "Lysol"

Clean the bathroom with "Lysol." Quick, easy. Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of water.

In baby's room clean the furniture and floor with "Lysol." Won't harm paint, varnish or linoleum.

More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

For free booklet on fighting disease germs, write Dept. G-47, Lohn & Fink, 643 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
LITTLE LULU

OUR NEW SUPER DUPER MATTRESS

“Kleenex is softer!”

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best!
Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.


THE dining room is stunningly done in lemon yellow and pale green, with pastoral murals decorating the walls. The buffet has a handsome collection of serving pieces and glassware.

I mentioned earlier that later on we would like a little brother to keep her company. By ‘later on’ I meant at least a year. But, they're here. They arrived together.

The afternoon sun is now just right for a basking session—you slip into shorts and spread yourself lazily on the flagstone terrace. You may have sandwiches and tea brought out if you wish, but you keep putting it off until, surprisingly, it's almost time for dinner...

During dinner, there's a brief adjournment to the music room, to hear how Linda has progressed with her piano lessons. Done in rose and green satin, this room has a formal and cloistered air. It is also used for Linda and Tony's French lessons—which currently are causing their father some confusion, since he started his own French lessons with them.

At least, I won't want them—now they've got me humping to even tag along. It's a plot—every morning they greet me with some little French nifty designed to murder me, and it does. After all, how long can I try to get at 'Bob's just a day Hospitalization Insurance Plan'.

The demon parlez-vous-ers having gone off to bed, grown-ups take after-dinner coffee in the billiard room. This “Saturday night” room is mellow with walnut-paneling and bookshelves and racks. The shelves around the room hold not only modern glassware, but a collection of copper and pewter beer mugs. And lining the plate-rail halfway around the room is Bob's hard-to-get collection—golding cups,
and various trophies awarded him for war work.

From here it is only a step back into the living room, to admire a favorite "trophy" recently acquired by Dolores. A Grandma Moses. This little odd lady of Shenandoah Valley started painting at the age of seventy, and canvases, such as this New England snow scene, now bring amazing prices from them as can afford 'em. "Bob didn't have too much to say when I first hung this," says Dolores, "but came Christmas, and he bought two smaller ones by Grandma, for the children's room."

Two shelves of the book-case are filled with The Theatre magazine, every issue since 1901, all handsomely bound in leather. In an unplanned way, you get to opening the volumes—reading the old plays, bills and reviews aloud, chuckling over the illustrations, and recounting anecdotes you have heard about the stars of yesteryear. Only one literary work in the house is more precious than these—the copy of the Peace Treaty and its immortal signatures presented to Bob, and which, also bound in leather, occupies a place of honor on the center table.

"I'll tell you what comes next," says Dolores. "You're going to have to look at his war souvenirs. He even made Mary Benny look at them and she just wailed, 'I've got a bunch of those old snake-skins, and guns, and achatrmas made out of bullets, that Jack brought back. Didn't anybody bring home pretty things, like rare jewels or something?"

These souvenirs of Bob's war tours through Europe and the Pacific well-some day have a museum of their own, when the Hopes build a larger home. They are now kept in a "Fibber McGee" closet in his dressing room. Painted on the bottom drawer of Bob's wardrobe is a blue ring circling a bullet hole, with the inscription, "And he said it wasn't loaded. Sept. 4, 1945." The lettering was added by his wife.

"Those guns make me nervous," she explains. "even though he had an expert look them over and supposedly unload them. One day he was showing the collection to Thornton Delehanty and one went off in his hand. I wish you could have seen his face—he stood there looking sheepish for a minute, then tore downstairs. I'm going to see if it got the cook," he yelled. Dolores will never forgive me!"

Bob's bedroom, adjoining the dressing room, features a bed at least eight feet wide. A particularly fortunate circumstance because tonight it is shared by young Tony, who likes to kick around. What used to be his guest room is the nurse's room since Norah and Kelly took over," your hostess has explained, earlier in the day, "so you're sleeping in Tony's bed."

It seems like a special honor—particularly since Tony has left his searchlight and airplane model right on his dressing table, confident that you won't disturb them. Then, too, there's Linda sleeping right across from you, under a twin candlewick spread. And inside the door hangs an interesting work, titled "Program for the Day." Beginning with "7 a.m.—Say morning prayers," it accounts for every hour right on down to "7 p.m.—Say evening prayers."

Lights Out.

When you wake next morning The Program is already ruined so far as you, personally, are concerned. Linda informs you, without reproach, that it is almost nine o'clock. Dolores and the two youngsters are off to Mass. Bob is being "eased awake" by cold orange juice and hot coffee served in his room—a household device for preventing him from sleeping all day on Sundays. Guiltily, you turn over for one last wink...

Your own orange juice you take later in the gayest kitchen you've found in some time. Curtains are a bright blue print and cupboards are decorated in Swedish peasant design with yellow and blue predominating for an indoor-sunshine effect. Over the silverware compartment is a whimsical inscription in Swedish, traditionally effective for "warning the witches away."

BE that as it may, there is a certain witchery in the hot blueberry muffins that appear shortly afterward with the buffet breakfast on the terrace. With the muffins putting a hex on your usual regard for calories, you butter them lavishly and help yourself uninhibitedly to the variety of eggs and sausages and fruit laid out in covered dishes and platters for your temptation. As a corrective measure you later take a ride over the rolling lawns on Linda's bike, finding it easy pedaling until gravity reaches up and throws you.

The afternoon somehow slips away from you. For a while there is much talk about getting all dressed up and having tea at the Country Club. That's before you get involved in another play-session with those newest miracles, Norah and Kelly. And before you discover that simply sitting with iced glasses in the comfortable chairs on the sun-drenched terrace is the best possible position in which to listen to those stories which issue end on end from Bob, the chain-joker.

Suddenly Sunday has gone just like the Saturday night before it, in amazingly simple enjoyment. In small talk and big laughter, in a household vibrant with warmth as well as whimsicality...
**Platter Patter**

By Lester Gottlieb

A monthly record review of more music from Movieland—as recorded by your singing favorites and orchestra hit makers

**IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE:** This has a pretty love song called "You're Everywhere" that you'll be humming when you leave the theater. For reprises, try Betty Rhodes' Victor recording of the tune.

**BOB HOPE AND DOROTHY LAMOUR:** The slope-nosed star's "Favorite Brunette" joins him in a swell new Capitol disk, featuring two top-drawer tunes—one, the title tune; the other, a lilting ballad, "Beside You."

**JEANETTE MACDONALD:** The gracious singing star is featured in a charming Victor album (unbreakable records) for children, telling again the story of "Cinderella." Russ Case supplies the original musical score.

**PERILS OF PAULINE:** This cliff-hanger saga has two new songs written especially for dynamic Betty Hutton, who sings them on a new Capitol record just as she does in the film. One is called "Rumble, Rumble, Rumble," the other, "Poppa, Don't Preach to Me." Joe Lilley's orchestra strives valiantly to keep up with La Hutton but it's a losing battle.

**LYDIA:** You may have forgotten this 1941 film but perhaps its tender, haunting theme song lingered on. Ray Bloch's orchestra gives it a sympathetic playing on a new Signature disk.

**UNDERCURRENT:** Remember the dramatic theme music in this melodrama taken from Brahms' Third Symphony? Well, Al Goodman's orchestra, with pianist Vladimir Sokoloff, records the theme just as it was heard on the sound track. This Victor disk has excellent tone quality.

**ERROL FLYNN:** The Warner star turns up with an album dramatizing the Dumas classic "The Three Musketeers" and it is a real treat. Carmen Dragon provides a fine musical background (Columbia).

**THE CLASSICAL CORNER:** Eugene Ormandy conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in Rimsky-Korsakov's festive "Russian Easter Overture" for Columbia. The Spanish composer De Falla is saluted by two famous orchestras. The Pittsburgh Symphony, conducted by Fritz Reiner with Negro contralto Carol Brice, plays his stirring "El Amor Brujo" or "Love by Witchcraft" in a splendid Columbia album, while Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony give an excellent performance of the same work for Victor. The beautiful Chopin Concerto No. 2 in F Minor, Opus 21, is played by the NBC Symphony, with William Steinberg on the podium and Artur Rubinstein as piano soloist. This is a flawless Victor presentation. The Russian composer Khachaturian is again represented on records with his fiery "Ballet Suite" played to perfection by the N. Y. Philharmonic with Efrem Kurtz conducting (Columbia). A single disk feature is the Boston "Pops" orchestra rendition of Von Suppe's "Fاتinitza" overture. Arthur Fiedler conducts (Victor Red Seal). Capitol has issued an album of Seasonal Hymns sung by the St. Lukes' Choristers. The magic voice of Marian Anderson can be heard on Victor's "Hear the Wind Whispering" and "Lullaby" by Scott. Harmonica Classics played by talented John Sebastian for Victor is an arresting novelty for those enraptured by the mouth organ. An excellent violinist, Zino Francescatti, plays a collection of well known violin pieces for Columbia.
Us

(Continued from page 57) never know why, I suddenly said to Miss Dru, "Order me a bottle of Budweiser." With that I went back to the stand for an encore.

An encore never got a quicker brush. Exactly as the band hit the last note, I was bouncing back toward the table. The Budweiser was there all right. But Joanne and Larry weren't.

It was an hour before I could make the Paramount but Joanne was still there. I apologized. I asked for a date. Finally she set one.

It was a big night, that first date night. I really took Broadway apart for that girl that evening. I did likewise our second and our third dates. Then Joanne asked me if I wouldn't like to go uptown and meet her mother.

Her mother said, "Well, so you're the fellow who's dating Joanne."

It's funny how one simple little remark will set things going. I suppose it was Joanne's looks that had first caught my eye, but what had made those dates so sharp was her quality of fun and companionship, her good sense, her healthy outlook on things.

I said to her mother, "Dating Joanne? I'm marrying her."

Her mother looked at Joanne. I was looking at her, too. After all, a proposal of marriage is a proposal of marriage.

Our Miss Dru bore up nicely, however, Mr. Haynes's generous offer did not knock her dead. It was, in fact, six months before I finally got her to say yes.

We went away for a fast three-day honeymoon. Work called me back—but after that the work began to get spotty. I didn't worry. Between jobs, I took my beautiful bride places—I, Saratoga—where I not only lost my shirt but my pants, coat and vest. I was still living like a king—but more and more it was on the cuff.

That was not Joanne's way of doing things. She wasn't extravagant then, she isn't now. But we didn't quarrel. We never do quarrel. Remember that, please, when I begin to tell you about our much-publicized "separation" a few years later.

In those first few months of marriage we talked occasionally about two careers in one family. Joanne suggested she might go on with her dancing, but I said no. I didn't know then why I refused. Later I understood, when I refused again—and when my refusal was completely knuckle-headed and wrong.

Then suddenly Skip was on the way. That changed everything. It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me. From the very moment I knew he was arriving, I began to get wise to all the things I wanted for my son. All my childhood I had traveled on luxury liners, lived in luxury hotels in luxury places, and had been overdosed and rotten spoiled. I didn't want any of that for Skip. I wanted to bring him up in a real home, in a forthright manner, with animals for pets, and school friends to grow up with.

I was singing in a New York night club then, the Martinique, but I hustled around the outside and came up with a contract to make records for Decca. After that I got a radio program, and that got us out of debt. It was about the date of our first wedding anniversary when Skipper arrived—and with him came a Hollywood offer, from Twentieth Century-Fox. I grabbed that quick and Joanne, Skipper and I moved out to a little place in the San Fernando Valley.

There's a rush act in Hollywood but when you first arrive you don't know that. You're excited by the glitter and you think...
you must go to every party that's given. You tell yourself that you must be seen here and there. The races call you. Palm Springs calls you. Home becomes a place where you phone the cook and say you won't be back for dinner.

Joanne and I did Hollywood like that—double. I made "Four Jills and a Jeep," "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Diamond Horseshoe." I was on the radio, too, and I swung through it all with the greatest of ease. Then one day I really saw myself on screen. After that I went around and listened to a couple of recordings of my airshow. They were very tired—and I was a mighty tired looking character on screen.

That was the first moment I realized Hollywood wasn't "a game." Radio wasn't "a game." Both were a profession, and both could be an art. You could give every last thing you had—and keep on growing. Or you could slide through—and be through, and bitter and broke, in a good short while.

I said to Joanne, "I fear your husband is going to settle down to work." Joanne said, "That's good, because my husband is going to have another child to support in about seven and a half months from now."

This one we christened Helen but called Pidge, because from the instant of her debut on this earth, she looked exactly like a pigeon, very round and fat with her mouth always open. Folks say The Skipper—who's really Richard—looks like me, though I think he looks like Joanne. But there's no argument about Pidge. She does look like Joanne, which is the best way for any girl to look, if you ask me.

Being by nature an extremist, I swung way over the other way after Pidge arrived. We took a bigger, quieter ranch further out in the Valley. We went in for the simplest life. I began working harder than I ever had in my life—and getting the thrill there is in finding your work and giving it the gun. When I wasn't on a picture, I worked—and still do—for days a week getting my radio show just as smooth as humanly possible.

In the last three years I've been fascinated to see how a radio show can develop. My writers and I get together and exchange ideas. You try this and that, and what's not good, you edge out.

That's true on screen, too. I'm completely bored with the tried and trite. I feel that people in my spot owe it to all the people who are in the audience's spot to give them the best possible entertainment. If I sound like a crusader, okay, but let me be a crusader for good things.

I've established this music publishing firm with my friend, Larry Shayne. We call it the Beverly Publishing Company and we've been in operation a year. While we haven't crashed through with a big hit, we have kept out of the red. But all the time we've been hunting, not for something that's "sure-fire" because "it's always been sure-fire," but for something that is wonderful because it's superior and fresh and distinctive.

We've got a piece of music now like that, Larry and I, and there's a funny story behind it. One day I heard a theme, played in piano concerto style. I thought it beautiful—and then promptly forgot it.

Larry was in New York at that time, and the moment he got back he told me, "I got hold of a song for us by Victor Young." I recognized it as the theme I'd caught that day. It's called "Stella by Starlight" and Vic had written it as part of the background music for "The Uninvited." I warn you it will be a hit.

That kind of discovery is a thrill—but such discoveries take up time. A couple of years ago my work was taking up a lot of my time. I guess I lost
sight of Joanne’s end of it. When she told me she’d had some picture offers and that she’d like to accept one or two, I refused again. I refused so hard I went off to Palm Springs—alone—whereupon the papers announced that we had separated.

Now a great belief of mine is that married people should give each other a chance to be themselves. I love Palm Springs—Joanne doesn’t care much for it. So I’d often barge down there, while she’d stay home. A few times she’s gone as far as Florida, to visit her mother, while I stayed home with the kids.

But this time it was different. We hadn’t quarreled. We had merely disagreed on that two-career stuff. Columnists began calling me. After a couple of days of that I said to myself, “I’m not mad at Joanne. I don’t want to be separated from her.” So I called her up. “This is pretty silly,” I said, “and I’m the character who is all wrong.”

I was, too. But two things were bothering me. I didn’t want Joanne hurt by show business as I’d been hurt. I’ve been at it for eighteen years now and I love it, but those first few years were murder and I didn’t want a beautiful thing like Joanne going through that.

I was wrong—because she didn’t have to. She signed a contract with Howard Hawks, who is a very intelligent man, and who is a great friend of mine. He’s not going to waste good talent. Joanne won’t play many pictures—just those with good parts for her. In her first one, “Abe’s Irish Rose,” Joanne, herself, was swell, I think.

The other disturber was, that having been on the road all my life, my main ambition was to create a home, even if I could only live there three months a year—which, thank heaven, is not the way it turned out. I’m home most of the time simply because I’m too stubborn to work all the time just to pile up dough at the expense of other more important things.

After that “separation” Joanne and I didn’t have any big “reconciliation.” We never parted, because we can’t stand that. If we begin to feel “nervy” I read, or go horseback riding, or Joanne may go off riding with the kids. Then we come back and have one of our personal rituals; a drink before dinner, or some little thing like that. We don’t gush, but we both are sentimental. I wear a wedding ring, for instance. It’s not the one I was married with, however. That’s on my key chain, as I’ve put on so much weight I’ve outgrown it. But I’ll never give either ring up.

That’s the way I feel about Joanne—and the kids. I’ll want them near me always. Our ranch is practically self-sustaining. We have a governness, a cook, a maid and a housekeeper. I have a boy for the stable, which consists of one Palomino stallion and some babies. We’ve never named the ranch—but we’ve got a brand, a simple one, an “H,” the left side of which bulges out with a “D” curve and the right side of which dips down into a “J” hook.

The kids are just kids, no worse and no better than any normal kids. They don’t know much yet except that they can play with their dogs and ride their horses. Skip only plays the gallant knight with Fidge if we’re watching.

He gets very hammy once in a while. I say, “Skip, don’t be a square,” and he can’t stand that. He is naturally obedient and when he isn’t, I don’t force obedience because I think it generates a definite defiance. Instead when he refuses to obey I say, “Well, you don’t have to do it but we won’t go riding Friday.” That brings him to terms quick.

Skip knows about the new baby that’s coming in September. A couple of weeks ago, his mother told him for a soda in a

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very correct Beverly Hills shop. Imagine how Joanne felt when he began screaming in that typical kid voice, "Mother, how is the baby? How does it feel?"

People ask me if I'll mind if they become professionals when they grow up. No, I won't—not if they become just that—professionals, and not try to be people who are out to "steal"—"trying to get away with murder."

But before they start to work, I want them to travel with me and Joanne. Most of Europe isn't what it used to be, but South America will be interesting for them to see, and Switzerland will never change. Travel is good for kids, no matter where you take them. It gives them perspective on people, which is invaluable if you expect to mature into any real understanding.

Skip is very excited right now because I've been talking about getting a boat this summer and taking him fishing with me. He can't quite fathom the boat. He says, "The station wagon can't go on water?" I say, "No." He asks, "The boat can go on land?" I say, "No." After that, he goes into a big blue study that he hasn't got out of so far.

Whether or not we have a whole flock of kids depends on Joanne. She loves them and I do, too, but she's the one who has to go through the tough part of it—so I don't think I have any right to say one word that might influence her decision.

But I think it's very safe to say that no matter what its numbers, you'll be finding the Haymes family living under the Haymes brand a good many years from now—and living most happily, too.

THE END

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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70)

However, I'm afraid that your problem goes deeper than you think. If I am to judge by this action of your fiancé's, I would say that he is an extremely practical man, without much sentiment, and certainly a person who doesn't stop to think of the possible attitude of other human beings.

Think over these things and after you've decided, I think you should say, gently of course, "Bob, darling, I love the ring. It is lovely. But it was X's token of your love for her. Would you mind awfully having it rest just for me, so that I will have a feeling of true ownership?"

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am very much in love with another man's wife who is in love with me. I went steady with this girl for three years and we were deeply in love when I enlisted in the Navy and was sent overseas. I was over when she married this other guy and the reason she did was: She didn't receive a single one of my letters and all of her letters to me were returned, marked unclaimed. There was a little mix-up in my address.

The day she married, she told my sister to tell me if I came back that she would die loving me.

When I got back I tried to get in touch with her, but her husband is very jealous and sent her out of town. I said I just wanted to see her and get this thing straightened out, and he said nothing doing.

How can I get in touch with her without making him mad?

Snafu 3/c

I must agree with you that you and your former sweetheart were ill-fated lovers; the postal mix-up was a great tragedy, but if you are to prevent an even greater tragedy, you should forget one another.

This girl made a fearful mistake by marrying one man if she still loved another. However, that was her decision to make. Now she should be woman enough to adhere to her promise to her husband. And you should be man enough to put the entire experience behind you and look to the future. Get busy in your work—in another city if possible—make new friends.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

A year ago in February my sister married a boy she had known for four years. However she did not tell anyone about it until October. She lived at home with us and her husband lived with his family.

Now her husband has moved in with us because they are going to have a child; yet they have done nothing about finding a place to live. My sister says she doesn't want to leave Mother under the circumstances.

Because of this, Mother says I will have to give up my bedroom when the baby is born, because mine is the largest bedroom. I have fixed it up so that it is just darling, but I will have to leave it as it is because nothing will fit the small back bedroom to which I will have to move.

I don't think I should be forced to give up my room just because of my sister's selfishness.

Valerie S.

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Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a man of twenty-one.
Ever since I was about six, I have wanted to become an actor. As I grew older I discovered that there is quite a bit of work connected with the profession. Could you please tell me how to become an actor?

The easiest way I suppose would be through some influential person, or to be so handsome that agents would be knocking themselves out to sign you. I don't think that either will happen to me. Nor do I intend to leave home some fine day, land in New York or Hollywood and become a star over night.

Now I know you must get many letters of this type, but please try to understand that I am serious in my ambition.

Ronald G.

Ladies, accept this challenge

Dry, Clean all your "Pretties"

LOOK WHAT YOU SAVETE

DRESSES as little as 10¢ each
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NECKTIES as little as 1¢ each

Experten Results or DOUBLE YOUR
MONEY BACK!
The prettiest "pretty," the fullest
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America's Largest Selling French Dry
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modern way to save! No stretching!
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Use it according to directions —
if not completely satisfied, return
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Products Company, Phila., 3, Pa., and
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a BIG refrigerator especially de-
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gives more storage space. Including
a 25-lb. Built-in Frozen Food Locker!
SEE YOUR DEALER OR WRITE!

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DEERMOIL to affected part of body of skin
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By a nation of doctors.
Sends a FREE sample.

ARE YOU PALE WEAK TIRED

due to MONTHLY LOSSES?

You girls and women who lose so
much during monthly periods that
you're pale, weak, "draggled out"—
this may be due to lack of blood-iron.
So try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS
one of the best home ways to
build up red blood—in such cases.
Pinkham's Tablets are one of the

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build up red blood—in such cases.
Clothes have odorant, will Health FOR answered III 4 £3 dated Says $399 Dept. asked. taking 98c I the £48 Registered stop ingredient! Use odorant M convinces. That's itching soothing it Great physical handsome- ness is not essential. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Before I went into the Army, I dated a girl a few times. When I left, I asked her to write. I confined my letters to news about the base, but her letters began to get soft with love. I answered about one in five or six of her letters but it didn't seem to matter. She wrote anyway.

Now I'm home and she is taking for granted that we are going to get married. I have dated her occasionally, and she makes it a point to drag me past a furniture store, pointing out her taste and asking me what I want in a home.

This girl is nice and sweet—but I'm not in love with her and have told her so.

Furthermore, I am only twenty-one. I am planning to become a doctor, so I have four years of college, a year of internship, and several years of resident work and junior surgery before I will be able to think of supporting a wife.

"Why don't I simply avoid the girl?" Well, she lives four doors down the street, and is crazy about my mother. She drops in at all hours and is wonderful to Mom. How, without hurting her feelings, can I sort of comb her out of my hair?

A wearied man.

The answer to your problem can be supplied gracefully by your mother. She should tell this girl frankly that you have no intention of marrying for seven or eight years and explain why.

Meanwhile do not ask her for dates, and when she is in your house, be friendly but distant. She'll get the point eventually. Your mother may find that she, too, has lost a frequent caller.

This world would move more smoothly and there would be less heartache in the long run if a lot of courageous though gentle candor were applied.

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, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she will consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
GIRLS! WANT QUICK CURLS?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hairdo in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light-bodied. Faster drying. Let you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

NEW WILDRoot HAIR SET

5¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

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To keep hair from darkening, wash it with BLONDEX, the new 1 1/2 minute blonde shampoo. It is rich, cleansing lather instantly removes the dull film that makes hair dark, dingy. Gives hair lovely lightness and lustre. Safe for children. For sparkling, extra high-lights, follow your BLONDEX Shampoo with BLONDEX Golden Rinse. Add the tiny touch of color often needed. Both cost little. Get BLONDEX Shampoo and BLONDEX Golden Rinse at 10¢ drug and department stores.

Met in St. Louis, married in Hollywood, Jimmy Zito and June Haver with best man Ted Fiorito and the bride's sister Evelyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stevens (they approve of marriage) wish the bride and groom joy.

"Happy Going!" Lon McCallister and Peggy Ann Garner at the wedding reception.

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EASIER SAID THAN DONE. But Miles Nervine can be of real help—if a hectic day makes you jittery, cranky, gives you a headache or keeps you awake. This scientific, mild sedative can help calm nerves and permit restless sleep. Caution: use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35¢ and 75¢. Liquid 25¢ and $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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Miles Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 71, Elkhart, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stevens.
Brief Reviews

Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

\[ \text{AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI, THE—Low-Levin-Ua: A savo-faire piece with George Sanders playing a French rake of the last century. Also John Carradine, Angela Lansbury, Frances Dee and Ann Doran. Plenty of atmosphere if you go for bow mots and the French spirit of things. (May)} \]

\[ \text{ANGEL AND THE BAD MAN—Republic: A Quaker touch gives a novel angle to this Western. Big touch John Wayne is in with a Quaker family; daughter Gail Russell falls in love with him. This spells reformation, with villain Bruce Cabot in the background just to keep John vacillating between Gail and his gun. (May)} \]

\[ \text{BEGINNING OR THE END, THE—M-G-M: The atom bomb comes up for some pretty good celluloid discussion with Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker and Tom Drake heading a fine cast. It's the history of the bomb from laboratory to Hiroshima in a factual manner. See it and think. (May)} \]

\[ \text{BOOMERANG—20th Century-Fox: New-type picture based on a Reader's Digest feature in which honest state's attorney Dana Andrews tries to decide the innocence or guilt of a suspected murderer. Straight realistic film. (Apr.)} \]

\[ \text{BRASHER DOUBLOON, THE—20th Century-Fox: A good case for Roger's role of detective Philip Marlowe to go hunting for a valuable coin. Meant to be a chiller-diller but misses by a gasp or two. (May)} \]

\[ \text{CALENDAR GIRL—Republic: A Greenwich Village boardinghouse at the turn of the century has Irene Rich as the motherly house-mother, Fran as the girl next door and William Marshall and James Ellison as two of Irene's artistic proteges. The costumes are quaint and there's lots of tunes but not much. (May)} \]

\[ \text{CALIFORNIA—Paramount: You'll get your quota of gushy in this chronicle of California's battle for admission into the Union. Ray Milland and Barbara Stanwyck have their personal reasons for taking sides and the villains George Coulouris has plenty at stake, too. An action-packed Western with Technicolor trims. (Mar.)} \]

\[ \text{CAPTIVE HEART, THE—Ealing-Prestige: Top-notch British war drama, presenting the life of prisoners in Nazi concentration camp, with Michael Redgrave assuming a dead man's identity along with his wife, Rachel Kempson. A compelling picture with praiseworthy performances. (Mar.)} \]

\[ \text{CROSS MY HEART—Paramount: Slapstick farce funny in spots, with Betty Hutton as a dizzy dame, trying to drum up clients for her lawyer-sweetie, Sonny Tufts. He talks fast and furiously when the facts result in a bigger charge. (Mar.)} \]

\[ \text{DEAD RECKONING—Columbia: Not for the squeamish this Humphrey Bogart picture full of savage action, cracking talk, casual love-making. Hard-boiled Bogie meets his match in Siren Liz Scott. She and fast-talking Morris Carnovsky know the answers to his wartime buddy's disappearance and Bogie's out to get 'em. (Mar.)} \]

\[ \text{DEVIL ON WHEELS, THE—PRC: An effective sermon on reckless driving by kids who clutter the roads with their lumped-up jugheads. Parents as well as youngsters are put on the carpet for endangering their own and others' lives. (Mar.)} \]

\[ \text{EASY COME, EASY GO—Paramount: Life on New York's Third Avenue as seen by Barry Fitzgerald as an amiable, no-account Irishman who plays the horses, Diana Lynn as his double-tongued and Sonny Tufts as his exaggerated suitor trying to raise enough cash so they can tie the knot. (Mar.)} \]

\[ \text{ESCAPE ME NEVER—Warners: Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker, Ida Lupino and Gig Young cavort around like the latest for the first half; then get maddening in a tear-jerking second half. Errol's a carefree composer, Gig a conservative, rich Eleanor likes Gig, poor Ida likes Errol. It jumps around from the Tyrol to London slums but it's still a big miss. (May)} \]

\[ \text{GENTLE PRODUCTIONS—Columbia: The love story of a free-wheeling Appalachian family. Also James Cagney, Ray Milland, and Betty Field. A breath of fresh evening air. (May)} \]
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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters which help to purify your blood and keep your body clean. When these filters get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up at night and keep your kidneys working. Tired kidneys can sometimes cause heart problems and arthritis. It may also cause nausea, weakness, and loss of appetite, resulting in loss of energy and fatigue. Changes in your sleep pattern may be the result of kidney disease.

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At all 10¢ stores!

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**Step lively for 10¢**

Walk comfortably with CRO*PAX foot aids. CRO*PAX corn and callous pads provide wonderful relief from corns and callouses. CRO*PAX bunion pads are meticulously designed to relieve pain and pressure instantly. Try CRO*PAX today!

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**CRO*PAX Foot Aids**

At all 10¢ stores!
OUT CALIFORNIA WAY—Republic: Ridin', ropin' and fightin' plus some singing and romancin' with stalwart Monte Hale, moulding John Dehner, winsome Adrian Booth, bright Bobby Blake. (Mar.)

PILGRIM LADY—Republic: Ugly duckling-fairy princess theme. Lynne Roberts pretends to be an author; critic Alan Mowbray falls for her story—and her; she falls for agent Warren Douglas. (Apr.)

PURSUED—Warner Bros: Expert treatment of the life of Robert Mitchum, who's pursued by a childhood memory in which Judith Anderson figures. Teresa Wright tries to help him; Dean Jagger tries to kill him. It's hate and love on the wild plains of New Mexico set to Max Steiner music. (Apr.)

RED HOUSE, THE—Lesser-U: A study in introspection to keep you in a high state of tension. Len McCallister is warned by a farmer Edward G. Robinson to keep clear of Orcher Woods, enters them instead, finds out about the red house and Rory Calhoun with the help of Judith Anderson and Alileen Roberts. (Apr.)

SAN QUENTIN—RKO: This starts out by pointing up the work in federal prisons of the inmate's league for self-discipline but ends up disappointingly as a routine gangster film with grim-faced Lawrence Tierney chasing his killer prey. (Apr.)

SEA OF GRASS—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn get emotional about life on the cattle range in the eighteen-hundreds. Their marriage runs into complications, one of whom is lawyer Melvyn Douglas, the years bring children Robert Walker and Phyllis Thaxter as well as plenty to keep you interested. (May)

SECRET HEART—M-G-M: Good psychological drama with Claudette Colbert playing a widow who has a ten of debts to pay, two stepchildren to raise, and Walter Pidgeon to resist. There's trouble aplenty when June Allyson suffers from a father fixation which she transfers to Pidgeon. (Mar.)

SINBAD THE SAILOR—RKO: Fabulous Sinbad played by Douglas Fairbanks Jr., sails in search of treasure. Done in rich Technicolor, with a fanciful atmosphere, plenty of action, wicked Anthony Quinn and beautilous Maureen O'Hara. (Apr.)

SMASH-UP: THE STORY OF A WOMAN—Universal: International: Sussan Hayward turns in a fine picture of an alcoholic woman married to Lee Bowman and resentful of his secretary Marsha Hunt. When time hangs heavy on her jeweled fingers she takes to the bottle. It's a shocker but good for you. (May)

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE—Universal: International: Dreamed-up stuff with Jean Pierre Aumont as composer Kinsky Korakow bearing his way through colorful happenings in a Moroccan port. Yvonne De Carlo dances, there's lots of music, a fight with bull whips and nonsense involving Brian Donlevy. Don't take it seriously and you'll have a good time. (May)

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Every weekday afternoon you can take the "Hollywood Tour" over your ABC station. It's fun... it's exciting... it's glamorous! Hear Cal York of Photoplay Magazine interview visitors to Hollywood. Learn what visitors from all over the country say about their trips through the most fascinating town in the world.

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GOLDEN GLINT
STAGECOACH TO DENVER—Republic: You can safely skip this stagecoach saga based on the comic strip adventures of Roy Barcroft, with Allan Lane as Red and Roy Barcroft as a racketeering rat, amirs to cheat some settlers out of their property. (Apr.)

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN—Universal International: An R.A.F. pilot roves between life and death after jumping from his burning plane, his hallucinations taking the audience into an imaginary heaven where a trial is arranged to decide his fate. Brilliantly played by David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey and Raymond Massey. (Mar.)

STALLION ROAD—Warners: This leaps over everything, including common sense, to produce a film about veterinarian Ronald Reagan, ranch girl Alexis Smith and writer Zachary Scott. A lot of nothing about some old horses. (May)

SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING— Paramount: Between two such lovelies as Paulette Goddard and Arleen Whelan, Fred MacMurray hasn't got a chance, at least not in this frolicsome farce. Macdonald Carey lends ample assistance. (Apr.)

SWELL GUY—Universal: Virtue triumphs over vice with Sonny Tufts giving a colorful characterization of half-baked, half-bred and Ann Blyth playing a teen-age terror who pays the penalty for her mistakes. John Craven, Mary Nash, William Gargan, Ruth Warrick and Donald Devlin are in it too. (Mar.)

11 RUE MADELEINE— 20th Century-Fox: Along the lines of "House on 92nd Street," this high-power thriller by Raymond Carney playing a grim game with the German Intelligence. A melodrama with plenty of punch to it, as played by Carney, Annabella, Walter Abel, Richard Conte, Frank Lawton, Sam Jaffe. (Mar.)

THIS HAPPY BREED—RKO: A study of family life, this time covering 1919-39. A somewhat slow-moving, sentimental story, getting the middle-class Gibson family, their trials and triumphs told in Technicolored episodes. Splendid performances by Robert Newton, Colin Johnson, Stanley Holloway, Kay Walsh. (Mar.)


TRAIL STRENGTH—Walt Disney: Another Western town gets tamed by Randolph Scott. Robert Ryan's the honest land agent and Steve Brodie is the crooked cattle drifter, with the law doing its usual stint. It's another law-and-order film. (May)

TRAIL TO SAN ANTONO—Republic: A routine Western in which Gene Autry tries to help out pretty ranch runner Peggy Stewart who has a mean traitor, Featuring the Cass County boys and Champion, it's only for the Autry fans. (Apr.)

VERDICT, THE—Warners: This fairly suspenseful whodunit has Sidney Greenstreet as a disfashioned inspector replaced by George Coulouris at Scotland Yard after an innocent man hangs for another's crime. With Peter Lorre, Paul Cavanagh and Joan Lorring. (Mar.)

WANTED FOR MURDER—Fox: If you go for creepy stuff, you could do worse than see this based on Roast Island Yard tracks down the homicidal maniac guilty of strangling one girl friend after another. (Mar.)

Dane Clark, as Barry Burnett, escaped convict who comes to a bad end, with pal Joe in Warner picture "Deep Valley"

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BEAT THE BAND—RKO: Ann, Frances Langford; Eddie, Ralph Edwards; Damen, Phillip Terry; Pul- lio, June Haverworth; Mrs. Fern, Mabel Paige; Professor, Andrew Tombes; Ddy, Donald MacBride; Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. McKinney; Mr. Rogers, Harry Harvey; Harold, Grady Sutton; and Gene Krupa and his Band.

BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME—Universal: C. S., Smith, Bob, Alfred Bethea, Lou Costello; Bill Gregory, Tom Brown; Sylvia Hunter, John Fulton; Sp, Collins, Nat Pendleton; Yvonne Le Feu, Grace; Beverly Simmons; Mr. Roberts, Don Beddoe; Capt., Don Porter; Police Capt., Donald MacBride; Lt. Monday, Joe Lane; William Ching; Steve, Peter Thompson; Cal, George Bevan Jr.; John, Denny Duval; Mrs. Smith, Lenne Bremen; Nurse, At Murphy, Blanche, Bob Wilke; Husband, William Haade; Wife, Janna, DeLoos; New York Capt, Buddy Roosevelt and Chuck Hamilton.

CALCUTTA—Paramount: Natie Gordon, Alan Ladd; Virginia Moore, Gail Russell; Pedro Blake, William Bryant, Maria Amar; June Duprey; Don Lasser, Lowell Gilmore; Mrs. Smith, Edith King; Mr. Raj, Paint, Paul Singh; Inspector Kendricks, Ovian Murr; Bill, John Whitney; Young Chinese Clerk, Benson Pong.

CHEYENNE—Warners: Warnes, Wyl, Dennis Ogan; Ann, Kean; Jane, Wiman; Emily Carson, Jana Paig; Ed Lader, Bruce Bennett; Sundance Kid, Arthur Kennedy; Fred Dyer, Alan Hale; Mrs. Ridgely, Fiance, Burton MacLane; rookie, Bob, Sc, George Custer; Capt., Simple Jack, Rolly Mallison; Timble; Monte Blue, Peas, Tom Tyler; Charlie, Tom Fadden.

DUEL IN THE SUN—Selznick: Pearl Chavez, Jennifer Jones; Jess, Carolee Cotten; Lewis McCane, Gregory Peck; Senator McCane, J. Barney; Barrymore, Scott, Charles, Herber, Edi; Mrs. McCane, Lillian Gish; Stinker, Walter Huston; Sam Purchase, Charles, Beck, Helen Langford; Joan Tetel, Lem Smoot, Harry Carey; Fast, Butterfly, Edward; Mrs. Langord, Otto Kruger; Sheriff, Harry, Charles Bingle; Mrs. Chavez, Toby Losch; Sid, Scott McKay, The Lover, Sidney Black- mer; The Wrangler, Dan White.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE—RKO: Karin, Hoystrom, Loretta, Young, Glenn, Mercel, Joseph Cotten; Mrs. Morley, Ethel, Brianic; Disney, Charles, Beckford; Virginia, Rose, Hobart, Adolph, William, Chandler, Alphonso, Harry, Daven- port; Nord, Tom, Powers, David, Hughes, William, Bar- rymore, Scott; Olga, Holmstrom, Lex, Barker, Howard, Shannon; Sven, Keith, Anderson; Wilbur, John, Thurston, Thor; H., J., Finley, Art, Baker; Einar, Don Beddoe; Peter, James, Arness; Mrs. Holstrom, Anna, Q. Nissel.

FRAMED—Columbia: Mike Lambert, Glenn Ford; Paula, Craig, Janis, Carter; Stephen, Price, Barry, Barrymore, Patricia, Buchanan; Mrs. Price, Karen, Morley, Jack, Woodworth, Jim, Bann, Si, Tom, Kim, Wallis, Humphrey, Woodwood, Barbara, Woodood, Assy, Clerk, Paul, E. Burns.

HIGH BARBAREE—MG-M: Mike, Brooke, Van, Johnson; Nancy, Fraser, Jane, Allsby, Trud, O'Neil, Thed, Vail, Thomas, Mitchell; Diana, Case, Marilyn, Max, Monroe, Jane, Wyman; Jack, Angel, Alice, Cog, (age, 14), Chade, Arman, Jr, R., Dr, Brooke, Henry, Hull; Bruce, Geraldine, Wall, Della, Parkin, Barbara, Brown, John, Case, Paul, Taylor, Howard, Charles, Evans.


LOCKER, THE—RKO: Nancy, Larraine Day; Dr., Bradford, Peter, Mitchell; John, Willa, Gene, Raymond; Nancy, age (10), Shary, Mitzi, Merton, Edie; Lolo, Margaret, Ricardo, Cort, Lord, Wickham, Stephen, Steinhoff, Mrs. Katherine, Emery, Mr. Wendell, Reginald, Denny; Mike, Barry, Day, Don, Mrs. Don, Bandy, Thel, Mrs. Lens, Nella, Walker; Womam, Singer, Madeleine, Leonard, Lady, Sonja, Clement, Thelme, Thelmo, Dell, Donald, John, Clark.

LONLy HONEYMOON—Eagle-Lion: Johnny, Gray, Charles, Robenfack, James, Atkin, Ann, Richards; Doctor, Dick, Cowan, Jode, Robert, Thoms, Frances, Rafferty; Mr. Evans, Spencer, Kahl, Mr. Tbe, Loom, John, Jun, Jone, Winston, fried, Joyce, Adele, Daven, Mrs. Jenkins, Sandra, Roger, Major, John, Jenkins.

LOST HONEYMOON—Eagle-Lion: Jockey, Grey, Charley, Robenfack, Torben, James, Atkin, Ann, Richards; Doctor, Dick, Cowan, Jode, Robert, Thoms, Frances, Rafferty; Mr. Evans, Spencer, Kahl, Mr. Tbe, Loom, John, Jun, Jone, Winston, fried, Joyce, Adele, Daven, Mrs. Jenkins, Sandra, Roger, Major, John, Jenkins.

RAMROD—Enterprise: Canno, Dickson, Ver- onica, Lake, Dave Nash, Joel McCrea, Walt Shipton, John Minor, Don, Dickson, Charles, Ruggles, Frank, Ives, Frenon, Price, Arleen, Wehlan, Red, Clyd, Lloy, Bridge, Riff, Tom, Jim, Cro, Donald, Crisp, Annie, Rose, Huggins, Dr. Parks, Chick, York, Tbe.
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