Anne Baxter
By Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY
combined with M Mirror
July

15¢
There's a softer, more captivating complexion for you—and it's yours with your very first cake of Camay! So change today—give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had a softer, smoother complexion.

READ MRS. ERICKSON'S STORY

Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin with Camay," she says, "for the very first cake I used left it softer and clearer."

Artist and Model: Viola's cream-soft skin, auburn hair, inspire her artist-husband's brush. "I'm going to keep that softer, fresher look in my skin," she avows, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." YOU can, too! You'll find full directions on every Camay wrapper.

the former Viola Gishaas
Miss Kilpatrick Erickson
of Hollywood, California

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last and last? Precious war materials go into soap.
"You're a big help!"

**GIRL:** Maybe I'm not a cover girl, Cupid. But it's moonlight. It's a party. And where's my date? Inside talking politics, that's where!

**CUPID:** Oh?

**GIRL:** Yes! And what're you doing about it? Nothing!

**CUPID:** How about you, Honey? What'd you do to keep him here? Did you turn on your sparkling-est smile? No! Did—

**GIRL:** Pardon, Cupid. But my sparkling-est smile is no sparkler. I brush my teeth, but—

**GIRL:** But what's that got to do with my smile?

**CUPID:** Lots! Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. And massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that keeps your date from talking politics at parties! Get going, Child!

**CUPID:** No sparkle, huh, Sis? And, lately, "pink" on your tooth brush? Right...? Right! And what d'you do about it? Nothing! You just go gleeping along day after day with dull teeth! Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to see your dentist?

**GIRL:** Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

**CUPID:** Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Sugar. See yours now. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

---

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
Those who loved “Lassie Come Home” will respond to this one. The late Eric Knight is not the author, but the new story is based on some of his characters.

The story and screen play of “Son of Lassie” were written by Jeanne Bartlett and directed by S. Sylvan Simon. It was produced by Samuel Marx.

It has a distinguished cast—Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp, starring. Also June Lockhart, Nils Asther, Robert Lewis.

It is in Technicolor.

But the great star of the picture is that most exciting of all collies—the beautiful, the adorable, the perfect Lassie.

We are offering an attractive 8½ by 10” color portrait of Lassie to those who write to Lassie, Box F, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. The painting was done by America’s foremost painter of dogs—Paul Branscom.

To cover mailing costs, please send fifteen cents with your request. We suggest that you write fast; the shortage of paper limits the number of prints.

As for the film, to paraphrase an old Scottish song—“you'll love a Lassie”!

Those who have seen “National Velvet” and “Meet Me in St. Louis”, “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” and “Without Love”, may like to know that there are many more M-G-M hits on the way.

Watch for “The Valley of Decision”, and three mighty Technicolor musicals: “Thrill of a Romance”, “Ziegfeld Follies”, and “Anchors Aweigh”.

As for current events, it looks like a Metro-Goldwyn May.
BUT IN HER HEART SHE KNEW MARRIAGE WAS NOT FOR THEM!

Her embittered father cursed their romance... a jealous world tried to build a wall between them... time tore at their hearts! But years of denial only sharpened the hunger of their longing!

M-G-M has filmed—faithfully, tenderly, vibrantly—Marcia Davenport's best-selling romantic novel! With the stars that you would have chosen for the famous roles!

GREER GARSON as Mary Rafferty
GREGORY PECK as Paul Scott
DONALD CRISP as William Scott
LIONEL BARRYMORE as Pat Rafferty
PRESTON FOSTER as Jim Brennan
MARSHA HUNT as Constance Scott
GLADYS COOPER as Clarissa Scott
DAN DURYEA as William Scott, Jr.
JESSICA TANDY as Louise Kane

M.G.M. presents
GREER GARSON
GREGORY PECK

The Valley of Decision

DONALD CRISP · LIONEL BARRYMORE · PRESTON FOSTER · MARSHA HUNT
Gladys COOPER · Reginald OWEN · Dan DURYEA · Jessica TANDY · Barbara EVEREST · Marshall THOMPSON
Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien · Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport · Directed by TAY GARNETT · Produced by EDWIN H. KNAPP · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Cal Visits Leo: The day was fine, the time ripe, so Cal swung down over the hill to M-G-M studios for lunch and a look around. George Murphy and Kathryn Grayson were tearing out of the big commissary on their way to rehearsal hall as we barged in, both looking busy and determined.

Our first stop was on the Abbott and Costello set where the comics, on loan from Universal, are making still another comedy for this studio. You could hear the laughter a mile away as the boys muffed one take after another. In the midst of one scene Costello looked up at the director inquiringly and asked, “Did you say ‘cut?’” The director said he hadn’t. “Well,” said Costello, “it must have been someone at Universal then.”

Five takes later with five minutes of howling after each one, we walked out into the sunshine and caught the little tram, with its leather side seats, that runs out to the back lot.

Director Vincente Minnelli, Judy Garland’s fiancé, sat up on the camera calling direction to Fred Astaire and Frank Morgan on the “Yolanda And The Thief” set. What a colorful set with South American llamas walking about, a yak moaning or whatever it is they do, colorful peasants washing clothes in the fountain near the town square, and (here’s what fascinated Cal) a bunch of real bananas hanging before a shop window.

We watched Fred dance blithely into the rear end of a cactus then back out, and back in again, for one of the cleverest dances he’s ever done.

Then bingo, like magic, we left colorful South America behind and caught the tram back to a redhead sitting on a bench outside rehearsal hall. It was, of course, Van Johnson.

“Hi,” he called, “did you get the picture I sent you autographed for Barbara in Newton, Mass.? That’s close to my home town, you know, and I want her to get it.”

Out of all the hundreds of pictures that pass through his hands, Van Johnson had actually remembered that one. And right there we learned at least a part of the reason for the lad’s success—he remembers people and the little things about them. “You know,” he told us, “I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life (Continued on page 6)
How Could It Be Anything Else But GREAT...

Because its story comes from the pen of the great John Steinbeck, in collaboration with Jack Wagner—Because its script was written by the man who helped put all the delightful, deep-down heart-appeal in "Going My Way"...Frank Butler—Because, like Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way," J. Carrol Naish makes screen history in a brilliant new supporting role....

Because two great stars grow greater in brilliant dramatic performances—And because it has a theme as unusual, a story as tenderly moving as "Going My Way," how could it be anything else but GREAT!

Paramount presents

Dorothy Lamour

Arturo de Cordova

In

"A MEDAL for BENNY"

From the story by JOHN STEINBECK and Jack Wagner

with J. CARROL NAISH • Mikhail Rasumny • Fernando Alvarado

Frank McHugh • Directed by IRVING PICHEL

Screen Play by Frank Butler
No man will ever forgive lack of daintiness. So keep sweet with Mavis Talcum, after your bath. Mavis leaves skin fragrant, pretty, cool; your whole body dainty. Keep truly lovely, the Mavis way!

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis on your skin, too!

The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mist, 69¢ and $1.00 Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

MAVIS talcum FOR BODY BEAUTY
At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

V. Vivaoudou, Inc., Distributors

(Continued from page 4) as I did you when you were trying to find an apartment. I read that ad of yours in the Hollywood Reporter and decided to telephone and ask you to take my place. Then I thought to myself, suppose Cal breaks a leg like the man who came to dinner and I never can get back into my house. So I kept my fingers crossed for you instead.

He hadn't shaved that day and his day-old beard was even redder than his hair which stands up like a chrysanthemum every which way.

"And what's more," Esther Williams piped up, "Van's been eating scallions and every time we rehearse a scene—she held her nose and Van howled.

Noted in Passing: Looks like the Junes have it for 1945. Meaning that June Allyson, already on the way to the stardom she deserves, has a running mate now in blonde little June Haver. She is a terrific favorite with the boys overseas—and here too. And her fan mail has taken such a jump at 20th Century-Fox that the studio is going to give her all the best breaks from now on—wait and see! . . . Ingrid Bergman and David O. Selznick are arguing about her new contract. He wants her for lots of pictures. She only wants to make one a year for him from now on. . . . You should have seen Greer Garson frantically open two letters—almost at once—from Richard Ney, still fighting in the Philippines. They were the ones she'd been waiting and palpitating for—but for weeks! The look of dismay and disappointment on her face as she scanned first one and then the other, was really something. Then her sense of humor got the better of her and she managed first a smile—then even a laugh. She couldn't read more than a few words in either letter! Because the censor had read them first! What wretched luck!

Errol's Leading Ladies: Eight leading ladies for Errol Flynn (at the rate he goes) hardly seem enough—but that's the number he'll have in his next, "Don Juan." First the studio was going to use some starlets on the lot, plus a couple of newcomers. But then it was decided to make it an all-star femme cast as well. The gals all represent different nations in the film story—and at the moment Warners are ambitiously trying to borrow Paulette Goddard and Sylvia Sidney as different types for at least two of the roles.

Paulette is a blonde now—for the first time in years. And she loves it. Swears she'll never be her natural brunette self again. But Cal and lots of others think she is prettier with her own rich dark brown tresses. (Continued on page 8)
Now comes a HUMPHREY BOGART you'd never suspect!
(...or would you?)

MAYBE HE'LL KISS HER....

MAYBE HE'LL KILL HER!

WARNERS
BRING YOU SUSPENSE, SUSPICION AND MAN-WOMAN MADNESS—MORE EXCITINGLY THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!

Co-starring
ALEXIS SMITH · GREENSTREET

SYDNEY (The fat man)

"Conflict"

She's got plenty to be afraid of!

The two mighty men of menace!

Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by ARTHUR T. HORMAN and DWIGHT TAYLOR · Based on Original Story by Robert Siodmak and Alfred Neumann
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS
Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 6)

This and a Bit of That: Dieting has caught up with Greer Garson who developed anemia and has been ill for weeks. Maybe a change from those stuffy characters on the screen to something a bit more lively and believable may aid Greer along the road to recovery... Hollywood feels Bette Davis's sublimation of self for the benefit of others reached a climax in "The Corn Is Green" when John Dall and Joan Lorring walked off with such praise from the critics, leaving almost nothing for Bette... Marc Platt, the dancing sensation of Rita Hayworth's picture "Tonight And Every Night," has red hair and doesn't wear glasses off the screen... Bob Hope has a lifting bounce in his walk but Jack Benny actually swings toodle doo in his swagger... Rita Hayworth is so enamoured of Mexico City she will return, maybe with Orson, if he can be pried loose from his political ambitions. Senator Welles they call him in Hollywood.

Keeping up with the Girls: Judy Garland was having her first day off in ages. What did she do—and how did she look? Well—she took her two pet puddles for a long walk in the sun. She was wearing a bright plaid cotton blouse, tucked into a tight-waisted, dirndl type skirt of navy blue. And her hair was in pigtails. She looked every day of twelve years old. Judy and Vincente Minnelli are going ahead with their plans to revamp the basement of his very smart house. They can't get materials to build anything on to the house, you know!... Ella Raines, who hasn't been to college for three years, has been notified that she will be getting her diploma any minute! How come? Well, she left the University of Washington just one day before graduation—and for a romantic reason. She went to Florida to marry her long-time sweetheart, Kenneth Trout, headed for overseas duty. Later the University notified Ella that if she would complete her thesis, she would be graduated with full honors. She did just that—and the buckskin diploma is about to be her reward... With the raves coming Tallulah Bankhead's way for her work in "A Royal Scandal," everyone is remembering the feud that she and Bette Davis had a few years ago—and wondering if these two gals will be "feuding" as Academy Award contenders at the end of 1945... Did we tell you about the cute line of dialogue in Ida Lupino's new picture, "Pillow To Post"? It's when Ida, a bit woozy from a drink, says to her leading man, "There's something about you that sherry does to me!"

Our Great Loss: No blow has ever struck Hollywood and its people with the force and heartbreak caused by the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Shock and sadness were on the faces of all. Even those who disagreed politically were warm in their praise of him. Clark Gable, for one, had supported Dewey, but he sent Mrs. Roosevelt a beautiful, long wire of condolences that came from his heart. He surely did it for no insincere reason—for he's not that type—and besides, very few people even knew about it. But probably no person in the U. S. A., outside of the President's personal family, felt his loss more keenly than Frank Sinatra, whose devotion to The Chief almost amounted to worship. How he worked for him in the last campaign is (Continued on page 10)
On the screen at last!
Ernie Pyle's human story
of your G. I. Joe!
The real inside story of the mud, dust, fear and rugged
good humor of the foot-weary, fun-loving infantry!

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

"Pardon me, Miss Bandini. There goes that war again!"
"Go ahead! With every third drink you get a furlough!"
"I believe in love at first sight. It saves so much time!"

BURGESS MEREDITH
as Ernie Pyle

Released thru United Artists
This month, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter...more active...enjoying life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and blues might have you miserable.

Take Midol at the first twinge of pain. See how swiftly it acts to relieve your suffering. And trust these effective tablets; Midol's comfort does not depend on opiates. Millions of girls and women rely on it regularly as a "periodic pick-up."

Ask for Midol at any drugstore.

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

(Continued from page 8) well known. How he treasures every little memento ever received from the White House, perhaps is not. There is a big color photograph of Roosevelt framed in Frankie's bedroom. Framed, too, are several little invitations to various functions that came to him from The Great Man. And his most prized possession is the autographed photograph of F.D.R. which stands beside his bed.

Frank Sinatra did much more than give lip-service to the man and his ideals. And the work, time and heart he has given to these principles, he is still continuing. The lectures on tolerance that Sinatra delivered on his recent trip east are only the beginning in his determination to spread the ideas and dreams of Roosevelt—and help make them come true. Yes, "Love Thy Neighbor" is more than just a phrase to Frankie—and he is proving it. By the time you read this, he will be on an overseas entertainment tour. And when he gets back, he'll go right on with imbuing teen-agers with the right thoughts! Bless him!

Tragedy Month: They called April "tragedy month" in Hollywood with the President's death coming on top of so many sad things in the film colony. For instance, there was sixteen-year-old Ann Blyth, the dark, vivacious little miss who appeared in several Donald O'Connor films, and who was on the eve of her biggest chance when she broke her back in a toboggan accident.

Ann was in Snow Valley high above sunny Hollywood when the accident occurred. She was rushed instantly to the San Bernardino hospital where the doctors discovered the compressed fracture that will keep her abed many months. Ann had just completed four days' work in Warners' "Danger Signal" and had to be replaced.

The tragedy of Gloria Dickson who was burned to death in her home was another blow to Hollywood. Miss Dickson, who was dieting her way back to the screen, was napping when a slow smoldering fire in the enclosed patio finally broke out into a fiery furnace. The actress was suffocated in the bathroom shut off from all escape. Married first to Perc Westmore, famous make-up artist, then to actor Ralph Murphy, the actress was happier than she'd ever been in her third marriage to William Fitzgerald, a former boxer.

Hollywood said Peggy O'Neill had the brightest future of any starlet in movies. And yet the day before she was to have signed a long term contract with Paramount, twenty-one-year-old Peggy O'Neill killed herself in the home of writer Al Mannheimer Jr. Her brown eyes and auburn hair made her one of the prettiest colleens in town, one sought by many beaus. Her talent showed great promise in "Song Of The Open Road" and other films. A misunderstanding with the writer caused him to leave Peggy alone in his home, and when he returned she lay dead on the floor with an (Continued on page 12)
Uh-huh! But she plans to make it stick, brother!...and if this flying wolf thinks she's just another furlough date...he's making the mistake of his love life!

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINCE DAY
in
Those Endearing Young Charms

with ANN HARDING
and BILL WILLIAMS

Produced by BERT GRANET * Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
Screen Play by J. H. GORDON

Introducing BILL WILLIAMS
Sensational in his first big RKO comedy role!
Stronger Grip

DeLong

STRONG SPRING-WONT SLIP OUT

DeLong

STRONG SPRING-WONT SLIP OUT

DeLong

STRONG SPRING-WONT SLIP OUT

(Continued from page 10) empty glass, which had contained dissolved sleeping tablets, still held in her hand. Hollywood was shocked and grieved at her death.

Another swimming pool accident, similar to the one that cost the life of Lou Costello’s baby boy, happened at the home of actor Russell Wade when his seven-year-old Joan Suzan was drowned. Coming on top of the sudden death of John Garfield’s little girl, Hollywood feels it had its share and more of heartaches in one month.

Our Boys in Service: Eddie Bracken may be the next Hollywoodite to join Uncle Sam’s forces leaving behind his wife, two small children and his radio show to say nothing of Paramount Studios. Eddie is glad to go.

A friend tells of visiting the Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, and whom should he glimpse, covered with dirt from cleaning out a storehouse, but Gene Kelly, seaman second class.

Reports that Capt. Jeffrey Lynn was missing in the European theater could find no confirmation in Hollywood. Cal believes Jeffrey is the least-heard-of actor among Hollywoodites. Since the day he enlisted, Jeffrey seems to have dropped out of sight.

And Cal hears Lieut. Eddie Albert of the Navy is privileged to wear more decorations for bravery and achievement in action than any star in Hollywood. Only Eddie seldom wears them.

Kenny Baker, singing his way through “The Harvey Girls,” and Dane Clark emoting in “Stolen Life” are now 1-A and expect to be on their way the minute they are finished.

Hollywood is proud of Lieut. Tyrone Power, who is doing such a fine job now in Guam and South Pacific points.

It’s now Capt. Robert Preston. Not only has the actor received promotion in rank but also a Presidential Unit citation for work in the European area. Bob went in as a private and worked up—the hard way.

Producer Sam Goldwyn reports seeing Col. Jimmy Stewart in England and says Col. Stewart is just as popular with the English lads as he is with us. But could they be as proud of him as Hollywood is? Jimmy’s another lad who went in a private, stuck to his job, kept out of Hollywood and the limelight and is now a full colonel.

A Hero Returns: There is no actor more popular with the town and his studio than the French star Jean Pierre Aumont. Cal happened to be on the M-G-M lot the day actor appeared to greet old friends. Hands were extended from every side and studio people called to Jean Pierre from every office door. (Continued on page 14)
This was the night I had dreamed about for weeks... the gay places we would go... the sweetness of seeing him for three whole days on his first furlough since our love-at-first-sight meeting. And now, what a rude awakening! Home before midnight, after an evening which began romantically enough and then grew strained and different! What had I said to him... what could I have done to change his attitude from one of warmth and admiration to cool indifference?

Never Take a Chance

When a woman attracts one day and repels the next, something must be wrong. The answer in this case, as in so many, many others, was halitosis (bad breath). This social offense puts one in the worst possible light, nips many a romance in the bud.

Since you, yourself, may not realize when your breath is "that way"... why not take a sensible precaution against it...?... Why not use Listerine night and morning and between times, before social engagements when you want to be at your best? Listerine Antiseptic helps to make your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical 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.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo:

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

P.S. Your money buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new Listerine Tooth Paste.
Yes, my darling daughter...

Yes, wear this scent when you go down by the shore! Tingling Yardley English Lavender... casual and free as a gull in flight... keeps you feeling resort-cool. And so very, so invitingly fragrant!

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER

Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance, $3.75, $2.50, $1.50. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c; box of three tablets, $1 ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX

Yardley of London, Inc. 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.

(Continued from page 12) Stars were running about looking for him, office workers were happy for a glimpse, and even studio cops smiled as he passed by, which should be indicative of the geniality of this actor who gave up his career to join the Free French Army overseas.

He returns a hero, having been twice wounded. And he’s going back again to France to stay until his country is once more established politically.

Naturally his wife, Maria Montez, was on hand in New York to greet him.

Cal recalls a party some time ago at which Montez introduced the unobtrusive actor with “This is my little Frenchman.” And now he’s Hollywood’s Frenchman and one the whole town welcomes with open arms.

If We Were a Service Lad: We’d write to Diana Lynn about music—good music, and keep the letter friendly and, above all, gentlemanly. But we’d add a post script saying she was not only beautiful but adorable and did she mind our saying so.

We’d write to Irene Dunne about our ideal—and we’d say Irene was it. We’d talk about a home and how wonderfully we imagine hers must be run. And we’d speak of happiness in home and marriage and how we appreciate such things and then we’d add a P.S. and ask her about any business deal that’s troubling us, for Irene is one of Hollywood’s best business women.

We’d write to Jeanne Crain and speak of her lovely young appeal in pictures and how she’s just about every lad’s dream of what he’d like his girl to be. We’d ask her to think carefully about marrying too young, as she’s the sensitive type that could be permanently hurt through a mistake.

We’d write to Lauren Bacall and chat about her voice, her eyes and figure in a rather impersonal way. And we’d thank her for being so different and mention the pleasure that difference means to us right now, and then we’d add in the P.S. Hey, why marry the first guy you met in Hollywood?
We'd dash off a note to Betty Hutton and put this dramatic urge thing of hers right on the table. We'd tell her there is only one Hutton in her mad, screaming, happy way and hundreds of would-be dramatic actresses, and why does she want to rob the fellows of a view of personality to be just another stuffy actress?

We'd finish our correspondence with a line to Olivia de Havilland to tell her we think Hollywood men must be nutty not to sweep her off her feet as, next to Lamarr, her dark beauty is the most haunting. We'd mention books because Livvie is well read and we'd praise her courage in taking her contract troubles to court against a great big studio and then we'd say we heard she's the nicest of all stars in remembering service men who have met her.

If We Were a Girl in Service: We'd write Gregory Peck. And we'd be dignified, but not too dignified, remember, and we'd say he epitomizes the hero of the last book we've read (he'll fit any character, so don't fret) and what does he think of playing it on the screen? And then while he's off guard we'd add a P.S. that would slay him. We'd say he has everything Gable has—only humorized, and everything Van Johnson has—only matured, and everything our dream man has. Period.

We'd use perfumed note paper for Hard Hatfield (if we could get it) and we'd demand to know if he's really as aloof as he seems, or does he have a burning ambition concealed in that dry ice exterior and please, we'd say, what are your hopes and what are you like, because we, your fans, have a right to know. And then we'd post-script our own request—his idea of a dream girl. And then we'd go off somewhere and sulk if we didn't measure up.

We'd fool Van Johnson and not write at all with all that competition, but go on to Turhan Bey. We'd say we felt an underlying unhappiness about him and ask if it was his roles that caused it. And then we'd urge him not to mind too much, as his personality

---

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together
was too strong to be too long submerged in such incredible fantasies and we and all his fans would pull for the day when he emerged into a new era.

To Richard Haymes we'd point out that his songs had helped us over many a lonely hour and how much we appreciated it. But now we feel the time has come when he needs a bit of help over a bad spot and while we can't sing for him we can sincerely say that all his life may be a lonely blunder if right now he doesn't think hard before giving up his cute wife and children, as absolutely nothing is worth it.

Our last note would go to Bill Eythe in which we'd chat like a well-meaning sister (just to hide our crush and to throw Bill off guard, too) and then boom, we'd say—be yourself, kid, you're good and don't let jealousy or pseudo sophistication throw you. You're on top but don't belittle your position just to seem a good fellow to the covetous. Chin up, we'd say, and be the star you are, the actor you've proved to be and then (here it comes) the lover you seem embarrassed to be. And then golly we'd forget everything in the P.S. and say right out—If you haven't a girl, Bill Eythe, will I do?

**Hollywood's Blonde Producer:** Constance Bennett, who has had a finger in so many pies—acting, cosmetics, real estate and marriage—turned producer in "Paris Underground" and as usual emerged a winner.

Blonde, thirtyish, beautiful, the ninety-seven-pound dynamo, who can out-work, out-gamble, out-eat and out-argue any man in town, arose at 5:30 every morning during production, saw to every detail of the picture, casting, writing, direction, sets, music, art, while acting in it too. People all about her drop with fatigue. Bennett remains a vision of efficient sexiness.

The oldest daughter of actor Richard Bennett, Connie came to pictures way back in the silent days to make "Cytheraea" and "The Goose Hangs High" and then retired to marry Phil Plant.

Five years later she was back to create a furor with her temperament, her quick tongue and her fabulous salary (for those days) of $30,000 a week. She pioneered in gaining permission to make one picture a year outside her own studio. This was the one, to Warner Brothers' utter bewilderment, that cost them that unbelievable salary with their paying Connie's income tax.

She's been married three times—to the American Plant, the French Marquis de la Falaise and the Mexican Gilbert Roland from whom she is now separated. With her three children, young Plant fifteen, Linda six, and Jill three, she followed her husband from camp to camp. It was after he returned from overseas that their marriage collapsed.

The impersonation of her as rendered by Gracie Fields (who plays with her in "Paris Underground") sends her into gales of laughter. She never pampers herself physically, never apologizes nor offers alibis. You take her as is—or not at all.

Incidentally, she feels one George Rigaud, whom she selected after looking at 400 tests, will be a sensation as her leading man.

She's a blonde beauty with the kick of a mule and the gait of a thoroughbred. Besides being one of Hollywood's few star-producers she's one of Hollywood's most intelligent women. And still she has blonde curls. Try to figure her out, is Cal's caution.

**Livvie on the Mend:** Olivia de Havilland is looking so well again—and feeling just fine. (Continued on page 105)
No other Shampoo

only Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away . . . don't put it off ... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. Extra lustre ... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap-shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. Such manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner! Complete removal of dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's DORIAN LEIGH, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(Above) The Smooth, Sophisticated Look! Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To head, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For glamorous hair, Dorian always uses Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

(The Daring, Daring Look! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly tucked-under ends. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for that gleaming smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Drene Shampoo

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble
"I feel like Cupid!

Sister Sally’s complexion has that Ivory Look...

...and here’s the beauty tip that did the trick!"

How do you get that Ivory Look—that softer, smoother, lovelier complexion? The answer’s simple—Ivory care! Stop being careless about your skin—change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try a cake today—then see how soon your skin gets lovelier—gets that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—than all other brands put together!

Important: Don’t Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!
The Shadow Stage

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

**The Valley Of Decision (M-G-M)**

MARCIA DAVENPORT'S story of an Irish household in the home of a prominent Pittsburgh steel family, comes to the screen altered in text but never for a moment lessened in charm. To her role of the Irish maid, Greer Garson gives character, infectious charm and a measure of pixie-like dignity. Beginning as an extra maid, she soon becomes the mainstay in the household and even wins the love of the older son, Gregory Peck.

Fearful of this love between them, both from such different stations in life, she travels to England to be with Marsha Hunt, Gregory's sister, who has married a title. Returning to Pittsburgh, she decides to marry Peck when a riot among the workers results in death for both families. A wall arises between them and Peck goes on to marry his first sweetheart, Jessica Tandy, who plays the role of the shrew to perfection.

Glady's Cooper and Donald Crisp are excellent as the parents of Peck. Lionel Barrymore is not quite believable as Greer's irascible father, but Preston Foster impresses as the union boss and Greer's admirer.

We honestly feel there is so much righteousness in Miss Garson's role she at times bores with her goodness. In fact, we advocate a change of pace for Miss Garson entirely with a leaning toward the to-err-is-human side. Peck, of course, will go on to win thousands of new admirers as he should. While this isn't his best role, he succeeds in giving it life, strength and charm.

Your Reviewer Says: Women will love it.

**Wonder Man (Goldwyn)**

LAUGH? You'll die. You'll even wonder how one blond individual can turn into such a soft tornado blowing away inhibitions, cares and worries as he sweeps across the screen.

We mean Danny Kaye, of course, who in "Wonder Man" becomes the best individualistic comic on the screen. Where most funny men depend on the aid of others, Kaye can stand on his own and prove himself an artist the likes of which the screen has never seen.

The story, which could have gone overboard in less capable hands, emerges the Mr. Jordan of corneland, a fantasy of sheer unadulterated fun. Technique, to enhance the comic appeal of Mr. Kaye with that blond mop of hair and frightfully blue eyes. In a duel role as the dead showman Buzzy BelLee and Edward Dingle, the bookworm, he gets across as few funny men do.

Virginia Mayo as the librarian that Dingle Kaye loves, and Vera-Ellen as the actress Buzzy Kaye loves, are good trouper's, goodlookers and good to have around. S. Z. Sakall, the frustrated potato salad seller, and his wife Gisela Werblin, victims of Kaye in his escape from gangsters, are very funny. Allen Jenkins and Edward Brophy give just the right note to the whole insane proceedings. Otto Kruger, Donald Woods, Richard Lane and Natalie Schafer are lucky enough to be in this comedy hit of the month, for which Director Bruce "Lucky" Humberstone can take bows the rest of his life.

Your Reviewer Says: Best comedy you'll see in ages.

**The Corn Is Green (Warners)**

HOLLYWOOD labels this a "prestige" film, meaning a story of pretentiousness and artistic fulfillment. And such it certainly is. But whether the paying public will find value in its artistic worth is something that remains to be seen.

Certainly the Miss Moffat of Bette Davis is a spoiled characterization, though one could wish she had subdued the familiar Davis mannerisms even more than she did.

And of course one must come instantly to John Dull, the young Welsh lad who finds learning, inspiration and a whole new world over the wall of ignorance through the aid of Miss Moffat. With this one film young Dull takes a definite and secure place on the screen. Seldom has a newcomer registered with such authoritative talent. Bette, who chose the actor herself for the role, is to be congratulated upon her choice.

Another delineation etched with dia-

mond-point clearness is that of Joan Loring as Bessie Watty, the cockney tart who all but ruins the chances of young Dull on the very eve of his great chance. There's an almost sinister quality to Bessie that lies close to the surface of the laughter she creates.

Rosalind Ivan as Bessie's mother and Bette's housekeeper, is an actress of such skill one keeps wondering about the whys, wheres and howcomes of this newcomer. Rhys Williams and Mildred Dunne are beautifully cast. And Nigel Bruce as the squire is a perfect addition.

The soft bewitching loveliness of Welsh voices in song, the authentic misty atmosphere of the Welsh village gives to the whole a fascinating quality that helps fit it into its niche of artistic perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: Performances that are little masterpieces.

(Continued on page 111)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 111
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 120
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20

By Sara Hamilton
Be sure to take a supply of Tampax with you (Slip it in your purse)

Why not insure your vacation against all those belt-and-pin troubles and inconveniences that are so familiar? The Tampax form of monthly sanitary protection liberates you completely from belts, pins and external pads, and being worn internally, it can cause no chafing, no odor. Just imagine those advantages during hot summer days! You don't even need to use a sanitary deodorant!

WHILE TRAVELING you will appreciate the compactness of these neat, dainty Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton and each compressed into a patented individual applicator. A whole month's supply will slip into a purse... Tampax can be changed quickly and disposed of easily and inconspicuously.

WITH VARIOUS COSTUMES you will find Tampax a real comfort and a help to your morale. It causes no bulge or ridge under a sheer evening gown or a 1945 swim suit. You cannot feel Tampax when in place and you can wear it in shower, pool or ocean. Invented by a doctor. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

REGULAR

SUPER

JUNIOR

BRIEF REVIEWS

\*
\*
INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

\*
\*
INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

\*

INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, THE—Paramount: A gay, charming, rambling story about Susan, delightful played by Joan Fontaine, who is four different women to the four men in her life. We see her first through the eyes of her ex-husband, George Brent, stage producer, then she becomes a siren to lumberman Don DeFore, an intellectual to Dennis O'Keefe, and then she decides to marry solid citizen Walter Abel. (June)

BIG BONANZA, THE—Republic: Richard Arlen, a disgraced Union officer, goes west, but instead of joining his boyhood pal, Robert Livingston, saloon proprietor, he helps the mining fight for their rights. Bobby Driscoll is swell as Arlen's kid brother, Jane Frazee sings and Lynne Roberts teaches Sunday school. (Apr.)

BIG SHOW-OFF THE—Republic: Arthur Lake is a weak little pianist who pretends to be a wrestling sensation and Dale Evans is the supposed victim of this unlikely deception. Lionel Stander, George Meeker, Paul Hurst and Marjorie Manners go around for a couple of whirs. The harder it tries to be funny, the worse it gets. (Apr.)

VIRGIN ON THE GIRLS—Paramount: Eddie Bracken is a millionaire who joins the Navy because all the girls want to marry him for his money. Sonny Tufts goes along as his chaperone and Eddie gets mixed up with Sonny's ex-girl, Veronica Lake, until Marjorie Reynolds, nightclub singer, comes along. It's pretty silly in spots, but you'll get a few laughs. (Apr.)

(Continued on page 117)
Like velvety gardenias...like muted music...your soft, lovely hands spell romance.

So always, always keep your hands appealing. It's so much simpler when you guard them the Trushay way.

Before every household task, smooth on this new idea, "beforehand" lotion. It's lush, fragrant, creamy...a joy to use.

And Trushay helps prevent rough dryness...guards lovely hands, even in hot, soapy water. Try it today.

TRUSHAY
The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS
TALKING BACK

An old favorite gets a face-lifting. “Speak For Yourself” becomes “Talking Back”—in which readers and editors tell one another what they think

Y OUR recent four-page spread in the local trade paper, Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal Awards for the Nation's favorite actress, actor, and picture in 1944, as determined by Dr. George Gallup's poll, created a great deal of interest among the members of this Guild.

"Why was the director not included in the survey?" was the universal question asked. This became so general that the matter was placed before the Board of Directors for discussion at its last meeting. It was the consensus of opinion that quite frequently editors ignore the names of directors in publicity of this kind. This might be unintentional and the general feeling of our Board was that it might be rectified by bringing the matter directly to the attention of those who have the authority to do so, which partially explains the reason of this letter.

In Photoplay the following were the poll's selections of "The Top Pictures of 1944." We have added the directors' names.

Going My Way 
Leo McCarey
The Story Of Dr. Wassell 
Cecil B. DeMille
A Guy Named Joe 
Victor Fleming
Mrs. Parkington 
Ray Leder
Laura 
Otto Preminger
See Here, Private Hargrove 
Wallace Gregg
Destination Tokyo 
Dolley Dames
Two Girls And A Sailor 
Richard Thorpe
Since You Went Away 
John Cromwell
The Sullivans 
Lloyd Bacon

John Cromwell, President,
Screen Directors' Guild, Inc.

Is the movie-going public interested in who directs the pictures they see? Since Photoplay's Gold Medal Award poll conducted by Dr. Gallup differs from all other polls in that it is the vote of American movie-goers themselves, we feel it important that our readers express themselves on this score. If you convince us that you are interested in the directors of pictures we'll take care of the matter in a way that will please John Cromwell, all other directors and the Screen Directors' Guild. The Editors.

T O my mind, the most interesting article in the March Photoplay was Fred Sammis's "Ten for the Top." I like his choices, but he failed to mention one name which should be included on any cinema magazine's list for top future stars. I'm talking about Charles Korvin. He is a handsome new personality who managed to breathe life and fire into the part of the internationally famous jewel thief Arsene Lupin. Here is no stereotyped actor. His acting is as fascinating as his looks and his debonair manner will capti-
The story of the singing vagabond and the Sultan's daughter ... in glowing Technicolor!

SPECTACULAR SLAVE GIRL AUCTIONS!

LUSCIOUS DANCING GIRLS!

THE SULTAN'S HAREM!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

in Technicolor

EVELYN ADAMS
PHIL SILVERS
ADELE JERGENS
and CORNEL WILDE

Screen play by Wilfred H. Perlin, Richard Haydn, Jack Henley
Produced by SAMUEL BISCHOFF
Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

THE GIANT WHO PERFORMS MIRACLES!
Use TANGEE and see how beautiful you can be

(Continued from page 22) is it not utilized to the fullest extent possible? After all, leg shots, glorious gowns and hair-dos catapulted into fame such great stars as Shearer, Harlow, Crawford, Colbert, Lombard and Dietrich. Why can't we have this thing that we all want in our stars? Glamour!

Marilyn Talbot, Pittsfield, Mass.

Much as we appreciate masculine readers, Photoplay's primary appeal is to women. As such, it should place emphasis on fashions, "hair-dos," not necessarily leg art. We invite the readers to give us their honest opinions. The Editors

They say that in the future there will be historical movies in every schoolhouse. But I say why wait? The motion-picture industry has made movies of every description and kind so why don't they start making historical ones? Just think, all of us school kids could sit down and see all these events of long ago come to life before us once more. It would make us attentive and imprint these facts in our minds for all time. Also, it would be better than reading any history book. Yes, I know it would cost a great deal of money. But if you would just count the millions of teen-agers going to the movies each week you would think this plan a most economical and educational one.

Dolores Andrea, Hartford, Conn.

Has reader Andrea seen any of the fine shorts Warner Brothers made on high moments in American history? Or Darryl F. Zanuck's picture "Wilson"? Or any of the Lincoln pictures and the film on Andrew Johnson ("Tennessee Johnson")? And if movie-goers will support such pictures at the box office, there will be more—many more. The Editors

I just saw "Tomorrow The World." It held an audience of GI's interested from start to finish. GI's are hard to satisfy, so the picture had to be good. Its main force lay in the question it so daringly posed. We are realists now and the days of shirking off controversial matters is a thing of history. We are glad that the movie industry is aware of the fact that it can cease working entirely in a world of make-believe; that it finds it possible to be real. Whenever it can start constructive discussions it is doing something worthy of America.

Pfc. Alan Q. Stelnecke, RCAAB, Red City, S. D.

You owf refused this picture an overseas license on grounds that the picture posed an incorrect solution of post-war problem, "what to do with the Nazis." The Editors

I had to write and express my views on the proposed casting of "The Robe." Doesn't Hollywood realize that here is not only a potentially great picture, but an opportunity to aid in the restoration of hope, faith and immortality in the world? As I read "The Robe" there was only one man in my mind's eye as Marcellus. That man is Fredric March.

Ivy Mowrey, Oakland, Calif.

Other Photoplay readers have also been casting "The Robe." Some vote for Lew Ayres. Picture producer Frank Ross will welcome suggestions from readers. The Editors

You'll never know how much I appreciated the article "You and Frank Sinatra" in your March issue. People have...
been making fun of me for a long time, calling me a silly kid and "one of those crazy teen-agers," just because I show my approval of Frank Sinatra in the usual style of Sinatra fans. Well, I hope all those people who criticized Frank and his fans had a chance to read that article. Of course, I realize now the necessity of discontinuing the much publicized "squealing and swooning" because it's hindering Frank's career. But thanks to Lawrence Gould and Photoplay, maybe America's adult population will find it easier to understand us teen-agers and, what's more, tolerate us.

Martha Manning, Hudson, Mass.

Photoplay's editors, no one of them exactly a teen-ager, request that reader Martha Manning make room for us in the cheering section . . . And to prove the point, our August issue will carry the first of a series of splendid articles by Frankie, himself, talking to young people everywhere. The Editors

WITH four brothers in the service and another one leaving soon I was one of the most critical when Lew Ayres took his stand on war in 1942. I could not see how any man could refuse to fight when we were so brutally attacked—unless he was just a coward—and thus I branded Lew. I want to apologize to him now. Cowardice can be a lot of different things. Too often we think of it in terms of being afraid to fight. I have learned that there are many more forms.

Lew has not changed his belief. He still does not believe in killing. However, he has not been afraid to risk his life for peace and to save those who have fought. I am sure that our men who were wounded at Leyte will never remember Lew Ayres as a coward. They will remember him as one of the sixteen volunteers who set up an emergency hospital at Leyte. No doubt they called him Dr. Kildare.

But—what about us at home who criticized Lew for his stand? Have we done our share of this fighting in our way? We accept the black market, hoarding, unnecessary spending, failing to donate money and blood to Red Cross and other war activities. Yet, had we all done the things we actually believe are right to do—as Lew has done—the war would be over. So—an apology and a salute to a man who did best in what he believed was best. Let's welcome him back to Hollywood.

Mrs. B. C. D., Walker Park, Ga.

We share your sentiments. But right now Sgt. Ayres could use the medical supplies made possible by some Seventh War Loan Bonds much better than an apology. Let's say our apologies with War Bonds! The Editors

———

a guy to remember—
this Cornel Wilde!

watch for
a wonderful
. color portrait of him
plus a gay
"how he really is" story
Next Month!

———

He didn't forget
to kiss you, honey!

You are the one
who forgot—to keep yourself
nice to be near!

If kisses were rationed they couldn't be
scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her
own fault. Poor, puzzled wife! Foolish wife
—to trust just her bath alone instead of
topping it off with safe, dependable Mum.
For your bath washes away
just perspiration, but Mum
safeguards you against risk of
underarm odor to come.

So take just 30 seconds to smooth on
Mum. Then you will be free all day or
evening from fear of offending. Free from
the fault men don't forgive.

Mum guards charm. And charm and
romance go together like love-birds. Ask for
Mum today. (Note: You can use Mum
even after you're dressed. Quick, safe, sure
—Mum will not injure fabrics or irritate
your skin.)

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is
gentle, safe, dependable...ideal
for this use, too.

Mum
takes the odor out of
perspiration
HERE'S THE MIRACLE MUSICAL AS BIG, AS NEW, AS DIFFERENT AS ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED! ALL ON THE SCREEN! AND YOU'RE NOT DREAMING!

*A cross-century girl-hunt with Fred, G. Washington, C. Columbus and the U.S. Marines hot on the trail of joyous Joan and luscious June! . . . Laugh at its Gags! Marvel at its Magnificence! Thrill to its Romance! Sing its Songs! . . . There's Never Been Anything Like It Before! The Funniest Picture Ever Set to Music!

Fred MacMurray
Joan Leslie
June Haver

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Gene Sheldon · Anthony Quinn · Carlos Ramirez · Alan Mowbray
Fortunio Bonanova · Herman Bing · Howard Freeman

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF; Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG; Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND
Story by MORRIE RYSKIND and SIG HERZIG; Lyrics and Music by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill; Dances Staged by Fred Baur.

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
Reunion

... with love—of Jean Pierre

Aumont, a hero of war, and his beautiful wife, Maria Montez

BY GLADYS HALL

The woman stood lithely slender before the mirror over the mantelpiece, trying on a procession of fabulously chic hats. The man, clad in austere British battle dress with the Cross of Lorraine on his left sleeve, paced back and forth in a New York hotel suite through a wilderness of tissue paper, hat boxes and some thirty strictly feminine chapeaux.

As each new hat was fitted over the tawny-colored hair, the woman’s flashing dark eyes would seek his anxiously as she said, “Jean Pierre, do not tell me if you like it or do not like it. Just tell me would you be seen with me in it.”

The answers from the attractive young Frenchman would vary anywhere from, “With pleasure, darling,” to a decisive “Non!” And when they were “With pleasure,” the hats were put on one pile and when the verdict was “Non,” they were tossed onto another. Thus did Maria Montez fulfill the Continental woman’s first law—to dress for her husband!

But finally the inevitable happened; he tangled with a large hat box which all but threw him. With his feet spread and his arms akimbo, Jean Pierre Aumont, late of the Italian, French and German campaigns, cried in a loud and terrible voice, “This is the real battlefield!” Yet behind his mock dramatics, you could see he was laughing and loving all the frill-frill femininity.

War dealt kindly with this young idealist from the land of Jeanne d’Arc who came into American hearts with just two pictures, “Assignment In Brittany” and “The Cross Of Lorraine.” There were no signs of fatigue in his face or in his walk as he swung across the room in his close-fitting English uniform which, with its Free French Army insignia, reflected his latest job of liaison officer with the British. Even that ruthless democrat, the Army barber, hadn’t mangled the wavy blond hair with a G.I. job.

“Never in my life have I seen anything like this,” Jean Pierre exploded delightedly, “or, for that matter, felt anything so wonderful as the softness of the living here... hot water for showers, the luxury of breakfast in bed, the sight of cars on the street, private cars, which you do not see in France, in Italy or even in England... all the things of civilian life the war makes us appreciate as never before...”

Presently Maria, in her chic plain black, and Pierre, stretched out on the floor like a man who has been used to sitting on the ground, began to talk singly, or in unison of this wonderful reunion... “After,” Jean Pierre said gravely, “eighteen months, day for day.”

Maria said, “I had known there was the possibility of Jean Pierre coming to this country on a military mission two weeks before he came. Of the mission, he cannot speak very much, even to me. But the part he can say is that he goes to the San Francisco Conference to organize the photographs of the French in the war, with the documentaries, including the way the French used American matériel, which will be shown there. “So, as soon as I had the word he was possibly on his way, I dropped everything in Hollywood and rushed to New York to meet him because I knew his mission might not be very long and I must have with him every minute.”

As she talked, Maria looked at Jean Pierre. Her eyes stayed with him. “I won’t let him out of my sight, not for a minute. My eyes are so hungry for him.”

Then her mind returned to the story she was telling. “So, then I get on the train and come to New York. And all the time on the train, I am worried. All the way I keep thinking, Am I going to love him as I think I love him? Will he be the... (Continued on page 102)
The Truth about

Van Johnson, star of M-G-M's "Thrill of A Romance"
Van Johnson's Health

You heard that wildfire rumor—and feared. So did this noted writer who went straight to the man who knew—and got the facts!

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The first thing Van Johnson did when he heard about it was to dash for a telephone and put in a call for a little town on the Rhode Island seaboard.

"Hey, that you, Dad?" he shouted. "Just in case you'd heard about it. I wanted to tell you the report of my death has been greatly exaggerated."

"I kind of thought it might be," said Van Johnson's father. "I said I thought I'd have known about it. But I'm right glad to be able to reassure the neighbors. They have been real upset, another two-three days they'd have started bringing me calvesfoot jelly. You—you all right, son?"

"I'm all right," Van Johnson said from Hollywood. "Don't you worry about me, you promise me. I never was better."

That, so far as Van Johnson was concerned, was what happened upon the receipt of the first news of that mysterious rumor which declared he had died suddenly on the operating table. The first news Van himself got of the fantastic tale was when Gene Kelly, in town on a twenty-four-hour pass from the Navy, pounded wild-eyed and breathless into Johnson's dressing room waving a telegram and demanding, "You aren't dead or anything are you,eller? I just got a weepy wire from my wife full of condolences. You sure don't look dead to me."

Phone calls, wires, messages from every part of the United States poured in. Often enough, denials weren't believed, people kept saying they were trying to hush the whole thing up though, as Van himself remarked, that seemed like kind of a smelly idea to him.

I was lunching at Romanoff's with Lana Turner when somebody mentioned it, still in an inquiring tone of voice. "I had dinner with him last night," Lana said emphatically, "about a dozen of us. He was looking extremely healthy then." And when the inquirer had moved on, she said, "How do things like that get started? It's sort of—well, disconcerting. I think it made Van feel rather strange. Does anybody know who started this particular rumor?"

I said nobody did. As a matter of fact, they aren't started exactly. They seem to swim up out of what, I believe, the psychologists call the collective unconscious or some such thing. By spontaneous combustion. "He was—quite all right last night?" I said.

"Now you see," Lana said, "they've got you doing it yourself. We had a very pleasant evening—a little dinner party to welcome Jean Pierre Aumont back. Van was in what I can only describe as the best of spirits. I've worked with him and we've been friends for a long time and he was in the pink. Come to think of it, I've never heard him do any complaining about his health, except once in a while he gets a terrible headache and sometimes he gets sore when he can't do something or other, like taking some violent exercise, and he feels bad sometimes because he can't get into the service. But so far as I know he hasn't any-thing wrong with him and he's one of the gayest and most cheerful people to be around I've ever known. I just can't imagine how such a thing got started because after all there he was—and is."

Even now, nobody has been able to trace the source of this rumor. It reminded me that some years ago a similar one got started about Gloria Swanson, then at the very height of her fame. Finally the studio for which she worked had to hire the Astor ball room, invite all the newspapermen in New York, bring Miss Swanson on from the Coast and exhibit her in the then not-to-be-duplicated flesh before the public would believe that she was still among the living.

But this particular rumor, which so deeply disturbed the millions who love Van Johnson, is of a little more serious nature and it seems to me it ought to be dealt with in some detail. It seems to me it springs from some (Continued on page 89)
Nora Eddington talks about her Marriage

All eyes on this Mocambo table—Nora Eddington, after her return from Mexico, dines out with Errol Flynn

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Never has a romance caused more comment than this one between America's most publicized lover and the young Nora. Here, with quiet courage, she talks about it.

WHAT would she be like—this girl who bore Errol Flynn a child in Mexico City and who, since then, has been a headline story?

When a mutual friend told me he was bringing Nora Eddington to my home a dozen questions leaped to mind. Would she be bitter? Disillusioned? Sorry for herself? Angry with the man she had loved so desperately? Or is she beaten and defeated at twenty-one—seeped in the philosophy of "I don't care. What does anything matter now?"

Frankly, I was set for any mood I might find her in. I've usually been on "the woman's side" ever since I started covering movie heartaches and heartbreaks over thirty years ago. I was prepared to weep with her, if need be—or to listen with indignation to her story of scorn and bitterness.

After two hours spent with Nora I knew that she was not shouting her anger at Errol to the high heavens because she told me, and I believed her, that there was no bitterness in her heart for the dashing Irishman she has loved so well.

She did feel hurt and humiliation at his silence about their marriage.

"I can take it for myself," she told me. "But it is so humiliating for my father, my stepmother and for my poor little baby. I can't go around wearing my marriage license on my sleeve, or carry it in my handbag to flash on the skeptics who do not believe I am Mrs. Errol Flynn. My stepmother was crushed the other day when she went marketing and a strange woman came up to her and said, 'How is that notorious Flynn baby?'

Nora was sitting across the table from me in my garden as the late afternoon was just beginning to fall. She's such a pretty thing with her natural red hair and green eyes. With the exception of bright lipstick she wears no make-up—and her complexion is like peaches and cream. She makes no fluttery, nervous gestures. During most of our talk she sat with her hands folded upward in her lap like a well-behaved child.

Her manner is like a child's, too—direct and simple. There was no beating around the bush. She knew why I had asked to see her and she spoke of Errol always with complete naturalness and sincerity. The first thing she said was, "I can never say a word to hurt him. I suppose he will always be in my heart." Ah, that same old refrain of pain spoken by women who have loved greatly—and unhappily! I know all this publicity has hurt her beyond words—yet she has constantly made excuses for Flynn.

"He can't help it," she said. "He doesn't want to be tied down. He loves excitement. And he just isn't the type to settle down and be the conventional married man.

"I knew this from the beginning. I knew what I was getting into from the start—so I have only myself to blame. No woman alive can hold him. Why should I expect to be the one person who could arouse a constancy he has never felt before in his life?

"You know," she went on, "I was on the verge of marrying another man when I met Errol. I had been going around with a Marine and I thought I was in love with him—and then I met Errol. I suppose I was swept off my feet by his attentions and his charm. Believe me," she said with simple dignity, "he is the most charming man I have ever known or ever expect to know."

I SAID, "You met Errol during his trial when you were working at the cigar stand in the City Hall, didn't you?"

"That story is all wrong although it has been well circulated," she said quickly. "I saw him during his trial, but we actually met for the first time at a party in April after the trial. The case had been tried in January, 1943, when I was filling in at the cigar stand for a girl friend who was ill. She didn't want to lose her job so I took over for a week or ten days. It wasn't my regular work. No, it didn't make my heart go pit-a-pat when he passed the stand on his way in and out of the courthouse. But later, when I met him at the party—I knew I was in love.

We started going around then— (Continued on page 96)
Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart in an off-the-record moment of give and take

Bogie and his "Slim"

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY
This is the way they really are together, these two who combine laughter and love—as told by their close friend

ASSUMING that fate is at heart a kind lady, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall will have been married at the home of Louis Bromfield in Ohio by the time you read this. For the way has been cleared by the Nevada divorce of Mayo Methot, the former Mrs. Bogart, and Bogie and Lauren can now take up their life as man and wife.

Seldom has there been such a storm of interest in a Hollywood romance as the public has shown in theirs. Recently when both were in New York, the only way they could go for a walk without being mobbed, according to Mrs. Bacall who was with Lauren, was to slip out the side door of the hotel at one or two in the morning and stroll up deserted Fifth Avenue to Central Park.

Accustomed as Bogart was to crowds and autograph seekers, this augmented and almost hysterical interest made him gun shy. He was jumpy, nervous and on the defensive. The situation had been made doubly uncomfortable by the fact that he arrived in the city a few days ahead of Lauren he was put on the spot by a newspaper interviewer. He had made some off-the-record remarks which got into print. The interview had him referring to Lauren as "Baby." It was "Baby" this and "Baby" that. I read the interview in the Los Angeles papers, and my first thought was, "This doesn't sound like Bogie." I had seen a lot of him and Lauren around Hollywood and I couldn't remember ever having heard him call her "Baby." So, just for the fun of it, and because I was leaving for New York and wanted a hotel reservation, I wired Bogie asking him to get me a room in his hotel, and I signed the wire "Baby Delehanty."

He got me the room, but he didn't think the baby stuff was funny. He felt that it gave people a wrong slant on his attitude toward Lauren, and that's the way I felt too. It's a hard thing to explain because there certainly is nothing wrong about calling the girl you love "Baby," but it wasn't accurate in his case, and even a small and seemingly unimportant inaccuracy can build up in people's minds a whole series of erroneous impressions.

While I was in New York, seeing Bogart and Bacall frequently, my friends were constantly asking me what these two were like, how they behaved toward each other.

It was difficult to give the answer. It was difficult because there isn't any single answer. They are like a couple of kids in love, they are like two movie stars who don't like to think of themselves as movie stars, they are like two people who have the same hobbies, and they are like old friends.

They are like the characters they played in "To Have And Have Not" and, in another sense, they are a million miles away from those characters. They resemble Slim and Steve only in that they belong to each other and nothing else matters. You remember there was no plot to "To Have And Have Not." It was a situation picture, with Slim and Steve predominating. That's Bogart and Bacall: Two people who don't have to rely on a plot to get along.

This is interesting in view of the fact that "To Have And Have Not" was the picture which brought Bogart and Bacall together; it was the picture which changed their lives, and it is the picture which would have turned out differently if Bogart and Bacall hadn't injected into it their personal attitude toward each other.

This is what happened. Originally it was planned to use "the other woman" in this story to come between Slim and Steve and temporarily break them up. While the picture was being filmed this scheme underwent a change. Bogart and Bacall played their scenes in such a way that it became obvious they were to dominate the plot, so the plot was thrown out. The emphasis was put entirely on the two principals, the two principals who even then were subconsciously becoming

Famous duo off screen and on—in a scene from their new film "The Big Sleep"
the principals in each other’s lives. Bogie has a lot of names for Bacall. The only one he doesn’t use is Lauren, “I hate Lauren,” he says. “I never did like it.” Most frequently he calls her Betty, and that’s what her close friends call her. Bogie also calls her, Jack, Mack, Pete or anything that comes into his head. His nickname for her are usually those applied to men, not because Betty is masculine but because Bogie is male. During the filming of “To Have And Have Not” he called her Slim, and still does occasionally. The nickname depends on where they are and what they are doing and what mood he is in. In his jocular moments Betty may be “fish-face” or some such deliberately unflattering appellation.

Though mathematically there is more than twenty years difference in their ages you would never guess it from the way they act. Bogie has a light, playful side; Betty is what the astrologers call an “old soul.” A group of Bogie’s friends was discussing her age. Louis Bromfield, who was among them, stopped the discussion when he said, “she’s a hundred and one.” He didn’t mean that she was a smart aleck sophisticate but that she has maturity of mind and spirit, a quick understanding which enables her to adapt herself to any environment or any company.

Bogie says she is like a chameleon. She takes on the color of things around her. This trait showed up in an amusing manner when she and he were filming “The Big Sleep,” their second picture. In this she plays a society girl and Bogie is his usual gangster type. They were doing a scene in a gambling joint when Betty was supposed to say in Park Avenue accents, “Spin the wheel. Want another play?” Just before this line she had been watching Bogie do his tough stuff. When her turn came she unconsiously dropped into his manner and came out with “Spin dat wheel. Wanna ‘nother play?” They had to call time out while everyone on the number covered from shock.

This flexibility is one of the chief reasons why Bogie and Betty get along so well. She has adapted her life to his, not only to his friends but to his interests and hobbies. No ordinary girl could make the jump from Walgreen’s drugstore counter to sailing enthusiasm without appearing to be putting on an act. But with Betty the change is spontaneous and natural.

When they were in New York Betty met many of Bogie’s old friends from the theatrical and newspaper world. She was plunged into what to most young career girls would have been a dazzling atmos-


de the match game with old timers like Stanley Walker, one time managing editor of the Tribune, and drama critic Howard Barnes and John Chapman. She took it all in her stride, enjoying it and deliberately keeping herself in the background.

One of the big surprises which Bogie had during this visit to New York was Betty’s attitude toward the theater. Bogie wanted to see the hit plays. There wasn’t time for the others, but Betty kept insisting on seeing two which were definitely not the big class. Bogie protested. “Why do you want to waste time on that stuff?” he complained. Bogie soon found the reason. Two of Betty’s girl friends from school days were in the shows. She wanted to say hello to them. Betty is adaptable but no one can say she has “gone Hollywood.”

Boogie, as everyone knows, has a mania for sailing. He owns a cabin cruiser which he keeps at Balboa Island, and on weekends he races a small sailboat at the nearby Newport Beach Yacht Club. Sometimes Betty took to the water like a duck takes to land. The first time she took the wheel of the cruiser she ran down Bogie’s pet sailboat at its mooring in the crowded harbor. She was so excited that she threw the engine into reverse, tossed a line overboard and the line got snarled up in the propeller. A few weeks later she had not only mastered the cruiser but she sailed the sailboat in one of the regular yacht club races. She came in fourth, and though there were only four boats in the race Bogie thinks that was a pretty good showing. “At least they (meaning Betty and the boat) stayed on top of the water,” he says proudly.

This boat racing presents a special problem so far as Bogie and Betty are concerned. There are many Navy and Coast Guard sailors stationed in the Balboa district and it has been the custom for a number of them to pile into small boats on racing days and follow Bogie during the races. The sudden appearance of Betty created havoc in more ways than one. The sailor-audience not only doubled in numbers but they deserted Bogie, and the small and motley flotilla paddled around Betty, shouting encouragement. (Cont’d on page 76)
Theme for July: Vivacious Linda Darnell, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Fallen Angel"
Some call him the young Jimmy Stewart.
Others dub him the new male dream boat.

But definitely ..........................

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Music-minded—or just a moment of fun?

BOB HUTTON walked into the casting office at Warners the other day to be introduced to his loving son. He had a big, glad smile on his face, just like any twenty-four-year-old fellow about to meet his first-born. Happy, even though the offspring was already three years old, and would be his to love and pamper only for the duration of a few retakes for the highly romantic "Too Young To Know." He opened the office door, beamed on the handsome tyke waiting therein, said a gladsome "Hello, Sonny"—and Sonny walked right over and kicked him on the shin.

"Must have seen my last picture," Bob muttered.

This will give you a good idea of the Hutton modesty but not of any fatal charm. Charm, however, he most certainly has, though it's more on the beguiling than the fatal side.

The average person talking to this Warner white hope is apt to do a little wondering. Wonder why people are so convinced Bob is "shy"—and if so, how come he's so articulate and friendly and well-mannered?

Wonder, too, how those Hutton divorce rumors started rampaging around? And how did the Hutton stork rumors get started?

If you feel you must know the answer to any of these, don't ask Bob. He's busy right now wondering where one goes to find out "how a guy gets lucky enough to all of a sudden be a movie actor, anyhow—"

As for the wondrous phenomena of Hollywood, don't stop Bob for information. Truth is, Hutton's a stranger here, himself . . .

It wasn't much more than two years ago, he says, that he was spending a short vacation in Hollywood, considering himself fortunate to get a pass to Warners and other lots. He remembers standing on the sets watching Ann Rutherford and others do a scene, and thinking "Holy gee!"

Today, gatemen pass him in on no more credentials than his face, signed with his own grin. He's still standing on sets, but with a director telling the crew to "Throw more light on Hutton—" and the payroll department keeping busy throwing more figures on Hutton's checks. Evenings he and his cute wife Natalie and the young David Mays, the feminine half of which is Ann Rutherford—and he still looks around him and says "Holy gee!"

"No fooling," he says seriously, "I've been here long enough to have that 'nothing to it' feeling, and sometimes I do. Then again, on the set or at a dinner party, I'm suddenly back in Kingston, New York, standing on the Woodstock Playhouse

Hold everything! It's a rough and tumble tussle with Natalie in the gain and Bob about ready to yell "Uncle!"
stage and merely seeing myself out here.

He hadn't left a Hollywood career entirely to imagination, of course. He'd been working toward it from about sixteen to twenty-two, through high school dramatics to stock roles in the company of such efficient thespians as Sinclair Lewis, Elissa Landi, Claire Luce and others. (This is the part of any "sudden" success story which should be read twice by all young hopefuls who look at gilded youths such as Bob now is, and think, "I'm as good-looking as he is—it's a cinch!"

Even with a well-founded training, however, he couldn't quite believe it when a talent scout caught a Woodstock performance and offered him a contract. “All my life I'll remember the day I stepped on the train to head West again. I can still smell the train smoke in the shed and see the crowds. I kept feeling the folded contract in my pocket and thinking I was the only one of all those travelers carrying just that kind of ticket. Then I'd remind myself that maybe I, too, was just going on an excursion. I kept that 'excursion' feeling for the whole six months until my option was taken up—in fact, I've still got it.”

Sincerity—a tendency for not overrating himself—an anxiety to please—all these (Continued on page 77)
WHEN it's any matter pertinent to Hollywood my friends think I'm the original Quiz Kid. Dowagers of the Old Guard—debs and sub-debs—bankers and diplomats—even statesmen at the San Francisco Conference who might have been expected to have weightier things on their minds... All ask the same questions:

"Are the girls who get to be stars really the loves of big producers and executives?"

"What about the children in pictures? Are they precocious, spoiled brats?"

"Are Hollywood parties very wild?"

"Are the stars impossibly conceited?"

"Who really are the best dressed women in Hollywood and who really are the best dressed men?"

Most people prove by their very questions that they know as much about Hollywood as I know about the moon. Let me tell you what film-land's capitol is like—really... I have no doubt, actually, that there are many girls in Hollywood who are more than willing to cast inviting eyes at any gentleman in a position to help them. Hollywood is no different than any other place, after all. Also, I've lived long enough to know that even among those Hollywood women I consider the most happily married, or the most virtuous, there may be one (or even more!) who leads a double life, believing, poor misguided fool, that this will advance her professionally. But, as I repeatedly tell my friends, the biggest producer on earth cannot make a girl a star; he can only give her a chance to show what she can do.

Take the case of Anna Sten upon whom Samuel Goldwyn spent a million dollars. Sam was not enamoured of Anna. But he and his staff believed she had brilliant possibilities. Maybe! But she didn't have what the public wants so she got nowhere—in spite of their best efforts. Likewise Nancy Kelly at another studio. And Diana Barrymore at still another studio, despite the magic of the Barrymore name.

We, the public, are the star-makers. We recognize the players we want for our idols even when they appear only inconspicuously. Look at the astute way we hailed Eddie Ryan instantly we saw him as the younger brother in "The Sullivans"! Look at our discernment when June Allyson did a little novelty number in "Best Foot Forward"! And what about Van Johnson? We sensed he was a new star just as Louis B. Mayer did. In spite of his freckles and screaming sweaters and his then rough edges and the fact that no one who looked remotely like Van ever had been a star before—with the notable exception of Mickey Rooney. Another thing! You have only to
A bombardment of Hollywood hows, whys and wheres. Check your answers against those of this noted authority.

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Can Claudette Colbert be called high hat because of her gift for realism?

Ingrid Bergman proves one of Hollywood’s argued-about points.

What’s the reason for Judy Garland’s rating in the fashion department?

Gene Tierney’s husband has helped her score in the field.

Consider the women in Hollywood who are tops to know the so-called “easiest way” is not the way to stardom. For at the top of the starry heap you find women who married the men they loved, irrespective of the fact that these men were in no position to help them—professionally or financially. There is Greer Garson, Photoplay’s Gold Medal Winner, who everyone knows is devoted to her young husband, Richard Ney. And Richard, now in the Navy, has far less Hollywood importance and influence than Greer.

Claudette Colbert, devotedly married to Doctor Joel Pressman for many years... Irene Dunne, married to Doctor Francis Griffin, whose wishes and friends absorb her entirely when she isn’t actually in the studios... Ingrid Bergman, this year’s Oscar winner, who before anything else is the wife of her scientist husband Doctor Peter Lindstrom and the mother of her daughter Pia... Or consider those two newcomers June Allyson and Gloria De Haven! Gloria is the bride of Johnny Payne who, after a long sojourn in the armed service, has his Hollywood prestige to reestablish. June Allyson certainly has had time for no one but Dick Powell throughout the months her star has been rising. And until Dick was offered a new type of characterization in “Murder, My Sweet,” he was not even among the Hollywood elect.

Need I go on? The Hollywood children, coming to the second question on my list, also speak graphically and convincingly for themselves. There is, for the record, the admirable way in which Bonita Granville and Shirley Temple have grown up. Bonita, now in her twenties, has an eagerness and an enthusiasm and a fresh scrubbed look which make it quite clear she has never over-indulged. And certainly no one who ever was spoiled grew up to be as happy as Bonita. Shirley, long a pupil in the discreet, exclusive Westlake School for Girls, has found friends and honors there. And now, engaged to Sgt. John Agar of the United States Air Force, Shirley is (Continued on page 86)
Joan Bennett, in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Nob Hill," takes gingham to summer parties; and wears it regally!

Gown of Galey & Lord plaid gingham by Rose Barrack

Bonita Granville, of Universal's "Senorita From The West," chooses a carnation print and a lace straw hat for summer church-going. Diminutive Dress by Martini Frocks
Yvonne De Carlo, Universal star in “Salome—Where She Danced,” favors this faille suit and frou-frou hat whether it is tea or cocktails. Suit from Parnis-Levinson

FASHIONS

Joan Leslie, charming and romantic in Warner Brothers’ “Rhapsody In Blue,” in a charming and romantic lamé evening dress designed by Leah Rhodes
Annotations on Anne

Personal history: Born in Michigan City, Indiana; six years later, moved to Westchester County, New York; and five years ago she arrived in Hollywood. P.S. She's been acting since the age of twelve on the stage and over the radio.

What she hums around the house: "More And More," and "Accentuate The Positive."

Favorite boudoir trick: Rinsing her hair in a glass of champagne or sauterne after a shampoo, instead of vinegar. She stoutly claims this trick gives hair a new luster and it isn't as strong as vinegar. "Even if it does sound chi-chi to say you rinse your hair in dead wine—do it!" says she.

What she won't permit at her parties: Games of any kind—particularly the conversation-killer of Hollywood, gin rummy. Any gin rummy addict would be bludgeoned to death in Anne's house. She wants good talk among her guests—not the riffle of cards!

Pet passion in color: Chinese red—which she collects in dresses, hats, bags and shoes. She has even done one room in her house in Chinese red!

Pet aversion in color: Blue. Once she had a blue room in her home and she never went into it—it depressed her to the point of tears.

What she cooks the best: Only one thing, and it doesn't need a stove. It's mixed green salad, with a vinegar-and-oil dressing pepped up by parmesan cheese and Worcestershire sauce.

People whose feet can always be found on her rugs: William Eythe, Walter Cregar, Henry Morgan and his wife—and Richard Derr, who is now in uniform so his feet are among the missing. So are John Hodiak's, until lately the most popular of all.

What she wants in a husband: When she gets good and ready—he'll be intelligent, tall, good-natured, humorous and fascinated by books and music. He'll also like to walk!
Pertinent pointers on our colorful cover girl, Anne Baxter of the plus personality

"Dick Tracy" too, but only after "Napoleon." Her pet of all comic strips just went out of existence in the Hollywood papers—"Smokey Stover." Every morning she marveled happily over all his puns!

What she wants to be doing twenty years from now: She wants to be on her way to Europe with her husband and two children—having just finished a stage play!

Favorite between-meal snack: Coffee, by the dozens of cups. Friends (and waiters) threaten to pipe it into her dressing room if she doesn't figure out a better way of getting it than the usual fashion, via tray!

How she bought her home: In a package—by which we mean completely furnished down to the last keg of nails and set of tools in the garage. And including the piano in the living room!

Who lives under the same roof with her: A colored cook named Nell; and Anne's mother, Mrs. Kenneth Stuart Baxter. Father Baxter has to live in San Francisco for his business, which is liquor, under the title of Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.

What she loves more than anything but good talk: Good food, which she sleuths down in rare restaurants and pins down at home on recipes... and good music, from Tchaikovsky to Louis Armstrong and Joe Turner—she has a huge record collection... and good books which line the walls of her house, with accent on John Steinbeck, Thomas Wolfe and Thornton Wilder.

What she likes to do on sunny days, alone: Take long, long hikes over the hills back of her house. She's hunting for a dog to hike with her.

What she likes to do on rainy days, alone: Play the piano, which she does beautifully. Right now she's learning "The Fire Dance."

What she likes to do at night, alone: Put on her suit and swim in the pool under her bedroom windows with nothing but the stars to watch her.

Where she'll live after the war: In a special functional house built by her famous grandfather, architect Frank Lloyd Wright—undoubtedly on (Continued on page 72)
Man of challenge: Dennis Morgan, starring in "The Time, The Place And The Girl"
He has the face of a poet, the handshake of a stevedore — this sensible sensation, Dennis Morgan

BY TOM DAWSON

Dennis Morgan has been aptly described as the man with the poet's face and the handshake of a stevedore. I am no connoisseur of poet's faces but I can attest to the handshake. He grabs you with a firm grip in a big mitt. It is muscular and friendly, like the grasp of an athlete who has just emerged from the showers after a successful contest.

There is more than meets the eye or the hand in this characteristic gesture of Morgan's. It is a clue to his background and his character. It explains the masculinity which lies behind his romantic appeal and his singing voice, a combination which has contributed greatly to his present popularity. Audiences can appraise him as a singer and as an actor, but it is only in the past year or so that the results of his passion for the strenuous outdoor life are making themselves felt in his screen presence.

The first time I met Dennis was when David Hempstead introduced me to him at Lucey's, the lunchtime, bar time hangout for the crowd at Paramount and RKO. Hempstead was producing "Kitty Foyle" and Dennis had just got his first big screen opportunity as one of the male leads opposite the very popular Ginger Rogers. That was in 1940.

I recalled that meeting when I was lunching with Dennis recently at the Lakeside Golf Club, across the way from Warner Brothers.

"Lots of things have happened since then," he said grinning. "I guess it's just a question of getting the breaks."

Lots of things certainly had happened so far as Dennis was concerned. That day at Lucey's he was comparatively unknown despite the fact he had been struggling for recognition for something like four years. On the day of our meeting at Lakeside, he was heading the fan mail at the studio, having received more than 13,000 letters the preceding month. That was more than Ann Sheridan was getting, more than Errol Flynn; more even than Jack Warner himself.

Today, with his performance as Colonel Robert Lee Scott in "God Is My Co-Pilot" tucked firmly under his belt, the letters are even more voluminous. He is now a man who can plan with confidence and security for the future of his wife and children, something he couldn't do back in those days when we met at Lucey's. For today he can buy the house he wants at will, which is by way of being a miracle in these parts.

Granted that part of it was luck, the rest of it still is good. Dennis said that he and Lillian, his wife, heard about a place in La Canada, a beautiful suburb in the foothills out Pasadena way. They both fell in love with it at sight, its pool, guest house and wonderful grounds for the children. Lillian took one look at the garden and said to Dennis, "Won't this be a lovely spot for Kristen to be married in?" Kristen is their six-year-old daughter. After Dennis went to work the next day Lillian drove out to see the house again and when Dennis got home that night he found her in tears. She had learned the house had been sold. He laughed, then said nonchalantly, "Yes, I know. I bought it this morning."

As we sat there on the glass-enclosed porch of the Lakeside Golf Club, we talked about the opportunities young actors have today as against those afforded struggling players in the pre-war times. Dennis admitted that the shortage of leading men has been of help to some youngsters, particularly with the effort studios are making to build up stars overnight. Nevertheless, he questioned (Continued on page 93)
To Lieut. Will Price, a portrait of his wife, Maureen O'Hara, star of "The Spanish Main"
Temptations of a Girl who Waits

WE HAVE so much in common, you wives and sweethearts of fighting men, and I. We know what it means to wait and hope and pray. Most of the time we don't even know where our men are. We send our letters to APO addresses. We know anguish as we've never known it before. We know the meaning, the true meaning of prayer.

What we are likely not to face is the danger we are in. Not physical danger—but something far worse—the danger of letting loneliness creep in, and with it discontent. I don't think there's a girl today who hasn't at one time or another, consciously or subconsciously, been faced with the temptations that result in the loss of ideals. It's the reaction of suspenseful waiting. The heart cries out for relief.

I am not setting myself up as a moral court of justice. I speak only as one of many war wives who has seen some of these temptations come to people she has known, and who has given some thought to ways of combating the dangers brought about by waiting and living on hope day in and day out.

Every temptation stems directly from loneliness. No man will deny that. I shall never forget the gnawing loneliness—and perhaps the fear—that I felt when my husband Will was on Iwo Jima. It was so easy to draw up terrifying images in my mind. But I knew that I must not dwell on these things. Not if I was to dignify the work my husband was doing in the war or my own responsibility as his wife and as the mother of his child.

To tell a woman she must fight loneliness when her man is away is like telling her she should stop breathing. But at least she can lessen the pangs by being constantly active. I have made it a point to work harder than ever on my career. I have just finished sixteen weeks on "The Spanish Main" and I'm rushing right into another film. I'm trying harder than ever to improve my work. Women who have no special careers can go into any kind of work that will keep them mentally occupied and physically tired. I emphasize that last part because I do not mean by activity going to parties and having many dates. The point is that if you're tired, dog-tired, you will not feel like spending your time on senseless pleasures.

I think it's very important for a girl, whether she's married or single, to watch the kind of company she keeps when her man is away. A casual friendship can so easily develop into an infatuation. Possibly even into a love she hadn't wanted. Very few women set out to be intentionally untrue to a man they're in love with. That's worth remembering. But it is so dangerously simple to slip from the right path.

A girl who waits for her man can tell by one good sign when she is slipping away from her loyalty to him. If she starts to compare her man with another man who is around her all of the time, she is generally heading for a fall. She begins to see things in him that remind her of her real love. She's not conscious of the fact at first that the man with whom she has "casual" dates laughs the way Johnny does or has his eyes. Soon she finds herself seeing more and more of her substitute Johnny. Presently he becomes important to her in his own right. She tries to stop herself at the half-way mark. But she can't. It's like taking dope. She comes back for other dates, as she tries to convince herself that seeing the other man can't make any difference. She reminds herself she isn't being fair to the one she promised to (Continued on page 81)

Danger signals in disguise! Here a famous star and wife of a man at war gives you her own stop-light technique

BY MAUREEN O'HARA

On-leave high point—Lieut. Will Price and Maureen at Mocambo
### Bachelor

Before you do any day-dreaming about dating Hollywood men about town, study this swoonistic.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Height</th>
<th>Eyes</th>
<th>Hair</th>
<th>Favorite Dates</th>
<th>Popularity with Men</th>
<th>Popularity with Girls</th>
<th>Bad Habits</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6' 1&quot;</td>
<td>Deep</td>
<td>Black</td>
<td>He's a three-pipe man who likes good records and good food and good talk</td>
<td>Yes — because he's a good mixer</td>
<td>Very ... though many like him like a brother, believe it or not!</td>
<td>Laziness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 175 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6' 4&quot;</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Night clubs, parties — and more and more of the same!</td>
<td>Not very popular; they think him &quot;wacky&quot;</td>
<td>Wacky or not, they'll take him!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 196 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6' 1&quot;</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Movies and home parties. Not too keen for nightclubs but has been studying, as he has an interest in a restaurant</td>
<td>Yes; they respect him because, believe it or not, he's one of the best businessmen in town</td>
<td>They like him all right, but nobody feels the way Lana did!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 186 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6'</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
<td>Black</td>
<td>Drop a party invitation and he'll grab it before you can say &quot;Boo.&quot; Ditto for night clubs</td>
<td>Extremely — with the night-club set</td>
<td>Same deal — the glamour girls go for him. But there's nary a gingham girl in the crowd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 180 Lbs.</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
<td>Black</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6' 1&quot;</td>
<td>Blue-Gray</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Haunts football games and prize fights and small parties made up of actors</td>
<td>Not very; he's so completely an actor that most men don't understand him</td>
<td>Quite popular — he amuses them because he's such an individual; i.e., his Hollywood house boasted 1 murder and 1 suicide before he moved in. He loves it!</td>
<td>Irresponsible about keeping dates on time due to bad memory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 165 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6'</td>
<td>Gray</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Big parties, big premières — you'll seldom catch him tête-à-tête. Never entertains at his home</td>
<td>No. He's a lone wolf ... but it's often that word &quot;wolf&quot; that keeps men at a distance</td>
<td>Women like him — they find him soothing ... and not soothiing!</td>
<td>Getting into jams which land in the papers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 160 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6' 5&quot;</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Blond</td>
<td>Moonlight horseback rides first; then movies and dancing</td>
<td>One and all, they think him a &quot;good guy&quot;</td>
<td>First they like him for his body beautiful; then they like him for his genuine niceness</td>
<td>Used to speak too slowly — but he got over that</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 200 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5' 11&quot;</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Dark Brown</td>
<td>Exotic dinners cooked by him and gulped down ecstatically by his friends. And lots of arguments and chat!</td>
<td>Sure he's popular — isn't anyone who's talkative and full of vitality?</td>
<td>They like to be around him just as much as men do. Or maybe more!</td>
<td>Works too hard at being sophisticated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 170 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6' 1&quot;</td>
<td>Gray</td>
<td>Dark Brown</td>
<td>Hunting, with you by his side. Or fishing. Or traveling. Night clubs and parties leave him shuddering</td>
<td>Probably the most popular man in Hollywood, with other men, from mechanics to bank presidents</td>
<td>Just as successful with women. They dote on him</td>
<td>Can't find any</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 190 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6'</td>
<td>Dark Brown</td>
<td>Dark Brown</td>
<td>Parties carefully made up of really intelligent and cultured people</td>
<td>Most of them don't know him yet; he's so reserved</td>
<td>Those interested in painting or music like him particularly; because he is, too</td>
<td>He's too superstitious — due to years in the theater!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight 140 Lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Physique</td>
<td>Vanity</td>
<td>Clothes Sense</td>
<td>Athletic Prowess</td>
<td>How He Talks</td>
<td>Dancing Ability</td>
<td>Favorite Type of Girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Top—he works out daily to keep it that way</td>
<td>Nope, he's not vain. He's always panning his profile</td>
<td>Luscious, swell, much vine, hasn't quite always</td>
<td>He's at his best indoors. However, good at skiing</td>
<td>Delightful talker: intelligent talk stuffed with witty wisecracks</td>
<td>Not too good—because he's not really interested</td>
<td>He says he likes them homespun and good sports—but he's always seen out with That Glamorous Blonde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>None better</td>
<td>Quite vain, alas</td>
<td>Offbeat (such as black turtle-neck sweaters), but good on him</td>
<td>Swell, in such rare ventures as riveting, sailing, cowboying, and ski diving</td>
<td>Fascinating but confusing—and always in a monologue. When he talks, you can't</td>
<td>Good, but talks as much as he dances, so the issue isclouded</td>
<td>He likes 'em all, one at a time, and powerfully hard while it lasts!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Okay</td>
<td>Headmits he's conscientious and sure of himself— but never arrogant</td>
<td>Good, and conservative. Nothing loud</td>
<td>Foot injuries limit it to gymnastics such as rings and Indian clubs. Used to be hot golfer</td>
<td>Easy conversationalist on almost any topic</td>
<td>Enjoys dancing and does an unbeatable rumba</td>
<td>&quot;My tiny daughter Cheryl,&quot; says he. Besides which he likes them short, fair-skinned and vivacious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divine, and always sun-bronzed</td>
<td>None, in fact, he's unwise of himself</td>
<td>His cravats and sandals make him look much like a movie actor than any other—but still they're becoming!</td>
<td>Worst tennis player in town—and is always playing! Good swimmer</td>
<td>Amusing light patter full of cafe society expressions like &quot;Give with the gossip&quot;</td>
<td>Excellent dancer. With fancy flourishes</td>
<td>Luscious, curvaceous, glamorous blondes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good, has had the same build and height since 13</td>
<td>No; he isn't even conscious of his good looks</td>
<td>Only in so much as any actor has to be vain</td>
<td>Just clothes that cover him. Doesn't care what his tie matches</td>
<td>Unpredictable talker, but always good for laughs . . . or else for serious talk on books</td>
<td>Not a practiced dancer</td>
<td>One just like his ex-wife Gwen Anderson—an actress with humor and a good mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good, thanks to years of fencing</td>
<td>He's not even conscious of his good looks</td>
<td>Immaculate, but not expensive, dress</td>
<td>Good horseback rider and tennis player—but real passion is chess</td>
<td>Excellent in purely impersonal way. Try him on philosophy, books, politics—but never on himself or on you</td>
<td>As in everything else, he dances intensely—especially the Viennese waltz</td>
<td>A non-professional girl who's nice, natural, humorous and full of pep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terrific—big shoulders and tiny hips</td>
<td>Not vain; has had a shock because of his height</td>
<td>Sports clothes on the quiet side</td>
<td>Likes to ride horseback and watch football</td>
<td>No good at all about talking on himself. Only good when talking about you</td>
<td>He'll pass very nicely on the dance floor</td>
<td>A potential wife and home-maker (and mother) who's not an actress and who agrees with him politically. Looks don't matter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very neat</td>
<td>Yes, he thinks quite a lot about his weight and suntan</td>
<td>Jaunty, sporty, loud checks and colors—but most becoming</td>
<td>Frankly hates athletics and therefore stays indoors always</td>
<td>Highly entertaining and emphatic on every subject from politics to sex</td>
<td>Graceful and good</td>
<td>A good scout who's camouflaged like a glamour girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All 6'1&quot; of Gable suits you down to his shoes!</td>
<td>Never showed a trace of it</td>
<td>Looks terrific even in overalls—but is usually caught in a pin-stripe suit or a leather jacket</td>
<td>Gets his workout on hunting trips, motorcycles or tractors</td>
<td>A natural, humorous, easy talker, with the &quot;light touch.&quot; In short, excellent</td>
<td>Very good, but try and find him doing it!</td>
<td>An aristocratic looking girl with intelligence and culture—and a sense of humor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good, if you like 'em tall and bony</td>
<td>Not at all</td>
<td>Dark, conservative New York business suits. Doesn't own a polo shirt and won't</td>
<td>Swell swimmer</td>
<td>Colorful, interesting talker because he's observant, well-traveled and superbly educated</td>
<td>Excellent, but styled. No unexpected back-bends here</td>
<td>An aristocratic looking girl with intelligence and culture—and a sense of humor</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I

If you are less than eighteen, being a movie star cuts no ice with the California school system. Miss Peggy Ann Garner, star of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," co-star with George Raft in "Nob Hill" and now star of "Junior Miss," is just thirteen and were you to call on her of a morning, you'd find her at school, on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot—admittedly, but sternly at school. So you talk to her mother until noon when Peggy Ann is free to meet you in the studio commissary.

Seeing them together, young talented daughter, young eager mother, the resemblance between them is most striking. If you comment on this Peggy will flash you a look and sigh, "Isn't that gruesome?"

She is very conscious, almost self-conscious, about not being pretty. She is a little girl who has never been physically punished for wrong-doings, never once spanked, never once slapped. But right now, Mama admits there is some friction between them. Peggy is beginning to be clothes-conscious, wanting to dress more maturely, wanting longer "Junior Miss" dresses, craving "formals," dreaming about jewelry, fussing around with her hair. It is all an attempt at personal adornment—and Mama is having none of it.

For Mama knows best. Mama knows that Peggy Ann's plainness is the initial factor behind this amazing child's success. There are a couple of others, too, to which we'll come presently, but her chance for stardom came originally because of her un-cute little face, her utterly straight hair, her eyebrows that do not match and her long mouth, which in real life is a humorous mouth, always turning itself up into quick, sensitive smiles.

Peggy Ann was born in Canton, Ohio, where her father, William G. H. Garner, now Lieut. Garner of the U. S. Army Military Police, was a government attorney. The
A star grows in Hollywood—Peggy Ann Garner who gives beauty to plain girls and joy to the lonely of heart

BY WYNN ROBERTS

Reflections of a thoughtful child—Peggy Ann as the memorable Francie in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"

date was February 3, 1932. Remember dear old 1932, when there was a depression blacker than the Black Hole of Calcutta, with an awful lot of people sunk in it? Bill Garner was among those sunk, and a baby's arrival didn't help matters any, except that she was such a beautiful—and very much wanted—baby.

Bill Garner got a chance to work in Washington, D.C., as an American legal adviser to the British Embassy. It was a position full of title with little money attached, so while he headed south, Mrs. Garner took Peggy Ann to visit her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Craig, in Newark, New Jersey.

After the manner of doting grandparents everywhere, the Craigs thought it would be just darling to buy this cute toddler some new clothes in (Continued on page 99)
Here is the colorful panorama of the life of Alan Ladd—the second in this exciting new series—letting you in on the odd facts that have gone into the making of a versatile man. You'll agree when you see “Salty O'Rourke”

BY LYNN PERKINS

The story of Alan Ladd is a drama of one battle after another, of a buffeting, tough climb up the stairway to fame. There were many small and valuable successes—more failures.

Alan had a brutal time of it—until a really brutal role catapulted him into the Olympian heights of success. When Paramount needed a handsome young killer to play opposite Veronica Lake in “This Gun For Hire,” they gave him the role and made a long term deal. This first picture starring Alan Ladd made movie history. It also made Ladd. Alan Ladd and movie audiences can never forget the scene on the stairs in “This Gun For Hire” when he found a child playing after he had killed a man. You will remember the terrible, tense moment when Alan seemed to hang between killing the child . . . and returning her ball.
N. HOLLYWOOD
H. S. 'MIKADO'
WINS ACCLAIM

Students Win Much Praise
In Gilbert, Sullivan
Operetta

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, May 14.
—Their performances declared as
outstanding among those offered
by the other members of the North
Hollywood High School student
body cast, Alan Ladd and Lavine
Myers last night evoked tumult-
umous applause from the nearly 1000
persons who attended a concluding
performance of "The Mikado" in
the school auditorium.

Ladd's interpretation of the part
of Koko in the favorite Gilbert and
Sullivan operetta was acclaimed
by critics as such as would have done
much credit to a professional. Miss
Myers' work as Kalisha placed her
high among the feminine members
of the cast, it was declared.

Bill Roode as "PoohBah," Eileen
Wilmer's grace and convincing act-
ing, and Lester Morlensen's hilar-
ious and natural comic touches,
gave them high rank.

Spiritied Performance

Only scattered applause was ac-
corded Ladd during the first act,
but in the second the entire cast
joined him in a spirited perform-
ance which caused the delighted
audience to demand endless en-
cores.

Miss Isabel Gray accomplished an
excellent dramatic direction and
beautiful staging. Mildred Hushey
and Dorothy Sherry were responsi-
bles for the music.

Back in 1932 when Alan was a senior at
North Hollywood High School he won the
above acclaim. Significantly, he played
the role of Koko, Lord High Executioner.

Though a good beginning toward his preferred goal, the "Mikado" did not lead
to immediate acting. Alan went to work on the Sun Record as a cub reporter.
He was then twenty years old. He has always had a yen to play the part of a news-
paper man in pictures. When the newspaper changed management, Alan left it

... and concentrated on the cafe which he had run on the side. The restaurant was Alan's baby. He owned it. He operated it and worked behind its counter, too. This was wonderful experience but it wasn't getting him anywhere—in his consuming ambition
Then followed a job selling cash registers, a brief and unsuccessful period of picture training for Universal. Finally he landed at Warners as a grip. Because he had been a high diver Alan got high work. Then he fell twenty feet from a scaffold.

Success was fast coming and so was happiness. On March 15, 1942, Alan married Sue Carol. He went into the Army Air Corps and won his corporal's chevrons. However, his fan mail kept right on flooding in, reaching record proportions.

Luckily he wasn't hurt, but that did it. He quit and enrolled at Ben Bard School For Acting. He had little money and what he had was soon gone so his sole diet became doughnuts and coffee. Today he can't even look at a doughnut.

His greatest disappointment came when he was medically discharged. Back to pictures, still acting as his own double, he dived from a bridge, played with real fire. Asked how he practiced for such scenes he said, "I just go ahead and do it."
Radio brought him a wide range of roles, but not much money. One weekly program which shared revenue among the cast netted him fifty cents a week. When things looked blackest a local Los Angeles station gave him a spot as a one-man show. The experience was invaluable. Came the angel of his life. Sue Carol, an actor's agent and former star, heard him and was so impressed she sent for him. She signed him immediately. Two weeks later he made his screen debut at Paramount.

The Ladd career continued to skyrocket. His home in Los Feliz Hills was a place of warmth, understanding and comfort. His faithful partner, Sue, whose unflagging effort and unshakable belief in her husband brought him stardom, stood squarely behind Alan in all that he did. On April 21, 1943, a junior partner was added to the Ladd-Carol team—a little daughter that they named Alana. It is symbolic of the marriage that the name Alana is the Celtic for beloved. So now the circle is complete.
The Love Story of
Shirley and her Sergeant

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Prophecy from the past—Artist Vincentini painted this version of the betrothal of Shirley Temple for Photoplay in 1938

Way back in 1938 Photoplay, in its May issue, published a dream drawing of Shirley Temple at sweet sixteen, receiving her first proposal. It was a darling picture. Shirley in a flouncy formal, a boy in dinner clothes and romance and luxury all over the place.

"It couldn't have been more wrong," laughed Shirley on an April day in this year of 1945 at the time of her seventeenth birthday. We were talking together in the exquisitely furnished drawing room of the Temple Brentwood residence, talking about her betrothal that has now come true. The young man is twenty-four, tall and handsome Sergeant John Agar of the United States Army Air Corps.

"I thought of that picture at that moment," Shirley said. "There I was, in a parked car, out on Sunset Boulevard. Nothing was elegant and we weren't all gussied up. Do you know where we were? Midway between Engel's Drug Store and the Eastern Star Home, just kitty-corner from the gas station."

We laughed together at the very thought of it. Brentwood is so very luxurious everywhere else, with its riot of movie star homes and long vistas of ocean, mountains and town, romantic in every detail and in every direction except right at that particular spot.

Shirley and I are good enough friends to be able to laugh companionably. I've been interviewing this wonder girl, off and on, for an unbelievable fourteen years, ever since, at about three, she trotted into the heart of the world via "Baby Take A Bow." She was such a beautiful baby then. She's such a beautiful young girl today, with about the most flawless skin any human being ever possessed. It will take Technicolor to do her beauty justice and let's hope she gets a color picture soon.

Even as a tot, she had a twinkling sense of fun and quick witty answers to every question. Those are still her outstanding reactions today. As fame, adulation and wealth began coming her way, she commenced developing an unperturbed poise and a cool, lively intelligence, which she still possesses, augmented by a very sharp sense of doing things correctly.

When she chose one boy from all the adoring group who have swarmed around her in the last two years, she revealed these facets of her nature very clearly.

Consider how it is with the average seventeen-year-old girl of today. So many of them meet a boy in uniform one day and elope with him almost at once, or even some of them, poor little kids, don't even elope but, ignoring all the admonitions of their parents, toss everything away for an immediate hysteria they call love.

Not Shirley. The only unconsidered, impulsive deed she has committed through her whole romance was her way of announcing it to the world. This came about on April seventh, when a luncheon was being held by the senior class of the Westlake School for Girls, Los Angeles' most correct institute of learning for such young ladies as are socially eligible to enter it.

Shirley, a senior extraordinary of this particular class, about to graduate this summer, couldn't resist the temptation of a dramatic moment. She twisted about, on the third finger of her left hand, the pure white stone of the ring which she had, until that moment, concealed within her palm. The very square-cut, beautiful diamond flashed its unmistakable message to her forty-two classmates, a flash that a couple of hours later was going round the world.

The girls crowded around her, the youngest and most famous of their group, and the first of them to become aflamed. They all babbled excitedly.

"I knew my parents intended announcing this at my birthday supper on April twenty-third," Shirley confessed, her eyes dancing, "but, honestly, I couldn't hold out any longer and not tell. So (Continued on page 108)
None of it was the way Shirley had dreamed her romance would be, which is not to say that the way it turned out wasn’t better.
A fellow does so much in his youth out of sheer ignorance that it seems miraculous when some of the actions turn out to have been right.

Last month I did some looking back. That hindsight showed I had profited by exposing myself (more or less accidentally) to the trade I wanted to learn, and by having hard work wished on me. But I could find only one instance in my early youth where I figured things out right in advance—the plain facing-of-facts that Mrs. Cotten's boy, Joe, was lazy and mustn't duck work.

I guess I first began to think (I had to) when I bounced back from Boston in the midst of the national depression and for the fourth time tackled Broadway. Behind me were a Petersburg, Virginia, boyhood; a year of studying dramatic art; varied salesman jobs in Miami; two New York years as glorified call-boy for David Belasco and a flop in my first movie-test. Then came the priceless stage year in Boston, rehearsing every morning (preparing next week's play) and playing every night.

Back in New York Lenore (whom I had married on the strength of the Boston stock company job) and I took a small apartment in Greenwich Village, and I stepped out, a genuine professional actor now, to land a job. The next reel might be titled, "Five Years Later"—but the Great Cotten Depression had fun and stuff.

True, the infrequent jobs I landed were usually radio bits at twenty-five dollars each, though once for a similar stint on a Helen Hayes air-show I drew seventy-five dollars. Celebration!

There were also partlets in stage shows—the kind of shows where you rehearse four weeks, without pay; open in New York, play four nights and—just like that—the theater landlord fences you out!

Lenore and I laugh now, and even laughed then, at events which ring a trifle grim. One Christmas someone sent us a large fruitcake, which we cached in a closet to hide it from droppers-in. Have you ever lived two weeks on a fruitcake diet? Positively gruesome! But we continually devised and practiced small follies, good for morale. Even if I only found funds enough for a cigar once a month, I always smoked a fine one—vicarious foretaste of the time when, I hoped, I'd be able to smoke that brand.

And—silliest of all—in the place where a car is least needed, Manhattan Island, we clung, through weal and woe, to the jalopy we had driven down from Boston. Our pocketbooks enforced a preview of gas rationing, but we had a car, and when gas money did turn up, we could take our friends riding. For instance, Orson Welles and his wife. Poor things, they didn't have a car!

So much for fun!

When I'd been selling sundry commodities, I learned that I was lazy

—

CONFESSIONS OF A

BY JOSEPH COTTEN

A walk with Cotten cogitations—Joe, starred in Selznick's "Duel In The Sun" and Paramount's "Love Letters"

Lenore and Joe, at Mocambo, can recall the day their sole diet was fruitcake.
and inclined to make excuses for myself. Now I brain-waved the First Cotten Invention. I applied the eight-hour-a-day principle I'd used selling to trying to sell Cotten.

Working that hard when you're out of a job may sound ridiculous, but it got me through the depression and kept me in yellow gloves, which no judicious actor would think of going without. My invention paid off. There weren't enough offices for me to consume eight hours each day visiting them. So—I visited them twice each day and, if my eight hours weren't up, trod the sidewalks, buttonholing agents, advertising agency men (who controlled radio parts) and anybody who looked like a play producer.

My assiduous office-hunting acquired a nuisance value. Every now and then some receptionist would be prepared for me on the second time round and, saving her boss's time, would call out, on my re-entry: "N.B.C.—Thursday night—7:30—Goofleblatz show—twenty bucks." Which was all right with Cotten!

As for the sidewalk-treading, twice I got bit roles from producers who had confused me with someone else! They had seen that egg-head and the hopeful phiz so often they thought I must be a working actor. Most amusing of all, the semi-annual screen tests received (in New York, never a trip to the Coast!) grew out of recommendations from the potential employers whose offices I was haunting. Since the men who recommended me (to other employers) for those endless tests never hired me Cotten holds a record for personal charm in reverse. In those men who were recommending, "Give this boy a screen test," I was inspiring a theme song: "Get Out Of Town!"

As it happened, it was a stage try-
on that started my serious thinking and convinced me that your real break, in pursuing any line of work, isn't external—it isn't when someone notices you, or gives you a job. It's internal, a change inside you, getting rid of some ineffective state of mind and acquiring an affirmative power in its place. That helps equip you, to take advantage of your so-called "luck," when opportunity arrives.

Twice before I had had a chance to read for Brock Pemberton, who was choosing a juvenile lead for the Broadway show, "Three Times The Hour."

Both times his reactions had been fine. "Good work, Joe! Swell reading!" Cotten was leading for the part. I hurried through the alley by the theater and bounded up the steps. As I entered, something in Pemberton's friendly smile warned me, and that feeling we all know, of a tightening in the throat, hit me, while he spoke earnestly:

"Your readings were really grand. We all like the way you handle the part. But—we've decided to give it to Ben Lackland. Don't feel too bad." He patted my shoulder. "The role is a young reporter, you know. We wanted someone a trifle more rugged in appearance. It's a strange way to lose a part, Joe, but you were just a trifle too good-looking."

In such a situation your mind rushes to your own defense, protecting, trying to lessen the hurt. As I stumbled down the steps from Pemberton's office, my thoughts were galloping faster than a Danny Kaye seat-song: "Too bad, kid." I seized on Pemberton's crumb of comfort. "Think of losing a part because you're too good-looking. What rotten luck!"

Some kind angel, as I turned into Forty-fourth Street, tapped me on the shoulder, (Continued on page 83)
"We argue about"

These Hollywood marrieds admit the differences

**Mr. and Mrs. Sid Luft —**

"Sid brings home dogs," says Lynn Bari. "Frequently. All kinds. Usually very soiled and undernourished. It's reached the point where, when I see him approaching with a new addition to the menagerie of the malnutritioned, I get all prepared not to speak either to Sid or the dog. They enter and proceed in meek silence to the kennels where an assortment of canine breeds consume our points, while we resort to fish, baked beans and canned meat. I maintain a stony silence up to the point where the new beast begins to poke at my leg with his nose, or tries to jump up to be petted—or just sits looking woeful, as if to say he is the only unloved dog in the whole world. The dog and Sid always look so wistful I just can't stay mad. It ends up, of course, with my loving the beast as much as Sid does. Then just as I'm learning to love the dog, he deserts us. Bitterly we realize we've just been played for suckers, a stopover, a meal and bed for a night. But next day the process starts all over again."

**Mr. and Mrs. Craig Stevens —**

"Craig and I usually confuse our political disagreements to our own home," remarks Alexis Smith. "We learned a long while ago that you can never change anyone's political convictions over the dinner table at a friend's house. But the Stevenses, Mr. and Mrs., like to discuss current issues, political issues in particular, and although we agree on almost everything, there are a few odd points on which we differ.

"We have learned a little trick that solves the problem of 'getting in too deep' in this department. When our discussions reach the argument stage, either Craig or I always remember to abruptly change the subject. This is guaranteed to make you laugh, after which no argument is possible.

"Shall we dance?"—'Have you read any good books lately?'—or 'Let's call up some friends and have a party,' are good ways to change any subject. So far we've managed to keep our political views from hurling us into a pitched battle. We credit this subject-changing system to our success as non-combatants!"

**Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck —**

"I believe anything is possible," Greg announces. "At least I believe that anything is possible for my wife to accomplish. This occasionally results in my promising people that she will do things, without asking her first. This, in turn, is apt to cause argument. For instance, the other day on the set, several friends were crying about not being able to get any cigarettes. I immediately said, 'Why, my wife can get us cigarettes easily.' I promised everyone three or four packs of their favorite brands. It added up to about two cartons. I came home that night and said, 'Darling, get me two cartons of cigarettes tomorrow, please. I have to take them to the set.' This caused a mild dissension during which I pointed out that she had nothing to do all day but look for cigarettes—nothing to do but visit the ration boards to get things for the new baby, take care of the baby, supervise the house and look for a new place for us to live. Finally she agreed to try. She wound up with a couple of handfuls of brands no one ever heard of. 'Whoever heard of such a thing?' I demanded. 'Anyone can buy cigarettes?' She smiled that sweet smile of hers and said, 'I'm sure you could get them, Greg. But I did my best.' I went out to show her how easy it was. In an hour I returned sheepishly, without even one package. But, still, secretly, I can't understand her inability to get them. I think there's nothing she can't do!'"
Mr. and Mrs. Dana Andrews—

"A psychiatrist might be able to explain my absolute rebellion against being told what to do," Dana reports. "I've never been able to understand it, but it's there. The minute anyone says 'do this, Dana'—I balk like a mule. If we're driving down Wilshire and my wife says, 'Why don't we turn over and go down Sunset so we can look at the shops,' I immediately do just the opposite—even though I might have intended going down Sunset originally. It's one of those little idiosyncrasies you just can't rationalize.

"For awhile this stubbornness of mine probably was a source of irritation to my wife. But I picked a girl with the most wonderful sense of humor in the world. And she knew just the proper cure for this sort of thing. "I'd be driving along, put out my hand to turn left down Vine Street, and when she'd see that, she'd say, 'Why don't you turn down Vine Street, Dana?' For a few times I bit beautifully, gunned the car and went on by without turning. Then I looked at her once when she made the suggestion. Her eyes were twinkling, and her laughter was just about to bubble out all over her face. And I tumbled to the fact that I was being beautifully ribbed. I couldn't help laughing, and then she laughed, too. That's a sure cure for any argument no matter how large. I've begun to get over this reaction of mine, because I'm never sure when I'm being ribbed."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry James—

"Harry and I agree on practically everything—now," states Betty Grable. "But when we first married there was one little argument that kept cropping up whenever we began to get dressed to go out for a big evening.

"You see, the bone of contention in our life was 'how my hair should be done.' I was in the very extreme pompadour stage when Harry and I were married, and I saw no reason to change my hair-do with my name. However, Harry soon made himself heard on the subject. He likes it quite plain, parted in the middle or on the side and combed back loosely, not done up fancy. I was always spending a lot of time in front of the mirror rolling it over 'rats,' upsweeping it from my face, building up the front so I'd have the highest pompadour in town. I'd think I looked pretty sharp, and all I'd get from Harry was a frown of disapproval. He thought it made me look older and too sophisticated.

"The problem was finally solved by Harry's methodically going through my dresser, picking up all hair pads and 'rats' and tossing them out into the trash. I finally gave in. Now, to please him—except in pictures when I have to wear it up—I wear my hair down and plain. The baby seems to like it better that way, too—she can get her fingers into it and pull."
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Two and a half years ago I started writing to a soldier, on a dare. Much to my surprise, the soldier answered and we have been corresponding regularly ever since. After all this time overseas, he is now coming home and has been writing of nothing excepting having the fun of seeing me in person. We have exchanged snapshots and, frankly, I have a terrific desire to meet him. He has said in his letters that he has fallen in love with me from the things I have told him and I can say honestly that I admire him a great deal.

Here is the catch: I have never told this man that I am married and the mother of two boys. When I started writing, my husband was in prison facing a twenty-year sentence. Recently the parole board set the minimum at five years, so he will be released at approximately the time this soldier comes home.

I'm no longer in love with my husband. I don't think I ever loved him because I was barely sixteen when I married and didn't know what it was all about. I am now twenty-two, and my babies are five and three.

Should I write and tell this soldier that I'm married, or should I wait and tell him when he arrives? I know that I should have told him long ago, but I was such a coward that I thought he might never write again and those letters were the only bright spots in my days.

Mrs. Sam M.

Dear Mrs. M.:

By all means, write to this soldier and tell him the full story of your life at once. You should have done this, of course, in your second letter. Nothing should have kept you from telling him the truth when his letters began to indicate that he was growing fond of you. I assume that you quieted your conscience by telling yourself that you would never see him, and that your correspondence friendship would have no sequel.

However, no truer words were ever spoken than the tired old phrase, "It's a small world." For some peculiar reason, our indiscretions always seem to catch up with us. Even though you never see this man, and never receive another letter from him, you must tell him the truth instantly. I wish I could repeat that sentence to every girl in this country who is writing to a service man.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Six years ago I was working at a very low-paying job and was really hard-pressed for money. I fell in love with a very nice man who was making a little more than I, but not much, and married him. In time we had two small children. The struggle has been desperate at times.

A few month ago, by an odd series of circumstances, I inherited quite a large sum of money. At first I made great plans about buying all of us new clothes, buying a new house, seeing some shows. (Continued on page 67)
The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is another lovely girl with an engaging soft-smooth Pond’s complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond’s Cold Cream—"It’s perfect, I think! I don’t know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch."

This is the way she uses Pond’s:

She smooths snow-white Pond’s Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond’s coating—swirling her fingertips quickly over her face. These two creamings make her skin feel extra clean, extra soft.

Copy Mary Ann’s twice-over way of using Pond’s Cold Cream—every night, every morning, and for in-between clean-ups.

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you’ll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, big Pond’s jar!

A few of the Pond’s Society Beauties…The Lady Morris, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James J. Cubot, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, The Countess of Radnor
From all over the world have come requests from boys and girls in the service for stars in special poses. Hymie Fink took the pictures on this for-the-service Hollywood special!

Marine Cpl. Jerry Ross writes from the South Pacific: "I'd like to see Martha O'Driscoll, who has been elected pin-up girl of our squadron, posed in a two-piece white bathing suit, standing by a convertible coupe on the beach. Where we are, beauty is appreciated." Martha obliged, adding a salute to Corporal Jerry and his whole squadron.

Canada comes in for a request. R. W. Arigan and O. A. Brooks of the Royal Canadian Navy have seen the star pictures of their American comrades. They say, "We would like very much to have a picture of Dorothy Lamour in a sarong." Here's Dorothy, the sarong and the two Canadian tars.

The Waves have star wishes, too. Seaman 1/c Louise Caso of West New York, New Jersey, now stationed down in Washington, D.C., writes: "I'd like a picture of John Hodiak writing a letter to me. At least I could dream he was asking for a date, couldn't I?" Here is your request, Louise.
They'll Kill You with laughter!

It's hit or miss — what happens to Fred MacMurray when he meets kiss-or-kill Bonnie of the Fleagle gang — a hillbilly round-up of characters that puts Tobacco Road in the shade — in a mystery comedy that's murderously funny!

Fred MacMurray

Elony's nuttier than a Christmas fruit cake!

Bert'll smash you, bash you and then he'll crash you!

Bonne's the pin-up girl of the police department and the only thing that makes sense to Fearless Fred!

Granmaw gets lit when the lights go out!

It's hit or miss — what happens to Fred MacMurray when he meets kiss-or-kill Bonnie of the Fleagle gang — a hillbilly round-up of characters that puts Tobacco Road in the shade — in a mystery comedy that's murderously funny!

Fred MacMurray

Mow has bots in the belfry — and coffins in the cellar!

with

Helen Walker • Marjorie Main • Jean Heather

Porter Hall • Peter Whitney • Mabel Paige • Barbara Pepper

A GEORGE MARSHALL PRODUCTION

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • A Paramount Picture
Miss Daphne Adams

A descendant of John Adams and the Earl of Caithness, Scotland, Miss Daphne Adams is the daughter of the noted portrait painter, Lawson Adams, of Philadelphia. She was born and educated in France.

"A Way to Infinite Loveliness"

"I'm a painter," says Miss Adams, "and I know that just as a certain color complements another, a certain fragrance enhances a woman—makes her infinitely lovely. That's why I use Djer-Kiss perfume. It is the final perfect touch to the woman who values her charm." Have you tried Djer-Kiss perfume?

The World's Most Romantic Scent

Djer-Kiss perfume

Christening

Peter Newton Ford

The newest blessing of Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford

Young Peter looks up wonderingly as Papa Glenn takes a hand in his dressing. Mama Eleanor looks on and gives verbal aid on the pin-up situation. It's a special day for Peter—his christening day! Glenn and Eleanor intended postponing the ceremony until they found a house, but finding a house is a real problem these days.

Glenn's Marine Corps buddy, Cpl. Eddie Lyon, got sudden notice to leave, so the christening was stepped ahead. Eddie and his wife Russene were godparents. Rev. Ray Moore, who married Eleanor and Glenn, officiated—at the Little Chapel of the First Methodist Church, Santa Monica.

Eleanor and Glenn look proudly at their son, now officially Peter Newton Ford. It was a quiet affair—with Eleanor's mother and Glenn's. Glenn, honorably discharged from the Marines, is happy over his return to pictures in "Stolen Life," which is Bette Davis's first star-producing venture.
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62) I thought a wonderful thing had happened to us. I noticed that, when I made plans, my husband didn't have much to say. Finally I asked him what was bothering him, and he said that he had no intention of living on my money. He said that he might not have provided the best living in the world, but that he was doing his best and would continue to do so. He wants me to put the money into the bank or into War Bonds and let him support us in the meager way we have been living in the past.

Now, what I want to know is, who is right—my husband or I?

Mrs. Marguerite W.

Dear Mrs. W:

In a way your husband's hard, masculine pride is to be admired. Many husbands are all too willing to surrender a wife's inheritance with prodigal hand. Your marriage is a partnership that evidently has worked magnificently. Nothing must be done to harm it. My advice is to do nothing with your inheritance until you and your husband are mutually agreed upon its use.

Assure him that your life with him has been to your liking. Your mutual struggle to raise your children and maintain your home has brought you closer together than any other married couple you know. Impress on him that you have no desire to displease or belittle him in any way. Try to show him that you don't want the money to tear you apart but to bring you closer together. Suggest that you put the money in his name too, explaining that it is his as well as yours. I think your husband needs only the reassurance of your love and pride in him and his ability to make him realize that the money can benefit the whole family if you work it out together.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fifteen and my little sister who is eleven is my problem. She is large for her age, so my mother wants to dress her exactly like me. I find sort of grown-upish dresses in teen-age books and have my mother copy them. Then my sister has to have a duplicate. It's nauseating.

I saved money and bought myself some skirts and sweaters. For awhile I felt like an individual instead of half of a duet. Then came my sister's birthday and the only thing she wanted was skirts and sweaters exactly like mine, so mother bought them for her. Now isn't that grim?

Do you know any way that I can convince my mother that I have a right to some things of my very own? I am only one-half inch taller than my sister and the same weight. She likes people to think we are twins, and this makes my blood

"almost like a Fels-Naptha wash!"

"Sunny wash days are wonderful! 'Specially now, when I can't always get Fels-Naptha.

"Wash day weather never bothered me when Fels-Naptha Soap was plentiful. On rainy days I'd do a whole wash with Fels-Naptha, hang it in the basement and my things would be as white and sweet as though they'd dried in the sun.

"Oh, well . . . as long as the Fels people are making soap for my Jim and the other boys in the service, I can't complain. And I guess we'll have our Fels-Naptha Soap back before long . . ."

We like to think the average American wife or mother says something like this as she carries on without ordinary necessities—like Fels-Naptha Soap.

We wish she could have Fels-Naptha Soap for every wash day. But while we're making soap that helps keep Jim the cleanest fighting man in the world, sometimes she'll have to do without.

And the lady in the picture is right . . . she'll have her Fels-Naptha Soap back, before long.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Dear Miss L:
Obviously you are a heroine to your little sister.
To be straightforward about this problem, however, I might say that I think nothing but failure. To be unique is important, of course, but it's lonely. You will find, as you grow a little older, that being utterly different, in dressing, in undressing, may be dramatic, but it is seldom comfortable. The happiest people are those who are akin to the people and the surroundings in which they live.

Why don't you take your sister's eagerness to imitate you, and make something entertaining out of it for both of you? Why not buy a pink sweater and brown skirt, why don't you wear a brown sweater and a pink skirt? Why don't you persuade her to contrast your clothes instead of duplicating them? Before long everyone would be saying, "There go the L. girls—aren't they attractive?" Not only would you be fun to plan your clothing together but you would be establishing a basis for close comradeship for life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I will be 18 in July. A year ago I met and fell in love with what I thought was one of the sweetest girls on two feet. I asked her to marry me, but she agreed that we would wait until the war was over. At that time I could have supported her nicely on what I was earning. To make our engagement official, I bought her the prettiest diamond I could afford.

Well, then the thunderbolt struck. At the end of the week she refused to see me. I couldn't for the life of me figure out what To hell with it, I just like my fellow would treat the girl he loved; I showed her the best time possible, brought her flowers and candy, etc. But, after that ring, she refused to go out with me. She wouldn't even talk to me, but a girl friend of hers said that some fellow had told my girl I was talking behind her back, which is a dirty lie. But I couldn't learn the name of this fellow, so what could I do? My mother went to see my girl and asked her for the engagement ring, so my guy gave it up.

But, after the war, I enlisted in the Navy, figuring that this would make her take back something she said about my being a pentywaist. I had planned to go in all along, but this bullied things up.

Speaking as a girl, can you imagine what went on in my sweetheart's head to make her act like that?

Mae E.

Dear Mr. E:
Speaking as a girl, I'm baffled, too. I wonder why a girl would accept an engagement ring from a man, then refuse to see him thereafter. Furthermore, if you couldn't find out the name of the man who allegedly turned your girl against you, how would one suspect that he was the figment of someone's imagination. It could be that your girl simply wanted a pretty ring, that she was an autodidakt.

I think it all boils down to this: You are lucky to have been let out of a marriage with such a girl. It would be wise for you to look elsewhere and to demand a new girl friend. Luckily, most girls are genuine, honest and honorable and such a girl you really deserve.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am the eldest of four children. We lost our mother two years ago, and both my brothers and my sister went into the service. I then went into defense work, and I have been saving every possible penny to invest in a home to which my brothers and sister could return when the war is over. I want all of us to be together again, because we are very compatible and enjoy each other tremendously.

Now I have met a man who wants to marry me. When I told him my plans, he said that everyone must make a life for himself. He said that as soon as we were married he wanted me to quit work and make a home for him. When I asked if we could take over a large home, he ignored my plans for my brothers and sister and said marriage changes all plans.

Everything one reads in papers indicates that there may be a great shortage of husbands in a few years. As I am now twenty-three, I may not have many suitors. I want a home of my own, but I can't quite give up the idea of a family life with my brothers and sister for a few years after the war. Yet, should I marry this man, I think that would be impossible.

Ruby H.

Dear Miss H:
Aside from your plans for your family, I think the most important consideration when planning marriage is the simple one of love. Even though you are twenty-three, and though there may be a husband shortage when the war is over, nothing should induce you to marry a man unless you love him devotedly and sincerely.

To judge from the letters I receive, I would be inclined to say that too many girls marry simply to be married, and the nearest they get to happiness is a divorce.

You should marry only when you feel that life would be empty without the loved one. If you should meet a man whose looks and ways you admire, think you should marry him, regardless of your family-house plans. It may be that each of your brothers and your sister will marry or be engaged before they are out of uniform.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I met a soldier three years ago and fell very much in love with him. Not until we became engaged did he admit that he had been married before, and that he was the father of a daughter. I am twenty-three; he is now thirty-two, and his daughter is ten. His first wife died three months after the little girl was born, so she has always loved her dad with a devotion that would ordinarily have been divided between two parents.

This man is now overseas, but expects to come home soon, and in each of his recent letters he has begged me to promise to marry him as soon as he returns. I have kept writing him interesting, newsy letters, but he insists that he wants a definite answer.

This is what is troubling me: Before he went overseas he showed me some of his daughter's letters. In one of them she said she hoped he would never get married because she would hate the woman; she said she didn't want anyone to come between herself and her dad. I love him and I think I would make a good wife, but I'm not sure that his daughter, who would naturally expect to live with us, might not make us unhappy.

Michele I.

Dear Miss I:
In your case, I believe—one of all, this is the right to expect to be the center of her father's existence. That extreme possessiveness could only lead to ultimate heartbreak.

Ann Louise L.
Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and medically discharged from the Army, not for any visible disability, but because of nervousness and inability to adapt myself to military life.

When I volunteered I had completed one year of pre-medical work in the state university. Now I must confess something: I have never been inclined to the profession of medicine. I entered the training because my two best boy friends did. I thought it was an honorable profession at which one could make money, but frankly, I am not much interested in sick people.

I have always had great interest in anything connected with the theater. However, I can not sing and my voice is not clear over a microphone, according to radio school tests. Frankly, I prefer acting to curing patients. I like to have good times under pleasant atmosphere. I like to travel and meet new people. You see, fine art interests me much more than science.

Should I become a doctor and regret it all my life because of the strenuous work involved, or should I take the degree Bachelor of Fine Arts and then try for movies? Or, do you have some other profession in mind?

I shall appreciate your advice very much and I will follow it.

Fernando G.

Dear Mr. C.:

Do you mind my saying that I was disappointed when I read your letter? Your casual statement that you weren't interested in sick people, but only wanted to take medical training because you thought it would be an easy way to earn a good living is rather a frightening thing to a person who might need medical attention at some time. No, I think you had best abandon all idea of studying for that profession which demands from its practitioners the ultimate in devotion, self-sacrifice, risks of many sorts and all too frequently minor remuneration.

And, since your voice is not clear, I'm

The Academy Lady

Ingrid Bergman in a word picture by Joseph Henry Steele in Photoplay

Next Month!
afraid that radio work or motion-picture work is out of the question for you. However, since you are congenial and like to be in large groups of people, why don't you investigate the possibilities of becoming a recreation director at a summer or winter resort? Or, since you enjoy travel, you could be a post-ear tour manager, or engage in some type of sales work. Temporarily, at least, give up the idea of a medical career and go for the Bachelor of Fine Arts.

I am sure that with your apparently gay spirit, your interest in art and travel, you will be able to adopt one of these professions to advantage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been in the Navy for three years. I have a girl "back home," whom I have known since grammar school and as we went through high school we always thought that we would be married someday. When parties were given by friends, we always went together.

We talked over the war and my service in the Navy and decided to be married as soon as it seemed sensible. When I was at sea, she wrote to me every day. When I got my first leave her parents seemed to be as glad to see me and as proud of me as my own parents were. The last day of my leave, I went over to say goodbye. My girl's mother and father met me out in front and said I wasn't to come in, that I couldn't see her anymore when I came home on leave, and that I wasn't to write to her. When I tried to find out why, they said that they had their own reasons and didn't intend to enter into any argument.

I went back to my ship feeling rotten. I continued to write every day. She finally wrote that her mother had been destroying her letters, but she had now rented a P.O. box, so she would get my letters. This went on fine for awhile, then I heard that Joan was running around town with several different guys. I wrote her a hot letter about it, and she answered saying that we had better discontinue writing as she had met a nice sailor and was interested in him. So that was that.

But, when I got home on my last leave, she was waiting at the station beside my mother. She smiled up at me and said, "Surprised?" so I grabbed her and kissed her even before I did my mother. I dated her several times, but she said she had to sneak out so her parents wouldn't know. When I tried to get her to marry me, she said, "No, let's wait until you come home again."

There is no question of finance. I have a home of my own to return to; it was given to me, completely furnished, by my parents when I came home on my first leave. I also own a 500-acre farm. I rent it and it brings in a very good income. I think she could get along comfortably on this income. At present, I'm putting all this money into the bank in both our names, so that—if I don't come back—she won't have to worry about finances. The farm is also in both our names.

Should I go on hoping that our love affair will end in marriage, or should I try to forget this girl? I could never forget her, but I could plan a life with someone else. If you think this is best, please tell me.

Edmund A. M.

Dear Mr. M:

First of all, before we consider your emotional problem, I think you should give some consideration to your financial situation. By all means, I think you should have your bank account transferred to joint tenure with either your father or your mother, and you should do the same with your farm. It is extremely unwise to share money or property with a person to whom you are not legally bound.

I think that it would require a crystal-gazing genius to determine why the parents of your girl friend abruptly changed their attitude toward you. If I were to go just by the letter I would say that the average parent would consider you something superb in the son-in-law department.

If you really want my opinion and will abide by it, I will say this: If you wish to go on writing to the girl, by all means do so. But discontinue thinking of her as your future wife until the situation is definitely clarified. And please change your financial set-up at the earliest possible moment.

Claudette Colbert

On the set at Republic—Roy Rogers tunes in on between-scenes chatter with Shug Fisher, Gabby Hayes, script girl Catalina Soler and actress Peggy Stuart.
"THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Donna Reed

Complete your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder and Rouge

Tru-Color Lipstick
...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Give your lips the exciting appeal of lifelike red... exquisite Color Harmony Shades, all based on an original, patented color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood and all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick.

Glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds... there's a shade for your type for your most thrilling lipstick experience...$1.00

Max Factor Hollywood

*U.S. Patents No. 2,157,067
221,1405
Annotations on Anne

(Continued from page 43) a cliff overlooking Hollywood.

What she does on the spur of the moment: Anything at all that suits her fancy—like: Some time ago a young Army officer and his wife who were driving to Arizona to live stopped in to say goodbye to Anne, for fifteen minutes. Within that fifteen minutes Anne rushed upstairs, packed a grip—and left with them for the trip! A few days later she came back by train, happy as a lark.

What she abhors: Big, formal, stuffy parties; the color blue; and people who ask prying questions that are none of their business.

Most amusing experience while acting: The time, during the shooting of "The Magnificent Ambersons," when she was supposed to fall out of a sled onto a street. She was so afraid of the fall that she kept tensing up and "helping" herself out of the sled—until Director Orson Welles, at his wits’ end, called a halt for dinner. He then escorted Miss Baxter to dinner personally, ordered her as her director to drink a couple of glasses of wine—and once back at work, Anne fell out of the sled like a bundle of limp and happy rags, with her head giddily with wine. It was a beautiful performance at last!

Favorite outdoor inanimate object: A Western saddle—on a horse—with her on the saddle!

Only time she loses her temper: It’s whenever the public press tries to find out about her private romantic life—and Anne always wins the battle! Her private life stays that way!

What she doesn’t suspect about herself: That she’s the kind of a girl whose talent in pictures and success with beaus outside of pictures makes enemies out of other Hollywood women—until they’ve met her personally. Then they like her as well as the ticket-buyers and all the men she knows!

The End

How much hurt should a woman forgive?

Tune In

"MY TRUE STORY"

If you like True Story Magazine... you mustn’t miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.

Every Morning—Monday thru Friday

10:00 EWT • 9:00 CWT • 11:30 MWT • 10:30 PWT

Blue Network Stations
"Salute the summer with a selection of extra jackets," says Bonnie Cashin, designer for Twentieth Century-Fox. "It's one of the surest ways to get variety in the wardrobe. In addition to its standard design, the jacket in its newest form looks more like a heaven-sent accessory—that doesn't have to go to the tailor to look impeccably right. They are gay, adroitly casual, and can be evolved from a minimum of unusual fabrics.

"An example is the sleeveless jacket I designed especially for Anne Baxter, dubbed by Anne 'the poncho-doublet,' and inspired by the ancient poncho so long a favorite with our Latin American neighbors. It's a straight piece of heavy hand-woven corded silk striped in unusual pattern. The back tab tucks into slacks or skirts; the two bands forming the front double under to make two very deep pouch pockets. I like an out-of-the-ordinary belt for such jackets. The waistline of this one is cinched in with one of shaped milan straw, deep toast color—and it could be fastened with any appropriate piece of jewelry—in this instance it's an antique silver Peruvian fish cleverly fashioned so that the scales are flexible.

"Incidentally, I think black is the smartest color under any summer sun—when pointed up with brilliantly-colored accessories. Jade green is a wonderful summer color with black. And of course there's always white. Try a crisp white pique jacket, tailored to its teeth. "Jackets, jewelry, blouses to spice up the summer scene can become a veritable treasure hunt and treasure store for the girl who uses her imagination."

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps
STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 59¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
AN RUTHERFORD

Overnight...
YOU'LL HAVE
LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with one
application of this famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this
overnight 3-Way Medical Treatment. You, too, can
make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous!
Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of
your hair with colorless highlights—freshened
radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-
groomed. Today—try all three of the famous
Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange
Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial
Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete
treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug
Store or Drug Counter—en mail the Coupon for all
three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed
in special carton with FREE booklet, "The Scientific
Care of Scalp and Hair."

1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for
Dandruff, Ano- 

YING SCALP and EXCCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

2—Wash hair with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo (herd of soft water). Makes hair soft, lustrous, manageable.

3—Use Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair—it's non-alcoholic and antiseptic.

Your hair will be Lovelier with

Glovers' with massage for
DANDRUFF, AN-

NOVING SCALP and EXCCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

Information and samples of Good Housekeeping

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st ST., Dept. 527, New York, N. Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain
envelope, by return mail, containing Glover's Mange
Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover
Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles,
with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 35c.

NAME

ADDRESS

FREE to members of the Armed Forces on

AND YOU SHALL HEAR of Ann Revere, direct descen-
dent of Paul, the Hi Ho Silver of his day; the actress
who played with such dignity and authority the peasant
mother of Bernadette and then skipped right over to
Paramount and into a sarong for a role in "Rainbow
Island." You simply can't beat a woman like that, so
why try?

Forty hundred freckles dot her plain but wholesome
face and pooh pooh to any one who thinks Ann worries
about that. Life is too full of work, play, housekeeping
and lively arguments with the laundry men that always
have Ann on the losing side. So she washes her own
sheets and sleeps on them unironed and so what?

There's something funny about her and pressure cook-
ers, too. The lids always fly off in her face sending
the vegetables straight to the ceiling where they festoon
the kitchen with colorful variety. But bicycles and tennis
rackets are right up her alley. She pedals and backstrokes
like a mad woman.

Tramping over the campus of Wellesley College, where
she graduated after attending high school in her home
town of Westfield, New Jersey, gave her that long Welles-
lean stride. It gave her the yen to act, too, after a chance
in their Barnsawallow production of "Yellow Jacket."

After graduating from the American Labor Theater in
New York with a drama coaching job on the side at
Horace Mann High School, she hit Broadway and bounced
like a rubber ball through three flops until "The Children's
Hour." Not satisfied, she, with a small group of actors
including John Shepperd (of Twentieth Century-Fox
pictures before the war) hied themselves to Maine for three
summers to practice acting in barns. According to those
who saw her in "Standing Room Only" her practice days
were over. Then came "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier"
and movie-goers were entranced. No one who saw "Na-
tional Velvet" will ever forget the splendid handling of
the mother. Drama, restraint, comedy—she takes them
all in her capable stride.

In a small apartment with her husband Samuel Rosen,
Ann lives the normal life of any happy housewife—
cooking, washing, sharing sports with her husband and
bickering with tradesmen, and working gratis for a local
draft board in her every free moment. Like her famous
ancestor, she's a good American. And like him, we think
something of Ann and her work will linger a long time.

BY SARA HAMILTON
Her eyes widened in loving wonder!
This Yank newsman was battling the toughest rats in Tokyo singlehanded! Alone—he dared to reveal their devil's plan of conquest to an unwary world!

JAMES CAGNEY
SYLVIA SIDNEY
in
"BLOOD ON THE SUN"

A WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION

"Try that on for size...you would-be world conqueror!"

Now you can see battling Jimmy in the mightiest fight of his career — beating the Japs at their own jiu-jitsu game!

Lotus lovely Sylvia Sidney — a woman of mystery, too beautiful to be trusted.

PORTER HALL • JOHN EMERY • ROBERT ARMSTRONG • WALLACE FORD • ROSEMARY DE CAMP • JOHN HALLORAN

Directed by FRANK LLOYD Released thru United Artists
Entirely New Color-Principle in Face Powder!

Now—
FOR THE FIRST TIME!
One powder-shade intensely flattering
to 4 types of skin!

Lady Esther
“BRIDAL PINK”
to make you look young, fresh
-Romantic as a Bride!

There's something new in face powder! A shade that dramatizes almost any skin it touches!

Created by means of an entirely new color-principle, “Bridal Pink” is intensely flattering to (1) blondes (2) brunettes with fair skin (3) those with brown hair and medium skin (4) those with auburn hair and a pale complexion.

“Bridal Pink” does lovely, exciting things for your hair, eyes, skin! Try this youthful, romantic new powder-shade!

Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters
Try “Bridal Pink”—the new shade that’s so daringly romantic! See how it lights up your face with new life, warmth! The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55¢. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10¢ and 25¢.

Bogie and His "Slim"

(Continued from page 34) On one occasion this caused considerable embarrassment to her and no little amusement to the spectators. It happened that a sudden calm fell upon the waters. Betty’s boat was at a standstill, the sail drooping helplessly. Betty gave a couple of futile pulls at the rudder, then looking wildly at the sailors she shouted at the top of her voice, “Please get out of the way. Can’t you see I’m racing?”

BETTY isn’t awed by Bogie’s so-called toughness. In fact she has her own way of kidding him about it. When he went off on a trip recently, Betty got hold of his sister, Mrs. Pat Rose, and together they redecorated his apartment as a surprise. Betty chose the color which she knew Bogie liked. Then she bought new curtains and had the chairs re-covered. When Bogie saw it he was delighted, except for one thing. Over the mantel was a large and beautiful painting of a chrysanthemum. Bogie gave this effete piece of decoration a sour look, gulped, but didn’t say anything. He didn’t want to hurt Betty’s feelings.

But what he doesn’t know—and probably won’t know until he reads it here—was that Betty deliberately selected that particular picture as a gag. As this goes to press she is still waiting for him to explode.

Though Betty doesn’t drink anything except an occasional glass of sherry she can mix drinks with the best of them. Bogie says she is a better bartender than a cook.

One time Betty offered to prove that she can cook too. She asked Bogie what he would like her to cook for him, and he said asparagus. She was stumped. There wasn’t a cook book handy so she went to a drugstore, phoned a friend and asked directions.

“It’s easy,” said the friend. “Put a pot of water on the stove. When it comes to a boil dump in the asparagus. Let it boil for twenty minutes. There’s absolutely nothing to it.”

Triumphantly Betty went to work. She put the water on the stove, let it come to a boil, tossed in the asparagus—and turned the jet off.

Betty admits that whatever success she has had on the screen was tremendously influenced by Bogie.

“I was so nervous,” she told me, “when we started shooting ‘To Have And Have Not’ that I couldn’t keep from shaking. I was playing a scene with Bogie and I had to catch a box of matches he tossed me, and then light a cigarette. I kept dropping the matches, my hands trembled so. Bogie pretended to ignore it, which was just what I needed. All through the picture he was helpful and encouraging. He’s not like some actors. He’ll go out of his way to show you what to do, and,” she added, “he knows.”

It is characteristic of Bogie that he never does anything by halves. Simultaneously with the news from Las Vegas that Mayo’s divorce had gone through came a request from Chicago that he attend the “I Am An American Day” celebration. Turning to Lauren, with whom he was dining, he said, “Meet me in Chicago, I’ve got a job to do there. Then we’ll go on to Louis Bromfield’s and get married. Might as well kill two birds with one stone.” That is how the marriage, which was originally planned for late June, was switched to an earlier date.

Here’s wishing a happy life together to two good scouts.

The End
He's Hutton

(Continued from page 37) have built up a rapid legend about Hutton's "shyness." Hollywood hasn't had a nice "shy" character since Gary Cooper learned to talk at Bond Railies and for interviews, and since Stewart and Ponda quit gangling and went off to earn distinguished war records.

Sharing the heart-warming qualities of all these three, Bob has none of the lacks which the wholesale adjective also implies. A youth of inescapable polish, he has an easy smile and a willing hand-shake, and not a gangle in his whole six-foot-two. You'll never hear the Hutton voice ringing out above all others in a mob scene, but give him a few people at a time, old friends or newly met, and he's a fellow of well-formulated opinions and an unconfused flow of language with which to express them.

Tweeds or tails behave without a wrinkle or bump on his well-handled frame, and he is not only a sociable guy but also one of the most socially-sought young men in town.

The one thing Bob has a real fear of is being an individualist—the one person alone, among many. Give him a sudden shove toward a public microphone and he turns tongue-tied. Make him the center of attention at any gathering, public or private, and he's truly miserable. Osten-
tation is, to him, in very bad taste—a show-off is something he doesn't want to even slightly resemble. His very real panic when forced into any sort of personal ex-
hibitionism, goes deeper and farther back than that. The Hutton childhood was filled with such wholly desirable things as a summer home in the Catskills, a swimming pool, a pony—everything a little boy would be glad to call his own. Everything, that is, except a brother or sister for sharing and squabbling—someone of his own kind to take him for granted and give him that easy camaraderie large families carry out into the world with them.

Probe Bob for his preferences—ask him the sound, or the music, that moves him most, and he'll reach back into that solitary past for it: "I guess it's a sound I used to listen to when I was a kid," he'll say, after a moment of thought, "—the wind blowing up through the mountains. You know, being an only child is a pretty lonesome deal. I used to lie in bed and listen to the wind and trees 'talk' to each other. You know how kids are—I'd imagine what they were saying—and I guess I even joined 'em in the conversation once in a while—"

Among his best-remembered experiences is his first day at school: "I wanted to do what the other kids did, but I was..."
afraid to attract attention to myself by doing it. We had a drinking fountain just outside the door of the classroom—you had to hold up your hand to get permission to go to it, and some of the kids drank more than they needed just to make the trip. To be one of the boys, it seemed to me absolutely necessary to go to the cooler now and then—but do you know it was days before I could get up the courage even hold up my hand? Afraid I couldn't manage the proper swagger past the other kids' desks, I guess. What's more, thinking about it all the time made me thristier and thristier—boy, I really suffered—"

An only child, even grown up, never quite loses that feeling of being a new arrival into a crowd which already had much in common. It is not a shying away from people, but a deep-rooted desire to "belong." No matter how gay or popular or gifted a young man Bob may be, he doesn't take himself for granted—and it's hard for him to believe anyone else will. Being liked is more important to him than to the average fellow—it makes him a "corner" upon what he's said, and an "explainer" of what he does. What delights him most are gestures of acceptance from people he admires:

"Working in 'Mildred Pierce' with Joan Crawford was wonderful," he'll say, "She always made you feel so free to talk with her, never acted like you were just taking up her time. And at night when she'd be driving out the studio gate she'd always blow her horn and wave—gee, I thought that was great—"

"Hollywood Canteen" was fun to make because it had that "big, happy family feeling—everybody working right along together to make it a good picture." His favorite role, however, is his first one, the youngest of the destroyer crew in "Destination Tokyo." It was the start of his friendship with Cary Grant, who is about tops in human beings—and there was something else, too: Bob has a kind of sun-blindness which keeps him out of service, and being a part of it all, even in a picture, affected him strongly.

"That appendicitis operation really got me, because it was something that actually happened to a couple of other fellows. It wasn't me on that table, but the couple of guys who had to actually stretch themselves out on a rolling, pitching ship—and lie there with their intestines held back by bent spoons—trust God and a

THE DEMAND FOR

Photoplay each month is for at least 565,000 COPIES MORE than the paper shortage permits us to print.

Consequently, to insure getting your copy regularly, we suggest that you place a standing order with your regular newsdealer. He will be glad to oblige and you will be sure of your copy each month

** BUY EXTRA BONDS NOW—during the Big 7th War Loan **
swell ship's officer to help them see daylight again. I was so conscious of being those other guys, I sort of found myself praying I'd pull through—"

The kind of person who makes him uncomfortable is the one who "knows all the answers," and especially that kind of female. He rather suspects his wife Natalie knows quite a few, but she's smart enough to let him feel he knows more of them. Except in gin rummy—"She beat the ego out of me by winning consistently for a whole year." What he admires most is her poise.

"I remember dropping off at a cocktail party one afternoon on our way to an early dinner date. The cocktail crowd was strictly informal—sport coats, open-necked shirts, some of them in swimtrunks still dripping from the pool. Nat and I had to make a grand entrance, in dinner clothes, across a long stretch of lawn. I felt so conspicuous, like a 'dress extra' taking his cue—I wanted to come on doing dialogue right and left, explaining what we were doing dressed up like sore thumbs. Not Nat—she just sailed across that lawn, cool and smooth, totally unconscious that the whole crowd was staring. Gosh, she's wonderful—"

The last sentence is a kind of thumbnail description of the Hutton marital mood. Bob doesn't care to do a lot of declaiming against those "divorce" rumors or who started them, or why. "There's been too much talk about it now," he says, "and we feel a lot of discussion on our part would only keep the conversation going—"

Says Bob with great earnestness, "I could never love anybody, or anything, the way I love Natalie. She's my idea of what every fellow should be lucky enough to run into—a person you can have fun with, going out, or just sitting home spending the evening reading and talking—"

"Of course we have arguments—lots of them. That's part of the fun—each having your own opinions and standing up for them. I wouldn't give you two cents for a marriage with someone who cared so little for me she wouldn't tell me when she thought I was wrong—and I wouldn't be worth her time and trouble if I didn't tell her why I thought I was right—"

Prime subjects for differing opinions are Natalie's hats and Bob's ties. He doesn't like Natalie's hats, and what's more he doesn't like hats. He considers them a desecration to a beautiful head of hair. His wife's hair is a tawny mass of brown, shaded to gold by the sun. With her gray eyes, he thinks it's something special. Then, too, you know what women's millinery is, these days—"

"Nat has a new one—a sort of large straw basket of marigolds, or something, which ties in a big bow under her chin. I think it's ridiculous—what kind of a husband would I be if I looked her straight in the eye and said it looked lovely? It's always that way—we have a big discussion about her hat, and that's all there is to it. She wears it—" he grins.

As for his ties, "Nat will be all dressed to go somewhere and I'll still be trying to pick out a tie and shirt combination that looks right to me. The tie looks too loud with the shirt—I put on a different shirt—then I put on a different tie—then I'm more confused than I was to start. I don't blame her for getting impatient, but it's my idiosyncrasy, so I go right on concentrating on it—"

It was a tie incident which no doubt built itself up into a gossip item one evening when pal Alan Curtis was to accompany them to an affair. Natalie was ready to go when Alan called for them, and Bob wasn't. When by all-round agreement Alan and Natalie went on ahead, and Bob

---

**Beloved to Love**

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh........

the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50%...25%...10%
arrived alone a little later, spectator’s eyebrows started rising.

An intimate friend makes an interesting comment on the Hogtons:

“Bob and Natalie are very young young marrieds,” he says. “They’re very close companions—small things pertaining to each other are important to them, can become very big. I’ve seen them have a small, human argument—and, like two kids in love anywhere, ‘not speak’ for quite a while afterwards. Being missed is just one way of being even more concerned, more conscious of each other. I’d hate to see a third party try to say something against one of them to the other—he’d get a quick reaction. Or get Bob out for an afternoon or evening and try getting his mind off his wrist watch. He’s looking at it every fifteen minutes waiting for the time to phone, or see Natalie again—

The stork rumors, although of a happier nature, are also untrue as this is written. When they start on a family Bob has it all planned—two boys and a girl. If the ratio sounds a bit arbitrary, look at it this way—there’ll be a boy, who has both a brother and a sister. If they don’t run into trouble with priorities or something, that is.

W HAT’S really most important to any child, he thinks, is “the sincere love of a wonderful mother—which I have never been without. Can you put something in about her?” he asks eagerly. “She’s very pretty, with lovely dark hair—I’m always so proud of her.”

It was his mother who wisely urged him into dramatic work at school. An actor is never “by himself”—there’s always the character he is playing, a fellow who doesn’t need to be self-conscious because he was written to be what he is. His mother, says Bob, gave him “every encouragement a son could have.”

“The biggest thrill of getting into pictures came when I went back home to Kingston, New York. It’s a small place, about 28,000, and they made quite a fuss over me. I appreciated it, not for myself, but for Natalie—it sort of paid off on all that encouragement. Kids kept knocking at the door for autographs. She a sweer every knock and saw that I signed for anyone who wanted me to. She’s very much alike to all the requirements and possibilities of this movie-actor business—

Also on his list of “wonderful gals” is Joan Leslie, who is “very real and unspoiled” and, moreover, is his leading lady in “Too Young To Know.” The picture (omitting kicks registered by Sonny) was a happy one, because he ages several years during it—also because of Director de Cordova.

“Freddie’s a friend of mine”—explains Bob, then quickly adds, “he’d have to be to spend so much time on me—

Someday, when such things are again available, he’ll have all the shirts he wants, “good fitting ones, with long enough sleeves and comfortable collars,” because that’s his idea of luxury. Also, plenty of steaks to season with garlic, which he and Natalie both love. And a camping trip now and then, mostly to smell bacon cooking over a campfire—his favorite perfume, because it’s such “a friendly smell.”

Someday, too, he may grow nonchalant about fame and movie-fortune, which he currently can’t quite believe has happened to him. Meantime, he’ll go on being Adonis in Wonderland. Wondering, when he gets a laugh with a neatly-placed quip, “if it was really funny.” Wondering, when asked to pose for a publicity picture at a piano, “if it would make any difference to people if they knew he couldn’t really sing?” Wondering “how he got so lucky, anyhow?” He may stop all this—but it’s doubtful.

Meantime, too, his friends and associates will go on wondering if there was ever a more sincere, more likable guy than this Hutton!

THE END

If there’s one thing Americans love it’s a Sunday punch. It may be putting the ball over from the eight-yard line, or a long pass just as the final gun is about to pop, or a long one that clears the fence with the bases full and two down in the ninth. This is the time for a “Sunday.” And if we make it a good one, we’ll rock our enemies back on their heels. (And I mean heels!) Invest every dollar you can in extra War Bonds. And do it today!

BY

Fredric March
good news, plus these marvelous Jantzen shorts
enough to keep a girl feeling cool, calm and confident...
all summer! Tailoring and fabrics are super as in everything "Jantzen,"
cotton covert shorts 3.95, combed cotton shirt 2.00...right: "Green light,"
cotton covert shorts 3.95, combed cotton shirt 2.00...right: "Green light,"
and addenda are looking magazine-coverish
colors joyous! Left: rayon and washable rayon shorts 4.95, bra 2.95
(quantities limited)

Jantzen sun clothes

tan with Jan

Jantzen's new sun lotion for a smooth soft skin
DANCE into his arms with the light-hearted scent of Yanky Clover! It’s America’s lovely young fragrance... magically catching the skylarking spirit of a country square dance... the sweetness of clover fields in flower.

You’ll love Yanky Clover...and you’ll love its spanking-fresh new packages, so expressive of the scent’s meadow-sweet May-morning freshness! Perfume...toilet water...dusting powder $1 each; talcum, 50¢, plus tax.

by Richard Hudnut
Confessions of a Lazy Guy

(Continued from page 59) and I stood still, while pedestrians brushed by, “You dope!” I told myself. “Producers hire juvenile leads partly because they’re good-looking. And Lackland has plenty of looks. What happened is, he read the part better than you did. Go home, look in the mirror at that face, chomp, and laugh.”

I remembered the “egg head” verdict.

I was killing, there on the sidewalk, the habit of alibi-ing myself. That first letdown, when you blush “back” from your calculations, is bleak. Even though belief in luck is a false prop, it sometimes seems comforting!

But I took a private oath, that moment, not to kid Cotten any more. A little later when a producer, turning me down, told me, “You have too much talent, too early...”, I just laughed.

Those kindly brush-offs are cushions to oblivion.

DISCOURAGED, I wrote my mother what must have been a small-boy letter, telling her every single worry and foreboding.

Mother replied calmly: “Why don’t you want to be an actor? You have ‘back’ from your calculations, sensibly enough, that, since I was going through so much spiritual and mental pain, and getting nowhere, maybe I could find peace of mind and make good at, say, driving a truck.

That jerked me up again. It forced me to ask myself, “How badly do you want to be an actor? Do you want to keep to this road, and stop whining? Or—?”

As you know, there was no happy, fictional twist ahead to save the situation. I didn’t get, next day or week, a better job than the Pemberton one. It was some weeks before I got any job, five lean years before I landed a really good role.

But believe me, shortly after you throw luck out of your philosophy—as soon as you accept the old eight-hour-a-day tenet, and realize that learning how turns the magic key—you feel appreciably stronger and, except for a normal human slump once in a while, you can whistle while you drown on your yellow gloves.

I landed some minor roles—and finally Bette Davis. Producer Crosby Gaige gave me a definite boost with the juvenile lead in “Accent On Youth.” Meanwhile, that Orson Welles who had been my not-too-prosperous neighbor two years in Greenwich Village was launching his meteoric American career. (When scarcely old enough to play a Dead End Kid, he’d made a name for himself in Ireland.) I’d spotted Orson for gray matter the first time I’d ever observed him (on a sustaining program) at a broadcasting station; had even bored my wife talking about his brilliance—though not after she met him; nobody is bored who meets Orson!

It therefore was with excitement and pleasure that I accepted the Great Welles’s invitation to work with him in the Mercury Theater, and it was Orson, also, who invited me to Hollywood, to act in “Citizen Kane,” Ironically, I who, at various intervals, had wasted uselessly many hundreds of feet of screen test film, came to my first Hollywood job without any screen test at all.

What a first two days! Since I was to play an old gentle in a wheelchair, I had to get up at 4:30 so they could build on my rubber face, fit my wig and pluck my front hair—hair by hair—to keep the pate looking suitably bald.

Orson, who was directing as well as playing the lead, had broken an ankle, so there we were, each in a wheelchair, with a bold, controversy-making movie to make. I was making the first after a hot, “start shooting and Cotten facing, for his opening scene, a three-minute monologue. That’s a lot of talk—three full pages of script.

Unfortunately I faced a camera as well as those three pages, and about 985 people, it seemed to me, were standing around. I’d do all right until, in the middle of my long speech, the camera, looming like a monster, would boldly up—rolling noiselessly as if it were creeping forward to eat me right in my face. Each time I froze in the scene and quit.

I did manage to get on through some of them, but Orson is a perfectionist and set a Hollywood record by shooting sixty takes. As I staggered out of my wheelchair at 7 p.m. to go to the hotel where I had arrived the night before, a grip tried to comfort me. “You’ll never see another day in Hollywood, Mr. Cotten,” he assured, “just like that.” Nevertheless, I walked the hotel-room floor, debating whether to hop a plane back East; didn’t sleep all night and reported at 8:00 next morning to don rubber goo and wig again.

Orson then explained: The hairline hadn’t photographed right after all, the sixty takes were useless. Begin again! Conscious life seemed to cease for me.

Cotten happily recalls his New York stage days—“The Philadelphia Story” in which he starred with Katharine Hepburn and Van Hefflin (now in the Army)
We made two takes and I heard a voice, as from afar off, saying "Print that." Someone shook my shoulder, "You're through for the day, Mr. Cotton." The time was 9:30 a.m.

My friend the grip had been right: I had "run the gamut" of Hollywood experience in two days. I've never seen another day as hard as my first, nor another as easy as my second.

What you actually do, when finally you are fortunate enough to reach working surroundings where people with knowledge perform all around you, is to learn, learn, learn. Life really becomes work, work, work. In between pictures, one's radio, publicity chores and the normal things every person does to help the war effort keep an actor so busy that it seems a relief, so far as work is concerned, to get into a new picture! What he has actually won are three things—that opportunity to learn; more pleasure in his work as he does grow, and freedom from the old worry about eating-money. My big personal disappointment is—I don't care a damn any more about wearing yellow gloves!

Excitement comes in odd, new ways sometimes.

Not long ago I had the clock-stopping experience of being asked to write a letter on "Success" for "The Missle", the school paper of the Petersburg, Virginia, high school which I attended. A letter to Congress, I might have done easily. But, to the girls and boys of your own old school—that requires thought. As some Oriental philosopher forgot to say, "The keen eye of youth may be a swift kick in the slacks."

I worked three long evenings on the letter, and three-fourths of it consisted of this paragraph, the principle of which affects, I believe, not only a career but all-around happiness in life:

"Real ambition does not have anything to do with success, because true ambition is really an urge felt always to perfect oneself in some field or other—and perfecting oneself is a never-ending job. 'Success' implies that a person regards himself as having reached the ultimate goal in whatever he may want to do, while ambition never relaxes in trying to do something better. Whenever a person comes to regard himself as successful, he has lost the best thing that life can give him. We should never say 'Since I've accomplished this, I must be a success.' Even thinking such nonsense means that you've done the best you can ever do, and there are very few people in the world who can truthfully say that. It is one thing to feel satisfaction in knowing that you are on the right track toward your goal, but it is something very different ever to look on yourself as having reached final success in a career."

That translates itself into any walk of life you choose. Take a banker. Suppose he starts in life with the ambition, "I'm going to be President of the 17th National Bank." He goes through years of grind and is President of the 17th National Bank—a "success." He may find his job rather stuffy and ask, "Is this what I've been working for, all these years?" Or, pleased as punch he may pat his paunch and say, "This is me. I'm a success." In either case this man vegetates, he's at the end of the line.

But—suppose he started with real ambition. His aim in life was to learn more and more about the wise handling of money, the way to make it serve the community, as well as merely add up interest. He's more likely to become President of the 17th Bank, and he'll be just started. The funds of the bank will clear slums, help
small business, reach out in the helpful way that they can. And Brother Banker will keep on learning, enjoy life and—for- tunate man—never know he's a "Success."

A GREAT professor of chemistry once told me, "if I don't study each night, I'm an out-of-date teacher next day."

In Hollywood, those stars who have been around a long while and seem to grow better with time are the ones who regard "stardom" merely as an opportunity to learn more.

Such a stance will help you vitally on the way up. You will follow the very smart course of valuing opportunity to learn—not just to earn money—as the best test of your early jobs, Jennifer Jones in "Duel In The Sun," is a fine example of this.

She had worked toward acting since childhood. When she reached Hollywood, though better grounded than most new-comers, she got only minor roles.

Not only was Jennifer not getting anywhere, but she recognized that she was learning nothing. So—back to New York and two years more of work and study. Then came the fateful day she made sufficient impression at the Selznick New York office to win an interview with D.O.S.

In spite of all this the wise Selznick had her coached and trained two more years before he brought her to the Coast and celluloid. That explains why real ambition, instead of the success-wish, is so important. It explains the "luck" (I'm sure you read about it) of the girl who in her first Class A movie, "The Song of Bernadette," won the Academy Award for best actress performance of the year.

Jennifer's record is of particular appli-
cation as of today. No longer is Holly-
wood the best place to make your initial bid for screen work. Studios can afford to buy proved products, proved people, at high prices, and do. If you want to write for films, "expose" yourself first to any and all kinds of writing. If you want to design dresses—learn somewhere else. If you want to act—"expose" yourself, not to Hollywood first, but to acting.

That last is important. Nearly every community now has local amateur theatrical groups. Get in one. Do anything they'll let you do around the place.

Winning the inside of a Hollywood studio unprepared is a virtually hope-
less gamble after you get inside. If you're good enough in your home town, chances are that the excellent talent scout system will find you. Or, if after training and experience, you do come out here for that "external" break, you'll be able to cash in when you get it. Remember all these things apply equally to any profession; banking, running a shop, writing—all forms of daily work that are also self-ex-
pansion. (And what forms aren't?)

So here is the score as Hindsight Joe sees it: Make learning and growth, not some phony "success," your goal; ex-
pose yourself to people who are daily doing what you want to learn; never make inward excuses for failure; be sure to pick your early jobs (that's a laugh from me, who had little choice) not by their earning power but by their training value; set yourself a work standard, or a prepara-
tion standard, of at least eight hours a day. Expect more work and more chance to learn, when you reach what now looks to you like "the top."

Sounds like Ol' Sobersides Joe. Don't believe that I'm for fun, all along the road, and it's there, along with the work.

In whatever line you choose, set your sights high and, if it's eventually for out Hollywood way, and the town doesn't give me the heave-ho before you get here—
I'll see you at Mocambo.

The End.
Hollywood Quiz

(Continued from page 39) amenable to waiting a year or two before marrying, as her parents wish her to do.

Margaret O'Brien, of the current small fry, is a darling. Last winter when Margarett and I chance to be in New York at the same time I gave a birthday party for her.

Caroline Hummel, who plays Dagmar in "I Remember Mama," the New York stage hit, was one of the small guests. I thought my living room was on fire when Caroline arrived. "This is the first time Caroline has been allowed to choose her own dress," her mother laughed, explaining the brilliant red plaid her child was wearing. "She said the idea of meeting Margaret O'Brien made her feel all red inside so she must be all red outside too." Margaret, however, completely unconscious of the fact that Caroline was excited at meeting her, washed her eyes over meeting "a really truly stage actress!"

Another guest was Patrick O'Donnell, eight-year-old son of big General Rosie O'Gennell. That very day the General was receiving a silver star for his B29 raid over Tokyo without the loss of a single ship. Patrick, enamored of Margaret in her pink party dress with her flowing brown hair caught in a pink Alice-In-Wonderland band, apparently had forgotten what a great day it was in the O'Donnell family until Margaret reminded him of this by her interest and awe.

"Does your father take you up in a plane with him?" she asked.

Patrick's negative answer obviously bewildered her.

"You never go flying with your father," she asked incredulously. "But Patrick, why?"

Patrick puffed proudly. "My father," he announced, "says he doesn't want to have all his eggs in one basket!"

Margaret didn't give autographs at her party. She asked for them. We all must sign her little leather book. We were constantly of the greatest interest to her. Again and again I found myself charmed by her beautiful manners, her sweetness, her sincerity and her intelligence. So was every other adult there. And every child too. Which is quite something, for children are quick to sense true values in each other.

There are, of course, precocious and spoiled children in Hollywood. They're the poor darlings of mothers with more ambition than maternity. They're the beggared and beleaguered and begot offed and begingammed girls in second- or third-rate imitation of Shirley in her younger days and Margaret O'Brien right now. They're the boys who should be shooting marbles and building dirt forts and making horrid noises wherever they are who, instead, sit for hours under permanent wave machines because beached hair needs special care. They are the children who, with one or two rare exceptions, never get anywhere—at least not until they are old enough to escape their misguided mammas.

Now for those wild Hollywood parties I'm forever questioned about. To my great embarrassment—for I deeply love to be in The Know! And I always have to confess I have never seen anyone in Hollywood smoke an opium bubble pipe, fall drunken upon the floor, brandish knife or flail bare arm at husband or wife, or engage in fisticuffs (Errol Flynn and Turhan Bey, please note!). Consequently, I never offer my friends the vicarious thrills they obviously seek when, with a gleam in the eye, they ask about Hollywood parties.

My Hollywood friends are top-flight
stars, executives, writers, producers, musicians and directors. To maintain their prestige in such an intensely competitive profession these top-fighters work as hard as any welder on an assembly line. To put it bluntly, they are not in Hollywood to cut capers or to skylark. They're there to work and work hard. They get up at five-thirty in the morning and, except on Saturday evenings, they go to bed early; usually, believe it or not, about eight o'clock. On Sunday, if you give a really good party, you might keep the movie crowd until eight o'clock, certainly no later.

Actually the only difference between screen stars and those who get to the top in any other profession or industry is that the stars are more attractive physically, generally have a wider and keener interest in everything from primitive art to international politics, and work much, much harder for the war effort.

When I said something of this to a famous New York dowager the other day she snorted, "Oh, you're just a cover-up woman for Hollywood. You know perfectly well their dinner parties are drunken orgies and their morals nonexistent." I didn't attempt to convince her. I knew it would be useless. She was so much happier believing what she wanted to believe.

Some stars drink, of course. Several drink far too much. Excessive drinking, I've discovered, takes place in Hollywood, exactly as it does everywhere else, when dinner is very late or a party is very dull. Only those who are bored and seek escape drink heavily. Many stars, of course, drink nothing but wine—prefer as a matter of taste as well as discretion, California sherry or California sauterne with soda to run or whiskey or gin. It's the Hollywood cafe set about whom you read in the papers. And the cafe set of Hollywood, like cafe sets everywhere, is composed of the restless members of society, those most likely to act indiscreetly, to make headlines, and to get into all kinds of trouble.

Whether or not the stars are conceited is a question less simply answered. John Barrymore used to say the girls in pictures were hunger-fighters who used their natural feminine penchant for dressing up and posing to earn the money they needed to feed their families. About the men in pictures—although he was one of them—he felt differently. He insisted any man who could sit before a mirror and shape his eyebrows and powder his face and pose before a camera all day long was a con-
ceited jackass and the less society expected of him the better. However, I've often thought that John, saying this, deliberately put aside deeper truths for the sake of being amusing. As he did occasionally. Acting is much more than posing. It is the art of creating a character and playing upon an audience's emotions.

There can be no doubt, however, that the stars enjoy exhibiting and, unhampered by any sense of inferiority, appear to splendid advantage when they are on display. Also, the stars, generally speaking, are men and women so preoccupied with themselves that they do not resent spending hours every day in front of a mirror while hairdressers and make-up men and tailors and dressmakers work over them. I personally gave up any wish to be a movie star—which was just as well no doubt—the day the late Jean Harlow told me her platinum tresses required her to spend from one to two hours every day of her life in a hairdressing chair.

Often enough, however, stars are erroneously accused of having gone high-hat and of being insufferably conceited when they're merely watching their professional interests. I remember Claudette Colbert, when she was just finding her starry stride, refusing with a true Frenchwoman's vehemence, as well as realism, to permit a prize milk-giving cow to be named after her.

"Can you imagine the jokes that would inspire?" she demanded, truly horrified at her publicity department's inability to see beyond their nose for news. "Can you see the photographs of me the newspapers would use—and the photographs of the cow!"

There's no doubt Claudette was entirely right. But the personnel of the publicity department went about complaining she had gone high-hat. "Threw away thousand
ds of dollars worth of newspaper space," they said. "Some people just can't stand success!"

Are the stars conceited? Not on the grounds upon which they're damned as such usually!

**When** I'm asked about the best-dressed women and the best-dressed men in pictures I really have fun. My list always seems to surprise my friends. The ten best-dressed women in my book—in the order of their distinction—are: Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Rita Hayworth, Irene Dunne, Gene Tierney, Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman, Carole Landis, June Allyson, Maria Montez.

To be truly well dressed a woman must have sophistication. Which accounts for the fact that only June Allyson of the very young set makes my list. Judy Garland, for instance, who is truly charming and one of Hollywood's first actresses and whom I adore, doesn't belong in any such list. Since Judy looks well enough in almost anything she has not yet given her clothes the thought clothes need if they are to be distinctive and individual.

We Americans have a great habit of copying each other. Walk along any fashionable thoroughfare and practically every woman you see will be well dressed. Only the few, however, will have distinction and individuality.

The Hollywood women named above never look like anyone else but they stand out in any gathering although there is never anything glaring or outre about them.

Maria Montez in that group is perfectly dressed always for her type.

It's only recently Greer belongs there; only since she overcame the original English dowdiness, which marked her first years in America, and learned streamlining.

Ingrid Bergman's inclusion is, of course, surprising. Scandinavians usually do not have Ingrid's flair for the simple smart look.

And here are my ten best-dressed men, in the order of their distinction: Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Gary Cooper, Clifton Webb, Bob Montgomery, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Bob Hutton.

Again we find the youngsters, with the exception of Bob Hutton, conspicuous by their absence. Turhan Bey and Van Johnson, for instance, have no place on such a list. Neither have Alan Ladd and Gregory Peck.

Among other things, the kids are likely to be too conscious of their clothes. A truly well-dressed man appears not to be aware of what he is wearing; the assumption being, of course, that he has worn proper attractive habiliments all his life. Which explains, incidentally, my omission of Adolphe Menjou's name, even though Adolphe has made more lists of well-dressed gents than I can count. The Menjou grooming is meticulous, I grant, but far too deliberate and studied for my taste. In a lesser degree this was previously true of Robert Taylor. Lately, however, Bob is increasingly at ease whatever he is wearing.

Hollywood, you see, has changed completely. Nowadays it is comprised of the greatest artists from all fields of endeavor. Consequently, it takes quite a bit of being and doing to really rank there. It isn't remotely the place it used to be when stars were born overnight, because of clothes hanger shoulders or bedroom eyes. And beggars in pink limousines behaved no better than the old-fashioned beggars on horseback.

The End.
The Truth about Van Johnson’s Health

(Continued from page 29) General uneasiness and fear in the minds of the many who have found that gaiety and good cheer, of which Lana Turner spoke so affectionately, in his pictured roles. If people went around in a state of perpetual concern about the health of this young favorite it would seem to me extremely depressing for them—and even worse for him. It would give almost anybody a jittery feeling to know that while he felt quite well and was going about his business the general public might take it into its collective head to think he was dead.

For myself, I think it goes even deeper than that. As Franklin Delano Roosevelt said, we have nothing to fear but fear itself. I don’t think Van Johnson, who in the opinion of everybody around here is about as nice a guy as Hollywood has ever had in its midst, should live under my such cloud of fear.

Also, since they do love him, the public has a right to some reassurance in this matter. We all have enough legitimate worries in these days without thinking something might happen to someone we love when there is no cause to think that.

This was particularly strong in my thought because one night when I was tuning out of a broadcast on which Van Johnson had appeared I saw about 5,000 people waiting in a crowd to get a glimpse of him, and as I looked at their faces I saw an affection and a sort of smiling friendliness that couldn’t help but touch our heart. Fathers were holding up little children, old ladies were shedding for a set. I saw a crowd of people grinning as it was near enough in the crowd at the top of the steps to hear Van Johnson say in a breathless kind of voice, “It’s wonderful, of course, but I don’t know what it’s all about. I can’t understand why they feel that way.”

There isn’t ever any real explanation, I suppose. Perhaps it’s because he is the kind of idealized version of all the boys who are fighting overseas. Perhaps he fills the empty place in our hearts. But whether you can explain it or not, it’s a common demand for it because it’s a good, clean thing and a heart-warmer in these cold and lonely days.

So I thought I would like to give you a report on Van Johnson’s health and then we can forget all about it.

Headquarters is where I was taught to start as a reporter, so I went to headquarters. To the doctor who saved Van Johnson’s life last night he had that terrible automobile accident, who has taken care of him ever since, and who is not only his physician but his friend, father confessor and spiritual guide as well.

Being a modest man as well as an extremely orthodox and rigidly ethical member of the medical profession, the doctor said he would give me the facts but it would be better if I didn’t use his name, didn’t I think so, because it was never a good idea for a doctor to appear in print except in the medical journals.

I explained that if you were physician to the Crown Prince of Hollywood you might as well get used to it and that even Lord Dawson of Penn, who besides being a shining light in the British medical world, had signed bulletins on the state of health of the King and Queen, because the public expected it. I couldn’t, I said—and I’m sure you will agree—give out a report on Van Johnson’s health anonymously and expect readers to believe it.

So, the doctor’s name is William E. Branch. Everybody in Hollywood knows Bill Branch because you cannot take care of such folks as Spencer Tracy and Lana Turner and Joan Crawford and stay under a bushel forever. As a matter of fact four or five people had already told me that Dr. Branch said to Keenan Wynn when he regained consciousness after his accident: “I am getting very tired of this. If you and Van cannot learn to drive and ride motorcycles I wish you would walk.”

I already had a pretty complete file on Van Johnson’s tragic accident, which was one of those accidents that happen all too frequently in the United States when kids (if Mr. Johnson will forgive me) drive cars. He hit something and something hit him and he cracked his head wide open and nearly died.

His guardian angel arrived, if a bit late, on the scene because when he collapsed he did it with his head against the curb stone, which kept the severed artery from bleeding. Also when the people who picked him up called the M-G-M lot, the M-G-M chief of police was right there and got him in an ambulance and to the hospital in record time where Dr. Branch put him back together. There was a hole in the front of his head and they patched that up with bone and muscles from his shoulder.

Negatively, the accident had a lot of publicity then and it had even more later when it had to be explained why such a husky youngster wasn’t in uniform. And that, I can’t help but feel, was back of this fantastic story that Van Johnson was dead. That pity and concern that he’d been so badly hurt and did a man ever quite get over that kind of an injury and all that.

No curative power is claimed for
PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN Ounce of Prevention
is worth a pound of cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved for less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—or definitely improved!

— from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION
The first question I asked Dr. Branch was, "What's the state of Van Johnson's general health at this moment?"

"He's in magnificent health," Dr. Branch said. "In splendid general health. No reason why he shouldn't be. Fine constitution."

"Is he in any danger from the injury to his head in that automobile accident?" I asked.

"Not if he takes proper care of himself," Dr. Branch said, "if he doesn't overdo nor get over-heated or over-excited. I'll try to explain it to you."

He did, in complicated terms of which I understood only about one in three. But with the X-rays and all I finally got it down to facts you and I could understand. Like any injury, this one of Van's has to have time to heal completely. Nature has already done most of it in her own inimitable and glorious fashion. Within a year, a year and a half, two years, it will be entirely healed and well. Meantime, like any other broken bone, too much strain and stress shouldn't be put on it. No serious results would follow, but in battle, let's say, or over-exercise, it not hold. Sometimes he gets those headaches which Lana described, and that's when he hasn't followed instructions. Aside from that, he is normal and well and there is nothing to worry about.

"There isn't anything more to be done for him medically," Dr. Branch said, "no further operations, no treatment. Time is the only thing he needs to be 100% okay again—and he's got plenty of that so I don't see why anybody need be disturbed about him. Since they won't have him in the armed forces, so far as I know he should live to be about 102."

"Did the injury have an effect upon his brain at all?" I asked.

"Never touched the brain," said Dr. Branch impatiently, "just the skull. Good thick skull, fortunately for him."

There is the report from headquarters and if you knew Dr. William E. Branch as well as we do you would have a long sigh of relief.

But I thought I might as well ask a few more questions around and about, so I talked to Vic Fleming, who directed him in "A Guy Named Joe" and to Mervyn LeRoy who did the very difficult and wear-

Lena Horne, back from a U.S.O. camp tour, presents Thomas A. Morgan, national chairman of the United Negro fund, with a check from our Negro service men abroad
Temptations of a Girl Who Waits

(Continued from page 47) wait for. She argues she still loves only him. But the thing rushes at her headlong and she's in water so deep she can't get out.

My heart has never been with anyone but Will, yet I have caught myself watching a friend of Will's and mine. He looks so much like Will. He has o many of his characteristics. What he has done is bring back a bit of my husband to me to fill the lonely moments. However, we have made sure that our friendship has remained just that—and nothing more.

I can only say to girls who meet this rather ordinary problem that they must watch the company they keep.

My friend Kathryn Grayson makes it a strict point never to go anywhere even with close friends while her husband, Lieut. John Shelton, is overseas. Often she has told me how much she would like to go dancing. So would I. But neither of us does.

Yet, I've felt loneliness so much at times that I've caught myself starting to hold the hand of a person next to me in a theater, just as I used to do with Will. It seems such a natural gesture to me. So combating this loneliness is a difficult job, but it must be done if the tap root of all temptation is to be chopped off.

Every woman who waits knows the awful dread that comes when no letters arrive. You watch the mailman coming down the street. And there is nothing so cold and awful as his pleasant smile as he says good morning and passes you by.

I didn't hear from Will for an entire month when he went overseas. I had no idea where he had gone. But I continued to write him every day as usual. Then, in one day, I got four letters from him. He had been on a naval transport in the Pacific on the way to Iwo Jima and no letters had gone out.

When no letter arrives, some women either think the man has forgotten them or they stop writing themselves. Or else they write angry and complaining notes to their men.

Every woman who loves her man must guard against the temptation to become suspicious of him when no letters arrive. She must remember that much of the mail is lost. She must not use lack of mail as an excuse for going out and losing her sense of perspective. And she shouldn't write him annoyed letters, berating him for his silence.

The men over there often don't have the opportunity to write, but they always have the intention. We can at least write them and believe in them.

I cannot understand how a woman can permit herself to feel that her man is not coming back to her. I couldn't face my God if I allowed myself to think that Will wasn't coming back. Yet, such a defeatist attitude is another common temptation. Or rather, it's frequently used as an excuse for a girl's unexampled actions.

This type thinks one or two out-of-line dates are not important. Then come more affairs. And finally she says to herself, "Why shouldn't I have fun? He won't come home, anyway. I can't be left entirely alone."

Once a girl loses her belief in the protection and guidance of God over her man, she has lost herself and stands a good chance of losing most of her fineness as a woman.

We women may think of the possibility of death. We may let it consume us with a great fear. But always in our hearts if we believe, we say, "When he comes home, we'll have a grand time!"

Blondes—take a bow! Famous artist shows how to bring out delicate skin tones with original "Flower-fresh" shade of CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder.

Want to see your skin look fairer, smoother, more beautifully blonde? Then dust it tenderly with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Natural, and see those blonde blush-tones come alive. Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" face powder clings for hours; veiling tiny blemishes with a satin-smooth finish. And remember Cashmere Bouquet comes in "Flower-fresh" shades to complement all skin types from an exotic brunette to a red head's pale ivory complexion.
Happy Ironings

Shirts of white, and shirts of blue,
Shirts of ev'ry handsome hue,
Join the chorus, sing with Sunny,
"Linit Starch will save you money."

"See how Linit keeps our collars
Neat and clean as new-made dollars.
How ev'ry neckband, ev'ry cuff
Feels sleek and smooth and never rough."

A solo then by Master Linit—
"You can mix me in a minute.
Best of all, it matters not
If the water's cold or hot."

"Then any starching that you please
You'll do with pleasure, speed and ease
And when you iron, you'll agree
'Linit is the starch for me.'"

—Copyright Corn Products Sales Co.

Even sad irons join the chorus
"Linit ironings never bore us!"

Linit lightens laundry labor

At all Grocers
A Man and His Dreams

(Continued from page 45) whether ballyhoo alone could in the long run make a star out of someone who didn’t have the essential qualifications.

"Of course," he said, "fellows like Van Johnson, Robert Walker and a few others have come up suddenly but Dennis would have won recognition at any other time. They have the stuff. And besides," he added, "they had their struggles too. They weren’t overnight successes. But even an actor gets a public hearing about is the success that follows it. There is seldom any ballyhoo about the failures that preceded it."

DENNIS was thinking about his own background and the long pull he had before the real break came. There were his humble beginnings. He was a radio singer who then was on a talent-scouting mission for one of the big studios. She arranged a screen test and shortly afterwards a studio contract for him.

But his arrival in Hollywood, instead of launching him on a career, started him twisting and turning on the road of frustration and disappointment. His name wasn’t very popular in those days. He languished and fumed and thought of giving up but went on. The fact that he had dropped his own name Stanley Mornor didn’t help either. Maybe he should have consulted a numerologist.

However, he got something more substantial than numerology in the person of David Carson, who was a good operetta singer, one of the stars of "Faust." What that did was to pave the way for him. He next turned to vaudeville, and there he was a success. But when he got tired of one-night stands, he was ready to strike out on his own. He started his own company, and after a few weeks his popularity had grown so much that he was offered a chance to work in the theater. And then he got a break in a radio show, which led to a movie contract.

His best friend is Jack Carson. He and Jack grew up together in Milwaukee, attended the same school and shared some rough and tumble experiences in vaudeville. Both are now under contract to Warner Brothers. Whenever the studio throws a party for visiting exhibitors Carson and Morgan are up on the stage wowing them with old vaudeville routines and songs.

A few years ago Carson used to harangue Dennis. He would tell him he wasn’t taking his career seriously enough. The truth of the matter is that Carson was letting outside interests and diversions become increasingly important in his life. Recently, however, there has been a marked change in his attitude. His friends attribute this in part to Carson’s influence and also to the fact that Dennis at last is getting the kind of roles he wants to play.

His success has made him more serious but it hasn’t robbed him of his enthusiasm. He gets as much fun out of life as he ever did, but he has learned to discipline himself. "Fun is fun," he says, "if you keep it in its place."

Dennis doesn’t go in for night-club life. His idea of a good time is to sing barber-shop quartets with Andy Devine, Bob Shaye, Jack Carson—either in their homes or his. He has a passion for music and a love for his home.

It was during the making of "My Reputation," in which he stars with Barbara Stanwyck, that Morgan discovered his ideal home—not the L.A. Canada hacienda but the one he and Lilian will build one day themselves. It’s a New England farm house—the one built for "My Reputation." He got the plans for it from the studio architects and someday, when the war is over and he will be doing just an occasional movie, dividing his time between Hollywood and the concert stage, he’s going to build that house, but not in California. He’ll be either in Oregon or Minnesota or some such cold spot where the fish are jumping, where he can even see through walls of ice and fish during the winter. It’s his favorite sport.

Another venture which he is planning for post-war days is flying. His ambition is to take lessons from Colonel Robert Lee Scott, famous pilot of the one-time Flying Tigers and author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."

Morgan’s admiration for the drawling Georgian whom he portrays on the screen is unbounded. When we returned from our Lakeside luncheon, Dennis introduced him by saying, "Here’s a guy I’d like to fly with!"

But Dennis Morgan is doing okay these days flying high on his own.

THE END
Now... as always, this Trade Mark is your guarantee of quality in brassieres.

MaidenForm
BRASSEIRES

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!

For back to school—so young and fresh—so pretty and gay—designed the SALLY MASON way. You'll love them all.

At all Leading Stores Everywhere or write
SALLY MASON INC.
498 Seventh Avenue - New York 18, N.Y.
Your Choice for Quality, Today and Tomorrow, Sally Mason Blouses and Playsuits

There's no star in Hollywood with a more innate sense of chic than eight-year-old Margaret O'Brien. Where other child stars have gone in for curls, ruffles, hair-bows, sashes and fur coats, Maggie craves simplicity. "She wants braids," her mother says, "and everything that goes with them." Wiser than many of her seniors, Margaret knows her type—and dresses it!

Everyone on the big Metro lot is drooling over the negligee which Irene designed for Katie Hepburn. It is white chiffon—more than fifteen yards in the billow skirt—trimmed with white satin leaves appliqued here and there. A huge scarf of white ostrich plumes is worn with it, plus jewelled satin slippers. In this concoction, Katie looks like an angel.

Mrs. Fred MacMurray's hats are as smart as any in town. Which is saying a great deal. However, they cost a fraction of what most hats cost. She makes them herself. She has genius for turning a flower, a bit of straw and polka-dot veiling into a chapeau which makes the girls turn around for a quick second glance and brings that whistling look into men's eyes.

Edith Head, designer at Paramount, fastens her white blouses at the cuffs and down the front with little gold safety pins. It all began because Edith is a button loser from way back. And it's all so smart that it has become a Hollywood vogue.

The girls really staged a fashion show at the baby shower they gave for Hedy Lamarr. Ann Sothern looked springly in a trim navy blue crepe suit with a tiny white straw poke-type hat trimmed with navy blue tulle and a sable scarf casually slung over her arm. Norma Shearer, in a bright beige shantung tailored dress, was stunning. Her accessories were a deeper luggage tan and her shoulder bag was bright Kelly green. Perhaps the loveliest costume of all was on Mel Milland—a heavy black silk tailored suit topped by a small white hat with white chrysanthemums falling over the edge to frame her face. Hedy looked cool and trim in a gray and white figured knee-length smock of soft crepe which tied high at the neck with a bright red bow. Hedy wore this over a comfortably full black crepe skirt.

Joan Fontaine went to Phil Ohman's opening at Ciro's in a dream hat to end all dream hats. A tiny fitted cap effect of lacy black straw on which were draped exquisite large pink roses with heavy green stems—all at a rather cockeyed angle—two of the flowers draping down behind her left ear. As usual Joan wore her hair rather severely in a huge bun at the back of her neck.

So many Hollywood girls favor semi-formal, dark high-necked dresses with short skirts these nights. With these suits they wear tiny chalk white hats, very short bolero type jackets of ermine and white gloves. A charming costume this, and especially effective in the dim lights of restaurants and night spots. After all, the white bolero doesn't have to be of ermine.
LUMBER JILL SUIT* pampers your figure, accentuates a trim waistline and narrow wrists with colorful, contrasting knit bands. Practical pockets and bravado shoulders in the jacket . . . combined with our famous self-repleating TRIKSKIRT.* Exhilarating colors. Sizes 9-15 and 10-16. About $15.00 at leading stores everywhere.

*Trademark
For Clearer, Whiter, Smoother Skin

Try just one jar of MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM. It contains a special ingredient which bleaches sallow ton, dull dark skin. Even stubborn freckles lighten and fade. Your skin grows clearer, whiter, brighter, your coloring lovelier. That's not all. MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM helps you to a firmer, smoother skin, one that really looks younger. Get your jar of MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM today. Just follow directions.

Startle your skin to freshness loveliness with SAXO-LITE ASTRINGENT. Temporarily contracts loose surface skin, reduces prominence of premature fine lines and wrinkles.

Photos Ring

Any Photo or Picture in Sterling Silver, White or French Enamel on this Beautiful Slide Picture Frame for Ring. Pay postage plus a few cents extra and send for FREE 8-PAGE CATALOGUE of your favorite photos, picture rings, photo jewelry. Satisfaction or your money back. The Stevens Photo Movette Ring Co., Dept. C-54, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Nora Eddington Talks about Her Marriage

(Continued from page 31) and I was the happiest girl in the world.

Suddenly a little catch came into her voice. "I wondered if he had minded his going out with other girls without me before and after we were married, because I'm not jealous. But what hurts is that people look at me as though I were just a cheap girl who passed in and out of his life. Just a few days ago I overheard a group of girls saying, 'That Nora Eddington! She thinks she married Errol Flynn!'

I said, 'Nora, what will you do? You can't continue to live by yourself, never see people and see Errol only when he wants to see you and not see you when he isn't in the mood.'

'I've thought it all out,' she replied. 'I plan to get a divorce and live quietly with my baby. I don't want any money from him for myself. All I want is support for our daughter. I intend to get a job and support myself. I might go back to Mexico—at least long enough to get the divorce. My mother is a Mexican and I speak Spanish as fluently as I do English. I know the people down there. That is why I wanted my baby born there and why I wanted the divorce in Mexico.'

'I hate the thought of a divorce because I was the child of a divided family. I spent half my time with my father and half with my mother and I just a cher.'

Nora is now living with her father and stepmother. She adores her stepmother who has been with her through all her troubles.

It is impossible to talk with this girl for any length of time and not like her and realize that she has character and a good background. I thought to myself, 'She is a girl any man should be proud to call his wife.' It was with a feeling of real sympathy for her that I asked, "Do you think there is a chance of a reconciliation?" She shook her head. "I don't see how Errol can change—wouldn't be Errol if he did. I'm glad that when I think of him it is always about how tender and sweet and thoughtful he was when my baby was born.

"He has always been good to me. We have never had any quarrels—not serious ones, anyway—just a few words. I know that he loves the baby very much. She is so beautiful—and he is very proud of her."

I could agree to that. Soon after Errol had come back from Mexico I met him at a party and while he refused to admit his marriage to Nora, he raved about the baby. "She's the most beautiful little baby I ever saw," he told me enthusiastically. "From the minute she was born, she wasn't all red and shriveled up. She is really a little beauty. And don't think she can't turn the charm on and off at will."

"Just like her old man," I laughed. I repeated this to Nora and she smiled. "Yes, read that in our column and I was glad that Errol told you about the baby. The only thing he has ever said that hurt me to the quick was when he was quoted saying, 'If I were married as many times as the papers say I would win an Academy Award for bigamy.' That really hurt although, she added quickly, 'he says he never made such a remark. And I believe him.'

I asked Nora if she had ever crossed her mind to become an actress. She is so very pretty and she has a beautifully modulated speaking voice.

"I don't know just what I want to do," she admitted. "I want to earn enough money to take good care of my baby. I am sure there is a job somewhere for me. But, first, I want peace of mind. I want to find a small house here and get settled with the baby for she is my first consideration. After that, I'll start planning my future life."
Pixie from Dixie

Nobody can seem to say exactly what Johnny Mercer has. Slightly from pixie—maybe. But at any rate, this Georgia boy is just about the most sensational character to hit the record business in recent years. For Johnny not only sings tunes and writes them, but as president of Capitol Records he supervises all the other recordings the company makes as well.

1. His latest record, 'On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe' with The Pied Pipers, will be released this month. Insiders say it will cause as much comment—nation-wide—as the assassination of McKinley. If so, it will be the 24th smash hit Capitol has recorded in the three short years of its existence.

2. One reason for Capitol's spectacular success is the fact that the company has its home in Hollywood—the greatest talent pool in the world. But even more important is the musical intuition of Mercer and Buddy De Sylva, chairman of Capitol's board. These two have set a whole new trend in the popular record business.

3. In three years they have picked more young talent such as The King Cole Trio and lined them up under Capitol's banner than all the rest of the record firms combined. This, together with the uncanny knack both seem to have for matching talent with tunes, has skyrocketed the young company right up among the old established leaders.

Capitol Records

Billy Butterfield
Benny Carter The King Cole Trio
Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve
Betty Hutton Joanie Johnston Stan Kenton
Johnny Mercer Ella Mae Morse Margaret O'Brien
Harry Owens The Pied Pipers Tex Ritter
Andy Russell Bobby Sherwood Freddie Slack
Jo Stafford Martha Tilton Paul Weston

23 Smash Hits in 3 Years

Ac-cent-tchu-ate The Positive • The Trolley Song
• I'll Walk Alone • G I Jive • Candy • Dream •
I Should Care • Amor • Strip Polka • Cow Cow
Boogie • Mr. Five By Five • Swinging on a Star •
I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City • I Dream of You
• Besame Mucho • Straighten Up and Fly Right •
Shoo-Shoo Baby • His Rocking Horse Ran Away
• Her Tears Flowed Like Wine • Long Ago and Far
Away • Elks' Parade • Old Black Magic • My Ideal
FROM HOLLYWOOD...WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL
NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

TODAY...today...in just one minute...look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth, well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day or night. Non-drying, definitely. Overglo has an emollient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts months. Six flattering shades. $1.50, plus tax.

NEW...ONE-SHADE...OVERGLO FACE POWDER
A make-up discovery! Practically colorless—permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 plus tax.

We knew it!
You've just finished checking the BACHELOR SCORE CARD on page 48, and you couldn't locate the guy you go for.

But wait!
You'll find him all right—when the balance of the bachelors appear—in alphabetical order.

NEXT MONTH
Peg of Our Hearts

(Continued from page 51) New York City.
The thought was put into effect and presently there was little Peggy Ann, preening herself, small-girl fashion, before a full-length mirror.
A handsome stranger stepped up.
"Is your little girl a professional model?"
"Professional? Why, no."
"Well, she should be," said the gentleman. "If you'd like to consider the profession for her, look me up." He flipped out his card and he turned out to be John Robert Powers, who hires all those pretty girls you see in the advertisements.

When Mrs. Garner discovered that Peggy Ann could pick up five or ten or twenty dollars—as she got more experienced—merely for standing still for five minutes before a camera wearing a hat, or coat, or dress or some such, she began thinking about Peggy's college education. She herself had gone to Greenbrier College, in the old South, and at the time of Peggy's birth had enrolled the child there for sometime around 1950. But as the depression kept on wiping out all the fine, fat, financial reserve she and Bill had put by in the prosperous years of 1928 to 1930, she began giving up hope.
Yet here, for a mere half hour a week's work or less, Peggy seemed in a fair way of assuring herself of this education. Mrs. Garner went down to Washington and talked the matter over with her husband. Bill was agreeable. ("He's the most carefree man on earth anyway," says Mrs. Garner, "or at least he was before he went into service. That's made him much more serious.")
Thus Peggy was launched on her career. Enter here—factor three, the child's native talent. Write down here another Hollywood truth: Mamas can push all they like, but if kiddie dear hasn't got the talent, nothing does any good.
But Peggy Ann had it—right from the beginning.
"She certainly didn't inherit it," says Mrs. Garner. "Neither her father nor I ever had the least talent and there never

Suntan safely! Enjoy the sure allure of a gorgeous, golden Gabytan. Just apply GABY... America's most popular Suntan Lotion. Then take your place in the sun. No fiery after-effect. No smeary grease. No drying alcohol.
And GABY is so smooth, so soothing to even the tenderest skin.
Three sizes... 25¢, 50¢, $1.00 plus tax

Peggy gives her young-looking dad, Lieutenant Bill Garner, a birthday kiss.
has been a drop of theatrical blood in either of our families."

The moment Peggy Ann started modeling, Mrs. Fowers suggested she study dancing to give her poise and balance. Mrs. Garner took her to the school she recommended, and its rates for instruction made her head spin—a mere something like ten dollars an hour. But again, came Peggy's talent. The moment the head of the school saw Peggy dance, he agreed to cut his fees about in half, just for the privilege of instructing her.

Once she started taking lessons there, the dance instructor suggested Peggy also take acting lessons. He recommended the Alvenie School of the Drama. Same routine. The price was too high, until they got a look at Peggy. Then they, too, hopped on the bandwagon. They, too, were delighted to have her at a financial sacrifice.

But even at that, it was all too costly for Bill Garner's modest legal wage. So Mrs. Garner went to work, too. She worked nights in the personnel department of the Hotel New Yorker so that she'd have the days free to pilot Peggy's career. Peggy's grandparents had long since been pressed into service as nighttime guardians.

It was inevitable, of course, that the stage should begin beckoning such a clever little girl. She made her debut in a stock company production of "Mrs. Wiggs Of The Cabbage Patch," whereupon, just as inevitably, people said, "That child should be in the movies." This was in 1937 and the world was very Shirley Temple conscious right then.

Mrs. Garner went down to Washington and had another huddle with Bill and that die was cast. She and Peggy Ann came to Hollywood. They had a letter of introduction by Dave Chasen, who runs one of Hollywood's swankiest and best restaurants, which is not a bad type of guy to know when one is hunting work. Dave, a big-hearted fellow, who used to be an actor himself, called upon and telephoned casting directors. Mrs. Garner called upon and telephoned casting directors. The Vice President at that time was a Texas gentleman named John Ancie Garner. Mrs. Bill Garner, telephoning people, would say, quite truthfully, "This is Mrs. Garner of Washington, D. C. I wonder if I might come out to see you." Several casting directors misunderstood that, quite as she hoped. When she got into their snobbish presences, she presented Peggy Ann.

The Garners got no work, but the casting directors remembered Peggy Ann. They didn't know just why, but they remembered her because she was the only plain little girl they had looked upon in months. Mrs. Garner saw to that.

The very first night she and Peggy were in Hollywood they did the natural tourist thing. They went to the Chinese Theater and looked at the footprints of the famous in the forecourt there. It was, by the happenchance that rules their lives, the night of a Shirley Temple preview, "Heidi" actually, and as luck would have it, Shirley, flanked by her mother, exited from the theater just as they were standing there.

Peggy Ann dashed up to the dimpled Shirley, said, "I'm Peggy Ann Garner. I'm going to become a movie star, too. Will you send me an autographed picture?"

"Sure I will," said Shirley. "Tell me the address." So Peggy did, and Shirley did, and it was the beginning of a beautiful faith in human stars for Peggy and the beginning of a big idea for Mrs. Garner.

For, going around the casting offices, she saw that all the other child actresses were imitation Temples, making up with artifice for the beauty Shirley had naturally. Mrs. Garner went home and panted down Peggy's Indian-straight locks even straighter, washed her face till her nose shone, kept her in plain linen dresses. At the end of five weeks, Peggy captured her first role in "Little Miss Thoroughbred." She was all of six years old at the time and the Garners thought she was terrific.

Nobody else in Hollywood thought anything. Almost a year and a half went by before Peggy got another role, and this time she got two in quick succession, in "In Name Only," in which she played Carole Lombard's daughter, and in "Blonde Brings Up Baby,"

The Garners thought the second role, following right on the heels of the first, meant that Peggy was established. So another year went by before they got a bit in "Abe Lincoln In Illinois" and after that one two years and two years is a lifetime in the career of a child actress—till "Eagle Squadron" came along wherein Peggy's part lasted just one day and paid $25. Nor was that the end. She still had another year to live through before another little girl's having the measles let her get into "The Pied Piper" at Twentieth Century-Fox. It was after "Pied Piper" that Twentieth put Peggy under contract.

But it is these six years of grim, background struggle that makes Peggy the watchfully sensitive girl she is today. It is this background that makes her give the reply she did when asked what she thinks of when she cries for a scene.

"I think what will happen to me if I don't cry," she says quickly.

"Peggy knows she is just as good as her last picture," adds Mrs. Garner.

Her last filmed picture, says the grapevine, is swell. It is "Junior Miss" and it makes Peggy happy since, having proven her ability as a weeper in "Jane Eyre," she has practically been in tears ever since. But "Junior Miss" is comedy, and gives her
a chance at being mildly grown up. She even has a boy friend in this one, Scotty Becket, whom she doesn’t exactly look on with hate off-screen, either. Scotty, however, is not the main source of her wanting to look older. This is merely part and parcel of her actually growing more mature. She is a very good student and this fall will enter junior high and as she is also an excellent athlete, she is simultaneously attaining physical height along with mental depth.

But she is not the dreamy child she portrayed in “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn.” She loves reading, though her taste runs to mysteries (her favorite picture of the moment is “Hangover Square”). The only school subject she isn’t really good in is mathematics (it bores her). She infinitely prefers her portable typewriter to any doll ever made and her differentness to the usual child pattern even extends to her not caring for ice cream or chocolates, though she dotes on pineapple in any form. She is even so practical that when her parents asked her what she wanted for this past Christmas she calmly announced she’d like an emerald. (They are so practical, too, that she didn’t get it.) Instead, she got a cat’s-eye ring, a beautifully carved gold affair with a really fine stone. Her two best friends are non-professionals her own age.

“Like all movie children,” her mother says, “she’s getting just a bit too well known now to run around freely. I want her to have friends, so it looks wisest to bring the kids to her, at our home, under our supervision.”

Lieut. Garner, fortunately, has recently been transferred to the West Coast, still acting as a lawyer, being the counsel for the plaintiff—that is the Government, in cases involving infractions of military discipline. Peggy adores her dad, and Mrs. Garner says that he would spoil her except that she is too sensible a child to get spoiled. Peggy just grins when this remark is made. She’s visibly very, very happy at the family circle being complete once more.

In fact, she is very happy about everything, and why not? She now has everything she desires, that is, all except the emerald. But she should worry about that. Come five years from now or so, she can buy it for herself if she likes, and she probably will.

Along about the time she gets her first Academy Award, most likely.

The End.
Reunion

(Continued from page 27) Same? Will it be, between us, after eighteen months, the same? Like wheels inside my head the thoughts go until I think I am crazy.

"Then I get to the hotel. He is not, of course, here. Then I begin to worry whether he will love me as he did. I forget about whether I love him. Now I think only, will he love me? My looks how will they look to him? I am now so thin.

Pierre, who was still sitting cross-legged on the floor, said simply, "Maria is more beautiful than she was when I left. But I knew she was getting more and more beautiful from the photographs that came often. She wrote every day. Every day Letters full of news and of tenderness, the kind men overseas so badly need. She was an angel," he said almost reverently.

Maria's hand touched his hair in brief and fond acknowledgment before she continued. "So I am here at the hotel. For the first five days I just sit. Moving only when I go from telephone to telephone thinking, each time one rings, this may be Jean Pierre! Each day I dress in something I think he will like. Each day I do my hair low, in a chignon, the way he likes it. When friends ask me to lunch, to cocktails, to the theater, I will not go—Jean Pierre, I say. might get here this very noon, this very night.

"On the sixth day," Maria laughed, "I give up! I put my hair up the way he doesn't like. That night when I go to bed, I wash my hair but do not curl it. Instead of my best, I put on only a fairly nice nightgown. I think, maybe if I don't dress up so much, he will come.

"In the morning, I was waked by a phone call from Alexandre de Menziarly, the head of the French Military Mission here. He said, 'Your man has arrived. But he may be a couple of hours delayed.'

"So, with hands that tremble I get dressed, I put on my most elegant tweeds, for Jean Pierre likes me in the things that are elegant, but very simple. I put my hair again in the chignon. I put on the perfume he loves the most. I then sit by the door of our suite. One half hour later—and may Eternity," Maria said, devoutly, "not so long—the phone rings. I answer it. A voice says 'Hello, darling.' I say, 'Where are you?' 'Downstairs,' he says. Incredulous, I scream into the phone. 'For the love of heaven—why don't you come up?'

"At this point," Jean Pierre interrupted the proceedings, laughing, "I feel called upon to explain that I was dazed. I had to pinch myself to believe it, I am that Maria is here. On the ship coming over, I was not sure that Maria would be in New York. When the people from the military mission came out to pick us up, the first question I asked was, 'Is my wife there?' When they said, 'She is there, waiting for you,' I felt so much, it went beyond feeling and was numbness.

"When I heard his voice, knew he was here," Maria resumed, "I could not, of course, delay the first sight of him by waiting inside the door. I rushed out into the corridor and there, eighteen months to the day since he left, we met again.

"What happened after that is a story of those hours that make you know the kingdom of heaven is," Maria touched her heart, "here. I have now," she added, "wings on my feet, wings in my brain, wings in my heart.

"But since that first day there have been always people, telephones ringing, Jean Pierre working. When you are married to Jean Pierre Aumont you must realize, I have found, that you have to share him with the world. He is a cyclone, this Jean
Pierre. I have never in my life seen such vitality. I thought," Maria laughed, "that I had a monopoly. I have not. He has—this one who can take both, the best and the worst, with such an air..."

"I hate war," Jean Pierre said thoughtfully. "Yet it was thrilling to have been in North Africa, in Italy preparing for the French campaign. It was great luck for me to have made the first landing with the Third Infantry Division. Thrilling to have first entered Toulon and other cities. Thrilling, also, to find that men, at war, show themselves less selfish, less narrow-minded than in peacetime.

"The Americans, I want to say here, are doing a wonderful job, wonderful. Independent of their courage, which needs no comment from me, the fact that they are there, fighting so far from their country, is magnificent. We were fighting to put the Germans out of our country which they had ruined. The English were bomed out of their homes. But the American boy—his wife had not been raped in Nebraska nor his farm bombed in New Hampshire...he is fighting, objectively, shall I say, for the freedom of the world. I have more admiration for people who fight only for their ideals. The Americans," the young Frenchman said, with a moving sincerity, "are the Sir Galahads of the world."

"War," Jean Pierre concluded, "makes men awaken to the deep values of home. Far from being reluctant to raise a family in a world where there can be such turmoil, I am anxious to have children for I feel that what we are fighting for will bear fruit for them. And about making pictures, I am as keen as before, and even more so, since I have been two years now without making one...So war, too, has its compensations."

Her eyes on the wound stripe sewn to his battle dress, on the ribbon bearing the twin Croix de Guerre, Maria said, "War without fear of death, war without wounds, yes, but..."

"War without fear of death, without wounds would not," Jean Pierre said, smiling at her, "be war. The fear of death," he added, "is to me, in a way, similar to stature. I am, personally, covered with fear much more before entering the stage of..."

---

**FRANK SINATRA**

has something vital to say to you!

- Don't miss the first of this great new series!

"I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!"

by Frank Sinatra

in August Photoplay

---

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Someone asked me why we call the Gerber baby "America's Best-Known Baby." This little fellow appeared on our early packages, and in 17 years he has become famous all over the country.

Mrs Frank Gerber

---

**Well-fed—**

**I know all about that!**

It's just natural for Gerber babies to look well-fed and healthy! For Gerber's Baby Foods bring babies these four advantages: (1) Cooked the Gerber way by steam, to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (2) Famous for smooth, uniform texture. (3) Made to taste extra good. (4) Laboratory-checked at every step.

Your baby, like millions of other American babies, will do well on Gerber's!

Baby cereals with precious iron

Many babies, three months or more after birth, are apt to be short of precious iron. Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are especially made for babies and, for that reason, have generous amounts of added iron and vitamins of the B complex as a help to baby's well-being. Both cereals are pleasant tasting—both are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve with milk or formula, hot or cold.

---

**Gerber's Baby Foods**

15 kinds of Strained Foods, 8 kinds of Chopped Foods

© 1945, G. P. C.

Free sample —

"America's Best-Known Baby" on every package.

Fremont, Middletown, Cal.

My baby is now .... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name.

Address.

City and State.
HOW TO KEEP FRESH
HOW TO FEEL SMOOTH

Slick trick! After your daily bath, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body. Pat it into every curve to dry up lingering moisture. There—you’re fresh!

Chafe-safe! Treat those chafable places to extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects trouble spots with a satin-like sheath. Makes you feel smooth all over.

HOW TO STAY DAINTY

Sweet treat! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often on a long, hot day. It’s a magic cooler-offer. And imparts to your person a beguiling scent...the fragrance men love.

Such an inexpensive luxury—one and twenty-cent sizes...

Fine ‘Conqueror’ Pen GIVEN AWAY

Mail us 31.25 and we will send you a propitious mail 5 house of famous Rosalind Salve (25c box) and will include with value this guaranteed precision-built “Conqueror’ Pen with instant push-action filler, deep pocket military clip, silver palladium nib point. In Jet Black, Debonnet, Gray or Green color. You can sell this $6 value to friends at 25c a box and have fun too without cost.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 25, WOODBURY, MARYLAND.

CALIFORNIANS TO HELP YOU MAKE THE MOST OF SUMMER!

Spend your leisure time in these California casuals, lite as a summer breeze! Handsome Blucher in white crushed kid, red, brown, beige elkskin. Also in ten combinations of brown and white; red and white; brown and beige. All handmade! Rationed...about $5.95 at your favorite store. Write for name of nearest dealer and illustrated booklet.

A LOOK of excitement crossed Maria’s face. "Tell about the letter. I had from me that 21st of November. . . ."

"On the 20th of November," Jean Pierre said, "my General, Diego Brosset, and I had an awful accident. In the Vosges sector, crossing a bridge over a turbulent river we fell in our jeep ten feet into the river. We were caught under the water and under the jeep, My General was killed. His body was found two days later. It was a miracle that the driver and I escaped with our lives. On the 21st, the next day, Maria wrote me asking me, please, to let her hear from me as soon as possible...because she had had a premonition of danger. . . ."

"I had a feeling in my bones," Maria interrupted. "I could not eat, I could not sleep. I was like a hunted animal—until after the 20th. . . ."

"I have not," Maria continued. "talked to Jean Pierre about the war. I have not asked him a question, not one. He has had enough of war. I want him, while he is with me, to have only fun, only laughing. But there are the letters I know. Now that he is called," she teased him, "the favorite of the Generals and the idol of the G.I.’s. I know that he was awarded his first Croix de Guerre on May 14, 1945, for delaying action during a retreat in the Ardennes Forest. I know he was awarded the second one in June, 44, for an action with an American tank battalion in Italy. But wait, please, a moment . . ." Maria rose, went into the next room, came back with an official appearing paper in her hands. She said, "Here is the text of the second citation, an exact translation from the French, which I shall read to you: "Jean Pierre Aumont, always cheerfully volunteering for dangerous mission. After the break-through of the Gustav Line west of Pontecorvo, then during the pursuit of the enemy north of Rome, his missions have been an important help in the liaison between American tanks and one of our French infantry battalions. The 21st of June, 1944, at Radiofoni, at the entrance to the province of Toscana, he supervised the correct movement of the additional twenty-four hours after the dismissal of his battalion. He took command of a platoon of American tanks whose commanding officer had just been wounded. "He went on with the progression, machine guns himself in which action he destroyed several nests of enemy resistance, and secured a number of prisoners. . . ."

There was, as Maria stopped reading, a moment of silence in that room which suddenly for all its gay trios of hats, flowering plants, books, boxes of bon-bons, did not seem to far away from enemy nests and machine guns. The silence was broken by Jean Pierre saying, quietly, "Receiving the award is wonderful, of course. However, the greatest compensating factor is the sense of internal satisfaction and, yes, pride, of feeling I had been able to do something useful for my country. . . ."

And then Maria, her dark eyes still on his blue ones, "I don’t know how I shall feel, I don’t know it being a Bridge accident..."
Our Town: Cary Grant remaining absolutely mum as to his romantic feelings or intentions. But Barbara Hutton and Phillip Reed are all over the place, acting but mad about each other. Reed has been courting heiresses for years—maybe this time it will really take. People were loud in their criticism of Hutton and that party she tossed for her maid's engagement...Bob Walker has been taking Martha O'Driscoll places—but not when Diana Lynn will give him a date. He's nertz about her...Bing Crosby got seventy-five hundred for a special radio broadcast. Then he divided the entire sum between the two gals who accompanied him on his overseas tour last fall. That's nice dividing—by a nice guy...Phyllis Brooks, now living in the East, tells pals she has quit Hollywood for keeps...Rita Hayworth has her pre-baby figure back and Orson Welles was proudly showing her off to the Cary Coopers, Bill Powell, Sylvia Sidney and Gregory Scott at La Rue...Sheila Ryan and Charles Russell are having plenty of dates...Newcomer Bill Williams steals 'Those Endearing Young Charms' right away from Laraine Day and Robert Young—and people are predicting he'll be a star before the year is out...One of the nice newsmen notes this time is to report that the Tailwaggers, in which Bette Davis has always been so active, is planning a big hill in Beverly Hills as soon as the war is over, to be a K-9 memorial honoring the dogs that are fighting and dying in this war.

Hollywood's Personality of the Month: Hurd Hatfield came to Cal's house for cocktails. Probably the most talked-of young man since "The Picture Of Dorian Gray," we found him gay, witty and amusing without being the least aware of his sudden popularity. "I awaken in the night and suddenly realize I'm in pictures and can't believe it," he says. "Seems incredible."

But there's plenty of background for the belief. Columbia University and five years abroad at drama schools and in theaters and then to Hollywood.

On the way to Romanoff's later, Cal discovered to his broken-down horror

"How I Lost 76 Pounds in 6 Months"
— as told by Mrs. Betty Woolley, of Port Clinton, Ohio

"Last summer I weighed 206 pounds, was so tired I had to rest every afternoon. Today I weigh 130, have a world of energy, and my appearance is so completely changed that friends do not recognize me. After wearing size 42 dresses, I now slip into a size 14 with ease and confidence. My skin and hair show great improvement. In fact, at 28 I look and feel so different that it is almost like starting life over.

"How did it all happen? Well, I had always been overweight and thought I was just naturally fat. But three months after my second baby was born, I decided to try the DuBarry Success Course.

"Results began to show surprisingly soon. In six weeks I lost 30 pounds. In six months I lost 76 pounds and had reduced my bust 11 inches, my waist 15, my abdomen 12, my hips 11. Through improved posture, I stand an inch taller.

"To me all this proves what a grand and workable plan the DuBarry Success Course is. My only regret is that my doubts delayed my starting for a whole year."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that you might be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, look and feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It shows you how to follow, at home, the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—be at your best for strenuous wartime living.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

[Address and phone number]

"With your Course, you receive a Christmas certificate containing generous supplies of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

Accredited by the American Medical Association

Richard Hudnut Salon,
Dept. SU-8, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss______________ Mrs.______________

Address:__________________________

City__________________________Zip No.______________ State__________________________
Transform your daily baths into soothing, glamorous "beauty treatments" with Bathasweet bath aids! They make ordinary water even hardest water extra-cleansing, and as soft as summer rain. And the alluring Bathasweet fragrances seem to cling to your skin for hours. Try Bathasweet beauty bath tonight, and see how flower-fresh you feel!

Bathasweet Water Softener  Bathasweet Foam
Bathasweet Shower Mitt  Bathasweet Talc Mitt
Bathasweet Pine Oil  Bathasweet Soap
3 fragrances, Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine, Spring Morning.

Now-a Lotion to Remove UNWANTED HAIR

The Original LOTION DEPILATORY

- Works like magic
- Easy to use—no waste
- Simply dab on—rinse off
- Actually makes hair removing a pleasure
- Attractive bottle—more convenient than tubes
- Economical 33c and 85c

Ask at your Drug or Dept. Store cosmetic counter for ZIP HAIR REMOVING LOTION

Bathing Beauty: It was "Saturday night" every night for over a week for Lucille Bremer. She did a fabulous bubble-bath sequence in "Yolanda And The Thief" for days on end. Too bad she couldn't be making those scenes when the hot weather really sets in. But there was Lucille, settin' in the beautiful lavender marblelish tub, pressin' buttons that made clouds of bubbles—and made everyone else around the set feel like jumping in!

Chit Chat: Ann Sheridan and her Warner bosses still on the outs—which means that Ann will have more weeks —maybe months to play around the eastern spots with her Steve Hannigan ... Evelyn Keyes should have her divorce from director Charles Vidor by the time you read this ... Maureen O'Hara caught at a soda fountain with her nose buried in "Forever Amber." No female decided upon yet for the lead in this one—though at least ten top dolls would like to play it. Natch Cesar Romero still hoping to make his dates with Virginia Bruce a permanent engagement ... Ginny Simms and the very young, very rich and very cute the young man was just learning to drive. We made it on two wheels and a scraped fender. And if you think Hollywood isn't just as curious about "Dorian Hatfield" you should have seen the stances directed at our table. Even Louella Parsons came over to meet the fascinating newcomer.

He told us of his experiences in New York with his father, who is a judge, and his mother, an artist of growing renown. At the opening of "Dorian" the three (he's an only child) had their first contact with fans. They couldn't have loved it more. The way he spoke of his parents, their good looks and obvious good companionship, was refreshing—for Hollywood.

Next day we learned with regret that Hurd had been stricken with appendicitis and, remembering our fun at Mocambo the night before, we came down with a panic-stricken conscience.

To that one question asked of Hurd by fans everywhere: "What did you do when you went into that little room in that awful little place, in the picture?" he has one answer: "I went right on through to my dressing room and read a magazine."

Virginia Hunter is his favorite, but it's not true they're engaged.

Pinning Van Up: Van has been wearing the key to his dressing room pinned to his shirt with a safety pin. No fooling. Because he's always losing it—and one day Esther Williams took pity on him when he locked himself out. She just solved it the best and quickest way—and Van figures a safety pin on a shirt is better than no key!

Everybody in town went to the circus—and Esther went with Van. But her romance with Sgt. Ben Gage is still hot—and Van is still fancy-free. Even though he and Esther spend at least ten minutes a day together at some hamburger stand. They're mad about hamburgers.

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALS by Starcross!

STYLED RIGHT!... MADE RIGHT!... PRICED RIGHT!

STARCROSS APRONS Smart design, gay print patterns, plus sound workmanship make these aprons real down-to-earth values. Available in extra size and medium covers, blue and hand styles,—an apron for everybody at a price everybody can afford.

STARCROSS POTPOURRI: more than just souvenirs— these potpourri really hold hot pots ... Cotton filled, quilted, securely tape bound, centers finished in white, solid colors or sparkling floral prints in contrasting colored bindings. Three popular styles in three popular price ranges.

STARCROSS SHOEBAGS: Beaurtiful's more than skin deep here!—Cheerful floral patterns, clean designs, yet suitable material for long wear fabric to meet the test of heavy care. 3-packet size in a variety of color combinations.

STARCROSS POTHOLDERS: Beautiful's more than skin deep here!—Cheerful floral patterns, clean designs, yet suitable material for long wear fabric to meet the test of heavy care. 3-packet size in a variety of color combinations.

STARCROSS POTHOLDERS are SELL throughout the UNITED STATES.

ZIP HAIR REMOVING LOTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.  GREENVILLE, S. C.

106
News and Views: Unfortunate that a week after he won the Academy Award or direction of “Going My Way,” Leo McCarey was going another way—to be clink for driving on the wrong side of the street and bumping into the curb. Hollywood is a chauvinistic place, so it’s to writer Frank Nugent who had been trying for months to contact Clark Gable for a story, but all in vain. Then one Sunday morning at six o’clock Frank was aroused by a crash in his front yard. Deciding after a while to investigate, Frank discovered his favorite tree was severed in half. He had no idea who the culprit was until an emissary from M-G-M called on the writer and paid for the tree. It was Gable who ran into it. P.S. Frank still hasn’t got his story.

At Mocambo one night John Carroll had six Marines at his table and had them spellbound telling them a story. He was doing beautifully, when just as he reached the climax, Humphrey Bogart came over with six starlets. As he got to the table, he said to the service men, “I thought you fellows might...” And you can bet they did! Which left John sitting there, mouth agape—with his unfinished yarn! Anyway, Bogie did his patriotic duty even if it did make him a point-killer.

Lynn Bari is sporting a heart-shaped diamond pin from her hubby Sid Luft. He said it was “for distinguished service.” And that was even before they were able to announce that Sir Stork is going to pay them a visit before summer is over.

Romantically—We Hear: Richard Greene may be coming back to Hollywood for a role in “Cluny Brown” which should give his fans a thrill. In the meantime, he has acquired a very pretty wife who may accompany him.

Anne Baxter’s family finally won out with their opposition to John Hodiak. Anne flew up to San Francisco where her family is living and there the decision was made. John says nothing, but close friends realize his deep hurt. John’s loyalty to his Ukrainian family of good peasant stock is commendable and Hollywood admires him for it. But Anne, raised in a different environment and different family surroundings, may not fit into the Hodiak family atmosphere—hence the decision to go separate ways. But hearts may eventually win out—Hollywood is waiting to see.

Sheila Ryan is very much on the up-set side over her romance with Stephen Crane. Seem Sheila just can’t get over the fact that Stephen, who isn’t marriage-minded these days.

Sorry to report still another unhappy romance, but Jeanne Crain’s family is also protesting her romance with Paul Brook. Older by several years than Jeanne, Paul, a former Marine, were married when Warners signed him. His resemblance to Errol Flynn is remarkable but that, of course, is not the reason for the family’s objection. Too bad that Jeanne is so unhappy about the whole thing.
The Love Story of Shirley Temple and Her Sergeant

(Continued from page 56) now I'm not going to have a birthday party. Maybe that was just as well. Not many of the girls have their dates, here, anyway, and Mom doesn't feel it's quite right to give wartime parties either."

SHE twinkled again. "Mom and Dad were so sweet when I came home and spilled what I'd done. We all knew the next thing we'd have to do was to tell the press. I had to have Jack present for that, naturally, so by evening, there was Mr. Selznick and the publicity people from the studio, plus thirty-five reporters and photographers, all popping questions and bulbs at us.

Right then and there I got very proud of Jack. He'd never had to go through that ordeal before, and it is an ordeal when you haven't grown up with it, as I have. Yet he did it so well. Oh, he blushed, of course, when they started asking him silly questions and he blinked in some of the flashes and didn't know any 'angles' but he looked the reporters right in the eye. That's one of the first things I noticed and admired about Jack, that habit of his of looking directly at everything and everyone. I like that and his being so tall and having such a firm jaw."

"What's that appeal of a firm jaw to you?" I asked that deliberately, trusting her to give me as quick a retort as she had at about half past three, during "Baby Take A Bow" when I asked her what her next picture would be called. "Probably Baby Take A Flop," was what she had said then.

Now she grinned and said immediately, "A firm jaw means a man gets his way. That I go for. It means, I think, that he'll be boss. That will be good, except when he gets into a sticky situation."

She giggled suddenly. "Do you want to know what we did after we got finished with the press that evening? We sat here in the living room and read the National Geographic!"

The real point was why she had picked Jack out of the multitude. And multi-
tude was the proper word, judging from a..."
all of them—went dancing. I love to rumba and samba. We don’t go to Mocambo or Ciro’s. I’ve been to both those places, after Award parties, twice, that is, at times when I had to go, professionally, but when I’m just out for fun, I don’t like them because the dance floor is too crowded. I prefer the Grove and Freddy Martin’s orchestra, but even space can go too far. By that I mean I don’t like the Palladium, but then I don’t like to jitterbug.”

I said to Shirley, “Do you suppose, maybe, you don’t like the big night clubs because they cater to the older movie crowd? You’ve never gone much with movie people.”

“If you mean movie actors, you’re right. I have never gone out with any.”

CERTRUDE Temple has done a marvelous job of bringing up a prodigious child so that she isn’t spoiled or prodigious at all. She had said, while we were alone, “We couldn’t, Mr. Temple and I, be happier over the boy Shirley’s chosen. He is so clean-cut, intelligent and trustworthy. We knew from the day of their meeting that we never had to worry about Shirley when she was out with Jack. He has a sense of responsibility and he is aware of the rather unusual demands that are made on Shirley because she is who she is. I think she’s too young to marry, but if she feels two years from now as she does today, we shall be most happy to consent to the union. The thing I always wanted for Shirley was a normal childhood. Naturally that means I want a normal womanhood for her, too, which means for her to become a wife and mother.”

“We’re not going to marry in any hurry,” Shirley said. “I know lots of girls are thinking, when they are engaged to men in uniform, that they want to be married right now, regardless. But I’m thinking of a marriage for life, so we’ll wait, to make sure that it won’t be one for just a few hours.”

“Meantime I’m going on with my career and perhaps after my marriage, too.” She stood up, very slim and dainty in her custom-made gray linen dress, brightened by white hand embroidery, her net-bound page—boy bob, topped by a dignified, heavy braid across the crown of her fair head. “Let’s go see my things and discuss this, shall we?”

I knew what she meant by that, so we put on our coats and went out across the gardens, to the small house that is Shirley’s own, and a veritable museum.

Not too many people know of the existence of this playhouse, but all of Shirley’s crowd of young friends do, for here she entertains them. Its main room is quite large, probably twenty by thirty feet “done in my favorite colors, chartreuse and crimson.” So by the way, they might as well stay.

This actually means that the walls and hangings and chartreuse and its big easy chairs are upholstered in scarlet. This main room has a stage, where plays can be put on, or movies shown, depending upon the desires of the guests, and there is an open fireplace and rugs that can be rolled up for dancing and, of course, a radio-phonograph with multitudinous records. All this adjoins an ice-cream soda bar—“Only now we can’t get soda or ice cream or chocolate,” Shirley chuckles. The house also has its kitchen and boys’ dressing rooms, for swimming pool parties on the Temple estate, and downstairs are two very large rooms, one of which holds Shirley’s doll collection, those precious dolls that were given to her by producers, critics, friends, fans, cities and even whole groups of islands, like Hawaii. The second room contains not only every costume Shirley has ever worn in everysequence of every picture, straight from

Tropic scenes like this, now, in their once-happy home. Tearfully, Ellen seeks the reason. Why has her husband become so silent, strange? Little does Ellen realize her own “one neglect”—carelessness about feminine hygiene—is to blame. How much heartache she would have spared herself if she had known about Lysol!

How different the scenes between Ann and her husband, still as loving as newly-weds! Ann, like thousands of modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant regularly and often for feminine hygiene. Her doctor advised Lysol solution as an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. Yet so gentle for douching. Won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues... just follow easy directions. “Lysol works wonderfully!” says Ann. Inexpensive, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douch with Lysol solution; it’s low
“surface tension” means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Non-caustic—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. Powerful—Lysol is an efficient germicide. Economic—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Cleanly odors—disappears after use. Deodorizes effectively. Lasting—keeps full strength, even unworked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol

Disinfectant

Copr., 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE Booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45. Address: Lehn & Fink, 605 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
"Baby Takes A Bow" to "I'll Be Seeing You" and her most recent one, "Kiss And Tell," but also the shoes, purses, hats and accessories that went with the dresses. You look at these dolls and dresses (Shirley still loves "Pinky" best. "Pinky" was her first really big doll and there she sits, enthroned in pink ruffles) and you begin to understand why, at seventeen, Shirley possesses such a sense of tradition and good form. She is, indeed, a little princess, as carefully dressed up, almost, as young Elizabeth of England.

SHIRLEY reached into the first case and brought out of it the polka-dotted dress from "Baby Take A Bow." She held it up before her, laughing as she revealed that it wasn't long enough to make a blouse for her now. She is keen on clothes and very style conscious.

"Remember this?" she asked. For the first time she sighed. "I miss this little girl. If I have any—and I want a lot of children—I hope my daughter will like to dance."

"Suppose she wants to become an actress? Will you let her?"

"I don't quite know, but regardless, I'd have her learn dancing. It teaches a girl not to flop around."

"You asked me about going on with my career. I think I want to. Mr. Selznick has such wonderful things planned for me. Jack says he wouldn't mind it. But, on the other hand, such marriages don't work out too well, and I want my marriage to be a good one, so perhaps when the war is over, and Jack is back, we may just go wherever his work takes him, and forget all about mine. He may go back into the laboratory work in which he was engaged before he went into service, or he may return to the firm his father started, the Agar-Packing Company which is in Chicago."

"Will you want to live in Chicago?" I said. "Give up all this?"

The Temple twinkle appeared again in Shirley's eyes. "I'm working on Jack, selling him California every minute," she said, "but if it turns out that Chicago is to be our home well, we'll have plenty of meat, anyhow."

I decided then to trap her. Very smoothly, I asked, "What did Jack say when he proposed?"

She turned away quickly. "Remember this pink dress?" she asked.

I knew enough at that point to drop the subject.

The old so many interviews, she's met so many more people in her seventeen years than most people—or even whole families—meet in a lifetime that she knows, how to duck the answers when she doesn't want to give them. Besides, Shirley's sense of decorum would not permit her to go into any lush avowals of love. She may even be a little inhibited on the subject at any time, since her earliest memories are of people gushing over her. Besides, in the last few years, from the safe shelter of her select school, she has watched too many marriages of Hollywood's younger set begin on a note of glamorous romance and almost as soon as they have started, end on a discord of bitter divorce. Shirley, an heiress by grace of her own talent and beauty, coupled with the guidance and expert management of her parents, wants no such hectic love story as these. The marriage toward which she aspires is in the best tradition of our best American families.

Personally I think the little Temple girl will achieve it.

I doubt that any professional glamour boy could ever come along and sweep her off her dainty feet. Personally, I am convinced that when her promised two years are up, the Temple fortune will unite with the Agar fortune. Not that the latter is of any importance to Shirley except that it forever removes Jack from the subject of being a fortune hunter—and that might haunt a poorer boy.

If all this happens, it will be merely the beginning of the marriages that are inevitably going to come out of Hollywood in the future, the tying together of the beauty and intelligence of Hollywood with the business talent and brains from the outside. It should produce a wonderful crop of children, too.

Why, personally, I can barely wait to interview Miss Shirley T. Agar, or even Temple Agar, the first.

The End

You should know—
since you sent your votes BOB HUTTON'S way.

He's Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll winner this month, as you'll see on page 37.

Whose picture do you want to see next in Photoplay?
Send the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor,
Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I'd like to see a color portrait of ................................in Photoplay
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 19)

**It Happened In Springfield (Warner)**

For its moving experiment in what can be done to promote understanding among human beings, "It Happened In Springfield" is a white light on the dark road ahead. It deals with the Springfield Plan, which came into being in Springfield, Massachusetts, and is built upon the premise that children know no racial discrimination, no social boundaries unless they are so taught by their elders.

Warner's has encased the first half of the film in a semi-fictional story. A determined Scandinavian, sympathetically played by John Quallen, is branded "foreigner" and beaten up by hoodlums just as his son, who has been wounded in the Pacific, returns home with a buddy, Charles Drake. The embittered boys see nothing but futurity in the war for freedom until a teacher in the Springfield schools, played by Andrea King, shows them what is being done to develop true democracy.

The film becomes particularly impressive as the camera moves to Springfield, and shows actual classes of children and their amazing grasp of such abstract ideas as democracy. Warner's is to be commended for its effort in bringing to us this heartening proof of what can be done.

Your Reviewer Says: Food for action.

**A Medal For Benny (Paramount)**

There is something about a John Steinbeck story, or maybe his characters, that misses on the screen, but in "A Medal For Benny" we have one that shines out like a jewel in the sun. We mean, of course, J. Carroll Naish as Charley Martin, father of Benny, town tough, who becomes a hero in the war. Naish, who is one of the best character actors on the screen, turns in an unforgettable performance as the simple, trusting Mexican of a little California coast town. In fact, his characterization somehow dwarfs the slow

Best Pictures of the Month

**The Corn Is Green**
**Valley Of Decision**
**Wonder Man**
**Pillow To Post**

Best Performances

Betty Davis in "The Corn Is Green"
John Dall in "The Corn Is Green"
Dana Kaye in "Wonder Man"
Greer Garson in "Valley Of Decision"
Gregory Peck in "Valley Of Decision"
J. Carroll Naish in "A Medal For Benny"
Ida Lupino in "Pillow To Post"

Don't let your daughter marry without...
first telling her these intimate physical facts!

Your daughter has a right to a happy married life ahead and it's your sacred duty to tell her the truth now about these intimate facts of life — how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness. And the importance of a proper germicide to put in the douche.

Certainly no well-informed mother would think of advising her daughter to use weak, old-fashioned homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. These do not and can not offer the great germicidal and deodorant action of modern ZONITE!

So Powerful Yet So Safe To Delicate Tissues

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as ZONITE.

Despite its great strength ZONITE is non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. It positively contains no carbolic acid, no bichloride of mercury, no creosote, cresol, phenol or mercurial ingredients. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Discovery of a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE instantly destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerful no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure of this! ZONITE instantly kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today—one of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered! All drugstores.

Zonite
FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

FREE!
For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 503-EE, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y., and receive enlightening free booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name:
Address:
City State:

Zonite Products, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Better Together!

Boy and girl: hearts and flowers
It's a love-match, too, when
good chewing gum flavors wed.
Popular flavors are happily united
in Warren's chewing gum.

paced but touching story. Arturo de
Cordova of "Frenchman's Creek" fame is
more human in his role of Joe Morales,
who loves Dorothy Lamour, betrothed to
Benny.

As the pompous citizens ashamed of
Naish and his abode when honor comes,
Charles Dingle and Frank McHugh are
outstanding. It was a relief to glimpse
Mr. Dingle smile just once.

Mikhail Rasumny as Naish's friend
takes over for one scene that's a honey.
May we remark again that this Rasumny
is a very good actor? We think you'll
enjoy Miss Lamour without a sarong, too.
Rosita Moreno, Fernanda-Ivarado, Grant
Mitchell and Douglass Dumbrille each per-
form well in this appealing story.

Your Reviewer Says: A heart warmer.

Murder, He Says
(Paramount)

LOOKIE what we have here—a 1945 movie
with a 1920 chasis and a Keystone
Comedy motor. Gags, corn, slapstick crowd
the actors literally off the screen which,
considering the types they are, isn't a bad
idea. It's a mystery how a well-behaved
young man like Fred MacMurray got
mixed up with such weirdies as the Fleagle
family. For instance, Marjorie Main is the
rootin' tootin' old hillbilly mother, Peter
Whitney a set of the nuttiest twins you
ever saw, Porter Hall Marjorie's amazing
husband—it was the contrast that made
him amazing—and Jean Heather a droopy
doop if you ever saw one.

Fred, who is a sort of Gallup Poll fellow,
runs into the Fleagle group back in the
hillbilly country while searching for a
missing co-worker. That Fred almost
winds up missing himself is no wonder.

For a while there we almost disappeared
under the seat.
Mural is just everyday pork and beans
to Fred's little group of friends, except
of course Helen Walker with whom Fred
falls in love while everyone is scrambling
around for stolen and hidden money, and
if all this sounds silly that's because it is
silly, friends.

Mabel Paige and Barbara Pepper are in
it too, heaven help them, but you know
something—we liked Fred. He was kind
of dumb but nice and why let the Fleagles
come between him and us, we always
say.

Your Reviewer Says: We wonder what the
writer's I.Q. is.

The Horn Blows At Midnight
(Warners)

MUCH as we enjoy Jack Benny, we've
got to admit this is a pretty sticky
movie that just doesn't come off. The
premise is engaging and so is the cast but
too much emphasis was placed on the
physical rather than the fantasy and the
result is neither shortin' bread nor cream
puffs. And we might add this is no way
to treat a comedian of Benny's talent.

For one thing, the actor is made up to
look like a juvenile for some revolting
reason, which detracts from the story.
And the story has him a trumpeting angel
sent to earth to blow his horn at midnight
whereupon the earth will disappear. But
once here he runs into two other celestial
angels that got sidetracked, Angels Allyn
Joslyn and John Alexander, and a finagelin-
cigarette girl, played by Dolores Moran,
and Benny never does toot that horn. Now
if he'd brought a violin and played "The
Bee" there might have been some sense
to it all.

In Cin-a-Mint, for instance,
warm, spicy cinnamon teams up
with cool, refreshing peppermint—
and gum chewers live happily
ever after.
Warren's is good chewing gum.
Try some today.

ASK FOR

Warren's chewing gum

Made by Bowman Gum, Inc.

To have and to hold—War bonds

Alexis Smith, as Benny's angel girl
friend, doesn't add a thing to the unhappy
little affair that ends in one of those falling
off high building things that's older than
Benny himself.

Your Reviewer Says: We take a gloomy
view of this one.

China Sky (RKO)

HERE we are, customers, back in China
with Randy Scott, a doctor in a
Chinese hospital, bringing back from the
States his bride Ellen Drew. This, of
course, proves a mistake, for Ellen imme-
diately throws a monkey wrench into the
friendship between Scott and his medical
aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him.

In her attempt to escape the horrors of
the constant bombings Drew falls into a
Nipponese scheme and dies leaving Scott
and Warrick to continue on the next page.
Anthony Quinn as a guerrilla leader,
Carol Thurston as a nurse and Philip Ahn,
fine Korean actor, do the best they can
with antiquated material.

Your Reviewer Says: But we saw all this
before.

Zombie On Broadway (RKO)

NOW it's Alan Carney and Wally Brown
who tangle with the zombies for one of
the silliest, most ridiculous pictures of the
year.
The boys, press agents for a night club,
advertise a real zombie will appear at the
club's premiere. Afraid of adverse public-
ity if the boys fail to come through, Shel-
don Leonard, owner of the club, dispatches
the boys off to Zombieland to dig up a
real one.
Here they meet Bela Lugosi, a scientist
(scientists the world over could see, you
know), and with the aid of a monkey and
some serum, the boys return and turn
Leonard into a zombie and here's where
we wash our hands of the whole sticky
business. If you want to stay around, okay,
but we're leaving and taking Ann Jeffreys
and Frank Jenks with us. They have no
right to be left in a mess like this.
Your Reviewer Says: We've gone—so good-
bye.
Patrick The Great
Universal
DONALD O'CONNOR, now in the service
of Uncle Sam, left behind him one of
his best pictures and one of his very best
performances in "Patrick The Great." The
story, the old show business one, has
a cozy humorous reality about it that defi-
nitely lifts O'Connor and his team mate
Peggy Ryan out of the jive kid group into
a newer but never burdensome maturity
in performance.
The cast may have more than a little
to do with the enjoyment of the story.
Donald Cook as Don's father couldn't be
better, and lovely Frances Dee as the girl
who loves him is of course just right—and
so beautiful besides. Eve Arden gives a
needed crispness to the role in her role
as Miss Dee's secretary. Thomas Gomez
who someday may get a role equal to his
abilities almost achieves it in this one.
The idea of a son feigning indifference
to a stage role he really wants because his
dad too has set his heart on it, is good
to begin with. The idea of the son hoping
to win the woman who loves his dad is
good too, and Don goes to town on both
scores. The music is frolicky and Peggy,
still a paprika kid, along with Donald,
makes the most of every single note of it.
Your Reviewer Says: Very nice for summer
weather.
Those Endearing Young
Charms (RKO)
LET'S be frank, shall we, and admit this
is a bit on the silly side. The dialogue
hovers between funny and stuffy with the
plot hanging somewhere in the middle.
In fact, it begins more or less as a comedy
and ends up somewhere on the serious
side.
For one thing, we didn't believe Robert
Young such an avuncular wolf as pictured.
And the puritanical stuffiness imposed on
Laraine Day by the story and direction
left us bored and stunned in turn. Where
does a girl get off imagining just because
she falls in love with a guy after one
date he should reciprocate? It doesn't al-
ways work that way, sister.
Anyway, Laraine gets all in a huff when
Young admits he doesn't love her (you'd
think the guy had committed a crime) and
of course when he discovers he really
does, Day refuses to have any part of him.
Ann Harding seems an antiquated mother
for this day and age. Marc Conner
as Robert's pal registered pleasantly, but
Bill Williams, as Laraine's other suitor,
didn't quite measure up to expectations.
Anne Jeffreys, Glenn Vernon and Norma
Varden go round for a twirl on the
strangest movie sojourn we ever took.
We aren't sure whether to say nuts or hurrah
—it's that kind of a picture.
Your Reviewer Says: Now don't get us
wrong—you may love it.
Flame Of Barbary Coast
(Republic)
If San Francisco never spoke to Holly-
wood again after all these Barbaric
Coast epics, we wouldn't blame it.
And while this isn't the worst of its kind
we've seen (due to its good cast) we hope
it's the last for a good long time.
Jettie Reynolds is the big two-listed hero
this time, and Ann Dvorak (long time no
see) the girl. Joseph Schildkraut is a
smoothie of a heavy but good old horrible
Marc Lawrence, just as trigger gay as
ever, hasn't enough to do. We do so love
to see Marc go mad with a gun.
The great earthquake or "fire" shall we
say, is very well done. Fact is, it well
nifty steals the show.
William Frawley, Virginia Grey, Russell
Hicks and Butterfly McQueen go back to
the good old days with other members of
the cast. And they can have them, too.
Your Reviewer Says: Brother, are we tired
of the Barbary Coast?
The Lady Confesses (PRC)
MARY BETH HUGHES finds herself in
as neat a predicament as you can
imagine. Deeply in love with Hugh Bea-
umont, she suffers a shock when, after
seven years, his wife suddenly appears on
the scene.
When the wife is murdered the night she
tells Miss Hughes her marriage to Beaumont
will never take place, the lovers
are naturally suspected.
Mary takes a job as a photographer in
a night club in order to help solve the
mystery of who killed the woman. When
still another murder, this time in the club,
I'll Remember April (Universal)

HERE'S a combination salad with a superabundance of scallions to odorize the whole effect of part musical, mystery, drama, comedy and whatever happened to being lying about in Universal's icebox.

The story has Gloria Jean, daughter of a man of means, who must go to work when Dad loses his money. No sooner does Gloria get a job singing on the radio than her father finds himself accused of murder. So there she is—between two rival radio gossipers, Kirby Grant and Milburn Stone, a father in trouble and Edward S. Brophy running around as a female impersonator. He isn't bad at it either. Gloria looks pretty and sings the same way, which is something to be happy over, at least.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, everybody makes mistakes.

Two O'Clock Courage (RKO)

ANN RUTHERFORD drives a taxi. She picks up (as a fare, doke) Tom Conway who has forgotten who he is, where he is or why. But first you know there are Ann and Tom knee-deep in Broadway murders that, like old man river, keep rolling right along from producers to playwrights to stars. Ann gives a swell performance, but looks much too purty for a woman taxi driver.

Richard Lane, Lester Matthews, Roland Drew mix up and get mixed up in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for small time.

The Great Flamarion (Republic)

O H DEAR! What will dear old Aunt Emma think of these dreadful people who shoot husbands for the sake of two-timing wives? Shock the blessed soul to death if first it doesn't bore her into the same condition, we dare say.

Eric von Stroheim, who oozes menace, is the Great Flamarion, crack pistol shot who kills Dan Duryea for love of his wife.

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful groggy not taking you a place lately; after standing all day at my new job, my feet darin near killed me with calouses and burning. Now I won't go—rather my feet have—thanks to the medicinal Ice-Mint you a Huckabee. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften calouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

Tired Kidneys

Doctors say your kidneys contain 16 miles of tiny tubes or filters 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 urination or burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose your valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your body, you may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of energy, anemia, wansiness under the eyes, headaches and dullness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Donn's Pills, usually available by milligrams for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 16 miles of kidney tubes flush poisonous waste from your blood. Get Donn's Pills.
Mary Beth Hughes. The murder is put down as an accident and Miss Hughes is free to marry Von Stroheim. Only she doesn't. She leaves for Central America with another man and guess who follows and guesses what happens.

Stephen Barclay and Lester Allen slipped into this sticky little mess.

Your Reviewer Says: We take a gloomy view of this.

Hitchhike To Happiness
(Republic)
STEP right up, folks, for another of those trek-behind-the-footlight things with Dale Evans, the radio star who appears in a New York show, just to put over the songs of her boy friend Brad Taylor.

Of course, when he discovers her identity he flounces out of the picture sore as a goat, thinking she's played him for a Fool. But he comes back, don't worry, and there we all are in the finale, bowing like mad in every direction.

Gale sings well and Al Pearce clowns so-so. Jerome Cowan, Arlene Harris and Joyce Compton are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: Ho hum!

Son Of Lassie (M-G-M)
HAVE no fear. Here's a sequel to the beautiful and sentimental story “Lassie Come Home” that packs all the heartfelt wallop of the first film. It tells of the story of Laddie, son of Lassie, who for the story’s purpose is not so bright as his mother.

And yet as the story unfolds, after a slow beginning, we find Laddie an intelligent and fearless animal who follows his master to war, parachutes with him when the plane is shot down, and eventually finds his way back to England.

Peter Lawford tramps the heels of the lad on the rungs above—Tom Drake and Van Johnson—as the personable, charming owner of Laddie. Judging from the manner in which the fans crowded and applauded young Lawford at the preview we’d say definitely he’s here your star.

Laddie as well as Lassie easily steal their every scene. Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp are also in this sequel and both very good. June Lockhart, in love with Lawford, is a cute little actress.

Your Reviewer Says: A downright pleasure!

Song Of The Sarong
(Universal)
HOW can they have the nerve to tell us there are beautiful South Sea maidens such as Nancy Kelly running around the Pacific isles when our Marines know darn well there aren’t. And then ask us to believe Bill Gargan, of all people, treks to Nancy’s isle to fish the casket of “polis” that rests before the natives’ god? And that falling in love with Nancy, he is willing to sacrifice his life for his naughty deed? Knowing Gargan as we do he’d more than likely grab the pearls and run like heck—oh well, no use to get our system in an uproar.

Fuzzy Knight and Eddie Quillan go along for the laughs. And where are they, by the way? The laughs, we mean?

Your Reviewer Says: We didn’t know a sarong could sing.

Identity Unknown
(Republic)
A VERY good picture, this one, with a good strong premise, a certain amount
BOIL MISERY RELIEVED by the MOIST HEAT of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

BOILS
• • •
SIMPLE SPRAIN
BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
• • •
SIMPLE CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRRITATION

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice does two important things:

**One**—helps ease the pain and soreness. **Two**—helps soften the boil.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE should be applied as an poultice just hot enough to be comfortable. Then feel its moist heat go right to work on that boil—bringing soothing relief and comfort. Does good, feels good.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain and reduces swelling due to a simple sprain or bruise . . . and relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, burn and help in the treatment of simple sore throat. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE. (Auntie Flo) at any drug store TODAY.

**Antiphlogistine**

The White Package with the Oranse Band

**STAMMER**

This 1913-page book, "Stammering, Its Cure and Correction," describes the Roger Unit Method found in the course of thousands of stuttering-successful for 44 years. Send, B. N. Beiser, Dept. 1175, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

**Now! Hair Off and never again on Caress is used this new, safe way, easy way**

No one need ever know about that ugly superfluous hair on face or hips if you follow this amazing, different Caress way. This thrilling, modern, scientific method has helped thousands of otherwise lovely women from Hollywood to Miami to new beauty. It is so new and revolutionary, it has been granted a U. S. Patent. Just a 30 days treatment and you need never see a superfluous hair on your face again. No snip of shears, no possible pain or scarring. No after stubble—not irritate the skin or stimulate hair growth.

Wonderful for arms and legs

Hair off legs, arms, face in 9 seconds or double your money back. Send as many, simply mail coupon below. Comes in plain wrapper. On arrival, pay postage $1.49 plus postage for deluxe package. Pay tax. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Rush coupon today. No after stubble will irritate the skin or stimulate hair growth.

Scott-Nelson Co., Box 114-B
116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.
Please send me a CARESS Home Treatment for superfluous hair. I will pay postage $1.49 plus postage. If I am not satisfied after 7 days, I will return it for refund of double purchase price. (If you sign name, we can keep you posted on new developments.)

Name
City
State

of suspense and some mighty fine acting by Richard Arlen and Cheryl Walker.

Arlen plays a nerve-frayed G.I. who loses both his memory and his dog tag in a raid. He finds four such tags scattered about, and not knowing which is his, comes to America to find out. Escaping a hospital train, he follows the first dog tag to the home of Cheryl Walker and finds, not his home, but love. Later he travels to Virginia, to a Chicago gambling root and finally a farm in Iowa—and eventually learns who he is and that he is free to marry.

Arlen gives a swell performance, one of his best in fact. Roger Pryor, Bobby Driscoll, Lola Lane and Ian Keith add to the punchy little story.

Your Reviewer Says: A good idea, well carried out.

**Escape In The Desert**

(Warning)

M**y goodness gracious, Agnes, do these beautiful eyes deceive me or is this the "Petrifed Forest" all over again with Nazis substituting for gangsters and Helmut Dantine for Humphrey Bogart? First thing you know Warners are going to use this same old story so often we'll all be petrified.

Jean Sullivan is the girl who runs a motel in the desert with her "Gramp" and years to get away from it all. And then, right in the middle of a big fat year, a man, who should come along but Philip Dorn, a Dutch flyer on his way to the west coast. But Gramp, like all dumb old men, mistakes him for one of the escaped Nazis until Dorn proves his identity. In the midst of all this, who should come along (it's crowded in this desert) but Dantine, ringleader of the escaped Nazis, and his fellow Hitlerites, Kurt Kreuger, Rudolph Anders and Hans Schum.

Practically everybody gets shot but Irene Manning and her husband Alan Hale who should have been. Samuel S. Hinds plays Gramp. Bill Kennedy and Blayney Lewis are petrified too.

Your Reviewer Says: If we see this picture again we'll scream. We're warning Warners.

**Pillow To Post**

(Warning)

W**ell, it's just as cute as ever it can be and twice as funny. We laughed like a hyena in spots and bemoaned the fact a little cutting would have made it even funnier. Nevertheless, it's one swell performance that Ida Lupino turns in. It just doesn't seem possible that this is our mad, mad Ida of the psychological dray-

And, of course, the raves of the month will be Willard Prince, the lieutenant who picks up Lupino, agrees to register at a motel as her husband so she may find a place to sleep. Ooh yes, friends, it sounds naught but it's only fun. Prince has youth, boyish charm and also a wonderful quiet humor that gets across in a pleasant, appealing manner.

Sydney Greenstreet, his commanding officer, who happens to live at the motel and complicates the poor lieutenant's life almost beyond endurance, gives a surprising performance—light, humorous and human. He's really a superlative actor.

Stuart Erwin as the new papa, Johnny Mitchell as Slim Clark the oil man, Ruth Donnelly as the motel manager and Willie Best as Lucille (yes, that's his name) the handyman, all contribute to a gay evening.

Your Reviewer Says: A love of a picture.
Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 20)

CHICAGO KID, THE—Republic: Red Barry believes Otto Kruger railroaded his father into prison, so in order to seek revenge, he worms his way into Kruger's farm, joins some gangsters, wins the love of Lynne Roberts, Kruger, and then makes Kruger into a pretty nasty fix. You can take it or leave it alone. (May)

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—20th Century-Fox: Proving you can't always believe what you see, this has Michael O'Shea landing in prison where three witnesses testify they saw him wielding a lethal axe. Lloyd Nolan is excellent as always and the story is a good one. (June)

CLOCK, THE—MG-M: Love comes suddenly, tenderly and unrequitedly into the hearts of Robert Walker, corporal on a short leave, and Judy Garland, New York secretary. Judy, with sunny songs, comes into her own as a dramatic actress of depth and charm and Walker gives a performance of authoritative sincerity. Kenneth Wynne shines in his brief scene as a drunk. (June)

COUNTER ATTACK—Columbia: Paul Muni and Margaret Chapman, Russian guerrillas fighters, find themselves trapped with seven Germans in a cellar, and the psychological battle that is waged between the minds of the peasant Muni and the Russian officer Meller fastens and holds the interest. The story, however, comes too late in the march of current events to create more than average interest. (June)

CRIME, INC.—PRC: This is based on the experiences of Martin Monney, a crime reporter, but it seems to us that gangsters are a bit of a fad these days. Tom Neal plays the reporter whose book exposing a crime corporation eventually breaks up the gang and gets the girl in his arms. Martha Tilton sings right through this shooting epic. (May)

DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS—Rogers-UA: Neither too delightful nor too dangerous, but it's good to spots. It tells the story of youthful Jane Powell, who is kept in an exclusive boarding school by her borsetque performer sister, Constance Moore. When Jane discovers the truth, she turns to producer Ralph Bellamy for help. Arthur Treacher and Louise Beavers lead the supporting cast. (May)

DILLINGER—Monogram: Lawrence Tierney plays Dillinger in this whitewashed story of the killer, and hands Edward G. Cramell, Marie Lawrence and Elissa Cook Jr., labor with the stereotyped material that lacks guts and force. Anne Jeffreys is good as the girl who betrays the killer to the FBI. With Edmund Lowe as a mob leader. (June)

DOCKS OF NEW YORK—Monogram: The East Side Kids, including Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall, are here again in their usual type of picture. Gloria, Pope and Carlyle Blackwell Jr. carry on whatever romance can be seen into the plot. Betty Blythe, Billy Benedict and Bud Gorman are also around. (May)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Republic: Otto Kruger plays Earl Carroll in this story of a princess, Constance Moore, who wants to sing and dance and make her own way as a skit writer, Alan Mowbray the inept prince and Pinky Lee a supposedly funny man. The music is good and Constance is lovely to look at and listen to. (June)

ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE—RKO: A beautiful story, beautifully told, with Robert Young as the disfigured flier who marries homely housemaid Dorothy McGuire, and they both find themselves heaved of disfigurement and ugliness through love. Both Dorothy and Young are wonderful. Herbert Marshall as the blind friend carries conviction throughout, and Mildred Natwick as the housekeeper rates applause. (May)

FOG ISLAND—PRC: George Zucco is an ex-convict who broods about his ex-partners whom he suspects railroaded him to prison. So he invites the lot to visit him, and when they arrive, panels slide, passages go secret, walls pop open and finally they all try to kill each other. No kidding, Lionel Atwill, Jerome Cowan and Veda Ann Borg are in it too. (June)

FRISCO SAL—Universal: Susanna Foster comes to San Francisco's Barbary Coast in the Nineteen—search in search of a brother she believed killed in Turhan Bey's café. She finally gets a job as a singer in the café, Turhan falls in love with her, his rival Alan Curtis sets out to get Turhan and you know how it ends from there. The whole cast is better than the material provided for them. (May)

G.I. HONEYMOON—Monogram: Gale Storm is the pretty bride and Peter Cookson the frustrated groom who can't get together for the honeymoon, due to circumstances brought on when the program has to report to camp immediately after the ceremony. Frank Jenks in the train sequences is very funny, but you've seen this story before. (May)

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT—Warner: Full of action and emotion, and giving you the feeling you're...
Clouds of Delight

Light as a cloud, wonderful Tre-Jur Bath Powder hasn't a speck of weight,
every particle is pure, soft.
You'll love its quality, its fluffy lamb's wool puff, its triple-scenting Lilac, Gardenia, Apple Blossom 59c.
Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing Pazo ointment has been the proven, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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

**SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION**

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

**PAZO SUPPOSITORIES TOO!**

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

A Product of THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.
The very eye-dea! Don't ask why they did it then—just take a hint from Hollywood on how it's done now

Can you remember the silent days of the movies? The almond-eyed sirens whose smoldering glances nearly burned holes in their victims? Those were the days when the eyes of the stars worked overtime and so did the make-up man. Eyelashes were beaded with thick gummy mascara. Brows plucked to a hard thin line. Dead black pencil rimmed every eye. Shadow, like soot, was applied with a heavy, heavy hand.

But with the depression, says Bill Madsen, make-up man at Selznick, there was a return to reality and naturalness. Hollywood learned to be subtle and make-up, like fine acting, became the art it is today.

In the following, Hollywood passes along its simple rules for natural lovely eye make-up, which the stars so effectively use today. Though you never come closer to the movies than a seat in the loge, these are easy tricks for you, too.

Lashes—They're lighter at the tips so mascara is needed. Hedy Lamarr applies hers with a clean brush, moistened sparingly in hot water. To make lashes appear thicker, Gail Russell lightly dusts hers with face powder and applies another light coat of mascara. Never bead lashes or apply mascara to lower lashes. It makes eyes seem smaller. For close-

set eyes, concentrate mascara on outer lashes or blend in eyebrow pencil carefully. Girls who wear glasses especially need the life and sparkle mascara lends. In fact, every woman needs it as she gets older and eyes seem to fade.

Circles—Hide them by blending your cake make-up, liquid or cream powder base up close to your lower lashes. Then powder and fade your rouge ever so lightly upwards.

Eyelids—Face powder doesn't belong on eyelids except in the movies when a crepey withered old look is needed. Instead, leave a film of face cream, eye cream or vaseline on lids for daytime wear. This gives a glossy, young look. Use eyeshadow sparingly, blended softly upwards from the lashes, for big evening occasions.

Exercise—Bright-eyed girls like June Allyson and Kathryn Grayson use a simple exercise to rest their eyes. First look up, then roll eyes to the left, down and around several times. Good for anyone's eyes.

Brows—Hollywood stands firm against over-plucked eyebrows. Only wayward hairs are plucked and eyebrows follow the line that Nature laid down. Pale ones are darkened slightly with a light stroke of mascara or eyebrow pencil applied on the hairs, not drawn on the skin. With vaseline, brush every trace of powder from lashes and brows if you never do another thing in your life to make your eyes appealing.

Clara Bow. "It" girl of twenty years ago. Everyone loved her but the beaded eyelashes, heavy dark shadow, cupid's-bow mouth, exaggerated pencilled brows are as passe today as the short-skirted flapper she portrayed on the screen.
IS THIS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION?

"YES!" say
DEANNA DURBIN'S fans

"Goodness, no!" says this lovely young star modestly. But her enthusiastic admirers insist her smooth, exquisite complexion is the loveliest in the world.

To guard its million-dollar beauty, the lovely Deanna Durbin depends on Active-lather facials. "Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier!" she says. "I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in thoroughly. Then I rinse with warm water, a dash of cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry." You try this gentle care!

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

Lovely Star of Universal Pictures'
"LADY ON A TRAIN"

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier... no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!
AN AMAZING OFFER FROM "AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BOOK CLUB"

**TWO BOOKS FREE**

1. Any One of These New Best-Sellers
2. Any One of These Great Masterpieces

Mail Now—Send No Money

GIFT CERTIFICATE GOOD FOR 2 FREE BOOKS

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. M.W.G.® Garden City, N. Y.

Send me—FREE: these 2 books (write TITLES below):

[ ] 1. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, by Betty Smith
   [ ] 2. *The Strange Woman*, by Ben Ames Williams
   [ ] 3. *Razors Edge*, by W. Somerset Maugham
   [ ] 4. *Neither Love Nor Wealth Could Lure Him!*, by Babson de Mears
   [ ] 5. *Her Toys Were Money and Men!*, by Babson de Mears

 Bordone, owner of 10,000 books and fine library volumes.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN, by Betty Smith, is the great, true story of an unforgettable "little people" that has thrilled America by the heart—says the N. Y. World. A STRANGE WOMAN, by Ben Ames Williams, is the story of a charming, richly-talented woman. But to eight men who really knew her—father, husband, sons, lover—a Maine Crewe was a shameless, passionate devil who stopped at nothing! A strange excitement shone in her eyes at the right of public justice in which drove her to do strange things! THE RAZORS EDGE, by W. Somerset Maugham, contains a fascinating story of a woman's fierce desire to own and possess her men. HUNGRY HILL, by Babson de Mears, is the story of a woman who has been betrayed and who, in her sea-green eyes flashed a challenge her men could resist! NEITHER LOVE NOR WEALTH COULD LURE HIM! waishes to be fascinated by Drunken Sophie, parlays of Fashion! Her Toys Were Money and Men! is the story of a woman's fierce desire to own and possess her men. The Razor's Edge—A book all right—she owed them in their faith. A woman—The Strange Woman, a fascinating tale of "the world's most daring writer"—the strange story of an amazing character you'll learn about.

MAIL NOW—SEND NO MONEY

Which 2 Do You Want FREE?

Now is the most opportune moment of all to begin your membership in the Book League of America! Because NOW for the first time in Book League history—New Members are entitled to a FREE COPY of any one of FOUR widely acclaimed best-sellers (above, left), and at the same time, ALSO A FREE COPY of any of FOUR recognized masterpieces (above, right). TWO BOOKS FREE—just for joining "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!"

The Best of the New—And of the Old

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway, Ben Ames Williams, or Isha Chase—a book selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. The other book is a masterpiece of immortal literature. These volumes of the world's classics are uniformly bound in durable cloth. They grow into a handsome, lifetime matched library. The great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, etc. (Since they are great classics which you will always cherish in your lifetime library, you may prefer the beautiful DeLuxe Edition bound in simulated leather with silver stamping. Just take your choice.)

This is the ONLY club that builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces! The TWO books sent you each month are valued at $2.50. If you pay nothing, you get $5.00 ($4.50 after subscription). Plus the best of the new, plus the classics. Free at any time.

5-DAY TRIAL—No Obligation

Send the coupon without money. Simply write on the coupon the names of each of the books you wish to have mailed to you. Then sign the coupon—express delivery. You have nothing to lose. You may keep the books for five days and then return them if you wish. If you return the books in five days, you pay nothing. If you keep the books longer, you may be charged for them. You have nothing to lose. You may try the books for five days and then return them if you wish. If you return them in five days, you pay nothing. If you keep them longer, you may be charged for them. You have nothing to lose. You may try the books for five days and then return them if you wish. If you return them in five days, you pay nothing. If you keep them longer, you may be charged for them. You have nothing to lose. You may try the books for five days and then return them if you wish. If you return them in five days, you pay nothing. If you keep them longer, you may be charged for them. You have nothing to lose.
Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for COLD WAVE PERMANENT in the convenience of your own home...do it at a cost so low, it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit, you can easily COLD WAVE your hair in 2 to 3 hours. Get the NEW Charm-Kurl Cold Wave and know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural looking long-lasting curls and waves...by tonight!

Simple, Easy, Convenient...Perfect Results or Money Back

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder...An entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution, containing "KURLIUM," do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness genuine Cold Wave Permanent, by tonight! Ask for the NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare, you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

—works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

Consider this Important Fact

Only Charm-Kurl contains "Kurlium"** the quick working hair beautifier—that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl SUPREME is the nation's biggest Home COLD WAVE value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl SUPREME with "Kurlium."**

*"Kurlium" is U.S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

The New Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE

** Complete HOME KIT Only 98c PLUS TAX

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to newfound glamorous hair beauty by tonight.
That means you offer Chesterfields with every confidence ... for when it comes to making a good cigarette, there are no short cuts and no second-bests. Chesterfield knows only one way, the one that's tried and true ... 

RIGHT COMBINATION * WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS
...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Wonderful life-like color harmony shades to give your lips an alluring color accent...lovely reds, glamorous reds...dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle* discovered by Max Factor Hollywood. There's a shade for your type...$1.00

Original Color Harmony Shades for Every Type...

[Diagram showing color harmony shades for different skin types: Blond, Brunette, Redhead]

Complete your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood face powder and rouge.

Ella Raines
Soon to be seen in the Universal Picture "UNCLE HARRY"

Max Factor - Hollywood
You can't take it with you

Not that you'd ever embark on a date with a tub in tow—but honestly now, doesn't your bath freshness have a way of fading into the warm summer night?

But you do want to be safe. And there is a way—a sure, easy way to safeguard your daintiness. You can clinch that freshness with Mum!

Your bath, you see, washes away past perspiration. But Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. With Mum, you can dance the hours away and know that your charm is safe.

Sw-e-et Ad-e-line. And they do mean you? Isn't it thrilling to know that men find you attractive—the girl they like most to be neat? And wouldn't you be a goon to let underarm odor rob you of popularity? But you're too clever for that. You use Mum, to be sure. How's your Mum supply today?

Take half a minute with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Gentle, dependable Mum never irritates your skin, won't harm the fabric of your clothes. Can be used even after you're dressed. Why take chances when you can trust Mum?

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision," she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.

Mary had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

She wouldn't let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued with that red-haired beauty.

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

And you'll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

You'll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Glady's Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

You'll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

Why don't you? We'll meet you there.

—Leo
Here’s M-G-M’s thrill-filled spectacular sequel to famed “Lassie Come Home”—in Technicolor! New drama—new adventure—introducing Lad-die, the thoroughbred son of a champion, who had to prove he hadn’t the heart of a mongrel!

They laughed at him—called him a canine clown!

But in the crisis, when his master’s life was at stake—that Son of Lassie came roaring through!

\[\text{Girls! Peter Lawford is so handsome and romantic...!}\]

**M.G.M's SON OF LASSIE**

*Starring* PETER LAWFORD • DONALD CRISP

*with* JUNE LOCKHART • NIGEL BRUCE

WILLIAM “BILLY” SEVERN • LEON AMES • DONALD CURTIS • NILS ASTHER • ROBERT LEWIS

 STORY AND SCREEN PLAY BY JEANNE BARTLETT • BASED ON SOME CHARACTERS FROM THE BOOK “LASSIE COME HOME” BY ERIC KNIGHT • DIRECTED BY S. SYLVAN SIMON • PRODUCED BY SAMUEL MARX • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
A Day at Warners: With Dane Clark on the right (and third on Warner's fan list, we learn) and Glenn Ford on the left, Cal sat down to what he hoped was a quiet luncheon in the Warner commissary. It wasn't. Dane grew hysterical over the memory of something we'd written at some time or other and Glenn, who is playing opposite Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life," could do nothing but moan over his inability to find a home. You can't blame him. It seems the ex-Marine and his wife Eleanor Powell are forced to live in two homes, part of the time with Glenn's mother and part with Eleanor's, taking their young son with them each time. The situation has taken from Glenn most of the joy of attaining that lead opposite Bette. Incidentally, La Davis, who seemed to enjoy her lunch at another table, had been ill and only returned to the studio that day.

After lunch we romped right into a bang-up all-blue production number on "The Time, The Place And The Girl" set with Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan between scenes grabbing a musician's trombone, in turn, to play the football song "On Wisconsin." And but awful. Harry James should have heard them. Both boys come from up Wisconsin way and no two lads get more downright enjoyment out of their work. It's a bowl just to watch them.

Of course the enthusiasm of Joan Leslie, who plays Janie in "Janie Gets Married," is hard to beat too. We had to be taken all through Janie's new home, the prop living room, kitchen, bathroom and bedroom. With a twinkle in her eye Joan explained how in one scene she awakens before her husband Bob Hutton, steals to the bathroom and pretties up, and then steals back before he awakens. Why she'd have to pretty up Cal can't imagine.

for we say again that Leslie gal grows prettier every day. And with no steady beau either, fellows!

Met Faye Emerson Roosevelt emerging from the door of the "Danger Signal" set just as we were going in and right away Faye, whom we've known for a long time, invited Cal to her dressing room for a chat. We talked about her mother-in-law, Eleanor Roosevelt, whom she admires so much, her sisters-in-law and her late father-in-law, President Roosevelt. If her husband's family feel as warmly about Faye as she does about them (and we're sure they do) there should be no in-law trouble there. She laughed over the experiences of herself and her husband, Brigadier General Elliott Roosevelt, and their new home on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Seems the General was so happy to have a home he pitched in with broom and mop to help clean up and then like two tired children they sat on the floor afterwards, because there were no chairs, and ate a cold supper together.

Faye hopes he won't be too long overseas this time, as already he's had forty-six months over there. Cal, too, hopes he gets back soon to his very charming bride.

Honeymoon House: Dick Powell has the honeymoon house for himself and his Junie, which they'll occupy as man and wife the moment he is free. And that won't be long now. Dick bought a huge place in that swanky section between Beverly Hills (Continued on page 6)
Meet the New King of the Bobby Socks! They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him when they see those clothes and hear that voice singing new hits by Mercer and Arlen!

"Out Of this World"

starring

Eddie Bracken
Veronica Lake
Diana Lynn

He's got it, but it isn't his!
She launches the swoon heard 'round the world!
She leads the most beautiful all-girl band in the world.

with Cass Daley beating Those Go! Darn Drums
Carmen Cavallaro Ted Fiorito Henry King Ray Noble
Joe Reichman playing together for the first time!

A Paramount Picture Directed by Hal Walker

HEAR BING'S VOICE SING—
"Out Of This World"
"June Comes Around Every Year"
"I'd Rather Be Me"

AND WAIT'LL YOU SEE THOSE 4 CROSBY KIDS!
How YOU, too—
In 7 Short Weeks—
may have a "Model" figure, new loveliness!

If you are unhappy about your figure, your face, your personality—take heart! Right at home, through Powers Training, you discover your own hidden loveliness. Simple daily lessons in figure control, make-up, styling, thrill you—and make the whole course exciting. The cost? No more than a party dress!

Alice is now age 13, has a "Model" figure. She says: "Now Johnny calls me beautiful... and we're engaged!"

(I bulged in all the wrong places," said Alice before starting her Powers Course.

YOUR "POWERS GIRL" training at home

60 individualized features, including your own "Photo-Revise." Unlimited personal consultation through correspondence. Course covers figure, face, make-up, grooming, styling, voice, everything.

Clip Coupon
NOW

Write John Robert Powers today. Creator of the famous Powers Models, Confidant of motion picture stars. For 23 years teacher of the Powers Way to beauty, self-confidence, happiness. He has helped thousands just like you.

John Robert Powers Home Course
219 Park Ave., Suite 309, New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free, illustrated booklet.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City & Zone __________________________
Occupation __________________________
Age __________________________

Get this Free Booklet
Including Your Confidential Questionnaire

(Continued from page 4) and Bel Air. The two are all over the place lately, beaming as usual—June being particularly starry-eyed. Cal has been telling you for months that those dates of hers with Van Johnson and others didn't mean a thing.

Party Notes: At a big party recently Clark Gable and the beautiful Anita Colby were acting oh, so devoted. And a little bird whispers that Clark has confessed to one of his best friends that he is really in love. Certainly acts it.

Frank Sinatra was at the shindig, too, and people were congratulating him on the fine work he's been doing in that tolerance campaign of his—and on his impending overseas jaunt. Poor Frankie—back in Hollywood for three months—and up to the day he left for Europe no telephone—a boy without a number! And seemingly none in sight. When his business manager or his secretary want to get in touch with him they have to send him a wire to call them! Then Frankie rushes across the road to the neighbors or next door to use the telephone!

That Flynn Touch: When Errol Flynn tosses a party—day or nighttime variety—you can always expect some sort of unusual "added touch." Last summer at his swanky, dressy dinner party his guests, still seated around the tables on his outdoor terrace, were treated to some exhibition swimming and diving by a couple of Olympic champions that came to Errol's house that night to "put on the show." Just recently he tossed a two-in-the-afternoon luncheon one Sunday—for about sixty guests and derided if he didn't stage a fencing match. Again, it was two Olympic champions that put on the athletic "floor-show." Fencing is no doubt fascinating if you understand the fine points (ouch—for that pun!) and mighty boring if you don't. Most of his guests were bored. Not Ida Lupino, though—for she and Helmut Dantine were busy talking to each other. He was about to leave for a personal appearance tour and they were making the most of every minute. But just to keep you up to the minute—and a little ahead—don't fall for any Lupino-Dantine marriage rumors—because no sooner was Dantine out of town than Ida started going out with attractive Freddie de Cordova, the young director. And now it's a terrific crush—you'll see. Besides—she told Cal it's the first time in years that she's been having any real, light-hearted fun. It's about time—she's a swell gal who deserves a light-hearted guy.

Cal Goes to a Preview: Suddenly we were five in the (Continued on page 8)
Dear fans,
Barbara Stanwyck and Dennis Morgan are spending a very merry "Christmas in Connecticut."
The romantin's rosy and the fun's furious and everybody's going to be there! You're invited!
Warner Bros. (The happy hosts)

Hey! I'll be there too!
Sydney Greenstreet

"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" is the fun show that's the one show to see. Watch for it! Watch for it! Showings begin right away!

with REGINALD GARDINER · S. Z. SAKALL · ROBERT SHAYNE
Directed by PETER GODFREY · Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS
Screen Play by Lionel Houser & Adele Commandini · From an Original Story by Aileen Hamilton
CLOSE-up of a big-timer candidly caught at a broadcast: Bing Crosby, Gold Medal winner for 1944 in Photoplay's annual nationwide poll of moviegoers conducted by Dr. Gallup—the only poll of its kind.

(Continued from page 6) balcony of the Westwood Village Theater—Esther Williams, Sgt. Ben Gage, Cal., Lieut. Ted Tewksbury and Sidney Skolsky. We were there to see the preview of Esther's and Van Johnson's new picture, "Thrill Of A Romance." When Van quietly slipped in and took a seat behind us we felt quite a cozy group.

When the fans (Westwood is U.C.-L.A.'s town, you know) took a look at Esther in that white bathing suit, we leaned over and said, "Well, sexy Williams!" but Esther had her head buried in the Sergeant's shoulder. Embarrassed, maybe.

We turned and looked at Van when the college kids tore down the place at his first screen entrance. Strangely enough he never batted an eye. But when the fans roared at that phony singing number of his, we thought we detected a puzzled, sort of disappointed expression.

It was fun whispering our comments to Esther, who is a good sport. And it was fun listening to Esther's whispered comments to Lieut. and his to her. In fact, it's fun going to premieres with the stars, even if we did lose Van in the crush of fans afterwards.

**It Says Here:** Whistles are being readied for Jane Russell's appearance (finally) in the film "Young Widow." Cal can tell you she still has what it takes to be whistled at . . . The Navy hasn't improved Robert Montgomery's affability any. He's just as hard to know as ever now that he's back in civvies again . . . Diana Lynn likes to wear flowers in her hair piled up on her head, when she has a date, which is just about every night. Robert Walker certainly has competition with little Diana . . . Deanna Durbin had a flat tire for herself one afternoon while she was driving up in the hills near her home—and she had to walk home. Oh yes, she tried to thumb a ride from the few cars that passed her in that region—but no luck! So she finally gave up and walked about three miles to her dear old homestead. No new beaux for Deanna. Still around with Felix Jackson night after night.

**Bergman:** Odd that the contrast between Sweden's two actresses, Garbo and Bergman, should be so marked. Garbo's coldness and aloofness is in direct contrast to the warmth and naturalness of Ingrid, who undoubtedly is the most popular actress in town with her co-workers.

Recently Bergman was scheduled for a broadcast at NBC on the corner of Vine and Sunset. But the cabbie, noticing the fans milling about, refused to drive near the place.

"I had my fender dented and my windshield wiper torn off last time I brought you here," he growled. "No more for me."

Just then a rickety car with no fenders and the stuffy pouring out of the seat cushions drove up. "I'll take you right to the door, Miss Bergman," the young driver offered. "What can they pull off this car that isn't off already?"

Laughing, Ingrid climbed in and chugged off in a blaze of exhaust pipe smoke to the studio door. The fans adored it and so of course did Bergman.

As for the driver, he now rides around with a "Sacred—Bergman rode in this" sign hung from the car.

**Remarks from the Gallery:** Everyone hopes that Paulette Goddard means it when she says she is going back to her own natural (Continued on page 10)
Samuel Goldwyn presents
The Glitter and Glow Show of the Year - A Wonder of Laughs...Love...and Lovelies!

starring

Danny Kaye

in Technicolor

"Wonder Man"

with

VIRGINIA MAYO VERA-ELLEN
DONALD WOODS • S.Z. SAKALL

Allen Jenkins • Edward Brophy • Otto Kruger • Steve Cochran • Virginia Gilmore and THE GOLDWYN GIRLS

Directed by Bruce Humberstone
Screen Play by Don Hartman • Melville Shavelson and Philip Rapp
Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.
MANICURES
LAST LONGER

Brush over nails daily

Only 25¢ and 35¢

Everywhere

POLISH PROTECTION

SEAL-COTE

3-Way oil shampoo

the new short cut

LACO GENTLE SHAMPOO

Cash Donks
INSIDE STUFF

Dry hair manageable

around town:

Along the boulevards, Palm Trees and other tall
objects are being trimmed. This is part of the
annual "Tree Trimming Day" celebration in Palm
Springs. The event is open to all residents and
visitors, and proceeds will go to a local charity.

From Japanese prizefighting legend Masato
Takahashi, a gold medal from the March of
Dimes. Takahashi is a three-time Olympic gold
medalist and is considered one of the greatest
fighters in history.

Party for returns:

At the St. Regis Hotel, Elizabeth Taylor
celebrates her birthday with a glamorous
toilette. The party is attended by friends and
celebrities, including Elizabeth's mother,
Joan Crawford, and her father, David
Wyman. The scene is set by a large, glowing
Christmas tree and fairy lights.

Actor John Garfield's
dughter, Joan, expresses her joy at the
disclosure of news about her father's
health. Garfield, who passed away in
1952, is still remembered for his
engaging performances in films like
"The Big Combo" and "The Postman
Always Rings Twice."
Broadway's hilarious romantic comedy now on the screen!

So she picked up the marbles...and went home to make love!

There's the kind of fun that makes the world go round...and round...and round...until you're dizzy with laughter!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene DUNNE
Alexander KNOX  Charles COBURN
OVER 21
A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production
Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon • Screenplay by Sidney Buchman
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
(Continued from page 10) months ago left the actor shocked and grieved, but now that time has dulled the ache his wife, who comforted him, has been overcome by the tragedy and is under a doctor's care critically ill. It's as if the blow, slow in coming, were too much for her.

Another Party: It was a small and rather exclusive party Cal found himself attending for Jean Pierre Aumont and his wife Maria Montez, ablaze in a Lilly Daché hat of yellow magnificence. In his battledress, his boyish face framed with rather unruly blonde hair, Jean was as handsome, as affable and as simple as ever. It's the simplicity of this Frenchman, a star in France for many years, that endears him so much to Hollywood. For instance, he was intrigued with our guest Lieut. Roy Wicker, a Marine flier back from fifteen months in the South Pacific only the day before. He wanted to know all about our U. S. Marines, to what branch of the service they were attached, and went into detail in comparing the French Marines with ours. The young flier couldn't have had a pleasanter homecoming.

Navy Captain Gene Markey and Robert Montgomery hovered about the beautiful hors d'oeuvres table and Cal, his nose always itchy for news, longed to ask Capt. Markey about that report-

ed romance with Myrna Loy, but actually we couldn't get near him for the pretty girls. With Myrna on her way to Hollywood just as the Captain was leaving, we dare say it's over.

After most of the guests had gone, a few of us including Ruth and Walter Pidgeon, Nadia and Reggie Gardiner, John Hodiak, Cal and Hoagy Carmichael settled down for the evening with Hoagy at the piano giving out with some of his newest tunes and Walter, in that rich baritone of his, joining in for a bar or two.

Later we asked Hoagy about Lauren Bacall with whom he worked in "To Have And Have Not."

"When I looked at her tests with Howard Hawks," he said, "I was impressed with her unusual looks and ability. And then as the picture rolled along, I just sort of took her for granted and worried about our scenes, wondering if either of us would get over. But boy, when I saw those finished rushes strung together, the impact of her personality hit me again and I knew Hawks had a find. She's fun working with, too," he added.

Cash and Cary: At a big party that Sir Charles and Lady Mendl gave for the returning Cole Porter somebody spilled some candle-grease onto Cary Grant's dinner (Continued on page 14)
The toughest killer's blazing guns could not destroy their love...

Gary, in his grandest role, as gun-shy, girl-shy Melody Jones, who swings into action to win the heart of a killer's girl.

International Pictures presents

GARY COOPER • LORETTA YOUNG
in Nunnally Johnson's
"Along Came Jones"
with
WILLIAM DEMAREST • DAN DURYEA • Frank Sully
Produced by Gary Cooper

A Cinema Artists Corp. Production • Directed by STUART HEISLER
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Novel by Alan LMay
An International Picture • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
"Thrilling!"
says Mrs. Gary Cooper—
beautiful wife of one of
Hollywood's most distinguished stars

MRS. GARY COOPER:

Just think of all the lovely lips here in Hollywood.
With all this competition, I was overjoyed when I
discovered your new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish
Lipstick. They're really thrilling — particularly
that wonderful Tangee Red-Red!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

You're not alone in your enthusiasm, Mrs. Cooper.
All over America, the smartest lips are praising the
vivid new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick.
Colors that make lips look exciting—and inviting.
For Satin-Finish (an exclusive Tangee discovery)
gives a soft alluring gleam that stays on for many
extra hours. It insures lips that are not too dry, not
too moist...In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-
Red and Tangee Natural.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

(Continued from page 12) jacket and
one of the maids took his coat into the
pantry to clean it. When she returned
it to Cary who was waiting in the cor-
ridor, he gave her a ten-dollar bill for
her trouble. Then he joined the guests
again. Few minutes later, the maid
came up to him holding the bill in her
hand. She asked him to autograph it to
her. Said she had no intention of ever
spending that one!

**Picked up in Passing:** Ginger Rogers,
still sharing her home with the wife of
Sgt. Al Flannagan, a pal of Ginger's
Jack Briggs. When Flannagan was here
on leave he reported that Bill Lundigan,
still in the South Pacific, is putting on
weight—and that Briggs was through
the horrible Iwo Jima campaign. Ginger
was proud—but so terribly lonesome
for him...Andy Russell has an-
nounced his "engagement" to singer
Della Norell—but his divorce won't be
final until fall!...Everyone so tickled
pink that Bob Hope and Paramount (he
"suspended" the studio, if you remem-
ber) have kissed and made up—and that
means more Hope movies when he gets
back from overseas...Lieut. Robert
Taylor almost passed unnoticed in
Romanoffs while here on leave—that
trew haircut changes his appearance so.

**Hard to Get:** Van Johnson had better
look to his bobby-sox laurels—because
Bill Williams (over at RKO) is creep-
ing up on him as a new young rave.
However, the gals don't get much more
of a break on dates with Bill than they
do with Van. But for different reasons.
Van's printed "romances" are mostly
phony. Though he does make an occa-
sional date, he's really not interested
in anyone. But Bill is plenty interested
in Barbara Hale (she's the gal who
played opposite Frankie-boy in "Higher
And Higher"—remember?) and in fact,
she has him tied up in knots—and
plenty of dates.
... and Ann Rutherford at Romanoffs demonstrating latest in Hollywood lids

Lunch with the Ladds: Cal trekked over to Paramount to lunch with Alan and his wife Sue and to chat and laugh. We watched "Icy Voice" go through a scene with Veronica Lake for his new picture "The Blue Dahlia" and even on the set caught that cold, calculating something about the actor that sends goose pimples up our spine. And then, in an instant, he turns about, spies us and grins, and all the coldness vanishes.

After lunch we walked beside Alan as he slowly rode his bicycle back to his dressing room. Here's one actor who never forgets his hard climb upward or his procession through a small cupboard dressing room upstairs to one nearer a bath, then one at the end of the hall and finally downstairs to a small one and then bingo—a star room in the Bing Crosby—Bob Hope row.

Sue did the decoration and together they picked up the furniture in Connecticut while Alan was making a hospital tour. A cobbler's bench that cost $35 and is worth so much more is his pride and joy. The prints, lamps, drapes and wallpaper murals are by far the most tasteful Cal has ever seen, and believe us we've visited practically every star's dressing room on the lot.

Due to the strike there is no help so Alan and Sue keep it spic and span between them. In fact, in everything there is a bond between them so powerful and wonderful it can almost be seen—at least with the heart.

Here's one lad the fans have a right to adore. He'll never let them down.

Observations: Lunch with Jeanne Crain has convinced Cal that here's one actress who remains as unsophisticated, as natural and charming as the day she began. In fact, there's just one change in Jeanne—she grows more beautiful every day. Her simple manner untouched by the driving force of ambition that hardens so many of our
Into Your Cheeks
there comes a new,
mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

The "life secret" of all color is glow

The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on glow. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge blots out glow, Princess Pat—"the dual-tone rouge"—imparts it.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret dual-tone process (an undertone and overtone).

So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.

The right way to Rouge

Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a dot pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions. Use a brush. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Patface powder over it—blending smoothly.

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

BE THE GIRL—whose kiss can't smear!

Princess Pat LIQUID LipTone
—won't rub off no matter what your lips may touch. Stays on, tempting and lovely for hours. Fashion-right shades. Featured at smarter stores $1. Send 25c coin for generous trial bottle.

Name:
Address:
City: State:
PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 5108, 2708 S. Wells St., Chicago

Young favorites out
Warner's way—Bob
Hutton and Joan Leslie
meet for a friendly chat

"Say Ah!" It's pert
Buff Cobb with Cost-
guardiansman Victor Ma-
ture on a Ciro fling

youngsters, is wonderful to behold in this feverish town of Hollywood.

She was the last actress one of our Marine friends had seen before he left for the Pacific and all through those island flying days he remembered her and wondered if she, too, would change, as on scenes set up in jungle islands he watched her progress.

She wasn't even working the day we called for a luncheon date, and yet gladly and willingly she gave up her day to meet us. And even remembered the blonde Marine—to his complete astonishment.

He asked about her name. So many of the fellows out there called her Jeannie instead of Jeanne. "I prefer people I like to call me Jeannie," she said. "It sounds homier." Cal noticed she was Jeannie from then on.

And oh yes, we asked her about that reported engagement to actor Paul Brook. It isn't so. She said so herself. And who should know but Jeanne—no, Jeannie—for she likes us, too.

The Music Minded: If you don't think movie glamour pussess—male and female—go for fine classical music every chance they get, then you should have seen the turnout for the concert that Maestro Toscanini conducted at the Philharmonic in Los Angeles. Maria Montez, with Jean Pierre Aumont (who will probably be out of the Army by the time you read this—and back permanently with his Maria who has been pining (for him out loud)—Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles, Lana Turner and Turhan Bey, the Bob Hopes, Jean Hersholt, the Paul Heardeis, the Edward Arnold, Deanna Durbin and F. J., Ingrid Bergman, the Reg Gardiners (you'd have to tie Reggie down to keep him away from anything musical) were just a few of the movie music lovers on hand.

The Bogarts Again: Whirling around in one of those revolving-door routines, Cal finally caught up with Lauren Bacall, much prettier than her sulky-mouthed pictures, and much younger and gayer. At least her bright-eyed, youngish laugh held evidence of her being a happy twenty with no upward looks or pouts or sex about it. Maybe she was thinking of that new house Humphrey had just bought her. And right near the one he and Mayo lived in, too. We stoke a quick look at the bracelet on her arm—the one from Bogie inscribed, "If you want anything—just whistle." Well, she wanted that elaborate home and got it, but whether she whistled or not Cal can't say.

Hollywood laughed at that Las Vegas incident when Mayo Methot, there to divorce Bogart, let go one of her waltzes, received this time by Vic Mature of all people. No one knows what precipitated the fracas, but we can imagine, can't we?
Even Beginners Can Now Put Up Jewels in Jars!

Delight your family with finer fruits...save sugar, too

HOME CANNERS everywhere are enthusiastic about this fully tested, sensationality new way to put up fruits with finer flavor, brighter color, firmer texture.

Beginners and veteran canners alike are packing fruits and berries; making preserves and marmalades that rival fresh fruit in sun-ripe flavor...and putting up 25% to 30% more with their sugar ration.

The secret is home-blended syrups of Karo-and-sugar. Tested recipes, preferred by the testing jury of experts and endorsed by home economists and food editors, are now yours for the asking.

Send today for the exciting FREE book...beautifully illustrated in full color...containing simple fool-proof directions for blending these new canning syrups. Accurate charts in this book guide you in perfect home canning of finer fruits to enrich your pantry shelves and delight your family.

Paper shortages make it difficult for us to print enough books for all. Be sure of your FREE copy. Don't delay. Write at once. Print or write name and address plainly.

KARO
Canal St. Station, P. O. Box 154
New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me "How to Can Finer Fruits and Save Sugar".

Name________________________
Street_____________________
City___________________________State______
With Mazola's new "stay together" dressing as your theme, harmonize your own piquant variations for delicious fruit, vegetable or sea food salads. Tempt your family with a symphony of different salads, or serve all three to summer guests.

Keep a big jar of this new "Mazola" dressing fresh and cool in your refrigerator, "ever-ready" for use.

### MAZOLA "EVER-READY" FRENCH DRESSING
(The dressing that "stays together")

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Measure</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 tablespoon dry mustard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 teaspoons sugar</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/2 teaspoon pepper</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 egg</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Combine all dry ingredients, egg, and 3 tablespoons of the vinegar. Beat until well blended. Add Mazola 2 tablespoons at a time until 1/2 cup Mazola has been added, beating after each addition till Mazola disappears and mixture is smooth. Add remaining Mazola 1/2 cup at a time, alternately with lemon juice and vinegar, beating well after each addition. Makes 3 cups. Store in refrigerator, and use "as is" for summer salads, or try these variations:

### 1 CREAM NECTAR DRESSING for FRUIT SALADS:
Blend well 1/2 cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with 1 cup sour cream, 1 tsp. lemon rind, 1 tsp. orange rind and 1 tsp. Red Label Karo or honey. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

### 2 "DEEP SOUTH" DRESSING for SEA FOOD SALADS:

### 3 CHEESE AND CHIVE DRESSING for VEGETABLE SALADS:
Blend well 1/2 cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with 1 cup cottage cheese, 1/4 cup milk and 1 tablespoon chopped chives (or onions). Makes 1 1/2 cups.
A Bell For Adano

A BIG salam to all concerned for the sincerity and tender quality of this film that made the reading of John Hersey's book an unforgettable experience. The one and only fault is the lack of emphasis placed on the General's violence in contrast to the kindly patience and understanding for the people of Adano by the Major. For in this contrast hinged the balance and plot value of the story. But this is a minor fault, for in almost every other detail the story has been faultlessly reproduced, especially the childlike quality of the people so comprehensible to their "Mr. Major."

As Major Joppolo, John Hodiak registers forcefully, giving an upstanding, vigorous (if anything, too vigorous) and vastly appealing performance. If this doesn't advance his stature as an actor nothing will, for Hodiak really proves his genuine worth in this movie.

Not so definite in her delineation was Gene Tierney as the Italian Tina. Yet one catches the sympathetic bond between Tina and Major Joppolo in each instance.

William Bendix as the Sarge is expertly cast and comes through with a fine performance. Equally good is Nicol as played by Richard Conte, and Glenn Langan (watch for this lad to click) as Navy Lieut. Livingstone. Henry Morgan as Capt. Parries who unwittingly is the cause of the Major's dismissal is a natural, easy actor. In fact, every member is expertly cast and adds so wonderfully to the story of the city of Adano and its bell.

Your Reviewer Says: The most touching film of the month.

Thrill Of A Romance (M-G-M)

Boy, the kids will love it. With the beautiful figure of Esther Williams to—er—intrigue, and the popularity of Van to enhance, how can it miss?

As musicals go it is actually no great shakes, but again we say who cares? Van is romantic, in love like mad with Esther, who is a young bride deserted by a too-proud husband on her honeymoon which doesn't seem likely—or does it? Anyway, the settings of a swanky California resort hotel are a perfect background for the swimming, romance, dancing and—well, what does one do at resort hotels?

The U.C.L.A. college kids, in Westwood where the picture was previewed, tore down the house over that swimming duet of Van's and Esther's. And when Van opened his mouth to serenade Esther and Lauritz Melchior's golden voice rolled out—well, great land of Goshen!

Melchior, a handsome man with an even handsomer voice, wends his way all through the story. Frances Gifford is beautiful as the jealous rival, Henry Travers and Spring Byington are Esther's uncle and aunt, and Carleton S. Young too severe as her disappearing bridegroom.

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra get in some hot licks and several tunes, among them "I Should Care." But it's the appeal of Van and Esther that makes the picture a treat the fans will love. You watch to see.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance is right.

The Way Ahead (20th Century-Fox)

This is one of those British pictures which begins as simply and uneventfully as the lives of the people in the story who leave their jobs in shops, garages, boiler-rooms and offices for military training.

Not for one minute, however, is this a dull picture. And, as the men adjust or fail to adjust to their new lives as soldiers in a regiment with great traditions, go home on furloughs and finally see action, it becomes a heart-gripping story.

It would be futile to outline the plot. It is comprised of bits from the lives of the various men in the regiment and their women and children at home. It would be futile to list the cast for, with the exception of David Niven, the names are unfamiliar to the American public. However, there's not a man or a woman among them who isn't as exasperating and as touching, in turn, as your friends and neighbors. And David Niven, too long absent from our screen, returns to a public that has never forgotten him with a fine sincere performance.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful human document. Don't miss it!

(Continued on page 112)

By Sara Hamilton

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 112
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 120
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20
BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

Affairs of Susan, The—Paramount: A gay, rambling story about Susan, delightfully played by Joan Fontaine, who is four different women to the four men in her life. We see her first through the eyes of her ex-husband, George Brent, stage producer, then she becomes a siren to lieutenant Don DeFore, an intellectual to Dennis O'Keefe, and then she decides on solid citizen Walter Abel. (June)

Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe—20th Century-Fox: The scenery, settings, costumes and the star, Betty Grable, are all pretty in Technicolor, but the story is a silly one. William Gaxton is the star of the show who, despite the fact that his son, Dick Haymes, has stage ambition, wants him to be a doctor and does everything possible to break up his romance with Betty. The comedy honors go to Phil Silvers. (June)

Body Snatcher, The—RKO: A horror number that would scare a totoro pole into splinters. Boris Karloff, who switches bodies for the medical school of Henry Daniell, is horribly wonderful, and Russell Wade turns in a swell performance as the young medical student who gets embroiled in the unholy mess. Bela Lugosi adds to the horror and it's all a swell scare 'em show. (May)

Brewster's Millions—Small UA: Denan O'Keefe is out of the Army and all set to marry Helen Walker when he learns he's inherited a million dollars which he must spend in sixty days in order to inherit seven million. Everything he touches multiplies instead of decreases, and he has one heck of a time trying to get rid of it. Rochester, Mischa Auer and Jane Hayworth are on the funny side. (June)

Chicago Kid, The—Republic: Red Barry believes Otto Kruger railroaded his father into prison, so in order to seek revenge he worms his way into Kruger's firm, joins some gangsters, wins the love of Lynne Roberts, Kruger's daughter, and finally gets Kruger into a pretty nasty fix. You can take it or leave it alone. (May)

China Sky—RKO: Randy Scott, doctor in a Chinese hospital, brings his bride Ellen Drew to China from the States. This is a mistake, for Ellen promptly tries to ruin the friendship between Randy and his medical aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him. Anthony Quinn as a guerrilla leader, Carol Thomson as a nurse, and Philip Ahn do the best they can with antiquated material. (July)

Circumstantial Evidence—20th Century-Fox: This has Michael O'Shea landing in prison when three witnesses testify they saw him wedding a lethal axe. Lloyd Nolan is excellent as always and Billy Cummings, Trudy Marshall and Ruth Ford bring warmth to the cold gray of the prison story. (May)


Shadow Stage

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Along Came Jones 112
Bell For Adana, A 19
Bells Of Rosarita 113
Brighton Stronger, The 114
China's Little Devils 115
Colonel Blimp 116
Divorce 117
Nob Hill 113
Out Of This World 112
Silver Fleet, The 115
Sautherner, The 114
Swing Out, Sister 114
That's The Spirit 115
Thril Of A Romance 19
Twice Blessed 113
Way Ahead, The 19
Quit Sitting On the Cover of Your Hope Chest!

All the girls were getting married... but not Alice. Alice was sitting on the cover of her hope chest and didn't know it. She would be the last to suspect why men were interested in her one moment and indifferent the next.

...  

Even when it’s only occasional, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can stamp you as undesirable. Once this condition has been detected the bad news may travel fast and be hard to live down. Dare you risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a quick and wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before any date where you wish to be at your best. How it freshens!... what a feeling of assurance it gives!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter—less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
irresistible lips are

Heeded for the altar... dearly beloved, joyously happy.
Her lips irresistible... smooth, invitingly soft, color-perfect with IRRESISTIBLE RASPBERRY LIPSTICK.

WHIP-TEXT through a secret process to be creamy-soft, non-drying, longer lasting.
Matching rouge and powder.
Are you in the know?

What tennis shot calls for speediest action?
- Volley
- Forehand Drive
- Chop

How should she sign her name?
- Sally Subdeub
- Mary Stussy Subdeub

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep pace with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Built for lasting comfort, this napkin doesn't "roll", doesn't "wad" up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.

- It's a love at first sight
- It passes the long-mirror test
- Your best friend tells you

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your daintiness.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together


---

(Continued on page 116)
Talking Back

Here's your chance to tell the editors what's on your mind and get an honest answer in return.

This is to register a protest against all pictures that turn out to be a dream and particularly against "The Woman In The Window.

I have never seen a picture that turned out to be a dream that I did not think would have been better if it had been a reality. For instance, when the blackmailer was killed and the money and the murdered man's watch was found on him, that would have convinced the public that he was the murderer and, if the friend of Richard Wanley still suspected that Richard was the murderer, he would have kept it under his hat, and no harm would have come of it.

Mrs. George M. Miller, Indianapolis, Ind.

Many have shared your disappointment. The ending of J. H. Wallace's book, "Once Off Guard," had the man commit suicide, which is against the Hoy's Office ruling for pictures. However, Producers Nunnally Johnson had one other idea—to let the suicide proceed, then flash back to the point where the murderer's friend was suspected, and have him say, "You see, this is what would have happened if I had accepted your invitation." Mr. Johnson would be glad to know if you movie-goers would have preferred this ending. The Editors

Regarding "Courage Is A Girl Named Susan" by Louella Parsons: It's difficult to believe that Hollywood, the center of celebrities, fashions, gaiety—that make-believe world everyone dreams about—should have one star portray a role which requires no long hours of rehearsals, no lights or cameras, and the only director—the spirit of courage. Yes, Susan Peters has been cast to live, not act, the scenes in the greatest drama of all—life itself.

In the time to follow, many will be praying for that day of miracles, and with the hope and courage she already possesses, perhaps when the stage is set and the curtains are drawn upwards, Susan Peters will again be walking to higher stardom.

Tressa M. O'Lear, Newton Falls, O.

All of you who have expressed your sympathy and interest in Susan Peters will be happy to hear that she is gaining strength steadily though she still has a long pull ahead of her. The best part of the news is that she will be leaving the hospital as soon as her husband can find a house suited to her needs. The Editors

For months I waited for a certain picture to make its appearance. When it finally did come to town I went the very first day and waited on line for hours—not because it was supposed to be a great war picture, or because Raymond Massey and Dennis Morgan were in it, but only because Dane Clark, a marvelous actor and a plain American guy, was to have a part. Then what happens! After waiting almost fifteen minutes before he comes into the picture, he goes up in a plane and dies. Now, tell me is that justice?

If you wish to have your letter considered for this department, write to Talking Back, c/o Photoplay, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Don't think I was the only disappointed one. There were hundreds of girls all around me equally as angry. Their shouts and protests and sighs proved they all were heartbroken.

An outraged fan,

M. Viola, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Our promise to an outraged fan: Hollywood shall see your complaint about "God Is My Co-Pilot." P. S. to Hollywood: This is the only one of its kind we've had. People don't seem to like to have their hopes raised and then dashed. The Editors

I HAVE never been so deeply touched and affected by a motion picture as I was after seeing "The Enchanted Cottage". It has such a great, deep meaning. If people could only understand that when they are loved and when they love, a man and woman see each other as perfect in every way.

It is my honest contention that if "The Enchanted Cottage" were shown to those boys who have been wounded physically and spiritually, they would know that the women who love them and have waited for them will see no change in them—that they are wanted more than ever before because they have been away so long.

Dorothy Katz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harriet Parsons, daughter of Louella and producer of this most successful picture ever to be done by a woman, shared your belief in the theme so strongly that she braved months of discouragement while the fate of the project wavered back and forth. Now it promises to be one of 1945's biggest pictures. The Editors

MANY had to use wheel chairs to attend, but "Bring On The Girls" filled the Red Cross theater all three showings. The Shadow Stage, in your movie reviews, listed this movie as full of corn, and only "good."

If this is corn, we love it. It combined comedy, romance and music perfectly and still lightly touched the war angle—which is the way we like it.

Thanks from the Yanks to the producers of "Bring On The Girls" as well as the Red Cross for a grand afternoon of entertainment.


Thanks to a Yank for calling us to account. That's the fun of running an opinion department. Incidentally, we're sure Paramount, who made the picture, will appreciate this Yank's thanks. The Editors

I HAVEN'T seen "Wilson" yet because I don't intend to encourage the high-priced admissions—75c matinees, $1.10 evenings. The movies used to be a "poor man's entertainment" but not at these modern prices!

I blame the film producers for their senseless extravagances. For example, one studio paid several thousand dollars merely to purchase the title of Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe" and then filmed a revised treatment of that old, old melodrama, "The Barker."

Allotment checks are needed for food and clothing. I don't think these families should stay home. Movies are not a luxury. They are necessary as an education, recreation and good morale builder for the entire family. Movie tickets should, therefore, fit their budgets.

Miss Sylvia Grill, New York, N. Y.

Here's a fair bet which we hasten to pass along to the motion-picture industry. How about it, Hollywood? The Editors

---

**Evening in Paris**

**SMOOTH, LUCIOUSLY COLORFUL**

**Face Powder!**

Dreamed up in Paris, "triple color-blended" in America, by a wonderful French process, **Evening in Paris** is the kind of face powder you've always longed for. Super-fine, super-smooth, in heavenly colors that do gloriously flattering things for your complexion.

Only **Evening in Paris**, in America, is "triple color-blended" by this French process. Try it, won't you? See why they say "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris face powder."

Face Powder $1.00 • Lipstick 50c
Rouge 50c • Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(All prices plus tax)

**BOURJOIS**

NEW YORK DISTRIBUTOR


25
It's Dynamite set to music!

The battle that made the Barbary Coast pause in its song... turn from its women...

A blue-blood on the loose... who came down from The Hill looking for a thrill!

George Raft

Joan Bennett

Vivian Blaine

Peggy Ann Garner

Remember her in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

The kind of woman men fought for... at the snap of a garter!

Nob Hill

IN TECHNICOLOR

ALAN "FALSTAFF" REED - PULLY - COLEMAN - BARRIER

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY - Produced by ANDRE DAVEN

Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Norman Reilly Raine - From a Story by Eleanor Griffin
The Lady and the Cameraman

Being the highly romantic history of Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard

by RUTH WATERBURY

WITHIN the hour after she had signed to star in "The Lodger" at Twentieth Century-Fox, Merle Oberon was on the telephone talking to Joan Bennett. "Tell me about this cameraman, Lucien Ballard," she begged. "I understand you worked with him in 'Wild Geese Calling.' What is he like?"

Joan perfectly understood Merle's concern. All actresses worry when they face working with a strange cameraman, but when one is in the professional beauty class like Oberon, it is particularly important that the camera angles be ravishing.

The exquisite Miss Bennett quickly reassured her friend. "Oh, Ballard's a dream. He's a very real artist and he'll photograph you divinely. You'll adore him." Joan was speaking professionally.

She was also speaking prophetically, but she didn't know it then. Neither did Miss Oberon, who was at that time also the Lady Merle, wife of Sir Alexander Korda, the wealthy, influential producer.

Today the Lady Merle is no longer. She has renounced the title, the wealth, the influence. By the time you read this, or shortly thereafter, she will be Mrs. Lucien Ballard. But that is getting ahead of the story, which must be told right from the beginning, since the beginning was a romantic bombshell of blockbusting proportions.

They met on the set of "The Lodger" just before the first day's shooting was to begin. Lucien Ballard was there doing the filming because his best friend and most loyal admirer, the very talented John Brahm, was doing the directing.

Merle didn't know this. Merle didn't know that Lucien Ballard is that rarity in Hollywood, a superb technician who works not for the money involved, but when he feels the material offered is extraordinary, something away from the common-place, something, perhaps, that may be turned into art.

Fortunately, however, John Brahm did know it. Mr. Brahm, being an artist himself, respects such an attitude.

In fact, it was because of Brahm that Ballard was at Twentieth Century-Fox at all. Years previously he had seen Ballard's work in "Craig's Wife," a Rosalind Russell film made at Columbia. He had sought Ballard out then, and has subsequently used him in many of his productions. Being a European, Mr. Brahm had none of the class feeling of Hollywood generally that makes a cameraman merely a workman. Mr. Brahm feels they are artists, and should be treated as such.

He likewise felt, as regards "The Lodger," that despite her physical beauty, Miss Oberon was an artistic actress and should be treated like one. It is (Continued on page 100)
Which do you want—

THIS—
or THIS?
Because Photoplay feels that San Francisco will vitally affect your life we asked America’s great woman journalist, who is herself a gold-star mother, to go there and make her personal report to you.

The Editors

FROM WHERE I sat in Hollywood, the San Francisco Conference looked awfully big. Big and awe-inspiring and weighty with problems beyond my understanding. Even going down to the public library and reading all the reports from Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods did not give me a lot of live feeling.

It was the questions asked of me, the fact that questions were asked at all, which gave me a feeling of confidence, an objective in going to San Francisco that was simple and concrete. It was the young people of Hollywood, what we call the kids, the coming generation, who asked questions.

Van Johnson, who is more of an ordinary young American than you would believe possible from the way people carry on about him, a New Englander with a direct clear approach, asked the most pertinent thing of all, the one that had to be answered.

“I hear you’re going up to San Francisco,” he said when we bumped into each other outside rehearsal hall one afternoon. “Do you think they’re going to get anywhere with it this time?” Then, after a moment’s thought, he added, “I don’t see why not. I don’t see how they’ve got any choice. When you’ve got to do a thing, you’ve got to do it, huh?”

Shopping in Beverly Hills one morning, I ran into young Bill Eythe. He mentioned the Conference and I said I was planning to go up just for a few days to see this historical event. Bill said he had gotten very much interested in the idea of a world organization when he played in “Wilson.” He couldn’t help it, he said. Whether you exactly agreed with Wilson or not or whether the League of Nations was right the way it was, he said, you couldn’t help seeing that we’d fumbled the ball that time. We ought to have gotten behind a world organization and made it stick and then this war wouldn’t have happened.

“It always makes me feel funny,” he said, “to think that if there had been the radio then probably Wilson could have convinced the people. I hope they get somewhere this time. They better!”

When I was on the set one day and went into Angela Lansbury’s dressing room, she was talking about Anthony Eden. Being British, Angela was particularly interested in Mr. Eden. “I wonder,” she said, “how the Americans will feel about him. They’re all going up there to start a world organization—and then you think how British Anthony Eden is, and how Russian Molotov is, and how American Stettinius is, and how Chinese Dr. Soong is. They agree on the big principles, but it’s hard to say, but they have different customs and they eat different things and speak different languages in more ways than one...”

Of course I knew what she meant.

It was Judy Garland who wanted me to be sure to tell her if, in San Francisco, they felt the—well, the presence and the spirit of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. If, being dead, he would somehow maybe be more present there than if he were alive. She couldn’t quite, she said with tears in her eyes, get over feeling how sad it was for everybody that he wouldn’t be there in person, but she was sure he would somehow be there with his love for humanity and his desire for a world in true brotherhood of man.

And it was young Bob Walker who said he hoped people wouldn’t expect too much too quick. Nothing, he said, was built in a day but (Continued on page 81)
A vital and significant series
by Frank Sinatra
for young Americans

I WANT TO TALK TO

"You'll find you're much surer of getting whatever you want—if you'll go after it in a decent way," says Frank, shown here talking to youthful editors.

Frankie, aged six, and his cousin at the Sinatra home in Hoboken.

I'mA, Kids...

Guess I'm a little out of my element in this writing business but I figured here in Photoplay I could talk to two or three million of you at once. In the series of talks I gave at schools a month or two ago I only got to talk to a few thousand of you at best. And I didn't begin to cover the questions you've been asking in your letters lately. Stands to reason I can't answer all of you personally. I'd be an old graybeard before I got through. Besides, most of the time you tell me not to write to you anyway—that getting your problem on paper has helped—and if anyone in your family got my letter you'd get the devil or the horse-laugh.

So many of you write explaining you're not JDs. I know that. Kids. It doesn't make you a juvenile delinquent to go around in bobby socks and sloppy joes, to talk and dance jive, to make an idol of somebody in a band or athletics or public life, to collect autographs, to keep scrap books. It doesn't make you a JD to stay out late once in a while, or skip school now and then or get chased by the neighborhood cop occasionally. It is stupid, however, to do these things. Because there's always the danger they'll become a habit—habits which may very well turn you into a JD in time—habits which will be anything but assets when you are older.

But I don't have to go on. You know what you do. So you know if you're a JD. Or just a healthy normal American kid. And don't get to thinking, "So I'm a juvenile delinquent, am I? Okay! I'll give them what they expect. I'll have all the fun and let someone else do the worrying!"

Because, I'm telling you, it won't work out that way. It'll work out with you doing worse and worse things and having less and less fun—and ending up caring and worrying plenty. Plenty!

Nobody needs to tell you when you're doing wrong. As I found out a long time ago, we all have something inside of us that tries to steer us right. Sometimes we ignore that voice or whatever it is and go ahead anyhow. But this never means we can't still right—about face. This never means we can't say to ourselves and anyone else whose business it is, "That's not for me! No more!"

I don't mean to go off on any spree of "Dos and Don'ts." I did a lot of things as a kid that were wrong, even had fun doing some of them. And plenty of times when my father gave me a bawling out I went off sulking and said to myself, "There's a lot I could tell my old man—with his old-fashioned ideas." I don't suppose there's ever been a kid who didn't think he knew more than his mother and father.

I had a terrific knack for getting into trouble; probably because I hung out with older fellows and, a little tyke anyhow, was always the last guy to get away.

Like the time a bunch of us decided to raid a fruit stand. We waited until it got pretty dark, then struck out across the street. While the old fruit man had his back turned we charged his stand with loud whoops. Then we jumped in and grabbed. Anything we could lay our hands on. Mostly things we couldn't do anything with, it turned out, like spinach or cabbage or potatoes.

When a cop came down the street the other fellows beat it. I knew I didn't have a chance of keeping up with them so I ducked under the stand. And there I had to stay for about three hours; until twelve o'clock when the cop finally gave up waiting around in case the other fellows came back and the old fruit man closed up and went home.

The moral of all this is that I had
Frankie, who played hooky, got chased by cops and ran away from home, knows whereof he speaks

BY FRANK SINATRA

nothing to gain by what I did. The most I would have gotten out of the raid—besides the excitement—was a bunch of spinach which I don’t like. If I had been home at the right time, at the dinner hour, I could have had everything I could have stolen from that fruit stand and it would have all been clean and fresh and well cooked. I also would have escaped the licking I got when I landed home after midnight.

The same thing applies all along the line. You'll find you're much surer of getting whatever you want—and of getting it with less grief—if you'll go after it in a decent, intelligent way. The quicker you learn this the luckier you are. I know I'm right, I have some pretty concrete examples to prove it.

A lot of my old buddies from my old neighborhood, which wasn't exactly an ideal place for kids to grow up, didn't "smarten up," continued to go after things the wrong way. They haven't fared too well. As those buddies of mine became older their motives naturally became more violent and they naturally went out for bigger things. And it all caught up with them. Some of them landed in reform school. One went to jail. I was lucky. I found out in time.

Also, let me tell you, I can’t see anything wrong about kids ganging up and wearing special clothes and talking a special way; like you bobby-sockers do. In time of war the kids who are just under the fighting age always do this. I'm not going to sound off or try to be profound—but the best psychologists explain it's because you who are too young to fight or go to work in a defense plant feel unimportant and maybe a little insecure that you band together with your own kind of clothes and your own kind of lingo. During the last war the kids who did this—and wore pork pie hats and raglan coats and floppy galoshes and flowing hair and injected a lot of new words and phrases into our good old language—were called Finalehoppers. They liked to stick around until the last dance too. It's too bad some of the parents who wring their hands over the bobby-sockers today forget what they did under similar conditions.

As soon as the last war was over, you'll be interested to hear, the Finalehoppers, grown a couple of years older, quit herding together. Just as I believe you bobby-sockers will...

DEAR Frankie,” you write me...

Then you go on your own way.

One who must be nameless writes: "My sisters continually wear clothes I just washed, took out of the cleaners or bought. I have gotten so exhausted from this that I have quit my job in a five and dime store. Besides never taking me anywhere with them my sisters always say I am trying to get out of a piece of housecleaning when I study. And if I put my book down they say I’m a martyr. My mother will not tell them to stop. I can’t cry any more as my tears are all gone. But I can’t stand this any more..."*

Another letter says: "It seems my mother doesn't want me at all. It's my older (Continued on page 110)
What next for Cary Grant?

With the crossroads of his marriage behind him, will Cary choose the lone trail or one that leads to romance?

By Louella O. Parsons

Beautiful blonde Betty Hensel whom Cary has been seeing

What goes on with Cary Grant, who cannot talk to a girl without having all the Hollywood tongues start wagging and giving birth to the rumor of a new romance? What's on his mind? Does he plan to re-marry or will he go on by himself, a happy bachelor, sought by all the unattached beauties?

Well, I am going to tell you what I think about Cary's future. But before I start, let me say I can only speculate on his plans. I don't believe even he knows at this writing just how he will steer his course.

Cary, you see, is going through the transition of not knowing exactly what is going to happen in his life. He acts ill at ease when Barbara Hutton's name is mentioned, and he shies like an unbroken colt when any reference is made to Betty Hensel with whom his name has been so often linked.

I have known Cary for many years and he has always been very frank with me. Well do I remember a tea at the Douglas Fairbanks Jr. home with Cary and Barbara two days after they had met, when he was so infatuated he couldn't take his eyes off the slim, graceful, blonde girl who seemed as completely swept off her feet by him as he was by her.

Yet, despite our long-standing friendship, I know that he doesn't want to discuss even with me what finally broke up his marriage to Barbara. Neither does he have any desire to discuss any matrimonial plans that may be simmering in his brain. He was hit hard when Barbara and he parted the first time. He was unhappy, too, when they decided to end their marriage the second time, but this time there isn't that desperate unhappiness, that wild desire to explain to Barbara it was all a terrible mistake.

Although I know and he knows that I know much of the inside of why he parted from Barbara Hutton, he becomes very self-conscious when we speak of her. Still I know there is no chance of reconciliation. He has put on the market the Bel Air mansion he had bought when he reconciled with Barbara and he is now looking for a much smaller house. So it's all over.

Still, it's only natural that Cary, who is young, rich and attractive, should find solace elsewhere. His solace—and this is no secret in Hollywood—has been pretty little blonde Betty Hensel, a nonprofessional, who has been madly in love with handsome Cary for a long time.

I have met Cary many times lately at parties. Strangely enough, he seems to go out more socially than he did even when he was married to Barbara Hutton. I saw him staggering it at the Sam Goldwyns; the next night he was very much present at the Reginald Gardiners Russian Easter party, a gay affair that brought out all the best dancers and went on untilcurfew rang down the curtain.

Cary again was alone, but as I left I saw him sitting in a corner talking quietly to blonde Kay Williams who was once rumored engaged to Clark Gable. If I hadn't known that he had been with Betty Hensel earlier, I might have wondered if he, too, were falling for Kay, who is so gay, so full of life and such fun.

When I met him again the following week, alone at Lady Mendel's dinner, I walked straight up to him and asked, "Are you going to marry Betty Hensel?"

Can you imagine the poised Mr. Grant looking flustered? Well, he did. But his answer came without hesitation. "How can I say what I'll do in the next year? Right now I have no plans. I am still a married man!"

But I know that Cary has been seeing Betty often and that, while they make no public appearances together because of the situation, he has been calling her and seeing her quietly.

Obviously, there can be no plan for another marriage
Above: Cary Grant, whose next picture is Cole Porter’s life story “Night And Day.” Left: Together in happier days—Barbara and Cary
until Barbara gets her divorce. And so, being a girl quick on my feet, I decided to call Barbara and get all the details. She surprised me by saying she wasn’t in a hurry to get her divorce and hadn’t counted on her constant and devoted escort these evenings has been good-looking Phil Reed and I had thought she might have some matrimonial plans of her own. Of course, the lady might change her mind at a moment’s notice and file suit against Cary—and it may have happened by the time you read this.

Because of what she had said, I asked her, “Are you sure that your hesitation about filing might not be because there’s a chance of you and Cary getting together again?”

“No,” she said definitely, “there’s not a chance of that. It’s true that when we first separated Cary telephoned me every few days—but I haven’t heard from him in a month.”

Undoubtedly with Betty Hensel in mind Barbara hastened to add, “It would be very unfair to Cary to say that a third person broke up our home. Our separation was not brought about because I was in love with another man or because Cary was tired of me and was courting another woman.

“We had reached a point where we were quarreling. I suppose incompatibility is as good a word as any. What happens in marriage when husband and wife suddenly realize they are happier apart and that they are no longer interested in the same things? It wasn’t my fault; it wasn’t his fault; and I know that as long as we live we shall both respect and like each other.”

Cary told me practically the same thing in one of the few talks we had together. He is always consistent that I never write anything that in any way reflects on Barbara. “I was always faithful,” he told me, “while we were married and I had no interest in any other woman.”

From the beginning of their romance and, later, their marriage, Cary knew that he and Barbara moved in different worlds. He knew she hated the limelight and he also knew that, being an actor, he couldn’t dodge it. That was a problem that faced them from the moment they met. But it was not the only one. Sometimes outsiders can see more clearly than the principals what is wrong with a marriage. Cary and Barbara sincerely tried to make a go of it—but the chief fault was that they did come from different worlds.

Barbara, although American-born, celebrities, restricting her guests to those who are her personal friends. Cary, on the other hand, likes everybody. He is very popular with the crew on his movie sets and loves to entertain that way. In the beginning, I know that Barbara tried to adapt herself to Cary’s plans. But the girl who was raised in Europe, who was once a princess and later a countess, just wasn’t happy when the chief interest was never fighting or the latest scores on the baseball games. I remember once time when I dined at Barbara’s most of the guests spoke French. That wasn’t Cary’s idea of a good time. No, it doesn’t take a psycho- trist to see what made the marriage of the Grants go on the rocks.

A few times during his career in Hollywood, I have heard Cary accused of being a hoarder of his pennies. But I have never found him that way. When you have been brokend and hungry, as Cary had been in his early life in England and later as a Coney Island stilt-walker, you learn the hard way to have an honest respect for a dollar and what it will buy.

Barbara, I’m sure, would be the first to back me up that money was not the actual cause of their parting. I remember how delighted she was when Cary sent his valet to the wedding reception of her maid and chauffeur with an envelope containing a large check. Barbara had given her two servants, who had been with her many years, a large reception to which their friends were invited. The servants of many of Hollywood’s most important people had the pleasure of being served by the gracious lady herself, who not only passed the sandwiches and champagne, but did the dishes after the soiree.

I talked to Barbara the next day and she giggled when she said, “My maid only gave me the same names—she is Mrs. Harry Leach and I am Mrs. Archie Leach.” There was no snobbish annoyance on Barbara’s part, but a marvelous sense of humor over the situation. I tell this to point out that the little Woolworth instructor isn’t all starched up and that she enjoys a laugh and wants so much to have fun. (Continued on page 106)
Definition of a dream boat: Kathryn Grayson, appearing in M.G.M.'s "Anchors Aweigh"
A kaleidoscopic view of a gifted American—Swedish-born Ingrid Bergman

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

She is currently addicted to singing "Don't Fence Me In" if no one is within earshot.

She does not smoke.

She is very fond of d'OKA cheese, a rather strong variety made by the Trappist monks of Quebec.

She wants to go overseas at the earliest opportunity to entertain the troops.

She seldom buys hats and when she does, she rarely wears them.

She can outwalk anyone in Hollywood in speed and distance.

Her name is Ingrid Bergman.

She is partial to daiquiris, is five feet eight-and-a-half inches tall, and is congenitally unable to loaf or engage in meaningless social activities.

She would like someday to play opposite Ronald Colman, George Sanders, Cary Grant, now that she has realized her ambition to work with Bing Crosby.

She was born in Stockholm.

She doesn't like wearing ornaments in her hair.

At the last Academy Awards function she was so benumbed by her own tenseness that she did not hear her name called. It was David O. Selznick, sitting next to her, who screamed, "That's you, Ingrid! You've won! You've won!"

Her only superstition is walking under ladders, and she was married in Stockholm in 1937 to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, a brain surgeon now attached to Los Angeles General Hospital. She is meticulously punctual.

She has never seen a prizefight.

She dislikes breakfast in bed and admits an embarrassingly bad memory for faces.

She wore dental braces at the age of fifteen, has a six-year-old daughter named Pia, and has no patience with conversationalists who love the sound of their own voices.

Her first act on arriving in New York last fall was to visit Hamburger Heaven and top it with a chocolate sundae at Schrafft's.

She never wears earrings.

She has never worn French heels.

She rarely dreams in her sleep, wakes up easily and has never met Greta Garbo, although the two of them worked at the same studio at the same time. She never uses nail polish.

She has no temperament but she has more temper than at first meets the eye.

(Continued on page 69)
Along Came Cooper

BY NUNNALLY JOHNSON

who adapted the screen play for "Along Came Jones"

Hero in the typically Western manner—Gary Cooper, star and producer of International's "Along Came Jones"
Mr. Cooper takes a subtle bit of ribbing from his friend, Mr. Johnson, the noted author.

UNTIL Gary Cooper came along, nobody in Hollywood had ever thought of a tall producer. The very notion had the ring of a paradox, like a gloomy fat girl, or a comedian who smokes cigarettes. Production talent in the movies seemed to come in indirect ratio to a man’s height, and there was indeed a time, some years ago, when the heads of all the major studios in town could have assembled and shaken hands under a bridge table.

Once, in those days, in a studio where the practice obviously was carried to extremes, Joel Sayre was outlining a story to a producer when suddenly, galvanized by one of Mr. Sayre’s improvisations, the little fellow jumped from his chair and, to Mr. Sayre’s astonishment, apparently disappeared from the face of the earth. Mr. Sayre had to lean over the desk to find his screen play pacing excitedly up and down around the level of the second drawer. Mr. Sayre believes this to be one of the few instances on record of a man’s being shorter on his feet than when he was seated.

But time and suffering have, of course, mellowed the town, and this prejudice against 'tallies' has gradually waned. Today there are producers functioning even in the top brackets who can scarcely be distinguished from natural men. But even these must lift up their eyes when Prince Gary Cooper enters the room, for he was from the very start the biggest man in his new field.

The duties of a producer, long or short, are the same. He must find a story likely to be of interest to at least half the people in the United States. He must manage its conversion into a screen play which tells that story without wasting time about it. He must cast this screen play with actors and actresses of reasonable facsimiles. He must engage a director, a cameraman and a small army of technical experts. And, too, no great harm is done if he can also show a little dough.

Mr. Cooper’s choice of a story was a good-humored and exciting Western novel by Alan LeMay, whose title for the screen became ‘Along Came Jones.’ (Every two or three years the smell of the purple sage gets into Mr. Cooper’s nostrils and nothing will do but he must break out his old boots and saddle and gallop down the short cut to head ‘em off at Eagle Pass, so this choice could scarcely be described as unexpected.) And in the natural course of events he had flashed his greenbacks and signed up Loretta Young, a Western-type leading lady, among her other accomplishments; Bill Demarest, a local rough diamond, and Dan Duryea, a villain from ‘way back, to enact the anecdote, and Stuart Heisler to direct it.

So far, it was a breeze. In fact, the only problem at all during these preparations, the selection of a male star to play the part of Melody Jones and snuggle up to Miss Young in the last ten feet of film, was quickly resolved through an unexpected and happy inspiration. The script called for a very tall, handsome, outdoor type, with a quiet, forceful personality and an ability to ride and make love convincingly, and elaborate plans for a nation-wide search for such an actor had hardly been drawn up when somebody in the company (Mr. Cooper) pointed out that the producer himself came pretty near fitting that description—a neat and hugely satisfactory solution to what at first seemed to be a long, tedious and expensive operation. It is ideas like this that mark the alert, on-his-toes type of producer.

BUT it was when production actually reached the stages, with gun and camera shooting simultaneously, that Mr. Cooper really showed his mettle, and under the most trying of circumstances. Ordinarily the producer’s chief problem, once his project is in work, is to conceal his dismay, ignorance, chagrin, horror, and uncertainty—momentary, indecision, despair, and general all-around helplessness in the face of the darkest succession of situations that could possibly arise in the life of an honest, respectable, Godfearing, business-like producer. Many producers manage this with a cigar, that most insouciant of hand-props, but Mr. Cooper, a cigarette smoker, hadn’t even this pathetic device to wave around confidently, and even the most loyal of his associates shook their heads sadly when they reflected on his defenselessness—until that first acid test.

That day the designer brought Mr. Cooper his sketches for Miss Young’s wardrobe, a series of garments suited to a simple ranch maid. A man of few words—of none, if he can get away with it—Mr. Cooper was about to initial the drawings when he remembered the obligations of his new role.

“How much?” he asked.

“They’ll average $175 apiece,” the designer replied.

After some thought: “Supposed to be cheap store dresses, aren’t they?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Kind that cost about $7.50?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then why don’t we just go (Continued on page 96)
Proof that Tom's not a bachelor any more:
New wife Chris does some collar-inspecting

Solitaire portrait of the star of "Hold High The Torch," nicknamed Bud

DOUBLE

Tom asks the questions and Tom answers!

Thus—this double-exposure of Mr. Drake

EY! How did I get into this? Anybody who takes
on the job of interviewing himself is strictly in
line for the award on double talk. It's easy to
duck when someone who doesn't know you as well as
you know yourself starts asking questions. But this
business of talking to yourself can be awkward—as
well as screwy. Besides, where do you begin?

These white shoes might do for a springboard. They
seem to be the most outstanding thing about me. . . .

For the record—they're my favorite shoes. Rain or
shine, winter or summer, I wear them. A hangover
from prep school where all the boys had them.

Funny thing about these shoes. When I first arrived
on the M-G-M lot a writer warned me about them.
"For Heaven's sake, get those shoes off and keep them
off," he said. "Everybody will think you're out of a
job and down on your luck—and that won't get you
anywhere. Not here, it won't."
TALK

BY

Tom Drake

There was nothing wrong with his advice but I didn't take it. And the next thing I knew everybody was saying, "Tom Drake must be terribly wealthy. Otherwise he wouldn't dare wear shoes like that."

Brother! I'm really interviewing myself!

That shoe anecdote explains the rumor that I'm worth five million dollars. If anybody ever had left me all those pieces of eight it's a cinch I wouldn't have them now. Money burns holes in my pocket. Always did. The only thing that saves me, now that I'm making dough regularly, is War Bonds. A big chunk goes into them every week. That way I never see it.

Speaking of money, some people have a gift for it, I think. They know its worth, how to hold on to it, how to make it go far... Well, that gift skipped me completely. Put a few dollars in my pocket and I start going places. That's how I first landed in Hollywood, actually. I was twenty-one, (Continued on page 90)
I LIKE to hear Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes or Andy Russell sing a song as much as the next guy, but they sing so slowly that I want to give them a shove and hurry them to the next word of the lyric... Of all the actresses in the film colony, I believe that Betty Hutton is the best gin player. Anyway, she's tough for me, and Binnie Barnes is my special pigeon... I never see Peter Lawford, even when he is with a girl, that he isn't on his way to a telephone to call another girl... Burgess Meredith, I know, still fancies himself as a sort of Peter Pan, for since he has become a producer he has had special photographs of himself taken in rompers and captioned, "Boy Producer"... Hollywood may be the cinema capital of the world, but it lacks a movie theater of the class and distinction of the Music Hall in New York. It has Grauman's Chinese, famous but outmoded, and slightly outworn. They should build a new theater around those footprints. It was Tom Jenks who remarked that a certain picture at the Chinese was so bad, the footprints walked out of the forecourt.

I don't know why it is but I don't know of any actress who looks better in a sweater than Lana Turner. They seem to go together. And that goes for Jane Russell, who certainly puts up a good front... I am always amused by Peter Lorre's answer to the question, "What are you doing at the studio?" for Peter replies, "I'm making faces." This is his personal opinion of his screen acting... I don't believe that Danny Kaye is the great clown Danny Kaye believes he is. I judge comedians by Charlie Chaplin's sage valuation of them: "If what you're doing is funny, don't be funny doing it."

I finally understand why Fred MacMurray is such an oddity in Hollywood. He is the most normal of all the actors. This is indeed odd in a town where no one is normal... It's a great act that Turhan Bey has, off the screen I mean, for he never greets a damsel without kissing her hand... I am completely fascinated by Van Johnson who is sincerely bewildered by his sudden success. I have watched Van, mobbed by autograph hunters outside of Metro, suddenly turn and leave them to trail Clark Gable into the studio. For Clark is Van's idea of an actor. When he sees Gable, he reverts to type and becomes a movie fan...

I don't want to give the impression that it is only the actors and actresses who have the idiosyncrasies, for the picture makers have them also. You have yet to see a Warner picture in which an actor or actress yawns. Jack Warner won't allow any performer to yawn in a picture, for Warner claims that if a performer on the screen yawns, the audience will yawn. Perhaps he has something there... And there is never any beer on the menu at the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, for when Winfield Sheehan was running the studio he wouldn't allow anyone to drink beer for lunch. Sheehan claimed that no one can or wants to work after drinking beer. And that is one thing Darryl Zanuck didn't change when he took over the...
Take that special town, put Skolsky on the beat and you get a spicy foretaste of what's cooking on the front burners

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

It's Burgess Meredith, the self-styled "Boy Producer" studio . . . Hal Wallis has his own theory about making movies and has said to people: "Give me six weeks too much on any scenario and I promise to ruin it" . . . David Selznick, who makes the longest pictures of any producer, has his own theory about this. He says: "A picture can be as long as it is good."

I think that Claire Trevor is one of the sexiest gals on the screen, although she hasn't got the rep for it. But as far as I am concerned she's got the voice and the frame for it . . . I don't know of any picture in cinema history that has had the Oscar set-up that "The Bells Of St. Mary's" has. The leading lady, Ingrid Bergman, and the leading man, Bing Crosby, won the Awards for the best performances by an actress and an actor. The picture is directed by Leo McCarey, who got the Award for "Going My Way." It could be sold as the Oscar picture . . . No actress arriving in town created the furor that Kathleen Winsor did. Everyone wanted to take a gander at the girl who wrote "Forever Amber." And they had to ask her if she had modeled her heroine after herself.

I have often wondered if, around the house, Harry James has said to Betty Grable, "Oh, stop acting like a pin-up picture of yourself" . . . I don't go for the plain actresses, but instead, am fascinated by the exotic Gene Tierney who has distinctive qualities. She sends me . . . I prefer Hollywood to New York, but I must admit in all honesty, that often in talking and writing about Hollywood, I compare it to New York. That part of Wilshire Boulevard known as the "Miracle Mile" reminds me of Fifth Avenue, and Hollywood Boulevard can now be compared to Broadway, for it is crowded, cheap and Coney Islandish . . . I have yet to get excited about an ice skater, and that is why Sonja Henie has failed to thrill me, even in Technicolor yet . . . While, to be perfectly frank about it, Katharine Hepburn can merely appear on the screen and I am alerted . . . I like Dorothy (Continued on page 93)
Invitation to romance: Cornel Wilde of Columbia's "A Thousand And One Nights"
ORNATE is the word for Cornel Wilde. Not that he intends to be like that, you understand. The man can't help it. It is simply that he has innate qualities of dash, excitement and color which make you think instantly of the tales of the Arabian Nights, King Arthur's Round Table and kindred romantic subjects. He has all the temperament to go with this lavish exterior, too. His life has been adventurous, even hazardous, against exactly the sort of backgrounds you would expect of such a man. He has won fame, fortune and fair lady partly because of his skill with the rapier—though we hasten to add no blood has been spilled to date.

And what happens when you meet this fascinating character, now that he is settled in Hollywood? He exchanges recipes with you. That's what happens. And he tells you about his family and his dog and the garden he nearly had. He shows you Victorian antiques and he reminisces about the period during which he sold toys in Macy's basement. He admits to having painted "a few things" and it turns out that they are good. He writes, too. . .

Today he finds himself in the most soul-satisfying situation he could possibly have imagined back in those earlier, turbulent days when he was impulsively wooing and winning the beautiful girl who is now his wife. She was Patricia Knight, you remember, the first glibper her in an elevator. She was doing pretty well with her own career when Cornel set out in pursuit of her. He sees no reason now, he says, why she should not resume that career.

It has been a wonderful adventure for Wilde and his honey-haired, brown-eyed Pat, settling (with two-year-old Wendy) into their Hollywood home after the years on the road, years of defeat and worry, illness and frustration. Even Hollywood wasn't kind to them at first. They simply couldn't believe that Cornel would really get the part of Chopin in "A Song To Remember." But he did. And that led to the roles in "A Thousand And One Nights," "Leave Her To Heaven," "Captain From Castile" and now "The Bandit Of Sherwood Forest." Not bad!

They live in the most astonishing house. At first glimpse it looks like a miniature Moorish castle . . . all turrets and round things sticking out like minarets and leaded windows. But when you enter this Oriental, stucco concoction, instead of sunken black marble pools and gilded walls, you find a gentle atmosphere of early American domesticity. Fine English and early American furniture, many of the pieces collectors' items. Bright chintzes, displaying morning glories and geraniums, polished brass and copper bowls . . . all as gay and simple and cozy as a Christmas card. The contrast is startling. But it fits Cornel, who is a man of contrasts.

There you meet Baby Wendy, who is a chubby, gurgling small edition of her beautiful mother except (her father says) for one thing. She is a "little girl ham." She adores to have her picture taken and she brings all the eyelashes and dimples into play at the mere sight of a camera. Not so the dog, a French poodle named Punch. He is as photogenic as the rest of the family but is given to wide yawns when anyone tries to photograph him. He is a spoiled pooch if ever there (Continued on page 103)

Gentle Swashbuckler

As modern as Macy's basement where he clerked—as old fashioned as the rapier he mastered in Budapest—this Cornel Wilde

By Helen Louise Walker

This is where his heart is—Cornel at home with pretty wife Pat and their small daughter, Wendy
Rare moment of relaxation for a dynamic woman—Bette Davis, now a producer as well as a star for Warner Brothers

Talk between troupers—Dane Clark exchanges scuttlebutt with Bette Davis, star of Warner's "A Stolen Life"
A woman's life is rich and full as lived by the shy but sure Bette Davis

By Elliot Paul

AFTER lunching with Bette Davis, I had the impression that she learned as much or more about me than I did about her. She has that way of sensing what another person is interested in and drawing him out.

Her own range of topics of conversation is wide, indeed. We talked about the difficulties of filming the life stories of great men in any line; about life's being too short, and the marvelous new Russian experiments on a serum that will enable folks to live longer, up to two or three hundred years. When she found out that the new Russian medicine would arrest the aging process at whatever age the patient had reached, she said:

"For a woman, the ideal age would be about thirty-five. Thirty-five to forty. By that time she knows enough so that her face is interesting, not like a magazine cover."

"And for a man? How old is a man at his best?" she was asked.

"Between forty-eight and fifty-five years," she replied, without hesitation.

"Think what a wonderful inspiration it will be to an actress to know that after she has studied and worked fifty years to learn her trade, instead of being discarded, her looks and energy will be preserved and can be used to the best advantage another century or more," she went on.

She was wearing a picture hat and dress to match of a warm dove gray, tinged with blue. It was one of her costumes from "A Stolen Life" and looked as becoming off-scene as it will on the screen. In tune with her personality, it was warm and feminine without being droopy. To me, it looked poetic.

I can attest to the fact that her appetite is sound.

"Corned beef hash with an egg," she said to the waitress in the Warner Brothers' Green Room.

When I indicated the words "clam chowder" on the menu she smiled, her eyes sparkled. She understood exactly what I meant, since on the Pacific coast a substance which is sold for "clam chowder" is made from a tough kind of cockles, usually sprinkled with sand, in a medium of canned tomatoes and a sort of paperhanger's paste.

MISS DAVIS has not only won the position of "first lady" of the screen as an actress, but at last has been granted another and, to her, a more satisfying ambition. She has been made a producer, and is producing a picture today in which she is starring. The name of the story is "A Stolen Life." The setting is Provincetown, Massachusetts, rendezvous of painters, writers and intellectuals on Cape Cod which she knows so well.

Time was when a producer became one because he was not adapted to writing, directing (Continued on page 107)
OREWORD: The editors of Photoplay asked me to novelize Ernie Pyle’s “The Story of G.I. Joe,” on which film I served as technical director following my return from the Philippines where I was a war correspondent attached to Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

But the only way this great film could be novelized would be to requote to you the brilliantly written columns my dear friend wrote from day to day throughout the North African and Italian campaigns.

So I am simply telling the story of his picture, leaving in as much as possible of the actual wordage written by Ernie Pyle. Where I haven’t his own words to place before you, I have written my own as nearly as I possibly could in the manner in which I know, from many years of close association with him, the late great Ernie Pyle would have written them.

This is the story of “The Story of G.I. Joe.”

George Lait

THERE is one, six feet four long, lying in the tent. Another is just an average-sized guy. Then in comes a shorty, a stranger. His teeth are clacking with the cold.

Oh yes, it can get dirty cold at night in North Africa, and this is one of those nights, with the huge silver globe of a full moon hanging like an icy sun in the star-spangled sky.

A moon like that makes it almost bright as day and in this eerie light, almost as far as the eye can see, stretches a line of trucks, tanks, jeeps, armored cars and all the other wheeled and tracked paraphernalia of desert war.

The column is stationary. Along both sides of this stream of vehicles, pup tents have been erected. Against the sides of these mechanized monsters crude canvas shelters hang. And
makeshift beds of blankets and sand occupy the space under nearly every truck or gun carriage.

Everywhere are the G.I.s, some wide awake, some half asleep, others snoring sonorously and contentedly, perhaps dreaming of better times, better beds, food and dames.

In the poorly-pitched, faded khaki pup tent Murphy is stretched out, all that six feet and four inches of him, tousled head sticking out of one end of the meagre canvas shelter, size twelve feet poking out of the other.

Beside him is young Mew, off an Ohio farm, naive and wondering what the hell it’s all about.

Murph can't sleep and he's griping—"I'd been washed out of the Air Force because they just don't make planes big enough to fit a mug his size."

"I'll cut my Betty Grables off," he mutters with determination. "Without legs they won't want me in the Infantry and I'll be short enough to make the Air Corps."

Mew shrugs, but he's worried, puzzled and, way down inside, somewhat scared.

"Murph," he says timidly, "hear we're getting into the real thing tomorrow."

In the next tiny tent, Sgt. Warnicki, husky ex-coal miner sits cleaning a tommy gun with the care and gentle consideration a mother would give her first-born. Lopez, a Mexican from Arizona, hums a South of the Rio Grande love song.

"Whatya theenk I oughta bring Maria an' th' leettle hombre when I go back, Sarge?" asks Lopez, breaking off in the middle of a romantic strain.

"When you get back?" says Warnicki. "You mean if you get back."

There are three in the next tent—Dondaro, Gawky and the most (Continued on page 64)
Oh, what a beautiful morning! And Dana starts it with a shower. He's a summer bachelor here, living alone in a little house at Malibu Lake. Two whole months of it—during the shooting of Lewis Milestone's "A Walk In The Sun" in which he stars. Don't confuse Malibu Lake with Malibu Beach—the Lake is cupped in the California inland mountains. The rest of the company lives at Malibu Lake Club.

Monarch of all he surveys—well, for two months, anyway. Note the screened-in porch of his domain. There's a living room, bedroom and kitchen. He may have had a swim in the lake—brave man—if it wasn't too all-fired cold. You'll see no scars from the accident he had in which he smashed up his car, but not himself. If he wants to go to town, he has to depend on his thumb.

Breakfast for the Lone Ranger! And the gentleman knows just how it's done. So on goes the coffee—a good beginning for a man-sized breakfast. He does most of his own cooking (not bad, girls!)—punctuating the week's menu with an occasional dinner with the rest of the gang at the Club.
End of a day—and where’s your pipe, Mr. Andrews? Our bachelor finds the fireplace, with a friendly fire in it, just the place to relax. Good time, too, for those random man-thoughts. Like to drop in on him, girls? There might be soft music for background—provided by the whispering of a mountain breeze. But don’t get us wrong—Dana’s really a happily married man with three sturdy heirs!

Embryo author at work? Dana’s always had a hankering to write. No hunt and peck typing for him either. He’s mastered the touch system—without benefit of going to school to learn it. Time was when he wrote scads of short stories, but he didn’t like any of his literary efforts—in fact, not one of them ever found its way to the market.

Natural-born naturalist: Dana faithfully feeds bread to the birds every day. Bachelor Andrews does just about what he wants to—that is, when he isn’t dog-tired from the strenuous battle scenes they have been shooting for the picture. Or when evenings aren’t consumed with rush story conferences.
Scrapbook on Diana

Add up this gay data and you'll have a happy total on an intriguing miss—our cover girl—Diana Lynn

Personal History: Eighteen years ago she was born in Los Angeles, California, as Dolly Loehr. At six, she was a famous concert pianist; at thirteen, her brilliant piano playing led her right into a Paramount acting contract.

What she sings in the shower: The complete score of "Oklahoma" and every song Deanna Durbin ever sang. "In the shower, I become Deanna in my own ears!" says Diana with a grin.

What she wears: To the salt mines with suits—she likes feminine silk frocks with tight waists and full skirts; in black (for dates), and otherwise in blue, white and red. With dainty hats to match everything.

What she doesn't wear: The color purple; any shade of nail polish; gloves and costume jewelry. (She owns all but the purple, but they're always covered with dust!)


Parties she likes to give: None at all! The girl who has given concerts to thousands is afraid to ask six people to her home—for fear they won't have a good time!

Best girl friends: They are three: Actresses Gail Russell and Mona Freeman, and school-day friend Lois Hunt.

The comics she reads before facing the day: "Blondie," "Prince Valiant," "Jiggs" and "Terry and the Pirates."

What kind of a wife she'll be: "Awful!" says she with a laugh, "unless the man I marry likes things a little whimsical!" By this she means that she cannot cook, she
The sailboat can't go to sea till peace, but Gail Russell teaches Diana nautical tricks between work in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

never puts things away, she's absent-minded—and she's going to stay that way! She's not a bit interested in the mechanics of running a house.

What kind of a husband she'd like: He has to be intelligent, humorous, a few years older than she, and completely competent in whatever he does—though she doesn't care what his work may be. He'll also have to be sympathetic to her acting career, because that is part of her for the rest of her life.

What she'll be doing in twenty years: She'll be acting on stage or screen, with her better half and three little images sitting in the front row!

Her only fault that drives her mother wild: Her habit of losing keys, scarves, and movie scripts—she mislays five scripts per picture.

Her only fault that drives her father wild: Her ability to leave her room looking as if a typhoon had struck it. Once a week her father goes quietly into her room and tosses all the offending articles into a pyramid in the center of the rug; then Diana comes home, finds this silent reproof, and silently sets about putting everything neatly away. Not a word is said on either side!

The men in her diary: They cover page after page—but the standouts are Robert Walker (whom she met when a writer brought him to her home after Bob had said he thought she was the most attractive girl in town), Paramount writer Stanley Roberts, Columbia contract player Loren Tindall, novelist Richard Sale.

Who lives under the same roof with her: Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Loehr—each accomplished in their own right, Mrs. Loehr as a prominent piano teacher, Mr. Loehr as the executive of an oil (Continued on page 94)
THE GIRL
With two lives

Faye Emerson, who bridged the gap from Chicago back yards to Hollywood front lines

BY DOROTHY DEERE

The way to tell a story is to begin at the beginning. But what do you do if there are two beginnings? That's what makes this particular story a little difficult, because Faye Emerson is two people who "began" some fifteen years apart.

For current purposes there is the Faye Emerson who arrived in the public consciousness with all the dash, velocity and along the general route traveled by a Roman candle. A blonde actress with big eyes who, practically unknown a year ago, suddenly hit the screen, hit stardom and hit world headlines as the bride of a Roosevelt, all in record-breaking time.

Before that, however, there was Margaret Faye Emerson, or "Peggy" for weekdays, who used to play with the kids in our apartment house yard in Chicago, a long time ago. A skinny, big-eyed tomboy, with a kind of gallant disdain of little girls who wore curls and whose stockings never twisted, and a desperate desire to be accepted into the back-yard fraternity of her brothers and their freckle-faced chums.

Somewhere in between these two, Peggy and Faye, there should be a moral or perhaps a great Americanism, about how you never know but what the little girl next door may grow up to be a movie star, or marry a president's son or even both. So far as Peggy is concerned, we are more encouraged by the fact that she grew up at all, because the last clear picture we have of her was walking the narrow banister of a third-story porch and seemed destined to hit nothing but the concrete a breathless distance below.

Of deeper significance to this saga of Hollywood success is that except for a nice filling-out in all the most attractive places, the Faye of today, who won her spurs in "Hotel Berlin" and "The Very Thought Of You," is very little changed from the tomboy Peggy of fifteen years back. The subtleties which turn a kid you never picked as especially "pretty" into a beautiful woman, have all occurred, of course. The nose once snub is now provocative instead, the freckles are gone and the dimples now inescapable because they have more space in which to dimp. The eyes are deeper and the mouth fuller, but essentially it's the same face. There isn't another just like it on the screen—and it was certainly the only one of its kind in that back yard.

A recent conversation we had went back to those back-yard days. Those hectic games of Run Sheep Run on summer evenings. And whatever happened to Georgie, whose wonderful (Continued on page 97)
O thousands of American movie-goers Arturo de Cordova means Mystery Man. All you know of him is that he's been Mexico's biggest romantic star for ten years and that he's gone out with some of Hollywood's most glittering women. The rest has been up to your imagination so far—and you've imagined everything that Mystery Man implies: Melt- ing brown eyes, strumming guitars, boldly colored clothes, women draped on tiger skin rugs. You've imagined him as being a domestic version of the dashing pirate in "Frenchman's Creek," as the ingratiating Mexican in "A Medal For Benny." And you won't be much closer to the real man when you see him as the colorful rodeo gambler in "Incendiary Blonde," his best picture so far.

What is he really like, this thoroughly provocative Mexican mystery?

All right, then. You were quite right about his melting brown eyes, his rumpled, wavy brown hair, and that certain something that makes women turn to water inside. He definitely has sex appeal. But the charming part is that he hardly seems to know it himself—it goes with him effortlessly. There's no striking of poses, no exotic kissing of ladies' hands, no profile held up casually for you to admire. Arturo de Cordova is an astoundingly natural guy—which explains why men like him just as well as those hordes of women.

For further details, he is five feet eleven, he weighs 155 pounds, and he's thirty-seven years old. He's also, by chance, extremely lonely. He lives by himself in San Fernando Valley in a two-room white bungalow. He eats all his meals out because his by-the-day housekeeper is not too clever over a stove.

And five nights out of six, his evenings never vary: He walks out his front door, crosses the street, and enters the front door of Charlie Foy's night club. Here his good friend Mr. Foy greets him—they met only because of Arturo's loneliness and proximity—and the two sit down to dinner. After dinner, they usually repair to the back room for a gin rummy game with comedian Joe Frisco; and very late at night, when it's too late for Arturo to be anything but sleepy, he walks back across the street and into his house and so to bed. You can plainly see that glamour is left out of his life right now.

His taste in food is as American as if he had been brought up in Iowa. He favors Southern fried chicken; or ham and eggs; or (Continued on page 86)
What Should I Do?

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Last year I was stationed near an exclusive girls' college, so I was invited—with a lot of other G.I.s—to their junior prom. My partner turned out to be a charming individual. This was only the second time I had seen her and my first date with her, but several days later I received a very passionate letter, asking me not to leave until I had seen her.

This wasn't possible, as I shipped out and spent the next eleven months jumping from airfield to airfield. All this time the letters changed from "Dear Al" to "Dearest Al" to "Darling Al" and then to "Dearest darling!" Perhaps I should have ripped this in the bud, but I'll admit that I was flattered to receive such missives.

This girl's grandmother lived in my home town, and I had promised to drop in to visit when I was home on furlough. When I arrived at Granny's (I hope this doesn't sound like Little Red Riding Hood) I wasn't in the house two minutes before I met a storm of questions about my nationality, my religion, what I was going to do after the war and whether I could support a wife.

Well, I was really shocked. I stopped writing right then, but fast. However, her letters kept pouring in and several telephone calls, too. Finally I went to see her and—in a frenzy to get rid of her—told her I was engaged to another girl. Wow—what a scene. Hysterics and tears. A few days later, her roommate wrote saying that June had not eaten or slept since I broke the news.

Now I do want to be rid of this emotional girl, but I'd like to let her down easy. I don't want to cause her illness. Do you have any suggestions for a poor G.I. who really let himself in for something by doing absolutely nothing?

Corporal Al V.

Dear Corp. V:

Hmm—nothing, the man says, absolutely nothing! A man who can write as interesting and entertaining a letter as you did to me gives me the impression that his conversation with a carton of sugar from a girl's college might be smoother than a general's desk. Are you quite sure that you didn't tell Miss Impressionable that you found her dancing divine, her perfume irresistible, her eyes terrific and the ensemble something worth being pinned up over a lonely soldier's bunk?

Frona T.

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.

Very well, very well—I believe you. First of all, you shouldn't have told your hysterical little friend that you were engaged, when actually you were not. This should give you Lesson One in How To Win Friends And Discourage Hysterics: Never tell one girl that she has been dispossessed by another until you are ready to marry. That's a Sunday punch.

Simply tell the girl that you like her (if you do) but that you think she should have more pride than to behave like that! Tell her that in your opinion she is making a spectacle of herself . . . then get out of range.

It is very easy to discourage a girl, even a romantic, temperamental, hysterical type. Be kind, be courteous, be very, very cold, analytical and intellectual. And never believe too quickly the confidences of a girl's roommate—they may have been inspired by the girl herself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and I cry myself to sleep every night after night because people make fun of me: I have buck teeth. I never go out with boys because they never ask me, and when I go to girl parties I worry myself sick thinking that someone will make fun of me. Even my sister, who is considered pretty, ridicules me.

Can you help me, Miss Colbert, to overcome my fear of being made fun of?

Frona T.

Dear Miss Colbert:

The easiest solution is to have your teeth straightened. Seventeen is not too advanced an age at which to have this corrective work done; in fact, I have a good friend who had her teeth straightened when she was in her late twenties. The wearing of bands was uncomfortable and unattractive, but the result was worth it. If orthodontia is impossible in your case (but I can't think of a reason) you second means of overcoming the handicap is the use of psychology. There is in Hollywood at present a brilliantly successful girl named Cass Daley—of whom you undoubtedly know. Miss Daley has refused to have her teeth straightened because she is convinced that much of her success is due to the fact that she has capitalized on what you describe as a handicap. She is a comedienne, and she finds that her appearance enhances her gift for making people laugh.

Whether you have your teeth straightened or not, you should come to the realization that appearance has never yet stopped a girl from doing what she wanted to do if she had charm, ambition, an eagerness to study and the ability to see her weaknesses and laugh about them before anyone else had the chance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now only a little past nineteen, so I actually have my life before me, but sometimes I feel as if it is all past. You see, I met Bill when I was only fifteen. Although he was five years older than me, we fell honestly in love.

When I was a little over sixteen Bill had won his wings and we were married. Both our parents approved because I've always been steady and old for my years, and Bill was the salt of the earth. For a year we traveled from airfield to airfield while Bill took his training.

That year together was wonderful. We danced and bowed and had fun in general, or we stayed at home and read and talked. And then, a week before he was to go overseas, he crashed in his P-38, and . . . well, I guess I can't tell you about it, except to say that he never had a chance.

That has been nearly a year ago, but I can't snap out of it. There is no use trying to describe a loss like that, because the words haven't been made.
I've tried to be a good soldier about it, but I've lost the very reason for living. I don't mean to be a self-pitying, silly droop, and I've tried to find other interests. I work, I've made new friends, I've even had dates for the past three months. But I compare everyone with Bill and no one will ever measure up.

I know that no one can help me but myself, but how do I go about that?

Mrs. Bill B.

Dear Mrs. B:

Your problem is that of thousands of sweethearts, wives and mothers all over the world. It is a problem so great that I feel totally inadequate and humble before the need to mention it in this column.

A new life must be started and the way to make a new beginning is to face the fact that a change has come and to find, gradually, happiness in simple things.

Grief is a disease; it has its onset in violence, followed by a long period of struggle toward recovery. Sometimes it leaves a permanent scar.

But the important fact is that the struggle toward recovery must take place. First by a deliberate turning toward pleasure in native things; then by vast application of time. You can't hurry such a recovery; it must develop naturally. The natural powers of return to normal enjoyment are greater in some personalities than in others. Perhaps, in your case, it will require two, three or even five years to learn to face the future with eagerness for new experience.

Men, I sometimes think, handle this emotional disorder better than women do. Men are able to seal off chambers of the heart, with all fidelity to memory but without damage to themselves, and to marry again successfully. They avoid comparisons; they refuse to live in the past. They feel that while life is within them, it is to be lived. And that is what you must tell yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen and happily married. My husband is overseas, so I'm living with my parents and working in a drugstore.

Now enters the problem. There is a boy named Jerry, aged sixteen, who worked in the same drugstore for a time. His mother passed away some time ago, and as he happens to be the exact age of my younger brother, I took pity on him and advised him on his girl problems, on clothing and on personality problems. He had a car, so every night he would drive me home—which was nice. I would sit in one corner, he in the other, and at the door it would be a quick "Thank you and good night."

Yet, after he quit the drugstore for a better job, he continued to pick me up each night when I had finished work, and gradually he let me know that he was in love with me! He knows that I adore my husband and that I consider him a mere friend, but that doesn't stop the moonstruck look from coming into his eyes.

I have refused time and again to be taken home by him, but he only seems hurt and arrives on time the next night. I know how it can be, to love someone who doesn't love you, so I don't want to be too harsh with Junior, but this is getting embarrassing. Please tell me is there anything I can do?

Mrs. Willa R.

Dear Mrs. R:

The theme of puppy love is the oldest and the current story of the moment. If you want to enjoy the present situation instead of having gooseflesh over it, you might re-read Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." It will afford you a good deal of merriment, even if some of the laughs emerge from the downward corner of your mouth.

As your brother is the same age as your moonstruck swain, why don't you enlist his aid? Persuade him to introduce "Junior" to some cute girl. If "Junior" already knows all the local talent, perhaps your brother can cook up a foursome that will interest the lovelorn.

If this doesn't work you may have to be drastic with him. Call him "child" at every opportunity, and refer to him as if he were in swaddling clothes. Tell him how mature and dependable your husband is, how witty, how intelligent—in short how totally superior to all other males on earth. There is one thing no man, however young or aged, can long endure: The sincere and enthusiastic praise of another man. Don't worry about hurting your gallant's feelings; at his age love wounds heal overnight.

Claudette Colbert
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Height</th>
<th>Eyes</th>
<th>Hair</th>
<th>Favorite Dates</th>
<th>Popularity with Men</th>
<th>Popularity with Girls</th>
<th>Bad Habits</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rod Cameron</td>
<td>6'4&quot;</td>
<td>Light Brown</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>At the bridge table or in front of the phonograph with a handful of music-loving friends</td>
<td>Most popular—men always like an easy, quiet type who's a real man</td>
<td>In short, sister, you drop dead at sight of him!</td>
<td>That silence! Often fails to impress people, as he just won't make the effort to talk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Hodiak</td>
<td>6'</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>With a good book, a good collection of records, or movies, or his close friends</td>
<td>Exceptionally well liked—he's so manly! Besides which, he has a rare quality in Hollywood—sincerity</td>
<td>No one has found any yet</td>
<td>Can't talk about anything but Van's career</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Johnson</td>
<td>6'2&quot;</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Going to every party and night club—but quietly, and only with the Kee-nan Wynns</td>
<td>Men like him all right. Nothing s e n s a t i o n a l, t h o u g h—they leave that to the women</td>
<td>Mothers sigh for him, daughters cry for him</td>
<td>Can't talk about anything but Van's career</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Lawford</td>
<td>6'</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Light Brown</td>
<td>Night club—hopping, and noisy, gregarious parties</td>
<td>Well liked among the small group of men who are his friends, such as Mickey Rooney, otherwise not</td>
<td>Yes... but he's not a smash hit</td>
<td>Just lately he's become a publicity hound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victor Mature</td>
<td>6'2½&quot;</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>The sound of a night club band attracts him like the Pied Piper. Also the flare of flashlight bulbs</td>
<td>Strange men take an instant hatred to him; once they know him, they like him</td>
<td>Women of all brain sizes and dress sizes are bowled over in rows!</td>
<td>His mad passion for seeing his name in print</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lon McCallister</td>
<td>5'6&quot;</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>At his desk writing short stories or charting boat voyages!</td>
<td>Yes; they all call him &quot;son&quot; and mean it</td>
<td>Yes, especially the hobby-socks. They all want to bake him cookies and knit him sweaters</td>
<td>Getting up late</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin O'Shea</td>
<td>6'1&quot;</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Cooking in his own kitchen, keeping time to classical music from his phonograph. Also, movies</td>
<td>No. They don't feel close to him</td>
<td>Girls like him like a brother. Old ladies coo happily over him</td>
<td>He admits he's too fussy about details</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eddie Ryan</td>
<td>6'1&quot;</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Sandy Brown</td>
<td>Friends gathered at someone's house. He only likes night clubs for 30 minutes, once a week</td>
<td>Yes; it's his simplicity that does it. He's had a tough struggle up to now, and he doesn't put on airs</td>
<td>Yes—because he's considerate and right after that he's witty!</td>
<td>Blushing—due to an unnecessary inferiority complex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Russell</td>
<td>5'10&quot;</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Badminton, movies, making his own movies, bowling—anything but night clubs. He has a phobia about them</td>
<td>Thoroughly well liked although they all feel like young Eddie's dad</td>
<td>They're entranced by his dimples... and by his hilarious mimicry, which doesn't go with dimples at all!</td>
<td>Seems flawless</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Williams</td>
<td>6'</td>
<td>Light Brown</td>
<td>Curly Blond</td>
<td>At an ice-skating rink or in a swimming pool. No night clubs—he worked in too many</td>
<td>Uh-huh</td>
<td>Super</td>
<td>He won't dress up for anybody—even when he should. Ties, for instance, are out!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Physique</td>
<td>Vanity</td>
<td>Clothes Sense</td>
<td>Athletic Prowess</td>
<td>How He Talks</td>
<td>Dancing Ability</td>
<td>Favorite Type of Girl</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Couldn't be improved an inch in any direction!</td>
<td>No; and a shot of vanity might do him some good</td>
<td>Informal, but spotless—with every tie matching every shirt!</td>
<td>Expert horseman, and tough enough to ride for hours because once he was a sand-hog</td>
<td>When he talks, he's the encyclopedia on music, books, Canada or bridge. Good, too!</td>
<td>There are no flies on him on the dance floor</td>
<td>He looks for brains first, for music-loving second and, third, for a tall and lovely creature to go with same</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superb muscles ripple in every direction!</td>
<td>Ambitious, but not vain in the least</td>
<td>Casual sports clothes in quiet good taste</td>
<td>Excels at bowling, swimming, golf, tennis, badminton; likes lonely walks best of all</td>
<td>Direct, serious talker on every subject but particularly music and books</td>
<td>Nothing to rave about—he's never paid much attention to dancing</td>
<td>She's five feet three, with a lovely figure she loves music, books, her home and dozens of children</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine and dandy</td>
<td>Indeed yes. But it should simmer down with time</td>
<td>Tweedy, loose-fitting and good</td>
<td>Swimming, alone</td>
<td>Not too good. Liable to sit silly and let others struggle to make things go</td>
<td>He cuts a wicked rug—and rumbas out of this world!</td>
<td>He's not sure, because he hasn't met her yet. But she'll be chic looking and interested in the world of acting</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It'll do</td>
<td>Well, yes, he's face it</td>
<td>Excellent in “high-styled” suits—one of best-dressed men about town</td>
<td>Injured right arm limits him to walking</td>
<td>Speechless unless Europe is mentioned—then becomes vivacious, charming narrator of his own adventures and observations there</td>
<td>When you say, “Superlative dancer,” you mean P. Lawford</td>
<td>He takes them all out, likes them all—and doesn't yet know what will make him fall in love</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnificent—he looks best in the shower!</td>
<td>No one acts more vain—but we suspect it's just an act!</td>
<td>In civilian life, the broadest pin-stripes and most flapping lapels in Hollywood</td>
<td>Is tops at every sport he tries—but usually is too busy to try!</td>
<td>Here is one of best conversationalists in Hollywood—varied, well-informed, bright, alert</td>
<td>Very, very good</td>
<td>Small, dainty, sophisticated, beautifully dressed and intelligent and humorous! Happy landing!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good in the stripping manner</td>
<td>Not an ounce of vanity in his whole system</td>
<td>Doesn't really care. Neat, but no clothes-horse in civilian life</td>
<td>Sailing boats and walking with his Great Dane</td>
<td>Great at serious talk, lost in light patter</td>
<td>Adequate, but with traces of dancing-school training</td>
<td>Since he doesn't plan on marrying until 1952, he hasn't given her much thought. But his pet for now is Jeanne Crain</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wonderful. He even has good legs—a male rarity!</td>
<td>He's not vain</td>
<td>Meticulous dresser in casual clothes</td>
<td>Quite good at the swimming pool, bowling alley and tennis court.</td>
<td>Because of so much reading, he talks well on any subject</td>
<td>He gets the gold star</td>
<td>Who knows? Hasn't seen her yet in Hollywood—but keeps writing a Mystery Girl in Chicago</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very good</td>
<td>Not so you'd notice it</td>
<td>Bow ties and nice sports clothes, expensive and well chosen</td>
<td>No longer athletic. Twice broken nose soured him on hockey and football</td>
<td>Good talker on any subject—mainly because he likes people and enjoys meeting new ones</td>
<td>He only rises to his feet for a run in a-b-a—at which he's tops</td>
<td>Someone who's understanding, attractive, and who'll give him confidence in himself. Where is she? He hasn't met her yet!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Okay</td>
<td>No—mirrors hold no fascination for him</td>
<td>Dresses like a 20-year-old bank president—except for one loud touch, like a tie or socks</td>
<td>He could play miniature golf or badminton all day long. Sometimes!</td>
<td>Entertaining, full of unusual and funny opinions on every topic</td>
<td>He's light on your feet! Not so hot, in short</td>
<td>She's kindly, homely, friendly, easy-going and non-professional, and he's dying to be introduced!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What's a new word for splendid?</td>
<td>No; on the contrary he's in genial and boyish</td>
<td>Even his best girl says, &quot;He's a sweater boy!&quot; That says it, too!</td>
<td>One of the fanciest skaters in Hollywood—but wears dungarees above the ice-skates! Also</td>
<td>If you like to talk you'd think him a superb conversationalist, because he likes to listen!</td>
<td>He's good at 'em all, in top-shoes, brogues, or evening pumps</td>
<td>A girl who's not spoiled; who's a bruiser and non-professional—and who's ambitious for a career. Calling all Hollywood!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Talk is a trouble-maker, a heart-breaker and a bank-account-deflator, teaching the stars that “Silence is Golden”

When the stars

ALK’S cheap, they say. But is it? Certainly Hollywood does not think so. The stars have learned through headaches and heartaches and financial distress that talk can cost dearly.

Humphrey Bogart, for instance, when he was newly enthralled of Lauren Bacall, couldn’t resist talking about her. Understandably enough. But injudiciously, nevertheless. The reporter to whom he talked printed what he said. Mayo Methot, who was Mrs. Bogart at the time, read it; and the final settlement in her divorce agreement with Bogie was considerably larger than it might well have been had he suffered from laryngitis instead of talkevitis.

Actually, there’s no time when it’s harder to hold your tongue than when you’re in love. However, the Bogie incident to the contrary, girls are more given to romantic confidences than men.

For instance, Hollywood is convinced Kay Williams might be Mrs. Clark Gable right now if she hadn’t talked too freely about her dates with Clark; whereupon Gable, who had been very attracted to her, departed for points east and was seen in New York and Palm Beach with Dolly O’Brien; fabulous for the magnetism she has for gentlemen and, consequently, a serious rival in any affair of the heart.

Also, not so many years ago, Cary Grant showed Phyllis Brooks a great deal of attention. Until Phyllis, making a film in London, announced she and Cary soon would be married. Shortly thereafter their engagement was broken. If there’s one thing that scares off the male—before marriage—it is, apparently, the idea that already he is ball-and-chained.

In any man and girl relationship the less said the better—no doubt about it. . . For Martha O’Driscoll remains married to Commander Richard Adams because he, reacting to her free speech about his less desirable qualities, refuses to allow a divorce, at least until after the war. And so long as he remains in service she cannot proceed in any court without his permission. As Martha knows now, a silent wife makes a free wife sometimes.

The mention of talk as one of the main causes of heart trouble brings us to Ella Raines. Ella, in Hollywood under contract to Howard Hawks and Charles Boyer, was coached by Charles regularly. In an interview
she told how the great Charles handled love scenes. The interview was read—it would be—by the flying colleagues of Ella’s husband, Major Kenneth Trout. They thought it a great joke. But the Major didn’t. Ella did some tall explaining—but fast—for her marriage is very important to her.

Too often it is the mother of a star who ruins everything because she has too much to say. One Hollywood mama wrote finis to her daughter’s career when she told the studio she would not put her daughter on any such diet as they recommended, that it was ridiculous to say her daughter was too heavy, that everyone remarked upon her beauty. Unfortunately, the general public wasn’t so enthralled with the girl’s beauty that the studio had to put up with any such maternal didoes. When option time came around her contract was not renewed.

Occasionally it is the husbands and wives of the stars who talk out of turn—the way Lisl Henreid did when she announced that a certain amount of freedom should be accorded married couples and that she, for one, wouldn’t be either excited or jealous if she should walk into a restaurant and find her husband lunching with an attractive woman.

Paul’s studio was promptly deluged with letters from women’s clubs decrying “talk that will undermine the typical American home.” Other letters indignantly took Lisl to task for planting such broadminded ideas in the minds of American husbands. And one radio commentator devoted several minutes of his popular broadcast denouncing Lisl for foisting European notions upon our innocent citizenry.

Whatever Lisl and Paul really think now, they carefully uphold the sanctity of the home in all public utterances. It’s quieter and safer this way.

Here’s a case where the old adage, “Silence is golden,” applied literally. Ask John Carroll. John learned to think twice and then not talk at all some time ago when he complained bitterly to a newspaper man that Metro was paying him only three hundred dollars a week. When this item appeared in print John was called to the front office, reprimanded for his public complaints and informed that the bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars for which he had been slated would be withheld.
Twenty-five thousand dollars! Count it! John got the money eventually but not until he had spent a long unhappy time believing he had forever lost it.

Some stars believe an unleashed tongue commands attention. Constance Bennett, for one. Probably because Connie’s an exhibitionist and exhibitionists believe talking out of turn to be their special prerogative. Salient among the times Connie has opened her mouth to put her dainty little foot into it is the notorious occasion when she bawled out a reporter as the stupidest scribe in town. The reporter’s revenge was brief— but sweet. She described Connie—in print—as “an aging flapper of 1919.” Ouch!

Greer Garson, guest star on the Bergen-McCarthy radio show, with Ray Noble, Edgar and Charlie—does her talking out of turn in a stimulating manner.

Remember the big stocking peddler who told a Broadway columnist that Greer was knock-kneed and padded her legs for pictures? Did Greer ignore this in a beautiful dignified way? She did not! She promptly wrote the columnist who had printed the item that it was a slander, that she had beautiful legs, “never had had any complaints,” and that she was willing to prove with a public demonstration that she did not pad her stockings. All of which made the front pages of many newspapers—even with the war on.

“Why,” wailed her studio bosses, “do you do it?”

Greer also told a writer recently that she was tired of playing in period pictures, that she’d like to hop into a sweater, that she’d rather be a bust than a bustle any day. Again the studio shuddered. And again she giggled.

Everyone in Hollywood remembers the mess an actor—who shall be nameless because he has taken punishment enough—got into when he sounded off about what horrible frights the girls at his university looked in the morning. This actor’s studio received thousands of letters denouncing him as a disloyal So-and-So. Whereupon his wife, wishing to rescue him, declared he was correct, that she had been one of his college mates and that the girls at the university in question were eyesores in the morning. She didn’t help him, however; she only added fuel to a fire already blazing dangerously so as his career was concerned.

Hollywood’s a funny place, or maybe all places are the same. Anyway, criticize Hollywood long enough and loud enough and you are ostracized—until you prove your loyalty and fraternity all over again. As Sylvia Sidney, among countless others, could tell you.

Several years ago Sylvia Sidney, reigning in the studios, antagonized many who worked with her, including most of her bosses. She had an ungracious way of taking everything for granted and constantly telling the press how she disliked everything associated with pictures.

Before too long Sylvia found herself heading toward New York minus any contract requiring her to return to the studios. Defiantly she declared she was interested only in the theater. But on Broadway, where her theatrical ventures were not as successful, she found far less money and fame than Hollywood had bestowed upon her.

Sylvia isn’t stupid. She has come back to Hollywood, humble and gracious and this, added to the fact that she was always a good actress, is at last giving her chance to prove her right to stardom again.

Even Bob Hope—past master at saying the right thing at the right time and, what is more, being funny about it—found himself in difficulties recently for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time and to the wrong people. To be specific, presiding as Master of Ceremonies at the Academy Awards, Bob told the press photographers in attendance to get out.

The fact that this wasn’t like Bob only made it worse. The photographers, who were aware of Bob as their special friend, were doubly affronted. Everyone tried to remind them that Bob was overtired, that he had been doing more than any other three men, that it wasn’t fair to damn a guy who worked the way Bob has, fourteen and fifteen hours a day seven days a week, for free, to entertain service men in camps, hospitals and overseas, to sell War Bonds, to do anything and everything his country asked him to do. After all, Bob did no more than snap-news. The way big business men, with far too many dollars, snap every day of their lives. But this one lapse threatened to be costly. No movie star—not even a Bob Hope—can afford to be banned by the news photographers. Finally Bob, who is a big enough guy to say “I’m sorry,” threw a party for the lens boys, who are regular guys too. And all was forgiven.

No indeed! Talk isn’t cheap! Ask Hollywood!”

_The End_
A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Lady Edward Montagu
Miss Theodora Roosevelt
Miss George Foy Gould, Jr.
Joyce, Countess Flower
Miss Evelyn Byrd, La Rond

HIS ORDERS RECEIVED
Patricia Hicks Weds
Lt. William Michael Miller

Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S . . .

She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with more luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This double creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."

You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's like this—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of both hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.

COMING AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.

She is very young and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

PATRICIA HICKS—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!
Ernie Pyle's "Story of G. I. Joe"

(Continued from page 49) disreputable looking puppy in North Africa, where frowsy, lousy puppies abound.

Dondaro is telling Gawky off.

"And you had to sneek something out of that village. Don't let you at least snatch something in skirts, instead of this mutt. You're a dope, Gawky, a revolving dope, which means a dope from any angle."

"Gawky smiles as the little mongrel licks a sloppy canine kiss across his new soldier-master's stubbled face."

"I'm gonna call him Ayrab, Dondaro," says Gawky. "Got him in an Ayrab village. He's gonna grow up to—"

That's when the meek little shrimp, bald except for a fringe of gray hair that shows around the brim of his knitted G.I. cap, pokes his head in.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he says. "I'm a war correspondent. Ernie Pyle. Can I find some place to sleep here?"

Dondaro points to a nearby jeep.

"There's your bedroom, wailin' for you, pop. Crawl under."

As Pyle slowly undoes his bedroll, Dondaro pipes up:

"Jeez, pop, why wasn't you born a beautiful dame? Or even an ugly one?"

Pyle is too tired to hear. As he slips off into the deep sleep of exhaustion, the last thing he catches is Dondaro, seemingly far away, saying:

"Tonight, my boys, I dream—but in Technicolor!"

At dawn, the roar of hundreds of motors fills the air. There is stir and activity as drivers warm up their motors. The G.I.s dismantle and pack camp, noncoms and officers move briskly about, hurrying up the men. Jeeps rattle and run here and there like sheep dogs herding a flock. The G.I.s pile into trucks. Ayrab sticking close to Gawky's.

This is all new to Pyle. He's bewildered by all the hustle and hubbub around him, yet he knows not. But there's a truck nearby loaded. At the tailgate stands Lieut. Walker.

Demurely the middle-aged reporter approaches. Before he can put a question, Walker notices Pyle's armband.

"Correspondent, huh?" asks Walker brusquely. "Want to get up to the front?"

Ernie hasn't time to reply. Walker hoists him into the big truck and walks away. The truck lurches and rumbles along the rutty desert track. The G.I.s have heard of war correspondents, but this is the first live one they've met. Pyle asks:

"Got a cigarette?" Dondaro asks. Pyle produces a pack.

It's passed around, and by the time it gets back to him there isn't a smoke left.

"What you say your name was?" Dondaro asks.

"Pyle—Ernie Pyle."

"Never heard of you."

A plane, engine roaring, truck brakes screech as the convoy jams to a halt. The men pile helterskelter out and slam face-down in the sand, dispersed as widely as the caps in the seconds they have before the Stuka hooves overhead, its machine guns chattering a tune of death. Then, it's all over. Cursing, the G.I.s scramble back into the truck. Not all of them, though. Sprawled face-down in the sand lies Gawky, his pup cuddled under a limb, outflung arm. Lieut. Walker lies his hand under Gawky's chest. No sign of life. He picks up the whimpering Ayrab, hands the pooch to Warnicki.

"Okay, fellas, get Gawky out."

Then, looking back at Gawky sprawled there in the road: "Medics'll take care of him. Get on."

The truck chugs away. Ernie takes out his notebook and writes:

"The first death, I suppose, is always the worst. There will be many, many more."

After an all-day and all-night drive, the convoy lurches to a halt. Rain pours. The dull, thudding boom of distant guns merges into the artillery thunder. The desert sites in place of thick, sticky mud, churned to a knee-deep paste by the thousands of wheels and tracks.

"Well, Mr. Pyle, this is the end of the line," says Lieut. Walker. "We're going to run into a little trouble from here on. There's a couple of jeeps going back, if you—"

"Mind if I go all the way?" cuts in Ernie.

"Well, it's your funeral."

The G.I.s hear this all. Here's a bird—an old bird—who doesn't have to go up forward. But he's going up with them. Hey, the old guy's got guts!

There's a new respect in their eyes as they watch this undersized, overaged war correspondent. He's clod through the mud with them. There's respect in their tone when they speak to him. They pull him up for a breather.

In one of these brief rest periods, Ernie Pyle again takes out his notebook and scribbles:

"To me all the war in the world was—"
3. One of the reasons for Capitol's success is the fact that the company is located in Hollywood—talent pool of the world. But even more important is the musical intuition of Johnny Mercer, Capitol's president, and Buddy De Sylva, chairman of the board. These two have an uncanny knack for spotting talent and matching it with proper tunes.

4. Another reason is the technical skill of Capitol's recording engineers. You can demonstrate this yourself by playing several different makes of records at the same volume on a phonograph. The Capitol records will sound stronger and clearer.

5. Proof of the pudding: Capitol has turned out 23 smash hits in 3 short years and skyrocketed right up among the old, established leaders in the popular record field.
fate
tired.
borrowed.
but
slow
bomb-
his
let
^.
"they
was
Hadda
just
signal.
Walker
That's
so
so
applicators,
9
Meds'
Meds'
designed
Meds'
absorbs
more
faster!
to
efficient,
SAFETY-
needs.
Meds
for
the
made
no
extra
you
and
APPLICATORS
extra
real
no
WELL!
use
protection.
Meds
easy-to-usel
aro
easy-to-use
face
many
together
or
too.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insulators are easy-to-use
were too far away now..."

Even in Italy, during a war, the sun must shine sometimes, and mail must come from home.

Warnicki got a miniature phonograph record from home.

"It's got Junior's voice on it," he tells them. "I ain't never heard him talk, but I got it here—on a record."

Young Mew's mail brought him his Army insurance papers to fill out. But he has no family, nobody to designate for that $10,000 Uncle Sam will pay if he gets it.

So he puts in the names of the other guys in the outfit, Ernie Pyle among them.

Walker—now a captain—calls his men into formation and they move toward San Vittorio, where the Hun is entrenched and waiting. They're all vets now, and this is just another town to take.

Pyle marches with them—at Walker's side. He is as much one of them as any G.I. And if he's proud of his adopted outfit, well, they are pretty proud of pop.

But San Vittorio is tough. The Krauts fight fanatically. Furious street battles. Walker and his men are the machine-like killers that battle-hardened soldiers become when they've learned their lessons on death's doorsteps. Grimly they go about their job of killing. Dead Jerries lie crumpled, looking silly, which sudden death does to the human frame. To Yanks, too.

In San Vittorio the gunfire dwindles and finally ceases. The little shell-pocked village is quiet (except for an occasional sniper's shot) and Walker and his G.I.s and hundreds of others like them smile again, and smoke, and look at their wounds—and bury their dead.

During the ensuing few weeks the G.I.s transform San Vittorio. They get a chance to wash and eat hot grub and shave. Dondaro, the wolf of Brooklyn, busies himself setting up a local address book. Warnicki cats every house for a phonograph—he has yet to hear Junior's baby voice. G.I.s get a bath—and a de-lousing.

But this can't last. They expect the order, and it comes:

"We're movin' up again."

Once more Walker and his G.I.s are on the march. They run into German artillery fire from a monastery, turned into an observation post. Walker and his men would storm it, but Hq has ordered that religious buildings mustn't be banged up.

So the men—and Pyle—dig deeper foxholes and sit and swear. They curse the monastery. They curse the Germans. Most of all, they curse the anonymous brass hat who ordered them to spare that observation post.

Days pass, in despair, rain, mud, patrols and casualties.

Murph is killed. Mew, Lopez, Gawky— all the old bunch are gone. Except for Walker, Dondaro, Warnicki, Pyle—and Ayrab, the pup—they're all come-latelies.

Pyle is flabbergasted when he learns his report won him the Pulitzer Prize. Fine, but it doesn't bring back the Mews, the Murphs, the Gawks. . .

Over a bottle of fiery Italian liquor, in a candle-lit dugout, Walker and Ernie spent Christmas night. Bearded, tired, mud-covered.

"You're not the only writer in this outfit," Walker tells Pyle. "I've been writing, too. Putting new names in, crossing out old names. Jones, Peterson, McCarthy, Spidofsky, Cohen, Smith—Dear Mrs. Smith, your son died bravely today."

He gulps another swig.

"You need sleep, Bill," Pyle tells him.

"Sounds like W. C. Fields's cure for insomnia," laughs Walker bitterly. "'Get lots of sleep.'

The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf...

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap
The candle tickers. Walker fights to keep his eyes open.

"Names and addresses...names. And him, too, it could be takin'...You'd be amazed at the number of hills still to be taken. Patrols, patrols, patrols..." He looks up at Pyle.

"Ennie. If we could create something good out of the lull, the end of the column, the energy and all these men..." Walker's voice trails off.

"They're the best. Ennie. The best." Enrie staringly turns, turns and smiles. The mind in him snaps off into the heavy sleep of exhaustion. Pyle swallow's a deep drop, leans back against the earthen wall of the dugout, and to himself:

"Ennie, I wonder if you know about the other world I'll never know. Even the Air Force; up there you approach death differently—well-fed, clean-shaven. If that's any comfort. But the G.I.'s. Holy, and dies so miserably, you just..."

He leans over, pinches out the candle. It's pitch dark now inside the dugout—on Christmas night.

**MOST G.I.'s won't believe it, but even GHQ red tape sometimes gets untangled. The order to spare the monastery is killed. The Air Force has orders to blast it. The patrols of both men fill the sky, the silver wings aglisten in the sun, the white American star clear even to the cheering G.I.'s on the ground.

Waltz and shout as bombloads crash down and the monastery blows up in a monster cloud of smoke, dust, mortar, rock and bits of green-gray uniforms. But there still are some Krauts dug in who know what they're doing, and under cover of the air bombardment patrols are out to mop up. One patrol, led by Sgt. Warnicki, has been out too long—ought've been back an hour ago. A fog has settled down. Maybe they're lost.

Walker paces the hillside outside his dugout, glances nervously at the watch on his wrist. Suddenly he hears something through the fog. Ayrb's ears go up. It's Warnicki, a great leaden mud-caked figure, trudging like an automaton through the mist.

"Through time gettin' back, sir," Warnicki reports tonelessly.

Walker motions him into the dugout. Warnicki slumps in a corner, sits silently a moment, then fumbles into his lap and licks his sweat-stained face.

Dondaro asks: "What kept you?"

Warnicki snaps a fierce "Shut up!" and reaches for a battered old phonograph. Harmonized, the G.I.'s sing "We Come..."

"Hello, daddy. Hello, daddy, hello daddy..."

The big, calloused, mud-caked hands tremble.

"Hello daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy, daddy..."

The giant frame of the huge sergeant stands in front of Pyle's face. Tears spilling from his eyes. He stumbles in short, tortured gasps. He can endure no more.

"I'll kill 'em! They're screaming. "I'll kill 'em..." Pyle yells. "They're going down one of 'em. I'll kill 'em! Damn them! If it won't for them, I'd be home with my kid. The dirty..."

MARCHES TOWARD THE DOOR, SCREAMING: "I'll kill 'em—I'll kill 'em."

Walker, Dondaro, and a couple of G.I.'s grapple with him. Walker drives a swift, short punch to Warnicki's unshaven chin. He struggles, screaming profanely. But the blow was on the button. He slumps to the ground, muttering like a gibbering idiot: "Hello daddy, hello daddy, hello daddy..."

Madness, too, is part of war. The madness of a comrade. The medic's take of Warnicki. Walker and his G.I's have unfinished business.

Now it's Cassino.

That battle was long and furious. Blood—German and American—ran red in the gutters of that little Italian town. The details of that battle belong in the glorious pages of history, in sagas of the G.I. yet to be written. But, in time, those of the enemy not killed were routed.

Ennie, he's standing in a daddy lane, seeking his outfit, asks, "Is this the 18th Infantry? Company C?"

"What's left of it, pal," he's told.

"Ennie, I wonder if you know about the other world I'll never know. Even the Air Force; up there you approach death differently—well-fed, clean-shaven. If that's any comfort. But the G.I.'s. Holy, and dies so miserably, you just..."

He leans over, pinches out the candle. It's pitch dark now inside the dugout—on Christmas night.

"Hello, Walker..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"Ennie..."

"Hello..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."

"I'm afraid..."
Her eyes are blue-gray, she speaks Swedish, German, English and a smattering of French. Her complexion is the constant wonder of those who meet her. She has never worn a strapless evening gown.

She has no hobbies, plays the piano fairly well and weighs 120 pounds.

Her mother died when she was two years old. She is a devoted follower of "The Little King" comic strip, has never been called by a pet name and, although she doesn't care for beer, never visits Minneapolis but has to have a mug of dark bachelor at Schiek's.

She is determined that someday she will do Joan of Arc on the screen.

She constantly has to guard her diet because she has an overwhelming weakness for eating anything and everything. She was asked on her recent trip to New York why she wanted to see Mae West's show and her answer was: "I want to see if there's anything I can learn from her. It may come in handy sometime."

She still manages to move about in public places without being recognized and refuses to identify herself in order to gain special attentions. She does not play chess, checkers or backgammon.

She periodically comments with modern hair-dos but inevitably reverts to the same simple style. She seldom goes to the opera but when she does her favorite is "Carmen." She is still amazed at the
OF COURSE YOU CAN...

GO IN SWIMMING...

WITH TAMPAx!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on “those days”—wearing Tampax without any hesitation whatever... There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly “show.” Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month’s supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months’ supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

REGULAR

SUPER

JUNIOR

opulence of American movies.
She likes caviar, snow and fast-tempo Latin-American music.
She is a great admirer of Elisabeth Bergner, Paul Robeson and John Steinbeck. She is adding to a silver charm bracelet mementoes which are associated with vivid incidents.
Ingrid Bergman hates formalities at the dinner table and would infinitely rather do the serving herself.
Her husband Dr. Peter A. Lindstrom, who makes elaborate plans to outwit press photographers so far as he is concerned, arrived at the Academy Awards during intermission and was so excited about Ingrid’s winning that his hand, which she held, went alternately hot and cold.
She prefers scarves to hats, is adept on skis, and avers that the most beautiful building she has ever seen was the little white church in the northern Swedish town of Stode, situated on a turbulent river, in which she was married.
She hates to make decisions.
She has recently learned how to play gin rummy and already exhibits the symptoms of a murderous player. She likes Bob Hope, Information Please and Fifth Avenue.
She never budes herself, requires about seven hours’ sleep and is an excellent horsewoman.
Her outstanding characteristics are humility, adaptability, humor and determination. She seldom eats onions and doesn’t like fishing because she thinks the fish suffer.
Ingrid Bergman’s bookkeeping is so bad that her bank balance never comes out right.
Her hair is the color of clover honey. Her usual breakfast consists of coffee and bran muffins. She can take a bath and make a complete wardrobe change within fifteen minutes.
She once shielded from personal appearance, but she has acquired the habit of assurance that Washington went on record that she was one of the most effective personalities to go on camp or Bond tours. She is an omnivorous reader.
She never enjoys horse races because she’s always feeling sorry for the horses.
Ingrid dances a first-rate rumba and tango.
She is a good cook, and disliked school because she couldn’t wait until she grew old enough to become an actress. She prefers paintings of people to still lifes or landscapes.
She likes to shop for groceries.
She avoids political arguments, and is an honorary sergeant of the Queen’s Own Rifles Regiment of Canada, and she saw fourteen plays and two movies in eleven days in New York.
She makes it a professional policy to steer clear of straight leading lady roles, ever seeking off-beat characterizations.
She is an excellent swimmer. She likes a fireplace in her bedroom, and is not systematic due to her aversion to living according to plan.
She attended a celebrated school for girls in Stockholm, majoring in languages.
She maintains voluminous scrapbooks in which she pastes unfavorable reviews opposite favorable ones. “Good for me to remember them,” she says.
She is a good listener and likes American sandwiches because she likes to hold what she eats.
Her forbears, she says, were a stubborn, hardy race, and she nurtures a very special remembrance of a little inn on the Grand Corniche at Juan-les-Pins in Southern France.
She enjoys walking in rain or shine. Her daughter Mia’s name is derived from the first initials of her husband’s given name, Peter Aron, and Ingrid. Her most treasured possession is a floppy leopard doll which her husband gave her on the first Christmas she knew him, eleven years ago.
She is forever turning out lights when stopping at a hotel, an economic habit going back to her childhood.
Her relatives discouraged her acting ambitions. She seldom eats Swedish dishes because of her curiosity to try out other national concoctions.
She drives herself and always keeps beside her a man’s old battered straw hat which she wears to keep her hair from blowing.
Ingrid Bergman’s uncommon frankness and simplicity are the keys to her charm. She spent Christmas and New Year’s of 1943 away from her family entertaining the troops in remote regions of Alaska.
She has a certain modified fatalism but firmly believes that people pretty much cut the pattern of their own lives.

THE END

You sang his praises so long and loud that CORNEL WILDE soared to the top of Photoplay’s Color Portrait Poll as you will see on page 44

Whose picture would you like to see next in Photoplay?
Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

I’d like to see a color portrait of ___________________________ in Photoplay
THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE

between Chesterfield and other cigarettes is its balanced blend of the finest aromatic Turkish tobacco and the choicest of several American varieties combined to bring out the finer qualities of each tobacco.

RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

Chesterfield

they Satisfy
Sorcery in a single second!

“NEW... Sheer Dynamite” face powder

So charged with excitement... vibrantly alive... it's like throwing a switch that veils your skin with bewitching warmth and richness. And because it's full of depth, loaded with color, shadows seem to disappear, eyes light up. Your face takes on a fascinating finish. Maybe, you do have a powder you've used for years, but it's just possible this Revlon color will do more for you... After all it is “Sheer Dynamite”...

Texture, cling, fragrance, of course, but the real difference in Face Powder is

color by Revlon

CREATORS OF WORLD FAMOUS NAIL ENAMEL AND LIPSTICK
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Diminutive star of "The Well-Groomed Bride," a Paramount production, is the picture of poised in black and white — the spricest costume ever. It has that offhand, almost accidental elegance every girl wants — a slim-hipped tunic in satin striped taffeta, worn over a stem of a skirt. Designed by Adele Simpson.
STAR AND STRIPES . . .

Dramatic as a flag unfurled . . . freeing neck, arms, a portion of midriff for coolness and charm. Flirtatious with bows . . . it's Olivia de Havilland's midsummer formula for flattery from five o'clock on (she just adds black gloves, and goes). A Troy Stix design in pink and black Everfast cotton
If your heart is young and gay...

... or even if it isn't and you wish it were...

... or if, perish the thought, his heart isn't as romantic as it could and should be...

... let us suggest a touch of the Tyrol. For you'll be lovelier in a gray felt weskit (Tyrolean for waistcoat) trimmed with green felt and fastened with silver buttons—and a matching hat that was just made for skylarking... and a matching bag as the finishing touch!

Or use any one of these three gifts from the Tyrol to accent that old dress that you have to wear even though it gets you down.

There's no end to the happy combinations this weskit, hat and bag suggest... .

The weskit is wonderful over a long-sleeved blouse and can be worn with either a skirt or slacks. The hat and bag will give a dark suit new life.

Weskit .................. Around $7.00
(Sizes 7-15 and 10-16)
Hat ...................... Around $4.00
Bag ..................... Around $4.00

Look Peasant, Please

In a charming rayon blouse, with embroidered trim. In white only. Sizes 9-15, Juniors.

About $3

Available At:
R. H. Macy—New York, N. Y.
I. W. Robinson’s—Los Angeles, Calif.
Famous & Barr—St. Louis, Mo.
May Company—Denver, Colo.
O’Neil Company—Akron, O.
Lansburgh & Bros.—Washington, D. C.

SENSATION BLOUSES • 2 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
Everything's gay in California . . . the sun, the flowers, the gals. We think it's due to the clothes they wear—the colors they choose, the carefree look in their eyes. No reason why you shouldn't have some of that glamour too. So Photoplay here gives you the clothes (you take care of the eyes)—all California-grown, but sold across the land.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE STAT

in California clothes

CALIFORNIA'S CAREFREE
(opposite page):
Two-piece slacks suit in heavenly color combinations, a vivid rainbow 'round the waist. From Campus Modes. 10-20. About $18. The Emporium, San Francisco.


That wonderful California Colony cut in a casual suit of gray-blue gabardine. Skirt has kick pleats fore and aft. Also other pastels. 10-20. About $20 (matching slacks are extra). Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia.

Blouses shown with these clothes described on page 80

CALIFORNIA DRESSES UP
(this page):
Like dawn over the Pacific, this lovely gray dress by Caldwell. Bright corsage at the waist, shocking pink peeping from the ruffled shoulder, rippled to hem. 12-20. Also other colors. About $17. B. Altman Co., New York.


Other stores on page 80. Or write direct to manufacturer, listed on page 80, for store nearest you.
Betmar Betmar

BOBETTE...
pert little OPEN-BACK
half-bonnet of oh-so-soft black
velvet with a wisp of flattering veil.
At fine stores everywhere. About $5.

BETMAR HATS INC., 1 WEST 39TH ST., N. Y. 18

Powers Model Slips

Endorsed by John Robert Powers
In fine rayons about $1.79
at better stores

Write for free booklet - "A Word About Modeling" by John Robert Powers

Louis Herman & Co.
creators of MOVIE STAR SLIPS
Dept. 0
159 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Cupid FOUNDATIONS
5 EAST 35TH STREET • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

- Greer Garson's dinner dress, by Adrian, is heavy crepe in varying shades of fuchsia. The diagonal panels of this dress, which tone from pale lilac to a deep reddish purple and run from neck to toe, are joined by fine lines of gold embroidery. The bodice, which is fairly snug, has short sleeves and enormous shoulders. The skirt is pencil slim and very slightly draped.

- "My dear, it's just an old kimono!" Joan Fontaine told the girls who admired her dinner dress of a heavy wine-red satin. Actually it is a luxurious housecoat Joan bought in New York. It buttons down the front, from its tiny collar to its slightly flaring hem, with self-covered buttons and has a large patch pocket that is embroidered with contrasting sequins and beads. Joan wears no jewelry with this housecoat-dinner-gown, accenting it only with elaborate platform-soled sandals.

- The Errol Flynn al fresco dinner party was brilliant and beautiful in every respect . . .

  Nora Eddington Flynn, as hostess, was striking in a dressmaker suit of heavy black satin. The jacket pinched in at the waist and flared slightly. The tight straight skirt had a tiny slit, front and center. Nora wore a triple strand of pearls tight at her neck and her hair looked lovely in coronet braids . . .

  Ida Lupino was delightful in a print dress with a white background on which black and bright blue flowers trailed vertically from the high cowl neckline right down to the hem of the skirt . . .

  Mrs. Gary Cooper, invariably lovely to look at, dramatized a tailored dress of watermelon pink by the rough wool sport coat of citron green she slung over her shoulders, by a hat and shoes of soft brown suede, by the tiny pink artificial flowers that were pinned in her hair . . .

- Flowers, always flattering and romantic, are important in the Hollywood scene this summer. The stars use them as trimming, color accents and accessories . . .

  Faye Emerson brightens her black suits with white gloves and the halo of white artificial flowers she fastens about her blonde head at the hairline . . .

  Dolores Moran enhances a black dress that has a high round neckline,
short cap sleeves and a simple side-
draped skirt, with a large spray of
field daisies in varied colors that is
appliqued on the left shoulder. They
give the appearance of loose flowers,
as they cascade down the side front
of her dress and fade away at the hem
line.

Often enough Alexis Smith wears
no hat but entwines flowers in her
coronet braids. At Mocambo the other
evening, however, she wore a hat—
and looked too beautiful! Her dinner
dress was simple, black and street
length. Her tiny hat and muff were
made of multi-colored flowers and
multi-colored flowers adorned the
gauntlets of her black gloves.
The same night at Mocambo La-
raine Day caught all eyes with her
turban fashioned entirely from fresh
gardenias—so fragrant that everyone
in her vicinity looked positively rapi-
trous!

• Enjoying the sunshine by the Ran-
cho Vegas pool, Barbara Stanwyck was
very smart indeed in a black rayon
shantung playsuit with fuchsias trail-
ning over one shoulder to complement
the fuchsia buttons on the simple
wrap-around skirt.

Barbara, a competent knitter, was
busy remodeling last season’s shirt-
maker frock of a fine gray-green wool
by knitting new short sleeves and
front of soft gold knobby yarn. Bright
idea, that!

• Joan Winfield has a Chinese look
day. She wears a sheer wool
comprised of a slim black skirt and
and a bright canary yellow blouse, featur-
ing long sleeves with dolman shoul-
ders and a surplice neckline. To em-
phasize the Chinese look, Joan supple-
ments this costume with a large black
felt cootie hat and fastens a sword pin
of white jade high on her left shoul-
der.

• Joan Bennett has a sheer wool suit-
dress of that lovely soft blue which
can be described only as having a
faintly faded look. With it she wears
a rough blue straw hat trimmed with
lilies—and gloves, pocketbook and
shoes of a dull but not too dark navy
blue.

• At a party Sir Charles and Lady
Mendl gave a few weeks ago Gene
Tierney was decidedly on the ravish-
ing side in a long white dinner dress
with a bared midriff. Bared midriffs
are so wonderful for girls with small
ones—like Gene’s. However, most of
the evening Gene kept her gown
covered by her white polo coat. It’s
new—this fleece coat with tiny brass
buttons—and Gene is so mad about
it that she cannot bear to take it off—
and wears it with everything.

• Lauren Bacall, who ordered a tiny
pink binnie to wear on her wedding-
day (her dress was dusty pink, you’ll
remember), decided against it at the
last minute and, as usual, went utterly
hatless. With that hair, why not?

8.95

THE ORIGINAL

Fringed Stubby

Exclusive with Dewees. Exquisitely crafted . .
completely feminine, "Fringed Stubby",
the shoe that has been acclaimed by thousands.
Black suede. High or medium heel.
Sizes aaaa to c, 2½ to 10. In calf,
brown, tan, blue. Combination black suede
and calf . . . 8.95. Rich brown
alligator . . . 18.95. Smart lizard in brown,
red, and blue . . . 16.95.

Shall we send you our new shoe catalogue?

Mail orders must include ration
stamp and check or money order.
Sorry no C.O.D.’s.

Dewees
1122-24 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia 7
For sunlit summer beauty

...TAN WITH JAN

The real beauty of the beach is
the girl with a smooth, golden
skin...and that's why "Tan
with Jan" is the 1945 glamour
slogan. Jantzen's new outdoor
cream lotion is an exclusive
scientific formula that has
three remarkable qualities:

- It promotes a glorious, golden
tan.
- It keeps the skin soft and smooth.
- It's lanolized.

Jan penetrates the skin for softness, while
some stays on the outer pores to filter the
sun's rays for tanning...and it's lanolized
to guard against that dried-out look. This
summer use the suntan lotion that lives up
to its promise..."Tan with Jan!"

If your favorite store can't supply you
send 75c for a 3-oz. bottle to Dept. P.

JANTZEN SPECIALTY DIVISION
PORTLAND 14, OREGON

Portuguese First Run Fashions

Can be found from Coast to
Coast in these stores

Two-piece Slacks Suit
Cleveland, O.—Highly Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—B. Y. Block
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock-Lubin
Manufacturer: Campus Modes, 1126 Sante
tee St., Los Angeles, Calif.

California Colony Gabardine Suit
Detroit, Mich.—Mimmelloch's
Indianapolis, Ind.—William H. Block
Kansas City, Kan.—Hartsfield's
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Portland, Ore.—Charles F. Berg
Manufacturer: California Colony, 818 South
Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Red Pinafore-jumper
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Miami, Fla.—Richard Store
New York, N. Y.—Canterbury Shops
San Francisco, Calif.—Emporium
Manufacturer: Norman Lane, 820 South
Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Gray and Pink Draped Dress
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Indianapolis, Ind.—William Blocks
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
San Francisco, Calif.—Livingston Brothers
Manufacturer: The Caldwell Company, 130
Kearny St., San Francisco, Calif.

Draped Dress with Dolman Sleeves
Buffalo, N. Y.—Hengerers
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman
Portland, Ore.—Chas. F. Berg
San Francisco, Calif.—Emporium
Manufacturer: Eleanor Green, 77 O'Farrell
St., San Francisco, Calif.

Vicki Lynn Blouses on Page 76
Peasant blouse, shown with jumper, in white
acetate crepe with red embroidery around
Multicolored striped blouse, shown with
the California Colony suit, in acetate and
rayon shantung with short sleeves. About
$5. 32 to 38.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Hengerers
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
New Orleans, La.—Chas. Kaufman
Portland, Ore.—Moler & Frank
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
Manufacturer: Sensation Blouses, 2 Park
Ave., New York, N. Y.

(If no store in your vicinity is listed above,
we suggest you write the manufacturer for
further information)

For back to school
so young and fresh—so pretty and gay
—designed the SALTy MASON way.
You'll love them all.
At all Leading Stores Everywhere or write
SALTy MASON INC.
499 Seventh Avenue • New York 18, N. Y.
Your Choice for Quality, Today and Tomorrow,
Sally Mason Blouses and Playsuits

DIANA
the Daintiness Girdle

What a boon to fastidious women...the
Diana Panty Girdle with a detachable
crotch that can be removed and
washed after wearing! What's more, a
Diana girdle molds your figure firmly
and smoothly into natural, graceful
lines.

At better stores $5.95
Extra Crotches 99c

For free booklet P2 and for store nearest
you, write:
DIANA Vessel Company, Inc.
1 EAST 33RD ST. NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Peace Is in Your Hands

(Continued from page 29) he would like to know if the feeling was there. If it was just a lot of politicians and diplomats and all, that would be one thing. "But if these delegates are really representing the people," Bob Walker said, "it will be all right. If they just keep in mind that any sacrifice the people are called upon in any country to make for a world organization to prevent war won't be peanuts to what they make every time there is a war—they'll get somewhere this time." After a pause, he said, "They better!"

Those two words seemed to sum up the attitude of the young people of my town about the Conference—They better!

W ith these questions under my belt, I looked at the San Francisco Conference with new eyes. Awe-inspiring as it was, important and powerful as the men there were, both in their personalities and their positions, it was our Conference. Blue-printed by our President, to give us a future that holds a means of being safe from war. Not that you could go around yelling at Mr. Molotov, "You better!" though he would probably have received it with a grin. Or at Mr. Eden, with his gracious manner. Or Mr. Stettinius, who had his hands full as it was.

Most impressive of all, so impressive it was like food when you are hungry or water when you are thirsty, was the sincerity of the San Francisco Conference. Bob Walker was right. You could feel it. Desperation over difficulties, uneasiness over the raw spots like Poland and Argentina, the habitual wariness and trained obligation of diplomats and leaders to protect the interests of their own countries, were there—of course.

But permeating everything, so that it got right into the marrow of your bones, was the conviction that these men meant to arrive at a world charter "within the framework of our principles," as Anthony Eden put it on the opening day.

San Francisco was crowded to the last curbstone with human beings who were there—but all the time it was more crowded by the human beings who weren't there at all. There was all the usual color—the hotel lobbies spilling luggage in every direction, the streams of people overflowing out into the street, the difficulties of transportation and a place to sleep and eat, all coped with by San Francisco in a way I have never seen equalled. The good old Phoenix, which had risen from the ashes in 1906, the ashes of fire and earthquake, was rising again from the devastation of war, this time to build not a new city but a new world.

The men and women who were there were the best we have. Anthony Eden, who won the top spot in everyone's affections and appreciations by the passionate quality of his determination that this should succeed. Whose experience and wisdom, so at variance in a way with his spectacular good looks and elegance and charm, were invaluable to everybody. Smuts of South Africa, the grand old man touching reality—always holding out reality. Dr. Soong, saying what seemed the best thing said by anybody, "We are prepared if necessary to yield a part of our sovereignty to the new international organization in the interests of world security." Dean Gildersleeve, Vandenberg, Connally, all good people.

But never once did you get away from the people who weren't there. Men whose death are trying to justify by a lasting peace organization. Children who have never seen a world at peace. Old women in France and China and Burma and Czechoslovakia, wandering homeless and
bewildered in bombed cities and fields. Behind that young Marine just back from Iwo Jima—other Marines, who died at Guadalcanal and Rabaul, other Marines still fighting in the Pacific. Behind those young Navy fliers booming up Market Street, other pilots who flew against the Luftwaffe when they were outnumbered five to one, flew and fought and died, other pilots still flying B-29s over Tokyo.

Couldn't get away from it. They were there—and Eden knew it, and Stettinius knew it and Molotov knew it.

They knew we were there too—the people of the world. Demanding security from war.

I AM NOT an authority upon international matters. I can only give you my own impressions of this Conference as an American woman with sons who fought in this war and grandsons whom I hope will not have to fight in any war.

First of all, it seemed essential that we should realize what this Conference was not. I found I had to watch myself constantly to keep from calling it the Peace Conference—which is what it was not. It was the United Nations Conference to form a world security organization to prevent future wars. It was not the peace conference to settle the war just ended in Europe, nor any of the problems which belong to that war. Its purpose was to frame an organization which would be operative, elastic, possible of growth in that direction.

The events of this war pushed and tumbled and thundered in upon San Francisco in such world-shaking drama that it was difficult to remember this at all times. Disputes over the seating of Argentina, the eternal (since the 13th century) Polish question, the rather dry committee meetings about trusteeships and regional organizations, had to pale before the glory of the Russian and American Armies linking up at last on the Elbe, the vision of Mussolini coming to his deserved and horrible end, the wave upon wave of relief and prayerful thanks when unconditional surrender brought an end to daily bloodshed in Europe, the bitter satisfaction of Hitler's defeat when you didn't know whether he was dead or alive, the hunted fugitive aware of his defeat, when you felt that the greatest punishment that could happen to him would be one hour of liberty.

But all the time it was necessary to go back and realize that the purpose of this Conference was to frame a charter that would work for all peace-loving nations so that it would be possible in actual fact to prevent war in the future.

Our own Constitution, well-intentioned, created by men substantially of one blood, language, ideal and nationality, has needed many changes. The charter for a world organization drawn at San Francisco may also need changes.

But a world organization has been formed.

However, you can be sure, absolutely and positively sure, that it will not work without you. The crying need is for what the League of Nations never had—the moral conviction of every individual in this world who truly wants peace; the acceptance of a world under law; the clean flame of willingness to stand behind it and sacrifice personally if need be.

With that moral conviction ready to see world organization enforce peace, there will be ways and means within what was done at San Francisco to enforce peace.

Not without compromise, of course. Let me give you a homely example. I just got through re-modeling an old house. Now, it was a good house. Lots of people had lived in it, well and happily. But I wanted to—do some things to it. Being war time,
I couldn't get what I wanted sometimes. Sometimes? Lots of times. I found that I had to make a lot of choices. If I wanted new windows and more light, I would have to cut down some trees and some vines.

In a way, the San Francisco Conference is like that. It is rebuilding an old world. There will have to be national sacrifices—for more windows and more light. We will have to give up some of the secret closets and diplomacy if we want the warmth of a fireplace. You can't build anything or rebuild anything without some cost.

The big things were okay. What China calls elemental justice. The right of the human being, the dignity of the human being, insisted upon by France, eloquently and beautifully. And who today knows more of the agony of the human being when his rights and dignity are trampled into slavery than France? These principles were agreed upon—as they are agreed upon in our own Constitution.

Then came the difficulties—the personal insinuations and irritations. Maybe the Russians had a chip on their shoulders. Well—it might be interesting to go back and see how often we have openly expressed our distrust of the Russians. Most of the people in San Francisco seemed to feel that Molotov was sane, sound, and that he wanted to be friendly and he wanted to establish an understanding, but he wasn't quite sure whether we would start sticking pins into him. It gave you the impression of a man coming to a party where everybody has been whispering things about him—where everybody stops talking when he comes into the room—and of course a man has to display a lot of self-confidence at a time like that. But the general feeling was one of confidence in the right intention of Russia.

There was the problem of the captured colonies. The trusteeships. Well—basically this is about the way that stacks up. There was at first an idea that all these captured and re-captured colonies would be thrown into a pot and the world organization would be responsible for them. But the United States said no to that. The United States said that so far as the islands in the Pacific were concerned she'd had about all she intended to take. Those islands could come under a trusteeship, trusteeships could be set up as part of the charter. That would mean that every few years the United States would have to show the world organization how the islands were being governed; how much education and medicine and help in industry and agriculture had been given them. But for security of her own land the United States said the Pacific islands for air and naval bases must be under the control of the United States. This would also apply to other nations and colonies or lands which

Her exciting life re-enacted by
Gloria DeHaven
in the third of this fascinating series—
The Photolife of Gloria DeHaven
in September Photoplay

Have you the Courage to Look 10 Years Younger?

I have created a shade of face powder so new and different, the effect on your skin is really spectacular!

I call it "Bridal Pink", and I ask you to try it for the first time on one cheek only. Compare it with any shade you have ever used. See the difference for yourself! See the fresh, young look it gives your skin! The soft, warm look—like the blush of a bride's young cheek.

Women who have tried "Bridal Pink" tell me it's the most youthful and flattering powder-shade I have ever achieved! Your husband will love it! Your friends will admire it! You can't possibly apply it to your skin without looking younger, more romantic!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply "Bridal Pink"—the new powder-shade that's so daringly romantic! See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth. The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55c. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10c and 25c.

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

You can actually see the years slip away as you apply my exciting new powder-shade!
threatened their own security—but always with the great proviso and check that reports on conditions and investigations of conditions, if there were complaints, could come under the world organization and its General Assembly and Security Council.

Regional organizations seemed to me at first a little difficult. The best explanation of that I had came from Dr. Polyzoides, a brilliant newspaper writer for the Los Angeles Times. When he got through showing me what had happened, I saw it something like this: We, in the United States, have a federal government. Supreme over all. But, for purposes of expediency and check and regional knowledge of problems, we have state and county and city governments, too. If two men in Azusa, California, have a dispute over the boundaries between their orange groves, they do not go to the Supreme Court. Not at first anyhow. They go to their state court. Now, regional organizations, such as the Pan American union, would be like that under the World Court. Any differences in the Western Hemisphere would if possible be settled first by the Western Hemisphere, which ought to know more about its own problems.

If these could not be amicably adjusted within the regional organization, then it could be taken to the world organization—just as sometimes cases have to be appealed to our Supreme Court.

There was an awful lot of talk and discussion about Poland, about Argentina. I would not like to have been as unpopular anywhere as I understand the Argentinians were in San Francisco. It must have been very embarrassing and uncomfortable—which is okay, too. Maybe it will convince Argentina that it is always embarrassing to be outside. As to Poland—I got the conviction that the Polish question did not belong to the United Nations Conference about a world organization to prevent war. It seemed to me that the Polish question is part of the peace treaty of this war which has just ended in Europe. And that when it has been worked out there the Polish delegation can join the world organization. Technically, the Conference at San Francisco had no power and no authority to settle it. The Polish question had nothing to do with the framing of this charter, it had to do with the peace which must be made in Europe now. Its importance is very great. Perhaps in the end the new World Court will have to deal with its settlement. Maybe it will be the first question before the Security Council. But the question of which government of Poland can be recognized by the great powers was not part of the work of framing a world organization, you can see that for yourself.

The small nations were magnificent, as a whole. The representatives of small nations seemed pretty big men. But—you got a feeling that the pressure groups of those small countries who reside in the United States were pretty much of a nuisance. Either they are Americans, the people, or they are Poles or Yugoslavs or Irishmen or whatever. If they were born in those countries and are more interested in them than in the United States, you get a feeling they ought to go back there. If they are American-born, then they owe their first allegiance to America.

The great thing about the San Francisco Conference actually is that it was held.

The great thing is the people who were there, filled with passionate sincerity and desire and good will. And the people behind them, demanding a means and a method to prevent future wars.

Our part, I think, is to recognize the task ahead. To understand that it is the most difficult task ever attempted since the world began. To see that we must make a change in our basic thinking, in everything we have been taught for centuries. To begin inside ourselves, each individual, to be ready to give our support and moral conviction and command to the world organization, in humility and prayer for light and strength beyond any we have had.

So that, under God, this world shall have a new birth of freedom.

So that at San Francisco we shall have brought forth a world conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal in their right to peace; so that we may test whether our world shall long endure or shall, in one more war, fall back forever and our children descend into darkness and chaos and hell.

We better!

Not the Russians, not the Poles, not the statesmen, not always and always somebody else. But you and I. Now. Today: With all our hearts and minds.

We better!

(P.S. Dear Judy: I am quite, quite sure the Spirit and the presence of President Roosevelt were in San Francisco. I think as a whole he can be satisfied with the Conference at San Francisco as a memorial not to him but to those things for which he stood, a memorial which will go on through the years until our children's children will look back and say: "The new world began at a conference in San Francisco called by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It took quite a while to get it really working smoothly, but—here it is. We live in it—we and our brothers."

The End
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 87) but I'm not doing anything that would get me an occupational deferment.

Occasionally some strange woman whom I see on the street or in a store asks me why I'm not in uniform because I don't look as if anything were wrong with me. Most of the girls are going out with uniforms, which is only right, I presume, but I'm really getting an inferiority complex. I appear little in public during the day, when I have time off, and my only relaxation is a movie. It's getting to the point where I almost sink around. I really hate myself, and so—apparently—do strangers who see me, without explanation, in civvies.

Can you help me to some solution of this problem?

Albert van C.

Dear Mr. van C:

I receive hundreds of letters each month from service men who complain bitterly that all the girls at home are going out with defense workers in civvies. Apparently, as in many others, the old adage about the grass always growing greener on the other side of the fence is true.

Your problem, different in its particulars, is the same problem human beings have faced since time began. Each of us must live to learn with our handicaps in the environment in which we find ourselves. No life is perfect, no situation is utterly blissful. You are doing everything that you possibly can to help win the war; working ten to twelve hours, considering your health, is an impressive contribution. Be man enough not to be ashamed of it because you think someone else is doing it a little more.

Actually, very few people in this world pay close attention to other human beings. Although you feel self-conscious because you are not in uniform, I imagine that ninety per cent of the people you meet know about your war work and admire you for it. Don’t fight with yourself. Be contented with your lot as it is, and look around for someone else who needs some sort of help—then render it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four, divorced, and the mother of two small children. I am very much in love with Chet, and it’s a love that has grown out of a long and lasting friendship and a thorough respect and understanding of one another. After my husband and I separated, I was a nervous wreck, but Chet was wonderful to me. He is nine years my senior and (this is the catch) married, as well as the father of three children. I knew all this when he was so kind to me, but love was the farthest thing from my mind at the time—it just happened without intent and as naturally as the seasons changing.

We’ve tried to be sensible about this thing, but there are really troubles aplenty. I’ve said repeatedly that I loathed the idea of hurting another woman as I’ve been hurt. And Chet can’t support two households on his salary. If I could take all five of the children, we could do nicely; but his wife is certainly not going to give up her youngsters. That would mean, since my alimony ceases upon my marriage, that I would have to put my youngsters in a day nursery and get a job.

We have tried to break up our romance—have gone six awful weeks without seeing each other. But we couldn’t stick it out. Neither of us can leave this town, as we both own property here.

Jane Lee M.

Dear Mrs. M:

First of all, it seems to me that it is important for you to realize that in this triangle the unprejudiced observer can see all the germs of incipient tragedy. You have only to pick up your morning paper (in a fairly large city) to find news stories of suicide and murder whose beginnings may be found in just such a quandary as that you have described.

Although I believe that most problems should be faced boldly, I think there are some human tangles that can be solved only by running away from them. Although the step I would recommend may be the most difficult of your life, I think you should rent your home (apparently you own it) and move to another vicinity, preferably at a great distance from this man. The fact that you did not see one another for a period of six weeks is no true indication of the healing power of time and distance because you were a constant mental temptation to one another being only a few moments apart.

If your love affair is one of the deathless romances that occasionally come to human beings, neither time nor distance nor the agony of others will keep you apart in the final analysis, but if these three great separatists can estrange you from your longing for one another, I think you should take advantage of them for the sake of everyone concerned.

Claudette Colbert

An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure!

Philip Morris are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to Philip Morris, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

Call for Philip Morris

Far Finer Flavor—Plus Far More Protection
The Man with Two Countries

(Continued from page 55) Boston baked beans—those being his three favorite meals. Because of his Mexican background, he wouldn’t think of touching vegetables or salads—in Mexico the natives don’t touch anything raw that grows out of the ground. Because of his own special tastes, he has nothing but coffee for breakfast, and for lunch he has fallen into the American habit of “a sandwich,” as hepronounces it.

He says he doesn’t read much in English, but the truth is that during his three-year stay in Hollywood he has sat fascinated over nearly every detective story ever written, and he’s also read “The Fountainhead,” “Strange Woman,” and “Frenchman’s Creek.”... and after reading each of them, he’s wanted to discuss them with everyone he meets.

He also reads four newspapers a day from front to back page, pausing respectfully over columnists Walter Winchell and Louis Sobol, and following closely every one of the comic strips.

Now, back to those strumming guitars for a moment. Just guess what the Mystery Man likes in music! We knew you’d hit it wrong... he despises classical music and rumbas. He likes soft, easy boleros, and he says, “I like nice corny blues like ‘Melancholy Baby.’ But my favorite piece of all time is ‘It Had To Be You!’” If he sang in the shower, his bathroom would ring with “It Had To Be You.” Only he doesn’t sing in the shower—’I’m too lazy!” says he, grinning that melting grin at you.

He thinks he’s too lazy to do many things that you would say he was too manly to do. Take make-up, for instance when he’s acting in a picture. “I’m too lazy to keep redoing my face and recomb-thing my hair,” he says. “Then I regret it when I see myself on the screen looking sloppy!” Because of this tendency to re-ject make-up, he was his happiest in “A Medal For Benny” when his entire wardrobe consisted of a shirt and pants, and the make-up didn’t matter.

Which brings us to that boldly colorful clothes matter that we always associate with South Americans. In the first place, Arturo is color blind! So he always takes a friend along when he’s buying clothes—and as all of his friends have rather drab tastes in colors, so is Arturo’s wardrobe! Clothes actually don’t mean much to him, excepting what he needs for his picture work. He has a collection of tweedy sports jackets and slacks, with which he wears overcoats and real American shoes—never Mexican huaraches. He’s always hatless and tieless, the latter because he’s jittery about unconsciously putting on an orange tie over a red shirt! You’ll only catch him shopping alone when he’s look-ing for pajamas. “Those,” he says, “don’t matter because you can’t tell colors in the dark!”

Now we get to the women on the tiger skin rugs. These turn out to be largely figures of the imagination—and for a good reason. Back home in Mexico City Arturo has a wife, Emna, and four children—Arturo, aged ten; Alonso, aged nine; Maria, aged seven and Lourdes, aged five. Arturo himself named the two eldest, the boys. He stays with his family whenever he’s in Mexico City, which is generally two or three months a year.

In Hollywood, it’s true that Arturo bea-us an occasional glamour girl in the course of his social contacts, but even that mild pattern has been drastically cut down these days. Only one woman was ever linked with his name for any length of time. She was Lupe Velez. Both were Mexicans away from their native land and they understood each other. But even
Look your loveliest always

Guard against "Wayward Skin"... keep loveliness fresh as a bright new morning... with these two creams that make CARE a CARESS...

Phillips' *
Milk of Magnesia
Creams

KEEP your skin on the beam of beauty. Coax it away from "wayward" periods—dryness, shine, other minor blemishes that even slight neglect may cause—by pampering it daily with these two creams. Both contain friendly, familiar Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—an ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream provides emollient oils to smooth your skin and help keep it petal-soft...plus cholesterol to guard its vital moisture. Remember them...Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream and Cleansing Cream...to make skin care a caress!

Are Hasty
Marriages
Ever Successful?

Tune in
MY TRUE STORY

If you like True Story Magazine... you mustn't miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story's files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.

Every Morning—Monday thru Friday
10 EWT * 9:00 CWT * 11:30 MWT * 10:30 PWT
Blue Network Stations

before death put its hand on the lovely Lupe their friendship had broken.
Arturo's history is as different to the usual Latin Lover Legend as is everything else about him. He was born in Mérida, Mexico, as Arturo Garcia. His father was a chewing gum exporter. Because of the Revolution, the Garcias left Mexico while Arturo was a little boy, and thus he went to New York's Public School Number 9 for five years.

Then they moved to Buenos Aires and Arturo attended the Colegio Internacional—where he won the intercollegiate lightweight boxing championship and studied law on the side. His father was then in the dairy business, and Arturo voted to quit college and join him. "Fine," said his father, "but first you should learn the dairy business where they really know it—which is Switzerland!"

So Arturo set out for Switzerland. He stayed three years, studying at the Cavin Institute at Lusanne—and also traveling throughout the Continent with the Marcellis Olympic Club. Through his athletic adventures he had met the chief of America's United Press, James L. Miller, who gave him a job as a sports reporter for UP—stationed in Santiago, Chile. For four years Arturo was a topnotch reporter and eventually assistant manager of Chile's UP. But by this time he longed to see Mexico again. He could hardly remember it. So he asked for a three-weeks vacation to revisit his birthplace...and you can imagine the rest. He never got back to New York.

Instead, the city of his birth offered him its new radio station to run—XEO. He couldn't resist the offer, and for the next two years he almost lived in the radio station. Then Mexico City's XEW offered him his first "big time" sports announcing job, and Arturo took that as eagerly as he'd taken to radio in the beginning. Two months later he ran into an old friend from Chile, a movie producer named Aracy Boytell...and Boytell took one look at the handsome radio announcer and said, in effect, "You're what the women are crying for!" Presto! The ex-sports writer, current sports announcer was a Mexican movie star!

During the next five years he became Mexico's leading star...meantime dropping his radio announcing in favor of radio action on the General Electric and Coca-Cola shows. For the three years of 1938, 1939 and 1940 three of his pictures...
After the unhappy movie, Ienie's reckless hobby Mexican natural mild all, made had to re-read it, he says now, "but I had to humiliate myself by asking people what the sarcastic cracks in it meant—because I wasn't quite sure. Then I had to stand there and take it when they explained!"

He is so natural that he bewilders people. He talks willingly and well with people he feels comfortable with; and with those he doesn't understand or like he becomes abnormally silent—out of an unexpected shyness.

All in all, though, this very human actor from Mexico has become completely acclimatized to the United States—except for one thing. He's puzzled by the same thing that puzzles American men—American women! Also, he admits that in one movie his character is not colorblind: in the matter of girls' eyes. "I can always tell the color of girls' eyes, because I made a study of it," he says honestly. "They are brown, or brown, or blue, and I figured out the difference in shades so I could tell accurately. But there is one woman I would never have anything to do with: A green-eyed woman. They're dangerous!"

But aside from that species of American womanhood, Arturo likes us Americans just as much as we like him. Certainly, of all the Mystery Men we've ever encountered, Arturo de Cordova is definitely the most interesting—and far and away the most natural. To him, then, with all best wishes from America . . . and a long and flourishing life on our screen! THE END

Shirley Temple took active part in the U.N.R.R.A. Clothing Drive. Here she gives dresses from the collection of one magazine to the present. The dress was for the needy people of our Allies.
AMERICAN BEAUTY BRUNETTE
by Alex Ross

FAMOUS ARTIST PORTRAYS VELVET-SMooth
SKIN-TONES WHICH CAN BE YOURS WITH
THIS ORIGINAL* SHADE OF CASHMERE BOUQUET
face powder

A triumph of rich, sleek loveliness! Cashmere Bouquet’s Rose Brunette is a new “Flower-fresh” powder shade tempting in its smooth, dark glow. A vibrantly youthful shade that goes on sheer as morning mist, yet veils tiny skin blemishes flawlessly . . . that clings hours to bring your complexion fresh loveliness that will take your breath—and his. And whatever your type, there’s a new “Flower-fresh” shade of Cashmere Bouquet Powder just for you.

Here’s the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2
*Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette
Even Tan
Double Talk

(Continued from page 41) had saved a few bucks and had no job. So I decided to come out here, see the orange groves and catch a whiff of the famous climate. (What I think of the climate is something that's between me and the Chamber of Commerce. Strictly!) Well, I bumped into an agent who told me Frank Lloyd was looking for a young actor to play Cary Grant's son in "The Howards Of Virginia." He arranged for me to be tested and I photographed like a thirteen-year-old—and got the job. I always photograph much younger than I am—which isn't always the help it was at that time.

The next question, of course, is: "What did you do next, Mr. Drake?" If I had two brain cells working I'd skip it. The answer's not too flattering for me. But I don't have two brain cells working and besides if I'd skyrocketed to fame on the three lines and one close-up I had in "The Howards" I wouldn't have had enough experience or staying power to get anywhere in the long run.

After "The Howards" I went back to New York. And nobody cared. I didn't know it at the time but it was the best thing that ever happened to me that I had to play lots of small parts, knock around in summer stock—in other words, serve an apprenticeship.

Also during those years I met Alice B. Young, a dramatic coach. She's terrific! Besides being a fine actress she was a prominent teacher of psychology in New York and she used her knowledge to help me. She knew to develop as an actor I first must develop as a person. She pointed out my faults; like being lazy and reading my lines without enough thought behind them. She said the vagueness in reading my lines was due to a complex I had developed; that I thought everybody expected me to be vague and I was living up to the role in which my friends had cast me. "You are not a vague person," she said, "and you must realize that you are not—that you only pretend to be!"

This interview's getting to be like a car going downhill. I can't stop it . . .

It was the stage hit "Janie" that gave me my big chance. It brought me my Metro contract and my part in "Two Girls and A Sailor." I was the guy who played opposite Gloria De Haven—the guy with a Texas accent. I was (at what seemed to me to be very, very long last) on my way—on my way, to be explicit, to making love to Judy Garland in "Meet Me In St. Louis." Not bad. Not bad at all! Judy was wonderful to me. Judy is wonderful. Period!

How was she wonderful to me? I ought to tell that, I guess, to make that statement solid.

Well, in one scene Judy had to wear a costume which probably never could have been duplicated had anything happened to it. That was the scene in which I had to carry her across a plank over some mud. I was scared I'd drop her and she knew it. "Don't be nervous," she said, giggling, "if you slip and we fall in the mud we'll do the scene in blackface!"

Other anecdotes about the stars I've worked with seem to be in order here. I'd like a chance to tell about Cary Grant, too. I've never forgotten how swell he was.

It was during the shooting of "The Howards Of Virginia," of course. When it came time for me to speak my three lines I opened my mouth, shook my finger in the air—and nothing happened. After I
tried a dozen times without success, Cary, who was doubled up with laughter, said I reminded him of himself in a picture he had made with Irene Dunne where he was always opening his mouth and shaking his finger but never saying anything because Irene was always interrupting him. That put me at my ease and I got the lines right at the next take.

I guess I ought to tell about one star, at least, who wasn’t so swell—for contrast.

The star who supplies the contrast was a man. He deliberately missed his cues so as to leave me dangling in the air. If I hadn’t been able to ad lib, the man on the flying trapeze would have had nothing on me. Luckily the director, a wonderful person incidentally, caught on and everything was okay.

This is the time—don’t tell me, let me figure it out—that an interviewer would lead me to talk about my personal life, about Chris, my new wife and her little three-year-old daughter of the same name.

My life’s different since I married six months ago. I’ve discovered that Effie May, who also looked after me when I was single, is a wonderful cook. I never knew this before—never stayed home long enough. I’ve heard of people who ate at home, but I just didn’t believe it. I spent my dinner hours at the House of Murphy consuming the Pat Di Cicco salad of raw egg, lettuce and lots of garlic. Chris likes this salad too. (I always said I’d find a girl with a sense of humor, an even disposition, intelligence and a fondness for garlic!)

I’ve also given up breakfasting behind the Hollywood Reporter. Nowadays breakfast is a family affair. Chris, little Chris and I all sit down to breakfast together. It’s swell! At lunch though I usually read a script or something, while I order one cup of coffee after another and let them all get cold.

At this point—invariably—comes the question, “Will Chris go on with her acting career now that she’s Mrs. Tom Drake?”

Chris answered that for me. She was a darned good actress but when we married she announced she was giving up her career for good. We both want other children. And after the war we hope to have a small working ranch—probably in the San Fernando Valley. We don’t want to make a big M-G-M production of our ranch but we would like to raise some great Danes and chickens. I decidedly do not like the looks of chickens. But they are, obviously, more useful than peacocks.

For the present Chris I, Chris II and I are living in the furnished house which I rented as a bachelor.

“Has marriage changed you?” That’s the next question, of course!

It sure has; in lots of little ways. I used to leave my clothes sprawling wherever they dropped off of me. Now, feeling Chris might not enjoy stumbling over my stuff, I hang it up.

I also go marketing. Chris can’t drive. So I take her to market and we pick out fruits and vegetables or what-have-you. I still can’t get over seeing Hedy Lamarr picking out a nice plump cabbage or discovering Van Johnson searching for ration points to pay for a choice lamb chop. Neither can I get over the energy it takes to persuade the butcher to part with half a pound of bacon.

I hoped marriage—and Chris and little Chris—would help me get over black moods faster. But still when I wake up depressed I stay depressed all day. And conversely.

MARIÁ MONTEZ, star of Universal’s Technicolor production, “SUDBAN”. Woodbury SUN PEACH is sun-kissed radiance for Maria’s dark skin . . . summer-long magic for your sun-lighted skin.

The magnificent Montez...the One-Woman Dominican Invasion uses new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder as her glamour accent. It can help you look as she looks on the screen! 5-stage blending produces neatest-ever shades, smoothest-ever texture! Never clogs, cakes, turns pasty. Fluff on some tonight and start invading his heart! 8-star shades.

SUMMERTIME MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Matching lipstick and rouge at no extra cost with the big box of Woodbury Powder in your summer-success shade. All Woodbury Powder is the new “Film-Finish.”

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25c and 10c, plus tax.
advise even his adorable
Child Powers Models
to use only this shampoo!

Certainly You’ll Want This
Remarkably Beautifying Shampoo
For Your Child’s Hair

Mother! those darling little child Powers Models whose pictures you see in magazines are also advised by Mr. Powers to use only Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair.

And there are very good reasons why Mr. Powers always recommends Kreml Shampoo—and why you should buy Kreml Shampoo for your child’s hair.

Beneficial Oil Base Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry

Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff. It leaves hair so much softer, silker—easier to comb—just gleaming with natural sparkling beauty.

Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which makes it so excellent for shampooing children’s hair—which helps keep hair from becoming dry and brittle.

Why not take a tip from the gorgeous ‘grown-up’ Powers Models and glamour-bathe your hair with Kreml Shampoo? Sold at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

What Kreml Shampoo Does For Powers Models’ Hair

Brings out natural sparkling beauty and lustre

Helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle

Leaves hair with silken sheen that lasts for days

I’m still not as color conscious as a wife likes her husband to be. Right now, for instance, I’ve got on gray trousers from one suit, a brown jacket from another and a striped tweed shirt that doesn’t—now that I look at it—go with either jacket or trousers.

Another thing! I still pace up and down the room like a caged lion when I’m thinking, Chris wasn’t too fond of this habit at first but she seems to be adjusting to it, in self-defense probably. In fact before I really start thinking lately she beats me to the draw and says, “Now darling, make like a lion.”

After all, Chris knows—girls, I’ve discovered, have secret conclaves about such things—that all husbands have eccentricities.

Our best friends are other young married couples . . . the Peter Cooksons, who accompanied us to our wedding, the Jack Haley’s, the Craig Stevens and the Bill Johnsons. We visit at their homes and they visit ours. Other evenings Chris and I go to the movies and concerts or stay home and listen to the radio, or play special records.

And now, I’m sure of it, comes the time to go into my favorite thistles and thistles.

Favorite movie: “White Cliffs Of Dover.”

Favorite scene in a movie: That very fine one in “Madame Curie” in which Mr. Curie goes in to buy a piece of jewelry for his wife, and describes her in a way which makes obvious his great love for her. That’s a love scene without any gal in it. It has great appeal for the imagination.

Favorite song: “I’ll Remember April.”


Favorite comic strip: “Dick Tracy.” (The only one I like.)

Favorite smoke: Cigarettes. (When I can get them.)

Favorite color: Brown. (When I stop to think about colors—which isn’t often enough)

Favorite dances: The slow easy kind.

Favorite hobby: That question embarrasses me. I know a man in Hollywood whose hobbies are hunting with a bow and arrow and deep-sea fishing in various waters. I envy him. I wish I could say those are my hobbies.

The best I can come up with in the way of hobbies is collecting pictures of horses. My ambition is to breed horses some day.

Pet hates come next, of course.

Kelly green: My sister Claire—who is married to Bob Kennedy, the agent—wore a Kelly green dress to a party I threw for her once. I didn’t tell her what I thought of it. You’ve got to be diplomatic with women.

Parties where they discuss intellectual subjects.

Girls who are always looking at themselves in a mirror. (Not that I mind when Chris takes out that compact thingamajig girls carry and powder her nose in front of me. After all, it’s a pretty long walk to the Little Girls’ Room just to powder a nose.)

Girls who are loud and conspicuous at night clubs.

I’m not over-right, really, if you haven’t already discovered that. When you interview yourself you certainly should know enough to avoid embarrassing questions. But what can you do if you’re the type that gets carried away even to the point of telling your real name . . .

I was christened Alfred Alderdice. No kidding! The studio asked me to change it. After all, what did I have to lose?

The END
That’s Hollywood for You

(Continued from page 43) Kingsley’s variation on Dorothy Parker’s famous poem. After viewing some of the wolves at the various cocktail bars. Miss Kingsley wrote:

“Men always make passes at girls who drain glasses.”

I believe that Hollywood, despite its glamour, is like any other town, and that the stuff heroes and heroines are made are of is ordinary, even as you and I. I have seen Hedy Lamarr taking “Jamest” for a walk in the small park in Beverly, off Sunset Boulevard. Linda Darnell, without make-up on, has rushed into the Schwab and asked Leon for something for husband Pev’s cold. And Linda picked up a movie magazine, looked through the pages until her package was ready, and then put the magazine back on the shelf.

Often I have seen George Raft sitting in a booth at Romanoff’s with Mack Gray and heard him say, “Mack, I wish there were a ball game or a prize fight in town tonight so we’d have something to do.” And I wondered what was with Christine Maples or any of the cuties he was romancing. Then George finally says, “Well, Mack, let’s go over to the Langdon Club and play some gin.” There are those nights when even the heroes and heroines are alone and haven’t a thing to do—except play gin. Why I have even seen Errol Flynn sitting at the “Stag Table” at Chasen’s, eating by himself.

I don’t want to imply that Hollywood is a place where a playboy can’t get a date, but despite the glamour and the color and the occasional scandals, the majority of the citizens are pretty much like the people who go to the movies.

I would pick Ava Gardner, if she were properly handled and listened to her handlers, to become another Rita Hayworth on the screen. She’s got the necessary equipment . . . Lucille Ball, no matter how often she may fight with Desi Arnaz, I want you to know, wears a bracelet on which is printed, “My name is Lucille Ball Arnaz. If lost, please return to my master, Desi.” . . . No matter what new leading man may be the current rage, one of my favorite actors continues to be Cary Grant, against all comers . . . I must tell you Peter Fairchild’s description of Mickey Rooney and John Carradine, “Low man and a Totem Pole.” . . . And that’s Hollywood for you!

THE END

 yeni! Suffusing Ingredient makes Pond's powder gorgeously "sheer-gauge"  

Beautiful Antonio Drexel Earle

"The new ‘sheer-gauge’ Pond’s shades are heavenly ‘on’, softer, subtle, and so smooth!" says Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle, lovely Philadelphia society favorite.

This "sheer-gauge" powder brings sweeter color to your skin

• Now—a new suffusing ingredient gives Pond’s Dreamflower Powder extra "sheer-gauge" color smoothness!

This new ingredient distributes the tiny "sheer-gauge" particles of soft color more evenly over your skin. So Pond’s shades not only look luxury-soft in the box—they look luxury-soft on you! They suffuse your skin with more delicate color. More glamorous color. More flattering "sheer-gauge" color!

Compare this new Pond’s with your present powder. See if you aren’t thrilled with the exquisite color smoothness it lends your skin! Six lovely Dreamflower shades. 49c, 25c, 10c (plus tax).

POND’S Dreamflower Powder—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty!
Sunny’s Washday ABC’s

“The class will come to order, please,”
Says Sunny to her scholars.
“Today we’ll learn how Linit starch
Will save you time and dollars.
Now watch me, children, while I wash
And rinse and starch and press.
You’ll see how cotton, Linit starched,
Looks like a linen dress.

To half a cup of water, cold,
Add half a cup of Linit
And then two quarts of water, hot,
Is just enough to thin it.
Shirts and sheets and curtains, too,
When starched the Linit way,
Will iron like a summer breeze
And clean much longer stay.”

Linit Lightens Laundry Labor

Scrapbook on Diana
(Continued from page 53) supply company.
Also a housekeeper, Mrs. Mathews.

Where Diana lives in the house: In a suite
covering half of the upstairs—a bedroom,
dressing room, bath and musical study, all
of them designed and decorated by Diana
herself . . . when she was fifteen!

Favorite place on earth: The tiny alcove
in her own study, just big enough for a
small white piano.

What she can cook the best: She can make
coffee; she could bake a marble cake and
a chocolate cake—but it was six years be-
tween cakes and she never tried again.

How she’d look if you saw her driving by:
Half-concealed in her beloved gray con-
vertible, which boasts gay red upholstery
and two bent fenders! (Fender explana-
tion: She only learned to drive a few
months ago.) You’d know her at once,
because the wind would just be in the act
of parting Diana from one of her scarves.

What she does after sundown: She haunts
all movies, all plays, all concerts, all ballet
performances—and any night club where
there’s a really good dance band.

What she does before sundown: She rides
bicycles, plays badminton—or takes long
“happy” or “sad” walks that shake her
out of her mood.

What she does of a rainy day: She’s sure
to be walking! Rainy weather is her dish.

What she definitely detests: Parties where
you have to play games, hot weather,
people who are too athletic, who are insincere,
or who are saccharinely sweet.

How she’d greet you if you barged in on her
unexpectedly: In a bright blue cotton
dress, her bare feet in sandals—and
her hair in braids with fresh flowers!

Her dream house: It sits on a great ex-
panse of ground, it’s early American farm-
house and it’s low, simple, rambling and
comfortable. Beside it lies no swimming
pool or tennis court—just a terrace for
sunning and barbecues.

What she did that you never did: She saw
“Gone With The Wind” five times!

Her “good luck” piece of music: It’s the
Grieg Concerto—which difficult composi-
tion she learned to play by memory in
one week . . . and thus catapulted herself
into the movies in “There’s Magic In
Music.” She was just thirteen!

What she nibbles on between meals: Cookies,
cakes, cookies—any kind will do! Or else
a cupcake; or even a carrot.

Favorite screen actress: Judy Garland—
who affects her so strongly that she burst
into tears when Judy first appeared on the
screen in “Meet Me In St. Louis” . . .
thus embarrassing her escort to death!

Tips to the boys: Her eyes are green-
hazel, her hair is gold-brown, her smile is
enchanting—and the minute you meet her
you’ll feel so protective you’ll want to
watch over her the rest of your life!

What she doesn’t suspect about herself:
That her sensitive face and graceful figure
will someday make her one of the greatest
dramatic actresses on the screen.

The End
AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER...

Do You Want LONGER HAIR?

Then...TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair...more lovely...longer. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been cured. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! Truly you may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty. Clip the coupon, now!

Test JUELENE for 7 days

THREATLING RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren’t absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen...if you aren’t delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair; we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don’t wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now!

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. To take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW...you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovely—longer hair.

Marvelous Help FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

TRY JUELENE. Why be ashamed of unlively, dry hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful? See how much more beautiful your hair may be in just 7 short days, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. This introductory offer gives you an opportunity chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may overcome the handicaps of dryness and have sparkling...longer hair! Be convinced! Send for your Juelene NOW.

MAIL 7-DAY INTRODUCTORY COUPON NOW!

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. J-610
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.
I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my hair doesn’t show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

() I am enclosing $1.00
() Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY____ TONE_ STATE

(Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts)
Along Came Cooper

(Continued from page 39) down to some cheap store, "he asked, placing his finger precisely on the one weakness in the whole proposal, "and buy them for that?"

"We can," the designer agreed, "but I'd appreciate it very much if you'd go yourself to Miss Young and be the one to inform her of this new arrangement."

For a moment there was dead silence. This was it, the first clean-cut test of the man as producer, and every eye was on him. Then came the decision, not hastily, but weighed and balanced and with the firm, sure touch of the born executive.

"Oh, never mind," he mumbled, initialing the drawing; "these'll be all right."

It was a small thing, no doubt, but it showed the fundamental strength of the man, and there were smiles of pride on the faces of his associates, for they knew then the kind of leader they had. And their heads were high and their eyes bright.

Nor did he ever let them down. "We're a couple of days behind schedule," the production manager would report. "Then let's do something about it," would come the whiplash decision. "Miss Young tried to get hold of you to get the morning off to go to court," the assistant director said one day. "Can't do it," Mr. Cooper told him. "But she's already gone, sir."

"In that case," ruled the wily tactician, "okay."

The truth is, the opportunities for a producer to exercise his ego during the actual shooting of a picture are few but generally quite nutty. (How could anybody have guessed that Don Costello, veteran of a dozen Westerns, couldn't even mount a horse?) But a hundred times during the production of "Along Came Jones" Mr. Cooper demonstrated the same quick grasp of a situation and it is untrue that there was any more chaos on his set than there is on any other. There couldn't be.

The proof of his method, now known as the Cooper School of Cinema Production, is that the picture came in on schedule and under budget, the second most important aspect of any production. The first is whether anybody likes it or not.

Now, his baptism over, Mr. Cooper eyes the future. "My next step," he says, "will be to master the cigar. The cigarette makes a very good smoke but it simply doesn't carry authority. A hundred times during this picture I found myself wishing I were a cigar smoker smoking a burn cigar, the kind that won't stay lit, so I could keep striking matches and puffing on it and studying the frazzle while I tried to figure out what I was supposed to say about whatever it was they were asking me about. By the time we are ready to go into our next production I expect to be able to swing a heater with the best of them, and I have no doubt that as a result we will all see a marked improvement in the production end of the picture."

"After that I expect to look into the matter of relatives. It was pointed out to me that I hadn't a single relative, by blood or marriage, employed in our company. This worry was looking into. Such a situation, carried far enough, might easily lay me open to a charge of deliberate eccentricity, so the very next item on the agenda is to beat up our family tree to see if we can't flush a talentless relative."

"As for further pictures, I have several ideas that I'm kicking around. Confidence doesn't concern me. I'm not certain that I'm doing this right, never having kicked an idea around before, but never fear, I'll get the hang of it. Also I'm doing a little mulling. First I kick the idea around a bit and then I mull it. If that fails, I may go up and sit on the side of a mountain and just think things out. It worked before."

The End
The Girl with Two Lives (Continued from page 54) freckles she was so in love with and who kissed her once? And a prissy Maudie, who rolled her eyes and lisped, and used other feminine wiles to lure a back-yard brave named Gray away from Peggy's game of jump rope? In her pocket Faye carries snapshots of Colonel Roosevelt standing tall and grinning beside his plane, somewhere in Europe. He makes a dashing, distinguished groom and there's love and pride and full realization of it in her face when she shows the pictures. None of these facts mean she's ever forgiven the plump Maudie for that long ago defeat, however:

"I hated her then and I still do. I took my jump-robe and stripped her legs with it, and it's all right with me if the stripes never wore off. I've never forgotten her and I never want to, because I've never let anyone trick me out of anything I wanted to hold on to, since—"

Her remembrance of those beginning triumphs and hurts seems a vivid, also vital characteristic. Inequality can be cruel at any age—it takes spirit, and awareness and courage, to handle them both. Which makes it nice to know that Faye, the movie star, is still Peggy, the tomboy, who could walk in high places and never lose her balance. The beginning of Faye, in movie history at least, occurred with "The Mask Of Dimitrios," in which she played a sort of Continental Tex Guinan gone wrong. Previous roles had been bits, as in "Air Force" and "Destination Tokyo," when she appeared mostly as a photograph. "Dimitrios" was something else again. One of the mysteries of that film and others she has since made, is how Faye, who has a fresh, frank look, can so convincingly portray a hard-worn shady lady. She accomplishes it with those "interesting facial planes" the camera loves to light and shadow, a mouth which can become sen-suous if need be, but most of all, by giving her characters some of that defiance which is an innate part of her own nature.

But what sets Faye Emerson apart regardless of her talent as an actress, is her winning of the love and the name of a scion of America's most famous family. How did the man who was then the Prince Charming of the White House, who met ladies of beauty and glamour all over the world, fall in love with a girl who had only just started her way to becoming a movie queen? There's only one answer to that one—it's: Fast!

It has been variously printed that the Elliott-Faye romance began "on a movie set"—at a cafe"—a couple of years"—or just a couple of weeks" before the wedding. The facts are that they met at a dinner party and their love story was a year and a half old before the world became aware of it. It was the accidental coming together of two young people who felt they'd "always known each other," Faye had decided not to go. Those dinner for someone prominent! Usually they sat a gorgeous-looking character next to the guest for decoration with Faye on the other side for conversation. They'd usually tell Faye they wanted her because she could "talk"—which she usually does just to prove it, thus allowing the gorgeous one to concentrate on looking dreamy.

Faye had worked late that day and was in no mood for bright conversation. Finally, she coaxed herself into going, threw on a black crepe dinner dress, not new, which had a little skullcap of white gardenias to go with it—the kind of thing one looked well in without much effort. The other feminine guests were dripping in silks and suables. In strange contrast,
When he answers "Mail Call," what will he get from you? A bright breezy letter filled with the news he wants to hear—or a dull, depressing recital of the hardships at home? When you write him maybe you can't always think of things to say. If so, take a look at this list of little homely things the boys themselves say they want to hear about. Keep it handy when you write—and write every day! TELL HIM ABOUT . . .

Yourself
What you did yesterday:
Where you had lunch, dinner—whom you saw—what they said.
Any new clothes for yourself; new things for the house?
What book you're reading—how you like it.

The Family
New things the children have done, have said.
The baby's new tooth, new words, new tricks.
Who has new clothes—what kind, color, size?
Who had a birthday?
What gifts? Was there a party? Who came? What happened?

Entertainment
What movies have you seen; did you like them?
What radio programs do you listen to, like best?
What play have you seen?
Enjoy it? Who was in it?
Placed cards? Who won?
Gone to any sports events? Who played? Who won?

The Neighbors
Who is engaged, who married?
Who had a baby?
Who has a new job?
Who has moved away?

Your Church
Who preached?
Like the sermon?
Whom did you see?
Any special events?

答问
Have his latest letter before you as you write—tell him what he wants to know.

Tuck in Clippings
News items of interest:
Cartoons—jokes—jingles.
A short, good poem.
Articles he would enjoy.

Don't
Don't complain, don't whine, don't send him sad news, or bad news. Above all, don't forget to tell him that you love him!

SEND OVERSEAS MAIL V-MAIL . . .
IT'S FAST • SURE • CONFIDENTIAL

Something Special!
Thousands of wives and sweethearts of men in the service have something very special to write about. They are taking the DuBarry Success Course at home to make themselves fit and fairer—lovelier than they were when he said goodbye! Some report their progress—others keep it secret—for a home-coming surprise.
If you are overweight, underweight, less than your loveliest, send for the book that tells all about the DuBarry Success Course and how it can help you.
Richard Hudnut Salon, Dept. SV-8, 693 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON, Dept. SV-8
693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Please send full information about the DuBarry Success Course, directed by Ann Delafeld.

Miss (or Mrs.)
Street
State Zip No. / / / / City

Faye was the one who was outstanding. As eyewitnesses tell it, Faye sat on Elliott's left. They talked and talked and talked. No one else in the room seemed to matter. They talked about—what? Oh, people and places they knew, or would like to know. They laughed a lot, too. Faye found Elliott to be "a completely honest man, a gentleman and a gentle man." Evidently what the Colonel had found was something he was reluctant to lose sight of. Months later they met again in New York. From that moment, the romance was on.

She knew long before her marriage that loving a President's son wasn't quite the same as loving anyone else. Among other things, it meant silence. As a brook flows, Faye talks—enjoyably, easily. Faye talks enthusiastically, and as her most natural method of expression. For the first time in her life she had to keep the biggest thing she had ever known all dammed up. Even the usual "date" arrangements were out—when, after months overseas, the Colonel flew back to the States, there couldn't be any letters of love from Army "airfields to Hollywood. Newsrooms have a way of taking such texts to be in public domain. All of which is why Faye worked tight-lipped on the movie lot until within a few days of her wedding. And why a movie star married a Roosevelt without one stitch of "trousseau" to her name.

On the other hand, there were a few breaks the ordinary gal in love doesn't get. One of these was having a love letter delivered to her by Bing Crosby, who spent a lot of time with Elliott overseas. Since there are undoubtedly those who wonder what it's like to be welcomed as a new daughter-in-law into the foremost household of America—well, it must feel exactly as it does to any bride who meets the folks and discovers, with warmth and relief, that she likes them:

"I admire them because they are such a close family group, with so much love between them all, from the youngest to the oldest. And because they can enjoy such a great kindred spirit, yet keep their independent interests—never forgetful of one another, but never possessive."

And when the President slipped quietly, quickly out of this life, Faye saw more clearly than ever the closeness of the family she is now a part of. Her present vulnerability is something she found out in a hurry. The famous Blaze incident will do for a quick example of that curious contradiction in American austeres, which insists on a fair trial for the lowliest and most unworthy citizen, but says that a Hollywoodian, or a member of the Presidential family, is guilty until proven innocent—and sometimes, even afterwards.

She doesn't discuss it now, and she did a valiant job of suffering in silence then. She refused to "talk" in Washington when they wanted Faye for a columnist. Faye followed her into an elevator and tried various conversational ruses. Later, in retaliation for her silence, the columnist went on the air with a hot-off-the-gridle "scoop" about the displaced service men "losing money out of their own pockets on the deal" making much of the fact that Faye had done nothing to reimburse them.

She says she's only one thing to say about that one," she says, "It was his own last-minute 'scoop,' being just then revealed, how could I already have done something about it?" Any further comment is with her eyes. You can't put sparks in quotes.

On Faye, who was once Peggy, the fightingest kid in the block, this desire to be true to the various tangents of her new life, looks good. She is used to
being set apart because, for all her prominence in the noise and activity of that Chicago courtyard, the early Emerson was a curiously lonely little girl. Her parents were divorced and the family divided. Her dad had married again, and there was a doll-like baby half sister to whom her stepmother was entirely devoted, and to whom Peggy herself, without a trace of jealousy, was also devoted. There were two wiry, dark-eyed brothers so close in age and companionship they formed a small corporation of their own. And then, there was Peggy—

A ten year old, with no "own" mother or even big sister to fuss over her, she had the stripped look worn by all small females who must go without curls or ruffles—something like a small game-chick without feathers. It could have made her a pathetic figure; instead it made her an outstanding one. For the little girls in ruffles and pleats she had nothing but disdain, they also had small hypocrisies and affectations she was free of.

Whenevery the juvenile Emerson felt too shut away from life she resorted to remedies offered to the sturdy of heart for the quick gathering of a highly responsive audience. Her most emotional audience, gathered one afternoon when she had shined up a tall telephone pole and, since there were no spikes in this particular pole, to provide for normal descent, the group was eventually swelled by her grandmother, a policeman and finally her Dad bearing a borrowed ladder.

Between Chicago and Hollywood there was a Texas ranch, high school in San Diego, a chance for a screen test that ended in a brush-off and sickening disappointment, the dropping of her early ambition to be a ballet dancer when she felt the stirrings of dramatic ability.

And finally Hollywood for the girl who wears her blonde hair plainly—two straight swaths of soft gold ending in a low knot on the nape of her neck. That goes back to the time when, discouraged with the way her movie career wasn’t progressing, she met Ann Sheridan.

"Look, kid," said Annie, recognizing the reason for Faye’s obvious misery, "why don’t you change the color of your hair? Some people say a new hat means everything to a woman—I say a new hair-do means more. It may change your luck." Annie was right and Faye is still a blonde.

If she is ever asked to advise a young thespian, she knows what she’ll say: "Don’t ever put your entire heart in your career. Never let it cause you to sacrifice old friends for new ones—don’t pass up love or marriage or a home for it. If you do, you’ll find out too late that what you’ve passed up all those things for, wasn’t worth it." She’s sure of this last line—so sure she’s never going to risk it.

She felt that way when she married William Wallace Crawford II—and though it ended in divorce in 1942, Faye isn’t sorry. After all her five year old son, William Wallace, Jr., is a product of this marriage. She wants more children.

Like thousands of other young wives she’s waiting for that day when her husband can join her. She doesn’t know just what they’ll do or where they’ll live, if possible, a big home will be on schedule, with horses for them to indulge their favorite sport of riding. They’ll want plenty of room to turn their family loose and a couple of more offspring to be added later.

We trust there will be ample facilities for any future Peggys to get in plenty of climbing. There is nothing like a pirouette atop a pole now and then to get a girl all set for a fascinating future!

The End
How to Keep COOL!

Cooling care! Bathe. Then dust your whole body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It chases away that droopy, clammy feeling. Leaves you ravishingly fresh.

How to Feel SMOOTH!

Quickie for sticky days. Do this often sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talc over those chafable places. It imparts a satin-smooth sheath of protection.

Such an inexpensive luxury—

10¢ and 20¢ sizes

Dramatic accent! Renew your daintiness at least twice every day with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It points up your feminine allure with the fragrance men love.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

with the fragrance men love

The Lady and the Cameraman

(Continued from page 21) important to understand this protective attitude on John Brahms' part toward both his star and his cameraman, for if they hadn't been lucky enough to be working for him when they met, their romance would probably have been smashed to bits before it ever got started, despite the impact of their first meeting.

That was entirely magical. The lights were ready. The cameras were lined up. The star was in her portable dressing room, waiting to be called.

Lucien Balland went and tapped on the dressing-room door. The throaty Oberon voice, with its slight British accent, made him enter. He went in and before him he saw a girl with a high, curving forehead, with a lush, full mouth, with amazing eyes, a glowing set not quite straight. She was wearing a feathery blue something that brought out the color of her hair. When she stood up, she was much smaller than he had realized she was, from seeing her on screen, and much more delicate. Or possibly he thought that because he is so very tall and thin and dark himself. At any rate, he practically staggered out of his dressing room one instant later. He said, to no one in particular, but speaking as though the words were forced out of him: "I have never seen such beauty: got started; you know, the right way."

Miss Oberon stepped out at just that moment. All that the situation lacked was the obligato of romantic music. It had everything else, including the eternal triangle, though no one on that first day. They were all too blissfully busy. Everything went along as smoothly as gulls skimming an azure sea. At four they all stopped and had tea. It was delightful.

The next day it was the same, wonderful scenes, tea at four, after which they saw the previous day's rushes. And what rushes they were! Lucien Balland treated close-ups of Merle Oberon such as no cameraman, not even the one on "The Private Life Of Henry VIII," had done before. That went on for weeks. It was the perfect way to make love to a girl in pictures. Those close-ups, those camera angles, told day to day the things which the cameraman dared not say in person.

Unfortunately, there was the figure of Sir Alex Korda in the background, or to be more exact about it, in England. It was Korda who had produced "The Private Life Of Henry VIII" and in that picture had given Merle her first important role as Anne Boleyn. That was in 1933. Until then she had only been a fairly beautiful chorus girl in London, that and a film bit player. Her real name was O'Brien and she had been born in Tasmania, that island off the south of Australia. With a face and voice and figure; like her, it was inevitable that she be discovered, but Korda was the man who had a picture and a role open it in at the moment that he first encountered her. A picture made almost everyone in it a star. Charles Laughton, Robert Donat, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie.

Korda fell instantly in love with her. He had been married five times and the first of his former women of almost as great but entirely different beauty, the blonde Maria Korda, who made one film in this country years ago. "The Private Life Of Henry VIII" was made in 1933, it was almost twenty years difference in their ages. They came from different backgrounds, he from Hungary, she from the Irish-English background of a far-off island.
Instead of marrying Alex Korda in 1933, she came to America. A bookish girl interested in the fine arts, she was pretty lonely in Hollywood despite her personal success. That first year she had few women friends, Norma Shearer being the notable exception, but at all times men, powerful men, handsome men, brainy men, roosted around Merle. She became officially engaged to the completely charming David Niven, but she never quite settled down to anyone, any more than she ever quite settled down to being either American or English in her outstanding interests. She would make pictures here and then go across to England and make some there. Wherever she went, she lived charmingly, discreetly, intellectually.

And wherever she went, there Alex Korda was more likely than not to turn up, still courting her.

If she was restless and unaware of what she was seeking, so, too, had been Lucien Ballard.

He was a man who liked to make pictures. By profession, he created them with a camera, but by choice, he did them with paints and canvas, or even charcoal or pencil. He would photograph a movie like "Craig's Wife" and on the profits of it, would pack himself up, go to Mexico, and stay in some village, painting away until a lack of money forced him back to a camera job again. He was completely independent, almost violently individualistic, entirely unpredictable, yet women found in him a man who stirred all the romantic visions they had been told were silly to keep dreaming about.

One day a newspaper girl came to interview him. She thought of herself as a pretty practical person, but when she walked away from the interview, she knew she had fallen in love. A little after that, they were married. That was about fifteen years ago. She continued to write, under the name of Peggy Ballard, and they had two children. About two years ago, she and Lucien were divorced, and the little girls now live with her.

Meanwhile around the studios the glamour girls, the stars, the messenger girls, the new cops, all were very conscious of Lucien Ballard. He worked with them, very occasionally lunched with them, chatted with them, and at six o'clock locked up, he went away, alone, and that was that. Finally the girls gave up, consoling themselves with the fact that his having Indian blood, of which he is very proud, was probably the use of his need for solitude.

In June of 1939 Merle Oberon and Alexander Korda were married. Everyone hoped that they would be very happy. Obviously, they must have been the same, but as brainy sophisticates they should have known that when two romantic people know each other for six years with no barriers between them and still stay on the cool basis of grateful friendliness they are not in love, and never will be.

In September of 1939 came the war. Alex Korda was head of London Films. He felt a fierce allegiance to England and everything English, but he wanted his wife to be safe from the bombings. He sent her to this country while he remained in London. For the almost six years that have elapsed since then, he and Merle have almost always been separated. That made it six years of courtship and six years of a half-marriage. That is no formula for romance.

But the set of "The Lodger" was. There were lines of love in the script, that could be said so softly that they had a special meaning. There were dinners sent in to the set when the star and the cameraman dined in Merle's portable dressing room.

**Overnight...**

**YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR**

Convince yourself with one application of this Famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous! Prove it with the very first overnight application. Glover's will add beauty to your favorite hair-do. It will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—fresher, radiant—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Manga Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress.

**T R I A L S I Z E**

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the famous Glover's 3-way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair.

**1—Apply Glover's Manga Medicine with massage, for Dandruff, Anti-septic Falling Hair. Fast results seen in 3 to 5 days.**

**2—Wash hair with Glo-VER Beauty Shampoo—leave in hair, rinse.**

**3—Use Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scarf and hair—it's non-alcoholic and non-irritating.**

Your hair will be Lovelier with Glover's

with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

**Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 508, N. Y. 1**

Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Manga Medicine, Glo-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose $5.00.

**Name:**

**Address:**

**City**

**State:**

**Date:**

**Send FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.**
room night after night, with Lucien always managing to run out of film around five forty-five, because Merle liked to eat her dinner at six.

Everybody around Twentieth Century-Fox had great respect for the lady and the cameraman because they behaved with such politeness and good taste. They never went out together. They were never any more alone than you can be when you are on a set where a minimum crew will number at least ten or fifteen people. Yet they couldn't quite keep their eyes from following one another and it was almost impossible for them to stop talking, they had so much they always wanted to discuss, books, travel, art, food (Merle is a great epicure) freedom, money, everything, anything. Theirs was a true meeting of minds, but even if they couldn't have talked, it was completely apparent that merely being near one another was the most wonderful thing in the world.

Then, suddenly, Alex Korda came over to this country. It can be assumed that Merle asked him at that time for her freedom. As numerous as her friends are, she has never been a party girl, but she did appear last fall and winter at several affairs with Sir Alex. One night, when he collapsed while dining alone at Romanoffs, Merle was the first person called and she took care of him with great devotion.

In fact, in every way she revealed her genuine fondness, her admiration, her sympathy for Sir Alex—all those emotions that are very excellent, indeed, and have little to do with romance.

She has never, incidentally, used her title in the laughable and arrogant way of other Hollywood girls, who suddenly got "royal"—there were no crowns on her handkerchiefs, no title on her calling cards, none of that sudden, quick importance a less gentle person might be inclined to indulge in.

The final party at which she and Alex appeared together was the Jack Benny party last New Year's Eve. Merle was just as charming as ever, Alex as pleasingly devoted, but the whole gathering saw that Lady Korda was spiritually as far away as the planet Jupiter. Shortly after that Korda sailed back to England.

A little later, Merle redecorated her beach house. She called it "Shangri-La" and it showed quite a bit of Mexican influence in the colors and designs used. For the first time Lucien Ballard began appearing at this house, and in May they went south of the border for Merle to get her divorce, whereupon they planned to be married in Mexico City.

War conditions, however, have caused a tightening up on all legal procedures, particularly where aliens are involved. The Mexican authorities demanded written authorization from Sir Alex Korda for his wife's divorce. Merle cabled frantically but a return cable she received wasn't sufficient. There was nothing more that she could do but wait for the slow process of overseas mails to bring her this written right to freedom.

The written consent didn't arrive before Merle had to leave the United States to start her newest picture even though the cables did assure her that there was merely a time delay on her new happiness.

Thus was written the ending in a chapter in the life of Sir Alex Korda and the beginning of a new chapter for a girl who, whether she spells it with a capital or small "L," has always been very much of a genuine lady and always will be. And it looks now as though she will be a very happy lady, too.

The End.
Gentle Swashbuckler

(Continued from page 45) was one and it would dismay your Aunt Emma to see how he is allowed to sleep on those love seats and flower-strewn bedspreads. Cornel confides, "Pat has to spoil somebody... and she won't spoil Wendy... so the dog gets it."

CORNEL likes big things around him. So he enjoys the enormous French windows, flower-draped, in the living room, the huge sofa and the big, squashy chairs. Color contrasts are dramatic... splashes of vivid coral or blue against pastel greens and beiges. "I couldn't bear to live in a drab room," he says. Then he adds, hastily, "any more..."

But there aren't enough rooms, especially bedrooms, in the house to suit him. He adores house guests. The remarkable man loves every single one of his in-laws and urges them constantly to visit him. His greatest ambition is to have a home in which he may entertain all the relatives at Christmas and Thanksgiving, with even the most distant cousins gathered together for feasting and noisy fun. He has scores of friends whom he likes to entertain and when the "Winged Victory" troupe was here he mourned exceedingly because he could accommodate only a handful.

Just now their parties are few, but when they have one, they have a big one. They make them simple so that they may have as many friends at a time as possible. Usually these are afternoon affairs on Sundays, with music and a deal of animated conversation for entertainment.

These are the occasions on which Corn- nel makes with the recipes. Hors d'oeuvres are his specialties and he excels expertly such things as cheeses, anchovies, caraway seeds and tiny whiskers of garlic, coming up with platters of tidbits which look like those gorgeous ones in the colored advertise- ments and which taste like something from a gourmet's dream. His other speciality is roast fowl and he sparkles as he tells you of the superiority of roasted bread crumbs over the soggy white stuff so often perpetrated by less thoughtful cooks. He discourses learnedly about chestnuts and sage versus savory and is downcast when he considers the current dearth of truffles and wild rice.

Pat avers (with a giggle) that she excels at three things in the culinary line. Brownies, fudge and chocolate sauce. Period.

The Wildes' own, private, personal cele- brations, such as birthdays and anniversaries, are exultantly observed by just the two of them. "We get all dressed up," Cornel says. "Sometimes we go places and do things. More often we celebrate at home. But we have rules about it. We must say "Pat flowers" we must laugh a lot... and we must have champagne."

He likes to see Pat in definite colors, which enhance her lovely coloring. Magenta or chartreuse for the very gay occasions. Black or an intense blue for less important evenings. He insists that the lines be severe and the agony, since she is beautiful enough to be strikingly effective in simple, sophisticated costumes.

For himself, he likes to "dress clear up," as he puts it, or else lounge in the searest of sport coats. He feels comfortable in light-hued things—yellow, cream, beige. He loathes bright colors.

He has one intense, as yet unsatisfied, longing. It is for a room of his own, a sort of studio-office. It must be big, with enormous windows and a wide view. It must have "about an acre of desk" on which he may strewn his myriad of disarray. It must have a north light, just

DUCHESS

by DUCHESS D'ANDRE

Sophisticated Perfume and Cologne To Accent Your Natural Loveliness

EVEN TIDE is the perfume of D'Andre sounds to conjure with. You'll hear it while whispered a thousand times where romance fingers near. It is a talisman of sweet tem- porary conquest, a haunting, ravishing frag- rance that bids the masculine heart stand stil

DUCHESS D'ANDRE
145 North Clark St., Chicago 2, Ill.

SEND FOR 2 PURSE-SIZE SAMPLES
DUCHESS D'ANDRE, 145 N. Clark St., Chicago 2. Please send me 2 purse-size samples of Duchess D'Andre. I enclose 25c to cover cost of packing, mailing, and Government tax.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ________ Zone ________ State ________

Do you dare
DRESS LIKE THIS
ON CERTAIN
DAYS?

HOLLYWOOD knows the importance of con- cealed protection. Enjoy complete freedom in action and dress during "uncomfort- able" days. Use Holly-Pax—the tiny tampon with controlled expasion. So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it. Holly-Pax requires no applicator... gives most absorbency for your money... is hygienically sealed in individual cellophane wrapper. At sanit- ary goods counters, 12 for 25c, purse size, 10c, economy package, 48 for 50c.

Holly-Pax Chances are your favorite star uses Tampons!

CUTEX OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

CUTTING can be painful—even dan- gerous—leaves nails looking rough and ugly! Try Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover—see how smooth and neat it keeps cuticle! Quickly it softens and loosens dead cuticle, so you can wipe it off. Wonderful, too, for cleaning under nail tips and removing stains. Only 10c, or 35¢ for the large size (plus 20% Federal Tax). Get Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover today.

Holly-Pax

Garnished by Good Housekeeping

Bottled in Chicago

Send for free sample of Holly-Pax

Holly-Pax

Cutex, Box H-232
Palm Station, Hollywood, Calif.
Perhaps environment and experience I have had something to do with this. Cornel was born in New York City but his father, Captain Louis Wilde, was called back to his native Budapest to rejoin his regiment during World War I. He took his family with him. So, while Cornel was still a little boy, he lived through the terrors and hazards of a revolution... thrilling escapes and all... and then found himself back in this country with his invalided and financially ruined father, his mother and his older sister. He returned to school, proceeded to Columbia University and then was uprooted again. Back in Budapest, he found no war to furnish excitement, so he amused himself by taking up art, for which he showed real talent. He also... just for fun... took up the hazardous sport of fencing and studied under some of the most famous masters in the world.

Then... back to the United States, with the family finances in so desperate a state that he took that job in Macy’s basement. That’s the way his life has been... filled with exciting moments, alloyed with dull, dull periods. For instance, he was a member of the United States fencing team for the 1935 Olympic Games... reached the semi-finals and then bowed out because he had a chance at a role in the play, “Moon Over Mulberry Street,” and thought he had better not pass up the chance to earn an honest dollar in the profession he hoped to make his own!

He is earnestly convinced that the reading he did as a little boy had a tremendous influence on his life and career. He was addicted to the stories of King Arthur and his Knights and he was sad when he realized that the art of swordsmanship was a touch old fashioned. Still, he thought, it would be nice to be able to handle a sword or a rapier, just in case such obsolete weapons should come into use again for some curious, fateful reason. So when he was old enough, he did learn to use them... and that knowledge has been more useful to him than any other part of his early education. Cornel is convinced that that was the work of Fate.

One of his major vices, he thinks, is carelessness “about things.” He forgets to send things to the cleaner and if it is one of those “pick ‘em up yourself” places, he also forgets to bring them home, thereby causing dire lacks in his wardrobe at times. He keeps on hanging things on the hooks in his bathroom until there are no hooks and he has to start putting them into heaps. Blue jeans, sweaters, shorts adorn the walls while shoes, boots and an occasional fishing rod accumulate on the floor. When he reaches a point at which it is difficult to get far enough into the room to shave, he shouts for help and gets himself dug out. He says he feels ill-at-ease in the stark, unaccustomed tidiness until “things” begin to accumulate again.

He hoards telephone numbers, old telegrams, messages and notes which he writes to himself and can never, never decipher. “Pat,” he will tell you, admiringly, “is awfully nice about this. It does
Tessie played tennis...Her strokes were alarming

Beautiful Fall Beginning!

Rita Hayworth

on the cover and in a scrapbook story in September Photoplay

which will be on the stands August 15 or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation will permit

thing to the right people." He simply cannot bring himself to do the kow-towing which is considered essential in film circles. A friend said to him recently, "Well, your honesty hasn't held you back ... really. Now, has it?" Haven't you found that the business of saying the right thing is all a myth?" Cornel was very serious. "It's not a myth," he replied. "I know now that if I had learned to be a subtle diplomat before I came here, I'd be a year or two further along in my career, right now. It's probably true in most businesses.

I knew it. But I never could bring myself to say insincere things to important people in order to get ahead. I think it's fine to say something nice to someone who needs a boost in morale ... even if it isn't quite the truth. But I can't flatter anyone ... I can't say a story is good or a part is terrific if I don't think so ... just in order to gain favor. Anyhow, Pat wouldn't let me ... even though she'd suffer along with me if the consequences came out like that. Pat has always put personal integrity first—ahead of anything. We want Wendy to feel the same way. Sometimes it's tough to accomplish—In a lot of ways. But it feels good to be true to yourself. I know!"

The End

• Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ... and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"
What Next for Cary Grant
(Continued from page 34) but few people will play with her, because I think, through no fault of her own, she builds an unconscious wall around herself.

NOW how does Betty Hensel fit into the picture and how did they meet? Cary met her after his first separation. He was stung to the quick when Barbara's refusal to go back to him took him by surprise. He had admitted he didn't know what price Betty and Cary although he had admired her swimming when he watched her in the Beverly Wilshire pool. Then they met at the swimming pool of a mutual friend and he started taking her to the fights.

Betty likes the fights. She sits on the edge of her seat and is as tense as Cary over the final knockout blows. So it started when she and Cary went to the Friday night fights at the Hollywood Stadium. He admired her figure, her blonde youngness and most of all, I suspect, she was a sort of band to his hurt pride. She opened admired him and hung onto every word, a thing every man enjoys.

There isn't a great "story" back of Mary Elizabeth Hensel. She is just one of a thousand pretty blonde American girls who happen to live in a movie town but are no tangible part of it. She makes her home in Beverly Hills with her father and she has a sister, Emily, who is married to Easton Spalding, of the well-known sporting goods family.

Betty has no particular ambitions for a career because it isn't necessary for her to work. Her family are in good circumstances. Before she met Cary she had probably only seen him a dozen times and thought him "keen" as do all the younger set. What happened to put a span in this romance which seemed to be going so well, only Cary and Betty know and they aren't saying. But suddenly Betty announced her engagement to Lieut. William Dodge, a rich and socially prominent young man from San Francisco. This was right after Cary and Barbara renewed!

Time out for a few months—and then came the second parting of the Grants and the statement from them both that there was no chance of another reconciliation.

Meanwhile, the date of the wedding of Betty and Lieut. Dodge was rapidly sneaking up. The groom-to-be's parents arrived for the ceremony and they were nervous like the story books—when, bingo, Betty became ill. So ill that she went to the hospital, had hysterics, and announced just twenty-four hours before she was to have marched down the aisle that her wedding was indefinitely postponed.

Privately, she told friends she loved Cary—that he was the man in her life.

We say for Cary that he is the same type. When he falls in love he falls hard. I remember when he was married to Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey. He was mad about her and never looked at another woman. When they broke up, he was in such a desperate condition his friends were worried about him. He "took it out" throwing himself into his work and climbing to the top as one of the ten biggest stars of the screen. It looks as if he might fall at least part of the pattern this time, for he has said, "I'm working hard and I'm ready to go ahead with 'Night and Day,' which he begged off from at the time he and Barbara tried for their second honeymoon in San Francisco.

In the long run, however, we'll probably have to settle for Cary's appraisal of things when he said, "Who knows what will happen in a year?"
Yankee with Verve

(Continued from page 47) or acting, Miss Davis is a master of all three of those necessary functions. She approves costumes and set designs, selects the cast, conducts rehearsals with Director Bernhardt, acts as dialogue coach. She does not spare her own moment, combining her fabulous energy with her amazing patience.

Besides working as hard as anyone on the Warner Brothers lot, Bette has been up to her neck in war work, at the Canteen and elsewhere; she is involved in several organizations for the protection of dumb animals, especially in the training of dogs to guide the blind. Only a few evenings ago, after a gruelling day at the studio, she introduced Assistant Secretary of State Archibald MacLeish, another New Englander, when he spoke in Hollywood on the subject of world peace.

It would not be like Miss Davis to hedge about political affiliations or anything else. She is a liberal, of the old school of New England liberals who have fought so hard for the rights of man since the days of the bigoted Puritans.

Her approach is frank and direct. She has to meet strange people everyday, she has accepted honors, rubbed shoulders at once with notables and the most obscure people and still the key to her character is her natural shyness. She is very gentle, her reserved and tactful manners are completely unaggressive.

How is it possible that Bette Davis can be shy, after years of active life in the studio atmosphere, which is supposed to harden one's feelings and sharpen one's tongue, inflate one's ego, and implant in the gentlest souls the philosophy of "dog eat dog"? The fact is, Miss Davis's personality, that of a well-bred, intelligent New England girl, has not been changed by her years of popularity on the screen or of toil on the sets. She has acquired the reputation of being rather cool and even difficult because, at heart, she is so reluctant to push herself forward, except under extreme urgency, or to bruise the feelings of another.

Her face is like a mirror reflecting changing emotions. To say that it is supremely beautiful is as true as to say that it is sometimes harsh and strained. It all depends on the moment. It is the same with her posture and gestures. Sometimes

Here's a bee in your bonnet

You've been buzzing about

GREGORY PECK

So watch for his
intriguing life story

by
Ruth Waterbury

Next Month

What a Tragedy
for so many young wives who don't know...

these intimate physical facts!

even in this modern age of enlightenment and progress too many women are still without up-to-date knowledge about intimate physical cleanliness—of how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness—and of a proper germicide to put in their douche.

Such carelessness and ignorance has wrecked many a marriage!

If only these women knew what a difference ZONITE has made in so many women's lives! ZONITE is truly one of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered!

So Powerful Yet So Safe To Delicate Tissues

Certainly no well-informed woman would think of using old-fashioned weak home-made mixtures such as vinegar, salt or soda. These do not and can not offer you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength—ZONITE is non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. It positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no cresotes, phenol or mercurial ingredients. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

Discovery of a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE instantly destroys and removes offending 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 kill all the germs in the tract but you can be sure of this! ZONITE instantly kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate personal facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 503-JJ, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening free booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name____________________
Address__________________
City______________________ State_____

107
she smiles and sighs with an almost Olympian calm, suddenly her face will cloud, her eyes will narrow, her forehead will crease. She does not spare her face when she wishes to emphasize her words, nevertheless the effort is designed to express something rather than to force it on anyone.

At any mention of friends or acquaintances, recent or old, Miss Davis's face lights with a ready smile.

"That's perfect for him," she said, when I told her about Virgil Geddes, who wrote "The Earth Between," the first play Miss Davis ever appeared in. Geddes is postmaster of a small town, Brookfield, Connecticut, and carries on his shrewd observation of the human kind from behind a small grizzled window. "A writer can work and grow, wherever he is," she said. "He doesn't need a theater or a motion-picture set."

Now that the European War is over, the indulgence agog over how American films will fare abroad.

"The French and Spanish have always liked me better than Americans do," Miss Davis said. "Here, some people like what I do, others find it atrocious. But that's a faithful one, but not inclusive..."

When I saw 'Now, Voyager' in French, I wished I were a French girl. The dubbing was so perfect that I, myself, couldn't believe that I hadn't spoken French.

She envies the French actors because of the fluidity and exactness of the French language, which has only 30,000 words as compared with the 2,000,000 in the American.

When she has had time to learn French well, and Spanish passably, it is difficult to guess. She's working to perfect Spanish now, believing that Pan-American is a real and important development and that the two Americas must and will get together.

IN SPITE of her desire to promote Pan-American friendship, Miss Davis got herself unpopular in Brazil, in connection with "Now, Voyager.

"The public blames the star for everything. If I'm advertised as a glamour girl, and the leading man as a cruising and handsome young hero, and I show on the screen as a presentable but middle-aged school teacher (as in 'The Corn Is Green'), I feel ashamed to face the people on the street. I know they think I have purposely cheated them."

The Brazilian beef about 'Now, Voyager' had to do with a bit part, that of a taxi driver who drives Miss Davis up a mountain and lets the car go over the side. It happens that in the vicinity of Rio, all taxi drivers who are not phenomenally skillful die in their teens, because the roads are difficult and the Brazilian customers exigent. Brazil, and especially Rio, claim to have the surest mountain drivers in the world. When the North American film indicates otherwise, not even Miss Davis's charm could save the picture in Rio. It not only flopped, but nearly caused an international incident.

Of all the celebrities of Hollywood I have met or interviewed, Miss Davis is the soundest about accents. She thinks it is indefensible that Frenchmen on the screen talk with central European accents and rugged Westerners from Oregon and Montana talk to their horses with an accent from Chicago or Haverhill.

Bette was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, attended private schools, learned to speak grammatically almost from birth, and never had the slightest feeling of social inferiority. That is the kind of background that makes it impossible for a woman to be snobbish. Her hair is soft and neatly arranged, her wrists and ankles...
are small and aristocratic, her eyes are friendly and expressive. Like her beauty, her voice can go on and off, like the light between shifting clouds, according to what she has to say. She is the kind of person who is liked best by those who know her best.

To rehearse a scene with Bette directing is not easy for anyone concerned, be he an actor, cameraman, or sound engineer. Everyone takes the grilling cheerfully because she has a sure touch for the final good result, and works twice as hard as anyone else.

When we were speaking about romantic leading men, she said something that would make Jimmy Cagney's face very red. Jimmy is notorious for avoiding love scenes on the screen. He says he can't do them, and that's that. Bette is of the opposite opinion. She thinks Cagney is one of the most convincing of all screen lovers.

That Miss Davis has entered the ranks of women producers is an event that has encouraged every woman who wants to know and influence the whole industry, not only the members of the audience who see the finished product, but those thousands who contribute to a picture and whose names are not extensively advertised. She has such authority, such a hold upon the public and studio executives as well that her rugged personality and good taste will make themselves felt.

Early in her career, Miss Davis had many setbacks. Eva Le Gallienne discouraged her, George Cukor fired her. Richard Bennett and George Arliss, on the other hand, encouraged her. "I never have got or ever will get a unanimous decision," she said, with a philosophical smile.

The End

NO ONE-YEAR

Subscriptions

Because of war-time restrictions on paper and the unprecedented demand for PHOTOPLAY we cannot possibly print enough copies to supply all who want subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY.

New and renewal subscriptions may be deferred as much as two months until places on our subscription list are available.

Therefore, to limit subscriptions to the number that can be supplied each month, PHOTOPLAY is reluctantly forced to refuse both new and renewal one-year subscriptions. However, we are accepting, subject to delay in servicing, two-year subscriptions at $3.60 and three-year subscriptions at $5.40. These prices apply to U. S. and U. S. Possessions and Territories, Canada and Newfoundland. For subscription prices to all other countries see information at foot of contents page.

We will continue to accept one-year subscriptions for the members of the armed forces.
Even when young—your skin must constantly flake off faded, coarse AGING 'TOP-SKIN'

This Famous Beauty Pack
One Of Quickest and Most Effective Ways...

Your skin must constantly "flake off"—dried-up, fading, aging "top-skin" cells else your complexion may appear dull, sallow, coarse textured, lifeless.

And Edna Wallace Hopper’s White Clay Pack is one of the best methods to hasten this process along so that your clearer, fresher, underskin may be revealed with all its natural blushing charm!

Marvelous "Blushing" Action
Just spread Hopper’s Pack over face and neck. Wash off when dry. And now for miracles! Touch your skin—feel how much smoother it feels. Look at your skin—notice how that tired faded look seems to vanish. The mild "blushing" action gives your skin such a thrilling, enchanting rosé glow.

Use Hopper’s Pack as a quick "beauty pick up" on short notice and to help maintain exquisite natural top-skin loveliness throughout the years.

Also marvelous for enlarged pore openings and to help loosen blackheads.

Edna Wallace HOPPER’S WHITE CLAY PACK

I Want to Talk to You
(Continued from page 31) brother this and my older brother that. Sometimes I feel almost I’m a stranger in my own family.

And: "In my estimation you’re an ideal father. I haven’t had a father since I was a year old. I have my mother but I’m using the term ‘have’ loosely. My mother isn’t like a real mother should be. Because she’s quite young I do believe she is jealous of me. She doesn’t care if I go to school, stay out till four or do not come home at all. She’s always yelling at me until sometimes I think she actually hates me. I take it all as if it didn’t affect me but the tears come after until I am crying—my youth away. I am sixteen and the only opportunity available to me is the course of delinquency. Music is my weakness. Life meant something when I had a piano, for I had plans for a career. I practiced for hours every day, loving it as only one who understands music can. I play everything from Bach to Basie. But—my mother sold the piano."

Then there’s this letter: "Recently my two girl friends and I made the acquaintance of two very nice boys—our age, almost seventeen—who live on the next block. We got to gathering at one of our houses and enjoyed each other immensely. What we want you to understand is we didn’t do a single thing that was wrong. The boys were not dirty and, to put it bluntly, we didn’t need. Recently, our parents began to object to our staying with the boys too often and to consider them punks. How can our parents not want us 'teen agers to keep from being J D's when they won’t permit us to follow amusements that keep us out of trouble! We want to be good but we certainly can’t be hep if we’re not allowed to hang around nice boys and girls our own age.”

And this: "I’m very desolate and heart-sick, boy and I have been in love with each other for four years. In 1942 he joined the Coast Guard and on his first leave last year we quarreled and then quit writing. We made up when he came home over the Christmas holidays. He looked so preoccupied while we were talking that I asked him what he was thinking. ‘What a darned fool I’ve been,’ was his answer. ‘My hopes wenthit the ceiling! I knew he still loved me. I thought strange that he only came to the house twice and finally left without saying goodbye. Then—last night—I learned why. He’s married. I do not want to live and cannot possibly stay here having people sorry for me because everybody knows we were to be married. No one understands him like I do; he said so."

ALL THOSE letters describe different problems. And I know how tough life can seem when you’re a kid. When I was sixteen it seemed as if my parents didn’t understand anything I felt or anything I wanted. It seemed to me then, as it does to all of you, that there was only one answer—to run away. I ran away too. I never hiked out for the other end of the world. But more than once I hid out with an aunt for a week or two. Huh? It may never solved anything for me. And I’m sure it never solves anything for anybody. It doesn’t matter what your problem is, you have to work it out for yourself. There was only one way that will solve anything for me. And I’m sure it never solves anything for anybody. It doesn’t matter what your problem is, you have to work it out for yourself. There was only one way that will solve anything for me. And I’m sure it never solves anything for anybody.
seemed I couldn’t want to go back to any place where I'd been so unhappy—and finally to realize that I hadn’t been so darn perfect myself.

Like the time I quit my job on a local newspaper, having made up my mind I was going to be a singer. My father, who thought it was a pretty good thing to be on a newspaper because friends had ever told him I was not too dumb and might get to be a reporter one day, hauled off and let me have one on the side of the head.

His methods were crude compared to parents’ methods nowadays. But looking back I know I asked for a lot of the beatings I got. You kids, I think, have better general understanding and grasp things a lot faster than I did. Which is a pretty big admission—coming from Sinatras who, when he was going to school, thought nobody could be smarter than he was. Don’t we all!

I KNOW now how lucky I was to have my old grandpop. He saved me from many a licking. When things looked bad and I was afraid to go home because of something I had done, knowing the old strap was waiting, I would run to him and he would see me through.

He was a sweet old gent, my grandpop. I still can remember him with his gruff voice and long curly mustache. I still can hear him say “Frankie, you bum you, you grow up no good you do that!” When I listened to him I never went wrong and saved myself a lot of trouble. Only often enough, even though I knew he only told me things for my own good, I would be headstrong and refuse to consider, with an open mind, what he advised. It’s important, Kids, to meet anyone you like and respect, deep down inside of you—the way I liked and respected my grandpop—at least half way.

I’ll never forget the time a traveling carnival landed in our town. We kids were mad for it. One night my grandpop—who liked the noise and lights and silent movies almost as much as I did—overheard the manager of the merry-go-round bowling me out for riding broncho.

“You were just copying the fellow in front of you, Frankie,” my grandpop told me. “Don’t be such a dope. You’ll stand up on that merry-go-round horse once too often—get your head jammed in the cross beams—that’s what!”

Did I listen to his warning? You know I didn’t. As soon as his back was turned I was riding broncho again. I got away with it that night. But the next night, sure enough my head jammed in the cross beams just like my grandpop had said it would. They had to tear out part of the roof to get me free. And my whole head of hair had to be shaved off. Dad paid the damage. And took it out of my hide.

Of course my old grandpop couldn’t always be right. When I would be coming in late for dinner he used to say, “How you going to grow up to be healthy man? Look at you! You gotta eat! Eat on time! Eat plenty! So your bones won’t stick out all over!”

He never knew how wrong he was about that. Because I have been eating plenty and eating on time for a long while now—leave it to Nancy to see to that—and, as grandpop would say, “The bones they still stick out!”

You see, Kids, when I talk to you I’m not repeating anything I read in a book or saw in a movie. I’m telling you things I found out for myself.

Frank Sinatra has more to say to you! Don’t miss the second of these intimate articles written especially for you—in PHOTOPLAY next month!
"I'm Proud of my figure NOW!"

Says
ANNE HOWE of
Gloversville, N. Y.

BEFORE

AFTER

LOSES
17 POUNDS
IN 6 WEEKS

Creative Make Up and
Hair Style bring a New
Bewitching Loveliness

"What a joy it is to move about in a
confident manner instead of always
hanging back, actually ashamed to be
seen. Yes, I'm proud of my figure
now, thanks to your wonderfull
Course. And the sections on complec-
tions secrets and make-up were just what I
needed."

So writes Anne Howe, one of thousands who
have gained popularity through the Bonomo Institute
Home Course.

SUCCESS THROUGH BEAUTY

When so many are taking advantage of this inex-
ensive Beauty investment, then why not you? Are
you perfectly satisfied with yourself? Would you be
willing to gamble your future on how you look
today? Ask yourself, "Could my figure stand impro-
vement? Do I actually know anything about
make-up-hair styling-just culture-personality?"

These are things every modern girl should know.
The Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course was
founded by Mr. Bonomo, world famous beauty
authority, for just this purpose.

SEND NO MONEY

If you are anxious to improve yourself,
by all means send for this Course today.
Remember, you take no risk. It will be deliv-
ered to you promptly and you will get
what you pay for. Or, your money will be
promptly refunded, should your fut-
ure not be worth this trial!

$2.95

JOE BONOMO
World Famous
Beauty Authority

Joe Bonomo, Personal
BONOMO CULTURE INSTITUTE, Dept. 228
11 West Broadwy, New York, N. Y.
Expenses in main wraper. Complete Bonomo Institute
Home Course in Success through Beauty of Face and
Form, will be delivered to you in 10 days and your
money will be promptly refunded, should your fut-
ure not be worth this trial!

Best Performances

Van Johnson in
"Thrill Of A Romance"
Esther Williams in
"Thrill Of A Romance"
John Hodiak in
"A Bell For Adano"
Roger Livesey in
"Colonel Blimp"
Anton Walbrook in
"Colonel Blimp"
Ralph Richardson in
"The Silver Fleet"

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 19)

W Along Came Jones
(International)

A LONG CAME JONES" would have
been a better picture if "Destry
Rides Again" hadn't beaten it to the
punch several years ago. Both depict shy,
peace-loving cowboys but Jimmy Stewart
had the advantage of a story with more
and significance, whereas Gary Cooper has
the hard task of making you believe he

can't shoot.

"Jones" is an odd picture in its way,
relying on the unexpected in plot twists
to carry the weight of a terrific cast—
Cooper, Loretta Young, William Demarest,
Dan Duryea. Instead of the great dashing,
smashing wild west, we're told quite
simply of two cowboys, neither as bright
as the law allows, who are mistaken for
a notorious bandit and his pal.

In the strange town of Payneville,
Cooper, who is called Melody because
he can't sing but tries, and Demarest, are
saved from annihilation by Loretta Young
who gets them out of town. Realizing she
is really shielding the bandit, Cooper and
Demarest hang around until they get in
the gold-armed free-for-all you've ever
seen, with Coop the worst shot west of
the Mississippi. There is a haunting realism
about the story, the sets, the people in-
volved, and certainly there's suspense
plenty. But somehow one misses the
sweep of the Old West in it. Anyway,
everyone in it is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: If only Cooper could
shoot!

W Out Of This World
(Paramount)

WHEN Eddie Bracken opened that cute
trap and out came Bing Crosby's
voice, we howled. When he made love
to the Mike a Sinatra then it was too much.
We just sat back and enjoyed it.

The story is tres cute but then, Diana
Lynn is around, so how could it miss?
And by the way, so is Veronica Lake as
the philanthropist who promotes Diana
and her girl orchestra and Eddie as a

Be Comfortable
in your dressiest
shoes...

get RELIEF and SUPPORT
where you need it most

AT THE
BALL OF THE FOOT

Dr. Scholl's LuPAD is a dainty,
neat, feather-light Mepatarsal
Cushion that brings you the quickest, most
grateful relief imaginable from painful cal-
Cous, cramps, burning or tenderness at
the ball of your foot, due to arch weakness.
Yes, it's like walking on air the instant you
loop Dr. Scholl's LuPAD over the forepart
of your foot—yet it weighs only a fraction
of an ounce, takes up practically no room
—that's why you can wear it so comfortably
with the dressiest shoes.

Flesh color. Worn invisibly. Washable.
Sized for women and men.

Only $1.00 a pair. Get Dr.
Scholl's LuPAD today at
your Drug, Shoe or De-
partment Store.

FREE folder on Dr. Scholl's
LuPAD and booklet on Foot
Care. Address Dr. Scholl's,
Inc., Dept. LG, 213 West
Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's LuPAD

Thrilling Work COLORING PHOTOS

Thrilling work lovingly learned at home by story
with oil-colors, Thrilling patterns. Rubs in method
of coloring. "Easy to Learn." Only 95 cents.

The image contains a variety of advertisements and articles. The text is not entirely legible, but it appears to be discussing beauty products and services, including hair styling, shoe support, and foot care. There are also references to movies and performers such as Bing Crosby and Veronica Lake. The visual layout includes images and promotional material typical of mid-20th century advertisements. There is no clearer semantic interpretation of the text available from the image.
singer. In fact, she aids them so well, a hundred and twenty-five percent of Eddie is sold before he hits big time. The efforts of everyone to cause Eddie to fail because of the oversell is counterbalanced by Veronica’s determination that he shall succeed.

Diana grows lovelier, Eddie funnier and Veronica more competent. Bing’s voice in Eddie’s face is riotous, and Cass Daley as a drummer is a small-sized panic in herself. In fact, it’s all just a lot of light-weight nonsense, but isn’t that what we all crave? Sure, it is.

Your Reviewer Says: Melodious fun.

√ Twice Blessed
(M-G-M)

An experiment in applied psychology directed at a couple of very pretty twins turns into a fairly amusing story.

The Wilde twins are the object of the experiment of divorced parents—one twin raised by her mother and one by the father. It’s when the mother returns to the father’s home town and the erudite twin (mammy’s) meets up with her jitter-bugging sister (papa’s) the story really gets going. The twins, Lee and Lyn Wilde, couldn’t be cuter, and Gail Patrick and Preston Foster are so well cast as the parents.

Ethel Smith at the organ lends an enjoyable note or two. Richard Gaines is good too as Senator John Pringle, Gail’s suitor. Jean Porter, Jimmy Lydon, Marshall Thompson and Gloria Hope are present and accounted for.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another experiment.

√ Nob Hill
(20th Century-Fox)

There must be some deep-rooted reason in the heart and mind of George Raft to play nothing but good guys even if it finishes his career—and, brother, in this instance it almost does. With a lot of fog left over from “Jane Eyre” and a lot of plot left over from a dozen similar stories, George rambles around in the old corn of Nob Hill” versus “Gold Coast” versus “San Francisco.”

Everyone in the cast seems strangely unreal somehow, like figures moving in another’s dream. George, for example, is a notorious Gold Coast character with a heart and soul of pure driven snow, who fails for Snob Hill’s Joan Bennett who can’t make up her mind who she is or why. Vivian Blaine, the one bright spot in the whole picture, is another lily of the-valley character who sings in George’s salon and loves George. Peggy Ann Garner is a small Irish immigrant who fared better under that tree in Brooklyn. The music is catchy and the cast, including Alan Reed, the Paleface Opening of Fred Allen’s radio show, along with B. S. Pully, Emil Coleman and Edgar Barrier, are tops. And for that reason we give it one cheek.

Your Reviewer Says: Corn on Nob Hill.

√ Bells Of Rosarita (Republic)

Well for goodness sake, there are more cowboys involved in this one than you can shake a stick at. Not only do we have Roy Rogers with us, but along comes Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson to ride in Dale Evans’s circus, which saves same from dat old villain Grant Withers. Kinda cute idea, isn’t it? And the way it works out, with Rogers playing
NEW EASY PLAN for
MARRIED WOMEN

A DRESS
for YOU
for Ordering Only
3 Dresses for Friends

Mail Coupon Today for FREE Samples

Read this thrilling news!
You don't pay one penny ever, for your choice of new dresses in your own favorite style, size and color. Select your dress from more than 100 newest Harford Frocks styles—and it's yours for only $22 for sending orders for only 3 dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! Not one cent to pay now or any other time—all things supplied without cost!

Experience Not Needed
—Use Spare Time
Harford-Frocks—more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of beautiful fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns—as well as hose, lingerie, sportswear, children's wear, etc. Your friends and neighbors will be eager to place their orders when they see the beauty of the dresses, the unusual selection, and learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING method of buying. You can select your own dress to be sent to your friend.

And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress, until you have a complete wardrobe!

Gorgeous Style Presentation Sent FREE!

Mail Coupon Below
Yes—we send you precious presentation drawing showing latest fashions with actual sample fabrics in dresses, lingerie, sportswear, and children's wear, etc. Your friends and neighbors will be eager to place their orders when they see the beauty of the dresses, the unusual selection, and learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING method of buying. You can select your own dress to be sent to your friend.

And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress, until you have a complete wardrobe!

MAIL COUPON for FREE STYLE LINE

Mail coupon now.

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
Dept. L-7, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Address
City State

Free Dress Offers Spread Before You

Some of the Best Made and Most Desirable

Mail Coupon for FREE Samples

FREE Samples of Sensational Makeup

Mail coupon now.

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
Dept. L-7, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Name
Address
City State

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
Dept. L-7, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

I want to get a dress for myself for ordering 3 dresses for friends, or members of my family. Please rush me the new Harford Frocks Style Presentation FREE as soon as possible.

Name
Address
City State

Relieve TEETHING PAINS
When Baby's Cry
Rips Off The Roof
RUB NUM-ZIT On
That Coming Tooth


NUM-ZIT
TEETHING LOTION

Fine 'Conqueror' Pen GIVEN AWAY

Mail us $2.25 and we will send you your personal mini 5-base of famous Rosebud Salve (50c size) and will include with order this guaranteed precision-built "Conqueror" Pen with instant push-button filler, deep pocket military clip, silver enamelled all metal body, Hobart, Grey or Green color. You can sell the 5 salves to friends of 25c a piece to get back the $2.25 and pay your own cost.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 31, WOOLSBORO, MARYLAND.

HERE'S GENTLE RELIEF FROM PERIODIC SUFFERING
You, too, should ease periodic pain and discomfort the way four generations of women all over the world have found so successful. 1 to 4 tablespoons of Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters in a little water, hot or cold, will quickly soothe the most severe and distressing period pains. It's pleasant to take—not habit-forming. At all druggists.

MAKE EXTRA CASH

Easy! Easy! Easy! Now! Now! Now!

Sell Smart Christmas Cards
Easy profit on each. 111 sale table cards orders from Pentagram Christmas Cards with agencies, retail stores, clubs, social organizations, churches, etc. Send your order now to Pentagram Studios, 2922 W. 39th St., Chicago 22, Ill. or 303 W. Taylor St., Chicago 6, Ill. Or write: R. C. Milton, Dept. B, Wsie Manufacturing Co., Inc., 3749 Monroe Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

LADIES!
FROM PERIODIC SUFFERING

Corns

and Calluses quickly removed with
MOSCO CORN REMOVER

PICTURE RING $1

Some of the Most Precious Keepsake You Can Own

Made from Any Photo

SEND NO MONEY!

Any photo ornamented clearly resembles a treasured keepsake. Beautiful, elegant and a companion of a loved one you will treasure forever. Ideal for a present, or to share a sharp and strong memory. To withstand rubbing, washing, poling, etc. Protect your memory—send in photo today. Mrs. Hume, 310 stub street, Hume, Va. No minimum. Send in photo today.

MOSCO CORN REMOVER

PERSPECTIVE RING CO., Dept. L-31, Cincinnati, Ohio

WED say the fact you'd be most interested to know is that Frances Rae- burn, the personable young leading lady of the story (Story? Where did we get that idea?) is his little sister. She does a fair job in an especially un- noteworthy role of a night club singer who almost marries the club's owner before she discovers she still loves Rod Cameron, a symphony director with a leaning toward hot music.

Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hinds are the uncle and aunt who believe little Rae- burn is really studying for an operatic career which proves some people can be fooled without half trying.

The Southernner
(Loew—Hakim-UA)

HOLD Autumn In Your Hand," re- named "The Southernner," has been molded into a delightful and inextinguish- able movie of the southern home and town. The film is a real bomb- ing, a Carroll Oept. story for the self needed. Sportswear, after complete selection, sportswear, sizes, Harford—YOU can wear, too, good novel A the real bomb- ing, Carroll Oept. story for the self needed. Sportswear, after complete selection, sportswear, sizes, Harford—YOU can wear, too, good novel A the real bomb- ing, Carroll Oept. story for the self needed. Sportswear, after complete selection, sportswear, sizes, Harford—YOU can wear, too, good novel A the real bomb- ing, Carroll Oept. story for the self needed. Sportswear, after complete selection, sportswear, sizes, Harford—YOU can wear, too, good novel A the real bomb- ing, Carroll Oept. story for the self needed. Sportswear, after complete selection, sportswear, sizes, Harford—YOU can wear, too, good novel A the real bomb- ing, Carroll Oept.
Music, hot, classical and in between flies all around the room and out of the way of cute Jacqueline de Witt and big, if not so cute, Arthur Treacher.

Your Reviewer Says: So much music, for goodness' sake.

China's Little Devils (Monogram)

The secret guerrilla warfare of China's children against Japanese invaders is emphasized in this story of an orphan Chinese lad, Ducky Louie, who is adopted by a group of flying Tigers. Ducky gives a good performance, too, both as an obstreperous school lad under the care of Harry Carey, and later, when U.S. enters the war, as a brave and gallant youngster who with others, gives his life to aid his flying friends.

Ducky, Hayward Soo Hoo, Gloria Ann Chisholm are the best of the Chinese kids. Paul Kelly as a flyer gives a credible performance.

Your Reviewer Says: And it probably happened too.

✓ That's The Spirit (Universal)

Out of this vegetable stew comes one substantial meat ball to lend it flavor—a young dancer named Johnny Coy who first stepped into focus in "Bring On The Girls." What a find—why doesn't someone do something about him quick?

With Coy to fanchise, we didn't even mind our old friend Jack Oakie racing off to heaven and back again to straighten out his daughter's career. We didn't even blink a bored blink at Buster Keaton as Keeper of the Gates. Nor did we mind getting tossed from music to corn to comedy to fantasy like a kid in a blanket. And besides, the rest wasn't too bad either. Oakie was swell, June Vincent as his wife very beautiful, and of course Peggy Ryan was Peggy Devine, Arthur Treacher, Irene Ryan and Gene Lockhart were around too.

Your Reviewer Says: Why this Hollywood rush to heaven lately?

Divorce—(Monogram)

Don't leave your wife and children for another woman, preaches Kay Francis, producer and star of this little epic. She proves her point well, too, as a much-drowning or else—Willie is pondering Cabot, discharged from the Army, away from wife and children.

The wife, played by Helen Mack, and the two children, Larry Olsen and Johnny Calkins, give a refreshing quality to the trite theme. Craig Reynolds, Jean Fenwick, Jerome Cowan help pad the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Now you men pay attention, see?

✓ The Silver Fleet (PRC Pictures)

Because we have seen so little of the underground battle put up by courageous Holland against her Nazi conquerors this excellent British picture has a fresh feeling for American eyes.

It is the story of the owner of an important Dutch shipyard who is given the "choice" of collaborating by delivering into Nazi hands the two new submarines he is building. But he is wondering how to handle the situation he hears a young Dutch teacher telling her pupils...
Colonel Blimp (Archers-UA)

DON'T be deceived. This has nothing to do with dirigibles. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger have based their picture on a cartoon character popular in English periodicals. It's a cavalcade of two men—one a pious Englishman and one a German, and a study of natural characteristics against the incidental panorama of three wars, the Boer War and the two World Wars. The picture's one fault is its great length, a fault which may well have been remedied by the time it starts its journey through American show houses.

Two dashing young officers, one British and one German, meet for the first time in a duel in Berlin and become fast friends—and faces of their beautiful girl lovers who are to be married. The Englishman surrenders the girl he loves to his erstwhile opponent. They meet again when the German becomes a prisoner of war in England during the first war and again when, as prisoners of war in the second war, they become fast friends. The picture is a saddening realism on his lifelong friendship.

Also, there's a girl you'll want to see more of—a great deal more. She's Deborah Kerr.

Your Reviewer Says: Three cheers for Blimp!

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 23)

Johnny Mitchell and Ruth Donnelly contribute to a gay evening. (July)

ROYAL SCANDAL, A—20th Century-Fox: An incident in the life of Catherine the Great has been blown up into a highly involved story that is Tansull's Bankhead bringing all her skill to the role of Catherine. But she is not a rich girl. Their charm, Charles Coburn, is the chancellor and Anne Baxter, who loves Etty, has no charm. They're all in love with Yvonne. (June)

Pointers from Hymie Fink on how to look lovelier in the lens.

Gail Russell checks them off

Not every girl can take as ravishing a picture as Hollywood stars, says Hymie Fink, Photoplay's ace photographer, but most girls would have more flattering pictures to send their men in service if they knew a few simple camera tricks. One of the first rules is to wear a minimum of make-up. You'll wear mascara, a medium lipstick carefully applied with brush or pencil and blotted, a little foundation and very little rouge. Too much foundation and powder and too dark or heavy lipstick gives your face a mask-like look.

Clothes for the Camera: Light clothes, says Hymie, photograph better as a rule. (Gail's dark little polka-dot is no offender because of white around the face and the contrast it makes with the background.) And be sure they're not fussy. Too many bows, buttons, flowers, plaids or big figured prints distract the eye. Let your hair, beautifully brushed and combed, rather than a hat, frame your face. After all, this is a picture of you, not a fashion shot. Don't send that dream man a picture of you in a rumpled dress or any outfit you're not really proud to be seen in. Pictures are permanent records and ought to say the nice things about you.

Your Good and Bad Points: If you are not sure what yours are, study your old snapshots. You'll probably find, like everyone else, that one side of your face is prettier than the other. (More than one beautiful Hollywood star is always photographed from the same side!) So put your good side to the camera. Unless your legs are perfect, figure out how to stand or sit so they'll look like Garbo's. By being photographed from the side, legs usually look far more glamorous. Never stand with feet apart and weight evenly distributed or arms hanging at your sides. Do smile, says Hymie, if you know you look best smiling. But avoid silly, artificial smiles just as you will phony, affected poses.

Before the Camera Clicks: Blondes should choose dark backgrounds, while brunettes will photograph better against a light one. Don't stand in front of green shrubbery or your figure may blend with it. The sun, directly overhead, will cast unflattering shadows on your face, so do your shooting a couple of hours before or after noontime. And try for informality. The hometype of snapshot is what he wants to see. And if he has a dog or some other pet, it will be a double thrill for him to see it. Ere your camera pal counts three, moisten your lips to give them a sheen and stare do. And squeeze your eyes shut for a second. This gives a sparkle, helps you avoid a stare and makes for a prettier picture.
"YES!" say LANA TURNER'S fans

"Gracious, no!" says this lovely star modestly. But so exquisite is the beauty of her skin, that admiring fans declare it the loveliest in the world.

To guard its million-dollar beauty, lovely Lana Turner depends on Active-lather facials. "I've found this gentle Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier," she says. For your precious complexion, use this same gentle care that screen stars tell you really works!

Cover your face generously with the creamy lather, work it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Leaves skin softer, smoother!

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4complexions improved in a short time.

LOVELY LANA TURNER
starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"WEEK END AT THE WALDORF"

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier... no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!
Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

Made on a face cream base, Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used immediately after under-arm shaving.

Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or greasy.

Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.

In tubes or jars, at 01, 30, 60, Yodora costs less per ounce than other cream deodorants.

Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try Yodora today — and feel the wonderful difference!

ALONG CAME JONES—International: Melody Jones, Gary Cooper; Cherry De Longare, Loretta Young; George Furcy, William Demarest; Monte Fairport, Don Dunay; China's Brother, Frank Sully; Her Father, Russell Simpson; Sheriff, Arthur Loft; Luke Pitchard, Bernard Ruger. CHEDDAR, Don Costello; Ira Waggonner, Ray Teal.

BELL FOR ADANO, A—20th Century-Fox: Tina, Gene Tierney; Major Joppolo, John Hodiak; Sergeant North, William Bendix; Lieve, Livingstone, Glenn Langan; Nicole, Richard Conte; Sergeant Trampant, Stillky Prager; Capt. Mabey, Henry Morgan; Gwizdek, Montague Banks; Commander Robertson, Red Hadley; Colonel Middleton, Roy Robert; Father Pavlovich, Hugo Haas; Zaza, Marcel Dalio; Caro- gino, Fortunio Bonvino; Ernice, Hurtle Armetta; Erka, Ronal Bushon; Caspero, Luis Alberni; Mayor Nasta, Edulino Cianelli; Tomsche, William Kim Ling Kong; Yeome Vautort; Captain An- derson, John Russell; Rosa, Anna Demetrio; LT. Col. Sarabia, James Remick; Afto, Charles Judels; Basto, Frank Jones; Zapata, Gino Corrado; Cristo, Peter Cussemall; General McKay, Mr. Watson; Pater, Grady Sutton; Capello, Joseph "Chet" Milano.

BELLS OF ROSARITA—Republic: Roy Rogers; Roy Rogers; Gabby Whitehouse, George "Gabby" Hayes; Mrs. Jim, Kenne Duncan; Drew Evans; Patty Phillips; Adele Mara; William Ripley, Grant Withers; Slim Phillips; Addison Richards; Maxwell; Roy Barcroft; Rosarita, Janet Martin.

BRIGHTLY STRANGERS, THE—RKO: Reginald Parker, John Leder; April Mabey, June Duprez; Michael, Michael Rava; Nor­ Holton; Allison, Miles Mander; Mr. Clive, Jan Reisz; Mrs. Clive, Constance Moore; Shelfon, Rex Evans; Doctor Manby, Gilbert Emery; Mrs. Masha, Lydia Bilbrook; Inspector Graham, Matthew Boul­ ton; Mrs. Keel, Florence Wicks; Pamela, Mary Mc­ Leod; Banks, Olaf Hytten.

CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS—Monogram: Dr. Ten­ mario, Paul Muni; Mr. Riddle, Frank Craven; Chief, Harry Liedt; Little Dutchy, Dicky L. Louie; Betty Lou, Gloria Ann Chew; Little Robin, Hayward Southo; Harry, Al D'Arcy; Teddy, Harry, Ralph Winters; Phil, Phil Bann; Col. Hawrill, Richard Loo; Captain Savi, Wing Snipes; Don, Sonny Tufts; Miss Lillah, Yvonne King; Miss Lilah, Dorothy Wilson; Dickie, Don Englund; Nurse, Helen Walker; Father, James Cagney; commis­sioner, Bob Steele; Rollo, John Beal; Trapper, Chuck Reisner; Charlie, Ben Lyon.

COLONEL BLIMP—Archers-UA: Theo Kretsch­ mar-Schulph, Anton Walbrook; Edith Hunter, Eduardo Ciannelli; Barbara Woon, Deborah Kerr; Clive Candy, Roger Livesey; Von Ritter, Albert Lieven; Spud Wilson, James McKechnie; Aquant, David; William Ward; Frau von Kaltenrock, Ursula; Mundoch, John Laurie; The Bishop, Felix Aylmer; President of the Tribunate, A. E. Matthews.

DIVORCE—Monogram: Dianne, Kay Francis; Bob, Bruce Cabot; Martha, Helen Mack; Bill Endicott, Craig Reynolds; Joan Endicott, Jean Fenwick; Mi­ chael, Luren Putney; Bobby, John Cullin; Bob, Ruth Lee; Jim Driscoll, Jerome Cowan; Andy Cole, Reid Ekstrand; Harvey Hicks, Leonard Andrus; Ellen, Mary Gordon; Secretary, Virginia Wave.

NOB HILL—20th Century-Fox: Tony Angel, George Raft; Harriet Carruthers, Joan Bennett; Sally Tem­ perton, Vivian Blair; Kate Fleming, Peggy Ann Garner; Dapper Jack Harrision, Alan "Falstaff Open­ there" Reel; Joe B. Satterfield, Richard Arlen; Russ, Emil Coleman; Lash Carruthers, Edgar Barrier; Speciality, Joe Smith & Charles Breen; Mr. Morseman; Fighting Bartender, Don Costello; Headwaiter, Joseph G. Greeney; Candy, Jack, Farrell Macdonald; Specialty, The Three Swifts; Bto Tins, William Haade; Chinese Servants, Real World, George T. Lewis; Frank McCown, Butch; Robert Gray; Chips Coolen, Charles Cane; Shoe Girls, Helen O'Hara, Dorothy Ford; Luigi, Nestor Paiva; Hon­ sley, George; Salvation, William Hoffer; OSCH, Otto Reichow, Hugo Borg, Helga Blagov.

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Paramount: Herbie Fenston, Eddie Braconn; Dorothy Doral, Veronica Lake; Betty Miller, Diana Lynn; Fanny, the drum­ ming maid; Cakey Bailey, Dick Peterson; J. L. Crawford, Donald MacBride; Hrattie Pringle, Florence Bates; Children, Aldrich, Ray, Phillips, Dennis, Lin Cummo; Meriit, Osa San Juan; Ditsy, Nancy Porter; Alice, Audrey Young; Bartimeus Sax, Carol Deere; Mrs. Robinson, Made Pake; Charlie Briggs, Charlie Smiths; Irving Krush, Irving Bacon; and Carmen Cavallaro, Ted Fiorio, Henry King; Ray Noble, Joe Reichman.

SILVER FLEET, THE—PRC: Josh von Leyden, Ralph Richardson; Helene von Leyden, George Withe­ r; Joe Schiffer, Emond Knight; Kramly, Beres­ ford, Egan; Captain Muller, Frederick Burtwell; Schoolmatters, Kathleen Byron; William von Leyden, Willem Alkkenney; Jano, Peters, Dorothy Gordon; Barbara Peters, Charles Vinton; Joe Metrissons, John Loojendon; Cornelia Smith, Siss Ambler; Berthe, Mar­ garet Emden; Dirk, George Scheeder;ho; Neville Mapp; Adams, Leo Barnard; Johnson, John Carol; Captain, Lupt. Schoonewa, R.N.N.; Lieutenant, Jum von Dappen, R.N.N.; Navigator, John Ar­ ndot; Chief of Police, Philip Leaver; Captain Schnei­ der, Laurence O'Modden; Lieutenant Wernhe, An­ thony Esthere; Buhk, Charles Minor; Magrath, Valentine Dyali, and Personnel of the Royal Nether­ lands Navy.

SOUTHERNER, THE—Jean Renoir-UA: Sam Tuckor, Zachary Scott; Nonna Tuckor, Betty Field; Dune, J. Carred Naisby, Betty, Bond; Harnie, Percy Killbride; Mo, Blanche Yurko, Tim, Charles Kemper, Finley; Norman Lloyd; Laste, Es­ cole, Rich J. Emmerich; Rock, Jean, Chao; Hap­ worth; Kaut, Paul Harley; Barendt, Nestor Exclusive; Bumby, Don Drey; Nedermis, John Vender-­ litz; Uncle Pete, Paul Burns; Party Girl, Dorothy Gran­ ger; Guest at Wald, Earl Harrison; Chau in Harme's Store, Amines Zimmer, Jesson, Rinx.

SWING OUT, SISTER—Universal: Donna Leslie, Frances Raeburn; Pat Cumerson, Jacqueline De Win; Geoffrey Caby, Rod Cameron; Crowley, Arthur Treacher; Clutch, Fuzzy Knight; Tim Colby, Milburn Stine; Jessica Merrow, Billie Burke; Rafus Mer­ rayman, Samuel S. Hinds.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT—Universal: Steve Gagory, Jack Oakey, Shele, Peggy Ryan, Martin Wilde, Srd; Ane, Robert Locksley, Donald, Hepp; Le-Mat, Ken; John Stowe; Ray C.; L. P. Castleton; Keatly, June Vincent; Milon, Irene Ryan; Abigail, Edith Barritt; Patience, Vickie Horne; Miss Prefe, Virginia Brissac.

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—M-G-M: Major Thomas Mavette, Ian Johnson; Cynthia Glenn, Esther Williams; Mandu Bancroft, Frances Gifford; Robin Glenn, Henry Towner; Noma, Young; Young; Diab, Harry; Jean C.; L. M. Bozer; Keatly; Joane, June Vincent; File, Reefers; K. O. Karr, Donald Curson; Loyd; Jerry Scott; Julio, Fernando Alvaredo; Susan, Helene Wills; Beth, Joan Fay Macaboy; Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.

TWIN BLESSED—M-G-M: Jeck Turner, Preston Foster; Mary Hale, Gail Patrick; Terry Turner, Les Wolfe, Robert Hale; Sylvia, Anne Herring; John Purdon, Richard Gaymer; Larry, John Porter; Tommy, Marshall Thompson; Mickey Pringle, Jimmy Lyden; Alfred, George Wilson; Warren Mills; Mr. Walters, Joe Friedkin; Chet, Harry Corbett; Who Hoops; Al, Don Hayden; Horace, Tommy Bond.

WAY AHEAD, THE—Two Cities-20th Century- Fox: Jim Perry, David Niven; Davenport, Raymond Bardin, Sally, Walter, James, Hurd, Hamilton; Sat. Fletcher, Billy Hartwell; Brenda, Stan­ ley Holloway; Loy, James Donald; Luke, John Howard; Owe, Ronald; Paragon, Bud Burwalt; Stehner, Jimmy Hanley; Commanding Officer, Regi­ nald Ture; Company Commander, Lee Genn; P. T. Phatson, Al Goddard; Chelva Pershion, John Ruddock; Chelva Pershion, Bromley Davenport.

Zachary Scott and Betty Field face the struggles of the share-croppers against overwhelming odds in that significant picture, "The Southerner."
Investigate this wonderful opportunity to use your spare hours to make money easily and quickly. And, through our liberal bonus plan, you can also get your own dresses without a penny of cost. Our extensive advertising has so increased the demand for famous Fashion Frocks that we need more women to show and take orders for these lovely dresses in the most charming styles and at surprisingly low prices. You will find it interesting and pleasant work and the possibility of making up to $15, $18, $20 and $25 in a week for just spare time. You need no experience and no money is required. Rush your name and address on coupon for further information.

Start at Home—No Canvassing Required
Just show your friends and neighbors your gorgeous portfolio of new Fall and Winter Fashion Frocks which we furnish you FREE. The smart, original styles, the beautiful fabrics and colors, plus the astonishing values, will prove so irresistible that these women will gladly give you their orders season after season. We deliver and collect and you get paid immediately. It's like having a permanent dress business of your own, without investing a penny.

Fashion Frocks are Known to Millions
For many years Fashion Frocks have been extensively advertised to millions of American women and are recognized as fine quality, highly styled, popular priced dresses. They have the approval of leading fashion editors and prominent stars of stage and screen. And these lovely dresses were worn by the famous Powers Models at a Television Style Show. When you represent Fashion Frocks you show dresses that are well-known and in demand because every month the Fashion Frocks advertisements are seen by millions of women throughout the country.

Send No Money—Everything Furnished FREE
The elaborate Style Presentation Portfolio, featuring over 120 of the last-minute dresses, will be sent you absolutely FREE. Included will be our special plans to help you make a brilliant success—like those exceptional average weekly earnings of $28.84 made this year by Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, or $27.10 made by Marie Patton, Illinois—we will show you how you, too, can make money this easy way. Coupon below brings you all the details. Fill it in, and paste on a post-card; then rush it to us by return mail. There is no obligation whatever. Act today!

Fashion Frocks, Inc., Desk 12039, Cincinnati 25, O.
You wouldn't think it Possible!

It's something out of the ordinary — that's what people say about Schlitz.

Its freedom from bitterness, its smoothness and delicacy of flavor, make a magic combination for perfect enjoyment.

JUST
THE KISS
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Oh, how exciting—to see your skin glow softer, fresher—with your very first cake of Camay!

It will—simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions.

And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion.

THE ROMANCE OF MRS. LINDER—

It's a table for two, at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, after a day's happy sail in their sweetheart days. Stella is radiant, her skin glowing. "I'm devoted to Camay's gentle care," she says, "for my complexion has sparkled ever so much fresher and softer, since my very first cake of Camay."

Two's a Honeymoon... on their picturesque schooner, Glad Tidings. "Now that I'm a sailor's sweetheart—for life," smiles Stella, "I count on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to help keep my skin nice, despite wind and air." To win your lovelier Camay complexion, follow instructions on the Camay wrapper.
"All you care about is pretty girls!"

**GIRL:** And if a girl's like me, and isn't pretty, she might as well stay home!

**CUPID:** Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a plain girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means you, Sis!

**GIRL:** Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't got a sparkling smile... What then?

**CUPID:** You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

**GIRL:** And if I have?

**CUPID:** You see your dentist right away!

**GIRL:** Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

**CUPID:** Angel... dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** Oh? And right away I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

**CUPID:** Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!

*For the Smile of Beauty*

*IPANA AND MASSAGE*

*Product of Bristol-Meyers*
We've just composed a two-word definition of good motion picture entertainment.

It's "Anchors Aweigh," the title of M-G-M's big Technicolor musical salute with a full complement of 21 stop-stopping numbers.

Here's the picture, with everything: Stars, a good story, gifted direction, music, dancing, and that certain something to make you completely content.

First for the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Jose Iturbi.

From FRANK SINATRA you get four numbers, duets with other principals, some fancy footwork as a bonus! From honey-throated KATHRYN GRAYSON you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias, and that smash, song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings!"

From GENE KELLY you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance number with—we swear it—an animated mouse!

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

Technicolor enhances the beauty, gaity, and charm of it all.

It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh." It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.
FRANK SINATRA • KATHRYN GRAYSON • GENE KELLY
ANCHORS AWEIGH
with JOSE ITURBI

DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • “RAGS” RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Isabel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET? * I BEGGED HER * FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY * THE WOODS SONGS * MY HEART SINGS * ANCHORS AWEIGH
Cupid Conquests: What a month for Cupid! The gal who waited longest to take her "heart" to her heart, was Jinx Falkenberg, whose engagement had lasted just about three years before she and popular war correspondent Maj. Tex McCrory tied the knot. And what hectic proceedings! Tex had been overseas a long, long time in Europe. He suddenly returned to the United States en route to the Pacific with just a few days to spend in New York. At this very moment, Jinx was leaving to go overseas to Europe in the entertainment troupe with Ed Gardner. She flew east, after an impassioned message (via long distance phone to Hollywood) from Tex—and off she rushed to become his bride. They had just a couple of days together before each departed for different sides of the globe again! Romantic, huh? Everyone hopes the two will be reunited soon. Jinx is such a swell gal—and so popular. And so ready at any time to help in the war effort. Many a gal would do well to stop, look and listen around Jinx—and learn a lot of the components of real glamour.

The long-expected marriage of Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli (remember Cal gave you the first hint that their romance was real—many months ago) came off amid a lot of last-minute changes of mind. Instead of both of them going to New York for the ceremony, it was suddenly decided to tie the knot right in Beverly Hills. One reason was that Judy wanted her boss and discoverer, Louis B. Mayer, to be present. And he was. What's more, he gave the bride away. Then the newlyweds leaped aboard an eastbound train to spend their honeymoon in New York and found themselves in the very next compartment to pretty, Bergmanish Donna Reed and Tony Owen, who had been married the same afternoon. Cal wonders how much the four of them saw of each other on the journey. Donna's groom is a young, good-looking agent and he's very popular around town.

Cupid Casualties: Among Cupid's casualties are Carole Landis, leaving any minute for that Reno divorce—long delayed. She's supposed to marry Horace Schmidlapp, millionaire theatrical producer, when she's free—but don't bet too much on that. Ken Murray's marriage of several years has flopped—and he'll soon be a bachelor again. Arline Judge, who has been denying she'll divorce Capt. Jimmy Adams of the RAF, will nevertheless do so. And many a bird whispers she has her fourth groom already picked out. If Ida Lupino and Helmut Dantine aren't a "casualty" in the romance department already—they will be soon. All signs point that way.

Meanwhile, Helmut's ex, Gwen Anderson, has married playwright Eddie Chodorov, and dialogue director Freddie de Cordova (who used to rush Bonita Granville) is courting Ida Lupino like mad.

And of course another "black-out"—Joan Fontaine's final divorce decree from Brian Aherne. No real romantic antic in view for Joan at this writing.

Fans, tsch, tsch: We heard a story recently that has made us wonder if you fans who complain of the rudeness and indifferrence of stars ever think that maybe it works both ways. For instance, a fan ran up to Van Johnson's car as he drove out of M-G-M and asked for his autograph. Van obliged on the very first page. Then turning to Keenan Wynn (Continued on page 8)
WINNER OF SIX ACADEMY AWARDS...
WINNER OF A NATION'S PRAISE...
WINNER OF A WORLD'S HEART...

For The First Time at POPULAR PRICES!

Darryl F. Zanuck's

WILSON

Winner of Academy Awards for Best Screenplay, Color, Sound, Settings, Art Direction and Editing for 1944!

in TECHNI COLOR!

Directed by HENRY KING
Written for the Screen by LAMAR TROTTI

ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

200 SPECTACULAR SCENES!

A SCORE OF 87 HEART-STIRRING SONGS!
Three smiles—Gail Russell, Peter Lawford and Frances Rafferty at a party at Ciro's

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 4) who was riding with Van, the fan asked for his signature. Turning the page to sign, the actor had the book rudely snatched from his hands. "No, no," cried the fan, "the front of the book is reserved for big stars like Van and Frankie Sinatra. You sign here." And turning the pages he indicated a page that held another name. Keenan's eyes bulged as he looked at John Barrymore's signature. Under it Keenan wrote, "This is the greatest honor ever paid me."

The fan didn't get it.

Thais and Thats: M-G-M is having a time casting "The Romance Of Rosy Ridge." They had hoped Jimmy Stewart might return for the starring role—but that was just wishful thinking.

Phyllis Thaxter tells Cal she's taking a whole year off the screen to have a baby. Phyllis is happily married to Capt. James Aubrey, now overseas.

The town is holding its breath over Lili Damita's return to Hollywood. Especially since Errol Flynn, is suing for declaratory relief from paying tax on her alimony. Their four-year-old son, Sean Leslie Flynn, accompanies Lili. Hollywood feels the impending court fight played a large part in Flynn's open acknowledgment of Nora Edington as his wife. Which is the good that blew out of that ill wind.

Lloyd Nolan was telling us about his cute little daughter Melinda who trotted home from Sunday School with a religious picture in her hand. "And what's this?" Lloyd asked her. "Oh, just an ad from Heaven," Melinda said.

Prophecy Come True: Photoplay chalks up another winner in the marriage of Deanna Durbin to Felix Jackson, her producer. Think back and you'll remember that just a year ago Photoplay told you this was a romance in a story called (Continued on page 8)
WITH SHINING PRIDE
WARNER BROS.
WILL SOON PRESENT

JOHN
GARFIELD
as Sgt. Al Schmidt, U.S.M.C.
in
Pride of the Marines
with
ELEANOR
PARKER
DANE
CLARK

A love story
born out of the bedrock of the human spirit
The magnificent story of one man and one
woman and the love they so thrillingly shared--
incredible because every breathless moment is true!

Directed by
DELMER DAVES
Produced by
JERRY WALD
Screen Play by
Albert Maltz
Adaptation by
Marvin Borowsky
From a Book by
Roger Butterfield
Music by
Franz Waxman
FRANCES LANGFORD, APPEARING IN "RADIO STARS ON PARADE" AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

FRANCES LANGFORD, her "HANDS of Heart's Desire"

YOU: Such darling hands! Wish mine were so smooth and soft.
FRANCES LANGFORD: They easily can be.
YOU: But how?
FRANCES LANGFORD: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?

Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Their reasons? A girl has lovely protection against dismal, rough hands, just by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Supplies needed-for-beauty moisture for your skin. Two special ingredients in Jergens—same as many doctors use to help coarse, abused skin to youth-like smoothness and endearing softness. Simple! No inconvenient stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this almost-professional hand care.

FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 6) "Deanna's In Love."

Probably no girl in all Hollywood knew more loneliness and confusion in matters of the heart than Deanna. Everyone hoped that her marriage to Vaughn Paul would last, but both were too young to have a firm ground for permanent happiness.

When Felix Jackson stepped into the picture after her divorce, it was natural that Deanna found him exciting. He had all the poise and polish of an older man. He had persistence, too. So on June 13 Deanna and he were married in the chapel of the Last Frontier Hotel by the Rev. A. C. Melton of the Emmanuel Community Church. They picked that date because they believe thirteen is their lucky number—all Deanna's pictures start on the thirteenth, the last five of which, including "Lady On A Train," have been directed by Felix Jackson.

High Spots: By the way, Kathryn Grayson's spouse, Lieut. John Shelton, is temporarily home from the Pacific and looking very well. Saw them both at a big party that Walter Winchell threw while he was visiting here, beaming at each other all evening.

This party had people gaping at Georige Raft, who never takes a drink. But he had a glass and a half of champagne and really thought it was New Year's Eve. He had more fun! And the rest had fun with him because when George gets up to do an exhibition rumba (which he did with Judy Garland) or his famous snake-hips routine (which he did by himself) people get a load of some real steppin'.

Auction for Uncle Sam: And when it comes to selling War Bonds, nobody can top Hollywood for getting people to open their hearts and their pocket-books or staging their Bond-selling with glamour. Take the big "On to Tokyo" dinner the film folk held at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Hundreds of people paid a (Continued on page 10)
It all began with a little kibble,* and then she had a husband in the barroom, a husband in the bedroom and house detectives in her hair in the merriest mixup since love began!

*Kibbling is romantic hocus-pocus by an experienced peculator.
Famous Homogenized Facial Helps Skin Appear
 Firmer, Fresher, Smoother With Each Application—

After the ravages of summer sun and wind—your skin deserves special attention. And you'll be delighted to learn that now, right at home, you can give yourself a remarkable 'beauty-lift' which works wonders for face and neck.

All you need is this one de luxe cream—Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—famous for its super-lubricating qualities.

Directions So Easy! Results So Divine!

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck. (Follow arrows in diagram.) Leave on about 8 minutes. Or overnight if you prefer.

Notice how Hopper's leaves your skin feeling so satiny-smooth. Notice how your skin appears firmer, so delicately textured with almost a baby-freshness.

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so active and lubricates the skin so expertly is because it's homogenized! Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely, natural skin beauty throughout the years. Also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. All cosmetic counters.

For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Help Loosen Blackheads

You'll find Hopper's White Clay Pack very effective for this purpose. It's also marvelous to help clear away ugly, faded, dried-up 'top skin' cells.

Edna Wallace HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

For free advice on care of your skin write Beauty Consultant, Room 2204, Affiliated Products, Inc., 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
New leaf...now turning

You won't find it on the calendar...you simply feel it coming! That day, once in every autumn, when you know an urge to start afresh. Your moment, then, for "Bond Street"... perfume, gala-wrapped, and companion beauty aids...by Yardley, to give a lovely turning to your "new-leaf" self.

"Bond Street" Perfume: $13.50, $8.50, $4.50, $2.50. Powder: See ROSE TAN, one of the eight famous "English Complexion" textures, $1. Lipstick Cued to fall: $2.50. ADO "Bond Costume" Complexion" one of Yardley's worthwhile products of the season. All in gala-wrapped, lovely perfume, the perfect beauty mark for your wrist or your neck. Yardley $8.50, $5.50, $4.00, $2.50.

YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A.. from the original English formulas, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

INSIDE STUFF

After the Lohengrin—Tony Owens gives Donna Reed the nuptial kiss

(Continued from page 10) knows how to wine and dine cameramen to her advantage, has everyone chuckling. What a schemer!

Col Rooms around: It's a gala night when Col goes dining out with the Chester Morris's, for in all Hollywood there is no happier couple, one more amusing or one more popular with the villagers themselves. Romanoffs was the setting for our last get-together with practically everyone stopping by the table for a chat or to gape awe-struck at some astonishing feat of magic by Chester who is recognized as one of America's best amateur magicians. Dozens of tiny wool rabbits literally spring from friends' pockets, ears or hats, to the dumfounded amazement of out-of-towners who are convinced the natives are wild people.

When Chester isn't making the popular "Boston Blackie's" at Columbia, he and Lily are off to camps and hospitals with their magic show. And if you think only Hollywood loves this couple, ask any soldier who has come within ten feet of the Morrices.

Fighting Men: Hollywood's own Col. Jimmy Stewart should be leaving just about this minute for the fighting zones of the Pacific. He was due in Hollywood for a nice long furlough, after having been in the United States sans publicity for several weeks. But his mind wasn't just on seeing the pals he'd missed—nor just playing around. He was longing for re-assignment to the Pacific—and that's what he expected to get. He's a shining example of the movie lads who are making a wonderfu showing for themselves and their country. Another one is Lieut. Ty Power. Bet you didn't know that the very first (Continued on page 14)
Stars * Girls * Laughs * Music!

Hot... sweet... solid! A SCANDALS to make even Broadway raise its eyebrows!

GEORGE WHITE'S

Scandals

JOAN DAVIS
JACK HALEY

PHILLIP TERRY • MARTHA HOLLIDAY • BETTEJANE GREER • FRITZ FELD

GENE KRUPA • ETHEL SMITH

His Drums and His Band Hit Parade Swing Organist

Produced by GEORGE WHITE
Directed by FELIX E. FEIST
Screen Play by Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder - Parke Levy and Howard Green

100 Scandals Girls
EVERY ONE A SWEETHEART

RADIO
Joan Davis back on the air beginning Monday, Sept. 3rd at 8:30 P.M., E.W.T., CBS
MRS. RONALD COLMAN:

You know, Mrs. Huhn, we Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That’s why I’m so excited about your glamorous new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Tangee Red-Red is my favorite—but they’re all thrilling!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

That’s what almost everybody thinks, Mrs. Colman! It gives me a thrill, too, to find that the smartest women from Hollywood to New York are so pleased with the latest colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Satin-Finish is a Tangee “exclusive” that keeps your lips unusually soft and alluring—not too dry—not too moist... In Red-Red, Medium-Red, Theatrical Red or Tangee Natural.

Use TANGEE
and see how beautiful you can be
This is what the dreams of... the heavenly nearness of you. The thrilling, unbelievable touch of your hands!

Smooth on creamy, fragrant Trushay before household tasks—before doing dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water!

For the wonderful day of home-coming, guard your hands' soft beauty. Care for them this exquisite, utterly new way—with Trushay the "Beforehand" Lotion!

And use luxurious Trushay whenever... wherever skin needs its velvety touch.

TRUSHAY
The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS
“Of course you know about MIDOL—but HAVE YOU TRIED IT?”

BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol! These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in three different ways—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month’s worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you’re “blue.”

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of “regular” pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

INSIDE STUFF

Glamour guest—Dorothy Lamour chats with hostess Louella Parsons at the party Miss Parsons gave in honor of Col. Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels

(Continued from page 14)

Glenn and Eleanor: Cal found himself with Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell at a friend’s house the other evening and it was hard for us to visualize this tall, rather shy girl in her cotton frock as that black silk-stocking dancer of M-G-M’s musicals. Her feet are quiet now but her smile is as radiant, and her hands that kept time to the rhythm of her feet stray now to her purse where her baby’s picture repos.

To make their happiness complete, after being homeless since Glenn’s discharge from the Marines, the two have bought a little home of their own and are now scurrying about transforming one of the rooms into a nursery.

Eleanor expresses no desire to return to the screen, but after Glenn finishes “A Stolen Life” opposite Bette Davis (and what a break that is) he reports to Columbia for more movies.

Last-minute News: Louella Parsons’ party for Col. Ben Lyon and wife Bebe Daniels brought out every personality and star in Hollywood. It was good to see Jean Pierre Aumont in civvies again. Errol Flynn haunted the garden but left with Florence Pritchett. Well, well! Maria Montez in a side-draped, brilliantly striped turban with purse to match looked très glamorous, but Cal had the prettiest gal there to our notion—Lana Turner. Fact is, Lana called for Cal in her Packard coupe... Walter Winchell was all over the place newsgathering, with Cal right behind him... Chatted with Clifton Webb who tells us he’s here now for more movies—after “Laura” that’s great good news, isn’t it?... Cary Grant was the beau bachelor of the party... Harold Lloyd’s pretty daughter Gloria drew lots of admiring glances... Everyone is so happy over the John Garfields’ expected baby, which is helping assuage Mrs. Garfield’s grief over the sudden death of her little daughter.

Heard and Seen: Bogie paid forty thousand dollars for the house that Lauren Bacall chose for them to live in—just because she was so crazy about the place. It’s worth about half of that. But any kind of a house in Hollywood, it seems, is bringing a terrific price these days... Lonesomest sight in town: Lana Turner—who wails how she feels only “half alive” since Turhan went into the Army. Hasn’t been stepping out, either. Went to La Rue one night for dinner—just with another girl. Then they “bached” it to Mocambo—but (Continued on page 19)
She was the biggest sucker of them all!

Back in the hooch-happy days of the Terrific Twenties Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her famous night club with her famous shout of "Hello Suckers"... but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man... gambler and racketeer... she could never marry.

Texas was famous for another expression, "Give this little girl a great big hand" an expression that she would use again today if she could see Betty Hutton as Texas Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE." Betty is slightly more than terrific as the great Guinan... she has to be for Texas was a fabulous personality, rodeo queen, Ziegfeld girl, Hollywood star, and owner of her own night club, telling off the gun-toting gangsters who tried to muscle in on her.

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan's exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of great hit tunes, and at a mile a minute pace. The picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.
Adventure BOLD!...Romance TRUE!

New horizons of glorious thrill...

Come. Be the ravishing beauty for whose coveted favor ardent men fight! Or stride the decks of your own brave ship, captain of a reckless crew, master of a maid-en’s fate! Hail the glamorous female pirate whose alluring charms mask a heart of steel! Do and dare, laugh and love with men of action and women of fire...in the screen’s most fabulous treasure of golden entertainment!

The Spanish Main

starring

PAUL MAUREEN WALTER
HENREID O’HARA SLEZAK

A FRANK BORZAGE production

In Glorious TECHNICOLOR

Binnie Barnes • John Emery • Barton MacLane • J. M. Kerrigan • Fritz Leiber
Nancy Gates • Jack LaRue • Mike Mazurki • Ian Keith

Executive Producer: Robert Fellows • Associate Producer: Stephen Ames • Directed by Frank Borzage
Screen Play by George Worthing Yates and Herman J. Mankevicz
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) only for a few minutes—then home! ... Rita and Orson Welles seem to be making LaRue their dinner hangout. Orson has lost pounds and pounds of weight—soon will have a figure as glamorous as Rita's he says... Vic Mature developed a big crush on pretty little Buff Cobb Bautzer, but Alan Curtis has been dating her since Vic left town ... Sinatra is a sensational success with the GI's overseas. They were worried in the beginning that the boys might razz Frankie but, wisely, Frank was made the "stooge" in the act he did with Phil Silvers and others, and his down-to-earth charm, plus his singing won the soldiers completely.

Maisie and Ouija: The phone call was from Ann Sothern. Cal and Lieut. Ted Tewksbury, who expected to go back overseas much sooner, were invited up to play the ouija board, of all fantastic things. Happiness in motherhood has done wonders for the screen's beloved Maisie. Her pixie-like charm has grown into downright loveliness.

Her eagerness to learn the names of every navy plane kept Lieut. Tewksbury hopping from PB4Y2's to every conceivable type of Navy plane while Ann compared the Navy with the Army type her husband, Lieut. Robert Sterling, is flying.

She told us, too, how Bob had taken on his duties as a father from the moment the baby was born. "He stood with his nose flattened against the window staring for hours at her in the hospital," Ann laughed.

The ouija? Oh yes. Jerry Asher of Warner's publicity department joined us and the results were amazing. Ann learned her next for M-G-M was a

How do you look to a Hero?

Like a Rhinoceros? ... Thick-Skin doesn't need any little hints about meeting veterans. Not him, he knows How To Handle Men. Forget about vets needing rest before they go back to work, he says. Just yell, "What's wrong with you, Soldier? Get up! Get to work! Be a man!" A few hours in a foxhole would be so good for the Rhinoceros.

...a Lion? Most civilians are pretty modest about what they've done. But not the Lion. He practically won the war with his Victory Garden alone. And the bonds he bought ...! Veterans begin to wonder if maybe draft dodgers didn't have the right idea.

...a Fox? Veterans want to feel proud of the people they fought for. But it's hard to be proud of the Fox. He's done pretty well in this war and he doesn't mind telling you about it. "Know those lots I bought in 1937? Well ..." Veterans who saw land traded for lives don't enjoy this kind of talk.

...a Crocodile? Her tears flow like wine when she sees a wounded service man. And her sympathy flows over him like carbolic acid. She turns a high-powered spotlight on a veteran's disability. No better morale-wrecker exists.

Or Star-spangled Citizens! They see the returned veteran as an able, capable citizen. They're proud of him, anxious to help. They weep no tears over him, ask no questions, listen when he talks—they make him think, "Boy! What a wonderful country!" Most of us are like them ...let's help the rest to be like them too!

This stands for honorable service—Remember ... the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

MUM
A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.
"Problem" Hair made Lovely again

For the first time in years, perhaps, you will discover your hair's rightful loveliness... find it easy to manage, fun to wear in new ways. Those enemies of hair beauty, loose dandruff, dirt, and film, will float away in a few easy minutes when you use Admiracion... not a soap.

Be rid of soap film that shades your hair's color and dirt that dims its lustre. Foamy Admiracion in the green box. "No-lather," in the red box.

ADIMIRACION Shampoo

INSIDE STUFF

Maisie film followed by a musical. Jerry learned many things about the stars at his studio (as if we'd tell), Ted learned where he'd be stationed next and Cal discovered stars were as eager to be amused and entertained, as the average fellow.

Music Everywhere: A few months ago, when suddenly a whole bunch of new crooners were making a bid for the throne that Bing Crosby still holds, Bing shook his head and we heard him say in that velvety voice of his, "everybody's singin'!" He wasn't kidding. What must Bing think now—with Clark Gable, Cary Grant and Van Johnson all about to burst into song in coming movies?? Clark will warble a bit of "Trolley Song" into Greer Garson's ear in "Strange Adventure," Cary will sing six Cole Porter tunes in "Night and Day" and it's all cooked up to have the Johnson boy do some real crooning in his new picture.

Speaking of "Strange Adventure" recalls how Greer Garson, always quick with a quip, broke everyone up during one scene. Greer was playing the librarian of a book shop and another actress was supposed to ask for a certain book. She approached Greer and said, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and before she could get "please" out, Greer said, "Are you kidding?" P.S. They took that scene over.

Correction, Please: Regarding those swell Joe Cotten color pictures Photoplay ran in the June issue, we understand the information we had on the photographer was wrong. That's why Al St. Hilaire was given credit instead of Madison Lacy who actually did the job. Sorry!
Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

In which picture does your face fit?

DID YOU KNOW...

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.

Here's how you can serve... help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find your place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession? If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education free! You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country now and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

Are you a graduate registered nurse? You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured... the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital? With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.

Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide? Such an important nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you are a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!

Can you give 2 hours a week? Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals... release their personnel for servicemen.

You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX®

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, flat tapered ends that don't show revealing lines. The special safety center of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always...

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins put together
**Junior Miss** (20th Century-Fox)

**Rhapsody In Blue** (Warner)

**Incendiary Blonde** (Paramount)

By Sara Hamilton

---

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 124
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 132
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24
An Itching Scalp with Ugly Flakes and Scales is a Warning You Should Heed

Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that infectious dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that can, and does, play hob with your scalp . . . impairing your natural good looks.

Listerine Antiseptic — Quick!

At the first sign of such symptoms start with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage . . . the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day. Remember, in clinical tests the twice-a-day Listerine treatment brought improvement or complete relief to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus."

This tough, hard-to-kill customer is looked upon by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Disappear

You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Note how much better your hair looks and how much better your scalp feels.

You will actually look forward to the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's so cool . . . so refreshing. And literally thousands say it's so effective!

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic The Tested Treatment for Infectious Dandruff
**TIPS ON LIPS**

Use lipstick brush for neater, more lasting job. Rub brush in lipstick, make curved "X" in center of upper lip. Outline lips clear to corners, cutting down cupid's bow. Use corner of a Sitroux Tissue to remove lipstick that smears over.

**Fill in upper lip. Press lips together, fill in lower lip—clear to corners. Blot with one-half of a Sitroux Tissue. (Absorbent Sitroux blots away all excess lipstick—leaves a smooth, even coating.)**

Powder lips lightly. Moisten and apply second coat of lipstick. Blot with other side of tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!) Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleanings, manicures and hundreds of other uses.

**Ad eCreams**

Alexander Knox and Irene Dunne starred in the Columbia picture, "Over 21".

---

**BRIEF REVIEWS**

—INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
—INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
—INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

**AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, THE—Paramount:** A gay, rambling story about Susan, delightfully played by Joan Fontaine, who is four different women to the four men in her life. We see her first through the eyes of her ex-husband, George Brent, stage producer. Then she becomes a siren to lumberman Don DeFore, an intellectual to Dennis O'Keefe, and then she decides on solid citizen Walter Abel. (June)

**LONG CAME JONES—International:** Gary Cooper is a cowboy who can't shoot, but tries hard, and Williams Demarest is his pal. When they come to a strange town they're mistaken for a notorious bandit and his pal, but are saved by Loretta Young. Instead of getting out of town, they realize she is really shielding the bandit, Dan Duryea, and they hang around until they get into a free-for-all of shooting. (Aug.)

**BELL FOR ADANO, A—20th Century Fox:** The most touching film of the month is this war drama in which John Hodiak registers forcefully as Major Joppolo, who through his patience and understanding of the people of Adano endears himself to them. Gene Tierney is the Italian Tina, and William Bendix as the Sergeant is expertly cast. Equally good are Richard Conte and Henry Morgan. (Aug.)

**BELLS OF ROSARITA—Republic:** Not only do we have Roy Rogers in this, but also Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson, all riding in Dale Evans's ex-cubs in order to save it from villain Grant Withers. The way it works out, with Rogers playing himself, a real movie cowboy, is novel and welcome. (Aug.)

**BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE—20th Century-Fox:** The scenery, settings, costumes and the star, Betty Grable, are all very pretty in Technicolor, but the story is a sily one. William Gaxton is the star of the show who, despite the fact that his son, Dick Haymes, has stage ambitions, wants him to be a doctor and does everything possible to break up his romance with Betty. The comedy honors go to Phil Silvers. (June)

**BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Small-UA:** Dennis O'Keefe is out of the Army and all set to marry Helen Walker when he learns he's inherited a million dollars which he must spend in sixty days in order to inherit seven million. Everything he touches multiplies instead of decreases and he has one heck of a time trying to get rid of it. Rochester, Macha Auer and June Havoc are on the funny side. (June)

---

**Shadow Stage**

**Pictures Reviewed in This Issue**

Back To Bataan ....... 126
Bedside Manner ........ 128
Bewitched .............. 125
Blonde Ransom......... 126
Blood On The Sun ....... 125
Captain Eddie .......... 123
Conflict ................ 125
Frozen Ghost, The ...... 128
Great John L., The ..... 125
Guest Wife .............. 124
Incendiary Blonde ...... 22
Jungle Captive .......... 27
Junior Miss ............. 22
Naughty Nineties, The ... 127
One Exciting Night ...... 127
Penthouse Rhythm ....... 127
Rhapsody In Blue ...... 22
Steppin' In Society ...... 126
Story Of G.I. Joe ...... 23
Thousand And One Nights, A .... 123
West Of The Pecos ...... 127
Why Girls Leave Home .... 126
He loved to loot and looted for love!

A full tide of adventure, romance and lustful 'seeking after gold and women...the private life of the pirate rogue, Captain Kidd!

Benedict Bogeaus presents
A ROWLAND V. LEE production

"Captain Kidd"

Starring
CHARLES LAUGHTON • RANDOLPH SCOTT
BARBARA BRITTON

with JOHN CARRADINE • JOHN QUALEN
HENRY DANIELL • GILBERT ROLAND • SHELDON LEONARD • ABNER BIBERMAN
and REGINALD OWEN

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS
Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE

Original Story by Robert N. LEE • Screenplay by Norman Reilly Raine • Released thru United Artists
WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

Thank you for your letter. It is always nice to hear from a reader of ours.

I am glad you enjoyed the stories in the last issue. We try to keep them interesting and varied, so that you can always look forward to our publication.

If you have any suggestions for future issues, please do not hesitate to let us know. We value your input and strive to make our magazine as enjoyable as possible.

Best regards,
[Signature]
[Editor's Name]
No other Shampoo...

**only Drene with Hair Conditioning action**

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet
so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Now... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. **Extra lustre**... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. **Such manageable hair**... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing. **Complete removal of unsightly dandruff**, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

---

**Straight from Paris**

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

**LOVELY MADELON MASON**... one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl"... posed for all three photographs.

For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

(Left)—Huge Ribbon Bows, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(Below)—New Parisian Page-boy! Notice the covered ear... and how the hair slate sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.
It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory. See how soon you can get that Ivory Look!

More Doctors advise IVORY than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!
JENNIFER JONES sat in the Superior Court of the City of Los Angeles on the morning of June 20, 1945, getting her divorce from Robert Walker. Hidden behind her reticent words was the outline of a tragedy of incompatibility of two very nice people.

She and Mr. Walker had separated on November 7, 1943, she said. One of the troubles had been that Mr. Walker wanted her to go into radio, against the advice of her manager. "You can't get a divorce on that," Judge Charles E. Haas interrupted. "Did he stay out all night?"

"Yes," said Jennifer, her voice very low. "Sometimes all night."

The Judge asked, "Do you know if he was working?"

"No, I didn't know. He didn't tell me."

"Now we're getting somewhere," the Judge promptly informed her.

"That's grounds for divorce."

Thus a marriage ended. Jennifer and Bob got joint custody of the two small Walker sons, Bobbie, five, and Michael, four, but they were to continue living with their mother. There was no alimony or property settlement. "Mr. Walker has been most generous in his care of the children," Jennifer testified.

So that was that, and the big subject that Jennifer Jones has refused to discuss for more than a year and a half was, safely, a matter of history.

Jennifer Jones has given no interviews during the eighteen months that she has been living alone. You may have seen stories on her, but they have been gathered from other people, not from this beautiful, highly wrought young star who already possesses one Academy Award and who will undoubtedly garner more of them in the future.

When she agreed to talk for publication for Photoplay exclusively, it was with the distinct understanding that the subject of her parting from Bob Walker was not to be brought into the conversation, though naturally it was agreed that Photoplay had every right to publish such testimony as a matter of public record.

Even at that, the interview was hedged about with inevitable reservations. Said her studio, "We can't guarantee that she will talk at all. Jenny's like that. Either she talks so fast you can't stop her, or she doesn't say two words."

We met at the Savoy, a Beverly Hills restaurant (Cont'd on page 116)
IT IS Saturday night in your town somewhere in the U.S.A. You have a date tonight—with your best beau, or with the girl down the block, or with your family—to do the same thing Americans all over the nation are doing: Going to the movies.

The line before the theater is a long one; the picture is “The Keys Of The Kingdom.” For two hours you sit absorbed by the powerful story of A. J. Cronin’s novel; you are moved by Gregory Peck’s fine portrayal of Father Chisholm; and when you walk out of that theater you pronounce the film a great motion picture.

As a Photoplay reader you are ready perhaps to go on record as saying, “That movie should win Photoplay’s Gold Medal Award for 1945.” Whether it will or not is right now being determined by a poll which we feel is one of the most scientific and accurate on the American scene. This very minute your counterpart—he or she doctor, typist, nurse, businessman, schoolgirl—is talking to a pleasant-looking man or woman who has just approached him with, “I’m from Audience Research. Mind answering a few questions?” The result of those answers, added to the thousands of answers from all over the nation—in big cities, small towns, on farms and in factories—will decide what picture and what stars will receive the Photoplay Gold Medal Award for 1945.

This Award is given each year to the best-liked motion picture and the most popular actor and actress of Hollywood. The choice is made by American movie-goers themselves, polled through our Audience Research from coast to coast; and it is the one Award that is the actual expression of the wishes of movie-goers interviewed personally.

After long months of careful polling in 1944, the Award was presented to Greer Garson as the most popular feminine star of the year; to Bing Crosby as the most popular male star; and to “Going My Way” as the most popular picture.

At this time, the 1945 race is halfway run. It
An exciting mid-race report of the first half of the year on the likely contenders for Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards for 1945

BY

DR. GEORGE GALLUP, Director of Audience Research, Inc.

is an exciting and close one.

Nine pictures head the list as contenders for the Gold Medal this year. They are "The Keys Of The Kingdom," "Meet Me In St. Louis," "Music For Millions," "National Velvet," "Objective Burma," "A Song To Remember," "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "To Have And Have Not" and "Winged Victory." (Note that these pictures are listed in alphabetical order and are not ranked on the basis of enjoyment.)

Your favorite is not among them? Well, here's a point to consider: This list is made of those pictures released in December, 1944, or during the first five months of 1945 and have already been seen by one-third of the movie audience, a requisite that we feel is essential to insure that pictures considered for the Award have had sufficient distribution to give all elements of the movie-going public a chance to see them. But there are still five more films which, although they have not as yet been seen by the one-third minimum, will likely qualify on that score by December. The vote on them is strong enough to suggest that one of them may be the winner of the Gold Medal.


NOW let's go on to the stars. Which ones have the best chance of winning the Gold Medal? Among the actresses (again arranged alphabetically) are Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Greer Garson and Betty Grable. Among the actors, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, Bob Hope and Spencer Tracy head the list.

Here's a revealing sidelight on this list: The four runners-up are Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. Will one of these have a chance of receiving the personal tribute of the Gold Medal from movie audiences? The answer to that depends on what all the Mary (Continued on page 110)
In the face of Hollywood’s pessimistic reports of a final separation,

Louella Parsons made a daring prophecy which has now come to pass

The Truth About

The Ray Millands

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

I HAVE been predicting for many, many weeks, even when few people, if any, agreed with me, that eventually the Ray Millands would be back together again. Now that it’s come true, I’ll tell you why I had the courage to make what seemed at the time such a dubious prophecy.

If you talk to the very handsome Ray, as I have done, you know that there never was another girl for him and that the quarrels he has had with his wife are due to what he calls “temperament and moodiness” that come to any actor who works as hard as he has done for the past thirteen years.

Even though this parting was the third one, the Millands believed it was now all over for them. As he stood at my bar mixing Martinis a few weeks ago, he said, looking unhappy, “Mal is a marvelous person, honest, charming, absolutely without guile and with a great sense of humor. If I have any fault to find with her, it’s the little habit she has of listening to other people’s troubles.”

“I would come home,” he said, “and there would be four or five friends all pouring out their problems into her sympathetic ear. I used to wish they would go home, or had never come, because I had my problems, too, and wanted her to sympathize with me. She is such a naturally sweet person that anyone who has troubles comes to Mal. I am Welsh and temperamental but I am not emotional, so I could never properly express myself.

“I have never been in the slightest interested in any other girl since I first set eyes on Malvina Muriel Weber thirteen years ago at a bridge party given by Martha Sleeper. I took a look at Mal and trumped my partner’s ace. I was so taken with her!”

“Tell me about it,” I asked Ray.

“All right,” he said, “I will! I had been going about a bit with two young socialites—you know them here in Los Angeles—but I never saw either of them again after meeting this glorious creature. ‘There,’ I said to myself, ‘is the next Mrs. Jack Millane!’”

“Who?” I gasped.

“Oh, didn’t you know my real name is Jack Millane?” he answered.

Then I remembered that Mal always calls him “Jack” and so does Ann Sothern, Bob Sterling, Walter and Fieldsy Lang and the coterie of friends that he and Mal associate with in Hollywood—or did until last May six months ago when he walked out and left the wife he adores and his little boy, Danny, after a quarrel which he himself says was utterly senseless. (Continued on page 74)
Talented Welshman, Ray Milland, who gets his greatest role to date in Paramount's "The Lost Weekend"
What's in a name? Success or failure, happiness or its opposite, if you believe the numerologists. There must be something to it, else Hollywood wouldn't put so much stress on choosing just the right professional monikers for its stars.

Lauren Bacall, for instance. Names have always intrigued me and none more so than that of the sleepy-eyed Warner starlet who became the fourth Mrs. Humphrey Bogart in May. Whoever wished that name on her—and one hears that Hollywood employs a battery of professional name-changers—had a touch of genius. As Lauren Bacall—also known as The Look—her face and figure have been front-page news for months. The numerologists say there's a reason, as you'll presently see.

Jennifer Jones, I think, was another inspiration. The sweet young star of "The Song Of Bernadette" had spent a substantial part of her life in show business as Phyllis Isley. She even had a go at Hollywood in Western pictures. But not until Dave Selznick's hard-working aides dreamed up a new name for her did she zoom to stardom.

Do stage beauties, screen heroes, actor and models succeed because of their names or despite them? Would a rose be just as sweet by any other name? As sweet, perhaps, but not so saleable. A professional name, whether it soothes the eye and ear or merely irritates them, should always snag the memory. A name that is too pretty, too easy to pronounce, may defeat its purpose. This is probably why the Powers, Conover and other model agencies tag their most beautiful models with such odd appellations as Jinx Falkenburg, Choo Choo Johnson, Chili Williams, Candy Jones, etcetera.

Tallulah Bankhead, a name to conjure with, happens to have been her own since birth. "Would Taloo, as her friends call her, have developed so flaming a personality if her parents had christened her Rosemary, say, or Jocelyn? Or even Eugenia, the name they bestowed on her older sister? The tempestuous Tallulah thinks not. "My mother must have had some prescience of what I would grow up to be like," she told me. "I was christened at her deathbed and her last words were, 'Look after Eugenie—Tallulah can look after herself.' And I most certainly have been looking after myself ever since."
When I asked how she came by so unusual a name, she replied:

"I was named for my grandmother. But the first Tallulah—quite unrelated—was an Indian princess, to whom the aborigines made a sacrifice of a man every year, to promote good crops. I always thought the name meant 'Love Maiden.'"

At this, Tallulah gave the throaty gurgle for which she is famous.

"I was sadly disillusioned by my aunt, who headed the historical archives of the State of Alabama. She informed me that the word means 'Terrible'!"

Would Roy Rogers, Republic Pictures' cowboy star, have captured the fancy of millions as Leonard Sly, his true name, which sounds like a character in a Restoration comedy? Would Mary Pickford have become America's Sweetheart as Gladys Smith, which happens to be what she was christened? I doubt it. Nor would Joan Crawford have risen to stellar heights as Lucille LeSueur.

Since the late Carole Lombard (born Jane Peters) assumed that name—adding an "e" to the Carol, on the advice of a numerologist—there has been a flock of starlets with that name, best known of them being Carole Landis (nee Frances Ridste). Frank Cooper and Rupert Vallee set a new style in names for boys when they adopted the petits noms, respectively, of Gary and Rudy.

When I asked Gypsy Rose Lee, the former burlesque queen, how she came by so unusual a moniker, she explained quite simply that in vaudeville she had been billed as Rose Louise. This, for practical purposes, was shortened to Rose Lee; Gypsy was the nickname by which her mother had known her since her rosy-cheeked, curly-haired babyhood. It is interesting to note that when the Will Hays office insisted on introducing her to the screen as Rose Louise Hovick (her real name) she was a flop. On her second Hollywood try, she was permitted to resume the name by which Broadway had always known her. It was a typographical error in a theater program that decided Gypsy's sister, June Havoc, to adopt that spelling.

Several seasons ago, while visiting Saratoga Springs, I was so smitten by a madcap (Continued on page 136)
It's a "Once upon a time" story, this—of two young stars and their special friendship.

The other day I was stopped on the lot and asked, "Can anyone explain this terrific popularity of Van Johnson's?"

I burned, even though I know that when a player hits the tremendous stardom that Van has, in such a brief time, there are always those who pretend it must be based upon something other than personality and ability.

Answering this feline, I drew myself up to my full five feet two and said, "Yes, I can explain Van's popularity. I know today it's based on exactly the same qualities I saw in him when I first met him, when neither one of us was known to anyone. Success has to come to Van because, in addition to outside things like his handsomeness and his tremendous acting ability, he is so good inside."

You see, I knew Van when. He knew me when, too. He hadn't changed one bit. The only thing success has done to him is to make him even nicer.

"When" was the season of 1941 on Broadway. It seems like more than four years ago. As I look back, Van and I were such babies, such dreaming babies.

Van was fresh in from Newport, Rhode Island, and some chorus work on the main stem. I was fresh in from Lucerne, New York, by way of a session at Roosevelt High, up in Westchester County, which is just outside the Big City, and some chorus work in "Very Warm For May" and "Higher And Higher," both of which had flopped with dull thuds. At the time we met, we both were understudies, Van being Gene Kelly's understudy in "Pal Joey," I being Betty Hutton's in "Panama Hattie." While we didn't exactly wish that our stars would fall down and break their legs, we did sort of dream that they might feel a bit indisposed one night when every manager on Broadway would just happen to be out front!

That never came true, of course.

An understudy's salary is, I assure you, a very little thing. I was living over at what was then called the American Woman's Club with one of the most talented girls I've ever encountered, Betsy Blair. Betsy is in real life all that Claudia is in stories, and she had then the most desperate crush on Gene Kelly. Today, as you probably know, she is Mrs. Gene Kelly.

But at that time she expected to go right on with her career, just as I did with mine, and we never talked anything else. The American Woman's Club was one of those very respectable, very inexpensive places to live, not too conveniently located, and a (Continued on page 118)
Line forms to the right! Van Johnson, appearing in “Weekend At The Waldorf”
of the beauty that makes men sing—
of the earnest, tender mother heart—
of the contrasts that Clark Gable says make you blink!

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE are a lot of things that stick in my mind about Lana Turner—things I've seen and heard since I came to know her rather well.

Lana was one of the stars who had really skyrocketed in the years I spent in New York and I hadn't even met her when I came back to Hollywood to live last summer. But she has come to mean such a lot to me in several ways that I can sort of ramble on about her. Nothing very important—bits and pieces—making up one of the rare people I've met in my lifetime. Giving maybe some of the feeling of the word, if you had to pick just one word, that would describe her best—contrasts.

That, by the way, is the word I stole from Clark Gable. He remarked once that there were so many contrasting sides to Lana they made you blink.

For instance, I was up at her house one afternoon when she came romping in to see her small daughter, Miss Cheryl Christine, who is two. She has golden brown hair and the biggest brownest eyes I ever saw in anybody's head. With me, she had been rather dignified. At sight of her mother she let out a squeal. Broke the world's record for her age getting across the room. Flung up her arms and said, "Please, Baby."

"Does she mean you—or herself?" I asked. You know how tots use the third person about themselves, like, "Baby wants to go now." At least all mine did.

Lana grinned. "I guess she means me," she said. "She usually calls me her baby. And I call her my baby. So that makes it mutual."

Yet when Lana was in Washington some time ago and was guest of honor at a luncheon given by (then) Senator Harry S. Truman, she said something in startling contrast. At the end of the luncheon, the Senator introduced her to his guests as one of our most-famous movie stars and asked her to say a few words.

Lana got up and said, simply, "I thank Senator Truman for calling me a famous movie star. But when I talk to people like you, who govern our country and hold its future in their hands, I feel I have a much more important title—I'm one of America's young mothers. And I'd like you to think of me that way. Young mothers are probably the most important people in the world, I guess they always have been. My daughter's future is the thing of most concern to me—and to you."

She meant it, too.

Which reminds me: When Senator Truman, after being elected vice-president, became President of the United States at the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Lana called and asked me to lunch with her.

"I'm in a quandary," she said over the coffee. "Mr. Truman was very nice to me when I was in Washington, very kind and friendly. Do you think I ought to write and—well, not exactly congratulate him—would you? I mean because he got to be president when Roosevelt died and so you would not want to congratulate him—but somehow I'd like to write to him—do you think it would be all right?"

I said I thought President (Continued on page 71)
Radiant in roses, Lana Turner, who is starred in M-G-M's "Early To Wed"
They call him everything from the Lincoln of Hollywood to the Great Lover of 1945. But the truth lies somewhere in between, as you will see in this story of his life.

From the day of his birth, Gregory Peck was marked out for an important destiny—either that or abject failure—for there never was a moment when he wasn't at complete variance with the average child. He wasn't a pretty baby, but he was a long one, long torso-ed, long limbed, with great, dark eyes and a buzz of hair that promised to be very dark, and strong too.

His father wanted him, his first born, to be named Gregory Junior, but his mother had another idea, so they compromised and named him Eldred Gregory, a name which he disliked from the time he was old enough to be aware of it. The compromise was characteristic of the life his parents lived together. They were romantically in love—but their minds were always at war. They quarreled and made up, quarreled and finally separated. Such a domestic atmosphere does things to a child, who is its inevitable storm center. It did things to young Eldred.

Gregory Peck the second was born in La Jolla, California, on April 5, 1916, and today, as the whole world knows, he is the fastest rising male star in movies with four of the major studios owning a share of him.

His first picture, "Days Of Glory," for Casey Robinson and RKO, turned out to be not so hot at the box office, though he was personally a triumph; his second, "Keys Of The Kingdom" for Twentieth Century-Fox was mostly a critical success and Greg was magnificent in it. However, his third, "Valley Of Decision" for M-G-M, is a smash, and this too is said of "Spellbound" under the Selznick banner, though the film has not been generally released as yet. Right now, so great is the demand for his services, he is in two productions at once, "Duel In The Sun" and "The Yearling."

Gregory Peck is, at twenty-nine, that rarest of combinations, a truly great actor who is also a handsome, humorous, intelligent, sensitive human being. He is even now—with
THE DAYS OF
Gregory Peck

fame swarming all over him, with people flattering him, the press adoring him, studios catering to him, and money pouring in to him—still an unaffected gentleman. For that reason there are those in Hollywood who label him very simple and—because of his angular face—Lincoln-esque.

He is nothing of the kind. He is as subtly complex as the mechanism of a ninety-day water clock. He is a great reader of heavy books but he also dotes upon playing all sports, his favorites being tennis and swimming. He is a jive bomber who craves his music hot and dirty, but who also adores the Brahms First Symphony. He is enormously excited at the prospect of all the money he is about to make, but his chief concern is giving the finest performances possible. Strange women now throw themselves at his head, but he is blissfully married, has one son and would like to become the father of five more.

How he got this way may very well rest upon a pair of buttoned shoes—and his father.

His father was a romantic and an adventurer and he expressed these moods in a very American way. He pioneered. He came out to California from the Middle West in 1906 and decided—even though he didn’t know a soul—to go into business for himself. Admittedly the Indians were out of California by that time, but there still wasn’t a great deal else, barring orange and palm trees, except in the city of San Francisco. Greg Peck looked that over and decided it was too crowded for what he wanted. He finally found the little town of La Jolla, on San Diego’s outskirts, which sits atop a cliff above a little cove of the Pacific. Palms line its waterfront and its few streets. Everybody has a garden. Everybody smiles.

There in 1906, Gregory Peck opened a drugstore. He opened it, not to make money, but to make a living. There’s a big difference there. He was a handsome, intelligent young bachelor in a romantic little town, (Continued on page 89)
The Rainbow

Jinx Falkenburg, a fiesta of color for "The Gay Senorita"

Dash of orange for Joan Crawford

Blue girl, gay smile—Shirley Temple
Regal lady, royal colors—Greer Garson

Belita, ballerina of the ice, a vivid note in a butterfly skirt
Jeanne Crain, an old-fashioned poem illustrated in color

Theme in fuchsia by Ann Miller
Ronald Colman, here at Romanoffs with his wife Benita, has evolved a way of life which sets him apart from the throng.

How's your social I.Q.? Here's a refreshing slant on the manners of today by the international authority, Elsa Maxwell.

Rosalind Russell, perfect wife (of Major Freddie Brisson) and perfect hostess, abides by no rules. There's a reason!
ETIQUETTE is a lot of bosh and nonsense. The old-fashioned stereotyped brand I mean, of course—the unspeakably stupid kind of etiquette which decrees only a fork shaped thus and so can be used for salad and only a spoon of a certain size and shape is proper for ice cream and so on, ad nauseam. The myriad rules about what is and what isn't the proper silverware were invented to sell cutlery. They're a racket, like so many other manifestos of etiquette.

Hollywood stars, bless them, are less and less subject to the dusty, dated dicta which have been perpetuated too long by succeeding self-appointed arbiters of good manners. Again and again I find the stars defying the text-book theories of etiquette to practice the true manners which come from the heart.

For instance, etiquette books still hold that a gentleman never, never allows a lady to walk on the outside of any pedestrian thoroughfare. This used to make sense. When roads were filthy with mud and slops which carriage wheels splashed and when there was an added danger of runaway horses and horses tethered at hitching posts, certainly it would have been less than chivalrous for a man to walk anywhere but on the outside of the way.

Today, however, Vine Street in Hollywood—along with most thoroughfares—is neatly paved and safely devoid of equine traffic. Consequently it presents no dangers. Thus, only the other day Gary Cooper walked quite a distance at my left. Not because he isn't a gentleman. On the contrary! Because he was too much of a gentleman to interrupt what I was saying while he was walking along my other side. Ordinarily Gary would walk on the outside; simply because it long has been the custom for men to do this. However, these days—in my book—only a man less a gentleman than Gary would insist upon walking on the outside every step of the way irrespective of any and all circumstances.

Essentially to be a lady or a gentleman is to be primarily kind and secondarily inconspicuous. We're inconspicuous, of course, when we control our emotions and practice such obvious niceties of behavior as...

- Not pushing or shoving...
- Not interrupting...
- Not talking or laughing too loud...
- Not making scenes...
- Not topping another's story...
- Not forcing our company upon others...
- Not forcing our opinions upon others...
- Not dressing in an ostentatious manner...
- Not boasting of possessions or accomplishments.

To show you exactly what I mean let us compare, say, Errol Flynn and Ronald Colman. Both are British, intelligent and well off. Errol is indisputably brilliant, stimulating and amusing. Invariably I find myself liking Errol even while I disapprove of the things he does and (Continued on page 107)
Salute to South of the Border Dorothy Lamour starred in "Marqueeade In Mexico".
Life with the Major's Lady

Or the sentimental sojourn of Dorothy Lamour with her Major William Howard, which Dottie calls "Our Lives Together—Starring Dottie and Bill"

BY WYNN ROBERTS

TO Paramount Pictures, the home of Dorothy Lamour and a host of Hollywood's great, we tender our thanks for a third of a century of progressively fine entertainment. Eloquent proof is "Going My Way," which received Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for the best picture of 1944 as the result of the annual nation-wide poll of movie-goers conducted by Dr. George Gallup, Director of Audience Research, Inc., for Photoplay.

The Editors.

W E WERE stretched out in the hot sunshine in the small garden behind a little white house in San Bernardino, California, when Dorothy Lamour decided she might just as well, after two wonderful years, reveal the truth about her love and marriage.

If you want to know the brutal truth, Dottie picked up Bill Howard, who's now her husband. And you know what happens to girls who pick up men, don't you? Well, that is what did not happen to Dottie.

Love intervened, as you will see, and it is as sentimental a yarn as ever was set down on paper. It’s got everything in it, rich hotels, swimming pools, champagne parties, handsome uniformed men, Hollywood glitter, love letters, all centering about a wealthy playboy and a movie star who thought the only place they'd ever be happy was in a night club.

In the background of the story there are today many packets, tied with many colored ribbons, silly little notes, old corsages, theater programs, movie stubs, snapshots, telegrams and bills for wedding rings, all carefully saved.

The story begins one October evening in 1941 when the luscious Lamour, together with her closest friend, Laura LaMarr, went up to the swank Arrowhead Springs Hotel for a little rest between pictures, which meant being pretty close to a jazz band, within smiling distance of a mob of good-lookin' men and within reaching distance of good, rich food.

On this particular occasion, however, Dottie and Laura had assured one another that they were not going to dance, they were not going to have so much as one cocktail, they were not going to say even boo to any man. All they were going to do was rest, exercise, get to bed early and diet, diet, diet.

Perhaps they would have been as dull as that if they hadn't run into Charlie Boettcher right at the desk, as they went up to register.

"Dottie Lamour," cried Mr. Boettcher. "Of all the lucky breaks. What are you doing tonight?"

"I'm not doing a thing," Dottie said. "I've come up for a rest."

"Dine with me," begged Charlie. "After all, I've waited ten years to have a date with you. Just have dinner. You can be all through by nine, honest."

Dottie is the softest-hearted individual in nine states. She simply couldn't be cruel enough to turn down a man who'd waited ten years to date her. So presently, there she and Laura were, with Charlie and about six other men in uniform who swarmed around Charlie when he appeared with two such beautiful dolls. Dinner was proceeding nicely when a particularly handsome lieutenant bore down on the group.

"Charlie, my old, old pal," he said.

"Hello," said Charlie.

"Pal, what are you doing (Continued on page 93)
“With prejudice toward none...” Frank Sinatra, star of RKO's timely picture “The House I Live In
I want to talk to you—

about boy meets girl

BY FRANK SINATRA

Sometimes, talking to all of you, I get to worrying I'll sound like a Sunday-school teacher. But that's just the point. I'm not. It isn't so long ago that I was standing just where you kids are standing now. That's the reason I can come pretty close to figuring all the wrong things you're likely to do and all the right things you easily might skip doing. It's also the reason why I know that some of the errors you may be chalking up against yourself right now can cost you plenty later on.

It's no cinch to stay on the beam all the time. I know that. Something's always coming along to throw you. Often enough it's a boy or a girl. Or worse—a boy or a girl comes along but keeps right on going. That's really a tough one to take.

I was lucky enough to meet Nancy when I was in high. In her swell friendly kind of a way she's always helped me to keep my balance; like she does today when she corners me in the morning before I leave home and says, "I'm cooking dinner tonight, Frank. Making your special spaghetti. Be here by six!"

It works every time. And I realize I've been getting mixed up in a lot of things and been dashing in for dinner around eight or nine o'clock or telephoning that I'm tied up with the gang and will grab a bite on the run. Occasionally when we were kids down at Ocean Grove, where Nancy's family lived in the summer and where I visited an aunt, she was like that. The first time I saw her she was sitting on her porch steps manicuring her nails. When I whistled she slapped me down hard by ignoring me completely.

Later, when Nancy and I got to know each other, I'd leave the crowd. I'd been clowning around with on the beach all day and walk down to where she'd be sitting. She never got down to the beach until the latter part of the afternoon, you see. She always had to help around the house. I used to pester her to leave her work and come down earlier. But she never did. She always smiled, the same quiet way she does today, and said, "I'll see you later."

I never moaned around waiting for her, I'll admit. I was quite a guy in those days, in my own books. Used to play the uke while some girls we fellows thought were hot numbers obliged with Hawaiian dances. Nothing wrong with that, of course—unless you think it's wrong while you're doing it or make it wrong by a lot of exaggerated motions.

Nancy never criticized any of my gang by word or look. Nevertheless she never joined us. I had to join her. She's always had courage that way—courage to do what she thought was right and what she enjoyed, no matter what anybody else was doing or what or where they were getting doing. Nancy never went with the crowd unless it was going (Continued on page 101)
Ask young Rebecca Welles or her dad, Orson, about the lady they live with—and you'll have a preview, like this, on cover girl Rita Hayworth

**Personal history:**
Born in New York City; began dancing on the stage with her dancing father at fourteen; which led straight to the swank Agua Caliente Casino in Mexico—and thus right into Hollywood, the movies and stardom.

**Pet beauty trick:** When you'd use a comb, she uses a brush—she carries one with her always and applies it to her thick red hair steadily throughout the day. Result: That thick red hair!

**Favorite flower:** White roses—she always has one in a vase in her dressing room.

**Worst faults:** Staring into space when someone is telling a long story—actually she hears every word, but who would guess it? And inventing all kinds of excuses to keep from going to bed; then dreaming up further excuses, come dawn, to keep from getting up again!

**Who lives under the same roof with her:** Husband Orson Welles; not-yet-a-year-old daughter Rebecca; the baby's nurse and the cook.

**What else the roof covers:** A gray functional house in West Los Angeles, with miles of window-glass enclosing the most colorful household in America! It's a happy confusion of: Thousands of books, magazines, newspapers and superb modern paintings hanging everywhere; posters of every description also everywhere; a collection of masks, posters, and records by the hundreds, Rita's bull-fighting equipment (for dance purposes only), Orson's magic equipment, Orson's easel and painting utensils (his latest painting orgy included circus clowns as subjects), dozens of musical instruments, and a recording machine! Got a hobby? Drop by the Hayworth-Welles place and indulge it at once!

**Sudden change her friends note lately:** Bright red nail polish—on Rita, who's never worn bright polish before in her life! Reason is Rebecca, who's enchanted by bright colors and who lies gurgling happily in her crib while her mother waves her scarlet nails overhead.
Upper: Do we have to tell you that the wee lass is Miss Rebecca Welles, pride and joy of the gay household and not a bit camera shy in the back-yard screened-in pen with her more-beautiful-than-ever mother? Right: Rita pauses at the living room mantel where you'd find exhibited many prize possessions—most prized, of course, the picture of the gurgling Rebecca

Book she sends to all her friends: "The Little Prince"—which, she says, is a charming book that makes you ashamed of yourself for fancied injuries. She's read it four times now, whenever she's felt sorry for herself; she always puts it down happy and satisfied.

Best women friends: Jean Stevens, Mrs. Roger Hill and Ina Claire Lee—to whose baby Rita is godmother.

What Rita and Orson do at home of an evening: They put on a samba record—and while it plays, Orson accompanies it with all the samba instruments he owns and Rita flashes around the living room in a spontaneous dance.

Her school of thought on hats: She likes them—but you'll never catch her wearing one. Though in her closet you'll find two she's owned for years for an "emergency" that never arises: One light blue straw with trailing ribbons and one black coachman's hat. They gather dust, not loving attention.

What you'll find filling all her bureau drawers: The biggest glove collection (Continued on page 111)
Jim, with Billy, his wife of twenty years, who makes his home a domestic triumph.

Even though he was raised on New York's east side, Jim loves his country home.

John Halloran taught Jim the judo art for his reporter role in "Blood On The Sun".

MAN
IF THE reward of mankind's suffering and the object of reform is to make people happier, then Jimmy Cagney should be held up as an example to all. He is lucky, successful, talented, popular, healthy and rich, and in spite of it all has a high I.Q. He has no theory, philosophy or axe to grind. He is not jealous, ambitious, or pretentious. Actually, he is, like quite a few of the very good ones, a wee bit shy.

Many men, in order to live a quiet tranquil life, have had to shun civilization and go to the wilderness, even if they only got about as far from home as one could bat a ball. Cagney has found no necessity for self-imposed seclusion. He does not find modern life too complicated, although with his energy he sometimes makes it a little more complicated than usual. He is that rarest of creatures, a playboy who works like a Trojan as well. He even finds time to read, and do his bit for the angels in political campaigns and public controversies.

After twenty years he is still married; most comfortably, to "Billy" Vernon, whom he met in vaudeville, and is the kind of a husband who likes to take his kids to the circus—as if that were necessary. Cagney going to a circus is likely to result in a draw. But don't misunderstand me. He is not the practical joker who gives hotfoots or calls, as Mr. Fish, and leaves the number of the Aquarium on April Fool's Day.

East Side New York must be an exceptionally wholesome background in which to raise children who want to go into the motion-picture industry, what with John Garfield, Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni, to mention only a few. Of course, Jim Cagney sold papers. It would be easier to count the Americans who had not sold papers than those who have. Also, most of them fought against bullies for their corner and all of those on record won and held their ground. The losers must have gone out of public life. Cagney never got as far as reform school, although no doubt he deserved it. He managed to finish high school and stuck one year at Columbia, after which the call of show business was stronger than that of Athena, the Goddess of Learning.

What sets Jimmy apart from most of the promising men who spent their childhood on the sidewalks of New York is the fact that he has not remained, essentially, a city man. The shore home he recently sold in Massachusetts was a model of what a seaside cottage should be, modern enough to be comfortable yet with all the beauty and sturdy usefulness of the early days of America.

His two-masted schooner, named The Martha's Vineyard, is one of the trimmest sailing craft afloat, with perfect lines, the seaworthiness that the old-time Down East shipbuilders could impart, and it has never figured in any goings-on that would be better suited to night clubs or boudoirs. Jimmy uses his craft for sailing and he can do a first-rate job of sailing it himself.

That nautical ability, however, does not drive Cagney to the other extreme. He does not pilot The Martha's Vineyard to Tahiti, Nome or Zanzibar. His cruises are moderate, in length and intensity, and if the weather blows up pert, he heads for shore, which is usually not far from sight. He has never (Continued on page 68)
EARLY in the morning of July 23, 1924, a daughter was born to a famous vaudeville team. The parents were Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven. They christened their baby Gloria.

The De Havens knew that show business is a tough business. They were determined that Gloria wouldn't go through the things they had experienced. When little Gloria showed a marked talent for the stage—even as a child—her mother resolved that she would never be a child prodigy and so Gloria led the life of any normal girl. She studied at a private school in Los Angeles. Then Mrs. De Haven's resolution weakened a little . . . and at the age of twelve Gloria went to Edward Clark's Little Theater school.

And then things began to happen.

BY LYNN PERKINS

Third of the series in which Hollywood stars re-enact the high spots of their lives for Photoplay

Today Gloria De Haven is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most popular young stars. You'll see her next in "You Are Beautiful"
David Selznick was searching for a youngster to play Becky in “Tom Sawyer.” He gave the part to Gloria. What he forgot was that adolescents grow fast. By the time “Tom Sawyer” was ready for production, she had outgrown the role. A crestfallen Gloria was told, “You’re too old.” She was really getting on in years—she was thirteen.

The next break—“Susan And God.” Gloria had dressed too old before. But this time—a little older in months, much younger in looks—the solemn-faced Enid sat for wardrobe tests.

Sixteen and a high-school graduate, Gloria and her brother went to a night club where Bob Crosby’s band was playing. He asked if she’d like an audition. She said yes. Afterward—so did Bob.
Gloria was a great hit with the band and toured for nine months. Her specialty was ballads like “Embraceable You.” Traveling, cheap hotels, waiting for trains—was pretty tough.

Her home life in Hollywood with her mother and sister Marjorie was simple. She never quite mastered kitchen technique, except cake-making which these days John Payne delights over.

In her home, lying in front of the fire, Gloria indulges in one of her favorite hobbies—listening to mysteries on the radio. She’s tense, excited, as she awaits the drama’s outcome.

From the band back to pictures with drama coach Lillian Burns taking over. She taught Gloria the tricks of the acting trade. Gloria sincerely believes that “Practice makes perfect.”
Note the switch to blonde locks? But whether blonde or brunette, Gloria is superstitious. She rehearses dance routines in her mother's old dancing slippers—keeps them "for luck." A movie star doesn't have much spare time. But Gloria still found a little time to relax. Her favorite way to spend a day off was to go picnicking on the beach or in the country.

Love came along and his name was John Payne. He and Gloria were married at a simple wartime ceremony. Since then—Gloria's a brunette again and they've happily announced the stork's on the way—will arrive, in fact, with the Yule season.
I got my second chance

He didn’t believe the old saw, “Opportunity knocks but once,” and look at him now!

BY JAMES DUNN

OME people say that a fellow never gets a second chance. That once you’re through, it’s curtains.

I don’t believe that now. I never have. Everybody gets a second chance. The only catch is being ready for it when it comes your way.

Yes, I suppose I’m what Hollywood calls a “comeback.” That’s like saying, “I was once a flop.” I’m not ashamed to admit I missed the boat and threw away a good career. I’m too glad to be back in the running.

In Hollywood it’s easy to know when you’re back in the swim of things again. When you’re good in a hit picture, you go to a night club and are ushered with pomp and ceremony to the very front row. If you make a not-so-good epic, you think the waiter is beckoning to you, only to find that he’s motioning to the guy behind you. That is, if you’re lucky enough to get inside at all. But get another good picture, as I did in “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn,” and the front row is yours. I’ve been rating the front row again.

But now that front row doesn’t mean much. What means most is that I got a second chance. When it comes, there is a thrill, yes. But it’s tempered with common sense. There’s a tendency to pause and reflect about the mistakes you’ve made. To be sure you never again throw away opportunity.

During the last few years when nothing went my way, I can’t honestly say I felt knocked out. Maybe I’ve been a kind of corn-fed philosopher, believing that there was a silver lining up there in the clouds being made especially for me.

Whenever you’re down, you think of someone important to you. At least, I did. I thought of Pop. He was a great guy. He made a million one day and was broke the next. But life was always a great experience to him. Even in his darkest moments, there was a laugh in his heart, a steel-like courage in his soul.

I’m thinking of him now. I can see his big six-foot-one frame. His massive 250 pounds. His great understanding.

I remember one red-letter Sunday. Mother used to dress me up in Buster Brown clothes. How I hated them! Pop wouldn’t say much. This time he just looked on and said, “Well, son, let’s go for a walk.” We went down to the beach. As we walked in the sand, Pop said hello to a lot of people and kept right on walking down to the water. The closer we came to the ocean, the more people looked at us in surprise. A father taking his young son, dressed up in his Sunday best, apparently right into the water! Finally Pop was leading me out into the ocean. My Buster Brown suit was soaking. Pop’s white trousers were clinging to him and his white shoes were ruined. But he knew how I hated that Buster Brown suit. This was his answer to it. When we got home, he just said to Mother, “Had an accident, Ma.” Accident? Not quite. (Continued on page 105)
Once was enough for me

Rocking-chair revelations from a man who won success and found he didn't want it!

BY BARRY FITZGERALD

SUPPOSE sooner or later every man wants to take a few minutes out from his cares to sit on his front porch and rock—and think. And that's exactly what I'm doing now.

It's a clear, sunny day. A warm breeze is brushing my face lightly. It is quiet. My eyes feel heavy. And I feel at peace. At peace for the first time in many weeks.

I think every man takes stock of himself some time in his life. I never thought I'd have to. I thought I'd just be able to go on my quiet, steady way without having the problems that go with too much success. But then came "Going My Way"—and the Award.

Naturally, I am pleased that my work in "Going My Way" was liked. I am glad my role brought joy to so many people and took away their cares. But I didn't know it would do so much to me. I didn't know it would add to my responsibilities, tear my life out from under me. Nor did I expect it to throw me into a world I did not know—and did not really want.

That night when I was given the Oscar, for example. I remember it well now. It was like a climax to a life that seemed strange, alien. It was a thrill, yes, but it was also a turning point in my life. There was a quickening of my pulse as I walked down the darkened aisle and stepped on the glaringly lit stage to receive my Award. It was a great satisfaction to me to know that I had done a good job. But I found it hard to believe that it was actually I, Barry Fitzgerald, who was being given this honor. It was as though I were sitting in the audience watching someone else being given that Award under a brilliant light.

There was a catch in my throat, a lump that blocked out words, when the moment came. Partly because of what the honor meant but more because I felt, deep inside of me, that this moment would never again come to me. Because I knew somehow that never again would I permit the curtain of such success to rise on me.

I know now I do not want great success. It puts up too many barriers to happiness. It fills me with a strange desire to run away.

That may sound amazing to some people. Everyone strives for success and fame. At least, everyone thinks he wants it. But once he has it, is it as important as he thought? Not to me.

I'm not a young man any more. I don't want acclaim and attention. I just want to be let alone to lead the kind of life that has meaning for me and to have time to relive my moments of great happiness.

And what am I thinking about now? Well, many things. Big things. Little things. But all important. Important because they are me.

It seems I can hear the sea near my home in Ireland even now. The crash of the waves against the ragged coast rings in my ears. And I go back to the days of my childhood. I don't believe in any man's going back (Continued on page 105)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My husband and I have been married almost three years; he is an officer in the Navy and is now overseas. We have a little girl who will be a year old this month whom he has never seen.

He seems so strange about our daughter. He writes me for pictures and when I send snapshots of the baby and myself, he tells me that he wants pictures of me alone. He asks about me but never mentions the baby. I write him about the baby and he blows up and says not to write about anyone but myself.

Before the baby was born he kept saying that it would come between us. While I was in the hospital he wrote me from overseas and those were the most awful letters I have ever received from anyone.

He came back to the States for special training and telephoned me, telling me to leave the baby with relatives and join him at his base, as he said he couldn't get leave. When I joined him, he admitted that he could have gotten leave, but he didn't want to share me with anyone.

I dread his next trip home, which is due soon. He has written suggesting that we take a little trip and just be alone together, which is his way of saying that he does not want to see the baby even now. Sometimes I don't know whether I love him or not, considering his attitude toward our child.

Jean A. M.

Dear Mrs. M:

I know very little of psychology, but I do know that your husband's behavior indicates a state of mind that would be interesting to a psychiatrist. For the safety of your daughter, and for the future happiness of yourself and your husband, it seems to me that you should consult a psychiatrist at once.

If your physician can't recommend a good one near your home, you might write to the American Medical Association, Chicago, Illinois, and ask them to recommend a reliable man in your vicinity.

You will be able to tell your full story to him, and he will know how best you can persuade your husband that your love for him has not been lessened, but increased, by the presence of a baby.

I wish you would keep me informed about the developments in this problem of yours.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MR. W:

Good for you for expressing an opinion that is held, not only by men in the armed forces, but by many civilians. To judge from the stories I have heard, most of the men who return from overseas are so glad to see a bed made up with sheets, a warm freshwater shower, a glass of chilled milk, a hamburger dripping with mustard or catsup or both, and a non-liberated girl, that the only difference between their returned attitude and their pre-war attitude is an intense appreciation of their homes and loved ones.

Most of us realize that there are going to be some mentally wounded, just as there are physically wounded men, but the government, we know, is trying to work wisely and with concentration upon repairing both accidents.

Don't you worry about the reception of a Marine when he gets home. If you can stand up to the heart-felt reception you will be given, we civilians will try to provide a real welcome. But be gentle with us, we've had a tough time (according to some complaining civilians I have heard) what with boards to right of us, boards to left of us, points vanishing before our eyes, butter unknown, gas rationed, tires scarce, railroad travel rugged, and so forth and so forth. Those complaining civilians feel that they have fought a tough war. Overlook our eccentricities. Be big—after all, you've only been taking beachheads, backing up flame throwers, dodging snipers and eating K rations. You know what it's all about.

How does a Marine stand? All I can say is that the entire Corps is likely to get heart-shock from the altitude of the pedestal on which we at home have placed you.

(Continued on page 98) Claudette Colbert
Claudette Colbert, star of Universal’s “Guest Wife”

In a recent issue of Photoplay we published a letter from sixteen-year-old Corinne N. She said, “I am sixteen, rather pretty, and terribly unhappy. The reason: I hate school. I don’t mind the studies; it’s the social end of it that bothers me . . . The school’s on the better side of town; I live on the wrong side . . . the wealthy kids have organized sororities and fraternities which exclude most of us. I’d like to quit school and don’t know what to do…”

One of our fighting men, Pvt. Raymond Berglowe, read Corinne’s letter and sends her, through Photoplay, his inspiring answer.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

While in the hospital because of another attack of malaria, I picked up a Photoplay and read your column. A letter from a sixteen-year-old girl signed Corinne N. made my blood boil. It made me feel very ashamed of some of my countrymen. Here they are living in a country that is based on ideals exactly opposite from what this young lady’s schoolmates have. I’m sure that quite a few of these young people in the sorority have brothers or fathers fighting to keep those ideas away from our doorstep and yet they let our blood flow in vain by practising these snobbish acts. Maybe if they would take the time to read a sacred document called “The Bill of Rights,” and tried to understand it, they would realize the statement that “all men are created equal.” I would like to tell Corinne N. to keep her chin up and fight. I have a battle of my own after this war. I was a draftsman and designer. My hands were used to build, but in a few weeks they will be used to destroy. My battle will be to teach them to help rebuild the things I destroyed and believe me we GIs will need the help of you, Corinne, and many boys and girls like you to help us after this struggle. Stick it out, kid. Get your education. We are depending on you, young America!

Your pal, Pvt. Raymond Berglowe,
Camp Wheeler, Ga.
You’d see the happiest family in Hollywood getting fun and understanding out of every day, and you’d love it—in spite of that couch in the den!

If YOU were a house guest of the Robert Youngs, you’d be in for the most crowded housing condition in Hollywood—and therefore a terrible crick in your neck! What’s more, you’d be in for the time of your life!

But in the beginning, you’d just be an out-of-town guest, out of all chances of a hotel room. So you’d finally put in a desperate phone call to your good friends the Youngs, and Mrs. Young would tell you, “It’ll have to be a couch because we’re packed in like sardines ourselves—but come right ahead!” You promptly hop a taxi and finally it deposits you on a quiet, tree-lined street very conveniently near Beverly Hills village, before a white stucco two-story house with leaded windows and a green-shingled roof. You ring the bell, and wait. Silence greets you. You’re telling yourself, “They’ve got to be home—with all those kids in the family!”—when a station wagon wheels into the driveway and you hear Mrs. Robert Young’s voice calling warmly to you.

At first sight of the station wagon you’d swear it was a school bus jammed with girl students. Then you realize that behind Betty are only three girls—and all hers! They are Carol Anne, aged eleven; Barbara Queen (named for her mother’s maiden name), aged seven; and Betty Lou, aged two. They tumble out of the car and surround you, and over their bouncing heads you watch Betty emerge, and you think again that she’s one of the prettiest wives in Hollywood and one of the best dressed. Now her sleek...
red hair and her wide green eyes are set off by a simple kelly green slack suit which almost completely hides the fact that she’ll be a mother again in October. She tells you all in one breath that Bob isn’t home from the studio yet, and that she had to pick up Carol and Barbara at their music lesson.

Now she unlocks the front door and all of you swarm into the circular entrance hall. You get a brief impression of a round red fringed rug on a flagstone floor, of blue wallpaper, of a towering grandfather’s clock circa 1810, of a tiny mahogany table holding gold-scales made of brass and holding potted ferns instead of nuggets. Then you’re dragged into the living room, propelled on all sides by Carol, Barbara, and Betty Lou. “We’ll entertain you while Mother gets our dinner!” they tell you. While the girls talk, you peer around at the big and gracious living room.

It has a high-beamed white ceiling, white painted walls, green carpeting and some of the loveliest antique furniture you’ve ever seen. Before the brick fireplace are two pale yellow loveseats facing a sturdy mahogany coffee table with knicknack shelves around its sides. A long row of old pewter beer steins march along the top of a built-in bookcase on one side of the fireplace, from thimble-size to quart-size . . . but then, Betty likes pewter; for across the room is a floor lamp whose stand is topped by an ancient pewter teapot. Pale (Continued on page 112)
THE CASE OF THE Missing Phonograph

A mystery stretching to the far reaches of the Pacific and to Lieut.
Robert Stack, U. S. N. R.

BY MARGARET HAWKINS

SOMEWHERE drifting around the United States loose is the meanest man in the world. Can any punishment be rugged enough for a scoundrel who'd... but let's start at the beginning.

It was one of those sun-drenched golden days that California boasts of and sometimes experiences. The big rambling house in the heart of Los Angeles with its semi-tropical flowers and trees, its oval blue swimming pool and enclosed badminton court basked in the radiance of Old Sol.

Inside the house hearts stood still. A telephone voice was saying, "Western Union calling Mrs. J. Langford Stack."

Bob's mother was at the phone in a jiffy. With Bob now a Navy lieutenant (j.g.) in the Pacific area, a wire might mean-

"The message reads," the operator continued briskly, "Arrived last night. Please express rush my phonograph-radio. Will be home Sunday. In for three weeks."

Betzi Stack's heart raced with excitement as she listened to the rest of the message—a San Francisco address where the phonograph-radio was to be shipped was given, and Bob's name at the end.

For a fleeting moment something seemed odd to Bob's mother. His last letter hadn't breathed a hint about any prospect or hope of homecoming. He certainly had not expected to get a leave for at least eighteen months. ... Let's see, where was that letter?

"Dear Mother—"

"The weather has closed in here for the past few days, so no air mail has been coming through at all. I never realized how important mail call was till no letters arrived."

"The stories you hear about the importance of mail are understatements. And letters are read over and over again. Good news or bad. So don't think daily chatter from home isn't welcome—nothing's too consequential to write about. Just so long as it's not the wrong kind of news. That's really tough on a guy!"

"Out here you even get sentimental over remembering some of your worst civilian gripes. And wonder what you were griping about. You were home, weren't you? You didn't just dream it.

"But seriously, I am getting a great bang out of my experience here and with a crew as swell as mine, I've got no complaints, believe me."

"Today was the payoff. I'd taken over the reins as O. in C. (Officer in Command) of firing and, with some qualms as to how the crew would take it, had substituted a few new ideas. Anyway, today the crew presented me with full lieutenant's bars and shoulder-boards and a swell note saying they hoped I could use them soon. It hit me hard to find they thought well of me."

Certainly no whisper about an anticipated return! But with nine men of the family in that branch of the service, Betzi well knew things can happen fast and unexpectedly in the Navy.

Even though the wire didn't sound like Bob, it was like him to want his phonograph on hand the minute he arrived. Bob and music were inseparable. As inseparable as his exuberance and his smile. And talk about singing in the bathtub—!

Bob's mother laid the letter aside. No time now to muse over it. The phonograph, the valuable, beautiful phonograph-radio, Bob's pride and joy, had to be crated and expressed to San Francisco—and pronto.

That done, even the house seemed filled with anticipation of Bob's return. In every (Continued on page 60)
SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't you volunteer in your community?

SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!

SHIRLEYAN'S RING is unusually lovely—a marquise diamond surrounded by small diamonds.

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care...
She smooths on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.
She "rinses" with more Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this extra cleansing and softening that's so special," she says. "Twice-over cleansing is just twice as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.
Get a big Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!
The Case of the Missing Phonograph

(Continued from page 64) room his trophies, won in shooting, polo, motocross and automobile racing, brought back memories.

It was Bob’s prowess in shooting which had qualified him for his position as an expert in his military service. As he had written: “For the first time in my life I shot well yesterday when I wanted to show off!” We rigged up a little shooting tournament. Seems my reputation had preceded me here, and there were plenty of skeptics.

Brother, I was lucky. I shot 100 out of 100. Well, I had fouled up I would have shot myself!

“Men Of Texas’ and ‘Eagle Squadron’ both have had a showing down here. Nobody knew who I was till these two pies arrived and they tied me up with them.

“I’m glad my clothes are in good shape, it will feel mighty good to get back in a sport coat and moccasins when this rat-race is over even if I do have an aroma of mothballs. I only pray my picture career won’t smell of the mothballs it’s been in! The new guys are so darn good it that kind of scare me. But I know I’m good”

“Orders changed,” the Western Union operator read the message, “Sailing Sunday. Thanks for the radio, makes company on ship. Love, Bob.”

Sailing Sunday! But the message was preposterosous. Bob, of all people, wiring — “Sailing Sunday.” Now Betzi knew something was wrong. No Navy officer would send such a wire. Sailings are military secrets. Bob certainly had not sent that wire. Suddenly she knew, as well, that Bob had not sent the first one, either.

Then who and why? Why would anyone sign Bob’s name to a fake message? What—oh, was it possible, could it be that the wires were sent to get hold of Bob’s expensive phonograph? Of course! That was it!

The subsequent investigation proved Betzi right. The clever embezzler obviously sent the first wire to obtain the machine, the second to delay investigation.

Bob took the loss of his phonograph philosophically. He wrote:

“I’m so mad at that guy I could murder him—but you can’t find him and then find out I’m still out here! And you would worry about the loss of the radio! Skip it, baby, I’ll get a new one after the war. I’m thankful things are going as well as they are for all of us. Behave yourself and forget about the radio.

“It’s hard to believe I’ve been away eighteen months. I don’t hold any hope that the little brown men will be brushed off in a hurry. We’ve got a lot of work to do yet. Behave yourself and don’t worry about me. Bob.”

The Story Of You In Navy Blue

is a great—a dramatic—a vital story.
The Navy is asking urgently for it—

And For You!

2000 WAVES must be recruited each month to help carry on the greatest task any Navy has ever been called upon to do.

Of these 2000, half will be trained in the Hospital Corps to take care of the unprecedented casualties of our Navy fighting men in the Pacific. The rest of the 2000 will be trained for vital tasks at naval shore establishments.

And remember, you can put in for overseas service if you want it now that the WAVES overseas bill has been passed.

Help to hasten V-J-Day. Go now to your nearest recruiting station and

Enlist In the Waves!
Irresistible Lana! Irresistible you, if you give your complexion beauty extras with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does more than old-fashioned cold and cleansing creams can.

One cream to cleanse, soften, smooth! To work in the night against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines. It’s a dreamy powder base, too! And only Woodbury has “Stericin”, constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

To hear him whisper, “irresistible you!”, try Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream
...it's all you need!
A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft –
Dependably Strong

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!


There is only one KLEENEX

(Continued from page 53) had to quell mutiny, fight off pirates, or even run the rum blockade. His crew likes him; and the sea marauders, having seen him knock the blocks off men (and even a few women) on the screen, they have a healthy respect for him.

HEARTY man that he is, Cagney eats and drinks moderately. That is about as far as he goes with his self-control, and surely that is not offensive. His appetite is brisk. He sees his friends go after beefsteaks (in steak years), and a few of his cronies are among the first-string heavy-weight drinkers of the modern world. But Jim takes it easy at table because of his one vanity, his waistline.

I have said that he is not the conventional city type. In no way is this more pronounced than in his love and understanding of animals. Just now he has five horses, two goats, a dog, a couple of cats and a wonderful rat he keeps in a cage in his office and lets run loose whenever he is there to protect him. This rat became attached to Cagney while both were involved in the shooting of some picture or other and after the film was in the can, refused to go back to his former habitats but followed Jimmy around. Jimmy soon learned what rats needed to make them happy, in the way of food, privacy, companionship, etc., and his pet rat will probably live to a hundred or so.

His children, Jimmy Jr., aged four, and Katherine (nicknamed “Casey” for her initials, K.O) like animals, too, although they are very much at home in New York, Hollywood, or any place between.

"I am naturally lazy," Cagney told me. "I don't like to work as my brother Bill." He was referring to "Doctor Harry" and "Doctor Ed," both Hollywood general practitioners, and not by any means to Brother Bill, his producer and partner. Bill dislikes work as heartily as Jimmy says he does. Bill's function in the family scheme is to do Jimmy's worrying for him. Perhaps that accounts for Jimmy's not so carefree attitude toward life.

Imagine a New York East Side journey each year to Indiana, voluntarily, to attend and participate in the Hamiltonian sulky races there. Jim drives a mean sulky, and is getting better all the time. A surprising number of things he does well. He even showed a taste for ballet dancing one year, and even the greatest effort of will, for the sake of his family, gave it up.

All the Cagneys are somewhat self-consciously Irish. They don't exactly get over the chalk line into the corny side, but the mention of Erin, or any suggestion of it six or seven times removed, starts a twinkle in their eyes and the conscientious little sigh that goes with it. It is not a rare sight in Hollywood to see Jimmy and Bill Cagney around a table with such non-Latin characters as Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, George Murphy and Frank Morgan. What is on the table is neither here nor there. And at most of it, Jimmy Cagney looks with longing and envious eyes.

Jimmy's wife quit the stage the moment she said "I do," and has had no hankering for it since. She is a truly domestic woman. Her home and family absorb all her interest, and she would not have it otherwise. She does not go in for culture, with the capital "C," or Society with the capital "S." As for Jimmy's "art," the least said about it the better, from her point of view.

Throughout the studios where he has worked, Cagney is known as the most cooperative star in (Continued on page 70)
CALL FOR YOURS TODAY!

16 FULL-COLOR PINUPS

of your favorite Victor band leaders and singers!

Perry Como • Spike Jones • Hal McIntyre • Artie Shaw
Tommy Dorsey • Sammy Kaye • Glenn Miller • Dinah Shore
Duke Ellington • King Sisters • Vaughn Monroe • Charlie Spivak
Lena Horne • Freddy Martin • David Rose • Fats Waller

NOW AT YOUR VICTOR DEALER'S!
You don’t have to wait for the mail . . . you can get this exciting set of 16 postcard pinups today! Each is reproduced from a magnificent oil painting by the famous artist, Albert Fisher.

They’re printed in brilliant color . . . on glossy, heavy cards 5½" x 3½" (actual postcard size). Interesting facts about each star are on back.

Your Victor dealer has only a limited supply — so be sure to get yours today!

Ask your dealer for records of these Victor and Bluebird artists

Perry Como • Tommy Dorsey • Duke Ellington • Shep Fields • Erskine Hawkins • Lena Horne • Spike Jones
Sammy Kaye • King Sisters • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Hal McIntyre • Glenn Miller • Vaughn Monroe
Phil Moore Four • Tony Pastor • Alvino Rey • David Rose • Artie Shaw • Dinah Shore • Charlie Spivak
Martha Stewart • David Street • Fats Waller

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR AND BLUEBIRD RECORDS

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, RCA VICTOR DIVISION, CAMDEN, N.J.
How times have changed

You need not go back very far to find how times have changed. Only a few years—and what clothes, what hair-dos, what ideas of grooming! And few changes have been more intelligently different than the Tampax method for monthly sanitary protection! Based on the principle of internal absorption, this method successfully eliminates all pins, belts and external pads, as well as the bulges and ridges caused thereby.

Tampax is made of compressed surgical absorbent cotton enclosed in individual applicators so neat and ingenious your hands needn't touch the Tampax at all! Being worn internally, Tampax can cause no odor to form. And there are no disposal difficulties. Tampax is handy to carry and speedy to change, and is so comfortable the user cannot feel it when in place!

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in three different absorbencies to meet varying individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's average supply will go into your purse; for 4 months' supply get the Economy Box. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

(Continued from page 68) the business. After twenty years in pictures, he had not played a single role that is worthy of his talent and personality. In his own mind, "Yankee Doodle Dandy" stands out as his best, and it was surely a very brisk and entertaining picture, but, to me, Cagney is essentially a modern man and should have given us some authentic and valuable pictures of his own time. It is not right that his masterpiece should be the impersonation of a character from the preceding generation. "Studs Lonigan," after all, was written by a distinguished Irishman, James T. Farrell, and if it was adapted for the screen, Cagney could really go to town.

There are so many unexpected sides to Cagney's character and tastes that his friends are constantly being surprised. One day he will come into the studio and say: "I read a great book last night. It kept me awake until dawn." The book will turn out to be Homer's "Iliad."

He thinks Ingrid Bergman is "tops" as an actress.

His favorite modern poet is Stephen Vincent Benet.

NOT long ago, when "Blood On The Sun" was being shot, Cagney was needed un-expectedly for a re-take. He was located in the grounds of his Hollywood estate, spreading over the lawn what farmers, year in, year out, find it expedient to spread.

"Do you have to have it now?" he asked plaintively. "I can't get anyone else to do this job and it's got to be done!"

"I can't find any other Jim Cagney either," the director said, so Cagney laid down his fork and drove a mallet to where the cameras were waiting.

The discrepancy between the wages received by spreaders of fertilizer and Jimmy's last salary that ran up into thousands per week, is enormous, but, to Cagney, any kind of work is dignified, with the possible exception of playing romantic love scenes. Jimmy balks at that. Some time ago, in "City For Conquest," he did a ten-minute episode with Ann Sheridan, and, if the fans are good judges, was tremendous in it. Nearly always, however, he dunks the cooling and the cinches, the murmur and modish which so many of the popular stars are addicted.

Cagney's latest fad is a kind of Japanese wrestling or modified murder called judo. To be accurate, I should say his fads are judo and jujitsu. There are subtle differences between these two types of mayhem, and Cagney is quite eloquent about them. He speaks of these nuances in the way a jazzman would point out dis-tinguishing characteristics in a riff by the late Joe Oliver, as compared with one by Louis Armstrong.

"Blood On The Sun" contains a terrific fight between Jimmy, as editor of an American newspaper in Tokyo, and a terrible Jap. Conscientious, as always, Cagney hired a judo professor and a jujitsu expert. With what he has gleaned from the pair of them, he attacks his unlucky colleague and the result will make the fight in the "Seven Wolf" look like a game of patty-cake. Jimmy got to be so fond of judo and the other school of Japanese wrestling that he has continued his lessons long after the picture has been sealed in the can. For milder exercise, he keeps up his tap dancing, ploughs, shovels, plays baseball and shuns the pleasures of table and bar. Not exciting, he admits.

When asked which picture afforded him the most fun, while it was in the making, Cagney replies without hesitation: "The Strawberry Blonde."

HE still chuckles as he recalls the days when, with Rita Hayworth, Olivia de Havilland and Jack Carson, the romped and cavorted all over the lot. The cast had as much fun as the audience was later to have and that he settling a great deal.

Jimmy's favorite singer is the tenor, McNamar, who was a cop on the New York force until discovered by Caruso. There is nothing Cagney would not do to help him sing again, if that were possible. The "Old Orange Flute," or "Fifteen Acres." He dotes also on the records of Burt Ives, preferring him to other singers of American folk songs. He likes Josh White, too, and his "Meat Ball."

Looking toward the future, it is candid to realize that Cagney will not always be fit and forty, but there are signs that the industry is growing up as fast as some of its good actors. The day will come soon when audiences will not be as much engrossed in the love affairs of immature young people and will appreciate better the portrayal of mature men and women and their problems. Luckily, Cagney has never been handicapped with the magazine cover type of beauty.

He has a merry, mobile and even impudent face and should be just as effective at fifty and sixty as he was at thirty and is forty.

Whatever happens, he will take it on the chin if it is tragic, and enjoy life to the fullest whenever the circumstances permit.

The End
Lana—
(Continued from page 38) Truman would like to hear from his friends, like to know they were thinking about him.

"What'll I say?" Lana said.

"What would you like to say?" I asked.

Lana thought a moment. Rather shyly, she said, "I'd like to say that I wish him good luck, that I realize what a great task he has been given but that I feel great confidence in him and so do all the other people I know and that—that we will all pray for him."

"Robert Sherwood and Elmer Davis couldn't do better," I said.

That's one piece of Lana Turner, who majored in civics in high school.

When it comes to men, Lana is something else again. Men fall in love with her at first sight and—let's face it—nobody can fall in love harder than Lana, it's a gift. Each time is the only time—she's sure she's never been in love before and never will be again. There are no halfway measures about Lana Turner.

All her romances are life-and-death. She wouldn't—I imagine—think it was any fun to be sort of halfway in love. But she never flirts and the legend in Hollywood is very specific on this point. She never two-timed anybody in her life.

In the beginning, everybody thought she was going to marry Greg Bautzer, a young lawyer of these parts. But that passed by mutual consent. Hot on its heels she married Artie Shaw, the band leader. The marriage lasted four months—to music. Then it crashed and burned magnificently.

After that, she married Stephen Crane, an actor. They had a lot of trouble, but in the end Lana felt none of it mattered because she had Cheryl Christine.

The man in her life today is Turhan Bey, of course, and she is madly in love with him. No question about that. Now that he has gone into the United States Army, Lana doesn't go out at all in the evening. Her heart is at Camp Byron.

Bey is romantic looking. He's different. And most people think it's just one of those white-hot attractions that happen to girls like Lana. Again—you can never figure Lana by the rules, because there have never been two people in Hollywood who seemed to have such wide mutual interests who really find in each other such companionship.

"The worst fight we ever had," Lana told me, "was over a line in Dr. Carrel's book 'Man the Unconquered.' I mean Turhan gets so—so stubborn. After all, there can be a lot of different interpretations of what a man like that has to say. I have as much right to mine as he has to his." She smiled—and, by the way, she smiles rarely. That probably is why her smile has such enchantment. It seems to come from within. "We didn't speak for two days."

With Artie Shaw and Stephen Crane, Lana did her share of night clubbing—like a lot of other young girls. Not being one for half measures, she usually went home in the dawn, having had a merry time. Besides, she's the kind of a girl who likes riding home in the dawn. Incidentally, she looks as fresh, as beautiful, as the first dawn as she did when she left her dressing room. The dewy quality of her doesn't seem to get all mussed up the way it does with lots of girls. But if you ask her for the secret of that immaculate neatness, she looks honestly blank. "I don't do any thing special," she says. Maybe it's because she has the most exquisite skin I've ever seen on any girl. In fact, when she puts her cheek against Cheryl Christine's, you can't see much difference.

With Turhan Bey, she doesn't go much to night clubs. Last season, they never

IF YOU HAD TO DECIDE...

Suppose it was up to you ... to say who should have first call on this nation's soap supply.

Wouldn't you say exactly what the government has said? ... that Fels & Company, along with other leading soap manufacturers, must help keep men and women in the service supplied with this indispensable item of war equipment. Of course you would!

If you thought about it twice, you would realize that one of the reasons our fighting men are winning battles is because they have plenty of good soap. A clean soldier is a healthy soldier. He is in better condition for combat. He gets well quicker if he is hurt.

So—when you find, as you often will, that you can't get Fels-Naptha—just remember that by going short on your favorite soap for a little, while now, you are making a long-term investment in a peaceful future.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
missed a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, went regularly to the ballet and to some serious lectures on governmental affairs. Turhan is a highly educated and very well-read man. His conversation is fascinating. That is part of his great charm for Lana—who is growing up all the time and has to some extent discarded her sweaters mentally as well as physically.

They spent a good many evenings at home. It’s always struck me as kind of typical that Lana’s house is all mixed up, too. When you go there, you don’t get any impression of a decorated house—it’s all contrasts, too. A rather formal drawing room, with gray walls and gray drapes piped in red, and chartreuse and red in the furniture. The bar has bookshelves on two walls, a lot of bright and burnished copper on the mantelpiece, and yellow and green checked wallpaper on the ceiling. “I like that,” Lana says. “I thought that one up myself.”

A very livable, gay, charming house—arranged to suit Lana herself. She and Turhan spent a lot of time in front of that big fireplace, or out on the terrace overlooking the golf course.

“I’ve never had time to do much traveling,” Lana says, “and by the time I could have maybe—I mean afforded it—the war came and there was no place you could go. So I missed everything. Turhan has traveled everywhere. So when he tells me about it, I can see and understand places I will never see, places that don’t exist any more and all the countries that are so changed. Of course it’s wonderful for me.”

There are all those things about Lana—and there is, too, the story of Cheryl’s birth. A nurse who was in the hospital at that time once told me a little about that—as much as her ethics would permit.

For days it didn’t look as though the baby could possibly live. She was born with so pronounced an anemia, she had one blood transfusion after another, and was finally taken to the Children’s Hospital, where she stayed for some months.

“You know how it is about movie stars,” the nurse said, “you never can tell and you never know what to expect. I never saw anybody suffer more than Lana T., as she did. Of course she was just a kid—she seemed so awfully young and little. She wanted a baby so badly, worse than anybody I ever saw, and when the girls had to tell her that maybe the baby wouldn’t live—it was just like taking her heart out. A nurse can always tell. You learn to know real pain when you see it and that girl really suffered more than anyone I ever saw. But she had courage. After the first shock she put her chin up, said the best thing she could do for her baby was to have faith. Lots of it. Surely God didn’t want her baby back so soon. He must have sent it to her to keep. She said she was just going to keep on knowing her baby would be all right.”

If you could see Cheryl now, you would wonder if faith hadn’t done a remarkable job. Never saw a healthier baby in my life and when she and Lana go on vacations—usually down to the desert—the young lady keeps her mother stepping.

Then Lana does funny little things that sometimes people misunderstand. (The sweater-girl legend has something to do with that.) Once she went out with a gas station attendant who used to park her car. He told her how much he admired her—on the screen of course. He said all the boys he knew were envious because he’d talked to her and they kidded him about not having the nerve to ask for a date.

“So,” said Lana, “I went dancing with him. Why not? He was a very nice boy. After all, if he’d come into the drugstore

—what's more, only Meds have the “SAFETY-WELL”!

More and more users of internal protection are finding in the Meds’ “SAFETY-WELL” the extra protection, the greater security they want! Why don’t YOU try Meds?

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the “SAFETY-WELL”—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds’ easy-to-use APPlicators are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

Meds’ exclusive “SAFETY-WELL” absorbs so much more, so much faster! Extra protection for you!

Meds’ fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands gently and comfortably—adapting itself to individual requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!
opposite Hollywood High when I was having a soda, I'd have been tickled to death to have a date with him. We had a lot of fun, as a matter of fact. Just because you're in the movies doesn't mean you can't be a human being. Billy Wilkerson walked into a drugstore and saw me sitting on a stool—and that's how I got to be a movie star. Tomorrow somebody might walk into a gas station and see a kid there and next week he might be a movie star—that's America, or am I wrong?"

Which brings me to a Sergeant, over in Germany. He is a very nice red-headed Sergeant, and he and his platoon have carried a picture of Lana from Normandy to VE Day—with Patton—riding her in the first jeep. The day I told her this we were lunching at Romanoff's and she cried so hard everybody kept staring at us. But Lana didn't notice. She just kept saying, "It makes you feel so strange when you know you are just you, to have men who are fighting as hard as they are feel that way about you."

Then during the last days when Patton was wheeling south into Czechoslovakia, the Sergeant wrote me a letter which I have to put in any story about Lana. He said: "I received your letter telling us that Miss Turner was really touched and pleased that she is our mascot. I get to like that gal better every day and so do the others. What I mean is this, whether I can say it very well or not. The men's feeling for her represents everything that is different between us and the German soldiers. That's a heck of a statement to make unless I can back it up. But we feel that our liking for Miss Turner represents exactly what we are fighting for. It has been said by some of our so-called experts that we do not know what we are fighting for. I refer for one to Hanson Baldwin who said exactly that in an article in Life Magazine some time ago which we all resented a lot."

"These American doughboys fight for one thing. Their homes. Women make homes. We fight to keep war away from our homes and our women and to be sure they can go on living decent free lives. I honestly believe the American soldier has more respect for his womenfolks than any other group of men in the world."

"So we get back to Miss Turner. Soldiers think a lot about their girls. Somehow when they see Lana's picture, it's a symbol of all the girls—the individual girls each of us is thinking about. This may seem involved to you, but just the same somewhere in it is the answer to what we are fighting for and why we are winning."

"The Germans do not respect their women. If a nation does not respect and look up to its women, it's lost. German women are the most awful things I have ever seen. They are worse than the men. They are still Nazis, they are without any remorse, they behave like wildcats. They have shocked us more than anything we have seen in Germany and we have seen things you will never know about. The Germans are insane beasts, the civilians too, but the women are worst."

"Somehow then it is better to be fighting for Lana Turner than it is to be fighting for the Greater Reich. Understand? Because she is all our girls rolled into one and we can get together and know how the other fellow feels."

"I don't think I'm prejudiced because the Sergeant happens to be my son. I think that's a pretty fine letter. So does Lana..."

Oh well, Clark Gable summed it up in his usual succinct way.

"That Turner," said Mr. Gable, "is sure one helofagall! A man can like her as much as he could love her."

The End

Gale Storm
Charming Young Screen Star... says:
"It’s easy to understand why more men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Arrid is tops in effectiveness, and its clean, pleasant scent makes it a joy to use."

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 59¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
The Truth about the Ray Millands

(Continued from page 32) But let’s go back thirteen years when Ray (as I shall call him because that’s the way you and I know him) married Mai. As I looked at him and listened to that fascinating accent—he speaks in the manner of most Englishmen, although he is one hundred percent Welsh—I could understand why Mai found him so attractive. Attractive enough to come back to three times!

The first rift came in 1931 after they had been married only a year. It was more than a rift because Mai divorced him and Ray returned to England where he remained for two years.

"But the memory of Mai brought me back," he continued, "I couldn’t get her out of my mind. I decided to return and beg her forgiveness and see if she wouldn’t take me back because there wasn’t any other girl in my life.

“At the time she divorced me I was very bitter. I felt I was a flop on the screen. I had made one picture at M-G-M and I wasn’t any good. That I knew.

Once back in this country Ray begged Malvina to remarry him. But it was not easy. She hesitated, telling him he had to get a steady job of some kind first. But she was attracted to this exeng man as he was to her. So they were remarried in 1934.

Mai, Ray insists, wanted him to take a job with an oil company at $21 a week just so they would have a sure income. "If I had listened to her," Ray laughed, "it would have taken me ten years to save as much as I now make in a week." From that second start Ray went right up the ladder and he has been one of Paramount’s most important stars for the past eleven years.

When he and his wife parted again in 1938 he stayed away only a week. So that can hardly be counted as anything other than a little quarrel. But this time it was four months.

“Why did you go away? What happened to cause this long break?” I asked.

“Well, I came home in a bad temper,” he replied, putting the blame on himself. "I had had a terrible day at the studio. I was grouchy and disagreeable and I guess I slammed things around. Mai said, ‘This has got to stop. I am a reasonable and patient woman, but you won’t be able to go on much longer if I listen to you rave and rant!’

“I said, ‘All right, I’ll leave.’

“She said, ‘I wish you would come back when you find yourself and can behave like a normal human being.’

“I couldn’t believe my ears while Ray was telling me all this. He is so like a small boy without one atom of conceit. What other actor would have been so frank about himself? -He knew he had been a naughty boy and had made life difficult for his wife. He said he stormed out of the house, believing that Mai would call him back. But not only did she ignore him then but she let four months elapse before agreeing to reopen the issue.

“She had been having, to all outside appearance, a wonderful time going out to dinner with their friends, living her own life. But I knew in her heart she had been thinking constantly of him.

“In fairness to Ray, you must know he suffers continually from migraine headaches. He is so deathly sick when they come on him, without warning, that he swears he cannot even hear the sound of a dog walking across the driveway!

“I want to be absolutely alone when they come on,” he said. "I can’t talk to anyone and I can’t stand the slightest noise."
He loves the theater—particularly the musical theater—and says he inherits the Welsh love of music. He has a fine collection of records, opera and classical selections which he loves to play.

In connection with his records there is a very funny story which involves Mai. After they had been parted for a few months he grew hungry to hear some of his records. So he wandered home to play them for an hour or two. Mai wasn’t there. He found that the needles were old and the machine wasn’t in good order. It made him so mad when the records sounded scratchy that he banged on the machine working himself up into a towering rage. Mai finally walked in about eleven when he was the maddest!

"I just came home to hear some music," he told her.

"Oh," she said, "I thought you came to see me!"

"Then we battled all over again," Ray said. "Mal has a wonderful sense of humor, but neither one of us would yield an inch. If she had asked me to stay then I would have moved back bag and baggage. But she didn’t—and I wouldn’t ask to be forgiven."

It all sounded so simple and childish that you wondered why someone didn’t take them by the hand and say, "Come on, you two, kiss and make up and forget all this nonsense."

On the other hand, though Mal is a woman of serene poise, tempers and tantrums can be a terrific strain on even the most patient and understanding of wives. I knew she was waiting for Ray’s nerves to stop jingling and jangling. She particularly wants him to go to a doctor and try to rid himself of the terrible headaches which have dogged his life and made him so miserable. One thing that had upset Ray was that he hadn’t seen any of their old friends. But the answer to that was simple. He had no telephone and they were not able to reach him.

When he and Mal parted he went to live with Ray Crane, a friend he lived with when he first came to Hollywood. Crane is now in the packing business and doing well. But in the lean days the boys were very broke. Theirs is a friendship that has never changed.

It seems a way unfair to dwell so much on Ray’s temperament and "Welsh disposition"—for it is typical of him to take all the blame on himself. If he is a moody man—he is also a most delightful and charming one. There is not one bit of "ham" in his make-up. Oddly enough he is never temperamental at the studio, never makes unreasonable demands. He is one of the most amiable of the Para-mount stars and with the possible exception of Al Ladd, gets the pick of the best pictures.

I felt like speaking to him like a sister—or a lawyer—and telling him that he should be a great deal happier than he is. It is true he works hard. In eleven years he has made fifty pictures and he says, "Sometimes I get so mixed up playing other characters that I can’t tell where they stop and I begin." The drunk in

Q. I'd love to be kissed like that.
A. Then see that your skin's smooth as satin.
Q. Oh, my skin's hopelessly dry!
A. No! This new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps "make over" dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Provides such "all-you-require" care for smooth skin it's like a "treatment" every day. Helps gently erase little dry-skin lines. Simply use Jergens Face Cream—without fail—

1. for Cleansing 2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream

A safeguard against crinkly dry skin—this skin scientists' cream. Made by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to 1.25 a jar (plus tax). Share the happiness so many girls know—have kissable, satin-smooth skin. Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.


**The Way of Love was thus... with Hands Delicious**

- Rupert Brooke

---

**"Hands delicious"?—not from Doing the Dishes**

Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! No Man's Hands... unless... unless... you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!

**Doctors and Nurses know about... the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 scrubbings a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is super-rich in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!**

---

**Pacquins HAND CREAM**

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

---

"The Lost Weekend" took a lot out of him—and I don't mean that he hit the bottle. But the hero's complicated nature is a great deal like Ray's own personality. Life bears down—and the nerves snap.

Ray, I believe, has now learned his lesson—that little things are not so important. Let's hope he doesn't again lose sight of the wonderful things he has, a lovely wife, an adorable little boy, his home—one of the most charming in Hollywood—and his success, as balanced against such little annoyances as victrola needles. And he would not—he is too sane, witty and clever a man to do that—if it weren't that he has been dead tired—almost "out on his feet."

And now that I am so busy giving out advice to Ray I'm going to give a little to Mal, too: The man you married is nervous, tired and run down and he needs you. We women have to make concessions and fight for our happiness. Yours is too precious to toss lightly aside just to prove a point.

As Ray said in parting, "Mal and I remind me of that corny song, "You Always Hurt The One You Love."

Now that all's well once more with the Millands, Ray's tune has probably changed to another "corny" favorite, "There's No Place Like Home," though, strictly speaking, it's never been anything but that with him. Good luck, Ray and Mal!  

---

**Talking Back**  
(Continued from page 26)

A reminder! Send your copy of Photoplay to someone you know over there. With the continued paper shortage, it may well be some time before we can ship magazines abroad. The Editors

NOW that we've had the life of Dillinger on the screen—with what Hollywood considers good box-office results—I suppose we'll have a cycle of gangster pictures inflicted upon us once more. Each picture will get worse than the other, and the younger generation will start talking of the sides of their mouths. In place of the swooners we'll have "gangs" sprouting up. Hollywood will justify itself by concluding each picture on a "crime does not pay" note. But the kids will puff their reefer and swagger defiantly that "it was fun while it lasted."

Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

If others of you feel the same way, why don't you write the studios directly or, better still, the Hays office in Hollywood, the official name and address of which is the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., 550 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. The Editors.

THE best way to show appreciation for someone's work is to collaborate with him. We thought it might interest you to know what goes on down here, so here it goes: The most successful picture now (June) is "A Song To Remember," though "The Great Dictator" (after six years of waiting) and "The Three Caballeros" (a favorite) are shown at the same time. The great favorites in the U. S., like Van Johnson and June Allyson, didn't click here the same way; perhaps not enough pictures yet. Sinatra is far from causing the swooning epidemic he is supposed to create; girls stick to dear old Bing. Oscar Lopez, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Buenos Aires comes through with some comments which we thought would be of interest to our readers as they were to us. The Editors.
Color Harmony Shades...

for BLONDES  BRUNETTES

BRUNETTES  REDHEADS

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

You’ll like this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood in Color Harmony Shades to accent the natural, youthful beauty of each type...blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Try your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder and see how lovely your make-up will look...$1.00

Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder

Max factor hollywood color harmony make-up...
FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
New SHEER DYNAMITE face powder color by Revlon

If you don't like change... don't change to "Sheer Dynamite" Face Powder... something new might happen to you.

If you take to new hats like a glider to air... go for new ideas... new places... new faces... simply refuse to become a creature of habit, then you are the woman for "Sheer Dynamite" Face Powder.

In a single second... "Sheer Dynamite," charged with excitement, loaded with color, can bring a complexion up to date—And no one's going to be able to talk you into using the same old face-powder shade once you've tried the new "Sheer Dynamite."

Texture, cling, fragrance, of course, but the real difference in Face Powder is color by Revlon...
IDA LUPINO, delightful star of Warner Brothers' "Devotion," chooses, for its simple drama, a one-piece dress with a black wool skirt and a beige crepe top, accented by a leopard belt. A J. L. F. Original at B. Altman, N. Y. C.
FOR EVENINGS at home, Miss Lupino favors black velveteen trousers and a black taffeta tunic striped in silver and embroidered with twinkling green sequins. By Martini Frocks, at Saks-5th Avenue, N. Y. C.
DRESS for the MEN in YOUR LIFE...

"BUNNY-HUG"... A Carol King Original, cute and cuddly as can be in Angora accented Rabbit's Hair Wool and Rayon Jersey. Sizes 9 to 15. About $15.
DANCE OR WORK or study in this two-piece wool flatterer with an interesting new neckline and a gay felt flower corsage. It is called “Flare-Well.” All pastel shades in sizes 9-15. Around $19.95 at Wm. Taylor, Cleveland.


ONE OF THOSE casual numbers that does things for you. In a Tattersal check, with the new dropped shoulders. Raylaine flannel in white with gold, aqua or green. Around $17. Sizes 9-17. Stores that have this dress for you listed on page 84.
YOUR NEW LIFE

...you've had a letter saying he will be home soon from the war
...or you're about to step into an exciting new job
...or you're going away to school and have a roommate who is too divine
...or you have booked a very special date for the weekend.
For the pattern is always changing. Everyday life starts anew.
It will be just what you make it.
Let your clothes help set the pace--

STRATEGIC as General Ike himself, this Eisenhower battle jacket and skirt of 100% Shetland wool.In black, red or brown. Sizes: 10-16. About $29.75. At Saks-34th Street, N. Y. C.

YOU'LL BE SO NICE to go out with—in this 100% wool shorty with its deep pockets, sash belt and wide revers. By McArthur, Ltd. In red, green, beige or nude, 10-20. About $25. At Stern's, N. Y. C.

THERE'S SOMETHING irresistible about a bow under a young chin. And about this Princeton all-wool Jersey with a loop neckline. A Laura Lee original in all pastel colors. 7-15. Under $13. At Famous & Barr, St. Louis
FOR A LIGHT-HEARTED LASS

You'll glow with loveliness, when he sees you in this demure 'n' dainty rayon blouse. Colors: white, pink, maize, lime, shocking, blue.

Sizes: 9-15 JUNIORS.

About '3

At all leading department stores, or write:

SENSATION BLOUSES
2 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

Those on pages 82 and 83 can be found from Coast to Coast in the following stores:

Tattersal check dress
Albany, N. Y.—John G. Myers Co.
Aliquippa, Pa.—Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Flint & Kent
Erie, Pa.—The Hall Bros. Co.
Germantown, Pa.—George Allen, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox & Co.
Hempstead, N. Y.—Franklin Shops
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—T. A. Chapman Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Luecky Platt & Co.
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.—Field-Schick, Inc.
San Diego, Cal.—The Marston Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—City of Paris
Wichita, Kans.—Geo. Innes Co.

Manufacturer: Robt. Craig, 1972 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Red velveteen jumper
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

Manufacturer: Peggy Paige, 224 West 35th St., New York, N. Y.

Lace-trimmed blouse
Cincinnati, O.—Mabey & Carew
Dayton, O.—Elder & Johnson
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
St. Paul, Minn.—Emporium

Manufacturer: Sally Mason, 498 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Grey wool two-piece dress
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Nashville, Tenn.—Cain-Sloan Co.
Portland, Ore.—Charles F. Berg

Manufacturer: Mary Muffett, Inc., 1136 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Battie jacket suit
Chicago, Ill.—Maurice Rothchild
Cleveland, O.—Halle Bros.
Phila., Pa.—Wanamakers
San Francisco, Cal.—Hale Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix Baer & Fuller

Manufacturer: Ciro Sportswear, 530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Belted shorty coat
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels
San Antonio, Tex.—Joski's
Syracuse, N. Y.—Edwards
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.
Wichita, Kansas—Geo. Innes

(Continued on page 89)
an original

Marie Phillips

touch of autumn

Reed-slim suit dress with the crisp color contrast of Fall! There's easy grace to the gored skirt and waist-nipping jacket with saddle stitching to accent the capelets and collar. In rayon gabardine. Aqua and black, burnt almond and black beige and black, beige and brown.
Sizes 9-15, 10-16.
about eleven dollars

At fine stores everywhere or write for store in your locality to Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y. (no mail orders accepted)
Nonchalant flattery with an insight to quality... GIRDLSLAX* are tailored to be carefully casual, to pay frank tribute to lithe young lines. And here’s the exclusive-with-Koret GIRDLWAIST* to hug the midriff. Add the TRIK-TIE blouse by KORET KNITS— it’s a bonanza of a gay knit stripes and its shoulders are ever-so-proud! Slaxs about $6.00, Blouse about $4.00 At Leading Stores Everywhere.

*Trade mark
FASHIONS THE CALIFORNIA SCENE

...for you, with the Doublette! Bold and charming, Lynn Lester's design was inspired by masculine attire in the chivalrous Renaissance period. Western Fashions uniquely tailors the Doublette in warm, brilliantly colored pure-wool felt. Lynn Lester's newest blouse in Crest Fabric's Romaine Crepe in white and contrasting colors. At John A. Brown in Oklahoma City and other fine stores throughout America.

John A. Brown Co.
209-221 West Main • Oklahoma City

Or write to Western Fashions, Los Angeles 14, for the name of your nearest store featuring this label.
HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"? Remember how you sought ankle-hugging, full-fashioned fit last time you bought stockings? And sheerness? And clearness of texture and long wear? Why, these are your very own stockings...as much so as if we had styled them exclusively for you. Try them and see! At better hosiery counters.

好莱坞帽子变得越来越鲜艳。琼·芳汀在这款精致的组合中脱颖而出，由精致的花朵和丝质丝带组成，为完美搭配。它就像是给精神提升的头巾。

ATTENTION!

We Have Color For Your Clothes

Beginning with the October issue, Photoplay Fashions—chosen to make you lovelier—will be shown in the new exciting colors in which you will buy them...

There will be more pages of fashion than ever before...

And Hollywood stars will model the dresses and suits, the slacks and furs, the coats and hats—selected by expert stylists—that will be available to you in stores all over the country.
These Are the Days of Gregory Peck

(Continued from page 41) which meant that his life was one long bliss of moon-light and rosy girls until one day in 1915, a very pretty young thing named Bernice Ayres from the Middle West came along. She was little, and the local belles could have killed her, for smiling and vivacious Greg Peck fell in love with her instantly. They were wed almost at once too, and in 1916 their baby came.

Greg's earliest memory is sitting outside his house, in the hot California sunshine under a palm tree, a thin, small boy of two, playing with his white dog and white cat. He loved those pets in the intense way that only a shy and lonely child can—and he was shy and lonely all his life until he was sixteen. Enter then a stren with black hair and green-blue eyes who got him over all that.

He was only five when his parents separated and his mother's mother came to La Jolla to take care of him. She was a very kind grandmother but she understood very little about California small boys. On the other hand, his father did—or at least, he understood this one. Father and son became a great team. Grandma would pack them up a lunch in paper bags and to the beach they'd go, to lie all day in the sun, 'from seven to seven.' Greg says, to swim, to hunt for clams and commune with nature and one another.

Yet it was one of these beach excursions that almost cost him his life. He and some neighborhood lads were diving for abalone, lurking far down in the ocean bed. Greg took an iron bar, dove off with such force that he went down for more than ten feet. There he saw the treasure he was seeking, but as he pushed his bar under a big rock, the bar slipped. He went to retrieve it and the rock settled firmly down upon his hand. He fought and struggled to get loose. It was several minutes—a lifetime under water—before the kids on the surface noticed he was missing. They dove frantically down for him, freed him and brought him up, but it was more than an hour before the life guard was able to revive him.

His other most frightening adventure was concerned with water too, though he's still a water baby and every free moment he has, he flies himself to a beach. He was thirteen, and he and his father had gone duck hunting. They were more than a quarter of a mile from the shore of the lake when Greg, moving the gun, heard it go off and to his horror saw that he had shot his father in the shoulder.

"Dad was so wonderful," Greg says. "He sat there, trying to smile at me, trying to hold his shoulder together, while the blood ran through his fingers, and I rowed
frantically. I was very light and very thin, and the boat was very heavy. It was a
long time before I could get us to shore, find a telephone and get an ambulance.

"They took Dad to a hospital immediately and operated. He was two hours
on the operating table, while I waited outside, frozen with terror. The first
thing Dad did when he came to was to look for and smile with complete un-
denying and forgiveness. I can never
forget the release of that moment, the
sense of freedom and devotion that swept
over me.

If, through this episode, his father
brought home to the boy the meaning of
paternal love, his grandmother, very inno-
cently, taught him how to fight. Grandma
bought a pair of cloth-topped, buttoned
shoes. To her, those shoes were something
dashing. To Greg, they were horrors, since
no other boy in La Jolla wore anything of
the sort. Since they were the only real
shoes he had, he begged Grandma to buy
him others. But Grandma refused to waste
money on another pair and she wouldn’t let
him go to school in sneakers.

His father slyly helped by giving him a
bicycle. What Greg did, then, was to take
off the shoes, as soon as he got out of sight
of the house, bike in his bare feet, put the
shoes on again at school, knowing that he’d
have to fight his way through the recess
period because of them. At least they
taught him to be good with his fists.

IN DUE time he decided to enroll in the
University of California at Berkeley to
study medicine. But the black-haired,
green-blue-eyed siren entered here.

Let’s call her Mary. She had, according
to Mr. Peck’s testimony, that lovely hair
and those green-blue eyes, and she could
do anything. So far as our hero was con-
cerned, she was Dame Cupid. He forgot
everything. His class marks slid. Sports
went by the board. The only thing he
wanted on earth was to marry her, but
he was just seventeen and didn’t have a
dime in the world.

"I became a truck driver for love," he
says. By that, he means that he quit
school, got a job at a colossal $120 a month
and began making romantic plans.

Eighteen months went by. He and Mary
decided they couldn’t wait any longer. One
night they hopped into Greg’s car and
hopped toward Las Vegas, some two hun-
dred miles distant. They had covered five
when they began to waver. By the time
they had gone another five, they knew they
were too young to face the responsibilities
of matrimony. They turned back. Next
day Greg quit his job, started to bone like
mad and made U. of C. In the fall, at which
point he dropped the hated Eldred and
became henceforth Gregory Peck Jr.

Two pals of his from La Jolla enrolled
in the same class. They drove up to Ber-
keley together, roomed together, went to
classes together and did junior work to-
gerther as a means of paying their rent.
The other two boys were, Mr. Peck says,
“smart operators,” and Greg learned fast.

We got a parking lot to run on Sat-
urdays. We did all right with that normally,
built the football season came, we
really sweeted it. Charged a dollar for
every car we parked then, blandly telling
customers that we were right across
the campus from the football field. That
was true except that we were at one end
of the campus and the field was at the
other, a mile away.

All this wealth began to enable Greg to
take occasional weekends off. He bought
a roadster and cut classes late Fridays,
drove all night to San Diego, got there
Saturday morning, started back Sunday
night and made classes again on Monday.
That was a matter of 13.0 miles for two
days with one girl. That, also, was love. He did it week after week.

But, as in high school, his studies began suffering. "I went at my medical career most half-heartedly," Greg says. "I wasn't yet on the right track and in a dim way I knew it. I dropped pre-med and switched to English. I went in for crew and this time I made it. When I was sent East to row in the regatta at Poughkeepsie, I thought I had reached a crown in human achievement. Still, I knew there was no way I could make a living at that. By this time it was 1938. I was twenty-two. I felt it was time for me to get into some kind of groove."

It was entirely by accident that he got into acting. One night a buddy asked him if he wouldn't like to fill in the remaining scrap of his free time by taking a role in a play that was being given on the campus. A tall character was needed for the role of the first mate in "Moby Dick." Greg went on in the part and the magic of the theater captured him.

"I was very lousy in that first part and I knew it," Greg says, "yet I've never had such a moment of complete, utter happiness before or since. It was a terrifying experience. I hadn't been able to eat or sleep for three days preceding it. Once on stage, however, and I was instantly freed of all my shyness and inhibitions. I saw that audience looking up at me and I could have done anything. For in that moment I got rid of Gregory Peck, the guy who was so sure of himself, and became, to myself, a veritable wonder man. From that instant on I wanted to do nothing whatsoever but act. In one sense, I confess it's still true.

After that, I was aware of nothing save theater, theater, theater. Summer came. I was graduated. I just wanted to keep on acting, anywhere, in anything. I felt prepared to invade Broadway. I did invade Broadway. None of the buildings trembled with delight as I passed by. No managers greeted me with open arms. I finally used the letter my stepfather had given me to a friend of his who owned part of a concession at the World's Fair. I went over to him, presented the letter and got the job as assistant Barker at the towering sum of $25 weekly. I thought I could eat on that. I was, at least, glad to write the fellows, who had been so sympathetic and understanding, letting me waste all that time in "finding myself" that I was finally self-supporting in a big way in a big city. Little did I realize how expensive was everything at the World's Fair or in all New York or how completely my appetite was to go ahead of my earnings.

When the World's Fair closed, Greg nearly starved. Autumn came and he was lonely. Winter came, and he got no parts in Broadway productions. But he never lost the bright vision in which he believed.

"One night in winter," he says, "when I had no work and scarcely a dime, I went up to the roof of the highest of the Radio City buildings and looked down on Manhattan. It was just getting dark and the lights began flashing on, all over town. It began to snow, great flake falling, magically, through the giant spotlights round Rockefeller Center. I could see millions of tiny fast moving figures below. All going somewhere, all trying to attain their private dreams. It was the most humbling sight, and yet the most exhilarating, for these others, too, were lonely and fighting for existence. Anyone, as one individual, could be lost among them, and yet anyone, this being America, could, with a little fighting for it, attain his dream.

"I came down from that tower so happy I didn't give a damn if I was hungry. The fight was up to me and that knowledge was exciting. I knew beyond all arguing that..."
just around some magic corner, something waited for me.
 Excellent fortune was waiting for him. But even good fortune, when it came, stayed true to the Peck pattern and he had to work hard to attain the rewards it offered.

FINALLY, of all things, he won a scholarship for dramatic training at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Greg was surprised, as only a Westerner can be, to find his good luck tucked away in the New York slums. Nonetheless, it has one of the most artistic, stimulating, truly creative atmospheres any young player could come upon. For two years Greg learned invaluable technical know-how. As a result, he got another scholarship at the Barter Theatre in Abingdon, Virginia.

The Barter is an amazing little theater where customers barter whatever they wish—vegetables, chickens, in place of cash, for tickets. But its artistic standards are very high. And here Guthrie McClintic, the intelligent, witty and famous producer-husband of that first lady of the legitimate stage, Katharine Cornell, saw him. A producer signed him for a season with his wife.

He was such an excited young actor when he joined the tour in Philadelphia that in order to conceal his exuberance, he went around, when not actually rehearsing, with his nose hid in a book. He was so in awe of Miss Cornell and the whole company that he hardly dared glance up. The company was doing a tour in a revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Then one memorable night on the station platform in Philadelphia Greg heard a girl's laugh ring out. It was the merriest laugh he had ever heard and he looked up and met a pair of laughing blue eyes, eyes that belonged to a small, blonde girl standing beside Miss Cornell, the prettiest, gayest, most provocative girl he had ever observed in his life—and despite his diffident-appearing manner, Greg carefully observed everything he saw.

The blonde girl seemed to be with the Cornell Company, yet Greg knew, the moment he glanced at her, that she wasn't an actress. He dropped his eyes back to his book, but his heart sank as he heard her saying something about her fiancé. He didn't want her to have a fiancé. It a girl like that had to have a fiancé, he thought she should be someone dignified and protective like himself.

Five months later the blonde girl did have a fiancé like him. In fact, it was he. But that is getting ahead of our story, which would be a pity, for you never did hear the story of a cuter courtship.

For example, one of the things Greg told small blonde Greta was that he was a full-blooded Indian. He told her about the scalps his grandfather did regularly. But wait and watch for it next month in this very same place.

“Head First . . .” on page 154 gives you a rear head-view of six Hollywood lasses. If they turned around you'd immediately recognize them by number as:

1-Bonita Granville
2-Joan Fontaine
3-Ann Sheridan
4-Maureen O'Hara
5-Lauren Bacall
6-Lana Turner
Life with the Major’s Lady

(Continued from page 47) here! How long are you staying? How about having a drink with me?"

“No, thanks,” said Charlie.

“Listen, friend, I want to talk to you, I want to see you.”

“I’ll see you,” said Charlie and firmly turned his back. There wasn’t much for the Lieutenant to do but move on.

Sitting next to Charlie, Dottie Lamour sputtered with anger. “You were very rude to that poor lonely soldier.”

“Sure I was,” said Charlie. “That guy has moved in on my dates before. I’ve been waiting ten years for this date with you. I’m not going to have him taking it away from me.”

Nine o’clock passed and so did ten, and the band was wonderful and Dottie and Laura forgot all about their resolutions to be early birds. But all the time there sat that handsome Lieutenant, all alone, just watching Dottie with such adoring humility. Finally she could stand it no longer. She beckoned to him. Like a flash he was beside her. “Let’s dance,” he said, and that’s how Dottie picked up William Ross Howard III, now Major Howard.

Dottie says so, even though she’s never told it before.

WELL, for the next several days, it was quite a battle in tactics. Charlie and Bill, who are really friends, called themselves the Air Corps Commandos and, very frankly, Dottie was their beautiful beachhead. Where Bill appeared, there was Charlie, and where Charlie appeared, there was Bill. But it was Bill who made the best time.

When Dorothy and Laura returned to Hollywood, Bill’s letters and flowers and telephone calls followed her. It was terrific fun but Dorothy didn’t take it seriously. This was because, in checking up on William Ross Howard, III, she discovered that while he came of a distinguished old American family, the Howards of Maryland, and before he had gone into service, he had worked at a lumber business he had inherited, he still had not worked in any manner that would interfere with his going to Palm Beach or Palm Springs in winter, or California or Europe in the summer, or to Placid for the winter sports. He had been married and divorced and had a son. Never at any time had he threatened to do that stuffy thing called settling down.

This was all right with Dottie. She, too, had been married and divorced, from Herbie Kay, the bandleader. Being a working girl, she couldn’t play too much, but she didn’t want to be serious, either.

It was all very gay—the courtship of the playboy and the movie star and it might have gone on that way if Jap planes hadn’t blasted Pearl Harbor that fateful Sunday in December, 1941. Bill’s duties took on a new and sober significance. Dottie kept right on working—and going on the Bond tours which she herself initiated.

They had planned to spend New Year’s Eve at the same party, but Bill called on Dottie and told her not to expect him—he might be shipped overseas. Sure enough. His orders came. The first lap was in San Francisco. There he contracted pneumonia and was laid up for four months. During his illness his mother traveled across the continent from Maryland to San Francisco to see him. She saw Dottie too and added her approval to a match which was bound to be. When Bill recovered he was sent to San Bernardo. Of course, he managed to get in to Hollywood now and then—even to the set where Dottie was then making a “Road” picture with Bing Crosby and Bob
Your Length with a Snip!

Truly a gem—
The scalloped hem...
A snip or two
Fits the length for you!

Sixteen hues
From which to
Choose.
Sizes 32 to 40.
About $2.25.

in
Celanese
**CLAIRANESE**
**RAYON TAFFETA**
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. WRITE FOR COLOR SELECTOR.
S & Z MANUFACTURING CO. 412 SOUTH WELLS STREET CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

 Hope. It didn't take him long to see how his gal rated with these two!
By now they knew they belonged to-
gether—that no day was right when they
were apart. So the former playboy asked
Dottie to set a date. She named April 7,
1943. Promptly he asked her what kind of
ring she wanted.
"I want a plain, old-fashioned gold ring,
as old-fashioned as the kind of marriage
I hope we have," she said.
"Then I want that kind of a ring too,"
Bill answered.
"If you buy mine, I'll buy yours," Dottie
said. Now she laughs when she tells it.
"I got the worst of the bargain. My ring
only cost $13.50, but Bill's cost $15.00."
She has both bills, both marked paid.
They had a small wedding in Holly-
wood and a small reception later for their
close friends. It was very romantic and
everything still looked gay and exciting—
considering it was war time—and they
thought they could continue their life
in together in that mood, if Bill wasn't
shipped out, the only difference being that
now they belonged together.
They might have done that, too, except
for three things. There was the gas short-
age. There was the house shortage. There
was the servant shortage. Bill was still
stationed in San Bernardino. Dotty had to
be in Hollywood. Better than seventy miles
lie in between. Bill didn't have gas
enough to make the trip often. Neither
did Dottie. They had married to be-
together. Dottie finally said, "You have to
be in San Bernardino all the time. I only
have to be at the studio for six weeks at
a time. We'll live in San Bernardino, and
when I'm working I'll live near the studio
and come home here weekends."
They rented a sweet little house, and you
could find the duplicate of it twenty
thousand times in this wonderful country
of ours. It has a small unfenced lawn, with
a few weeds in front of it, and a small
garden with a few bright flowers and a
thriving Victory vegetable garden in back
of it. It has a living room all across the
center of it, probably fourteen by twenty
feet, and two wings on either side. One
wing contains the two small bedrooms and
one bath, the other wing the small den,
the smaller dining room, the anti-
chasm kitchen. "We've never sat in that living
room yet," Dottie says. "We just walk

The
DEMAND
For Photoplay
each month is for at least
800,000 Copies More
than the paper shortage permits us to print.
Consequently to insure getting your copy regu-
larly, we suggest that you place a standing order
with your newsdealer. He
will be glad to oblige
and you will be sure of
your copy each month
through it and use the den."

The playboy and the movie star, as Captain and Mrs. Howard, began hunting for a cook and a maid. They couldn't find them, so they next hunted for a girl who would do both jobs. They couldn't find her. They hunted for a mere cleaning woman, to help out. She didn't exist either.

Dottie grins as she tells it. "Because I've always had to work at things that paid money, I'd never done anything around a home. Naturally Bill never had, but here we were, the glamorous newlyweds, in dust up to our knees. So, finally, we went down on them. First of all we started bassing one another, telling each other how to sweep or scrub or whatever it was. That caused arguments, but could I stay mad at Bill? I couldn't, for whenever I got childish and hurt, he'd just sit in a corner and say, "Look at that poor lonely soldier," and then I'd laugh, or if he did get difficult about drying dishes, or something, I'd say, "Look at that poor lonely soldier," and he'd laugh. We evolved a method of housework that we still follow.

I start on one wing, Bill on the other. Whoever gets his chores done first drops in the den and the laggard has to mix the drinks for both. At first they were always cocktails, but gradually they became cokes, or tomato juice, or some such harmless thing.

"We did the same thing about cooking. Neither of us knew much to begin with, but now we've learned the darnedest things. I do beautiful salads and home-made soups, which Bill loves, and he does the best spaghetti I ever ate anywhere.

"On our first anniversary, nothing would do but we had to go into town and dress all up something wild and go dancing at Mocambo. We had a big party and a thousand laughs and it was all gorgeous. But this April 7th, our second anniversary, if we didn't talk it over and honestly prefer just to be alone, here by ourselves, listening to the radio, drinking one little toast to ourselves!"

Dottie's voice suddenly dropped. "It's so strange," she said. "Today Bill's a major. We still don't know when or if he'll go overseas. I know I'm very lucky to have had him with me this long, and we are prepared for whatever may come. That is one of the things we talked over before our marriage. If we must be parted, it won't be a weepy goodbye scene for us. I'll just have to take it, and I hope I can take it as bravely as the other millions of war wives. But these days that we do have together—well, they are definitely not exciting. They are something so much better.

"I used to be in a panic when people told me that that first exciting love went, to be replaced by another type of love. I was sunk a day. I couldn't believe any love could be better. But it is. The love Bill and I have now—oh, it's so secure, so deep, so quiet. It's just there. Do you know what Bill said the other night? Here we were, sitting and listening to the radio, when suddenly I realized we hadn't been out anywhere or seen anyone besides ourselves for nearly two weeks. There I was, telling Bill how I'd been to market and couldn't get meat and that we didn't have points enough for butter—such absolutely thrilling conversation—and I stopped and said, 'But, do you know how much I love you, Dottie?' Bill, the angel, said, 'Dottie, the more years I'm with you, the less there seems to be moments enough in even the longest day to make up for the time I want to be with you.'"

She stopped and her eyes began to shine. "And now this news," she said. "It tops everything."

Perhaps you've read that news. She
Women who wear a good bra need to make a good night out for themselves in a cap-sleeve... one for every figure. Four ways... one for every mood.
Andy Russell, now in "Stork Club," records 'Love Me' and 'Noche'

YOU HEARD him first on Capitol Records... you'll see him soon in the film musical "Stork Club"... and Andy Russell's smash new recording of 'Love Me' and 'Noche' will be available shortly from your favorite Capitol dealer.

Picked as a "comer" by Capitol just 13 months ago, Andy Russell's phenomenal rise to fame is another sterling example of how the new stars—and new hit tunes—shine first under the Capitol label.

Careful choice of songs, diligent rehearsals and superb engineering help a talent such as Andy possesses. Whether he's singing or drumming, as above, you get the real thing on Capitol!

Have you heard...?

Check through this list of tunes and see how many you can hum or whistle.

- Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe
- Candy
- Dream
- Accentuate the Positive
- I Should Care
- The Trolley Song
- I'll Walk Alone
- Cow-Cow Boogie
- Her Tears Flowed Like Wine
- Straighten Up and Fly Right
- G. I. Jive
- Amor
- Shoo-Shoo Baby

LIL' TILTON' MARTHA Tilton is another Capitol first. Just back from an overseas tour with Jack Benny, she hit the jackpot with "I'll Walk Alone" and "I Should Care." First with the Best—that's Capitol's way of recording.

HE CAN PICK 'EM... as anyone can plainly see! Johnny Mercer discovered and was first to record young Lois Butler, whose first disc will soon be released. Mercer, as president of Capitol, has an uncanny ability to pick unknowns and make them stars. Miss Butler, only 14, is Mercer's latest selection.

这一切都是自然语言处理的结果。
What Should I Do?  
(Continued from page 60)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I go to high school and after school I work in a hospital until late at night. I work six days a week, and I am so happy to be away from home, but when I finally do have to go home—there is my mother sitting up to argue with me. Then my father comes home and yells at me for arguing with my mother. My mother is so hungry for money that every penny I make has to go to her. That is what we argue about.

My father works, my mother works and my two little brothers are boarded out. Still, all that isn’t enough money for my mother—she wants my pay check, too.

She says that if I don’t like it, I can get out and take care of myself. I think every girl should live with her parents, otherwise she is likely to get into all kinds of trouble. All I want is money for one movie a week, for ice or roller skating on Sunday afternoon, and for some new clothes occasionally. If I could have just a little of the $35.00 I earn each week, I could get along nicely, but every time I ask for a dime, there is a big scene.

Anastasia S.

Dear Miss S:

Your case interested me so much that I talked to a legal friend of mine who assures me that, in many states, the earnings of a child until that child comes of age legally belong to the parents.

From a legal standpoint there is nothing you can do except get your check. If you leave home they would still be entitled to collect your pay check.

There is one thing that interests me. Your mother is not apparently extravagant nor wasteful, since she also is working. Why is she so eager to amass a large sum of money? Perhaps she is saving it to buy a home or to assure you and your brothers of good educations.

At seventeen, one is sometimes not inclined to look ahead, whereas your mother may have a hold on the future of her child. Why don’t you have a pleasant talk with your mother, forcibly restraining yourself from raising your voice or using disagreeable terms, and ask her what her plans are? You may be surprised to know how carefully she is guarding your future.

Claudette Colbert

Note: Normally, Photoplay does not publish the city of origin of the letters addressed to this column, but the letter printed below came from so far away that I thought my readers would be interested to know it came from Lebanon.

Dear Miss Colbert:

In Photoplay your answers are more than advice, they are reality. I write to you in hope that you will be a great help to me. I am from a good family. I am twenty years old and in love with a very poor girl who gives me back her affection, but my parents are against me.

I didn’t want to lose their blessing, so I tried to forget her by going away into the mountains to satisfy my mother whom I love. But forgetting was impossible; every day away from her was an eternity. I can’t stay always away from her, nor either always away from my family—if this state lasts I am sure one day I shall get mad or put an end to my days.

Could your answer show me a way?

B. T. Bey

Dear Sir:

Not knowing the customs, traditions and manners of your exciting country, I really don’t feel that I am capable of

Use WoolFoam

Perfect Wool Wash!

Leaves sweaters, blankets, woolens soft, fluffy—really clean.

At Nation’s Art Needlework and Housewares Depots. Also Drug and Grocery Stores. 25¢ Economy Size: 50 c.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Institute.
advising you on this emotonal problem.
I can say that here in America, we have
built a system of happy home life upon
the theory that a man has the right to
select his own mate, regardless of the
views of less intimately concerned in-
dividuals such as parents or other rela-
tives. As the girl is to be your wife, for
life, in America we would say that it was
your mother's privilege to speak her ad-
vice but, having spoken, she must allow
you to make your own financial decision.
Here, we find that this principle of ro-
nantic laissez-faire has worked out to
the benefit of both parents and children.
Your parents might counter this state-
ment by mentioning our high divorce
rate. You may answer that by saying our
divorce rate is high, not because we are
a race of cynics, but because we are a
race of intensely optimistic idealists. We
are convinced if we have failed once to
find the perfect mate, through our own
efforts we will do better next time!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I have been married nine years. My wife
and I got along fine. Even she says I
have always been a good husband. We
were like kids together; anywhere you
saw me, you saw her.
Then I went into the Army and right
away got into a little trouble. I spent
some time in the guardhouse. Well, when
I got out I went home and found that my
wife hadn't been living in our house for
three months. Some friends told me
where I could meet her. When she saw
me, we just had to look at each other and
cry. Old times had to be talked over.
It seems that while I was away, she
was lonely and got to chasing around.
Then she got into serious trouble, and
moved away so as not to disgrace me. She
had had luck with the baby and lost it,
and she said she had never seen this other
guy again. I loved my wife and I believed
her even if her own mother said I was an:idiot to take her back.

Then I went overseas. My wife wrote to
me and gradually I began to find things
out. She would drop the news bit by bit
in letters. During that wild period, she
had sold my car, my radio and all my
clothes, and had mortgaged our home.
Here I am in a hospital (I was wounded
overseas), not as good a man as I once
was, and nothing left to my name.

Well now, I was late starting out with
girls, so I do not have a girl friend to
fall back on. I'm ashamed to go to my
home town and try to make a home with
my wife. I should be going out to find a
new life. If you were a man in my boots,
what do you think you'd do?

Corp. Ovid J.

Dear Mr. J:
I think your wife's behavior shocking.
However, I would be unfair to the vast
majority of service wives, if I didn't say
that I think your experience is, thank
Heaven, more unusual than run-of-the-
mill. Most women are sincere and loyal.
I would be the last person to counsel
the terminating of a marriage, because
I think that nearly every marital problem
is solvable. However, in your case, it
may be necessary to make a fresh start.
You haven't told me whether your wife
has told you she was broken-hearted over
her mistakes. Since you haven't said
that she is genuinely ashamed of her be-
behavior and that she is now working dil-
guently in an attempt to make up the
money that you are losing confidence in her because she is
only confessing and not promising restitu-
tion.
If she realizes her frightful error, natu-
really she should be given another

Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying
sweet and dainty if you use

Fresh

the cream deodorant that stops
perspiration worries completely.
It's gentle, stays creamy and
smooth. Doesn't dry out...
usable right to the bottom of
the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢
The way he loves you...

Did his first moments with you bring a warm glow to his eyes? Neet Cream Deodorant helps keep you the way he loves you — dainty, feminine, lovely. Just pat it on — that's all! Perspiration and perspiration odor are checked. Protection lasts up to three days. Also use delightful Neet Cream Depilatory to remove superfluous hair quickly and easily.

at cosmetic counters in stores everywhere

neet

best get neet today

change. Should you decide to try to make a go of it, don't let the comment of anyone destroy your sought-for happiness. Don't seek the opinion of your mother-in-law or of friends.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Shortly after my marriage I discovered that my husband has always gambled for large sums of money. He promised me to discontinue this habit, but when he joined the Army he began to gamble again.

So far he has been lucky and has won quite a bit of money. However, I feel that this is tainted money. Furthermore, his luck is bound to change and as he gambles our savings in addition to his pay, I think he is headed for trouble.

In his answers to my letters begging him to quit gambling, he says I am nagging and that I don't love him any more. Perhaps this is true, but it is natural for a girl to want a home and a family and to have either, a husband must provide a measure of security. Do you think divorce is the only answer?

Mrs. Albert S.

Dear Mrs. S.:

There are some men who are as ridden by the fascination of chance-taking as others are addicted to drink.

There is this to take into consideration: I felt from the wording of your letter that your husband actually gave up gambling until he went into the Army. I understand that gambling of one form or another is almost an integrated part of Army life. It may be that when your husband is discharged he will be glad to settle down and save his money in order to give you security. It seems to me that you shouldn't act hastily; wait until the war is over before deciding whether to terminate your marriage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen, and I work as a long-distance telephone operator. I have been forced to give up many of my girl friends and the club to which I belonged because of my working hours. The fellows have lost interest in having dates with me because I work until ten every evening.

I love my work, but I am very tired of working evenings, Sundays and holidays and seeing my girl friends going out on dates and having good times. I'm young, so I feel as if I'm letting my life go by without having any fun.

Yet I feel that if I quit I'm not doing my share to win the war.

Marguerite C.

Dear Miss C.:

The "hello" girls all over the country are doing a magnificent war job — of that there can be no doubt. If you had ever had the privilege, as I have, of seeing a six-foot, 175 pound Marine emerge from a telephone booth drying his embarrassed eyes after having had the thrill of talking to "Mom" — two thousand miles away — you would swell with pride at the thought of manipulating the plug.

However, the fact remains that your social life is somewhat handicapped. Couldn't you get at least a temporary change of shifts? At any rate, I would like to receive suggestions from girls in telephone and other lines of business who work late hours, giving me some idea of the manner in which they find recreation. If you readers know a girl who works such hours, please ask her to read me any thoughts she has on the subject, then I'll compile the suggestions and give telephone girls the story in the first available issue of Photoplay.

Claudette Colbert
I Want to Talk to You
(Continued from page 49) her way.
This made Nancy smart, of course. Because the sooner we learn to be true to ourselves the better life’s going to be. It isn’t easy to do this. But remember, every time you go against your own nature—which this may get you for the time being—you’re making it harder to get back on your individual beam. And that’s the only way anyone can be happy.

One thing you can count on, Kids: Listening to that all this show and doing as its doing never will get you anywhere. Also, no matter what the other fellow is doing or what it’s getting him, if you feel it isn’t for you, skip it. You all know deep down inside of you whether or not a thing is for you. And the faster you learn to be guided by the signals that flash to you from that control room lying inside of you the more grief you will miss.

To show you what I mean, I see a lot of girls on the street and waiting at stage doors who wear much too much make-up. Their hair is so red or so gold that you need sun glasses to take a good look without squinting. Their sweaters hug them tightly or a strange undergarment or else make them look average sloppy Joe look like a real good fit. When I see girls like this I go around talking to myself, telling myself to mind my own business, I’ve got nothing to do with my kids. Because, you see, I always feel if somebody could only help these girls get back on the right track before it’s too late they’d have a fair chance for the only kind of a life that ever means happiness to girls as sweet and good as they are underneath.

Get me straight, Girls . . .
I have no objections to make-up. I feel that make-up used wisely and intelligently to bring out your good features definitely enhances your appearance. It loses its value, however, when you slap it on indiscriminately. The Indians used to do that and they weren’t anything you would want to go out with on a Saturday date. After all, in your use of lipstick, for instance . . . Remember, if it was meant just to be smeared on in order to cover your lips manufacturers wouldn’t spend fortunes developing thousands of shades so they could hit the right one for you.

I always figure I can tell about the girls who overdo the business of make-up and acting sophisticated. They’re not popular with the boys and they’re copying the girls they think boys go for. Or else they’re so popular that it’s gone to their heads.

I can hear you saying, “Frankie, quit preaching!” I don’t mean to preach, Kids, just remember how it was in Jersey where I grew up. And life’s pretty much the same, I’ve found out, wherever you live.

Sure, boys will go out with the girls they call “babes.” But when most men marry they look for girls who will be good wives and mothers. Maybe I’m old fashioned. That would be a laugh. Back in my Jersey days I used to spend a lot of time trying to knock down all the old-fashioned ideas. Don’t ask me how I figured I knew more than older people who had been around more than twice as long and seen more than twice as much. But then I guess the kid who doesn’t think he knows more than his parents just isn’t normal.

I tell you all this I know the way I feel about the mistakes your letters tell me you’re going to make if you don’t watch your step . . .

One girl writes:

“Dear Mr. Sinatra:

“To begin with, I am fifteen years of age. My parents are strict. They say they are doing it for my good—that although I don’t realize it now, I will later. I have often been asked for dates with

OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn’t dream that I was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn’t know that ‘once-in-a-while’ care isn’t enough! My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is careless about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

IT’S HUNKY-DORY AGAIN!

What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I’m so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor said: “Lysol is a proved germ-killer . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions.”It’s easy to use, economical. But best of all—it really works!

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . always! Powerful cleansing—Lysol’s greater spreading power means it reaches more deeply, and effectively, into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-irritating—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than by any other method. For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lohn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol always!

Copyright, 1941, by Lohn & Fink Products Corp.
boys a couple of years older than I am. So far I have refused them. My favorite friend is a year older than I am. Her parents don’t care what she does or how she does it. This friend is trying to get me to go out with boys behind my parents’ back. She preaches to me my parents would not know a thing about it. But so far I have refused because I have learned in all my eleven years of school that honesty is the best policy.

“What do you think, Frankie?”

Another girl writes:

“Dearest Frankie:

I’m fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school. I have light brown hair and gray-green eyes. I’m five feet, one and a half inches tall—just a squirt.

My Mother is leery of me going out with boys, even boys my own age. She wants to know who am I going out with and to be sure and get home right after the show. Usually I go some places after work. Oh sure, that sounds bad. But all we do, Frankie, is talk about people we know, school, studies, shows and then have a goodnight kiss. Really is there anything wrong with that?

“We are only having fun. And we like to pretend we are really in love and so forth. Still we aren’t as dumb as most of the grown-ups think. You can ask most any young couple what they think their love is and they will say puppy love. But puppy love is very sweet and a lot of fun. Frankie, think back to when you were my age and I’m sure you will understand. Please tell me if I’m so very wrong in my attitude.”

I GUESS being impatient is part of being young. Just the same, it’s a mistake to rush life. Just remember that no matter how old you look, fifteen is too young to go out with older men or to be serious about any boy.

A girl who keeps her sweetness and who doesn’t go off the deep end can be the biggest help in the world to the right man. I know that I owe a lot of the things I have done to Nancy’s good orderly mind and to the stabilizing influence she always has been in my life.

I was pretty wild and impatient back in the old days. And I sometimes wonder if I’d have gotten by so well if I hadn’t been for the talks Nancy and I used to have sitting on the brownstone steps of her family’s home in Jersey City. She never tried with me. I just tried gently to pull me back to an even keel. She would show me how I wasn’t going about my ambition to be a singer in the right way, how it wasn’t fancy but dumb to stay out late at night. how you couldn’t let bad breaks start you being rebellious or feeling sorry for yourself.

It also was Nancy who backed me up every inch of the way in my dream of being a singer. She even staked me to bus fare and pocket money when she was working and I wasn’t and she even kept her job after we were married because my job as a singer in a local night club wasn’t too profitable or secure. You see, she had faith in me.

So I say, take it easy, Kids. You may have done wrong things. But you don’t have to do them any more. Just pay strict attention to those signals you get from your own control room deep inside of you and you’ll see how easy it gets to stay on the beam and make a happy life.

It’s been nice having this visit with you. Let’s look forward to our next chat next month.

Frank Sinatra will be back in October photoplay for another of these heart-to-heart talks with you.
I Got My Second Chance

(Continued from page 58) It was just Pop's way of laughing.

And the time a man hit me when I was playing with some kids. I wasn't doing a thing, but he slapped me. I told Pop about it and he dragged me out on the street and made me show him the man who had hit me. Oh, that was some fight! Pop really gave it to him. While he and the man were having at it, Mom came by. She looked at Pop and asked, "Who's on top?"

He held the guy down while he grinned up at her and said, "Well, I am—who did you think was?" Mom's face turned kind of red when another man yelled out, "That brat of yours!" She turned on him quickly and cried out, "It's easy to see you haven't any kids. Come on down and I'll take care of you myself."

Yes, Pop was a fighter, but no man was more gentle. He used to go around on Christmas, when he had money, giving bums $10. And the fun he had buying up newspapers on April first, putting them away for a year, and then making a deal with a newsboy a year later to sell them as current papers. He got more kick out of watching the dazed expressions on people's faces as they read the newspaper and wondered why the news seemed so familiar.

But in my heart, he's never gone away. He's been right beside me—just as the Queen has, my Mom, during these years. And just as she is now.

I owe a lot to Mom. She's crippled now, but nothing has daunted her enthusiasm for life. She's been the strength behind me. She's been near when a laugh was what I needed. The strength in me is the strength of the Queen and of Pop. Only when I felt I didn't need their help did I make my mistakes.

I was an easy-going fellow when I had success. All that mattered to me was a lot of fun, plenty of laughs and no obligations of any kind. Guess I was a little like Johnny Nolan. I wasn't interested in saving my money. I always opened my pocketbook to any fellow who asked for a loan. It was, "Sure, how much?" with me. Yes, I had a lot of people who knew me in those days. They were anxious to go on knowing me—as long as that pocketbook stayed open. I was too involved in my own little whirl to see what they were doing to me—and what I was doing to myself. But when I wasn't in the money, how different it was! Once, I went to a fan to ask for the money I had loaned him. It was only $150 but it would have helped me. He insisted he had already paid me. I argued with him for a while and then decided to forget it. What good does it do to argue with a man who remembers to forget so quickly?

Yet, there were those who didn't forget me when I was not among the running. I found that out in New York when I made personal appearances for "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." At one press conference at the St. Regis, I had the largest turnout of newspaper people for any personality in a long time. One hundred percent showing. They hadn't come to see me just because I had a hit picture. True, I hadn't heard from them often, but I somehow knew they were behind all of the time. It was the way they spoke to me. The deep-felt sincerity. The honesty in their eyes as they said, "Glad you're back, Jimmy."

For the first time in months I've seen myself as I was. I used to excuse my irresponsibility by saying, "Well, I was never late on a set. I never caused any director trouble." It was easy to go on my merry way. To laugh at what really mattered.

Fingertip Glory!

Your hands come to life, as graceful and delicate as an exquisite flower . . .

when fingertips are done with glorious, glamorous Dura-Gloss. Dura-Gloss, the polish of perfection, is smooth to apply, dries with speed, stays on for days.

At all cosmetic counters. 10¢ plus tax.

Something New
Dura-Gloss Nail Polish Dryer—dries polish faster. Try it.
10¢ plus tax.

The DURA-GLOSS touch!

16 Exciting Shades

Dura-Gloss is the only nail polish that contains Chrystaline

Copr. 1945, Lorr Laboratories, founded by E. T. Reynolds
INVESTIGATE this wonderful opportunity to use your spare hours to make money easily and quickly. And, get your own dresses without a penny of cost. Our extensive advertising has so increased the demand for famous Fashion Frocks that we need more women to show and take orders for these lovely dresses at surprisingly low prices. You will find it pleasant work and the possibility of making up to $15, $18, $20 and $25 in a week for just spare time. You need no experience and no money is required. Rush your name and address on coupon for further information.

START AT HOME—NO CANVASSING REQUIRED
Just show your friends and neighbors your gorgeous portfolio of new Fall and Winter Fashion Frocks which we furnish you FREE. The smart, original styles, the beautiful fabrics and colors, plus the astonishing values, will prove so irresistible that these women will gladly give you their orders season after season. We deliver and collect and you get paid immediately. It's like having a permanent dress business of your own, without investing a penny.

MILLIONS KNOW FASHION FROCKS
Through our national advertising, Fashion Frocks are known to millions of women. Because of the smart styling and excellent value they have the approval of leading style authorities and many prominent screen actresses. Thus you sell dresses that are known and in demand because of extensive advertising.

EVERYTHING FURNISHED FREE!
The elaborate portfolio, together with plans for a brilliant success, are sent you free. We will show you how you possibly can make, for part-time work, as much as $25 weekly, and besides get your own dresses without a penny of cost. Mail coupon for full details. Send today, there is no obligation. Paste coupon on a postcard.

Send for FREE Portfolio of ADVANCED Fall Dresses as low as $3.98

THE FAMOUS NATIONAL ADVERTISED
FASHION FROCKS

A twilled cotton suit in the motif of the picturesque west. Pewter Taupe, Iris or Indian Turquoise.
Style 800

But laughter hides many things. It hides a subconscious dissatisfaction with yourself. It pulls down the shades on something you know is there but don't want to see.

And what is it? Is it cancer? Is it obesity? Is it cancer and obesity? Do I remember coming home one night late. I was in the dough then. But there was an emptiness inside me, even though I had spent the whole evening being the life of the party. The house was dark when I walked in. The Queen was asleep. I lit a cigarette and sat there thinking. Then I heard the clock ticking off the hour. Still I sat there. All kinds of crazy, intangible thoughts whirled through my mind. Could I continue to make life just a game where I always had to hold the right hand? Where was I heading?

As I lay in bed that night, I kept asking myself, "What have I to show for my life so far?"

I was determined to change at once. But the next day, I slipped back into my easy groove. It wasn't until I found myself out of a career that I began to see as clearly in the day as I did that night. I began to learn, in the middle of adversity, the full meaning of pride in myself. I learned that there was a zest to be had from life by fighting the discouragement of assuming responsibilities. I forgot my so-called need for good times. I began to make plans for my future. I began to save what money I could. I found real pleasure in the things money can't buy—the honesty of real and true friendships, the ability to look upon each day as a thrilling challenge.

But then I got another second chance. This time it was at love—a genuine love. I've known Edna for over nineteen years. And what a lot of wasted years they've been! We were like two spoiled children. We took the easy way and let ourselves get sidetracked by everything else.

... I remember when I first met her those many years ago. It was on a blind date—in Flatbush. I wasn't too anxious to go, but the minute I saw her, something inside me began ticking. I knew she was the one. We made plans for marriage—and then it happened. I came to Hollywood. She stayed back East. The years sped by quickly. She waited for me until she was thirty. And then she married...

Now I know why so much of my life in the last few years had such an aimless course. I was searching for something, anyone who could make me want to amount to something. Someone to share the thrill of progress with and the bitter taste of defeat.

That person was Edna. When I saw her again, it was like a cloud lifting from my heart. Six months ago when I came east for the premier of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" we were married. Now that I've found her again, I know I'll never let her go.

And there was her five-year-old boy. Such a lovely kid. The first time I saw him, he put his arms around me and said, "Daddy Jim." He calls me "California Jim" at times, too. It's a wonderful feeling to pick up the threads of nineteen long years and to be able to see a smile on her face and to hear the little fellow's tinkling laugh even when they're away.

... Pop's come back to me now too. Closer than before. I can hear his booming voice saying, "I'm happy to do anything for you, Jimmy. Don't lose your hope. Don't drink too much, don't eat too much, don't play too much. You're all right now, come back up."

Yes, I remember, Pop, and I've learned. Yet, I have no regrets. Or else I have too many. I don't know which. I do know that what I've learned has taught me to care to life what I want it to give to me. To avoid the easy way. I'll never be knocked down again!

THE END.
Once Was Enough for Me

(Continued from page 89) too much to the past, but once in a while he wants to re-capture the moments of true happiness that come only in childhood.

...I'm standing down there by the sea. I'm playing among the rocks and watching the endless sea go back and forth. My friends are there with me. Suddenly one of us yells, "Let's go for a swim." Off come our clothes and we are diving into the water. The water is cold, but it makes us feel good and strong inside. It fills us with a sense of freedom, of abandon.

The lazy days at the sea. The health and excitement of being young, of not worrying about today or tomorrow. That all meant happiness, the kind I search for now as I sit here on my front porch—and find so difficult to recapture.

My eyes blur and another picture comes to mind. Again I am back home in Dublin, just a boy. I'm standing by our house while my mother fixes dinner. I can see all around me the lush, green, pleasant countryside. The rolling, gentle hills. The peace and contentment of a country at rest. Something draws me away from my home and out into those fields. The brisk air hits me and drives me on. I am walking and walking. The sun is sinking below the hills, but still I walk. Oh, many is the day I have gone for these strolls, have walked more than thirty miles in one day.

There are no green hills now. The sea is only in my heart. Something has gone from my life—and I can't help missing it.

I have other memories. I can see so clearly a group of young boys breaking happily from school for the summer vacation and rushing off to a field to play a fast game of rugby football. I was a little fellow for the game. Most of the boys at first were sure I could never be a good player. I'll never forget the day they made me a part of them and their games....

The phone inside is ringing now. It rings all of the time since the thing called success paid me a visit. But I won't answer it. More people have suddenly found they know me. I like people, but I prefer to hang on to the friends who were my friends long before all this happened to me.

I realized what I wanted from life first when I was making my last picture, "And Then There Were None." In which I am made a star. For a long time in Hollywood I could play small parts and do the work I had liked—acting. No one thought I was important to live quietly and I liked that. But then came the change. And the loss of daily solitude that I feel is important to everyone's health.

No, I'm not ungrateful for what has been given me by Hollywood and by America. I value the friends I have made. Certainly no man could overlook the help given him in a picture by such a person as Bing Crosby. Working with him made my own job so much easier. And knowing him has been one of the finer things in my life since I came to Hollywood.

I'm convinced that America is a land of opportunity, for where else could a man of my age after working for years suddenly find himself at the top of the heap? Where else does success come as swiftly to the old as to the young? But I know I am not the kind of a person who should have great success. It doesn't fit me. It's as though I were wearing the wrong size pants.

Funny how a trick of fate can change your life. I think now of my first entrance into the world that was to try to change me. Going back to that day so long ago to the stage at the Abbey Theatre is not a long trip in my mind. But it is a long way in years and in my heart.

No wonder they fence me in...

When it's feeding time, and Gerber's is coming up! Babies just love Gerber's Strained Foods because of these four advantages: (1) Extra good taste, (2) Cooked the Gerber way by steam to retain precious minerals and vitamins, (3) Uniform, smooth texture, (4) Every step laboratory-checked. Do as so many mothers do, get Gerber's with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

2 Cereals That Babies Like

Your doctor will tell you that most babies need extra iron after the age of three months, or more. Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and Vitamin B12. Both these cereals are extra tasty. Both are pre-cooked—and ready-to-serve.

Gerber's

Free sample

My baby is now...... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name.__________ Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept. F85, Fremont, Michigan

City and State.__________
... I had not intended to go on the stage that night. I just went to see a friend. I remember him now as he stood in his dressing room, all dressed up for his performance that night. Then I can hear a voice behind me saying, “Why not go on the stage tonight as part of the crowd?” It seemed like fun, so I went on the stage for the first time in my life. I went on again the next night. Before I knew what had happened, I was a member of the Abbey Theatre. But I stayed with my job as a clerk. For sixteen years I worked days, going to the theater evenings.

Would I have been happier if I had never gone to the theater that first night? If I had kept my civil service job, gotten married and had come home every night with nothing on my mind but an evening by the fire? The call has just come for me to go to the studio. But there is a little more time for me—and my thoughts.

If I had my way, I'd give up my career. I'd leave the honors and awards to those who have worked harder than I for them, to those whose happiness depends on them. What could further success—if I had it—in pictures do for me? Money can't bring happiness. Can it even bring security? Or is security mainly peace of mind?

Nor do I want adulation. My fans have been very kind and I appreciate their interest in me. But, after all, I've done enough in my life. I've lived a full, honest life. I have no regrets. I can't see the reason for going on with something that has brought me money, fame, and success—but not the kind of happiness I treasure.

It's not that I want to spend the rest of my life sitting on my porch thinking. I'm not usually a dreamer. I still feel there is much ahead for me in other lines, for I have my enthusiasm for life and I have a young outlook. I'll never be bored.

I'd like to spend more time on sports. I want to keep alert to all that is going on around me. A person may be old in years but there can be youth in his heart if he grows with the times. That's my point. I don't feel I can grow any more in my career.

Perhaps I can best express how I feel by an example. It has long been my ambition to go to big cities, to see what makes them tick, to observe and talk to strange people, to be a part of a crowd. To live in such a way I can be just a Mr. Jones—and a happy one. That is no longer possible for me. Success has denied me that kind of freedom. I'm a person living in a goldfish bowl now.

But can I break away and become just another man who disappears unnoticed into a crowd? Not for a while, I'm afraid. I cannot give up obligations and let those people down who have worked so hard on my behalf. It is not possible for me to break the ties that bind me—not yet.

I do not regret getting older. It's a part of living. It's the age of contentment, of maturity and rich ideals. But you feel much too old when you have to fight a thing that is entirely foreign to you.

Now that you know how I feel, do you think I am ungrateful for what I have gained? Am I falling down on the job that is mine? Am I selfish in my desire to pull down the curtain on my career? Or am I just trying to seize my one big chance for real contentment?

The ashes in my pipe have burned down. The breeze has died away. And a man who searches only for simplicity has left his front porch to return to the now unreal world of the cameras. To the world that beckons uncertainly.

Can I regain from the mist of years the thing that means my happiness? Somehow, some way, I will!

The End

Wrisley bath superbe
best loved of fine bath soaps

Treasured because each perfect bath cake is richly huge, delicately perfumed, and highly polished—mark of a superbly textured, lovely-to-use bath soap.
Elsa Maxwell’s Book of Etiquette

(Continued from page 45) doesn’t do. Not in my wildest imagination, however, would I call Errol a gentleman. Ronnie, on the other hand, is a very great gentleman. Before he married Benita—who is a very great lady—he never was known to take too many cocktails, to get into fist fights, to contribute in any way to newspaper headlines or community gossip. As a bachelor he lived and worked quietly—just as he does now that his life is enriched by a wife and baby daughter whom he loves deeply but without any public display.

The longer I live the more convinced I am that kindness is the essential ingredient of social desirability and true manners an outward manifestation of an innate desire to please. Which explains how a certain assistant cameraman is a greater gentleman than the star I watched him photographing the other day. This in spite of the fact that the star has all the advantages—college and a good prep school behind him, plus the income with which his screen success endows him. The cameraman, however, truly enjoys helping others. He is quick to notice when a star needs her make-up, when an old extra has no chair, when the noise of a fan is distracting to the director—and to correct all these things in a friendly way. Therefore he rarely fails to do the right thing even though he does not always do it with orthodoxy. The star, of course, is thoroughly versed in the proper form. But because his gestures are something with which he shows off instead of something whereby he expresses deference they are virtually worthless.

Analyze every polite phrase, every polite custom and you will find an expression or an act of consideration. “How do you do?” denotes interest in a person even as you greet him. “Thank you” shows appreciation. “Good morning” is in a sense an invocation, asking that the morning be good to the one you are greeting or leaving. We stand when a much older person enters a room in evidence of our respect for their greater years and presumably greater wisdom. We give our seat in a crowded room or bus or train to an older person because he is less able to stand than we are. Or a man gives his seat to a woman of any age for the same reason. We make an effort to look as if we are enjoying ourselves at a party so our host and hostess will feel their efforts to please us have been successful. We consider the prices on the menu when our young man takes us out so we will not strain his finances. And we conceal the fact that we do this to save his masculine pride.

The reasons for many customs have changed with time. However, kindness remains the motivation behind them. For instance, in the days of family and neighborhood feuds and vendettas it was customary for a gentleman always and even for a woman to remove the right glove before shaking hands. To indicate no weapon was concealed. Nowadays—although it is no longer obligatory—the right glove is sometimes removed because it, presumably, is less clean to the touch than the hand it has protected. A hostess is still served first. In the days of the Borgias it was done to show guests that the food was not poisoned. Today it enables a hostess to indicate how and when the food is to be eaten.

Have you, by chance, ever stopped to analyze the word “etiquette”? It means, as its very sound implies, ticket. Once upon a time in France if a bundle had a label or ticket tied to its neck declaring its contents it passed without examination. Gradually the word came to denote the unwritten
"I was—SELF-CONCIOUS! Now I’m—SELF-CONFIDENT!"

"Unhappy? I should say so! I was fat in ALL the wrong places—and sloshed!" says Jean Grogan of New York.

"Today I’m self-confident even in a bathing suit! Nothing’s so thrilling as knowing you look good under all conditions," says Jean!

"My Powers Home Course not only corrected my figure and make-up faults—it taught me secrets I’ll be grateful for all my life!"

"Quick Results! Through the Powers Home Course—in as little as 7 days you can see the REAL you begin to emerge from your mirror!"

"Inexpensive! Why deny yourself the happiness, the beauty, the admiration this famous Powers training can win for YOU? so easily, so inexpensively?"

"Personalized" for you—the beauty secrets that have made thousands of just-average girls turn into envied "Powers Girls"! Secrets of figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness!

Famed Grace Eden is your inspiring help! This noted Powers Home Course Director has helped thousands of girls!

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES OF PERSONALIZED POWERS TRAINING! 60 individualized features! Including the famous Eden "Photo-Revise". Help on your Figure! Make-up! Grooming! Styling! Your Voice! The famous "Powers Girl" formula for charm and magnetism!

Mail this Coupon NOW!

Write John Robert Powers today, Creator of the famous Powers Models. Confident of motion picture stars. 23 years teacher of the Powers Way to beauty, self-confidence, happiness. He has helped thousands, just like you.

"Powers Girl" Creator

"FREE: COMPLETE, CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION"

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite J365, New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'd like to learn the "Powers Girl" beauty secrets. I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free, illustrated booklet.

Name: (PLEASE PRINT)

Street:

City & Zone: State:

Occupation: Age:

"Powers Girl" Coupon,

Get this free booklet and your confidential questionnaire.

Once Upon a Time

a sailor went to Hollywood

and Hollywood went for him!

It's your introduction to handsome sea-going

GUYS MADISON

Watch for him in

October Photoplay
have met you only once or twice before, but she'll remember that you love cucumber sandwiches or that you prefer sherry to cocktails.

Gone is the stupid notion that a lady is a female who, at the least provocation, reaches for smelling salts.

In further proof of this I offer Joan Fontaine. Joan, carefully reared and convent bred, has worked in hospitals as a nurse's aide, bathed strangers who hadn't been bathed for too long, stood for trying hours in psychiatric wards, emptied bedpans. And has never called quits. That may not be the old notion of a lady. But it's a swell approximation of a thoroughbred!

Naturally, since woman's place in the world has changed, feminine manners and customs have changed too. A girl no longer has to sit back and eat her heart out lest a boy thinks she is running after him. If her club is giving a dance or if she has tickets for the theater it is fitting and proper for her to ask a boy she knows to go with her. I am not let me make it very clear, suggesting girls pursue boys. Not because this isn't etiquette. Because it isn't smart. Basically men appear not to have changed at all. They still, at least, like to think themselves the pursuers.

HOLLYWOOD'S two Swedish importations—Garbo and Ingrid Bergman—very definitely rate as ladies. Neither shines in any gay cafe set. But both have great dignity, are charming among their friends, and Ingrid is gracious in public. The latter is not true of Garbo because shyness is a phobia with her and she forgets her manners when confronted by strangers. You'll be surprised, perhaps, that I also place Dorothy Lamour high in my list of Hollywood ladies. But don't be misled by the fact that Dorothy is portrayed strictly in her screen character in all publicity. Her producers would not permit anything else. Actually, Mrs. William Ross Howard is a sweet old-fashioned girl—the furthest possible from the saucy siren the public knows as Dorothy Lamour.

There's something else besides being a lady, of course. There's greatness.

Bette Davis couldn't be said to be a great lady. Neither could it be denied that she is one. She is a genius; one of the greatest actresses on the screen, one of the greatest personalities in the profession. Frequently she is a lady unto herself. She has little time or interest for most of the superficial things by which many rich and famous women set great store. But she will spend hours—after difficult days in the studio—working for the Hollywood CanTeen. Also she'll blow her lines, hold up production and risk irritating both her producer and director because, with her quick perception, she notices that some bit player is off in his performance and believes he will do better with another try. She's inscrutable and, over all, great.

Hollywood today enjoys considerable social prestige—not only in America but the world over. This began, years ago, when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks of Pickfair entertained the professors and crowned heads, the scientists and maharajahs, the musicians and humanitarians, the artists and politicians they met on their triumphal travels. There could have been no more perfect ambassadors for the film colony. For Douglas, brilliant and magnetic, wrote in a way that Robin Hood caught the screen as well as on. And Mary, although less socially inclined, has always been a wise and charming woman.

Above all, refuse to be terrorized by the effects of etiquette books. Simply be thoughtful and kind and you will, like the stars, themselves, pass, with flying colors, in any society worthy of the name.

THE END
(Continued from page 31) Smiths and John Does reply to the Audience Research interviewers in the next four months.

Hollywood, in producing its films, naturally wants to please the nation. Before the Audience Research poll was originated, producers had to base their decisions as to what movies to make on box-office returns and their own intuition. Today, through the poll, those same producers can have the direct answer on what pictures the audience will go to see even before the picture has been released.

“A Song To Remember,” one of the contenders for the Award, is a case in point. Before the picture was made Audience Research had found audience interest in a picture based on the life of Chopin to be below average. Columbia Studios made the picture anyway, feeling that the material was there for a fine motion picture and, guided by the early tests, put more stress on Chopin’s music and his romance with Madame Sand. The finished product was in effect a story told with music—Chopin’s music. As the next step, Audience Research previewed the picture and, using methods developed to measure audience reactions, found it to have a very high enjoyment rating. This has since been borne out in its standing as a contender for the Photoplay Award.

With this evidence of the finished picture’s strong appeal Columbia held back the release of “A Song To Remember” in order to pour time and money into publicity and promotion, change the title from “The Life Of Chopin” to the more popular one, “A Song To Remember,” and release it in a super-Hollywood way all over the nation. The result: The American public saw a picture it liked and that picture became a top-of-the-list for the Photoplay Gold Medal Award.

Another big question-mark point was “China Sky.” The film was previewed by the exhibitors and pronounced a failure as a big money-maker. Audience Research, however, discovered that “China Sky” was far from a failure in terms of its drawing power among movie-goers and on the strength of these figures, RKO released the film in first-run fashion. Box-office results have amply justified their doing so.

Some surprises come up, too, in the list of the leading actors and actresses. Among the men, for instance, two of the biggest money-making actors, Van Johnson and Humphrey Bogart, are mere runners-up. Perhaps by the end of the year they will head the list, but the point to remember is that to do that they must be the first choice of a true cross-section of America. Your lawyer, your schoolmate, your teacher, your mother and you all make the choice together so that, should either of these men win the coveted Medal, he would truly be the man who is chosen first by the American audience.

One big argument the figures in the poll so far seem to settle: Does America want war pictures? That argument has been going on since 1942, with one side saying strongly, “Don’t force us to look at the horrors our boys may be enduring right now,” and another claiming, “It is essential, horrors or no, that we as a nation know what war means.”

You may recall that in our list for the ten top pictures for 1944 seven dealt with war backgrounds. This year the list so far gives us five pictures of the first nine with war backgrounds, three of which are almost unalleviated by any other theme—“Objective Burma,” “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” and “Winged Victory”—and three out of the other five potential contenders. In voting for these the public has indicated that they can take their war straight, when it is well done. It’s the bad ones they don’t like.

This is true of all so-called “cycles.” It isn’t so much that the “cycle” runs out. It’s that people get tired of poor imitations.

The charge has sometimes been made that the American people, as a nation, are not music-lovers; that their appreciation of music is confined to the juke-box; that their contribution to that group of the world’s arts pales before the great compositions of other nations.

That argument falls down with one look at the list of contenders: Three of the nine, “Meet Me In St. Louis,” “Music For Millions” and “A Song To Remember,” have musical backgrounds. In addition, “A Song To Remember” presents the great classicist, Chopin, and “Music For Millions” was full of the classics with Jose Iturbi, the concert pianist, as one of its star performers.

Perhaps America has been a little too busy building its skyscrapers, its great factories that have helped to win this war; but the choice of those three motion pictures indicates that as a nation, the people have an innate love of music.

As the last months of 1945 roll off the calendar we shall all be watching with greatest interest how you, the movie-going public of America, are voting. For in your hands, and yours alone, lie the answers as to who will be the most popular stars and what will be the most popular picture of the year. When the Photoplay Gold Medal is finally awarded for 1945, it will be, in the truest sense, America speaking.

The End
Scrapbook On Rita

(Continued from page 51) in the country. She has them in nearly every color, with accent on black and white. Her favorites are black fabric with three layers of black fringe that swing when she moves.

How she likes her dresses: Sports style, or better yet, suits. And all of them simple.

Favorite color: Chartreuse first—and then everything except shocking pink, which would be a shock with that red hair!

Vital statistics known to her marriage license: Her real name is Marguerita Carmen Canino, and her real age is twenty-seven.

What the Hayworth-Welles team does between jobs: They get out of town—overnight, and happy as larks! No hunting or fishing trips, though—they turn up in San Francisco, New York, or Mexico City whenever they have a breathing spell.

If you peered in their compartment on trains you'd see: Both of them with their noses buried in murder mysteries. Rita taught Orson this habit of making time fly while traveling—and now they never put foot on a train without a mystery tucked underarm! Otherwise, they never read the stuff.

What you'd always spot on her mantel: The castanets with which she clicked her way to fame—and the silver cigarette box given her by Hollywood news photographers as the "most photogenic" actress.

Favorite role: Out of thirty-eight pictures made to date, her favorite role was in "Cover Girl."

What she likes best to eat: Mexican fried beans; and Mexican tacos—which means tortillas made of corn, toasted and filled with chicken, lettuce and tomatoes. Or else filled with beans and chili sauce.

How she keeps that far-flung figure. By eating constantly! Days when she's not working, though, she only downs two meals a day because of sleeping late. She breakfasts at 11:30 on the works—eggs, bacon, fruit, toast, jam, coffee. Then she has tea late in the afternoon and dinner at eight.

What she nibbles between meals: Ginger-snaps, steadily.

Happiest moment every day: When she gets home from the studio and sees her husband and baby.

Pet piece of furniture in the house: Her radio—so that when she can't accompany Orson on his trips and radio shows, at least she can hear his voice.

What she wants to be doing twenty-five years from now: Traveling all over the world with her husband and three children—but always coming back home to Hollywood.

When she and Orson vanish from sight, here's where they are: They're in the hide-away log cabin they recently bought on the northern coast of California, with a gigantic living room, two bedrooms, two baths, a kitchen . . . and an amazing view of the ocean.

What Rita would be doing if you dropped in on her of an idle day: She'd be practicing bull-fighting with all her bull-fighter paraphernalia—she learned the art for three hours a day during one solid month, from a professional Mexican instructor. She is planning a dance based on traditional bull-fighting technique—she doesn't plan to enter the bull ring.

Songs she hums around the house: Odd little tunes that she makes up on the spot.

The cars you'd see in her garage: Orson's beige coupe and her pale green phaeton. But Orson never drives himself—his valet chauffeur drives him to work and his luscious wife drives him on all dates. Twas so even during their courtship!

Pet form of entertainment: Small dinners at her home or another home. Never, never night clubs. But the usual Hayworth evening consists of dinner at a restaurant followed by a movie.

What she reads over her morning coffee: All the newspapers and the comic strip "Terry And The Pirates"—whose characters talk exactly like her brothers, Eduardo Jr. and Vernon, who are in the Army.

Best friends in Hollywood: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten.

Most boring daily task: Nothing. She doesn't believe in being bored and whenever something makes her yawn she cuts it out.

What she'd look like if you called on her unexpectedly: Gorgeous, of course. Aside from that, she'd be dressed in whatever housecoat, dress or slacks had caught her eye as she came in her dressing-room door.

What the public hasn't yet realized about Rita: That this beautiful girl, thanks to her natural tendencies and to her world-minded husband, is becoming one of the best informed women in Hollywood. Who else has attended two peace conferences—the Chapultepec one in Mexico City and the San Francisco one? And she'll be attending more, right beside her husband!

THE END

No curative power is claimed
for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION
is Worth a Pound of Cure!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

PHILIP MORRIS
are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.
If You Were Bob Young's House Guest

(Continued from page 63) yellow drapes with a green floral pattern bring out the green easy chairs scattered around the room and accentuate the luster of mahogany. You notice built-in bookcases flanking the hearth, crammed with books.

But right here comes the sound of Daddy's arrival home from work—the roar of a motorcycle coming up the street. A second later Bob Young himself has burst into the room and his three loving daughters are hanging on all over him! He's dressed the way he's always dressed around home, handy for motorcycle riding or puttering—in tan riding pants, jodhpur shoes and a leather jacket. His dark brown hair is rumpled over his brown eyes and he looks just as healthy and energetic as if he hadn't been working steadily for months completing "The Enchanted Cottage" and "Those Endearing Young Charms." He also looks like anything but an actor, and acts accordingly!

"Let's see how the small fry's dinner is coming," he suggests and you find yourself being dined into the dining room.

The dining room too is a large, high-ceilinged room furnished in unbelievably beautiful antiques. A pale yellow rug covers most of the buffished wood floor and creamy wallpaper studded with old colonial scenes of boats and buildings covers the walls. The solid oak dining table is as long as a banquet board, the matching chairs are upholstered in plum-colored velvet. A gigantic 16th Century Welsh dresser stands against a side wall, holding about twenty Spode plates. Bob tells you that Betty chose all this furniture, and that all these fine (but giant) pieces were in their San Fernando Valley ranch home originally. "We had to move two years ago, thanks to the children's schooling and the gas shortage," he says.

Now he's interrupted by Betty's call, "Children—dinner's ready!" and Bob, grinning, pushes you into the kitchen to watch the children's evening ritual. You find that Betty has laid out three trays daintily set with supper on the kitchen table; Carol and Barbara promptly pick up theirs and carry them off and Bob takes baby Betty Lou's and follows, holding his youngsters by the hand. You linger for a second with Betty in the cool gray kitchen—it has gray linoleum on the floor, pale gray walls and fluffy white curtains trimmed in bright red. In one corner is a built-in cabinet whose interior is painted a gay red; and this is full of crockery plates and glasses trimmed with red apples. Betty tells you some of her food problems—the Youngs eat twenty chickens and drink 106 quarts of milk a month!

Meanwhile she has led you into the den, which opens off the living room—and which is the hub of the Young family. (It is also going to be your bedroom.) It charms you at sight with its cheerful red rug and white walls, brown beams cutting across the high white ceiling... and a small brick fireplace with a fire crackling in it. Carol and Barbara are sitting before the blaze in twin green leather armchairs, eating avidly. Bob is assisting Betty Lou to her dinner at the backgammon table.

Betty and Bob settle down to talk to their children while supper is being put away, and you realize that this is a nightly visiting hour for them. So you sit quietly, looking around you at the old copper kneading bowl in small leather bags which stands before the fireplace, filled to overflowing with nuts and apples. You also notice the soft-drink bar which looks like a hard-drink bar, built into a corner in...
polished brown wood and faced by square-seated stools upholstered in red leather. At the end of the room is your “bed”—a very short, very pretty tan couch (with arms!). All over the room are Betty's typical touches—two rare old kerosene lamps on the backgammon table (wired for electricity now, of course); and copper scales and a copper teakettle filled with ivy; around the hearth copper pans and fire-tools reflect the shine of the big copper apple-and-nut bowl.

By this time the girls have finished supper and Betty herds them off to baths and bed. It seems only a minute later that she's calling from the kitchen—and you and Bob troop out to get your trays and return to the den with them. You draw a red tray, set with red and white pottery, and you're eating Bob's favorite dinner—liver and bacon, corn, peas, a mixed green salad and a chocolate pudding. You're still in the middle of it when the doorbell rings... and suddenly the den is crowded by what Bob calls the “drop-in trade. By this he means their best friends—Louella Parsons, publicist Margaret Ettinger, the Jimmy Dunns, the Otto Krugers and the Ralph Morgans. During the next hour or so, Bob manages to get them all involved in answering a quiz from a magazine—his favorite sport, and obviously not theirs.

When they leave the Youngs wish you pleasant dreams in your den-bedroom. You don't have them. That couch is so short you have to let your legs drape over the end-arm... and it isn't until early morning that you finally fall into deep slumber. So you don't hear Bob's motorcycle roar past your window at 7 A.M.

Neither do you hear Carol and Barbara start off on their morning walk to public school. By the time you've faced the new day Betty's gone marketing in her olive green club coupe and returned again... and she's all set to give you breakfast in the sunny breakfast room.

AFTER breakfast Betty takes you on a tour of the rest of the house—the two deserted maid's rooms off the kitchen, and still another room you haven't seen downstairs—the girls' music room that opens off the circular entrance hall. "This is really the guest bedroom, but our children moved out the guests!" Betty says.

You find two spinettes, side by side, set on a green fringed rug. There are two children's yellow wing chairs against the white walls—which are decorated by plates trimmed with music notes—but the thing that really catches your eye is a great old music box resting in rusted spikes on a side table. It plays eight tinkly tunes, including "The Past That Breathes Of Thee," and "Oh, Would I Were A Bird." In this room, Carol and Barbara practice their daily music lessons.

Upstairs are three bedrooms and three baths—and a hall where Bob had to put the puppet theater he gave the girls, because there was nowhere else to put it! But the room that attracts you most upstairs is Bob's and Betty's combined sitting room and bedroom. It has a beige pebble-textured rug, white figured wallpaper and floating white ruffled curtains at the windows—and against this background you see a cozy brick fireplace, with an easy chair and a comfortable chaise lounge before it, both in gray. Books are heaped in staggered piles all around the floor at this end of the room—and books are jammed into side tables flanking the enormous custom-built bed. This bed is six and a half feet by seven feet, with a Louis XIV head- and footboard and it's covered by a peach colored print satin spread. You note the two easy chairs upholstered to match the spread; and the peach satin dressing table—and the inevitable signs of the Young offspring: Two pastel portraits..."
Small-Town Girl Captivates New York

Remodels her figure, wins national achievement award and praises of beauty experts.

Such thrilling days and nights in the magic city might well have turned the head of any 24-year-old girl. But not Lodema Peninger's. She came up from her home town of Salisbury, North Carolina, and took New York in her stride...posing before the color camera of a famous photographer, telling her own success story on a radio broadcast. It was all the result of a small-town girl's decision to regain her slender figure, make the most of herself. Following the DuBarry Success Course at home, she lost 26 pounds, became expert in skin care, hair styling and make-up, emerged a petite blonde beauty. For her improvement in face, figure and fascination, she won the coveted award—an exciting week in New York, where beauty experts hailed her achievement.

The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she used to be. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."

How about you? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafeld at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the convenient coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

Richard Hudnut Salon
New York

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Richard Hudnut Salon, Dept. SW-8, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
Please send booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs.
Street
City
Zone No.
.of State.

of Carol and Barbara hanging on the walls, and a pink and blue bassinet standing in readiness in the corner.

Now the average Young day catches up with you—Betty drives you out to lunch at the studio with Bob to begin with. Then you go with her on her chauffeuring rounds for the children—driving them back and forth to dancing school, music lessons, the dentist. Back home, you're in on the Friday night schedule—which is dress-up night, to remind the girls that tradition aren't absolutely necessary. Every Friday night the Young family discard's comfortable slacks for dressier clothes, eats dinner properly in the dining room and winds up the evening with Bob running off the latest Hollywood movie in the living room. Saturday night you and the Youngs, the Dunns and the Krugers go to dinner at Chasen's and take in a couple of hours' dancing at a night club.

But Sunday is your favorite day of your entire visit. For Sunday to Bob Young is his own sure day with his family. They all sleep late, and get up around noon for a waffle breakfast—and then a sharp skirmish between Bob and his daughters over the funny papers. (Bob's pet is "Blondie.")

All afternoon the girls follow Bob around the house while he mends broken lamps and toys; then the family gathers in the den, a casserole-and-salad supper. As you can plainly see, the Young family is united and devoted.

And gradually you know other things: That Bob and Betty were married twelve years last March 6th when Bob gave her a present of twelve sapphires set on a platinum base above a medal—with a regular Army citation inscribed on the medal, congratulating her on her honor and duty under duress! You know that they met in Lincoln High School in Los Angeles when she was thirteen, and that she was born in Kentucky and he in Chicago. You know that after high school she went to the University of Southern California, where he spent five years acting at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. You know that the day she graduated from college, she got her degree at one end of the stadium and Bob's proposal at the other end and that they married a year later.

You know that Bob needs ten hours sleep when he's working; and that he reads steadily and considers "Valley of the Dolls" one of the best books he's ever seen. You know that he likes Betty's hair loose (the way she wears it), loves her in green and despises all her hats—which is their idea of a cause of friction! You know that she buys, and wears, the maddest hats in town; and that Bob is very conservative in the cut of his clothes—but wears them in every color on the palette. You know that on four occasions like birthdays or New Year's Eve, the whole Young family gets dressed formally for a Young celebration. You know that Bob is only a spasmodic athlete, and then goes in for golf, tennis, or badminton; and that he doesn't care whether his children get A's in school...he wants them to be well-balanced people, not complicated bookworms.

You know that he was the first actor in Hollywood to own a motorcycle—a shiny red one with a sidecar bought especially for Betty. You also know that she rode in the sidecar just once.

You know that the minute the war is over the Youngs will move back to their beloved ranch, with its four guest houses and its swimming pool and its horses on which every Young rides. You know that the second they move back, you'll move in—into a real bed instead of a too-short couch...but not at all sure that you'll have any better time than you've had right here, crowded in with one happy family!
Canning Points

Having blue point trouble?
Now that fall is almost here, the smart housewife, like picture star Marjorie Reynolds, finds the answer in canning. It takes time, but it's fun and requires no points. Marjorie has some suggestions to make which will help you.

Budget your food to be canned and plan in advance the number of jars you'll need for each type of fruit and vegetable you are going to can.

Use only top quality fresh food.
Make careful preparation of the product, sterilize your equipment, have immaculate working conditions.
Use as little water as possible in cooking vegetables.
Cane or beet sugar is the safest and best for fruits.
If you're canning juices have your equipment ready before extracting juice to prevent loss of Vitamin C.
Store canned juices in a cool, dark place. The colder the place, the longer the juice will retain its fresh flavor.
Tomato catsup takes a staggering number of blue points! Marjorie passes along a recipe to help you save them:
Crush the tomatoes and boil three minutes in an aluminum or enamel pan. Push pulp through sieve. For each three gallons of pulp use:
- 1 large chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 1 tbsp. whole cloves
- 1 tbsp. whole cinnamon
- 1 tbsp. whole allspice
- 1 tsp. cayenne
- 1 tsp. whole mace
- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup salt
- 3 cups vinegar

Go all out for Victory! Save Food by canning! Give your family the best in food at the lowest cost—with no blue points!

Make your skin look clearer... smoother!

"Three or four times a week—whenever your skin looks rough or tired, have this refreshing glamour pick-up:
Spread a white, cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes. Leave this Mask on for one full minute.
"Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens scratchy dead skin cells and dirt particles. It dissolves them!
Now tissue off the Mask. Your complexion feels smoother, more pliant... looks clearer, brighter, even lighter!
In one minute... one treatment... the 1-Minute Mask shows results!

For lightning-quick make-ups...
Always before powder, smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. A perfect foundation, Non-greasy!

Get a BIG jar of Mask!
Do you dare
DRESS LIKE THIS
ON CERTAIN DAYS?

Holly-Pax
... designed for Hollywood stars — and you!

Jennifer Jones Speaks for Herself

(Continued from page 29) that is quiet and conservative.
The first thing that would have impressed you was how her beauty has increased in the last year. She wore a beautiful beige gabardine suit that was a delightful background for her red-gold hair, which she wears parted in the middle and hanging down fluffily around her face. She is a slim, leggy creature and with her feet shod in low-heeled moccasins she looked as though she had come fresh from classes in Hollywood, rather than from a big impressive place in Bel-Air.

But the moment she started to talk, she dispelled that illusion. And how she did talk! Her mind darts from subject to subject, her eyes flash, her lovely hands make graphic gestures. Perhaps it was because she was under the spell of Pearl Chavez, her newest role, which is a slippery part, but Jennifer that day was not either the spiritual, slow-thinking Bernadette or the wide-eyed ingénue of “Since You Went Away.” She was a girl of such fire, spirit and yet such curiosity that your heart went out to her completely.

She said in her quick, exquisite voice: “I’m not sure that I’m a good mother. I’d like to be, but is a career mother ever as good as the domestic type mother? Do you think that perhaps the vivacity we bring into our children’s lives may make up for some of the hothousel and shelter we bring, too, the having to dash away to the studio in the mornings, the going on location trips, and all that? It is just as important to realize that children can’t have everything as it is to know that adults can’t have everything either. I think it is important for the children to learn that, too. “I want to move when I can. Bobbie, my oldest boy, hasn’t been too well this past winter, mostly colds, but that frets me. Sometimes I feel an evil star hangs over my house. It’s the same house I lived in when I first came to Hollywood. It’s a big old barn of a place. I’d like to find a smaller one, one with a swimming pool, but I won’t have the boys near a pool until they can swim really well. Lately I’ve been thinking I’d like to have Chinese help, if I can find it. Maybe that impulse came from reading a book of Chinese philosophy I found somewhere. It sounded so peaceful and cool. I read it, trying to get myself into the same mood.

“People always apply the word nervous to me. I don’t think it is quite the word for me. Maybe temperamental is. I’m not afraid of the word temperamental when it’s used to mean moody and reacting to things. When it’s used to mean flying off at things, then it’s bad. I’ve not done much of that, but when I have, I’ve found it hurts me, so much, me personally. I suppose it’s a form of discipline you have to learn, to suppress the angry, explosive moments, but to stay sensitive, just the same, to the real emotional ones, to laughter, happiness and such.

“Do you think everybody is interesting? I do. I like to watch people. I like to hear them talk. Right now I’m fascinated by Lillian Gish. She tells me about the silent days in pictures, when you had to depend upon pantomime entirely to get over scenes. After all, there are just so many things you can do with your face! Lillian told me that she began going to insane asylums to see how people reacted there, and in The White Sister she borrowed some of these crazy looks and expressions for the scene where she heard that her lover had died. Isn’t that fascinating?
I hope I can always play people with force. Some people thought Bernadette was dull, almost a victim of fate, but I thought she was always a girl of terrific power, of force within herself. The girl in 'Since You Went Away' had less character, but she was not weak. But Pearl Chavez in 'Duel In The Sun' is absolutely primitive, and the girl I play in 'Love Letters' is perfectly wonderful. I thought Gene Tierney was great in 'Laura,' but I'm still glad I didn't play in it as was originally intended. I really wouldn't have been good. There was, for me, nothing I could get my teeth into in the part.

That's what's so wonderful to me about Ingrid Bergman. She can take any part and she makes it positively shining. Take her first American picture 'Intermezzo,' or even 'Casablanca.' That girl in 'Casablanca' was not much of a part. She was an almost straight ingenue role. But Ingrid made her a great woman—oh, what shall I say?—lyric and glistening.

Ingrid and I are seeing all the Garbo pictures together. We saw 'Camille' the other evening, and I couldn't move after it was finished. I just sat and cried and cried. Why, why didn't Garbo get the Academy Award the season that was released? There simply couldn't have been a better performance that season. Do you realize Garbo has never been typed?

People say they hate Hollywood and that it does dreadful things to one. I haven't anything but praise for it. How could I, when it has done so much for me? I've had wonderful parts, played in remarkable casts, had superlative direction.

"Do you know I'm twenty-six years old? I'm not ashamed to tell my correct age, because I consider myself a character actress already. That's a fine thing. You don't have to go through the time glamour girls do, when after your first youth is gone, you have to spend years re-educating the public to accept you as an actress.

"I used to be all one-track, all career. Now I'm beginning to broaden out a little, beginning to read. But sometimes I have to be alone, all alone, and I never know how long those alone moods will last. The need for aloneness is hard for other people to understand. I guess. But I think it is important to understand that some people require more of it than others.

"She looked at her watch and gave a quick little gasp. "I'm late," she said. "I've got to go." She smiled that warm and sweet smile of hers, that has such a quality of little girl-ness about it. "I was late arriving, wasn't I? It's awful the way I never get my time straightened out, but someday I will. I'll have to. There's so much I want to do, that I have to do, so very much."

Jennifer stood up and moved rapidly out to the parking lot, and with a swift flash of her long legs got into her little car. She whizzed away.

One of the nicest qualities about Jenny is her warm friendliness. She still greets people just as warmly as when she first arrived in town, and she never forgets a face or name. She is never too rushed to be charming. Perhaps, considering the Oscar she won for her first big role and her glittering life today, it seems strange to say that Jennifer will bear watching. But that is true. Just as in this interview, when she talked apparently freely, and yet concealed her innermost thoughts, she is both highlighted by fame and her own rich talents, and yet, somehow, shadowed, too. One of these days, however, Jennifer will emerge completely and then the world will see a great, a very great, star.

THE END

---

**Imagining COLD WAVE Permanent like this**

In 2 to 3 Hours at Home for Only **98¢**

Yes—it's now possible to give yourself a luxurious COLD WAVE permanent in 2 to 3 hours, at home—thanks to the NEW Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Home Kit, containing "Kurlium". It's complete, there's nothing else to buy.

Any morning, any evening—in spare time, give yourself a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Permanent. The result is guaranteed to please you as well as any professional cold wave costing up to $15.00 or more. Be sure to say—"A Charm-Kurl SUPREME Kit." Please—it's your guarantee of natural-looking curls and waves. No other home kit—regardless of price—will produce a better COLD WAVE Permanent. Try it today—be sure to ask for

**The New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave**

Each kit contains 3 full ounces of solution, with "Kurlium.

- 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, neutralizer, cotton applicators and complete illustrated instructions.

At Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

---

**Guards of Your Future Hope**

In beautifully designed exterior and completely mothproof construction combine to make a West Branch the hope chest to hold your most cherished possessions.
The Van Johnson I Know

(Continued from page 36) place where no
man would park for so much as five
minutes in its spacious, elegant lobby.
That didn't matter to Betsy. With Gene
in the big stardom money, she had glam-
orous dates all over town, at roofs and
night clubs and such places, where I'd
never stuck my nose in, much I yearned
to. Strangely enough it wasn't Betsy, who
knew Van well, who introduced him to me.
It was another girl I had lived with for a few
months before, Marion Franklin, who is
now under contract to Paramount. One
night, she called and said, "I want you to
meet a grand guy. His name's Van John-
son, and you two will hit it off.
I'll never forget him as he came into
that living room of Marion's. Her apar-
tment was on West 55th Street and
Van was so big and broad shouldered
that he made the room seem suddenly
small but all aglow, lighted up by that
red hair of his and his overwhelming grin.

VAN possesses one remarkable quality, a
quality that few people have and actors
almost never. He is instantaneously and
completely interested in every one he
meets. He'll gladly and very simply talk
about himself, without any affectation
and answer any questions you ask, but all the
time you get the idea he'd much prefer
to talk about you.

Well, when he turned that million-
candle-power interest of his on me, did I
fall for it! Before I knew it, I was chatter-
ing away at him about my career, what I
wanted to do, whether the dreams I had. I
even told him about Tommy, the boy I was
dating that season of '41. I said I was in love with Tommy.
I thought I was then. Van said, "Idiotic,
would it be all right by him if we went to
a movie together one night?" I said, "Oh,
yes" Van said, "I'll call you.

Every girl knows the line. That "I'll
"call you" routine has been the death knell
of more first meetings than any other
career. So I was a very happy chappie
when, a few days later, Van did tele-
phone and ask if I'd like to go on Sunday
to a Margaret Sullivan picture at the
Music Hall. Sunday was, you see, the
only night of the week either one of us had
free. I don't remember it, but I'm sure that
sometime during that first evening I must
have prattled on to him about Margaret
Sullivan being my ideal. I tried to copy
every intonation she did tricks with my voice trying to make it sound
like hers. So Van, the angel, on our first
date, took me to see her.

Over a soda afterward, we discussed
acting. He said Spencer Tracy was his
guiding star. I said, "Well, next time we'll
"go see him," and then I blushed at seem-
ing to be setting up a second date, but
Van said, "You bet we will," and about
three Sundays later, approximately five
minutes after I'd noticed that a Tracy
picture was opening at the Capitol, there
was Mr. J. on the telephone again, inviting
me to go to it.

Van called for me early that evening
and said, very casually, "Would you like
to go for dinner first?"

I don't know what gave me my munch.
Maybe it was that he wasn't as good an
actor then as he is now, and his voice
had been too casual, but I had the
impression that he was just as broke as
I was, which was almost at the starving
point. I was at that financial state where
where I bought a dinner and cleaned out
my pockets for lunches. That week I had bought a
new dress. In fact, I had it on right that sec-
ond. Maybe Van had bought a new suit
Anyway, I said, just as casually, "Well,
I can only eat a bite. How's for a hot
dog at Nedick’s?” Van said “Swell!” with such enthusiasm that I knew he was very relieved.

Such a great, big dinner date gave Van courage, I guess, to ask me for “lunch” dates and afternoon dates, when we didn’t have matinees. We “lunched” at Walgreen’s Drugstore, walked up to Central Park, which doesn’t cost a dime, and sat by the lake, which is free, and talked and dreamed, which are riches open to all penniless people everywhere (and may none of us ever lose them).

We really dreamed out loud on those dates, Van confessed he would never be entirely free from mariners, that the country and ocean, and swimming and sports were in his blood. That was one of the reasons he dreamed so much of Hollywood. He wasn’t sure if he’d screen or not, but he knew the Hollywood life would delight him. The very big thing he wanted, of course, was to go on with his career, but he also dreamed of a lot of small things. He wanted a blue convertible roadster. He told me the kind of a house he wanted—a very simple one, and very quiet, where he could relax and read. (He’s an omnivorous reader.) I said those were the things I wanted, also; a country life, books, a few good close friends and the excitement of my work.

We had lots of “lunch dates.” I remember one beautiful spring day, when we sat watching the children sailing their toy boats along the lake. Van said, “June, we’re bound to reach Hollywood, you and I. When we’re out there, if ever I get to be half-way important in some picture that’s big enough to have a premiere, why you’ve got to be the girl to go to it with me. We’ll go to dine at the most expensive place in town and eat the most expensive food they have on the menu.” I said, “Oh Van, just suppose that we might someday be in a picture together. Wouldn’t be that wonderful?” We looked at one another and just sighed, blissfully.

**Can tiny hands mend a broken heart?**

**TUNE IN “MY TRUE STORY”**

Hear real life stories on your radio taken from the files of *TRUE STORY MAGAZINE*. A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don’t miss them!

---

**LOSES 20 POUNDS IN 6 WEEKS**

Gains New Charm and Confidence as she learns New Beauty Secrets

“I’m so very, very happy,” writes Betty Howell. “Mr. Strutting around, showing off. What a wonderful world this is now—dates, parties . . . I just can’t believe all this is happening to me.”

The old story over again. In 6 short weeks a lonesome discouraged girl becomes a new, attractive, sought after, streamlined beauty.

**SUCCESS THROUGH BEAUTY**

Right at home, thousands daily are learning new short cuts to beauty through the famous Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course. Women of all ages are learning quickly, easily—How to streamline their figures—make up the Hollywood way—wear the latest hair styles—dress better inexpensively. How to be charming, graceful—how to develop a fashionable bust contour and many other important beauty hints.

**WHY NOT YOU**

Mr. Joe Bonomo, founder and director, with over 20 years experience in Hollywood and New York opens the way to a new happiness for you through his inexpensive home course. You’ll soon see that what others have done, you can do, in so short a time it will amaze you. So why not take advantage of this opportunity to greater popularity by mailing the coupon below on Mr. Bonomo’s generous terms. You’ll bless the day you did

---

**A few features of the BONO MO CULTURE INSTITUTE HOME COURSE**

Joe Bonomo, world famous beauty authority, and publisher of . . . “Your Figure” Publications, your Guide to Grace, Beauty and Charm . . . at all newsstands.

**YOUR FIGURE**—How to streamline your figure with easy, helpful positive exercises. Have a figure you’ll be proud of.

**YOUR HAIR**—How to select and apply cosmetics in a professional manner. See what it means to have a clean-cut, natural-like complexion.

**YOUR MAKE-UP**—How to select and apply cosmetics in a professional manner. See what it means to have a clean-cut, natural-like complexion.

**YOUR BUST CONTOUR**—How to develop a firm, round

---

**PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY**

Joe Bonomo, Personal

BONO MO CULTURE INSTITUTE, Dept. 229

1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

* Send me in self-wraper, Complete Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course in Success Through Beauty of Face and Form, I’ll deposit with postman $2.95 plus postage. If not delighted, I may return Course in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

---

**Check here if you enclose $2.95 for delivery postpaid. (Canada and Foreign $3.50 with air)
There was another day when Van deliberately got me on the subject of Tommy. I went yak-a-ty, yak-a-ty, yak until I suddenly realized that Van was being unusually quiet. I finally paused and asked, "What are you thinking?" Van said, "It's none of my business, Junie, but Tommy isn't the right guy for you. I've never met him, but I know that the things you want and the things he wants aren't one bit alike. That's no kind of a foundation for a lasting happiness. I don't think you should marry him." After that, he never once mentioned the subject but that's typical of the way Van concerns himself with other people's problems.

1941 went swiftly by but right at the start of 1942 I got two blows. Van got a bid from Warner Brothers and left for the Coast, and the closing notice went up on "Pajama Hattie." On the latter, I had had one evening when I played Betty's role. Some important people did see me, and apparently thought I was pretty good, so I got signed for "Best Foot Forward," along with Gloria De Haven. I had a chance at a real specialty in this one. The show settled down into a run, and as spring came round again, I discovered Van was right. Tommy and I weren't really compatible. We broke it off.

Now, I have to interrupt myself here to say something very personal. I hope no girl reading this story knows as much as I do about being plain looking. Jiminy, how that knowledge does hurt! I always known I'm nothing much to look at and yet, on Broadway and now in Hollywood, I'm in work where beauty surrounds me on every side. When Gloria De Haven and I were making "Best Foot Forward" together I nearly died every day when photographers would come on the set and take snaps of Gloria. They'd be very sweet to me all the time but they'd say, "We know you understand, Junie. You see we have to have real glamour stuff." They didn't mean to be cruel. I know they were being no more than truthful. The theatrical profession is like that everywhere. People tell those blunt truths and you have to learn to accept them or collapse. Which doesn't prevent that kind of realism from hurting you like the dickens. By that time Gloria and I got to "Two Girls And A Sailor." I had become accustomed to her beauty. That is, I knew I couldn't compete with it. All I could do was relax and be myself.

Meanwhile, Van's first movie, "Murder In The Big House" was released. I rushed over to see it at the very first show on its opening morning and nearly collapsed. They'd dyed Van's hair black. They'd obscured his freckles and buried by miscasting him they'd completely buried his charm. I sat watching him and thinking, "I must have been wrong. I'm afraid he can't act at all." Warners agreed with me and let him out of his contract. But in March of that same year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him. I read about it in the papers. I sighed, and I had to hang tight to remember that commandment against covetousness. But M-G-M! Zowie! The company that had both Margaret Sullavan and Spencer Tracy under contract. The place where you could see Garbo and Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and all those super people! Lucky, lucky Van!

"Best Foot Forward" bounced along and in late summer, if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer didn't buy the whole show including the contract of one J. Allston. On September 14, 1942, I, June Allyson, found myself under contract to that miracle company where Van was! That date is graven on my memory for always. With us both smack on the same lot, only people who know Hollywood and its crazy
ways will understand how it was possible that Van and I did not run into one another. In Van's case, Metro saw in him the talent Warner's had overlooked and then for months they were grooming him like crazy, which meant he was working and taking every kind of lesson every minute.

Me, I was tied up, too. So actually while we did chatter by phone, it wasn't until September 9, 1943, the day we started shooting on "Two Girls And A Sailor," that Van and I got to see one another. Oh, it was so wonderful seeing him again. And Hollywood was buzzing with the word that he was Metro's white hope, and while I couldn't believe he'd ever get a swelled head, still I knew some mighty nice people had. But not Van. He bounded across the stage toward me—there was the same old grin, the same wonderful sparkle, that same, vivid interest in the other person—

in this case, excited.

Van began coaching me on the best way to stand, the correct way to place my voice, how to pace my dancing. He helped me on the selection of my clothes, quickly showing me that what was good taste off-screen just washed out on-screen and looked dull. All through that picture, instead of trying to stiffen scenes away from me, he was giving them to me.

We finished "Two Girls And A Sailor" and with my first real money I went out and bought a blue convertible roadster. A few nights later, I ran into Van on me and if his car wasn't a blue convertible, of the same make and model! We knocked ourselves out with laughter and to make everything homely barged right out to the nearest hot-dog stand.

Of course, you know what happened to Van, Gloria and me on the strength of that blessed "Two Girls And A Sailor." The public was so good to all of us that we suddenly were on our way up and Van was almost knocked off his feet by the announcement that he was to play with his idol, Spencer Tracy, in "Thirty Seconds Over-Tokyo." In fact, Van became so box-office hot that he was rushing from picture to picture and by the time "Tokyo" was ready for release he was just about the most important boy in town.

"Tokyo" was announced for a big premiere. I thought of our conversation by the Central Park lake and I bared my hope that Van would remember it, too.

About a week before that big night Van called me. "We're invited to Mervyn LeRoy's opening night for the premiere, Junie," he said. (Mr. LeRoy directed the picture.)

"Me?" I said carefully.

"Sey, you haven't forgotten your promise, have you?" Van wondered. "Junie, you've got to go to the premiere with me and I still want to take you to the most expensive place in town for the most expensive food. I will, too, but we'll do it after the show, not before."

We had a wonderful dinner with glittering peopel we'd never dreamed we'd know. We went to the opera, and you know how terrific Van was in that picture. We went to Mocambo and we selected everything by price first and taste afterwards, and we danced and danced, and finally we took the long way home. It couldn't have been more perfect, possibly.

But the loveliest part was just knowing a boy who could have had anything Hollywood had to offer that night, who could have been ritzy, but who remembered instead a silly promise and kept it.

That's why I know now that even if weeks elapse in both our busy lives without seeing one another, nothing will ever change Van's and my friendship. It's because Van himself will never change in those inner qualities that make a fine man.

The End

121
Only a Scrap of Paper

—but it's a Collector's item now!

Remember how you swapped stamps to get the one you needed for your budding collection? How glibly you scooped a friend with the latest thing in ankle bracelets? Those were peacetime hobbies and will be again. Now every last one of us must become collectors of the most valuable rarity of all—a SCRAP OF PAPER.

Over 700,000 vital war items—from tanks to pins and surgical needles—involves the use of paper.

For instance,

1 lb. = 2 Blood Plasma Boxes
100 lbs. = 200 Ration Food Cartons or
1470 Emergency Lifeboat Ration Boxes
25 tons = Blueprints for 1 Battleship

A piece of paper—maybe your piece of paper—will be used for his "honorable discharge"—after a beaten Japan has signed the peace terms—on paper!

And the money from the sale of this waste paper can be used for those little extras that help make our wounded veterans' convalescence easier.

Tips on how to handle your waste paper:

For wastebasket paper (wrappers, envelopes, etc.) Flatten and pack down in corrugated box and tie so that it can be carried.

For corrugated boxes and brown paper and bags: Flatten out and tie in bundles about 12 inches high.

For magazines and books: Fold them flat (the way paper boys sell them) and tie them in bundles about 12 inches high.

PAPER IS YOUR MAN'S INDISPENSABLE ALLY
Even the young woman who "brags" she knows...

is likely to be wrong about these intimate physical facts!

It's shocking—the great numbers of young women today who "think" they know, yet are woefully ignorant of proper intimate feminine cleanliness.

Every modern, intelligent woman should certainly know how necessary douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness—and to combat one of woman's most serious odorant problems.

But if these women would only learn how important it is to put a proper germicide in the douche. If only they'd realize that no other type liquid germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as—ZONITE!

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak, Homemade Solutions

No well-informed woman would think of using the weak, homemade solutions of her grandmother's time. "Kitchen makeshifts" of salt, soda, vinegar which do not and cannot give you the great germicidal, cleansing and deodorizing action of modern ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength—ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. It contains no carbolic acid, no bichloride of mercury, no creosote, no phenol. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish.

Principle Discovered by a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys offending odor. Helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure that ZONITE immediately kills all reachable germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today! All drugstores.

FREE!

For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 302-00, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive ent FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name_____________________________________________________
Address_________________________________________________________________
City________ State__________________

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 22)

*** A Thousand And One Nights (Columbia) ***

W E'VE been grateful more times that Aladdin found that lamp and here we are happy over the event once again! How else could we have had such a charming, nonsensical "don't stop kidding" fantasy, pray tell? How else could Cornel Wilde have achieved such virile charm as Aladdin and Phil Silvers such outlandish comicness as a lad born out of his time. Replete with glasses, modern wiseracks and a Twentieth Century flair, Phil roams through the old Ali Baba days creating havoc and hysteria. He's a "glad-to-see-you" cutie, that's what that Silvers is.

The story, of course, is sheer romantic nonsense, but the color is so eye-filling, the sets so lavish, and love making she is sooo very nice, it adds up to a mighty nice show. There is a constant undercurrent of kidding humor which lends a certain deliciousness, too, and keeps things from becoming icky. And that ending! It killed the customers!

Evelyn Keyes as the genie is cuter than Christmas. In fact, everyone hoped Cornel would get over his love for the princess and switch to Evelyn. And with Princess Adele Jergens so peppermint-candy-stick pretty, that's strong hoping, too.

Dusty Anderson as Novira the hand-maiden, is a bruntile honey. Dennis Felle plays the dual role of the Sultan and his nasty brother, and Philip Van Zandt is the Grand Wazir Abu-Hassan. But it's Cornel's masculine charm, Miss Keyes's bewitching cuteness and Phil Silvers's humor, plus the enchanting surroundings that swing the picture into the "it's a goodie" class.

Your Reviewer Says: So enjoyable!

*** Captain Eddie (20th Century-Fox) ***

The life and times of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has been thoughtfully presented in a manner that holds the interest throughout. The Ace of World War I is played by Fred MacMurray with a genuineness that does credit to the hero. There is a quiet, unassuming mannerabout MacMurray as he builds the events of Rickenbacker's life into the terrific climax of his plunge into the sea and his dramatic rescue.

The story begins with Eddie as a lad, interested in machinery, encouraged by his father Charles Bickford and discouraged by his mother Mary Phillips. It tells of his meeting with Lynn Barst of their courtship and marriage after his record in World War I for having shot down more Germans than any aviator. It leads up to his heart-rending experiences on a raft at sea when the plane in which he was riding and its crew crashed in the Pacific.

Outstanding in the raft sequences are Richard Crane as the pilot, Lloyd Nolan (who knows how to deliver a line), Charles Russell as the radio operator, Stanley Ridgess as the Colonel, George Kinnell as Lieutenant and Richard Conte as Pet Barteck. It isn't often a man is so glorified while still living, and we sincerely believe Captain Eddie will be thrilled with the results.

Your Reviewer Says: It held our interest from start to finish.

*** Story Of G. I. Joe (Cowan-UA) ***

The simplicity and humbly greatness of Ernie Pyle comes with terrific force
How do you "RATE" on the beach?
OR CAN'T YOU WEAR A BATHING SUIT
because of—PSORIASIS

Many women whose beautiful skin and figure would make them glamorous in a bathing suit must wear unrevealing attire because of psoriasis lesions. Is this your predicament? Then try SIROIL which tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES
Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

BOIL MISERY RELIEVED by the MOIST HEAT of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice does two important things:

One—helps ease the pain and soreness. Two—helps soften the boil.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE should be applied as a poultice just hot enough to be comfortable. Then feel its moist heat go right to work on that boil—bringing soothing relief and comfort. Does good, feels good.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain and reduces swelling due to a simple sprain or bruise ... and relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) at any drug store TODAY.

Best Pictures of the Month
A Thousand And One Nights
Incendiary Blonde
Rhapsody In Blue
Junior Miss
Story Of G.I. Joe

Best Performances
Cornel Wilde in
"A Thousand And One Nights"
Betty Hutton in
"Incendiary Blonde"
Robert Alda in
"Rhapsody In Blue"
Burgess Meredith and
Robert Mitchum in
"Story Of G.I. Joe"

Light as a cloud, wonderful Tre-Jur Bath Powder isn't a speck of weighting; every particle is pure, soft.
You'll love its quality, its fluffy lamb's wool puff, its triple-scenting Lilac, Gardenia, Apple Blossom.

59¢

Antiphlogistine
The White Package with the Orange Band

SIROIL of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.
**The Great John L.**  
(Crosby-UA)

Back to the days of demon rum, hang-'em and fancy sideburns goes Bing Crosby for his first production venture. Back to the era of sentimentality and gentleman prizefighters. The results are sometimes so old and stuffy as to be beyond reach of understanding for the younger fans, and yet it packs a rich and emotional wallop as the life story of the great John L. Sullivan unfolds.

Newcomer Greg McClure in the title role has the build and a certain straightforward honesty that gives his performance credence. Particularly good is the fight scene between the fighting Boston Irisher and the Frenchman who fought with his feet of all things. The historic fight scene with Gentleman Jim Corbett to whom he lost his title of champion was especially exciting, we thought. From this point on John L. rapidly hits the toboggan for a rather tragic end.

Linda Darnell, the girl he doesn't love but marries, and Barbara Britton whom he loves but who refuses him are both good as the women in his life. Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford, Robert Barrat and J. M. Kerrigan seem to fit perfectly into this era somehow. In fact, as Bing's first behind-the-desk job it isn't bad at all and should certainly provide nostalgic qualms for the oldsters.

**Blood On The Sun**  
(Cagney-UA)

JIMMY CAGNEY has no world beater in his first independent production, "Blood On The Sun." The world, we feel, is more interested in terminating the war with Japan rather than delving into reasons behind its inception. And the rather languid pace of the story doesn't help either.

Jimmy, however, has a role that fits him to a T—a cocky enterprising reporter on an American paper in Tokyo who is fearless, determined and human. We especially liked the very believable way in which he falls in love—his doubts and bewilderment, that are subjugated to his emotions. Sylvia Sydney as the Eurasian who bewitches Cagney and whose allegiance keeps him guessing, gives a beautiful performance—one that is entirely credible.

Robert Armstrong as Colonel Tojo, Porter Hall as the editor, John Emery as Premier Tanaka and Wallace Ford as Ollie are outstanding. There is a great deal of authenticity about the picture, the sets, the scenes and atmosphere, that is intriguing.

Your Reviewer Says: Interesting, at least.

**Conflict** (Warners)

A DARNED good psychological murder drama with such performers as Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet to soak it over.

The story begins with Bogart murdering his wife Rose Hobart in order to marry her younger sister Alexia Smith. But the suspense begins when Sydney, a sort of psychiatrist—psychologist—a combination of logic and intuition—suspects Bogie of his perfect crime and sets out to trap him. Through Sydney, articles that were with his wife when Bogie killed her mysteriously turn up in the home and strange phone calls are received until, compelled beyond his will, Bogie returns to the scene of the crime and is apprehended.

The audience is aware of the situations from the beginning, which increases rather than diminishes the suspense. The ending, however, comes as a letdown of sorts after such terrific building up.

Bogart is of course splendid, Alexis and Rose both good, but it's insidious Sydney that really trots off with the show. Charles Drake (remember him in "Air Force") is interesting. It's certainly a picture you'll do some thinking about.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't kill anyone around that Greenstreet.

**Bewitched** (M-G-M)

SEVERAL years ago Bette Davis brought to the screen a radio drama, "Alter Ego," so suspenseful it created considerable comment. The drama, reorganized for the screen, emerges a less powerful, rather shorn psychological drama directed with radio technique rather than the more visual movie formula.

Phyllis Thaxter is the young bride-to-be, torn between two conflicting emotions operating in her own mind. The horrid emotion transforms Phyllis into a girl capable of leaving her home and betrothed, and finally murder. The courtroom scene with Edmund Gwenn as the psychiatrist is good but on the whole the story misses. Miss Thaxter, however, displays great talent that we feel could certainly be put to better use.

Henry Daniells Jr., Addison Richards, Kathleen Lockhart and Francis Pierlot complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Should have been so good.

---

**Better Together!**

Like boy and girl, chewing gum flavors  
have their romantic thrills.

Take velvety spearmint and sparkling peppermint—combine them  
**WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL!**

There's a chewing gum flavorite as delicious  
as romance, as cool as moonlit water!

And **WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL** is proof that  
good chewing gum can still be made.

**ASK FOR**

**WARREN'S CHEWING GUM**

Made by Bowman Gum, Inc.  

**PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE—WITH WAR BONDS**

125
**Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way**

- Made on a face cream base, Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try it today — feel the wonderful difference!

**Back To Bataan (RKO)**

**THE rescue of our prisoners on Bataan is embodied in a gripping story that covers that period from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the landing of General MacArthur's men on Leyte. It is history book material into which is breathed life and yes, death, in a way that none of us shall forget. Stories such as these should be classroom musings in the future as well as educational and emotional entertainment for every American. They bring home to us as no other medium can the drama and horror of these passing events.**

The performances are good too. John Wayne as the deliberate but crafty colonel who leads a guerrilla band, and Anthony Quinn as the Filipino who aids him are wonderful, we thought, Quinn giving one of his finest performances.

"Ducky" Louie as a Filipino pupil of schoolteacher Beulah Bondi, who was driven out of the village when the Japs took over, is an arresting youngster that sticks in the mind. Miss Bondi has a role that, praise be, gives her talents a chance.

**Your Reviewer Says:** History parade.

**Steppin’ In Society (Republic)**

**WE DON’T care if funnyman Edward Everett Horton is in it, we didn’t like it.** And even veteran Gladys George didn’t swerve our opinion. But what could with a story that has Eddie a respectable judge mistaken as a former outlaw by crooks who take him over as their boss. Now really! And those crooks who seem "so nice" were a pain, too.

Isabel Jewell, Ruth Terry, Lola Lane, Paul Hurst and Frank Jenks can be mad at us if they want to but we stick to our guns.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Not if you twisted our arm would we like it.

**Blonde Ransom (Universal)**

**WELL, here goes the old one, folks, about the fellow that is about to lose his night club to a gambler when along comes the blonde who saves the day and marries the lucky dope. Virginia Grey is right purty as the girl who pretends to be kidnapped in order to get money — from uncle to help her guy. Donald Cook is the hero and George Barbier the uncle.**

Of course it ends in one of those "let’s go to jail everybody" climaxes, capped by a night club routine with everybody happy but the paying customers.

Jerome Cowan is good as the heavy. Pinky Lee, an old night club performer, and George Meeker, are around.

**Your Reviewer Says:** I’ll take mustard on mine.

**Why Girls Leave Home (PRC)**

**AFTER seeing this we still don’t know why girls leave home. But we say customers who leave home to see it won’t be too disappointed. It isn’t big time, carrying only second place on the bill, but we’d stay to see it after the feature.**

Pamela Blake is the girl who leaves a cozy home and family for a turn or two as a night club queen. We dare say not all such entertainers meet up with gamblers and near death, but Pam does.

Claudia Drake, Constance Worth and Lola Lane give three strong performances that outrank those of Sheldon Leonard, Elisha Cook Jr., and Paul Guilfoyle.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Girls, take warning and stay put.
One Exciting Night
(Pine Thomas, Paramount)

PLEASE, please, no more wisecracking
lovers who give with the chitter while
casting dead people from place to place.

Bill Gargan is too nice a guy for this
kind of stuff and so is Ann Savage. As
for Leo Gorcey, Don Beddoe and Paul
Hurst, they'll have to get out of this the
best way they can.

Your Reviewer Says: What do they mean,
"exciting night"?

West Of The Pecos (RKO)

BANG, bang, bang you're dead. Robert
Mitchum says so and he should know
for he's that rarity—a new cowboy find.
When Mitchum gets back from the Armay
he should be grabbed up by makers of
Western films pronto—he's that refreshing.

Barbara Hale who travels (in the back of
the '80's) to Texas with her dad, is a pretty
and personable Miss. Texas, according
to the story, is all the better for Miss Hale
and cowboy Mitchum, who help to civilize
the place by ridding it of ornerous cusses.

Richard Martin, Bill Williams, Thurston
Hall and Rita Corday are around too.

Your Reviewer Says: We just love the big
outdoors.

Penthouse Rhythm
(Universal)

HOW doth this busy little B manage to
get itself on the screen and stay there,
one wonders? For certainly it isn't about
much despite the fact a lot of people man-
gage to get involved in it. Funny people,
too, such as Minna Gombell, Eric Blore,
Maxie Rosenbloom and Henry Armetta.

I would have been much easier to mount
Judy Clark on a pogo stick and let her
go, the way she sings and jumps about at
the same time. But it isn't too bad.
Kirby Grant is the young attorney who
had better go off and marry somebody
— or about anywhere.

Edward Norris is a theatrical producer
and cute little Lois Collier his secretary
who gets her brothers, the Davis lads, an
audition. But why, Lois, why?

Your Reviewer Says: Oop, you'll slip.

The Naughty Nineties
(Universal)

THAT guy named "Who" is still on first
base with Abbott and Costello and for
our money it's the only thing that saves
this picture. It's a crying pitiful shame
these boys aren't given better material.
The plot revolves around a show boat
and a trio of crooks, Alan Curtis, Rita
Johnson and Joe Sawyer who take it away
from Captain Henry Travers and his
dughter Lois Collier. Naturally Curtis
gets all pure through love of Miss Collier
and Abbott and Costello get all ham-
my through fault of the writers. There's
more in it, a pretty softy or two, and
a laugh or two, so what say we forgive
the faults and enjoy the good portions.

Your Reviewer Says: They missed the boat.

Jungle Captive (Universal)

MUST we have these awful people
who go around transferring people's
brains around like crazy? Mad scientists
are beginning to weary our unscientifical
soul and what children and family groups
think of this horrifying hooey is beyond us.

Otto Kruger we must admit is oddly
arresting as the madman who restores
life to the dead. Not satisfied with rabbits
however, his helper, dreadful Rondo Hat-
ton, murders a morgue attendant in order to restore life to the quite dead Ape Woman, and for a minute there we thought who had killed off for life. He steals the necessary blood from his assistant Amelita Ward (the Red Cross should report this) and is about to switch her brain to Miss Ape when he is apprehended by Miss Ward's sweetheart Phil Brown. Vicky Lane plays the twin role of the Ape Girl and lovely Paula Dupree. Jerome Cowan seems the only real person in the whole business.

Your Reviewer Says: Help!

**Bedside Manner** (Stone-UA)

If Ruth Hussey had ever gotten to Chicago she would have been a great pity, for her failure to get there and the incidents that detainted her provide an enjoyable hour for everyone.

Miss Hussey is a mighty fine comedienne, never over stressing her scenes. In fact, her talent for "playing straight" through outlandish situations contributes charm to what could have been a routine comedy.

We liked Charles Ruggles, too, as the overworked doctor who desperately tries to prevent Ruth, his doctor niece who had dropped into for a weekend, from traveling to Chicago for scientific research. Big old charmer boy John Carroll as the test pilot who pretends to be a case—and is—in order to detain Ruth, lends a lot of gusty humor to the story. Ann Rutherford, sweet on John, and Claudia Drake, the "Roossian" cutie, are also woven into the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Perky as all get out.

**The Frozen Ghost** (Universal)

**HERE** is just no limit to Universal's charm, for now they've got their actors believing they actually will people to death. Bore them more like it. And guess what? We're back in the old human wax works again, replete with insane Martin Kosleck.

Lon Chaney plays a hypnotist who believes he is going mad (huh, we know who are) and Milburn Stone is his untrue pal who plots with Kosleck to actually drive Chaney still crazier. Evelyn Ankers is Chaney's hypnotic subject.

Your Reviewer Says: Stop it, you hear me?

**Brief Reviews**

(Continued from page 24)

**CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS**—Monogram: The secret guerrilla warfare of China's children against Jap invaders is emphasized in this story of an orphan Chinese lad. Ducky Lopie, who is adopted by a group of Flying Tigers, and mighty good he is, too. Paul Kelly is one of the flyers. (Aug.)

**CHINA SKY**—RKO: Randy Scott, doctor in a Chinese hospital, brings his bride Ellen Drew to China from the States. This is a mistake, for Ellen promptly tries to ruin the friendship between Randy and his medical aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him. Anthony Quinn as a guerrilla leader, Carol Thurston as a nurse, and Phil Ahn do the best they can with antiquated material. (July)

**CLOCK, THE**—M-G-M: Love comes suddenly, tenderly and compellingly into the hearts of Robert Walker, corporal on a short leave, and Judy Garland, New York secretary, Judy, with nary a song, comes into her own as a dramatic actress of depth and charm and Walker gives a performance of authoritative sincerity. Keenan Wynn shines in his brief scene as a drunk. (June)

**COLONEL BLIMP**—Archers—UA: A cavalier of two men—one English and one German—and a subtle study of natural characteristics against the incidental panoply of three wars. The Englishman is well played by Roger Livesey, especially in the latter half of the picture as the lovable old Colonel Blimp, and Anton Walbrook is the German, who is a saddened realist on his lifelong friend. You'll want to see more of Deborah Kerr. (Aug.)

**Bear Brand**

**QUALI-TESTED**

**KNITTING YARNS**

FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN 75 YEARS

230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

**BANDS**

**SWEATSHIRTS**

**SHIRTS**

**WASHABILITY**

**TESTED FOR**

**COLOR FASTNESS**

**RESILIENCY**

**WEARABILITY**

**Bear Brand**

**QUALI-TESTED**

**KNITTING YARNS**

**FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN 75 YEARS**

230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

**SORE MUSCLES FEEL FINE**

If your back is sore, your arms ache, and you feel bad all over, get a bottle of Sayman Liniment and massage some on gently. Notice how quickly it helps to loosen "tight" muscles, relieve stiffness and ease the pain due to over-exertion, exposure or fatigue. Only 50c at any drug counter.

**SAYMAN LINIMENT**

Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE
CORN IS GREEN: THE—Warners: Edited with splendid characterizations, this is a picture of artistic fulfillment. Newcomer John Dall registers strongly as the Welsh lads who finds learning and inspiration through the aid of Bette Davis; Joan Leslie is the cockney who all but ruins Dall's great chance; and Rosalind Ivan, Nigel Bruce and Rhys Williams are beautifully cast. (July)

COUNTER ATTACK:—Columbia: Paul Muni and Margaret Chapman, Russian guerrilla fighters, find themselves trapped with seven Germans in a cellar, and the psychological battle that is waged between them is one of the tensest to come from the minds of the peasant Muni and the Prussian officer Harro Meder. All films that hold the interest. (June)

DILLINGER—Monogram: Lawrence Tierney plays Dillingler in this whitewashed story of the killer and buddies Edward G. Robinson, Marc Lawrence and Elissa Cook Jr. labor in the stereotyped material that lacks guts and force. Anne Jeffreys is good as the girl who betrays the killer to the FBI. With Edmund Lowe as a mob leader. (June)

DIVORCE—Monograph: Kay Francis, producer and star of this little epic, plays a much injured divorcee who marries a commoner as well. Dennis O’Keefe is a skit writer. Alan Mowbray the indelicate prince and Phyllis Lee a supposedly funny man. The no life and good life is close to reality. (June)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Republic: Otto Kruger plays Earl Carroll in this story of a princess, Constance Moore, who wants to sing and dance and marry a commoner as well. Dennis O’Keefe is a skit writer. Alan Mowbray the indelicate prince and Phyllis Lee a supposedly funny man. The no life and good life is close to reality. (June)

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT:—Warners: Here’s "The Perfidious Peril" all over again, except with Nazis this time. Jean Sullivan is the girl who runs a motel in the desert when along comes Dutch flyer Philip Dorn, on his way to the coast. Then he escaped Nazis, Helmut Dantine, Kurt Krichsel, Rudolph Anders and Hans Schumuck arrive on the scene and the shooting begins. (July)

FLAME OF BARBARY COAST—Republic: John Wayne is the big two-fisted hero, Ann Dvorak the girl, and Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth heavy who gets in their way. But it’s the great earthquake and fire that will nigh steals the show. William Frawley, Marc Lawrence, Virginia Grey and Russell Hicks are also there. (July)

GREAT FLAMARION, THE—Republic: Erich von Stroheim, getting menace, is a crack pistol shot who kills Dan Duryea for love of his wife, Mary Beth Hughes, and gets away with it. Only instead of marrying von Stroheim, Mary Beth leaves for Central America with another man, and you can guess what happens from there on. (July)

HITCHHIKE TO HAPPINESS—Republic: Dale Evans is a radio star who appears in a New York show to put out the songs of boy friend Brad Taylor. But when he discovers her identity he divorces her from the picture, and because he thinks she’s played for a fool. Dale sings well, Al Pearce clowns, and Jerome Cowan, Arlene Harris and Joyce Compton are in it too. (July)

HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT: THE—Warners: A pretty sticky movie that just doesn’t come off. Jack Benny is an angel sent to earth to blow his horn at midnight whenever upon the earth will disappear, but he turns into two other celestial angels who get side-tracked, Alyn Joslyn and John Alexander, and finding cigarette girl Dolores Moran, and never toots that horn. Alexis Smith is Benny’s angel girl. (July)

HOTEL BERLIN:—Warners: A suspenseful, timely tale, with Helen Dantine as a member of the British underground, Ray Milland as one of the generals who plotted against Hitler’s life, Anna May Wong as the Nazi actress, Faye Emerson the hotel hostess who snatches from the Nazis, and Peter Lorre as a German professor. All the roles are well cast and performances well turned. (July)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal: Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Watson buy themselves this time over the grand deaths of several elderly gentlemen who have coupled together in a Scottish house. Aubrey Mather, Paul Cavanagh and Dennis Hoey get mixed up in this mediocre film too. (June)

IDENTITY UNKNOWN—Republic: A very good picture, this one, with Richard Arlen as a nerve-trayed GI who loses both his memory and his dog tag in a raid. He finds four such tags scattered about and not knowing which is his, comes to America to find out. Here he meets Cheryl Walker. Arlen gives a swell performance and Cheryl Walker contributes some fine acting. (July)

I’LL REMEMBER APRIL—Universal: Gloria Jean has to go to work when her father loses his money, so she gets a job singing on the radio. Right away her father gets accused of murder, and Gloria finds herself torn between two top-notch songsters, Kirby Grant and Millburn Stone. Gloria looks pretty and sings the same way. (July)

IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD:—Warners: For its moving picture version, this one can do to promote understanding among human beings, this

Countryside
ADA MOHL

A member of the chic international set in Paris before the war, she is now Fashion Director of one of New York’s exclusive shops.

"As Important as the Clothes You Wear"

Countess MOHL

"I use Djer-Kiss perfume and I’ve noticed how many really smart women do, too. I know the fragrance a woman chooses is just as important as the clothes she wears. For me, there is no lovelier scent than Djer-Kiss."

Countess MOHL

Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

Djer-Kiss Perfume
by
ERKOFF

World’s Most Romantic Scent
For American Homes
STARCROSS
STYLED RIGHT!.. MADE RIGHT!.. PRICED RIGHT!

STARCROSS APPLIANCE—Smart design, gay print patterns, plus sound workmanship make these appliaces real down-to-earth values. Available in extra size and medium covered, bibs and band styles—an appliance for everybody at a price anybody can afford.

STARCROSS POT HOLDERS—More than just ornaments—these pot holders really hold their own. Heat resistant, quilted, securely tapped, centers finished in white, solid colors, or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. Several popular styles.

STARCROSS BODYBAGS ARE SOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

STARCROSS INC.
GROVETOWN, S. C.

FREE BOOKLET—The Marvel Co., 119 East St., New Haven, Ct.

Make Big Profits Every Day

SELL THESE GORGEOUS CHRISTMAS CARDS

It’s easy to take orders for these delightful Hand Painted Christmas Cards. They will sell fast on account of the everyday card. No experience needed. You just show your friends, relatives, neighbors, and others the cards you have in full time. Make splendid profits. Also show it for Name-Imprinted Christmas cards, their sale is unlimited for families. A fine chance for a little extra income, also for a small investment. A sure pay day. Send 5 cents for list of cards.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, Dept. 250, Wadsworth, Wadsworth.

Learn Profitable Profession in 30 days at Home

Women and Men, 18 to 50

Many Sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly; others discover that the real causes of their trouble may be fixed by星.

The kidneys are the Nature’s chief way of taking the excesses and waste, and for that reason we help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of the kidneys is caused by George Zucco reveals poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up weak, swelling, puffing under the eyes, headache and dizziness. Frequent or many passages with strong or bloody stools sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Don’s Pills; used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes find out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Don’s Pills.

Kight and Edie Quillon go along for the laughs, but they are mighty far and few between. (July)

SUN OF LASSIE—M-G-M: A sequel to “Lassie Come-Home” that packs a heart-tugging wallop. Lassie follows the master to war, parleys with him when the plane is shot down, and eventually finds his way back to England. Peter Lawford is the owner of Lassie. June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp are in it, too. (July)

SOUTHERNER—The—Low-Blakim UA: An arresting, beautifully written and directed story, but nonetheless dealing with the struggle of Zachary Scott and Betty Field, Southern showmen, to produce cotton with nature and neighbors against them. (Aug.)

SUDAN—Universal: Another Technicolor fancy with Maria Montez as the queen who ascends the throne when her father is killed, Jon Hall as a light-hearted thief who rescues her from George Zucco and Turban Bey as a dancing bandit chief. (June)

SWING OUT, SISTER—Universal: Frances Raeburn does a fair job in an unnoteworthy tale of a nightclub singer who almost marries the club’s owner before she discovers she still loves Rod Cameron. With Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hauk. (Aug.)

THAT’S THE SPIRIT—Universal: Music, song, comedy and fantasy all thrown together in this hodgepodge, with Jack Oakie racing off to heaven and tearing back to earth to straighten out his daughter’s career, and Johnny Coy fascinating with his dance routines. June Vincent, Peggy Ryan, Andy Devine and Arthur Treacher are in it, too. (Aug.)

THOSE ENDURING YOUNG CHARMS—RKO: You won’t believe Robert Young as the wofy milo, and the panoply stuff imposed on Laraine Day by the story is just plain dull. Laraine falls in love with Bob and gets all in a blind when he admits he doesn’t love her. When he discovers he really does, she will have none of him. (July)

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—M-G-M: You’ll love this romantic musical, with Nick Johnson cast as Esther Williams, a young bride deserted by her too-busy husband on her honeymoon. The settings of a swanky California resort hotel are a perfect background for the swimming, romance, and dancing of the couple. Ladies Melchior, Frances Gifford and Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra are in it, too. (Aug.)

TWICE BLESSED—M-G-M: The Wilde twins are the object of a divorce of perpetuated pairs, one raised by her mother, Gail Patrick, and the other by the father, Preston Foster. When the erudite twins meet up with another, ambling, ambling sister, the story is fairly amusing. (Aug.)

TWO O’CLOCK COURAGE—RKO: Taxi driver Ann Rutherford picks up Tom Conway who’s got his tail between his legs and goes home. For they’re knee deep in Broadway murders that roll along from producers to playwrights. (Aug.)

UTAH—Republic: Dale Evans, actress, wants to sell the family ranch, she’s never seen in order to book a show, but Roy Rogers, who manages the ranch and doesn’t want it sold, steals Dale onto the ranch owned by Gilby Hayes in the hopes she’ll be as interested in it as he is. (Aug.)

VALLEY OF DECISION—MG-M: To her role of the Irish maid who soon becomes the mainstay in the household of Gladys Cooper and Donald Crisp, Margaret Lockwood’s clue is set in Spain. Greer Garson gives it substance. Gavan O’Herlihy, who Peck is his eldest son with whom Greer falls in love, Lionel Barrymore as his father, and Preston Foster the union boss. (July)

WAY AHEAD, THE—20th Century Fox: This picture is a beautiful human document about ordinary people who leave their jobs for military training. With the exception of David Niven, the cast is unfamiliar to American audiences, but it’s a picture you shouldn’t miss. (Aug.)

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—20th Century Fox: This silly fantasy with music ends up by being very funny in girls. Fred MacMurray’s a Fel in love with June Haver, so when a genie appears after he’s been killed and a lamp he himself in the Army, and lands first with Washington at Valley Forge, then in Columbia’s navy, and it goes on. Throughout the story he constantly mopups with both June and Joan Leslie. (June)

WITNESS LOVE—M-G-M: Katharine Hepburn, who hides from the world because a past love was too perfect, and scientist Spencer Tracy, a relapsed from love, marry without love and go developing along the way. Carl Esmond as Katie’s suitor, Kenneth Wynne is her cousin. With Lucille Ball and Felix Bressart. (July)

WONDER MAN—Goldwyn: Funny fantasy with Danny Kaye, who in his role of the devil entertains his twin brother the bookworm, is wonderful. Virginia Mayo and Vera Ellen are both excellent. (July)

ZOMBIE ON BROADWAY—RKO: Alan Carney and Wally Brown tangle with zombies for one of the most ridiculous pictures of the year. In search of a zombie to appear at a night club’s premiere they meet scientist Bela Lugosi and with his aid turn night club owner Sheldon Leonard into a zombie. With Ann Jeffreys and Frank Jenks. (July)

with the cool all-over fragrance of MAVIS

The girl men want to woo is the girl who keeps lovely... even through heat waves! And Mavis, showered on after a bath, keeps you that way. Mavis Talcum leaves your body cool, pretty, fragrant... armpits dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. You stay sweet and lovely... all day!

MEN: You’ll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis Talcum Powder on your skin, too.

Try the Same Delightful Mavis Fragrance in Balms, 69¢, $1.00. Dusting Powder, with Puff, $1.00.

Mavis
Talcum
FOR BODY BEAUTY
At all cosmetic counters 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

V. Vivaudou, Inc., Distributors

Read the natural text from the document.
SCALP ODOR not you?

Perhaps your pillow knows different

Are you sure you don’t have scalp odor? It’s so easy to offend—and not know it. Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

For, you see, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and unpleasant odors are quickly collected by the hair, especially oily hair.

To be safe, simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp...soft, fragrant hair, get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. You’ll find it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BACK TO BATAAN—Reo: Col. Joseph Madden. John Wayne; Capt. Andres Bonifacio, Anthony Quinn; Deluca Delgado, Fely Franquelin; Bitterman, Alex Haever; Berlina Barnes, Beulah Bondi; Massimo Curcio, Ducky Louie.

BESIDE MAN—Stone-U. Morgan Hallet, John Carroll; Sky, Fredericks, Ruth Hussey; Olaf, Fredericks, Charlie Ruggles; Lola, Ann Rutherford; Tony, Claudia Drake, Stella, Rene Godfrey; Crato, Esther Dale; Mr. Pete, Grant Mitchell; Tommy Smith, Joel McGinnis; Dick Smith, John James; Harry Smith, Frank Jenks; George, Bert, Reach; Mary, Vera Marsch; Elmer Jones, Sid Saylor; Mr. Perkins, Earl Hodgins; Mrs. Livingston, Mary Carlier; Mrs. Horvist, Constance Fordy; Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. Gardner Crane; Head Waiter, Joe Devlin; Waiter, Dimitri Alexis; Good-looking stranger, Don Brody.

REWITCHED—M.G.M.: Dr. Bergstrom, Edmund Gwenn, John Albert, Ellis, Phyllis Thaxter; Joe Arnold, Henry II. Daniels Jr., John Elliot, Addison Richards; Mrs. Ellis, Kathleen Lockhart; Dr. George Wilson, Tom Brown, Marjorie Cooper, Sharon McMann; Glenda, Gladys Blake; Mr. Hershkheimer, Will Wright; Eric Russell, Horace McNally; Capt., O’Malley, Oscar O’Shea; Governor, Minor Watson; Governor’s Wife, Virginia Braasi.

BLONDE RANSOM—Universal: Dick Morris, Virginia Grey, Shoba, Colette Evans, Duane Randell, Donald Cook; Pinky, Pinky Lee, Uncle William, George Harvey, Mr. Good, E. Dirckson, Forbes, George Meeker; Oliver, Ian Wolfe; Needle Bender, Joe Kirk; Mac Daily, Charles Delaney.

CAPTAIN EDDIE—20th-Century-Fox: Edward Rickenbacker, Fred MacMurray; Adelaide, Lynn Bari, Phyllis Thaxter, John Milford; Howard, Thomas Mitchell; Liet, Whitaker, Lloyd Nolan; Tommy, Grant Mitchell, Gloria Rickenbacker, Mary Phillips; Eddie Rickenbacker (as a boy), Darryl Hickman; Mrs. Frost, Spring Byington; Private Bancroft, Alice Reynolds; Captain, Charles Russell; Capt., Chappy, Richard Crane; Col., Adamson, Frank Morgan; Lizzie, Howard Smith; Lester Thomas, Grady Sutton; Lacey, Chick Chandler; Louis, Lances Rickenbacker, Dwayne Hickman; Mary Rickenbacker, Nancy Jane Robinson; Emma Rickenbacker, Winifred Glyn; Dewey Rickenbacker, Gregory Peck; George, David Spencer; Bill Rickenbacker, Alvin Field; Lien, Mary brands, Gay, Robert Day, Sgt. Alon, Doran Garner; Mrs. Westrom, Mary Gordon; Tucka, Joseph, J. Greene; Glass Toller, Olly Howling; Mr. Foley, Robert Malcolm, Mrs. Foley, Leila McIntyre; Simon, Harry Shannon; Fred, Carol; Virgil, Arthur Franz, Peter McDonald, Peter Maccabe, Pierre Garco; Professor Montana, Fred Eagles; Monte Stein, Dr. Campbell, Earl Dewey; Paymaster, William Newell; Shelby, Franklin Parker; Ernie, William Forrest; Jim, John Dehner; French General, George Renavent; French Captain, Paul Marion; Watson, Howard Negley; Hoskie, John Craven; Captain, Carl Waller.

CONFLICT—Warner’s: Richard Mason, Hambrey Bogart, Evelyn Turer, Alexis Smith; Dr. Mark Hamilton, Sydney Greenstreet, Frank Adkisson, Howard, Thomas Mitchell; Liet, Whitaker, Lloyd Nolan; Tommy, Grant Mitchell, Gloria Rickenbacker, Mary Phillips; Eddie Rickenbacker (as a boy), Darryl Hickman; Mrs. Frost, Spring Byington; Private Bancroft, Alice Reynolds; Captain, Charles Russell; Capt., Chappy, Richard Crane; Col., Adamson, Frank Morgan; Lizzie, Howard Smith; Lester Thomas, Grady Sutton; Lacey, Chick Chandler; Louis, Lances Rickenbacker, Dwayne Hickman; Mary Rickenbacker, Nancy Jane Robinson; Emma Rickenbacker, Winifred Glyn; Dewey Rickenbacker, Gregory Peck; George, David Spencer; Bill Rickenbacker, Alvin Field; Lien, Mary brands, Gay, Robert Day, Sgt. Alon, Doran Garner; Mrs. Westrom, Mary Gordon; Tucka, Joseph, J. Greene; Glass Toller, Olly Howling; Mr. Foley, Robert Malcolm, Mrs. Foley, Leila McIntyre; Simon, Harry Shannon; Fred, Carol; Virgil, Arthur Franz, Peter McDonald, Peter Maccabe, Pierre Garco; Professor Montana, Fred Eagles; Monte Stein, Dr. Campbell, Earl Dewey; Paymaster, William Newell; Shelby, Franklin Parker; Ernie, William Forrest; Jim, John Dehner; French General, George Renavent; French Captain, Paul Marion; Watson, Howard Negley; Hoskie, John Craven; Captain, Carl Waller.

FROZEN GHOST—The Universal: Alex Gregor, Lon Chaney; Maura Daniel, Evelyn Ankers; Mme. Valerie Moris, Tala Birell, Fred Robat, Patricia Rossele; George, Keene, Milburn Stone; Nina, Cailtren, Eleno Verdugo; Whit, Douglas Dumville.


GUEST WIFE—Skirball-U. Mary Price, Glendaebly Colbert, Joe Parker, Don Amchelel, Cline Price, Richard Foran, Arthur Traversdale Worth, Dana Andrews, Berta, Glenn, Virginia, Leila; Mary, Vera Marsch; Elmer Jones, Sid Saylor; Mr. Perkins, Earl Hodgins; Mrs. Livingston, Mary Carlier; Mrs. Horvist, Constance Fordy; Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. Gardner Crane; Head Waiter, Joe Devlin; Waiter, Dimitri Alexis; Good-looking stranger, Don Brody.

INCENDIARY BLONDE— Paramount: Texas Guinan, Betty Hutton; Bill Kilgannon, Arturo de Cordova; Cherokee Jim, Charlie Ruggles; Cadden,


ONE EXCITING NIGHT—Pine, Thomas, Paramount; Pete, Willard, William Gargan, Steve Galligan, Ann, Savage, Clash, Leo, Goree, Max, Hersley, Don, Bredny, Murphy, Paul, Hurst, Al, Charles, Halton, Jels, George, Zocco, Cop, Robert, Barron.


RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Warners: George Gersh-

Albert, Rob, Adele, Jean, Leslie, Chris-

Abe, Gibert, Alexis, Smith, Max, Dreyfus, Charles, Cahens, Lee, Gershwin, Julie, Bishop, Professor, Full, Albert, Bissnerman, Fuller, Morton, Carovsky, 

Mother, Rosemary, De Camp, Oscar, Levant, Paul, Wehman, At, Lobao, White, Hazel, Scott, Anne, Bronon, Tom, Patriotha, themselves, Ira Gersh- 

Forest, Ruth, Terry, Richard, H., Hughes, George, Gershwin (At a Boy), Mickey, Roth, Ira, Gershwin (At a Boy), Darryl, Hickman, Mr, Raat, 

Charles, Halton, Mr, Shilin, Ang, Tombe, Mr, Katzman, Gregory, Galagher, Mr, Muscatel, Walter, 

Coughlin, Dudley, de, Riley, Mary, Darby, Theodore, Von Elt, Herbert, Stone, Bill, Kennedy, 

American, Man, Robert, Shaye, Stone, Oscar, L函nare, Dancer, Johnny, Downey, Otto, Eurius, 

Gig, Haskell, Hefjests, Martin, Noble, Walter, 

Carnes, Hugh, Kirchhoff, Rasmussen, Will, Wright.

STEEPIN' IN SOCIETY—Republic: Judge, Avery, Webster, Edward, Everett, Horton, Penelope, Webster, William, Bagley, Amanda, Forrest, Ruth, Terry, Richard, Robert, Livingston, Bow, Fle, Jack, LaRue, The, Duchess, Lola, Late, Cookie, Paul, Hurst, Jenny, 

Dianna, Last, Link, Jenkins, Ivy, Harry, Bass, 

Irish, Harry, Ardis, Adrian, Hiliard, 

Tone, Hair, and.

STORY OF G, J. JOE—Cowen-VAT, Errol, Paul, 

Burgess, Meredith, Lie, Robert, Murphy, 

Sot, Waunick, Freddie, Steele, Put, Dandaro, Wally, Lassell, Put, Spencer, Jimmy, Liddy, Put, Murphy, Jack, Keely, Pot, Mcw, Bill, Murphy, and, and, and, veteran, campaigns, in, Africa, Italy, and.


Ecke, Dennis, Hoey, Prince, Haidy, Grand, Wain, Abu-Hazan, Philip, Van, Zandt, Jafar, Gis, Schilling, 

Khalil, Nester, Fray, Elen, As, Tom, Roper, Richard, Hale, Ali, John, Abbot, Camel, Driver, Ray, Leonard, Handmatin, Carle, Matthews, 

Pat, Parrish, and, Shelley, Winters.

WEST OF THE PECOS—KO, Peets, Smith, Bob, 

Mitchum, Tervor, Lambeth, Barbara, Hale, Chlo, 

Laughton, Richard, Martin, Richard, Soglow, 

Col, Lambeth, Thurston, Hall, Cloy, Monroe, Bruce, Edwards, Brad, Sentelle, Harry, Woods, Jeff, Stinger, 

Rex, Hobart, Sam, Sentelle, Fred, Launders, Ted, Evans, Bill, Williams, Doctor, Howard, Bryant, Washburn, 

Don, Marlowe, Martin, Garralaga, Marshal, 

Phillip, Morris.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME—PRC, Diana, Leitli, 

Pamela, Blake, Chris, Williams, Sheldon, Leonard, 

June, Lola, Lora, Emma, Loba, Madge, Cook, Jr, 

Steve, Raymond, Paul, Guliford, Flo, Constance, Worth, Marla, Claudia, Drake, Mrs, Leif, Von, 

Brice, Kelly, Thomas, Jackson, Alice, 

Evelyn, Eaton, Peggy, Leslie, Peggy, Lou, Bianco, 

Ted, Leith, Ray, Kohler, Wilbur, Happy, Walter, 

Baldwin, Ed, Blake, Robert, Emmett, Keene.

It's the new GAYLA "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snagging or cutting the hair.

If you "do" your own hair, you know how tricky it is. But not with this curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

No other curler like it! EASIER... Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

When opened, loop is firm, convenient for winding. SAFER... No projecting rivets to catch hair. The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.
Beautiful Workshop by Betty Sanford

**Lovely No. 1**—Identifies herself quickly as an American because this is an American coiffure—fresh, natural, feminine. She achieves it first of all, by frequent shampooing. "Never be afraid of shampooing too often," says she. Use your favorite shampoo, or if you have a yen for a certain soap, shave it off, melt it in hot water and there you are with your own super-special. But never rub cake soap directly on the hair. Before you wash, massage in the sun, if possible, using a good tonic and your fingers—and don't be afraid of hurting your scalp—rub till it tingles. Two soapings, then rinse until your hair squeaks. Always dry the hair before setting.

**Lovely No. 2**—Dual glamour is what this star has. For this you must have shining hair, accomplished through rinses that bring out the lights in the hair. A piece of cotton dipped into the rinse and rubbed the length of the hair after it is dry is the answer. There comes a time when every pretty girl turns into a sophisticate. This smooth star says, "Judge your hair-do as you do your hats and adapt your coiffure to match your head and heart."

**Head First**

... into beauty. Looking backwards with six Hollywood women who know how to turn a head

Six beautiful women and their hair is the glamorous indication. They represent you as you should look when your head is turned. Can you identify them? Turn to page 92 for their names.

**Lovely No. 3**—An important step to beauty is exemplified by this star. Her rule is, "Never appear with unkempt, oily hair." When you're caught short—meaning with your hair stringy—try this: A dry shampoo sprinkled over the hair, followed by steady brushing. You'll have a coiffure that will rate a backward look. The unkempt ends go into a glamour-snood. If you're caught with stringy hair and no dry shampoo, sprinkle on bath powder and brush. Or here's a favorite Hollywood trick for a short-notice date: Wash your hair, part it in the middle down the back while it's still wet and make two fat pin curls over the ears. Then cover the hair-do with flowers.

**Lovely No. 4** sweeps her curls high and accents them with a leaf spray. Result: Rear-guard interest. The cause: At least ten minutes spent each day on hair. Hair can be an attention-getter always, providing you will give a few minutes each day to its care. This is a coiffure that is the result of bobby pins used each night with hair wound in large curls and pinned in softly. The secret to its shining smoothness—lacquer brushed softly over each curl and then held in place by a net. Or, if you choose, pin in those curls after the morning shower, wrap a turban about your head and come the noonday whistle you're ready for afternoon and evening glamour.

**Lovely No. 5**—This Look is really something. Her tip is: Brushing. Just stop and ask yourself how much time you spend brushing your hair. The answer should be at least ten minutes a day. If not, look and listen: Just try brushing your hair as soon as you're out of bed in the morning. Bend over from the waist and brush for five minutes. You're due for a surprise—pink chinks, sparkling eyes, a wide-awake feeling—and beautiful hair. Brushing preserves a wave—never loosens it.

**Lovely No. 6**—The gingham bow topping this coiffure belongs to a lady with ideas—which can mean you, providing you have the courage to try them. To this star goes the prime laurel in coiffures she creates her own and changes as her fancy goes. Do the same—and you'll find yourself acquiring a new personality. In this case, the lady in question has hair that grows quickly, so she cuts it off frequently and treats herself to a new hair-do plus a boost in morale. She massages her scalp for ten minutes every night, then brushes with long hard strokes as insurance against dull hair. Change your part often—it stimulates circulation.
"I love the delicate fragrance it leaves on my skin!"

Linda Darnell

Poets have said it for centuries—you know it’s true! There’s thrill, there’s appeal men can’t resist, in skin that’s fragrant, sweet. So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you sure—leaves your skin fresh, really sweet," says charming Linda Darnell. "You’re ready for adventure, romance, and you look it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, active lather—your daily bath soap, too!

Lovely star of "FALLEN ANGEL"
A 20th Century-Fox Production

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it...
It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!
It's All in the Name

(Continued from page 35) blonde singing with Vincent Lopez's band that I gave her a rave newspaper notice—her very first, as it turned out. Lopez, a bug on numerology who won't employ a vocalist until he is sure her "numbers" are right—told me he had picked her out of an obscure Cleveland night club, where she was appearing as Betty Thornberg. After much juggling of figures, he renamed her Betty Hutton.

"With that name," Lopez observed dryly, "she couldn't miss." My friend Helene Hoskins, the astro-numerologist, believes that parents should bestow a variety of names on their offspring, in order to include all the necessary "vibrations." Then, when they are old enough to choose, they can pick the name most suited to the personality or professional ambition.

I DON'T know much about numerology or numerologists, but I understand that by "vibrations," they mean a harmonious link-up between the birth date and the letters of the name. Double "o's" in a name are theoretically supposed to project the owner into public life, the numerologists claim, citing Roosevelt, Hoover, Coolidge, Doolittle. It is a matter of record that Thomas W. Wilson dropped his first name, adopted his second, and became known to the world as Woodrow Wilson.

Perhaps Eugene O'Neill had the double "o" theory in mind when he named his daughter Oona. She certainly achieved fame—or at least publicity—by marrying Charlie Chaplin!

Double letters, it seems, are not always lucky or desirable. The letter "D," for example, being a four—a number that carries responsibility and hard work—might keep its owner's nose to the grindstone for the length of the "vibration." Double "B's" are too nervous, and double "L's" too emotional. Taking a capital "L" into the name, Miss Hoskins believes, invariably tends to attract romance. Which may explain why Warners' new starlet attracted Humphrey Bogart almost before she had attracted a screen career, when she changed her name to Lauren. As Betty, she would tend to be more passive, feminine and domestic, since the letter "B" suggests those qualities.

Vowels, generally speaking, are more emotional and feminine and the gift of self-expression; consonants are supposed to be imbued with the masculine virtues and indicate will, mental ability and independence in the native, whatever the sex. Each letter of the alphabet—in some foreign languages, it is merely a tone—is supposed to have its own number, and each number its particular "vibration." And it is our "vibrations" that make us behave the way we do! All very complicated and fascinating, and supposedly based on the principles worked out some 2,000 years ago by Pythagoras, the famous Greek philosopher and mathematician.

I am inclined to think that euphony, or suitability, is the important thing in picking a professional name. Julie Haydon, for example, lies easier on the ear and better suits the fragile beauty of the actress scoring a hit in "The Glass Menagerie." Mickey Rooney unquestionably better fits the impish personality of M-G-M's juvenile star than Joe Yule.

Bad as well as good can come from a change in name, Miss Hoskins assures me. Nan Bullen, she recalls, was doing all right for herself as a simple English somebody until she became socially ambitious, changed the spelling of her name to Anne Beleyn, and married a king. You know what happened to her?

The End
Look at this sparkling procession of new and different nail lacquer and lipstick shades—yours to choose from—and each one a genuine CHEN YU "original!" Right here on this page, in this collection of fashion right colors, you are sure to find the shade that will bring your nails and lips exquisite, new and steadfast beauty. You may get them at your favorite store and beauty salon—the nail lacquer 75c—the lipstick $1 (tax extra). Or, here is your chance to try two shades! Send the coupon from this announcement and you will receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades and a bottle of CHEN YU Lacquerol Base. Each trial bottle gives you many luxury manucures—months of startling new beauty. You can get trial size matching lipsticks too. Mark coupon. Send it today.

CHEN YU Inc., 200 E. Illinois Street, Dept. MWG-9, Chicago (11) Ill.

☐ SEASHELL
☐ PINK SAPPHIRE
☐ WISTARIA
☐ FLOWERING PLUM
☐ BLACK CHERRY
☐ BLACK SAPPHIRE
☐ MANDARIN RED
☐ CANTON RED

☐ Send me two sample size flacons (shades checked here) of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

☐ BURMA RED
☐ ORIENTAL SAPPHIRE
☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD
☐ TEMPLE FIRE
☐ FROZEN FIRE

☐ For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size CHEN YU Lipsticks to match the Lacquer shades I have checked.

Name .............................................................
Street ..........................................................
City ...........................................................
State ..........................................................

(This Offer Good in U.S.A. Only)
Start with Chesterfields and you can add only orchids and the theatre for a perfect evening. Chesterfield’s Right Combination World’s Best Tobaccos always gives you smoking pleasure at its best. Chesterfields satisfy because they’re milder... cooler... better-tasting.
Maureen O'Hara
By Paul Hesse
Merle Oberon
in Walter Wanger's Technicolor Production
"NIGHT IN PARADISE"
A Universal Picture

Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

For your most thrilling lipstick experience try
Tru-Color Lipstick in the Color Harmony Shade
for your type... lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds,
all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and
all based on a patented* color principle originated by
Max Factor Hollywood... one dollar.

Max Factor - Hollywood
GIRL: Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

CUPID: But it could be, Cupcake. It could be.

GIRL: Of course it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

CUPID: ...or just teach you that even a plain girl can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

GIRL: If she can sparkle at people... which I can't. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, lately, but—

CUPID: But what? Don't you know that's a warning to see your dentist? He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And that'll help my smile?

CUPID: Chick, Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipana and massage today!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE
How's your tan? Summer working out nicely? We have a suggestion to top it off—a "Week-end At The Waldorf".

Forsake the vales and hills, the rills and lakes. Try the Great Indoors. Pleasure guaranteed; good hunting.

Of course the hunting is the Boy-Chases-Girl variety, but that's good too. Especially when it's Walter Pidgeon after Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson after Lana Turner.

Anything can happen in a big hotel. Well, anything does happen. And it all happens adroitly, amusingly, amusingly.

It's a picture charged with intrigue. It excites. It has hearty laughter. There's also music provided by Xavier Cugat. We like all of it.

You may go so far as to think "Week-end At The Waldorf" is the best picture of the year. We know it's first class.

Along with those other big stars you meet Edward Arnold, who plays a tycoon; Phyllis Thaxter, a worried bride; Kenan Wynne, a cub reporter; Robert Benchly, a columnist; Leon Ames, a father; Lina Romay, a hot tamale; Samuel Hinds, an oil magnate.

It's a big "Week-end". Thank Robert Z. Leonard, the director. Thank Sam and Bella Spewack, screen playwrights, who took an idea from a play by Vicki Baum. Thank Guy Bolton, who made the adaptation. Thank Arthur Hornblow, Jr. who produced it all.

And thank — Leo

Story Highlights

Two on Leave—Ginger Rogers and Her Marine. Maxine Arnold 27

Thrill of a Real Romance — Louella O. Parsons 28

The love story of Esther Williams and Sgt. Ben Gage

Colonel Jimmie Stewart — Leslie MacGregor 30

I Want to Talk to You — Frank Sinatra 32

Halfway to Heaven — Roberta Ormiston 34

The honeymoon of Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli

What a Guy—Madison — Helen Louise Walker 36

B and B— (standing for Bogart and Bacall)

Man from Mars—Bill Eythe — Dorothy Kilgallen 42

All About John Dall — Adele Whitely Fletcher 44

Betty Grable's Secret Date — Nanette K Kutner 47

Time for Robert Walker — Thornton Delehany 48

That's Hollywood for You — Sidney Skolsky 50

Pidgeon—Pirate and Diplomat — Herb Horse 52

Chrysalis — Danny Kaye — Elsie Janis 54

You Wouldn't Know Me — Veronica Lake 56

Four Star Letters — 58

These Are the Days of Gregory Peck — Ruth Waterbury 60

What Should I Do? — 62

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Colleen on the Cover—Maureen O'Hara — 64

Portraits in Color

Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli — Humphrey Bogart 49

Guy Madison — John Dall 44

Lauren Bacall — Betty Grable 46

Special Features

Beauty Workshop — 66 A Christmas He'll Remember 114

Brief Reviews — 135 Inside Stuff—Cal York 4

Casts of Current Pictures — 140 Photoplay Fashions 71

The Shadow Stage — 24

Cover: Maureen O'Hara, appearing in "The Spanish Main"

Miss O'Hara's costume by Edward Stevenson, Head Designer of RKO

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Elaine Osterman, Hollywood Manager
Edmund Davenport, Art Director
Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer

Helen Gilmore, Editor
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Associate Editor
Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Ruth Waterbury, Contributing Editor

OCTOBER, 1945

Vol. 27, No. 5

Published monthly with MOVIE MIRROR published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J.

Address communications to 205 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright, 1945, Executive, Advertising, and Circulation offices: 205 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

All communications to be addressed to: Executive, Advertising, and Circulation offices: 205 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Member of Macfadden's Women's Group.

The contents of this magazine may not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission.

Photoplay presents for October

Photoplay favourite of America's "First Million" Movie-Goers

Presented for October

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
They had a date with fate...
and a rendezvous with love!

GINGER ROGERS
as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

LANA TURNER
travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

WALTER PIDGEON
fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!

VAN JOHNSON
Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!

M - G - M
invites you
to come on
an exciting
and romantic...

Weekend at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD • PHYLLIS THAXTER • KEENAN WYNN • ROBERT BENCHLEY
LEON AMES • LINA ROMAY • SAMUEL S. HINDS
and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION
INSIDE STUFF  Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Happily Noted: You can imagine the joy of Photoplay’s Gold Medal Award Winner Greer Garson when suddenly and without warning her groom, Lieut. Richard Ney, showed up in Hollywood after eleven months at sea and in action in the islands of the Pacific. He saw bloody action too—and lots of it. It was the big moment she’d been hoping for, planning for, praying for. And when he arrived, she was working! Right in the middle of “Strange Adventure” with Clark Gable—so they had to steal their romantic moments together when and how they could manage. And don’t believe all that talk going the rounds about how Greer and Clark are feuding on the sets of this picture. Cal knows them both too well—knows, too, how much each admires the other, to believe such nonsense.

Clark is still courting the beauteous Anita Colby—but Anita has so many beaus. Maybe that’s the thing that intrigues Clark most—rushing a gal who doesn’t drop all her other swains at the call of a Gable—like just about any other gal would do.

My! My!: We love what Lizabeth Scott told an interviewer who asked the new and sensational young star of “You Came Along” what she thought of Hollywood men. “Oh—that’s not the point,” answered Lizabeth. “The point is, what do Hollywood men think of me?” Everyone around town is gabbing about Lizabeth, who may wind up being “The Great Scott.” Right now they’re calling her “The Threat”—meaning the threat to Bacall and other new comets on the movie horizon. But of course, as always, the decision rests with you fans—and you fans alone.

Hollywood-ana: The Errol Flynn baby was yelping lustily as Cal chatted with Nora Edington Flynn over the phone. If strong lungs are a sign of a strong baby, then the Flymys certainly have one. We were to have lunch the following day at Romanoffs but Nora called to say Errol was ill and wanted her at his house. We refrained from asking Nora, who lives with her stepmother, if she was invited to her husband’s home only when he needed her. Anyway, it’s the doggonest arrangement we ever heard of—unless she’s happier that way.

Mickey Rooney fell off his makeshift stage on a European front when he learned he was the papa of a seven pound, six ounce boy. “Almost as big as you, Mickey,” one of the GIs called out. The baby was born to Betty Jane Casey Rooney in Birmingham, Alabama, and will be called Joe “Mickey” Yule III. (Continued on page 6)
"HERE'S TO THE FOUR OF US...BOTTOMS UP!"

...and here's to this gay and tender love story paced to the fast-moving tempo of our times!

Robert Cummings • Lizabeth Scott
Don DeFore
in HAL WALLIS' Production
"You Came Along"

with CHARLES DRAKE • JULIE BISHOP • Kim Hunter • Helen Forrest
Directed by John Farrow • Screen Play by Robert Smitb and Ayn Rand • A Paramount Picture

Paramount - Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!
Choose from these delicate fragrances: Apple Blossom, Gardenia, Honeysuckle, Pine, Spice.

Only 59¢ one pound (with scoop)

(Continued from page 4) Mickey's real name is Joe Yule II. Mrs. Rooney will travel westward to live with Mickey's mother until her soldier husband returns.

Handsome young composer Dave Raksin told Cal the other day of his experiences trying to get his wonderful tune "Laura" published. It served first as the background music for the picture and Dave said when the grips and electricians began whistling the music he knew it was a hit. (By the way, you'd drop if you knew whose theme song that wonderful "Laura" is.) Dave, who's been writing divine music for ten years, and mostly at Twentieth Century-Fox, has a new tune he wants you readers to judge. It's called "Slowly" and Dick Haymes's voice is heard singing it in a juke box sequence in "Fallen Angel." Why not write him your opinion when you hear it? Incidentally, Dave himself could be in pictures—he's that good looking.

Deanna Durbin has moved bag and baggage into the home of her new husband, Felix Jackson, and Deanna's sister and brother-in-law, the Clarence Heckmans, have taken over her house. Cal hears tell the marriage between Deanna and Felix was mighty unpopular with Deanna's parents. But Deanna always was one to have her own way.

As Ray Milland and his lovely wife Mal walked in together at their first party after their reconciliation, friends almost cheered. Everyone hopes now for lasting happiness for them.

More radios in Hollywood are tuned in to those short-wave programs emanating this time from the Pacific area to the States. And the singer—Sgt. Tony Martin himself, singing as sweetly as ever.

Collected: You should have seen the way Gene Tierney floored everyone at a party by just about proving she can give herself an osteopathic treatment. There she was, in a gorgeous white, drapy dinner gown, snapping her bones like you or you might snap your fingers! Donna Reed and her bridegroom, Tony Owen, were at the party—radiant as newlyweds should be. Donna (who, everyone agrees, (Continued on page 8)
"As great a Warner picture as ever was made..."
says the NEW YORK SUN...

STARRING
ROBERT ALDA as George Gershwin
JOAN LESLIE as June Adams
ALEXIS SMITH as Christine Gilbert
CHARLES COBURN as Max Dreyfus
JULIE BISHOP as Lee Gershwin
ALBERT BASSERMAN as Professor Frank
MORRIS CARNOSKY as Mr. Gershwin
ROSEMARY DE CAMP as Mrs. Gershwin
HERBERT RUDLEY as Ira Gershwin
EDDIE MARR as Buddy De Sylva
OSCAR LORAINE as René
HUGO KIRCHHOFFER as Walter Donnach
AS THEMSELVES
AL JOLSON
OSCAR LEVANT
PAUL WHITEMAN
GEORGE WHITE
HAZEL SCOTT
ANNE BROWN
TOM PATRICOLA
THE WARNER CHORAL SINGERS

FOR THE PRODUCTION
Produced by JESSE L. LASKY
Directed by IRVING RAPPER
Original Story by SONYA LEVIEH
Screen Play by HOWARD KOCH
ELIOT PAUL

Dances created and directed by LE ROY PRINZ
Orchestral arrangements by RAY HEINDORF

THE WORLD SANG HIS LOVE-SONGS ...
... BUT ONLY ONE WOMAN UNDERSTOOD!

SEE IT EVERYONE!
NOW! NOW! NOW! NOW!

ROBERT ALDA
OSCAR LEVANT
PAUL WHITEMAN
GEORGE WHITE
HAZEL SCOTT
ANNE BROWN
TOM PATRICOLA
THE WARNER CHORAL SINGERS

ELIOT PAUL
LE ROY PRINZ
RAY HEINDORF
"Heart-Throb" is the word for Yvonne DeCarlo's Hands

YOU: What wouldn't I give for such dear, soft hands!

YVONNE DE CARLO: Have them easily—with Jergens Lotion.

YOU: But what's your hand care, Miss De Carlo?

YVONNE DE CARLO: Oh, I always use Jergens.

Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Find out why: Soft-hand protection is so sure, when you use Jergens regularly. Most hand skin needs extra softening moisture, which Jergens Lotion provides. Doctors can tell!

Many doctors help coarsened skin toward dearly-desired smoothness by applying 2 special ingredients—both in your Jergens. No disagreeable stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this lovely, practically professional hand care.

FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE JERGENS LOTION

(Continued from page 6) is soooo Ingrid Bergmanish!) has lots to be happy about besides being a bride. At M-G-M they have big plans for her.

On "The Bells Of St. Mary's" set Ingrid was trying to teach Bing Crosby and director Leo McCarey some fancy words in Swedish. McCarey finished up trying to learn with his tongue twisted like a pretzel. But Bing did all right—because he used to live near a Swedish family up in Seattle when he was a kid—and he was the only one on the set who could pronounce the words correctly. For days they nicknamed him "Olaf." People get such a kick out of watching Crosby at radio rehearsals—or when he goes to the studio to record musical numbers for his pictures. He sits there with a hat half off his head, all hunched over—usually with a toothpick dangling from one side of his mouth and sings like any singer would give his right arm to be able to sing—if he were standing up and giving out with all his lung-power! No wonder Bing won the Gold Medal Award for 1944 in the Photoplay poll (the only magazine poll of American movie-goers) conducted by Dr. George Gallup, director of Audience Research, Inc.

It Says Here: Cal predicts blond and handsome Kurt Kreuger, the Swiss actor who plays the Nazi Captain in "Paris Underground" and the Nazi Major in "Hotel Berlin," and is now making "The Spider," will be the next sensation of...
A girl who wouldn't say YES...meets a man who wouldn't take NO for an answer!

"There's a YES in my whistle! It goes like this!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rosalind Russell • Lee Bowman

in

She Wouldn't Say Yes

with

ADELE JERGENS • CHARLES WINNINGER
HARRY DAVENPORT • SARA HADEN
Screenplay by Virginia Van Upp, John Jacoby and Sarett Tobias

Produced by

VIRGINIA VAN UPP • ALEXANDER HALL
That's the cue these days... because charm-wise city cousins are copying the County Belle! Easy enough to achieve her air of sun-washed radiance. Wear Yardley English Lavender... a scent completely disarming... as every Nature's daughter ought to know!

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER

Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance, $3.75, $2.50, $1.50
Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c; box of three tablets, $1
ADD 10% FEDERAL TAX

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulas, combining imported and domestic ingredients.
Yardley of London, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 8) the femme fans.

That grand passion Livvie de Haviland possessed so long for Major John Huston has cooled to the icy point, Cal bears. Maybe because the Major invites all his former conquests to the same party, to everyone's discomfiture and his obvious delight.

The funniest team (off screen) in town is actor Henry Morgan (Capt. Parris) and Stanley Prager (Sergeant Tranqu) in "A Bell For Adano." The boys are coveted guests at all parties where their straight-faced drolleries keep everyone in stitches.

Competition: Chester Morris is a mighty embarrassed papa. His teen-aged daughter is now such a Sinatra fan that pictures of Frankie have crowded every picture but one, of Chester, out of her room! Frankie-boy is back in Hollywood after his overseas trip—and what a trip! He and his troupe got themselves slightly in dutch with the USO, which had their traveling schedule all mapped out to the last minute. And they risked the wrath for a very good and heart-warming reason. You see, when they got to Newfoundland, Frankie discovered that up to then, that big island was used only as a short stopover by big planes carrying entertainers. For refueling, etc. And he learned that the lonely soldiers stationed there never got a show. So instead of continuing on to Europe in a couple of hours as they were supposed to, Sinatra and company stayed on in Newfoundland for two whole weeks and saw to it that every hamlet—yes, even posts that consisted only of a few guys in a hut somewhere—got a full show from him!

Femme foibles dept: Susan Hayward carries one of Hollywood's most unique good-luck charms. Its a tiny plastic tube, containing a snip of the film from the screen (Continued on page 12)
The TRUE story of two daring women in Paris!

When each kiss may be the last...
Each Kiss Counts!

UNITED ARTISTS presents
CONSTANCE GRACIE
Bennett Fields
in
"PARIS-UNDERGROUND"

with
George Rigaud • Kurt Kreuger

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF
Based on the Story by ETTA SHIBER
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Over 30,000,000 thrilled to Etta Shiber’s great best-seller in Reader’s Digest and as a Book-of-the-Month.
Headlines—Cornel Wilde shows them to Gene Tierney lunching in Fox Commissary

(continued from page 10) test that won her the picture contract. Susie, by the way, has had to take turns with her husband Jess Barker in admiring their twin babies. Both have been working in movies at different studios. Susie has been working nights until the wee hours—and Jess in the daytime.

Eugenie Baird, the young singing protege of Bing Crosby's, is being movie-tested at Paramount. She was a sensation at the Hollywood Canteen when she showed up to do her act dressed in a costume that was made up of the sheet music of about a dozen of the current best-selling popular songs.

And Betty Hutton was a sensation at the Canteen, tearing the ether as usual with her lusty singing, and telling the boys about her overseas experiences in the Pacific. Now the Hutton is across the Atlantic—but before she left she told Cal to pay no attention to all those stories that she is going to marry a wealthy camera manufacturer of Chicago named Ted Briskin. She said, "Don't hold your breath till I marry Ted—you'll be dead!"

Cal Wonders: If you ever wondered if Hollywood beauties are interested in men outside the glamour confines of movietown, Cal found the answer when he took handsome Lieut. Jack Mahan to a preview and discovered the starlet on his right couldn't look at the picture for looking at Jack. Unfortunately the lieutenant was already Pacific bound or what a romance that would have made.

If those town playboys are ever going to catch on to the fact that that seventeen-year-old sophisticate Susan Blanchard of Twentieth Century-Fox is really bored when she says she is. When Bruce Cabot repeatedly invited Susan to parties her reply of, "Stop it, you bore me," went the rounds. And her remark to Errol Flynn's attempt at humor is (continued on page 14)
A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN!

Soft, evil, alluring...can make some guy crazy enough to kill for HER. That's the kind of woman Captain Angel is searching for...in the "Quarter" of New Orleans!

GEORGE RAFT
CLAIRE TREVOR
SIGNE HASSO

JOHNNY ANGEL

LOWELL GILMORE • HOAGY CARMICHAEL
MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by WILLIAM L. PEREIRA • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by STEVE EMERSON

Hoagy sings "Memphis in June"
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 12) killing the town. What a gal, this Susie.
If service men who have lost the use of their limbs won't be encouraged by
the indomitable spirit of Susan Peters who refused to be beaten when a bullet
penetrated her spine causing paralysis of the legs. Today she sits outside their
small apartment (there is no house available) and even walks a few steps
with the use of braces. As soon as she can, she'll appear on the radio and from
there it will be just a step—well, maybe a few brave steps—to movies again.
You can't beat a girl like Susie and no wonder the whole town is proud
of her.
Why stars like Margaret Sullavan and Franchot Tone go to all those
elaborate pains selling their Hollywood homes and furnishings to embark bag
and baggage for New York forever—only to be back several months later
frantically hunting for a place to live
—although it's certainly pleasant hav-
ing Franchot and Maggie back, heaven
knows.

Helmut—the Hero: Cal's phone gave a
loud jingle the other day and right off
we recognized that voice. He'd called
to tell us something of his New York
experiences as well as his present and
future plans.
From other sources we hear the lad
was a riot with the fans in those New
York personal appearances. To our
query he told us it had made a differ-
ce in the future plans of the studio
for him. They've promised no more
Nazi or villain roles. As the gals de-
sire him, so shall he be. And it's about
time.
He was all excited over the play he's
now producing at the Biltmore Theater
in Los Angeles entitled "To Hell We
March" with returned veterans and
former actors in the cast. It concerns
the meeting of a British, a Russian and
a Yank GI in Berlin. He felt the meet-
ing of three "little people" at the time
of the "Big Three" meeting a wonder-
ful idea. Cal (Continued on page 16)
You've lived for this moment
And he must find you excitingly lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so endearing... let Trushay guard their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant, creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before everyday tasks, before you do dishes. This "beforehand" idea is Trushay's own! And now you can guard soft hands even in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch whenever, wherever you need it.
FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL

NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

OVERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance . . .
OVERGLO effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly—does not streak. Easy fingertip application—no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . .
OVERGLO comes in six flattering skin-tinted shades . . . One bottle lasts for months. $1.50 plus tax.

NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION

A make-up discovery! OVERGLO Face Powder . . . 'completely different . . . one practically colorless shade perfect for every foundation-tinted complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with natural youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with OVERGLO or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 plus tax.

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

INSIDE STUFF

Big news shot—Appeal-winner Dana Andrews and Alice Faye (back to the screen) in an embracing scene from "Fallen Angel." Director Preminger's head got in too

As to his romance with Ida Lupino, he had little to say, but Cal knows Helmut has really never ceased carrying the torch for his ex-wife, Gwen Anderson who is divorcing Eddie Chodorov and the playwright. Now you can bet those reconciliation rumors for Helmut and Gwen will start all over again.

"Winged Victory": Sgt. Ben Maddox. Hollywood writer who has been doing publicity for "Winged Victory," writes a very newy letter telling us what has happened to the cast of the show now that it's broken up. Thought we'd pass it on to you.

Lon McCallister is in Alaska.
Remember Mark Daniels? He was seized by Major Brisson, Rosalind Russell's husband, to do leads on the radio unit Brisson runs in New York City—AAF radio. Mark and his charming Canadian wife, Marion, have an apartment in Manhattan. Understand M-G-M is very keen on the lad.

George Reeves' wife writes that George was sent on a Bond tour and she thought he was headed for Culver City. Richard Travis and Barry Nelson went there, too. As did Eddie O'Brien, though there's a rumor Eddie's about to receive his discharge. Ben has been transferred to Wright Field and the Air Technical Service Command. Quite a switch to glamorizing planes!

Toppers: The Alan Laddies have bought two acres of land for themselves in swanky Holmby Hills (between Beverly and Bel-Air) but they can't build their dream house on it until the war is over. Hold on—a rival studio has bought the movie rights to the comic strip "Joe Palooka" and Van Johnson is but dying to play the lead in it. You can bet that (Continued on page 19)
Cutex color stimulant

SCHIAPARELLI interprets

CUTEX Alert

“Alert”... pulse-stirring, heart-warming color to light up beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli, France’s ingenious designer, catches its high excitement with a flame-topped dinner dress... sponsors four other exciting Cutex colors to touch a spark to the Paris fashions in her latest collection. Try and find a lovelier polish at any price!
No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! Extra lustre...up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. Such manageable hair...easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing...due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Jewels in your Hair

for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

Lisa Fonssagrives...glamorous New York fashion model,

Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"...shows you, on this page, three smart hair- dos dramatized with jewels!

This turquoise tiara certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of luster and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A cold bracelet was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining-smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

Wear large combs set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble
(Continued from page 16) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is under contract, won't loan him out for it. What would you think of that idea? . . .

Wait till you see Ray Milland as the alcoholic in "The Lost Weekend." First really heavy dramatic role he has ever done—and he is so wonderful Elena Parker and Joe Kirkwood Jr. are a marriage threat . . . At this writing, Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles are going slightly crazy. Rita isn't feeling too well—they have to vacate their mansion by the sea within a week—and have absolutely no place to move to . . . Alan Marshall, ill and away from the screen for a whole year, has mended his shattered nerves and will be making another movie soon . . . Paulette Godard and Carole Landis have patched up their big feud that started when Carole criticized the clothes Paulette wore on her overseas tour . . . Turhan Bey only gets down on occasional weekends to be with Lana—but Lana has been dining with his mother about three nights a week . . . Calm down, gals—because Arturo de Cordova (who has beamed some of the town's most beautiful belles) is reconciling with his wife—after a long separation. Now don't tell us that all that Hollywood glamour bores him!

Personality of the Month: Cornel Wilde's voice sounded weary to Cal over the phone. We were happy to have our old friend phone us but unhappy to learn the Wildes must vacate their charming home on Alpine Drive and go house hunting again. The house has been sold.

We'd seen Cornel the day before at Twentieth Century-Fox where he's making "Leave Her To Heaven" and

**A girl can be too trusting at times!**

She wields an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away past perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of future odor. That's when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms odor-free all day or evening long. You're sure of the daintiness men admire.

Mum won't irritate your skin. And, says the American Institute of Laundering, Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes.

You can use Mum before or after you're dressed. It's quick, safe, sure. Won't dry out in jar. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
"I was UNCERTAIN! Now I'm SURE!"

Yes, I am a blonde, but that isn't enough! says Doris Bertel of New York, N. Y. I was so shy—didn't know how to meet people well!

It's a thrill now to wear a smart bathing suit! says Doris. Would YOU look as good? Want to? Then why not do as Doris did?

"Now my friends say I'm more attractive!" says Doris today! "My Powers Home Course changed my whole life—made me so much happier and a whole lot more successful, too!"

Powers' Proved Beauty Course Offers YOU, TOO, NEW SELF-CONFIDENCE A "MODEL" FIGURE!

"So many people have complimented me upon my NEW appearance that I think all girls should have the opportunities your training offers!" Those are Doris Bertel's own words. Now Doris is self-confident! For YOU, too, the Powers Home Course can give:

Quick results! In as little as 7 days you can see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror.

Planned just for you! In your own home, you discover the beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to thousands of "just average" girls, made them happy, successful!

Inspiring Grace Eden! Confidential faculty advice, plus close attention from sympathetic Grace Eden, noted Course Director, helps you become the new, thrilling YOU!

Low cost! Why deny yourself the happiness, the admiration Powers Training can win for YOU so easily, inexpensively?

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES OF PERSONALIZED POWERS TRAINING! 60 individualized features! Including the famous Eden "Photo-Revise" drawn by Miss Eden's staff of experts—to show you how to make the most of YOU! Help on your Figure! Make-up! Grooming! Styling! Your Voice! The famous "Powers Girl" formula for charm and magnetism! Powers Home Training really works!

Mail this Coupon NOW!


"FREE! COMPLETE, CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION!"

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite K-365, New York 17, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'd like to learn the "Powers Girl" beauty secrets. I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free illustrated booklet and confidential questionnaire.

Name__________________________

(PLEASE PRINT)

Street_________________________

City & Zone______________________

State__________________________

"POWERS GIRL" Creator

FREE! COMPLETE, CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION!

A Line or Two: Sabu on furlough, after completing forty-two missions and logging 427 combat hours as a ball-turret gunner, was heartily welcomed by friends at Universal... The Jim Browns, who have two small girls, hope for a boy in January... Visiting veterans who long for a glimpse of Susanna Foster can spot her either lunching, tearing or dining on the porch of The Players and always with another girl, fellows... Ava Gardner's crush on Artie Shaw is so serious Hollywood expects the two will wed—when Artie is free... Hollywood expects Turhan Bey, who speaks four languages, to be grabbed up by the Intelligence Department after his boot camp training at Camp Roberts... Linda Darnell refuses to diet because her husband approves her well-rounded figure, ignoring the fact the camera adds to feminine pountage... Don De Fore received more fan mail than all other males in "The Affairs Of Susan" which (Continued on page 22)
LEAVE US FACE IT...

Duffy's throwin' the Greatest Star Party

in Hollywood History!

32 wonderful stars! The funniest scenes ever filmed! Terrific songs and satire! Gorgeous girls, riotous laughs — as Paramount brings radio's riot show to the screen at last!

Paramount presents

ED GARDNER'S

DUFFY'S TAVERN

Starring Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Arturo de Cordova, Barry Fitzgerald, Cass Daley, Diana Lynn, Victor Moore, Marjorie Reynolds, Barry Sullivan and Archie (Himself)

Ed Gardner with Charles Cantor, Eddie Green, Ann Thomas and Robert Benchley, William Demarest, Howard da Silva, Billy De Wolfe, Walter Abel, Johnny Coy, Miriam Franklin, Olga San Juan, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lin Crosby • Based on characters created by Ed Gardner

Directed by HAL WALKER • A Paramount Picture
(Continued from page 20) Bette Davis's suitor, Lewis Riley, has been made a sergeant and is now in the China-Burma theater. Errol Flynn's new book "Once In A Smile" has been so toned down by request of the publishers, its own father wouldn't know it.

Round-up: The death of cowboy star Addison Randall helped to heal the breach between Connie Bennett and her sister Barbara, who was married to the actor. John Hodiak, who became a regular weekend helper on Preston Foster's ranch fell so in love with the life he bought a ranch of his own in Tarzana. Ella Raines and her husband Major Kenneth Trout are said to be near the breaking-up point. Carole Landis, who won a divorce from Captain Tom Wallace, may even now be Mrs. Horace Schmidlapp and an ex-movie star. Hear tell Carole wants to retire from the screen. Gene Autry, out of the Air Force, embarked for overseas to entertain the boys. Corp. Bill Lundigan, who did such a swell job on Okinawa, now back in Hollywood.

Van and Fans: Glimpsed Van Johnson at the rodeo recently at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Van's attempts to watch the riding and shooting were woefully blocked by the hundreds of fans who yelled constantly for autographs. Finally, at the request of "Mr. Johnson, may I have your autograph?" Van replied without glancing up, "Please let me see the rodeo." "But, Mr. Johnson, how can you be so cruel?" was the demand. Van then reluctantly tore his eyes from the exciting scene before him and reached for the paper. A sudden laugh brought his eyes upward and there stood a friend. "Don't do that to me," Van laughed and settled back for a brief glimpse of the show he'd hoped to see.

And speaking of Van, one wonders what he will do for a home now that the exclusive hotel in which he resides has been declared out of bounds by the zoning law. Will it be back to an apartment with those fans waiting outside, inside and topside for him, or will he move in with the Keenan Wynn's as rumored?

Romance Lane: We got kind of a kick when Bob Hutton, legally separated, hailed us in Romanoffs the other day. Bob and friends were lunching with the lovely Kathy Downs, a former model and now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. "Do you think I'd have a chance there?"

Nominated for the candid of the month, though not for the beauty of the expression on big Bill Ben-dix's face—with the ace director Sidney Lanfield

irresistible lips are

Dearly
Beloved

To seem beautiful is to be beautiful! So keep your lips irresistible . . . divinely soft and lovely with IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED LIPSTICK . . . a deep, rich, dynamic tone that goes on smoothly and stays on longer thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching rouge and powder.

Irresistible ruby red Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R !

10¢-25¢ SIZES

the bride-to-be wears

A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR
INSIDE STUFF

Bob asked us on the side. Always the romantic one, we agreed it worth asking at least. So Bob asked the lovely Kathy for a dinner date the following night and got it.

Incidentally, Bob's beautiful ex-wife Natalie Hutton came around with friends to pick up Cal for a preview the other evening. How lovely is it possible for you to get? Cal wondered, and remembered Alan Curtis was asking himself the same question. The two have been seeing each other, we hear.

Glimpsed Peter Lawford who has been so down since his two favorite girls, Lana and Judy, went out of circulation. The engaging Englishman was dining in a cozy Romanoff's booth for two with the beautiful Gail Russell, and Cal had a feeling that twosome may really grow into something. At least Peter looked cheerful again.

Dining at Somerset House George Raft joined Cal for a chat. "Just think," he said, "next week I have a birthday and I'm almost fifty." Cal allowed as how George was the youngest looking "nearly fifty" he'd ever seen. And the blonde with George? It was Virginia Maples who looks so much like Betty Grable one wonders if George still cares in that direction.

Cal also hears George has discovered lovely little Eve Amber (no relation to the "Forever" girl) who is under contract to Twentieth. Leave it to Raft to discover the beautiful blondes.

Factually: Off the screen for almost two years, Brenda Marshall is hard at work in "You'll Remember Me." And what luck! Two days after she started, Brenda came down with make-up poisoning and was laid up for a week. The very dark (both hair and skin) Brenda will wear a blonde wig through this whole picture. By the way, good-looking Bill Holden, who has been busier for Uncle Sam than he ever was in the movies, is temporarily out of the service. Because of an ear infection which has him temporarily completely deaf.

Galas reunion at the Atwater Kent party—Brenda Marshall and husband Lt. William Holden with Alan Hale, in a laugh attack.

Are you in the know?

Do this often, if you're addicted to—

- Tantrums
- Booking blues
- Hickey trouble

You can drown all three sorrows (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes, improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hiccups . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. To help you stay sweet and dainty, Kotex now contains a deodorant.

A deodorant that can't shake out because it is processed right into each Kotex napkin—locked in, not merely dusted on.

It's a new Kotex "extra"!

To use silver correctly, would you—

- Start from outside
- Start from the inside
- Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through comfort. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.

If he stood you up last night—

- Should you blow your top
- Be a tearful tearful
- Bide your time

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines...and you'll feel secure with the extra protection of Kotex' special safety center!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

STUFF


23
Pride of The Marines (Warners)

PRIDE of Hollywood could well be the title of this enormously enthralling film of war hero Al Schmid, the Philadelphia Marine who lost his sight on Guadalcanal. Every foot and reel of it is laden with human interest, packed with corn-free situations and enlivened by scenes of realism and moments of amusement. All the ingredients necessary to a truly fine film are found within its scope and brought forth with rare quality by each and every one of its performers.

John Garfield, Al Schmid, the lad who loves Eleanor Parker and refuses to face her when blinded, gives just about the best performance of his career. And Dane Clark takes over scene after scene for his own. What an actor! Coming into her own is Eleanor Parker who delivers a sensitive, restrained and beautifully etched performance. Tom D’Andrea, whose com-
edy sequences were written by himself, enlivens the hospital scenes with some of the funniest monkey business seen in a long time. Take note of this talented newcomer, please.

There is no overdoing in any direction with the result we not only witness one of the most realistic combat sieges seen on the screen, but actually feel the love between Al and his girl, between buddies in combat and in the hospital.

John Ridgely and Ann Todd, the happy couple, when Al lived, Rosemary DeCamp as the understanding Navy nurse, Warren Douglas, Don McGuire and Stephen Richards as pals, are perfectly cast. In fact, the film excels in every department due, in part, to the direction of Delmer Daves who keeps his actors people.

Your Reviewer Says: A truly fine picture.

Love Letters (Paramount)

A FILM of strange and at times eerie beauty, dealing with the theme of a forgotten past and an enduring love, is given life, depth and understandings by Jennifer Jones as the girl and Joseph Cotten the man who loves her.

It begins when Cotten, a soldier, writes letters of exquisite prose and tender sentiment for a girl in uniform. He has sent these letters to Jennifer, who has met the young officer casually, learns to love him through the letters she believes are his. They marry with tragic results and Cotten, home from the wars, sets out to find the girl to whom he had written the letters.

The element of mystery and foreboding that surrounds the story, the meeting of Cotten and Jennifer, their marriage, the awful awakening of Jennifer to the truth, are enhanced by the music that forms the background, the settings, the direction of William Dieterle and the superb performances of every member of the cast. Outstanding is Ann Richards, the girl who befriends Jennifer. There is a quality of warmth and naturalness about Miss Richards that holds the interest from her first speech. Certainly she is that “something new” that has been added to the screen. Jennifer is young, baffling, arresting in her performance, and if too much stress is laid on her amnesia, it’s the fault of the script writer not the principals. Cotten is superb, of course, and so is Cecil Kellaway as Mack the caretaker.

Antia Louise, Byron Barr, Robert Sully and Gladys Cooper complete the splendid cast.

Your Reviewer Says: That so-different movie.

Her Highness And The Bellboy (M-G-M)

If we could write a poem, something about romance and charm and love and music, and make it all flow out in a heart-warming meter, it would be dedicated to this mischievously captivating film.

Not for a moment, mind you, are we misled in its motives—to take us by the hand through storybook land where everyone lives happily ever after. But how willingly and happily we go causes us to wonder why we aren’t led there more often. Probably because the people concerned, producer Joe Pasternak, director Richard Thorpe, writers Richard Con nell and Gladys Lehman, plus the delightful natives of this land of romance, Robert Walker, Hedy Lemarr and June Allyson, just never got together before.

Walker crowns himself with glory as the bellhop assigned to her Royal Highness Hedy Lemarr in a famous New York hos-
telry. The lad grows in stature, in charm, in authority, with every film.

June Allyson as the little cripple whom he really loves has a pixie-like charm that comes with this film with appealing cuteness. And Hedy for the first time since “Algiers” seems a woman of reality, of emotional integrity and inner beauty. Rags Ragland as Walker’s pal couldn’t have been dumber or more likable. It’s by far his best work to date. Note Warner Anderson who plays the columnist Hedy loves—our idea of what a leading man should look like.

Carl Esmond, Agnes Moorehead and Ludwig Stossel, all a part of Hedy’s retinue, gleam and glimmer with polish and finesse in quite the most charming film of the month.

Your Reviewer Says: Encore, please.

(Continued on page 129)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 130
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 140
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 135
Isn’t it the nice thing, the wise thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows? The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won’t tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due; say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never; omit this wholly delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo:
FIRST THERE WERE TEN...

A Poisoned Drink... and then there were NINE!

A Strangling Terror... and then there were EIGHT!

A Knife in the Back... and then there were SEVEN!

This One With An Axe... and then there were SIX!

For Her A Deadly Needle... and then there were FIVE!

A Shot in the Dark... and then there were FOUR!

His Head Was Crushed... and then there were THREE!

The Sea Washed Him Up... and then there were TWO!

Agatha Christie's world-famous Masterpiece of Terror... with the Screen's greatest all-star cast!

Rene Clair's

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

BARRY • FITZGERALD • HUSTON • HAYWARD

Starring

BARBARA STANWYCK

ROLAND YOUNG • JUNE DUPREZ • SIR C. AUBREY SMITH

MISCHA AUER • JUDITH ANDERSON • RICHARD HAYDN

Queenie Leonards • Harry Thurston

Directed and Produced by Rene Clair • Executive Producer Harry M. Popkin
Screenplay by Dudley Nichols • From the Story by Agatha Christie
Ginger Briggs sat in the living room of her hilltop home thumbing idly through the script of her new picture, "Heartbeat," a Hakim-Woods production for RKO release.

It was a Monday night—a very blue Monday night. One of those times when life seems more than a little fouled up.

"Heartbeat" was a good script—the story of a little Parisian pickpocket who picks pockets to get enough money to buy a husband, then masquerades at an embassy ball and eventually gets Jean Pierre Aumont for free. It was good fast comedy. Should make for a lot of laughs. And that's what the world needed right now. Laughs. That was part of her job. But sometimes it was a little rugged going remembering it.

The script slipped to the floor, along with the sketches of glamour gowns that she could neither concentrate on nor see. This was an important milestone in her career—her first venture in independent motion-picture production, for she has a business interest in the Hakim-Woods film, in addition to being its star.

But times like tonight, it seemed a very empty prize. There was no consolation in being Ginger Rogers the motion-picture star, glamour queen. Tonight she was Ginger of the gyrenes. A Leatherneck's lady. Just one of the thousands of lonely Marine wives who have sweated out the campaigns from stateside—working and waiting, and praying and hoping, living for the moment when those "greens" would flash through the front door.

He had been gone two Christmases—more than eighteen months—and it seemed like that many years.

It was tomorrow afternoon on Okinawa. And somewhere out there on a pin point in the far Pacific—on a hill with only a number for a name—her husband, Sergeant Jack Briggs of the Quartermaster section of the Sixth Marine Division, had been dishing out supplies for the front. Amidst the whine of bullets, the scream of mortars, the thud of artillery.

"You have nothing to worry about," more than one thoughtless person had told her. "A Quartermaster's outfit is non-combatant." Little did they know about this corps. That in the midst of enemy action there is no such thing as a non-combat job in the U. S. Marines. Mortars and machine-gun bullets rip the supply tents. You shoot. They shoot back. That's combat.

Yes, it was tomorrow afternoon on Okinawa. And tonight in Hollywood Sergeant Briggs seemed more than just a prayer away.

"Don't worry about me," Jack had written Ginger and his mother many times. "I'm making out okay. It's a little rugged out here, but not really so rough." Not rough. That was Jack for you. (Continued on page 110)
The theme is love, the stars, Esther Williams and Sergeant Ben Gage and the outcome is scheduled to be—"they lived happily ever after"

**BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS**

**THE** very pretty girl in the smart new party dress sat and watched Van Johnson approach with an expression on her face that could have been an illustration for *Little Thunderpuss*.

Yes, you heard me.

Where some belles might have swooned and others squealed, Esther Williams watched her co-star wind his way through the cocktail crowd around the Beverly Hills swimming pool with a definite pout on her attractive kisser.

It wasn't that Esther didn't like Van as a friend, an actor, her co-star of "Thrill Of A Romance" and as a damn good scout. But her real-life co-star, the gent of her heart, Ben Gage, was at her side—and Van was coming to take her away on a "date" the studio had cooked up for them.

As the stars of "Thrill Of A Romance," it was their beheld duty to appear at the charity premiere of the picture looking as interested in one another as possible. The fans were supposed to "go" for the idea.

"Which is a lot of tosh, if you ask me," said the forthright Esther several days later when she was telling me about it, and I had to laugh at her frankness.

I don't know when I've been more attracted to one of these new young stars than I was to this dark-eyed, blonde, curvaceous swimming queen the day she came over to the house to tell me about the "thrill of her romance" with—not Van—but handsome Ben Gage.

Esther is a wonderful interview subject. Not since Jean Harlow have I known a young actress to speak with such frankness about her heart affairs—her unhappy marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner—and the honesty of her admission that she loves, and plans to marry, Ben Gage.

As I sat and looked at her in her modest black tailored suit and small white hat which becomingly framed her face, I thought how wonderful it is to see someone who is completely happy. And Esther is just that. She is in love—and she knows she is loved. What greater joy is there for any woman?
She hadn't been at the house an hour before Ben showed up—that's how it is with them! The young singer-radio announcer is something to look at, let me tell you. He has blond curly hair and Esther, who is five feet seven herself, comes only to his shoulder. He is so tall that when he walked into my playroom his head nearly reached the beam.

Just as I had liked Esther immediately, I felt the same way about Ben. His honesty matches her own frankness and there is something so straightforward and sincere about him. Somehow I feel that this is one marriage that will last—for neither makes any bones about the fact that they will be married just about the time or soon after you are reading this.

Esther slipped her hand into Ben's and asked, "Do you think if I say I am going to marry as soon as my divorce becomes final that people will think this is just another Hollywood marriage? That I couldn't wait to get my freedom from one marriage in order to jump into another?"

I told her that since she had never been seen at parties or night spots with anyone but Ben I couldn't see how the gossips could think their marriage was a hurry-up affair.

"It's a funny thing," she told me. "After I got my divorce, the studio thought I should go out with a lot of men. But from the minute I met Ben I never had the slightest desire to go stepping, dining or dancing with any of the men-about-town or young actors."

I thought it was high time to put Ben out. I wanted to settle down for some woman talk with Esther about him. After the good-looking young giant had left us, I asked, "Where did you meet him?"

She laughed and said, "We met at a Jewish Auxiliary dinner for the Old People's Home! Ben arrived, resplendent in uniform, with Ginny Simms. It wasn't long before Ginny found someone she liked better and left him to his own devices. I was (Continued on page 83)
THE plane was yellow and black and the name Wham Bam was painted in large letters on either side. It looked like a big angry bumble bee. Which is okay for an operation ship. An operation ship is not supposed to go on missions, fly over a target, or even travel in enemy skies.

But back in 1944, shortly after the invasion, when the enemy had us stopped and Patton was trying to break through at St. Lo, the Wham Bam flew right over the target with the rest of them.

It happened like this. Jimmy Stewart, a major then, and Colonel Potts, commanding officer of the base, decided to go up and take a “look-see” at the formation. Once up they decided further to go along.

The Colonel, a tall, good-looking blond about twenty-five years old with a wonderful sense of humor, was Jimmy’s pal. Perfect for each other, they were always together—around the base, at the club, on leave. Good pilots, too, both of them. Usually more careful, however. An operation ship, after all, carries neither bombs nor guns. And their only escort was a couple of Spitzfires. But sometimes officers forget caution. You can’t play it safe all the time.

The orders that day had, in themselves, been a challenge. They had read, in effect, to bomb—at all costs—so the ground force could move on.

The Wham Bam’s navigator wanted to turn back. “What the ——!” he bellowed. “We’ve got no business being here and won’t even get credit for a mission.”

But Major Stewart and Colonel Potts said, “No dice! We’ll follow them in. We want to see the show!” Well, they saw it—through heavy ack-ack and flak. The formation went in at nine thousand feet. At nine thousand feet you are a “sitting duck.” You are just right for it. It hits you dead center. And the enemy was throwing up everything they had; wash-tubs, old gun barrels.

However, the sight of the Wham Bam buzzing around the sky acted upon every man in the formation like a shot of Adrenalin. The enemy got everything we had too.

We lost plenty at St. Lo that day. But when the run was over Patton could get through.

Back at the base the crews of the ship that had returned hung around the field chain-smoking, voices tense, strained faces watching the sky. Then, as the black and yellow operation ship buzzed overhead and circled for a landing, there were piercing whistles, lusty cheers.

There are many such stories about Colonel Jimmy. You hear them from all the boys who flew in his squadron... over Bremen and Kiel. (Continued on page 120)
No, it isn't a Walt Disney dream—you'll find out its importance to Jim in the story.

Jim wrote on the back of this picture to his family: "Me—talking it over just after landing. We had been on a long one that day—far into Germany—that suit that I am wearing—and the shoes—are electrically heated—it is fine until the Germans shoot out the electric system—then you are cold."

Colonel Jim, who started as a private, has won the Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross, Croix de Guerre. (He was a lieutenant colonel when this picture was taken.)
I Want To Talk To You—

About Tolerance

The Voice of democracy—with a new theme
song for you, no matter who you are

Know something, Kids? We've got a big job on our hands!
It doesn't matter that you're too young to serve on the battlefront or that there's some physical reason why Uncle Sam won't let you wear a uniform. Fighting is only part of the picture. And if those of us who are stuck here at home don't pitch in and take care of the other part of the picture it's going to be too bad. It's going to mean that the boys who are fortunate enough to come through this war safely will find the same conditions at home that they donned their uniforms and left their loved ones to wipe out.

We get all hot and bothered about the intolerance and persecution that was practised by the Nazis. We call them criminals. And we're right, both times! But we'd better look out that we aren't so busy passing judgment on them that we forget to watch our own performance.

I tell you all this because in various parts of this country I have actually seen boys and girls banded together against those in their neighborhood or school, factory or office, who had different religious or political beliefs or were of another color. Usually this hatred was instigated by someone older. There's always someone eager to poison the minds of young people. None of us is born with any instinct to hate our neighbor. This is something that develops as we grow up and hear men and women or older boys and girls saying "stinky
one boy, listen while Frank talks turkey. From RKO's "The House I Live In"

kike" or "fresh wop" or "big nigger" or "dirty Catholic" until, unaware, we are absorbing a poison—we begin to think of anyone who is of a different race or color or creed than ourselves in the same dangerous intolerant terms.

I know if I told those kids I saw banded together against others that they were no better than the Nazi S. S. troopers they would have smacked me in the nose. Because basically they’re Americans and proud of it. They think they are being honest when in their pledge of allegiance they say “... one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.” That’s what makes it all so terribly sad. Hatred begins simply but it spreads like wildfire until, causing just such atrocities as we damned in Nazi Germany, it covers an entire land.

Remember that corny old rhyme, “Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me”? It isn’t only corny, it’s not true. Names do hurt. They actually cause more harm than sticks or stones. The boy who’s called a sheenie or a nigger or anything of this sort can be so hurt by these names that he will grow up determined to be stronger than those who called him names, and get even. Therefore, never in his life does he give anyone but his own kind any job or any business. So intolerance spreads. Multiply this state of affairs thousands, even millions of times and instead of a strong united nation you get a country divided against itself.

Besides, the calling of names spreads intolerance in another way. Show you what I mean. The Catholic kids on a certain block may like the little Jewish boy who is their neighbor well enough until they get the idea he is a “stinky kike.” The Protestant kids on the next block may have a swell time with the Catholic boy who lives next door until they begin to think of him as a “dirty Catholic.”

So it goes—on and on and on. We here at home are all too apt to forget that the sons and husbands and brothers of those we call names are fighting and perhaps dying alongside of our own loved ones. For the boys who crouch shoulder to shoulder in foxholes ask no questions about any man’s race, color or creed.

I know how easy it is to absorb the poison that bigoted people spread to capture the imagination of the young. When I was going to school over in Jersey some bigger kids used to throw rocks at me and call me a “little Dago.” So to get even I, in turn, called Protestants and Jews and Negroes bad names.

There was a lot of talk at this time about a Ku Klux Klan that operated in the neighborhood. I didn’t understand exactly what Ku Kluxers were but I got the idea they were against Catholics. So I was against them. I hated them just as much as they hated me. You see, Kids, that’s the way hate (Continued on page 98)
Halfway to Heaven

Judy and Vincente would tell you—that a honeymoon in a penthouse is a modern version of the old-fashioned paradise

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

Crowning a beautiful building on the ultra-fashionable Sutton Place in New York City there is a triplex penthouse. The beautiful rooms on all three of its floors open on lavishly furnished terraces where trees and gardens grow fabulously in painted tubs.

A guest, standing on the upper terrace of this penthouse during a party recently, looking down at the city lights far below and then up at the stars, said: "More than halfway to Heaven..."

An amusing remark this but also something of an understatement. For it was here, through the long summer, that Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli honeymooned. It was here they found their way to the same quick and sensitive understanding as man and wife that they have enjoyed this last year as star and producer.

From the first there was a creative affinity between Vincente and Judy. It would, of course, take a man as sensitive and shy and also as brilliant and as much fun as he is to comprehend a girl as wholly the arist as she.

Vincente says of Judy proudly, "She's the most responsive actress I've ever worked with. When we have rehearsed a scene I have only to say: 'Judy, I wish you could do it more—' and before I have finished I know by her eyes she understands. And when we do the scene, then, it has just the essence I wanted for it."

Judy, in turn, says of Vincente: "We have known each other for about four years, but not well. Vincente was the producer for Ziegfeld Follies,' Meet Me In St. Louis' and 'The Clock.' But it wasn't until 'The Clock' that we began going out together.

"Everything about that picture was wonderful. We had such fun making it—Vincente and Bob Walker and I working always so close—that we didn't know how the dickens it would come out. Seemed almost as if we were enjoying it too much."

A long time ago Judy and Vincente worked together too. When she and Mickey Rooney were doing those old Bushy Berkeley pictures Vincente designed many of their production numbers.

"Only I never knew it," Judy says. "After all I just got a script and it never said who had sat at a desk in one of the offices and planned what went into it."

"But when Vincente told me the numbers he had worked on I realized that even then—before we met—he understood me better than any one else. For the numbers he worked on always were my favorites."

Judy and Vincente, as you know, planned to be married in New York. Manhattan really is his home. He has many dear friends there; all the theater people and writers and musicians and charming cosmopolites who have adored him ever since he produced the delightful Music Hall shows and (continued on page 107)
To Photoplay readers, this exclusive wedding-day portrait of Vincente Minnelli and Judy Garland.
Evenings he usually spends at the base—town is too crowded

What a guy!

... is Madison, or maybe you'd call him Aladdin, for magic traveled with him on that forty-eight-hour leave

GUY MADISON is one of the most surprising things that has happened to Hollywood in years. When I say "happened to," I mean just that, because the whole story is so incredible that it seems like a curious sort of visitation. If it seems like that to Hollywood, imagine how it seems to Guy!

Remember the sailor—the one with the mocking laugh—in the bowling alley sequence with Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker in "Since You Went Away"? Of course you do. It was one of the loveliest sequences in the picture. Well, this is what happened.

Guy, who was, as he puts it, "just a gob stationed at San Diego," came up to Hollywood a couple of years ago on a forty-eight-hour leave. He had a chance to visit a radio broadcast and he thought he might even glimpse a "real live actor." Specifically, he hoped to gaze upon Janet Gaynor in the flesh.

So there he was, minding his own business and waiting for the broadcast to start when a mild-mannered gentleman approached him, introduced himself and then inquired, casually, "Would you like to be in pictures?" Honestly he did—just as they do in the stories the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is always peddling with you not to believe. Guy was considerably startled and gasped, "What was the name again?"

The name was Henry Willson and he turned out to be assistant to the president of Vanguard Films and he wanted urgently, right then, to take Guy to meet David O. Selznick and Daniel O'Shea.

Guy hesitated a touch because, although his new friend seemed to be sober and all right in the head, nothing he was saying appeared to make sense and, after all, a sailor has just so much time on leave and a good seat at a broadcast isn't to be tossed away lightly just because some guy in the audience develops fantastic ideas. Henry had to use some pretty fancy salesmanship to pry Guy out of that seat. But he finally accomplished it and in no time at all young Madison was being interviewed by Selznick who offered him then and there, without benefit of a screen or reading test, a contract to study for pictures. That was as far as any of them could go, what with Guy's previous commitment to assist in winning the war.

The next thing that happened on that bewildering evening was that Guy found himself dining at Mocambo with Henry Willson and the dainty Anne Shirley and, instead of seeing one or two actors "in the flesh" and at a distance, he was dancing with one and being introduced to swarms of others, lots of them, with names to make a man's head swim. He had an uneasy feeling that his head would be swimming even more diligently if he could identify a few more of those names. He wished he had paid more attention when they flashed those credits on the screen at the movies in his home town of Bakersfield.

Nowadays, when Guy's in town, he's Henry Willson's
"I'm just a gob stationed at San Diego," says Guy Madison, appearing in his first picture, Selznick's "Since You Went Away"

Brawn—and bronze from the California sun. Guy takes time out these days for some serious thinking.

All Photographs by Hymie Fink
Guy is one of six children. As a child he was scrawny, but exercise and outdoors produced the husky lad above.

house guest. His only complaint on this score is that "the bed is too big and too soft." He declares when the war is over and he can live as he pleases, he will always sleep on the floor with "just a few comforters or blankets." This, he insists, is much better for you. Hardly anyone in Hollywood listens to him, however. Such austerity is unpopular in the film capital.

LIFE was different for Guy after that magic date. The rare forty-eight-hour leaves weren't spent on sight-seeing. (He hasn't yet seen Janet Gaynor in person.) There were drama lessons and voice lessons which entailed such odd goings-on as reciting "ga-ga-ga" and other lessons which convinced him that, although he had learned to walk at an early age, he has been doing it the wrong way all these years and, for Pete's sake, he even had to learn how to laugh! For David Selznick had, himself, written in that sequence for Guy—and you remember, you heard his mocking laugh before you saw his face upon the screen. Guy says he never worked as hard at anything in his life as he did at perfecting that laugh. But he finally conquered it and if he knows you and you urge him, he will do it for you even now... and the whole scene comes back to you.

He had a week's leave, his first long one in two years, and they shot his part of the picture in four days. He didn't have to test for make-up or costume, since he wore his own, unembellished face and his accustomed sailor suit! He hadn't told his family what had happened to him. It seemed so fantastic that he thought he'd better wait until the picture was released and find out whether he was actually in it. However, after the rushes were run, the reports were good enough so that he timorously informed his parents that "maybe" he was a "sort of actor, for once, anyhow."

At his San Diego base he started thinking of all his leaves in terms of Hollywood. Evenings he usually spends at the base. Occasionally, however, he takes a girl to a dance hall. There's reason to suspect that a pretty little Wave stationed near his base is giving the Hollywood pretties competition. But Guy won't commit himself on this, except to turn rosy.

Then there's a fellow life guard, "Dutch" Erwin and his pretty wife and baby daughter. Sometimes "Dutch" invites Guy and his cronies for Saturday-evening fun. "Those evenings," Guy reports, "have been super."

His daytime duties alternate between swimming instruction and life guard duty. The latter activity has been useful, he remarks, because he could practise his voice exercises—those "ga-ga-gas" and "mng-mng-mings"—while perched on his high stool, presiding over the swimming pool—and people can't hear me and think I'm going nuts!" The teaching duties give him the chance to display his special talent—showing men how to save their lives if they fall into an oil-covered sea.

A few weeks ago Guy was returned to the naval hospital for
His current melody is "Sailing . . . Sailing" but all the time Guy is being groomed for peacetime pictures.

Archery is a favorite sport—he makes his own bows and arrows.

Maid Fannie Bolden serves Guy, a guest of good friend Henry Wilso.

Treatment for a serious spinal injury which he sustained a year or two ago in diving. He was treated at the time but the trouble has recurred and he anticipates several more weeks of treatment before it is corrected. The inactivity of a hospital bed is pretty hard on young Madison.

Guy was born in Bakersfield, California and grew up there. His father has been a machinist for the Santa Fe Railroad for twenty-four years. There were six children in the family and they were such a busy, industrious lot that none of them ever had time to concentrate much on movies or on the magazines which told about movie people.

Ill health in his early years did Guy a favor. When he was eight he was such a pathetically scrawny little lad that his family sent him to a health resort in the mountains and it was there that he first learned to swim. He knew almost immediately that water was the thing he liked best in the world. While he was growing (Continued on page 100)
Bogie and Lauren in their boat anchored at Balboa Bay—perfect for honeymooning

Lauren Bacall, co-starring with her husband, Humphrey Bogart, in "The Big Sleep"

True sailors—the Bogarts raise sail on the "Sluggy Nutty"
ONE WEEK, four days and seven hours following their wedding ceremony at Louis Bromfield's Malaria Farm in Ohio, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall separated!

She had a date with the drier out at Warner Brothers at 7:30 A.M. "Confidential Agent," her new picture opposite Charles Boyer, was about to get under way. Bogie, in the midst of making "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" (no drier required), wasn't due in the make-up department until 8:30 A.M. Promptly, to the second, he came through the swinging doors like a small boy attending his first fire.

"Betty—Betty," he called out anxiously. "Where are you?"

The doors of several booths swung open. Bette Davis, Betty Carter the make-up woman and Betty Cook the manicurist, all started to answer at once. Seeing it was Bogart, they grinned quietly to themselves and closed their doors again. The real object of his search was in the last booth at the end of the hall.

Her back was to the door but she saw him in the mirror as he came in. The drier, roaring like the M-G-M trademark, made conversation out of the question. Their eyes met and conversation no longer was necessary. Just then the hairdresser entered. She switched off the drier and felt Lauren's sun-streaked tresses—now a shade lighter since their brief honeymoon on his boat.

"How are you Betty?" he inquired solicitously. (He still can't make himself call her Lauren.) It was quite obvious that nothing disturbing had happened during the brief hour since she had last seen him. Lauren smiled. She looked the happiness she felt.

"If we break for lunch first, I'll pick you up," he said. He was half way out the door, when suddenly he was back. He kissed her quickly (Continued on page 95)
The pause for his pipe—Bill Eythe, appearing in "The House On 92nd Street"

MAN FROM MARS

He might have come from the planet Mars instead of

the little Pennsylvania town—this down-to-earth Bill Eythe

BILL EYTHE is so darn different from other actors of his age that he might have descended on Vine Street, Hollywood, from Mars the planet instead of Mars the tiny town in Pennsylvania.

He is devastatingly direct whether he is talking to his most intimate friend or a representative of the press, and he has not yet acquired the dubious virtue of designing his dialogue to fit the ears of his audience. He says what he thinks even when what he thinks isn't what he ought to think.

A girl in the publicity department of his studio told me recently that she had interviewed Bill to get some material for press releases, and the frankness of his answers had all but caused her to fall out of her swivel chair. "You know, Bill," she cautioned, "you're going to have to learn to be not quite so honest. You're liable to say something somebody won't like, you know."

I asked her what his reply was.

"Well," she admitted ruefully, "it sounded like 'Ha, ha.'"

Although his build-up has been strictly in the glamour groove (there was a time during the making of "The Royal Scandal" when, to judge by the Twentieth Century-Fox publicity blurbs, one would have thought they were trying to sell him as a male version of "Legs" Dietrich), Bill Eythe is a long way from the matinee idol type. Actually he fits rather well the description in Helen Morgan's old song about Bill—"you'd meet him on the street and never notice him." He's not tall, not short, not husky, not puny, not pretty, not homely. He could walk down the main drag of any town in America and not a girl would whistle at him, or sigh or swoon.
He tends toward sport clothes—even in shoes. Says he reached success by a series of boners, worst one—calling an interior decorator an "inferior" decorator.

He just looks like the high-school boy who works part time in the drugstore around the corner.

All this is a tribute to him, for it can never be said that he achieved stardom because he looked well in tights or had a face that launched a thousand bobby-soxers or spoke with a voice like a melted saxophone. He came by his success honestly, and the hard way.

He is just a darned good actor.

That is why he is able to glide with greased ease from the poignant solemnity of the role as the miller's son in "The Song Of Bernadette" to the tongue-in-cheek giddiness of his part as Empress Tallulah's boudoir pet, and why he will never be typed as a stalwart American youth or a college kid or a coy dream prince. He is versatile because he acts from the brain, not the profile, and if a good part turned up (Continued on page 102)
A newcomer is big news, especially when he's tall, dark and John Dall—who has reason to know that his lady luck is a lady named Davis.

For John Dall in “The Corn Is Green” we can largely thank Bette Davis. It is unlikely he would have given such a fine, strong performance without her. Actually, while “The Corn Is Green” was in production just about the same inspired story that was being enacted for the camera went on behind the camera too.

The camera recorded the poignant story of Miss Moffatt, the teacher, fighting and sacrificing to save young, sensitive Morgan Evans from the Welsh coal mines and send him to Oxford.

John Dall, in wonder and gratitude, tells the other story of Bette Davis, the star, fighting and working to make his unknown name star-bright with this, his first picture. “She never coddled me,” he explains. “She’s too salty and realistic.
John finds it's a comfortable way to scan the morning paper—before going to bed for the night

and thoroughly New England for anything like that. I wouldn't want those blue eyes of hers on me, I can tell you, if ever I shirked anything. "What she did was contrive in many ways to give me the greatest gift anyone in my spot could have—a sense of security! Without this I would have been far less happy, far less able."

John, over six feet tall, has leg trouble. Since his legs refuse to fit properly under any table he sits sidewise. Whereupon his legs, in slacks, and his feet in mocassins and knitted socks—garterless naturally—frequently have to be pulled out of the way of those who pass. Years of experience—John reached his growth of six feet and one inch at fourteen—have made him fairly professional about teetering in chairs tilted far enough backward to make room for his legs underneath.

John's favorite garb is brownish slacks, a beige corduroy jacket slightly on the large size which he wears flying wide and a foulard bow tie in red that is always askew. All this plus his stubborn brown hair that has a habit of falling forward gives him the currently fashionable sloppy look. On John, however, it looks good; even makes unwrinkled socks, a buttoned-up jacket that fits, a straight tie and wavy hair decidedly stuffy.

"She's so darn wonderful!" John says when he talks of Bette. "So darn wonderful! If, when we were doing a scene together, there was noise or confusion and I didn't come through as well as she thought I could she would break up the scene. She would wink at me and then say to the director: 'So sorry, but I forgot my lines!'"

"When I (Continued on page 86)
Fair bill of fare—Betty Grable, next to be starred in "The Dolly Sisters"
Dear Victoria: Ask your mother about three
happy fliers and all the fun of their fling

BY NANETTE KUTNER

I AM writing a story about Betty Grable nearly three years after it happened. When the incident occurred I definitely did not want to write it. I felt people would not believe me, they would think it another Hollywood press agent's dream, they would say, "Movie stars don't do such things!"

I felt the whole business was Miss Grable's private, personal adventure. I had only found out by accident. Betty Grable didn't know I knew.

But all these months, these years, in fact, the story has kept returning to me. Perhaps because a real story absorbs the subtle essence of something which goes beyond news quality. Maybe that something is a soul. It does not wear out.

By now I don't think Betty Grable would care if the story was printed. And I'm certain Harry James will be both interested and proud. He can earmark it for the day when their daughter, Victoria Elizabeth, questions him and he will be able to tell her truthfully, "Your mother is a down-to-earth real person, a gallant lady . . . like this."

The scene is the commissary of Twentieth Century-Fox where I was lunching with Damon Runyon. Shortages had just started. In southern California the taxicab one was predominant. Remembering this, cautious Mr. Runyon had engaged a cab for me ahead of schedule. After lunch we separated, he, to produce a picture, I, to meander to a waiting taxi.

Standing on the steps, staring longingly at my chartered vehicle, were three young aviators.

They were evidently stuck there on the bright sunny steps of the executive building, an inconvenient distance from almost any place in Los Angeles.

The well-meaning doorman agreeably offered to order a cab, but he had no idea when it would be along.

Kidding, as American boys love to kid, the tallest of the three asked the doorman if, instead of a cab, he could substitute, say, one of Darryl Zanuck's polo ponies.

Everyone laughed, including the doorman. I spoke, "Which way are you going?"

"The Ambassador."

"Well, hop in. I go the same direction . . . Beverly Wilshire. You can carry on from there."

Gleefully they hopped. When settled, two on the up-turned seats, one beside me, it was obvious that each was hugging a stiff Manila envelope.

"Mind you, I'm not prying into military secrets, but . . . " Questioningly I pointed.

And they showed me. Each cardboard-protected envelope contained a picture of the grinning owner seated at a table with Betty Grable who grinned too.

THEY talked a little like the three bears.

"She's wonderful," said the first.

"Sure is," drawled the second.

"I want to marry her," placidly announced the third.

"So do I," vowed the first.

"Me too," echoed the second.

Simultaneously they sighed.

The second went on talking, "She sure was nice to us, mighty nice. And when you think she's an actress."

Quick to defend my own craft I said, "Writers can be nice to people too. Have you time to be my guests this afternoon?"

They had time. A couple of hours. I led them to that dramatic-looking, palm-tree-embroidered pool featured by the Beverly Wilshire. We (Continued on page 104)
ROBERT WALKER wears a perpetually quizzical look, as if something were always bothering him. He reminds you of the other half of Danny Kaye in "Wonder Man," Danny's twin brother who wears glasses, shrinks from the crowd and likes to bury himself in a book.

This resemblance, however, is only superficial. Bob Walker has things on his mind but he also knows how to handle his feet on a night club dance floor. In other words, he is an intelligent fellow, a pretty smart fellow, a lad who is neither all out for a good time nor all in from having it.

He doesn't swallow in his popularity. He has too much sense for that. In fact his increasing acclaim is one of the things he has on his mind, it is one of the reasons for that perplexed and irresolute look.

First impressions don't mean much without second and third impressions. If I had not seen Bob again after our first meeting I would still be thinking of him in terms of the non-goofy Danny Kaye. We met on the set of "The Clock." I had gone there to see Judy Garland who was working before the cameras. Bob Walker was sitting in a camp chair, off in a dim corner, his head buried in a book. He didn't seem to be interested in what was going on around him.

The publicity man said, "Would you like to meet Bob Walker?" He didn't wait for an answer. He called to Bob and Bob came over to us, book in hand. We spoke a few words, something about the book he was reading, I think. He was very polite. I remember he made me feel a million years old when he said "Yes, sir" to some question I asked. I tried to console myself afterward by thinking it was his extreme youth rather than his extreme age which made him so respectful.

I know better, though. There is nothing extreme about Bob's youth. This I discovered quickly enough on our second meeting. We had dinner together at Romanoffs. Afterward we went back to my house and sat around until midnight. It was a long evening but it passed quickly enough and one of the reasons it passed quickly was that there was plenty to talk about—and plenty of variety in the talk.

Bob was excited because the night before he had had his first session with a ouija board. He said he didn't go for that sort of thing, he's not superstitious or gullible. But the ouija board had told him some remarkable things. He and Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli and one or two others had started it as a game and someone in the group turned out to be a good medium because the "spirits" started rapping and banging and pretty soon they were getting messages from departed relatives and friends and then an old schoolmate of Bob's from Salt Lake City days got into communication and told Bob about one of their acquaintances who had met a violent death. Bob, just for the fun of it, asked, "Was he murdered?" and the spirit, with great rapping and excitement answered "Yes."

Bob said that the ouija stuff was just an amusing game but nevertheless he was going to write to his parents in Salt Lake to find out (Continued on page 127)
Walker

... and time for you to know

that shy yet quizzical, young yet

mature soldier of "The Clock"

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

He's twenty-six, the father of two boys, serious minded and very realistic
THAT’S
Hollywood
FOR YOU

That see-all, hear-all reporter lets you in on lively facts about famous folk

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Dick pays the bill, then Junie takes over

I am proud to say that I have never sat through a Jon Hall-Maria Montez picture. I’d rather look at Montez at Romanoffs, and her dialogue there is better . . . June Allyson and Dick Powell should make a nice couple—I like the way she carries his bundles for him when they’re shopping at the Schwabadero . . . Whenever I see Robert Walker sitting at a bar or a soda fountain, he looks like he’s in a scene in a picture . . . Of all the actresses in pictures, I would say that my favorite, off the screen and on, is Ingrid Bergman. And Miss Bergman is as anxious to meet Garbo as you are to meet Bergman . . . I couldn’t say who is more attractive or shapely, Betty Grable or June Haver, but a fellow could go with them on a double date, take either, and not be stuck . . . I must admit that I’m getting just a little weary of Monty Woolley spouting cynicism through his beard. I much prefer it through the beard of Bernard Shaw . . . I like Brian Donlevy’s remark about Hollywood’s national pastime—gin rummy. He said that he would rather play gin rummy with a poor loser than any kind of a winner.

I walk about the sets and am impressed by the similarity between Rita Hayworth and Ava Gardner. I can’t tell you why, but I do believe that Ava could be another Rita if she got the breaks . . . And while on the sets I always go to where the chorines are rehearsing, for it’s these girls who can tell you what’s what and with whom . . . Alan Ladd is an actor that the Hays Office will never have any trouble with in a love scene, for I know that he saves all his genuine passion for Sue Carol . . . I listened to a conversation between Ken Englund and Cynthia Gleason, a couple of writers at Metro, who had a date to discuss a story. The meeting didn’t take place and when Ken met Cynthia in the commissary, he said, “What happened to you? You never showed?” “Oh,” said Cynthia, “I called your office, but no one answered the phone.” “That,” said Englund, “was my secretary.”

I can’t really see what Lana Turner sees in Turhan Bey, but then again, I guess I’m not expected to. But I can see what Turhan sees in Lana . . . I would say that one of the most intelligent actors in Hollywood, certainly a guy who knows what it is all about, is Robert Montgomery. He not only battled for the kind of pictures he wanted to make, but proved that he was correct in making them . . . I am always amused when I see John Hodiak and Anne Baxter together, for, although they may be very lovey-dovey, I am aware that before the love session is over, they will have a stiff argument about politics . . . Of all the youngsters who have
arrived recently, I would place a bet on Barbara Whiting of "Junior Miss," who is a natural. "There's plenty of ham in my family," says Barbara, "and I'm just another slice" ... I would like to see Marlene Dietrich return to Hollywood and the movies. I like watching her on the set or in her dressing room or in her kitchen or in her bedroom. Anyway, you get the idea, I like to watch her ...

I have been led to understand that the most important commodity in Hollywood, in fact, what makes pictures reel and unroll, is love. The successful formula, the successful producers will tell you, is boy meets girl and they meet love ... This is what is supposed to sell pictures, and there have been countless pictures with love in the title. There was "Love," and "Love Affair," and "One Night Of Love," and "Love Finds Andy Hardy," and "Love Parade," and even "Love On Toast." But now, despite the acknowledged importance of love in pictures, producers are shying away from the word love in titles. It is very confusing, for, despite the fact that producers insist that audiences want love in pictures, they are just as emphatic that audiences do not want love in the title. I don't know why. It may be that love in the title tells them that they are going to see the same story, and that if they are not informed, they will go to see the same story. Anyway, Ludwig, Bemelmans has the best of the love titles, and the one to end them all. He is writing a novel, for pictures, of course, called "Love Is A Four Letter Word."

I never see Peter Lorre but that I turn around to see if Sydney Greenstreet is following him ... I am very pleased over the continued success of Bing Crosby in every line of endeavor. Bing is a performer's performer, and no matter how often he clicks there is still a larger mob rooting for him ... Another actor's actor is Clark Gable and it is interesting indeed to see a fellow like Van Johnson escape from a mob of bobby-soxers and hurry to a set to watch Gable work or to follow him about the studio ... I can't understand why Ella Raines didn't hit bigger than she did. Ella was Howard Hawks's discovery before he discovered Lauren Bacall and they are fairly alike in get-up and mannerisms. But Lauren caught the audience's fancy and Ella didn't, which may prove that when you want success you've got to whistle for it ... I always like to meet Bob Hope for he will tell you a gag or show you a gadget that he is fooling with ... A favorite character of mine, as I don't have to tell you, is Mike Curtiz. Mike, (Continued on page 70)
Did you say ego? The breathless ups and downs of his roller-coaster life blew all the wind out of it long ago.

PIDGEON-PIRATE AND
E were drinking fruit juice flavored with gin, or vice versa. “Sing the Rosary,” Fatty Arbuckle said.
The young man shot a glance across the piano where he had been pouring forth a baritone as smooth and mellow as Amontillado.
He was rather a giant, even measured by the eucalypti outside the open doors. Around six feet three, I should have guessed.
His hair was thick and black, his eyes blue as bachelor buttons—not posy blue, though, or placid sky blue but electric like flashes you get when you blow a fuse.
His features were blocked the way sculptors like them, his hands big and his feet true pedestals.
He was rugged but smooth. His dark blue double-breasted suit was austere amid our sporty California plumage, and it draped from his gridiron shoulders with the casualness of old Bond Street.
Obviously not of Hollywood, he did not look theater either. He looked more the soldier of fortune, the sort who might join up with the Foreign Legion to get forgotten.
I had not seen him before, and not till later did I learn his name. Then I recalled hearing of him in Europe where bosoms of diamond-studded duchesses had been heaving rhythmically to his song. He ran royal blood up to a point where a princess confessed she felt most excitingly not royal, but really he was precisely the hunk of man her highness needed.
“Go on, sing ‘The Rosary,’” whispered Buster Keaton. “Sing it for Jim.”
Our host Jim Cruze, attired as was his custom entirely in white and wearing a ten gallon hat, sat at the far end of the long room. He was the great director of the time. He had made “The Covered Wagon,” one of the best of silent pictures.
Every Sunday Jim held open house on his estate in the Flint-ridge hills. In the canopied patio, jungled with exotic plants, a gay group gathered.
“The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me...”
Out rolled “The Rosary.”
Everyone looked at Jim. No one spoke. On the last note there fell a silence you could have hung crepe on. The young giant got up from the piano and prepared to leave before the pallbearers came.
Approaching Jim he said, “I have had a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Cruze.”
“I don’t give a . . . . . .” said Mr. Cruze. “I don’t like you.”
There was a pause. Color mounted the lean face of the giant as in a hot thermometer. But his voice was cool when he said: “Nevertheless, I repeat I have had a pleasant afternoon for which I thank you.”
“And I repeat I don’t like you,” said Jim. “I don’t like you for three good reasons: First, you don’t drink my gin; second, you smoke a pipe like a ham affecting an Englishman. Third, you sing that sentimental ‘Rosary,’ the most

Here’s a Photoplay cocktail made up of a jigger of humor and a dash of straight facts for the lift that Pidge always gives

BY HERB HOWE

A truck driver seeing him might say “There, but for the grace of God, am I—with a million.” With his wife and dog, Gigola

DIPLOMAT

Pidge, of “Weekend At the Waldorf,” with his wife
HEN I first saw Danny Kaye in “Up In Arms,” I was caught with my adjectives down but I think I finally found a description that’s Okay for Kaye—unique! The definition reads—“without another of the same kind.” That seems to be it. He doesn’t remind me of anyone and I need no one to remind me of him.

Never having seen him on the stage or in person, I was afraid of being disappointed. I decided to sneak up on him and ask for a ticket to his broadcast.

Amid whistling, cheers and applause I saw what I was waiting for. There he stood—taller, blonder, slimmer—and a bit shyer than I had thought. The shock of hair that looks like a frustrated chrysanthemum was real and not a facsimile thereof.

The show was fine. When it was over, I sat listening to the audience rave.

“Will you come backstage now, Miss Janis?” The nice publicity man, who had given me my ticket, cleared a path through the excited fighting forces for me.

“I want to meet Mrs. Kaye too,” I said, for I, like everyone else, had heard that she is practically his mentor.

But no one, I know, can give anybody the talents he has except The Great Giver of gifts. Singer, dancer, mimic, comedian, expert in dialects, perfect in pathos—and from Brooklyn!

There seemed to be quite a bit of excitement back of the curtain. As we neared the steps at the side of the stage, I said: “Let’s wait a bit until he has time to get his breath.” I sat down again.

“Oh! he’s Okay. Never gets tired. Great boy, Danny!” Mr. Publicity obviously believed everything he wrote about Danny Kaye. And he called, “Danny! Here’s Miss Janis.”

Danny turned. “Hello! I’ll be right with you.”

I was tempted to yell back—“You are already ‘right with me’”—but remembered that Mrs. Kaye writes the dialogue.
faces, that clever caper-cutting Danny Kaye

Which one is she? I wondered. That tall blonde is Eve Arden . . . That girl by the mike is the singer . . . Oh, no! It couldn't be! . . . Not that quiet-looking little one who is letting everybody else do the talking! That can't be the brainy bride—Sylvia (even the name seems too grown up for her). Suddenly, she left them and walked over to the piano. She began playing something softly, then she would write a few words on a piece of paper. No one paid any attention to her—they were all used to being in at the birth of a new song. Sylvia, it seems, writes lyrics with much more ease than some stars write autographs.

Danny executed a step or two as if to put his stamp of approval on the rhythm; then, in perfect tempo, he descended the steps at the side of the stage and sat down beside me without missing a beat.

"Want to come back to the dressing room or is this all right?" He seemed pleasantly resigned to being interviewed. "This is fine," I said—and sat back, looking him over. It's quite nice being old enough to look at young men appraisingly with no thought of their reaction.

The Unique One looks so young close-to that it seems impossible he can have done all they say he has. I would think the five seasons on the "Straw Hat Circuit," before he hit Broadway, enough to make anyone infirm—but Danny hasn't a line in his face. The fact that he doesn't hold one expression more than a couple of seconds may explain it—no line has time to settle down.

At the moment, he was wearing a "Well!-let's-get-on-with-it" look. His lovely smile chased it away when I said, "That was a swell show!" "Thanks!" was all he said.

I suddenly realized the music had stopped and Sylvia was gone. "Where did she go? I want to meet her, you know," I said.

"She wants to meet you, too. She'll be back. She's got an idea for a number and she's working it out. She never stops!" (The cascade of "she's" seemed to fall as if from habit, but they were tinged with wonder.) (Continued on page 67)
You Wouldn't Know Me

She hardly knows herself and she

thinks it's wonderful. But the credit goes
to happiness—and a certain Andre

BY VERONICA LAKE

I'm a changed girl. True marital happiness has changed me, that and life with Andre. You'd never know me. I scarcely know myself. I get to places on time now. I buzz around all day long, happy as a baby in a candy store. I like to work in pictures. I like going to parties and giving them. I wake up so happy every day that, like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, I ask myself, "Can this be I?" Then I go the old lady one better, and answer myself. I answer, "Yes, indeed, you are that very Veronica Lake who used to take things very, very big." Whereupon I laugh, merry as Christmas, wondering how on earth I got that way. The old way, I mean. The new way I now understand.

Andre helped me find the new happiness, Andre being Andre de Toth, my husband, whom I call Bandi, which is the way Hungarians shorten Andre.

I guess I first fully realized what lay in store for me in my marriage to Bandi when I walked down the magnificent curving staircase in Ed Gardner's Bel-Air home, toward the altar Simone (Mrs. Ed) Gardner had arranged over the fireplace mantel.

It was eight o'clock in the evening of December 16, 1944, and I had arrived right on the dot. As I walked down those stairs I was in my favorite color, ice blue, in a bridal gown made of my favorite material, flat crepe, and designed by one of my dearest friends, Edith Head. I was carrying my most-preferred-of-all flowers, tiny butterfly orchids in white with just a touch of purple at their throats. Andre had especially ordered them sent by air from New York for the

Duel with a broom—all in fun. Her next, "Duffy's Tavern"
occasional. Behind me, as matron of honor, was my closest pal, Rita Beery, her beauty so augmented by an exquisite gray outfit, which Edith had also designed, that she was nearly stealing the scene from me.

Still, I was the star of the occasion and I knew that I had never looked better. (You know how once in a while you get that stimulating assurance.) I paused at the foot of the staircase, which Simone said had always cried for a bride descending it, gazed at the thirty assembled guests who made up the group of those whom I hold most dear, observed my tall, handsome groom crossing the drawing room, positively glittering in his tux.

Ah, yes, it was a moment, a wonderful, lyric moment and I fastened my eyes on my betrothed, wanting him to share this rapture with me.

His eyes lifted. He looked at me there at the foot of the staircase. And what did he do?

He grinned, so joyously, so completely from the heart, that what could I do? I grinned back. You know how very, very solemn most weddings are. Ours stopped being solemn right at that moment. We were very serious, you realize, about our marriage. We still are, because we believe so deeply in it, but right then we stopped being as intensely solemn as most bridal parties are. All our guests smiled, as they saw our smiles, whereupon ours became the happiest, most enchanting wedding ceremony anyone has ever attended, I'm sure.

Practically speaking, Andre and I (Continued on page 115)
From Robert Preston to Catherine Craig, his beloved wife: (Rob has been in service for two and a half years—the last two overseas—serving under his real name of Robert Preston Meservey. He is now Captain Meservey, Intelligence Officer of the only B26 Marauder group that has been awarded the Presidential Citation.)

Dearest Cath:

Now to tell you as much as can be told about my trip. It was an air liaison job with the ground forces, so consequently most of the detail will have to wait to be told during those après guerre discussions we're looking forward to so much. But at least I can tell you that much of it took me through some country that I never would have seen otherwise, probably the most beautiful in Europe.

But hold on! I haven't even told you the name of the country yet. It's Luxembourg, that little Duchy bounded by France, Belgium and Germany and their language is a mixture of those three tongues, which would put it on an equal footing with Greek and Chinese in the difficulty of understanding it, if it weren't for the fact that almost everyone there also speaks English. Don't ask me how or why. They just do. The only way I can describe the place is that you expect its ruler to be Ronald Colman. It's the original mythical kingdom, complete with musical comedy peasants and musical comedy castles on musical comedy mountains overlooking musical comedy lakes and rivers. Even the trains and the inns and the animals are out of Act II, Scene 3 of "The Student Prince."

I'm so happy that the people there were able to evade most of the ruin and horror of this war. Although they were right in the center of it all, they didn't see any fighting until the German break-through and then only a few cities were destroyed. The United States is giving them some awfully good protection, thus Luxembourg will be saved almost intact for our visit there together later on.

You know how much we like snow. Well, when I was there, there was about a foot of it, nice dry, powdery pure white stuff that would be a prop man's dream. I had my first real ice cream there since I left the States, genuine milk, and eggs straight from the hen. It was better than I remembered it. I guess in the short time I was there I must have eaten six or seven gallons of it.

It's so wonderful to see no rationing of food or clothing or anything else in Luxembourg. The people are so neat and well dressed and almost completely untouched by war.

I have a pair of German helmets that you might be able to arrange into some sort of hanging flower pots, or something. Anyway, I'll send them on to you because the guys they belonged to don't need them anymore.

From Pfc. Mickey Rooney to his mother: (This letter was sent from "somewhere in Holland" but undoubtedly means somewhere in Germany as you read it. You'll notice the letter contains all the bounce that is characteristic of the screen Mickey, plus the seriousness that his friends off screen know as one of his outstanding traits.)

Dearest Mom:

Well, what do you know? I hit the jackpot today. Received four letters from you, read them each three times.

We all had chili for lunch today. Tasted very good in this weather, but it wasn't like you make. It made me miss you worse than ever, and I hope you don't get too lonesome because there isn't any reason to be. I am with you every minute. Can hardly wait until I run into the house and throw my arms around you. I bet I never let loose.

I am writing this to you from an intersection that looks exactly like Vermont and Third Street at home. You never think, if you hadn't seen it, or knew it, that just a few miles from this comparatively quiet spot men are being shot to pieces. But enough of that!

I wouldn't have missed being over here for anything. Just to be with the GIs is something one can never forget and you have to see the wonderful job they are doing to believe it. I saw "Two Girls And A Sailor" four times, once in the street when it was ten below, once in a barn and twice in hospitals. The guys really go for musical pictures.

I love you more each day and will write you again tomorrow. Good night, angel. Here's your bunch of kisses from your loving son, Mickey.

PFC MICKEY ROONEY
Letters

In Hollywood, too, anxious eyes watch for the postman. Here are some of the letters he's brought from filmmom's men in uniform.

From David Niven to Producer Samuel Goldwyn, who still has him under contract: (If the truth must be told, most of David's letters are too saucy to be printed in their entirety, but this bit gives you their general flavor. The witty Mr. Niven returned to service in his native England upon the outbreak of the war. He is now a full Colonel of a British Artillery Division and for nearly six years has been almost continually under fire.)

DEAR SAM:

I am longing to get back and can hardly believe that it really may not be long now. Although I am six years older than when I left you in 1939, I have kept extremely fit (whether I liked it or not!).

So I hope the only difference will be that instead of playing the young man with a glass of lemon squash in one hand and a tennis racquet in the other, I shall now play his elder brother with a triple Scotch in one hand and a beautiful blonde in the other.

From Farley Granger to Roddy McDowall: (They are as close as brothers. Actually, they are a threesome with Roddy's sister Vee, whom Farley writes more often than he does Roddy! Mrs. McDowall, whom Farley lovingly teases by calling her Baby, is constantly in touch with Mr. and Mrs. Granger regarding the arrival of letters.)

DEAR RODDY:

Well, here I am near Pearl Harbor but as usual no one seems to know why I am here, or what to do with me, but it will be all worked out, I guess. Coming over I really was a bad sailor. I couldn't eat for days. Now you know how sick I was! The ship was very, very full. They had no bunks for us so we had to sleep down in the hangar deck which had all the comforts of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

When I first saw this island, it was very green. It had just been raining and the clouds hung over the mountain tops. They were an orange color because the sun was setting and here and there were edges of rainbow. There were patches of cultivated land which were a beautiful dark red and this against the blue sea and the green foliage was magnificent.

Laugh at this, if you like, but I can now sew my own clothes and wash them, and how I make a bed! Just think what a wonderful husband I'll make someday. By the way, Vee, how is your cooking coming?

It is so grand to get all your letters and the Reporters. It was wonderful to hear about the Academy Award doings. I wish I could have gone with you this year. I had a wonderful letter from Mr. Milestone. I can not tell you what it meant to me when I know how busy he is. I hope someday you make a picture with him because he is such a wonderful person.

Tell Mr. LeRoy not to make "The Robe" until I come home because I want to play Marcellus. I hope someday that through my acting I may help others and do good. I want so much to give people faith in God. I have so much love for Him that I want to share it with others and have it make them happy, too. I know that God is watching out for us and will help us, if only we will trust and believe in Him. When I come back I am going to work hard and be the best actor ever. I made myself a promise.

I miss you all so much. I miss the Sunday dinners we all had together. I miss going to church together. I miss going to school together. I miss all the days in the week that were filled with happiness and the crazy fun we had. Please give Baby my fondest love. God bless you all.
These are the days of

There was Greta and marriage on a shoestring—and plans that flopped, until that trip to the Coast, when dreams paid dividends.
YOU hear about the rise of Gregory Peck, the young Hollywood star who is so fine an actor that he is simultaneously under contract to four studios, and always working, opposite such stars as Garson, Bergman and Jennifer Jones, and it sounds completely simple and wonderful.

You hear how he was born in La Jolla, a charming small California seaside town, brought up mostly by his father and his grandmother, since his parents separated when he was four, and how he went to the University of California at Berkeley, and went in for crew, and made it, and pre-med, and dropped it, and finally came to New York, 'and nearly starved, trying to get into things theatrical, until one fine day Guthrie McClintic signed him to be in Mrs. McClintic's road company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." Mrs. McClintic being Katharine Cornell and first lady of the theater, you say, "Wow, what luck. After that, all the struggle was over, of course."

If you think that, you are as wrong as Greg was about it.

The disturbing element in that setup was that Greg was far from being Cornell's leading man. He had just four lines in the whole show, got fifty a week and acted as assistant stage-manager. His more arduous duties consisted of escorting Miss Cornell back and forth on her stage entrances and exits. This he enjoyed very much as he and the great Kit used to tell each other corny jokes on those trips, and laugh louder than kids at Christmas over such flights of wit as the story of the two ghosts who asked one another, "Do you believe in men?"

Greg adored Cornell, but despite this, there were two things absolutely trottering Mr. Peck's happiness—his meager salary, and the excessive popularity with the opposite sex of a small blonde disturber named Greta Rice.

"Since we've been in Hollywood," Greg says, "stories get elegant on us and say that Greta was Miss Cornell's secretary. But she was her hairdresser and make-up artist, and was then and still is the gayest person I've ever met."

When Greg signed up for that fifty a week he felt very rich, but on the road he discovered it amounted to about twenty dollars and when he had to go into competition with leading men and local glamour boys in every city they played, he found it stood up about like a lovely thin dime.

His first date with Greta taught him a lot—about Greta, at least. The Cornell show was playing at the William Penn Theatre in Pittsburgh right then and Greg planned a splashy date for this golden-haired little Finnish charmer "whose real, devastatingly many-syllabled Finnish name I could then pronounce but had difficulty (Continued on page 123)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I was going with a girl before I shipped out and she wanted me to marry her before I left, but I said to her, "Wait until I get back from overseas." I am like this: I think something worth having is worth waiting for.

She wrote regularly saying she would be faithful and that she was not two-timing me. I saved money and sent it to her to buy an engagement ring. Well, she said she picked out a beautiful ring. Then I began to send her every cent I could spare so that we could have the start of a home. One week went by and I didn't hear from her, but I figured mail was late again, which happens out here where there are some nasty guys who once in awhile sink something that they have no business sinking. Finally five months have gone by and she hasn't answered my letters.

Well, a guy can take only so much of that. Not knowing where to turn, I decided to call on you.

Andy S., BM 2/c

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and very much in love with a civilian, just to be different. We've been going together almost a year. He never asks me to marry him or suggests anything pertaining to marriage, but still he tries to get intimate with me. Naturally I don't approve of this behavior, but he keeps telling me that he loves me, that I drive him wild, and that he is only human. He threatens never to see me again if I don't live up to his commands.

I don't know what to do as I am very much in love with him, but I want to marry him. I'm afraid that if I don't please him he will stop dating me, but my conscience won't permit me to give up my ideals.

Some of my girl friends say that I'm being a foolish prude. Who is right?

Lucille C.

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was sixteen I met my young man, Jimmie. He comes from a comfortably wealthy family and is an only child; I'm one among eight. Jimmie loved my family and they loved him. When the war came along, he was twenty and he enlisted in the Navy. I was so proud of him because I knew that Jimmie was the only one I could ever love or marry. When he asked me to wait for him I was so proud of being the one he wanted.

It was inevitable that he should see action and the result was that he is now totally blind, permanently.

Here's the problem: Jimmie has asked me to free him. He says that he no longer loves me, but admits there is no one else. My family and his family believe he is saying this because he thinks he's handicapped.

Now it makes no difference to me. To me he is just the same as ever, just as dear, just as sweet. In time he'll be able to do almost everything he used to be able to do. He has musical talent and used to play in a small orchestra. He owns several acres of good land that he can rent for tenant farming, and I can look after him if he'll let me.

When I come into the room he says, "Is that you, honey," and the way he says it is like a prayer. Would it be all right if I just made him marry me? If I tell him that I can't bear to be jilted and that he is the only person I would ever want? I think an outsider's opinion is valuable.

Ethelda G.

Dear Miss G:

Yes, I think you are right in wanting to insist that this boy marry you.

You see, I think he is trying to solve all his problems for himself; he is trying to bear his full burden alone. If you are wise and loving, you can solve this problem for him simply by refusing to let him give you up. Go right on planning your wedding. (Continued on page 89)
TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

Nancy Jane Macburney engaged to
Robert Francis Reynolds
Flying Officer, R. A. F.

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care . . .

She smooths white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so clean!"

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—every night, every morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a big jar today—you'll love the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Viscountess Turbat, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Miss Monte McAdoo
When Hyacinth Fink arrived at Maureen's, she found her sitting on the floor talking on the phone to Will in New York. Her next picture, "The Spanish Main" baby herself. If a girl, she'll be named Tony Maureen, after Marie's two favorite people.

**Animals living under that same roof:** The canary bird Leatherneck, the Great Dane named Tripoli and the Irish terrier named Fionn.

**What the postman would tell you:** That most of her mail has come from her husband, Lieut. Will Price of the United States Marines—and in the last three years letters have come from everywhere from Saipan to Iwo Jima. This summer they had a heavenly few days all to themselves when he was given a stopover on his way to report back in the East. (The postman could add that in pre-war life, Will was a dialogue director; post-war, he'll become one of the great directors of film.)

**What she bums around the house:** The aria from some opera, or else an old Irish song, or else Will's and her "courting song" . . . which was "They'll Never Believe Me." Or else their wedding song, "Only Make Believe."

**Her breakfast 365 days out of the year:** An orange and a cup of tea.

**Her luncheon 365 days out of the year:** A light salad and a cup of coffee—anything heavier makes her sleepy.

**Her dinner nightly:** 'Tis quite enormous—with everything from soup to salad to a main course and a fancy dessert. With a juicy steak (when it's getable) her pet food, and Shrimp Arnaud (New Orleans style) running a close second. For dessert she dotes on crepes Suzette or crepes Evangeline (a light French pancake stuffed with plums).

**What she cooks the best:** She can cook anything to a gourmet's delight—but so can husband Will Price. When he's home, they spend all day in the kitchen while he cooks and she washes up the avalanche of dishes he leaves in his wake . . . with emphasis on Southern, French and Irish foods. They both frankly love to eat!

(Continued on page 93)
Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin

Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha...of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty extras with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that cleanses, softens, smooths...that doubles as a night cream guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines...that serves as your protective powder base, too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

Hear him say "you're mm-mm-mm-arvelous"! Try Woodbury tonight. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream
...it's all you need!
Ten Ten-Minute Tricks

Short cuts to beauty from Hollywood stars—to save your time, your money and your looks

Sense with Scent
After cleansing your face with cream, pat on a mild cologne to act as an astringent and give the skin a soft, indefinable scent..........................Ella Raines

Pink Lady
To put your skin in a pretty way, lie flat on the floor with feet propped up on a chair. The blood goes to the head; the skin clears; the glow lasts..................Marjorie Reynolds

Elbow Your Way
In the front ranks of the raters there is no place for rough elbows. Scrub them with a stiff brush and soapsuds, rub dry with a turkish towel to banish the rough skin. Finish off with cream and lemon juice............Betty Hutton

Keeping Face
Twice a week is enough for this: Whip up a good soap lather on the skin, then massage two teaspoonsful of that precious sugar into the lather. Rinse first in warm water, then in tingling cold..................Dorothy Lamour

Extremity Extra
Keep an orange stick handy in your beauty cabinet; when you step out of the shower give yourself a quick pedicure, pushing back the cuticle, finishing off with a rough towel. Then massage the feet with a soft hand lotion, ending up with a bracing cologne...............Diana Lynn

Be a Sponger
Never measure out your powder; apply it freely (check that the puff is clean; if not, use a fresh piece of cotton). After brushing off the surplus, take a soft sponge dampened with cold water and blot your face. This sets the powder—and just look how you look!..........................Jinx Falkenburg

Barbershop Business
Take a tip from the striped-pole contingent, use hot turkish towels on your face. Two or three times a week give a thorough cream cleansing, then wrap the face in a steaming turkish towel. Stay under till the skin drips water. End with an invigorating cold rinse...........Ann Miller

At Ease
If you're tense and nervous, relax by dropping your head forward on your chest, then tip it back as far as it will go. Do this two or three times slowly; then start rotating the head left, back, right, front. Then right, back, left, front. The control nerves at the back of the neck relax, leave you serene—the first requisite for beauty..............Deanna Durbin

Pinch o' Salt
For a special fillip, make a fairly heavy paste of salt and ice water; leave on the face until it's almost dry. The salt and chill pep up circulation; a warm-water rinse gives a satiny finish......................Jeff Donnell

Rough Stuff
Sudden date coming up? Give yourself a fast pick-me-up by spraying cologne on your body, rubbing it off briskly with a rough towel. You'll feel good, act better and look your best........Gene Tierney

Beauty Workshop by Betty Sanford
Chrysanthemum Top
(Continued from page 55) "It seems to be pretty well understood that you think Sylvia is wonderful," I smiled as I said it.
"She's everything!" Danny is no waster of words—and he didn't smile.
I had heard that Danny and Sylvia reached the heights together the hard way, plenty of struggles and disappointments. That accounts for their being just "nice folks" today, as they sit on the pinnacle of prosperity and smile down understandingly on those who slammed doors in their ambitious young faces on the way up—the same ones who now say: "I always knew they were going places!"
"How do you like pictures?" I asked.
"Oh! I like them all right. Danny stretched his long legs and threw one over the back of the seat in front of him. He looked around at the nice little theater.
"Yes, I like making pictures," he repeated, "but I miss the theater."
Well, can you wonder? Here's this Unique One, who has been troup ing around the world since he was a kid—all over America, to England, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Canton, Singapore, Bangkok and Tokyo. It sounds like he had been advance agent for our bombers. Incidentally, you may hate it, but you owe the Japs a vote of thanks. It was through trying to make them understand his songs that Danny developed his extraordinary expressions and gestures.
Of course, he misses the theater because he has always won success by direct contact with his audience. I tried to sell him that old idea about how many more people he could make laugh in pictures.
"But there isn't the same kick in it," said Danny. "In a show you have to go out and win every night—win a new crowd. In pictures, you work for months and by the time you see the picture, you don't feel as if you've done anything. But," he added, "I'm very grateful for the break I got in my first film."
"Break," he calls it. I never saw one guy do so many things so well, anywhere.
I asked him about "Wonder Man," his second picture.
"Well, it's entirely different from 'Up In Arms.' I play a dual role and is that something! I mean—from the technical end. I got so tired of looking at myself and singing to myself. Give any guy who fancies himself, one of those double exposure pictures—that will cure him!"
We discussed what he might do next. I had read there was a chance of a film about Hans Christian Anderson, with Danny as Hans and several of his best known characters. A swell idea, I thought.
So did Danny, but it fell through.
"Who knows what happens when things fall through?" said the Unique One, looking too much like a little boy to play anything written by anyone other than Hans Christian Anderson.
In a flash, he aged twenty years. "I want very much to play the Count of Luxembourg," he said.
Allez oop!—just one of those Kaye leaps. He thinks like he "digs," if you know what I mean.
We toyed with the idea of his playing the sophisticated Count of Luxembourg and he was already acting the part as we toyed. Sophistication reminded him of other things.
"You know, I think I really like working in night clubs better than anything else. You get so much closer to the public."
I was just beginning to wonder how Sylvia cope with this half chameleon, half man (and both halves sweet) when

Not yet, but —

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.
Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.
This doesn't mean that you can't get any Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.
We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.
The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it—fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We hope it will be... soon!

Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Better try MODESS - the napkin with the triple-proved DEODORANT!

LOOK AGAIN! IMPARTIAL LABORATORIES PROVED MODESS DEODORANT A SUCCESS IN 26 DIFFERENT TESTS!

YES - AND THOUSANDS WHO'VE TRIED THE NEW MODESS PROVE IT'S AN ALL-TIME HIT! ME FOR MODESS!

WONDERFUL — to be able to get this new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant sealed right in!

See how much daintiness these luxurious sanitary napkins now help you feel!

NO SEPARATE POWDER to bother with! No need to sprinkle and spill!

MODESS IS SOFTER, TOO! Remember that three out of four women voted it softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

MODESS IS SAFER! Remember, 209 nurses in hospital tests proved it less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY extra for this daintiness extra. Get the wonderful new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant today! Box of 12 costs 22¢.

FREE! Send today! For your copy of "Growing Up and Liking It"—a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation—write Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 343-D, Milltown, N. J.

Want Modes without deodorant? Just ask for "Standard Modes."

the little lady, herself, reappeared. No sound of any sort accompanied her. Very little developed when she said: "I'm so glad to see you, Miss Janis." Not much sound, but 'quality of tone, smacking strongly of sincerity.

She sat down on the other side of the Unique One. His arm went naturally around her shoulder as her eyes paused to meet his first, en route to mine. Hers are large and brown. They measure yours so calmly that you're apt to be glad you are not concealing even an idea from Sylvia.

There was — complete with Kayes. I didn't mind admitting I wouldn't want to sit between them as anything but a friend, for they have the "oneness" of purpose that happens all too rarely among the married. It can only be underwritten by complete faith.

I was telling them that of all the wonderful things Danny did in "Up In Arms," I liked best the little quiet scene where Danny learned he had lost the girl.

"Hear that," said Danny to Sylvia.

"Yes!" said Sylvia softly, "In Danny's fan mail about the picture, that scene was mentioned more than anything else. Folk said he made them cry."

"I cried—but definitely!" I put in.

"Well, I wanted to do a little scene like that in "Wonder Man," but they wouldn't let me." Danny's face fell in retrospect.

I couldn't help wondering who "they" were.

Sylvia smiled at him. Her smile is soft too. She didn't say anything, but I had a mother who used to take care of my interests the way Sylvia looks out for Danny and I know the expression. It says "Never mind, dear, there are other pictures coming and you are getting bigger and better every day." It's an expression that bodes no good for the "theys" along the success-strown road.

A call boy appeared stage center and said, "Say, Danny, how long you goin' to be? Shall I tell the fans two hours so they'll go away?"

"Oh! no!" Danny jumped up. "I'll go out and see 'em. Back in a minute." (This over his shoulder as he went up the steps in one bound.)

What a mover he is — naturally graceful — and, personally, I think he's very good looking. I'll bet Sylvia agrees with me.

When he was gone, she turned to me and said: "Miss Janis, I wish you could tell people how ridiculous it is to say that Danny owes everything to me."

"I can and I will — for I'm one who doesn't believe it," I answered.

"Why, Danny has the most original ideas in the world," she continued, "He can do anything — that's the reason I happen to be able to write for him because I know that. He doesn't know himself, and, because I encourage him and reassure him, they call me his alter ego, or something equally silly. Honesty, he's so clever that sometimes he scares me." Sylvia looked more proud than scared but I knew what she meant. The guy does seem almost too clever to be real.

That he is very real and unusually nice about it, I learned a few minutes later when we decided to follow him out. It was time for them to go home anyway. Only my snooping was delaying them. At the stage door, we found him, standing in the midst of a hundred kids. He was signing autographs and talking to them about everything but himself. He was signing their books eagerly — none of that bored "what-another-one" stuff.

Incidentally, these were not swooners. These were just kids who liked him because he made them laugh, I guess — and, no doubt, because when it comes to "seat stuff," Kaye "sends them" so far that they
bounce back and yell for more. It was plain that nothing was going to send them away until Danny left. We moved forward into the mass of milling youth.

Out of my cache of unusual questions, I brought forth: "Where do you live?"

"Where did we live, you mean," said the Unique One, who had joined us. "We're being dispossessed."

"It's true," said Sylvia. "Our house has been sold and the new owner demands occupancy."

We reached Danny's ear. "No kidding," he said, "we've got no place to go."

"Have you tried to talk to the new owner?" I asked.

"Sure! but the house she rents has been sold too and she has no place to go. It's Ida Lupino."

With a complete rush of "Love Thy Neighbor" to the heart, I suggested that I had a couple of rooms.

"Don't say it unless you mean it," said Danny.

"Soft Voice" calmed us down. "We've got to find some place to put all our stuff, too—trunks, props, files, etc."

"How long do you want it for?" (My realtor instinct was stirring).

"I'd sign for anything—six months, a year, three years."

Make a note of the "I'd sign." It means that she saves Danny all that sort of headache too.

We said goodbye and the crowd stood aside just enough for the car to get through. As they drove off into the sunset, the fans chattered—"He's good lookin' when he ain't makin' faces"... "I got her autograph too"... "How long they been married?"... "Five years, I heard."

I walked away from the Kaye admirers but not from being one of them. I like to think the Kayes will go right on riding into the sunset all through life—with no cold gray dawns to follow. They rate it. Dynamo Danny and Stabilizer Sylvia need each other and we need them to help make the battered old world a lot brighter with their combined talents.

The End

---

EVERY MONTH IS VOTING TIME

In Photoplay's

Color Portrait Poll

Whose portrait would you like to see in color next month? Send the coupon below to:

Color Portrait Editor
205 E. 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Please print a color portrait of

(The it unnecessary to send your name and address)
New!...
the "Embracelet" that says.

"I love you!"

Instead of tying a string around her finger so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her wrist — a stunning, stylish URISCRAFT bracelet that carries your name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with her name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"—hand-finished by New York artisans—priced to give Cupid a helping hand—and so new it's actually making fashion news!

You can't mail an Embrace — so mail her a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"!

30 feminine and 30 masculine names in stock. Others made without extra cost. Three letter names $10.50—each additional letter 75c. Add Federal tax. Sold at Jewelry and Dept. Stores, Px's and Ship Service Stores everywhere.

That's Hollywood for You
(Continued from page 51) explaining things to a refugee, said, "The wonderful thing about the English language is that you can understand it."

I am of the opinion that Dorothy Lamour looks more alluring in a sweater than a sarong and that Linda Darnell is most interesting in a peek-a-boo blouse. At least Linda calls it a peek-a-boo blouse, and I presume she knows why she calls it that. I once saw Alfred Hitchcock, that master of suspense, fall asleep while reading a mystery novel that he was to make into a movie. Of the crop of new songs, my favorite is "What's The Use Of Wondering" from the show "Carousel." I have learned that even the radio in Hollywood is going Hollywood. A radio producer said to the sponsor: "Last night the program wasn't bad. It just sounded bad.

When I meet and talk to the movie celebrities, I get the impression that movietown could be labeled "temporary script," for practically all actors and actresses give you the idea that they are only here until they collect fortune and fame and then they are going to hurry back to Broadway. I see Gene Tierney strolling through Beverly, and I see a good example of it. Gene came to Hollywood as most young actresses do, believing that she was Eva Lovelace, the stage actress in "Morning Glory." Gene was going to make a picture, maybe two, and then return to the theater. She had an important clause in her contract stating that she could divide her time between the movies and the theater, between Hollywood and Broadway. There are countless other performers who had and still have the same plan. That is why Hollywood resembles a "temporary script." But many a "temporary script" becomes the "final draft" and is filmed. I see that idea that Hollywood is temporary quarters is not only with the performers. It extends to directors and writers also. The story of the writer and Hollywood can be expressed pungently by this yarn about Richard Flournoy, who wrote a play that was produced on Broadway, years ago. Then he got an offer, big salary every week to turn out scenarios. Flournoy decided to accept the offer. "I'll save my money," said Flournoy. "and when I've got a thousand dollars I'll quit, return to Broadway, and write another play." But that was long ago. Flournoy tells what happened. "I got new contracts, each calling for a bigger salary. I've got a house, a ranch in the Valley and a couple of cars, but I still haven't got that thousand dollars."

I would say that the only actress who uses the grand manner of the actress of yesterday on a movie set is Greer Garson. I like Charles Boyer very much, even though I may not always understand what he is saying on the screen. It is nice to know that Buster Keaton is again working in a picture, and I am anxious, also to see Harold Lloyd in "The Saga Of Harold Diddlebuck," for they were men who knew how to get laughs and they should certainly be able to get yaks these days.

I believe that I should tell you that regardless of the fact that Lauren Bacall sleeps sometimes in only the jacket of her pajamas and sometimes in the rain, that when she's asleep she has that Look! And that's Hollywood for you!

The End
A HANDLOOM KNIT DRESS of Mediterranean blue with rhinestone buttons. And an open-crowned hat of the same fabric. Designed by Bruno.

Worn by Faye Emerson, starring in Warner Brothers' "Danger Signal."

Bullocks, Los Angeles, Calif.

Shown with this is a blue pedigreed silver fox by Fromm
MISS EMERSON complements a draw-string drape dress of blonde sable crepe, designed by Adele Simpson, with a mink hat and muff by John-Frederics. B. Altman & Company, New York, N. Y.
perfect performance

A whirl of pretty pleats swirls around the bodice and peplum of this figure-enhancing two-piece.

Gilt buttons accent the jacket and gores slim the skirt. Black, melon, turquoise, fuchsia in "Warela" rayon crepe. Sizes 9-15, 10-16.

About eleven dollars.
A YELLOW ANGORA SWEATER, all wool, by Regina. A brown and white checked skirt by Markon, of Shepard Mills' 100% wool. Sweater, about $3.98 in small, medium and large sizes. Skirt, about $8.00 in sizes 9-15. Both at Macy's, New York, N. Y.

A TUXEDO-FRONT COAT of Hollander blended coney, with draped shoulders and... oh the luxury of it!... sleeves that turn back into wide cuffs. Under $100, in sizes 10-40 and 9-17. Gimbel Brothers, New York, N. Y.


The party our very own Louella O. Parsons gave for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, erstwhile Hollywood stars who have been in England for several years where their entertainment was a great contribution to the war effort, was dazzling. And saying this, we err on the side of complete understatement.

For one thing, there was Lana Turner with her graceful walk and lovely carriage, among other things, in a snug-fitting simple short black afternoon dress. She wore black pumps and gloves and, in her platinum blonde hair, black coq feathers!

Joan Fontaine's dream hat was a conversational piece. It was flat and of braided black straw with a tiny straw ruffle its only crown. Then, nestling just above her ears, were two large yellow roses...

Joan Bennett's short-sleeved black dress had white magnolias appliqued at the shoulder and on the peplum that gathered into the waist. (Peplums, by the way, are definitely in—in Hollywood.) In her hair, lighter than it has been for years and dressed with a crown of braids, Joan wore tiny black velvet ribbon—clipped to a diamond star.

Claudette Colbert dramatized her beige costume with a perfectly huge emerald green stiff-brimmed straw hat trimmed with bright red poppies.

Roz Russell—who came late and straight from the studio and in make-up—wore slacks. But she looked as smart as anyone there. For, need we add, there are slacks and there are slacks! Roz wore a coat and trousers of a fine deep rose-beige gabardine, with dressmaker touches at the seams of the coat, and pockets and collar trimmed with tiny bands of dark green. Slung over her nice shoulders was a full-length mannish topcoat of the same fabric and trimming as the slacks.

Esther Williams is very clothes conscious these days. What girl in love isn't? Only a few girls, however, turn their clothes-consciousness into such dramatic and charming effects—more's the pity! At a cocktail party the other day Esther, on the arm of her fiancé, Ben Cage, wore an aquamarine dinner dress, so-o simple... with a long pencil-slim skirt slashed in the
front and with embroidery on the shoulder. Heavy gold earrings and a gold ring were Esther's only jewels.

*When Betty Hutton arrived in Hollywood she realized that she didn't know how to dress. So she went to Edith Head, the designer at Paramount, and asked for help. It was, of course, the smartest thing she could have done. Today, as a result of her frankness and her willingness to learn, she numbers among the film colony's smartest women. At the Canteen the other evening—it was very warm for a California night—she wore a white eyelet-embroidered dress with a crisply starched peplum. Her square neckline was laced with black velvet ribbon that tied in a bow in front. And her black velvet belt tied in front, too, and had long streamers that touched the bottom of her short skirt. Betty wore square-toed black anklestrap shoes and carried a drawstring bag of black velvet. Her hair, piled high, was adorned with one large daisy.*

*Lunching at La Rue, Diana Lynn wore a cool, pale gray silky-looking frock—simply tailored—and a huge brimmed red straw hat. Her shoes and bag also were red. But her gloves matched her dress. Take a tip from Diana... Never break your "color line" on the way down. Unless, of course, your gloves are the only contrast to your entire costume.*

*Charming little Pia Lindstrom loves to dress like her famous mother, Ingrid Bergman. Ingrid's taste leans to Swedish designs and peasant frocks. And these suit Pia, too. They make a charming sight, in identical costumes, dashing in and out of Beverly Hills shops.*

*Hedy Lamarr has a passion for white. Topping her dead white slacks the other day she wore a knee-length white caracul coat. No warmer than a sports coat maybe—but certainly more luxurious! And the other evening at home Hedy was a sight to remember as she came down a long flight of stairs wearing a severely tailored white faille robe with a bright red scarf tied ascot fashion. This, with her dead white skin and flowing black hair, was tops in drama.*

*The Vincent Prices, no doubt, have started a new lapel fad by their gift to Edith Barrett. Edith so admired a valuable Modigliani painting they bought that they had a ceramic artist paint a tiny copy of it. Whereupon everyone enthusiastically agreed it would make a perfect lapel pin. When Gene Tierney saw Edith wearing it she was so delighted with it that she promptly had her favorite Renoir duplicated in the same way.*

---

**Reliance Kay Whitney**

**RAYON DRESSES**

**AS BEAUTIFUL INSIDE AS OUT**

It's your business (and good business, too) to look smart at the office. Kay Whitney brings you this smartness... plus values such as Kay Whitney alone knows how to create.
Learn just how lovely your figure can be with your waist scooped in...your hips whittled away...your proportions more perfect than ever. And confident that your curves are under control, you can enjoy the pliant, unhampered comfort of the Diana Panty Girdle. You can be confident of your freshness, too, when you wear DIANA, the panty girdle with the detachable crotch that you can whisk out and wash like a hanky.

There is a Diana Girdle for every figure type. Whether you prefer a regular girdle or a panty girdle...you’ll prefer a Diana.

$5.95. Prices slightly higher west of Rockies.
DIANA Brassieres, made of fine rayon satin;
A, B and C cups — $1.50

Send for our free, illustrated booklet PH-10.
TODAY when lasting satisfaction is of the utmost importance, look for the "ALLURA JUNIOR FASHIONS label. It is your assurance of quality. It means fine bench tailoring, finesse in even the smallest details, specially selected fabrics. It's the label to choose for a long-term investment in comfort and smartness.

Illustrated: Junior Size, 9 to 15
100% virgin wool DUV BLOOM
loomed exclusively for us by the
AMERICAN WOOLEN CO.

Sponsored by LOU SCHNEIDER, INC. • 512 SEVENTH AVE. • NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
**Salle Ann Shops' Glamorous Double Feature**

**FEATURE BLOUSE**, lovely Duet rayon crepe with deep-plunging neckline and collar, ruffled all around. White, pink, maize, lime, powder blue. Sizes 32 to 38. **$2.99**

**FEATURE SKIRT**, permanent pleats! 24 of them in wonderful Glenbrook rayon, a Berlinger fabric. Black, brown, jolly red, deep-water green, rickey lime, gay fuchsia. Waistband sizes 24 to 30. **$3.99**

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!**
If you are not completely satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

**SEND NO MONEY...**
WE MAIL C.O.D. or if you prefer, enclose check, cash or money order plus 10¢ postage and save C.O.D. charges.

---

Buy By Mail with Confidence... the same smart, advance styles featured in the 37 SALLE ANN SHOPS in Texas, Louisiana, Illinois and Missouri.

SALLE ANN SHOPS, 1409 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.

Please send me "FEATURE" BLOUSE at $2.99 each, plus 10¢ postage
Size 32 34 36 38
Mark 1st & 2nd color choice
White  Pink  Maize  Lime  Powder  Blue

Please send me "FEATURE" SKIRT at $3.99 each, plus 10¢ postage
Size 24 26 28 30
Mark 1st & 2nd color choice
Jolly  Deep-  Rickey  Gay
Black Brown Red Water-Green Lime Fuchsia

---

**PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS**

Those on pages 74 and 75 can be found from Coast to Coast in the following stores:

"Clinging Vine"
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels Brothers
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company
Manufacturer: Forest City Mfg. Co., 1641 Washington St., St. Louis, Mo.

"Proud Lineage"
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Inc.
Houston, Tex.—Foley Brothers D. G. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Co.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Co.
Manufacturer: Forest City Mfg. Co., 1641 Washington St., St. Louis, Mo.

Suit dress with plaid trim
Boston, Mass.—Jordan, Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks—34th
San Francisco, Cal.—The Emporium
Manufacturer: Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Checked skirt
Baltimore, Md.—The Hub
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Namm Store
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Co.
Manufacturer: Markon Skirt Co., 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Angora sweater
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Houston, Tex.—Foley Brothers D. G. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Company
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
San Diego, Cal.—Toggery
Manufacturer: Regina Knit Sportswear Co., 310 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Far coat
Chicago, Ill.—Logan Department Store
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Company
Mattoon, Ill.—Young Department Store
Norfolk, Va.—Myers-Berlin
Utica, N. Y.—Boston Store
Manufacturer: George Rosenfeld, 245 West 29 St., New York, N. Y.

All gloves by Wear-Right
(If no store in your vicinity is listed above, we suggest that you write to the manufacturer for further information on these fashions)
A fashion with a future

Here's a coat with a new point of view! Judy Nell creates a cardigan charmer with a striking slant on style — luxurious new armholes — classic shirtwaist cuffs . . . a gently rounded neckline with a flattering effect. The shining light of your winter wardrobe. One of many new styles in junior and misses sizes. At better stores everywhere.

JULIUS NELSON COMPANY, 247 WEST 38TH STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
For only a few women in the world... the daring colors by Revlon

"RUSSIAN SABLE"
"BLACK MASK"
"RAVEN RED"

for matching fingertips and lips

Far too drama-packed for ordinary moments... these Nail Enamel and Lipstick colors are fantastically beautiful on the right woman... at the right time (and like all Revlon color originals, superlative in quality).

COSTUME... EXCLUSIVE DESIGN FOR REVLOn BY Nicole
PHOTO BY JOFFE... COPYRIGHT 1949, REVLOn PRODUCTS CORP.
Thrill of a Real Romance

(Continued from page 29) alone and he took pity on me and we had a lot of fun. I met him later at another party—and from then on I have been seeing him regularly. Just as I knew from the beginning that my first marriage was not right—I knew that this one is going to be.

Esther was only eighteen when she met and married Dr. Leonard Kowtr. He was twenty-one and still in medical school. "Our marriage lasted four years—but it was over long before that time," she told me with that devastating honesty of hers. "He wasn't in love with me and I knew four weeks after I married him it was wrong for both of us."

At that time, she was appearing in the Aquacade in San Francisco. She had taken Eleanor Holm's place there at the World's Fair when Eleanor had been unable to come west. "I was so lonesome up in San Francisco without my family," she went on. "I think loneliness was the real reason for my marriage. We never had anything in common. When agents from Hollywood began to show an interest in me—Leonard was very opposed to my having a film career. He was always afraid, or so he said, that I would 'go Hollywood.' I don't think I have. It isn't necessary to go into all the little nagging things that broke up our marriage. But finally I knew I just couldn't take it any longer. But I didn't want to hurt him. Even when I went to get my divorce, I just told the judge that we couldn't get along."

"But my mother—my wonderful mother—was sitting beside me, and quick as a flash she was on her feet saying, 'Judge, that isn't sufficient grounds for a divorce. I would like to say a few words.' And then mother talked as though she were inspired. She told the judge that Leonard had never wanted children—that he had announced that he would never bring another Williams into the world. That got me my divorce," said Esther. "But, then, Mother has always made it possible for me to obtain the things in life that are for my happiness and success."

Esther has such respect and admiration for what her mother has accomplished. Mrs. Williams is now a child psychologist at the University of California at Los Angeles and her work is almost solely devoted to attempting to salvage broken marriages for the sake of the children involved.

"We are native Californians, you know," Esther said proudly. "I was born right here and my family still lives in a little house in Inglewood that my father built with his own hands."

She said with real feeling in her voice, "My mother is a doer—my father a dreamer. I wish you knew my mother. She was an Iowa schoolteacher and after she raised her five kids, she went to college and got her degree! How is that for spunk? She has such wonderful understanding of people and such sympathy that it is just a stroke of genius that she is now in a spot where she can help people unravel their tangled lives. It is only when she finds a marital situation impossible that she advises a separation. And she thinks any marriage that does not allow for children is—impossible!"

"I want children more than anything in the world—and so does Ben. I was raised with a big family of my own and Mother was always bringing stray kids to the house, waifs who didn't have homes. Even in that tiny place my father had built, she always found room for them. Many of the boys she befriended and put on the right trail are in service and to this day Mother gets letters from them.

With all the beauty and style you could desire... chic PARIS FASHION SHOES are coupon worthy, quality-made little flatterers with a value second to none at their price!

$3 to $4

Some styles slightly higher

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
Your Length with a Snip!

Truly a gem—
The scalloped hem
A snip or two
Fits the length for you!

Sixteen hues
From which to Choose.
Sizes 32 to 40.
About $2.25.

“...a name that means everything you can ask for in stockings!

Right to the last gentle pat as they’re placed into the box, Mojud stockings are made with painstaking care at every step, so that you may step out in sleek-legged loveliness.

At better stores everywhere.

Mojud Foundation Hosiery

S & Z Manufacturing Co. 412 South Wells Street Chicago 7, Illinois

Suzette

SNIP-IT SLIPS

in

 Rochelle

"CLAIRANESE" RAYON SATIN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Mmm— Good! The new fall
clothes and the run-proof Cupid Foundation
that gives you the figure for them.
For store nearest you, write

Mojud

the dependable
HOISERY

Mmm—Good! The new fall clothes and the run-proof Cupid Foundation that gives you the figure for them.

At Fine Stores Everywhere...Write for Color Selector

S & Z Manufacturing Co. 412 South Wells Street Chicago 7, Illinois

"CLAIRANESE" RAYON SATIN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EITHER feels that their careers are another thing she and Ben have in common. There is not an ounce of jealousy on his part that her “name” is bigger than his. “I won’t be the one,” she said with obvious pride. “It’s just that I got a little earlier start. Ben has been in the Army four years in charge of radio at his camp. When he is discharged, of course, he will return to commercial radio—that’s his game. He has the most beautiful radio voice. I know he will go right to the top. And between us there is not the slightest bit of worry about either one of us ‘going Hollywood.’”

About her own zooming career she is singularly modest but not coy. She thinks that if she had not been a champion swimmer she might never have had a chance. That, I happen to know, is not true.

When I was in San Francisco with my favorite doctor and saw her in the Aquacade, I wrote in the column: “Why doesn’t some producer sign this girl? She has a motion-picture face.” A week after that item appeared, Louis B. Mayer, Sam Katz and Jack Cummings happened to catch her in the water spectacle and she was signed that very day.

“...a name that means everything you can ask for in stockings!

‘So you see,’ she laughed, “you are responsible for me.” Well, I never did a better day’s work.”

I sincerely think this girl has something on the screen whether she is swimming or acting. Right now she is in “Hoodlum Saint” with William Powell and, she says with a chuckle, “There isn’t a drop of water in sight.” Maybe she isn’t a great actress yet. After all, she has not made many movies. “Andy Hardy’s Double” introduced her and then she did “Blushing Beauty,” a number that set the service men to whistling every time she appeared on the screen. Her newest is “Thrill Of A Romance”—and it’s a thrill all right—but the hero’s name is Ben Gage.

THE END
Sallaby IN LOVELINESS

For pose or repose, there's nothing like the starry-eyed beauty of Beau Spun . . . an excitingly new concept of spinning cotton and rayon into the fabric of your dreams! In days to come, you'll rely more and more on the mark that identifies BEAUNIT FABRICS.

BEAUNIT MILLS, INC., DEPT. I, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 1
(Continued from page 45) had close-ups and from behind the camera she had to feed the lines she would speak in the big scene itself, she never just read the lines any old way. She gave them everything she had, even the right gestures. Which made it easier for me to catch the mood, of course.

"She even threw scenes to me. I couldn't begin to tell all she did..."

This in itself would have been great generosity had John and Bette been friends. It was incredible generosity for anyone to show a stranger. And to the best of her knowledge and belief, she had never laid eyes on John before they worked together. However, several years ago, when John played summer stock in Vermont, a girl in a polo coat, a bandanna around her hair, with no make-up but lipstuck and wearing dark glasses, came backstage to tell him how much she had enjoyed his performance. He thanked her politely and thought nothing more of it until several hours later when he learned that the girl had been Bette Davis.

"Whereupon I just about fell on my astonished face," he says.

Born in New York City on May 26, 1918, John has been in the theater off and on ever since he was fourteen. He made his theatrical debut as an old gray-haired man of sixty in a emergency, when illness overtook the character actor of the stock company in Panama where, during vacation, John worked as janitor and handy-boy. His father was an engineer and his work had taken him there, so naturally the family went along. He was amused at the idea of John on the stage. So was his mother. So was his older brother, Tom. They all thought of his future in terms of engineering. Although occasionally his mother would say, "The Navy would be nice too."

"Show my mother a battlebush and she swoons," John explains, laughing.

No one dreamed this accidental performance of John's was a portent of the years ahead. The pattern of their lives seemed so fixed in those days. Then, abruptly, it broke like a reflection mirrored in water that is ruffled by wind. John's father died...

"Mother took over magnificently," John says. "Got herself a job as buyer for a Panamanian dress shop. When the shop went broke—we returned to New York. "Somehow Mother, who became a social worker, got me into Horace Mann. A scholarship helped. It wasn't any good thought. The kids there had lots more than I did. I couldn't return. Their parties and stuff."

"I was supposed to go on to Yale—on another scholarship. But, fortunately I burned my hands in chemistry. Whereupon, bored to death doing nothing, I got into the habit of dropping in at a dramatic school where a cousin was studying. That clinched it, proved beyond doubt that the theater was for me. I realized then that the stories—beautiful trash—I'd been writing and selling to pulp magazines under the impressive name of H. Treadwell Vanderwall had been nothing but an escape valve for an overwhelming dramatic instinct."

For years John worked in stock companies, thus serving a hard but invaluable apprenticeship. Then, on Broadway, he played with such outstanding actors as Arthur Byron, Alene MacMahon, Ruth Weston and Edith Atwater; was cast as Remis in "R. U. R.", did a walk-in in "Janie" and finally came to the role which won him his chance with Warners, Quizz West in "The Eve Of St. Mark."

Now his brother Tom was in Europe, fighting as a paratrooper. John and his mother found themselves almost entirely dependent upon his income from the theater—the theater that had seemed such a lark long ago and far away in Panama.

In John's life at this time there was a girl. He loved her deeply. But because his salary was small and he believed his mother to be his first responsibility he told this girl that marriage must wait. She didn't agree. She married someone else. And John took it hard.

"Maybe for me," he says "that would have been the great love. Certainly the marriage I entered into soon afterwards was not. It was a great mistake. I got caught on the rebound, I suppose. My wife, who was an actress, undoubtedly had as bad a time as I did."

"I decided then that people in the theater never should marry each other... Although I'm sure they never should marry anybody else... It was all very unhappy."

John's voice is resonant. And he's so enthusiastic and intent about what he is saying always that he forgets to keep it low. People in shops and theaters and restaurants are forever looking up a little startled when a momentary lull is filled by his voice saying, for instance:

"But divorce made me more unhappy than marriage had. No one ever likes to admit failure in anything, I guess. Much less anything as important as marriage..."

Or he'll announce, completely oblivious...
of the attention he is causing: "Very low necks are what I like on girls. And no hats. And hair that's just shampooed and brushed, not all twisted and braided and curled and pinned into a big production, like the facade of Notre Dame."

Or he'll say: "Girls who're forever running off to the powder room kill me. I took a girl to the theater and supper one night and it was terrible. The minute we got to the theater she had to dash off to make sure the wind hadn't missed her hair. Between acts she disappeared again. When we went for supper she was either running downstairs to the powder room or she was completely hidden behind a compact that was so big it was practically a portable dressing table."

"I don't go for taking out a girl like that. It's no fun. It's a strain!"

Nancy Walker, definitely The One since last spring when John played in "Dear Ruth" on Broadway, stands clear of all such taboos. "It's because Nancy looks and acts so casual and has such a grand sense of humor that I like being with her," he insists. "The surprise party I gave for her on her birthday was a howl. All the presents were gags. You can do things like that with Nancy. She goes for laughs. One gag was a feather boa from the Year One. Another was an old flatiron. Nancy, opening them, was a scream."

In some ways John is far younger than his twenty-seven years, a great galumphing, carefree kid. But when he talks of acting and people and things he has read he turns mature and wise, with the timelessness of the artist.

THEY MET. John and Nancy, in a telephone booth at the Stage Door Canteen. John barged in thinking the booth empty, because Nancy, who is very tiny, was hidden in the corner. After that they looked for each other Tuesday nights when both were on duty there. Then John went to Hollywood. He was on top of the world when he came back, naturally. Nancy wasn't, at least not the night John saw her again at a party. His laughter and enthusiasm for life and work practically made her shudder. And when she was leaving and he started to follow her to the door she pleaded, "Stay away from me, please!"

"About two weeks later," John says, "I went to see Nancy's show, 'On The Town.' I was doubtful whether or not I should go backstage. But finally I did. She looked a little horrified at first. I could tell she had it all figured out that I was gone, that Hollywood and a little success had ruined me completely. She was polite enough and all that. But when I explained I'd just stopped by to tell her what a grand job I thought she did and that I really couldn't stay she didn't put a word in my path...."

"Finally we got together at a party. I arrived with Markova and was perturbed when I found the place jammed with celebrities. Prestige celebrities—like Bea Lillie and Clifton Webb. The kind of people who have been on the top so long that you think inside when you're around them—until you get to know them and discover how simple and human they really are. I spotted Nancy, also scared to death, hiding out in a window seat. She sure looked like an oasis to me. And I probably looked better than I had in a long time to her, too. Anyway she gave me the big grin."

"It's been like that ever since. They spent all last winter and all last spring doing screwy things together. They would take a midnight train out to a suburb where the friends lived because, suddenly, both of them had a mad desire to scramble eggs and eat them before an open fire. They rode back and forth across New York Bay on the Staten Island Ferry to the ac-

---

JEAN PARKER

Popular Young Hollywood Star... Says

"Arrid should be used by men as well as women. Arrid saves clothes—keeps under-arms comfortable. It is a wonderful habit."

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which SAFELY

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

$3.99 PLUS TAX (Also $9.99 size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
compansion of completely idiotic dialogue with which they pretended the war was over and they were going to Europe. They saw every play in town that didn't play matinees on the same day they played matinees. They studied the technique of every accredited actor and actress. They greeted the dawn thundering on the piano in John's elegant sublet flat. And John sang too sometimes.

"If you can't make it good always make it loud," Nancy would tell him.

The next day would be the better part of valor, considering the housing problem, for John to send roses to the neighbors who lived above and below him. John would pick Nancy up later at her theater after his and her evening performance. And they would talk all night and have early breakfast at Reubens. They would talk of the last play they had seen, of the things they were going to do in the theater, of the Matisse odalisque they had just seen at the Modern Museum, of the egg rolls you could buy down in Chinatown, of the gay birthday presents they were going to give a friend, of the editorial in the Times that morning, of the latest book by John's favorite author, J. P. Marquand, of "Dick Tracy," of the rivalries and jealousies in the studio and theater.

"I know a star, a very famous star," John told Nancy one night shortly after his return from Hollywood, "who has no rivalry or jealousy in her make-up... who is big enough to throw scene after scene to the actor who supports her... who is even willing to let him, if he can, steal her picture. When the actor is a stranger to her too."

Nancy looked incredulous, as anyone would. "That I would like to see," she said. "That you shall see, my little pigeon," he promised.

When "The Corn Is Green" was previewed in Warner's projection room he took Nancy. All through the picture she sat quietly in the dark beside him. With her professional eye she was quickly aware of the story that had gone on behind the camera as well as the story on the screen. And there were times when for her the story of Bette Davis and John Dall was an even greater human document than that of Miss Moffat and Morgan Fairau.

When the picture was over, John and Nancy walked down the street in silence until John said, "She’s so darn wonderful!" Nancy didn’t ask who he meant. There was no more need to ask that than there would be to ask the name that always will be in John’s heart—the name Bette Davis.

The End

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

HERE’S A WINNER
in your Hollywood Handicap

Mr. Richard

"Horseshoe"

Haymes!

How he won it—and what he thinks of the guy who put his bets on him!

In November Photoplay, on the stands October 17 or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation permits...
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62) Describe everything to him graphically—bring samples of your veil and wedding dress for him to touch.

You might consult at length, too, with the doctors who have cared for Jimmie, so that they can give you the full benefit of their knowledge about the subject of advancing Jimmie’s welfare.

In time Jimmie will get over his feeling of inferiority, because such wonderful strides are being made in rehabilitation. You are being wise and sensible to go ahead with your life with Jimmie as if nothing had happened.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and finished high school over a year ago. I had planned to be a gown designer with the secret hope that if I turned out to be good enough, I could eventually get a job in a studio.

However, the week before I was to leave for designing school I was in an accident, and now I am to spend the rest of my life in a wheel chair.

Do you think it would be of any use for me to go ahead and prepare for a designing career? I mean, would a girl in a wheel chair be able to advance herself far enough in her profession to be accepted for motion-picture wardrobe planning?

Patsy T.

Dear Miss T:

You mustn’t feel yourself to be physically handicapped. Although I always get self-conscious when I say anything that might be construed as on the Pollyanna order, I truly believe that a person who refuses to recognize a handicap has automatically licked it. Lionel Barrymore’s career certainly hasn’t been retarded by his wheel chair, nor has that of Connee Boswell, nor of Jane Froman. I see no reason why you shouldn’t attend designing school. If you find that your vocation for costume origination is not as great as you would like to have it, the chances are excellent that, meanwhile, you will have developed a new handicraft. Since the very thought of a designing career must indicate that you have some artistic ability, it may be that you are inherently a painter. Think what that could mean to you!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I just read a letter from a high-school girl in your column that struck close to home. You may remember that this girl was going to a school where there were many snobs. She was worried about not being included in the social activities of the school. Well, I just graduated from a school where the same situation exists. When I started to school I had a terrible time getting acquainted because I was shy and felt inferior.

Nevertheless, I joined the Glee Club and became chief soloist—still I had no friends. Then one day I overheard two girls talking. Both were saying that they were lonely and frightened and didn’t know what to do about it. That set me thinking. The next day I made friends with every person who sat next to me in class; I started the conversation, took the lead.

My school work picked up to the point where I graduated in the upper third in scholarship, and I had a very gay time during commencement—surrounded by dozens of real friends. Did I ever make the grade with the snobs? No—but I didn’t care. I had made a circle of my own and I was completely happy.

For gayet... for the joyous lift it will give your heart (and his), wear Frolic perfume. It’s made for your happiness... light, bright, and sparkling... and wonderfully lasting, too!

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10. Toilet Water, 1.75. Dusting Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50¢. (Plus tax)
Dear Miss M:
My heartiest congratulations upon the stamina you brought to the solving of your own problem. I would have forwarded your letter at once to "Corinne N." if she had supplied me her full address. Perhaps she will read your letter in this space and follow your excellent example.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
Recently in your column you said you lost patience with women for not remaining true to their husbands while they are in service.

My husband and I had been married five very happy years (I thought) when he enlisted in the Air Corps after Pearl Harbor. He had been gone only a short time when I discovered that I was pregnant. Tom seemed overjoyed to learn that we were going to have a family. I wanted everything to be perfect for his return to civilian life so I bought a new home. I redecorated it completely, doing all the painting and papering myself, and it turned out beautifully. I wrote to Tom regularly, keeping him informed of the progress of our home, and telling him all about the cute things our baby did as he grew. Of course I was lonely and heart-sick many times, of course I missed male companionship, of course I yearned to have a date occasionally—what normal girl wouldn't—but I stayed at home, worked with purpose in mind and high faith.

Meanwhile, Tom was returned to the States for additional gunnery training. I couldn't join him because there were no living quarters available. And then, one morning, I received a letter from Tom's attorney stating that Tom was suing me for divorce. I simply couldn't believe it because I had received a nice letter from him only a few days earlier. I consulted an attorney and learned that all during his training period (while I had been carrying our son) he had been going with a girl who lived near the field. When he returned from overseas, she joined him at his new base.

Tom's excuse for his behavior was that he and I had nothing in common after the first infatuation wore off. Apparently he hadn't been happy for a long time, while I was entirely content.

Well, Miss Colbert, this is just another side of the story. Women are condemned right and left for being untrue to their husbands who are away. I agree with you that sometimes this is a shocking breach of faith, but I think that in most cases it is the husband who betrays his marriage vows.

So next time you lose patience with women, remember the multitude who have played the game honestly, only to be rewarded by an experience like mine.

Phoebe A.

Dear Mrs. A:
Candidly, upon reviewing my answer to that soldier's letter about his self-appointed wife, I thought that possibly I had been a little too hard on war wives, but during that month I had received hundreds of letters from men overseas whose wives or sweethearts had deserted.

In your case, I would say that you are very much the victim. However, a girl of your homemaking ability will soon find a man more worthy of herself, provided she doesn't let this experience embitter her beyond reason.

I feel that—when a marriage is wrong—the wise thing to do is to accept what-
Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thought-
ful 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.

ever happens and bravely to rebuild a new life. In your case, apparently, you and your husband would have separated at some time in the future because he was not satisfied with your marriage. War simply hastened an unavoidable event.

I still think, however, that you did the right thing by staying at home, keeping your vows, and planning for the future. Now you have a fine son, an attractive home, and a clean conscience to reward your efforts.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Do you think a widow with a daughter of seven should consider a second marriage? That is my present problem and it has been the same for three years.

I have been in love with a fine young man for that period of time. This man is the type of which every girl dreams but seldom meets. He proposed to me before he went overseas, but I didn't accept because I was desperately afraid of the consequences.

Now he is to be released and has proposed again, via mail. He has assured me many times that he would love and provide for my daughter, yet I'm afraid that my child would resent a stepfather. I'm afraid that if there were other children she might consider herself an alien to the rest of the family.

My daughter never knew her own father, he died when she was very small, therefore she and I are very close. Do you think I would endanger our devoted relationship by a second marriage?

Could you please advise me, Miss Colbert?

(Mrs.) Marilyn M.

Dear Mrs. M:

In every case known to me personally, a second marriage by a woman with a child has worked out well. The man you plan to marry would seem, from your description, to be a fine person. I am certain that he would make an excellent father—since he knows the situation and has already expressed his willingness to take the place of her natural father. The old bogies about stepmothers and stepfathers are rapidly being dispersed, as people know more of psychology and practise more common sense.

Please accept my wishes for your happiness.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and I have had a rugged life so far. My mother died when I was six months old, so my father sent me, my two sisters and my two brothers to his par-

Q. How happy I'd be to have such kisses.
A. Satin-smooth skin attracts them.

Q. Poor me! My skin is dry.
A. Then try this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream—benefits dry skin amazingly.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Gives such inclusive smooth skin care—it's like a daily "treatment." For every type of skin. Helps prevent the appearance of dry skin lines. Simply use Jergens Face Cream daily, for all these purposes:

1. for Cleansing  2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation  4. as a Night Cream

Premature lines from dry skin? Smoothed away—and soon—by this skin scientists' cream. Made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar (plus tax). Your opportunity to have fresher, clear skin. This already-popular Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
For carefree confidence, choose Meds internal protection—comfortable, convenient, and doubly sure because of Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL"!

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds' easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster! Extra protection for you!

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands gently and comfortably—adapting itself to individual requirements.

ents in England. They died soon after so we were sent from relative to relative until the blitz, then we were sent back to my father. I never cared much for him, so when we fought I went to live with my sister who had gotten married. Well, I met a nice boy named Johnny and grew very fond of him. One night he called to say he had tickets for a show, but I had to work, so like a fool I suggested that he take my girl friend. I might just as well have told him goodbye forever, because that was the last I saw of him. I started to run around with service men and got myself into trouble. My sister found out that I am going to have this baby, but she is under the impression that Johnny is responsible and threatens to go to the police to make Johnny do the right thing. As the man who is responsible is married and has left this camp anyhow, I don't know what to do.

Should I make a clean breast of the whole thing, or should I just let my sister go ahead to the police? Johnny would hate me, but he does already anyhow. After I was married I would be my own boss and I could divorce Johnny to make it up to him.

Emilie M.

Dear Miss M:
I'm certain that you wrote to me without carefully thinking over what you are proposing to do. Would you subject a blameless person to police charges, to a loveless marriage, to the responsibility of supporting a child not his own, to frivolous divorce?

Under no circumstance should you impose your burden upon a blameless man.

Go to the police and give the name, rank, and serial number—if you know it—of the man responsible for your pregnancy. As you are below the age of consent, as set by law in your state, this unprincipled man will be made responsible.

You have had a rugged life. But this final and greatest trouble was brought on by your own error. It's so easy to say "No," so tragic to have to carry the burden of saying "Yes" for the rest of your life.

Claudette Colbert

Newcomers to the bachelor list—Cary Grant, who plays Cole Porter in "Night And Day," chats with Robert Hutton.
Colleen on the Cover

(Continued from page 64)

Pet beauty secret: You can do it too—it's a half hour spent resting and relaxing in a warm bath, just before dinner. On a bathtub tray she has creams and a hairbrush; over the faucets are mirrors set into the wall; and usually there's a book in her hand which she's reading. Often she gets into the tub dog-tired—she always gets out full of vitality.

The books she lends to everyone: "Citizen Tom Paine," by Howard Fast and "Wind In The Willows," by Kenneth Graham.

What she's reading this evening in her bath: One of the Harvard Classiques—all of which she is perusing steadily.

Best friends in America: The entire de Vally family, which is very big, and to one of whom she is godmother; actress Nancy Gates; actress Katherine Grayson.

The times when she is deaf: As one of six children who all did their homework aloud in one playroom—she learned to concentrate to the point of complete deafness. The result is that when she's studying her lines she hears nothing and nobody; she has no memory of questions asked her during her deaf period; and the only way to rouse her is to shake her.

Favorite roles: Her parts in "How Green Was My Valley" and "This Land Is Mine."

What happens when she loses her temper: She either talks a blue streak, repeating the same grievance a thousand different ways; or gets whitely silent.

What happens when you ask her advice on something: She sits silently staring at you until you feel frozen out—when really she's honoring your question by giving it thorough consideration before answering.

How she reacts to something nice you do for her: She has nothing whatever to say! Which means that she's so afraid of gushing thanks that she says not a syllable!

Happiest moment of her day: When she telephones home from the set to ask, "Did a letter come for me from Lieut. Price?" and the answer is yes. Then she shrieks, "Have Tony bring it over to the set!" because she can't bear waiting until she gets home to read it.

Favorite piece of furniture in her home: The enormous four-poster bed in hers and Will's room—which is six-and-a-half feet wide and seven feet long, and mahogany. It has a flowered chintz canopy in blue and green, and when they bought it they had to have a piece set down the center to make it wide enough to suit them.

The one time she hated her husband: When she breathlessly tore open her husband's first letter home from his Marine base, expecting to read a literary gem of deathless love—and instead found a torn scrap of yellow paper saying, "Car is in parking lot east of the Fantages Theater. W."

What she loathes: Hot weather; insincere flatterers; and pigtaits—which always look to her as if the wearer's hair is too messy to do anything with but pigtaits!

The clothes she wears while the sun's up: Sports dresses and tailored suits—for comfort and for that well-groomed look. Or beautifully-cut slacks with matching jackets.

Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh

the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢

MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY," WED. NIGHTS, 10 E.W.T., AMERICAN (BLUE) NETWORK
The clothes she wears when the moon's up:
Plain, straight-cut, good dresses with no
frills or flourishes—set off by lovely acces-
sories. Her usual moonlit costume is the
same plain, smart black silk dress she's
owned for five years now, with an assort-
ment of hats, shoes, gloves, bags and good
jewelry.

What she and Will Price do on impulse:
After one of their luscious home-cooked
meals, they look at each other and say,
"Palm Springs? Santa Barbara? Night club,
all dressed up?" Then off they shoot on
whatever excursion they choose. And
sometimes when they get all done up for
night-clubbing, they change their minds
and stay home in their finery over a bottle
of champagne!

What happened to her famous collection of
dolls: They've vanished off window seats
and bookcases into two crates in the cellar.
Will didn't like them!

What's going to happen to Will's war col-
lection of Jap swords: Maureen says they're
going to vanish off window seats and book-
cases into some crates in the cellar! She
doesn't like them!

The miracle that is little Bronwyn: A dozen
doctors told Maureen she could never have
a child. So mass was said in some church
in the United States every single day for
a year: the Sisters of Charity Convent in
Ireland (where her sister is a nun) prayed
every day for a year—and Bronwyn was
born. A modern miracle.

What she'll be doing twenty-five years from
now: She'll be living in a hotel-like home
with her husband and six children—and
some grandchildren, for by that time Bron-
wyn will be twenty-six and by all rights
should have three or four offspring of her
own! Maureen will no longer be acting;
she's been acting since the age of five and
supporting herself since the age of eleven
and she's ready to retire any time at all!

Vital items: Her real name is Maureen
FluSimons; her hair is gorgeous red; her
eyes gray-green; her height five feet seven
and one half inches; her weight 125 pounds.

What she and Will Price do when they're
not cooking: They work in their garden—with
Will chief gardener, and Maureen
chief weed-digger.

The one time she preferred something else
to a letter from Will: When he sent her
(from where he was stationed in Florida)
the record, "I'll Be With You In Apple
Blossom Time." And she knew it was his
way of telling her when he'd be home on
leave! —

The End.

Peter Lawford
is coming your way—
in a stunning color portrait
and a tell-all story
in November Photoplay
"It’s EASY and it’s FUN!"

— says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look."

"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

"At last, finding myself out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42. I desperately decided to do something. That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course.

With her encouragement and my husband’s tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Wouldn’t you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you, just as it helped Mrs. Clarke and more than 225,000 others to find a way to beauty and vitality. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. Then you follow right at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the convenient coupon to find out what it can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON

Ann Delafield, Directing

NEW YORK

Richard Hudnut Salon

Dept. SX-8 693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss

Mrs.

Street

City

State

Zine No. 1

12" LESS

HIPS

WAIST 9½" LESS

ABDOMEN 17¼" LESS

BUST 9" LESS

LOST 53 POUNDS

Above, a snap-shot of Mrs. Clarke when starting her Course.

Right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.

DuBarry Success Course

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Richard Hudnut Salon

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

With your Course, you receive a Chart containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.
toward Slim (in "To Have And Have Not"—as if you didn’t know!), he carried Lauren over the threshold.

"You weigh a ton!" he groaned, which was as close as he came to expressing his genuine feeling.

True to tradition, they hadn’t been in the house twenty-four hours when things began to happen. It was Thursday. Fred, their dark-skinned British butler (he sounds like Ronald Colman), had the day and evening off. Along toward midnight they were awakened by a nervous tapping on their bedroom door.

"Mister—Missus—please come out. Something has happened." It was Fred’s voice and it was frantic. The new Bogart home, built on a hillside, has three floor levels. Like all such homes, the water supply is controlled by pressure system. Too much pressure caused a pipe to burst on the lower floor. Before their horrified eyes they saw their living room floating around in one foot of water. For the next three hours they bailed and swept water out the doors and windows. By next morning their parquet floor had swollen until there was a stationary island in the center of their living room. It took more than a flood, however, to dampen their spirits.

With the damage repaired, they settled down to happy normal living. The wedding presents began to arrive. A beautiful silver cigarette box from Lauren’s mother, who was in New York trying to buy them linen. From Bogie’s sister a silver ashtray; his agent, a silver coffee service. From their friend, producer Mark Hellinger, glasses for every occasion and two decanters to match. Prominently displayed are two glass vases, their first gift from a fan. Their silver, stationery and linens are monogrammed with the two letters B—with “and” between.

DURING the making of "The Big Sleep" (Lauren’s second picture opposite her husband) she drove a handsome black convertible coupe. It belonged to the studio but had never been driven off the lot. At the end of each day, she’d climb back into her own leaky, squeaky five-year-old jalopy. When she returned from her honeymoon, boss-man Jack L. Warner presented her with the pink slip denoting ownership of the big car. While Lauren was still pinching herself, Bogie took one look at the red leather-trimmed seat coverings, immediately ordered them copied for his own de luxe job.

There’s been a lot of ribbing about the span between their ages. Few Bogarts know it but it doesn’t even faintly bother them. If you saw them together you’d appreciate their indifference. They kid back and forth. They enjoy their own personal jokes. They get a tremendous kick out of everything. Bogie loves to crack about Lauren’s "down under speech. "Wonder whose voice is going to get the lowest," he teases. "How about those cocker spaniel eyes," she comes back at him.

And speaking of those eyes, once upon a time they bothered her.

"Even when he’s happiest, Bogie’s eyes are sad," Lauren muses. "At first, when they looked that way I thought it was because of something I had done. It worried me. Now I know."

That gold slave bracelet that Lauren guarded so carefully before their marriage is now one of her proudest possessions. On one side her name is engraved. On the back, "From The Whistler," Jack Kriendler of New York’s "2I" gave them a set of gold whistles. She wears hers on the slave bracelet. His he wears on his watch chain. At home she blows her whistle from one part of the house. Bogie answers back from another. It’s their own
little personal signal system.

When working they lunch at the near-by Lakeside Country club. Bogie is a member and Lauren automatically became one when she married him. They like to eat alone. Occasionally they are joined by Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, who are club members too. Included among the Bogart's friends are, Lieut. Robert Raab and his wife. She played Gene Tierney's younger sister in "A Bell For Adano." Bogie was best man at their wedding. Raab is a sailing pal and one of Bogie's crew during peace time racing season. Peter Lorre and his wife, lovely Kaaren Verne, Pat O'More and his wife (the former Zelma O'Neil), the Mark Hellingers, director Jimmy Kern, Thornton Delehanty (see Photoplay writer) are on the Bogart friendship list.

Besides their broad-a butler, they have a cook and a part-time gardener. After dinner the Bogarts like to sit around their nine-room house and talk. Whoever furnished it originally must have had them in mind. It is modern but not in the high-styled sense of the word. Every chair is low, comfortable and bright. Both love music, love listening to Bogie's wonderful collection of recordings. He takes great pride in his home but he is a worrier. Even when there's nothing to worry about, he worries because everything is running smoothly. Lauren, just the opposite, believes implicitly that things will work out.

WHEN Lauren moved away from her mother, Mrs. Bacall hated to part with "Droopy" and "Puddles." So Lauren, who loves her dogs, loved them enough to make her mother happy. Louis Bromfield, who breeds boxers, has promised the Bogarts one of his prized Prince's puppies. It was Prince who almost stole the show at the Bogart-Bacall wedding. In the middle of the ceremony, in he scampered. Plunking himself right on the minister's feet, Prince proceeded with every canine trick to command all the attention. Lauren and Bogie wear matching gold-mesh, chain link wedding rings. Neither has been removed. She hasn't yet received her wedding present because he's having it made. She imagines it may be a brooch to match the chrysoberyl ring he gave her for an engagement present. Material possession like no gold for Bogie. To Lauren, he can't get her to name one single object he wants or needs. His birthday, falling on December 28, at least gives her a partial break. More than anything else, Bogie would like to have children. More than anything else, Lauren hopes to give them to him.

At one a week they dine out—usually at La Rue restaurant on the Strip. They sit in the first booth, which is known now as the Bogart booth. Referred to on an early morning call, on this night out they stop for at least one dance at Mocambo. It's practically a ritual with the guy who isn't supposed to be a sentimentalist! As they wind their way through the tables, orchestra leader Emil Coleman signals his musicians. Softly and sweetly they give out with "That Old Black Magic.

Lauren and Bogie start grinning. Oblivious to all eyes in the place, they dance. Naturally this song has some great personal significance. Naturally it's their own personal secret. Seeing them together, the place so crowded yet singularly alone, Bogie with Lauren—Lauren with Bogie, they look so right together. Just as it happened to Slim and Steve—it was meant to be all along. And in the meantime, the music keeps right on playing—"That Old Black Magic" got me in its spell—that Old Black Magic called love!

THE END
No Girl like You!

Oh happy moment, when he discovers you are the girl he's dreamed of always! Oh thrilling day, when you flash your Great Decision to the world with a gorgeous Multi-Facet Diamond engagement ring!

In All the World

No Diamond like This!

Multi-Facet is the only diamond in the world with forty extra facets around the "equator" of the stone.

Forty extra surfaces to reflect the rays of light, creating such beauty, such intensity of color as you never dreamed possible.

The exclusive Multi-Facet feature makes the diamonds look larger, helps prevent chipping.

Multi-Facet DIAMOND SOLITAIRE

Diamond Craft of America • 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Four Generations of Diamond Cutters.

I Want to Talk to You

(Continued from page 33) breeds hate until there's no beginning or end to it—only all-around evil.

One night when I was playing with my gang up on the Palisades, those beautiful big cliffs that stand alongside the Hudson River on the Jersey shore, we saw a flaming cross. We were dead sure it was the sign of the Ku Kluxers we had heard so much about. And, sure enough, when we crept closer through the bushes we saw a lot of hooded figures. I was only a kid and I was far from an angel but I still remember the sick-making feeling I had when I saw those hooded men plotting there against other men.

Well, all of us kids rushed home and told our fathers about the meeting we had seen and a few minutes later a group of shirt-sleeved men armed with baseball bats and clubs and the fists God had given them broke up that un-American Ku Klux Klan gathering in the old American fashion.

Lying in my bed that night I got to thinking about the things I had read in my history book. I got to thinking how our forefathers had left their homes in the old countries where many hatreds and racial antagonisms existed to come over here and set up a new world where they and their children could grow up without fear irrespective of what they believed or how they saw fit to worship God.

"No wonder," I thought to myself, "that those Ku Kluxers wear hoods. Any American who tries to persecute anyone because he is different from himself should be ashamed to show his face."

"Whoa there, Frankie Sinatra," called my conscience. "What about you? What about you not letting the Protestant who lives next door to you, the Jew who lives down the block and the Negro who lives around the corner in on any of your games? What about the names you call after those guys? And what about the things you say to make your friends hate all those other kids too?"

Then, in one of those sudden flashes we all get sometimes, I knew that I was doing the same thing those Ku Kluxers did. Ashamed of myself, I didn't waste much time.
time doing an about-face. Do you know what I found out? That same little Jew-

ish kid I'd been so rotten to turned out
to be a great buddy of mine. The Pro-

testant boy was a swell little fellow. And
the colored kid was a happy generous lit-
tle guy who was always good for a laugh
or a loaf of his ball or bat. I soon dis-
covered that in avoiding those kids I'd
cheated myself out of a lot of fun.

BEFORE the late President Roosevelt
died I told him I was going to take off
some time to talk to you kids about the
need for tolerance and to point out that
we mustn't destroy the principles for
which our grandfathers founded this coun-
try and which our boys are fighting
dying to preserve. The President was
very pleased for, like all the great liberals
who have set up our democracy, he put
a high value on personal liberty and the
freedom from fear which can only exist
in a land where personal liberty thrives.
It was Patrick Henry who said, "Give me
liberty or give me death," but there hasn't
been one among our great leaders who
hasn't felt the same way.

So, in view of all this, who are we to sit
at home and set up prejudices which in
time would destroy personal liberty and
make for fear? Who are we to imitate
the self-styled "master race" by feeling
our particular kind of human being is
better than any other kind of human
being?

Do you know something? If you were
to take a heart and brain from any man
there would be no scientist on earth who
could tell positively from what race that
heart and brain came. All of us really
are the same, you see.

Look, fellows and girls . . . I'm so deeply
grateful for the wonderful enthusiasm
and support you have always given me.
I am particularly grateful for it because
I know that only here in America could
that kid who was called a little wop and
had stones thrown at him over in Jersey
not so many years ago have made the time
I've made. But remember this—the same
degree of opportunity and good fortune
can come to you only if you keep this
swell land of ours a free and open field
where anybody can get ahead and pros-
pel and where—unlike those countries
where intolerance was allowed to flourish
—nobody ever will lose his business or
his home or his loved ones because of his
race, creed or color.

As a performer I have often been told
to stick to my last and let those whose job
it is correct these things I have been talk-
ing to you about. But it happens I think
it is the job of every one of us who is
really American in the true spirit to stamp
out intolerance and persecution wherever
and whenever we see it—so it never gets
the chance to make any real headway.

More than this, I believe every time
any one of us takes part in any move-
ment or activity which even remotely
smacks of intolerance and persecution we
betray not only our forefathers who
wanted this to be the land of the free but
our boys who are fighting to keep it that
way.

Don't take part in anything that isn't
American, Kids. Keep your friends from
doing the same thing. And although I
may be criticized for this, if anybody ap-
proaches you in any attempt to enlist
your help in any filthy scheme of intel-


A Woodbury powder to give your
skin the flawless look stars have on the
screen! NEW 5-way blending creates
stay-fresh SHADES, smoother TEXTURE
to cover little lines and blemishes.

Ava Gardner appearing in "She Went to the Races," a
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Woodbury Brunette gives a dark-
toned skin like Ava's a vivid glow, destined for enchantment!

This powder never cakes, turns pasty, makes
your skin look "porey." Just clings
for hours of enchantment! Watch
your skin take on new appeal with
"Film-Finish." 8 shades.

Your matched Make-up $1. Now with your $1
box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shade
of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the
box; all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish,"
Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25c and 50c, plus tax.

Woodbury Film Finish Powder
What a Guy!

(Continued from page 39) Up he haunted the irrigation ditches near his home—used to camp out near them and hunt rabbits for food and fun. Later, when he had a jalopy of his own, he would drive a ridiculous number of miles at every opportunity to get himself an ocean. The outdoor life was his stuff. He hunted with guns and with bow and arrow. He worked in the orchards in the summer (for seventy-five cents a day) to buy clothes to wear to school in the fall—and to buy the camping equipment which seemed so essential to him.

He grew tall and broad in the shoulders and the mop of blond hair which tumbled above his tanned face didn’t detract at all. The girls in Bakersfield viewed him with a deal of favor and Guy returned the compliment by developing a nice eye for a pretty ankle or some unusual eyelashes or a figure which suited a sweater. He “went steady” occasionally, he admits, and adds, redundantly, that he really likes girls!

But he had a fierce desire for independence. He never had time to go out for the athletic honors which might have made him a celebrity in high school. He was working. He became a telephone lineman... one of those intrepid fellows who put spikes on their shoes and shiny up poles to cope with dangerous live wires when a storm or something puts your telephones or electric lights out of order. He was saving his money at that time to buy a boat and become a deep-sea fisherman.

He hasn’t had the opportunity to do much deep-sea fishing since he has been in the service, but he is “saving” La Jolla (near San Diego) for a special fishing spot after the war. He has been able to get into the foothills occasionally to hunt rabbits with his bow and arrows and he spends a lot of evenings working on the arrows. He makes them himself, but apparently they are temperamental things and require attention which some other people might accord to a troupe of prima donnas.

This, then, is the lad who found himself abruptly a Hollywood celebrity. Hollywood was, perhaps, even more astonished than he was. After all, it was only a “bit” that he had in the picture. No one had ever heard of him before that and he had little exploitation. But interest in him mounted by leaps and bounds. His fan mail grew to an alarming volume. Certainly every critic in the country and probably half the picture-goers now know the name of Guy Madison—“who played the sailor in the picture, ‘Since You Went Away.’” His is one of the most spontaneous and most spectacular successes that has ever been scored on a single performance.

He has had to do a lot of thinking, has young Guy. He has sampled Hollywood warily on these occasional weekend leaves. He spends hours and hours of his leisure time at the studio, studying, being coached, trying to learn the ropes. He thinks it must be the hardest work in the world... a lot more confining than the fishing business... “and not as healthy, either.” But now, after nearly two years of sampling, he finds it more interesting and less appalling than it seemed to him at first.

The evenings in Hollywood are pretty nice. He has escorted Judy Garland to a premiere, has dated such luscious objects as Rhonda Fleming, Suzie Crandall and Dorothy Mann. He has attended two or three glittering parties where fabu-
lously famous and talented people have been nice to him and have encouraged him. He sometimes attends night clubs with Henry Willson and some of his friends, but the prices seem so fantastic to him that he views these occasions dubiously. The glitter doesn't seem worth what is charged for it.

Of course, he admits, it's stimulating to meet and even occasionally to date girls who are famous for their glamour the world over. "But," he observes, "where I come from, if you met a girl at a party and liked her, you could just call her up the next week and ask her to go to the movies or something. Here you can't do that. She's likely to think that you want something... even if it's only to get your name in the paper by being seen with her."

He is uneasy, too, this young American, about meeting other celebrities, even if they aren't date prospects. Already it has seeped into his consciousness that here, in the Never Never Land, you must be careful of what you say and to whom you say it. Something he inherited from sturdy forebears makes him resent this. He and his ancestors have been accustomed to "speak right out."

Still, the work itself, oddly enough—that grueling study at the studio—has begun to fascinate him. After months of soul-searching, Guy knows now that he wants to be an actor. "There is," he concludes, "a lot to it." What he means is that he has finally felt the challenge and the excitement and he is also beginning to feel his own fitness for all this.

His good looks sort of sneak up on you. At first glance he is a brawny thing... big shoulders, narrow hips and a nice color scheme of tawny hair and bronzed face. You have to watch him talk and smile, you must observe him when he becomes really interested in what he is saying before you realize how electrically handsome he is. That kind of handsomeness arises from something inside a man's brain. Guy Madison has it, although he is apparently unconscious of it. In fact, he is overall a very shy sort of person.

He has theories about marriage, as applied to Hollywood, and they are as sound and well-thought-out as his feelings about the prices of night club food. "You'd have to know your way around," he opines, "before you would dare to tackle it. And even then you might be wrong. Imagine two people in one family, trying to say the tactful thing to people at a party. They might cross one another up completely! It seems to me it's difficult enough for one person to try to feel his way around in this place... But maybe, when you've been in Hollywood a long time and know the ropes... Well, I don't know!"

Aside from his extreme caution about nearly everything, Guy is distinguished by a magnificent appetite. He not only loves to eat, but he loves to talk about eating... and he will, on and on, if you encourage him. Or even if you don't. He can not only provide, with gun, bow, line or his two bare hands, the food for a robust meal, he can also cook it and he has definite ideas about how that should be done. He can also toss a tasty salad. If you invite him to dinner, you'd better be prepared to eat at a gourmet—anything but.

The Madison head seems to sit squarely above that sailor collar. The Madison career seems assured... comes the end of the war.

It is all, Guy and Hollywood agree, very surprising!
Man from Mars

(Continued from page 43) which required him to wear a beard he'd be delighted to compete with Monty Woolley.

In fact his youthful appearance causes Bill considerable distress, even while it delights his mercenary bosses and the lady fans.

He looks much younger than he is, always has looked younger than he is, and will probably look like a whippersnapper until he's seventy, a possibility which beffers him no end because he really doesn't want to be an actor much longer, he would rather direct or produce or both, and there is slim chance of anyone entrusting him with a two-million-dollar production while he still looks like an Eagle scout. Which, no getting away from it, he does now.

He has other crosses to bear. For instance, girls are bound to call him "cute," either in dazzled whispers in the meza-nine of a neighborhood movie house or, more daringly, to his face. He can't escape it—his eyes are just round enough, his nose is just short enough, his smile is just gay enough. He has the ingenious and intriguing expression of a slightly cynical baby.

YOU do not have to know him long or well to know that he would rather live in New York than in Hollywood and would rather act on the stage than the screen. This is true of quite a few actors, but Bill Eythe is the only one I ever heard admit it without saying, "Off the record, of course."

He would like to be in New York for reasons both of art and of indolence.

"In Hollywood," he says reasonably, "you work hard all day and sleep all night so you can work hard again the next day. In New York you work two and a half hours, then you bowl a few games and drink and go to bed and sleep late and get up and read the newspapers, and then you go out and walk or go to a museum or a movie and have dinner before you go back to work again."

He toils and he is ambitious but there is a wide streak of Sylphide in him and he encourages it whenever possible. He likes eggs poached in wine and champagne of a beautiful French year and long lazy Sunday afternoons of spines fitted to the curves of comfortable chairs and rambling conversation mostly about the theater.

Like all actors, he likes to talk about other actors. He has great fun mimicking the season's pet ingenue, hooting the current ham and raving about his particular theatrical crush. (Yes, actors have idols too—usually of the opposite sex and years older, true, but idols nevertheless.) Bill will give out about Tallulah Bankhead at the drop of a cocktail; he thinks she's superb. And his panes about Greta Garbo would make the pale Swede's ears tingle happily.

And he, of course, is the boy who became an actor only by what might be called a psychological accident.

Back in Mars, Pennsylvania, (population 1,000) there was quite a stretch when Bill Eythe was just "Dutch Eythe's kid brother," and the talk of the town revolved about its all-American gridiron hero and chief claim to fame, and the reflected glory was Bill's only touch of glamour.

Bill was ten years younger than "Dutch" as well as infinitely less celebrated, and he is sure now that he was nudged by jealousy and a longing for a little section of the limelight for his very own into choosing a profession a little out of the standard Mars line.

---

**Lipshaped!**

**Solitaire's NEW PATENTED**

**fashion-point**

**LIPSTICK**

No blurred edges, no fuzzy liplines with Solitaire's new, exclusive "Fashion-Point" Lipstick. The only lipstick actually curved to fit your lips—makes it easy to trace a clean, precise pattern of glowing color. From a special formula that makes Solitaire cling in satiny-smoothness for hours. $1

Magnificent color-originais to highlight your loveliness:

- Venus Red
- Pink Peril
- Blue Blaze Red
- Scarlet Satin
- Moonlight Magenta
- Ravishing Red

*ONLY SOLITAIIR HAS THE FASHION-POINT*

U. S. PAT. NO. 2162584
"I became an actor because of my brother, no question about it," Bill admits. "I couldn't stand his being the hero of the family. It did something to me, and the only cure for it was acting. Acting had a really therapeutic effect on my wounded ego."

He confesses that although his success on the Broadway stage and in the movies has been fine for his own pride, it has not caused the town of Mars, Pennsylvania, to erect sculpture in his honor or set off rockets in the streets. In fact, on his first visit home after his celluloid triumphs he was able to stroll into the old drugstore and order a soda without causing a ripple. The proprietor just said: "Ain't seen you around in quite a while, Bill."

Bill gave him the cue fast. "No, I've been working out in Hollywood."

"Hollywood?" The proprietor nodded wisely and gave a broad wink. "Tsk, tsk! Some girls out there, hey?"

That was the star's welcome home.

Possibly no one in his back yard expected Bill to achieve fame as an actor because he spent so much time studying painting. He still smiles when he thinks of his days at the Pittsburgh Art Institute where he would try to concentrate on the problems of anatomy in the life class while the salesmen at Horne's department store just across the street leered over at the models.

Looking back on it he has a certain sympathy for the lads' attempts to brighten up their dreary afternoons, for he had a fling at department store selling himself. He purveyed gents' haberdashery at Kaufman's in Pittsburgh, and was particularly successful in convincing ladies that what the gentlemen of their hearts' desire really needed was red silk pajamas embroidered with white dragons. In his brief career behind the counter he figures he was responsible for more nightmares than any other factor in the state at that time, including the combination of dill pickles and ice cream.

He still paints when he has time, in a rather primitive style, he feels, because he was not much good at taking instruction and always had a few rather Guerlain notions of his own, and he also composes. He even saves his compositions recently, and reported with typical Eyethian candor, "They sounded like bad Gerahms.

He may write again someday—he was quite successful at writing radio scripts on the side while he was at Carnegie Tech—and eventually he may write, direct and produce, depending on how soon he can achieve a few lines in his face.

Among the fruits of his screen achievement he hopes someday to have a beach house, and his favorite method of relaxing when he's on the West Coast is to go to Palm Springs and ride horseback.

Bill is rather proud of his father, from whom he probably inherits the bulk of his rugged individualism. The senior Mr. Eythe, a small contractor in Mars, saw "You Can't Take It With You" at the local movie house one night, decided that the fellow in it had the right idea and has never worked again from that day to this.

So you had better catch Bill Eythe whenever his pictures play your theater, for he is a chip off the old block and it's possible his days as an actor are numbered. He may happen to read "Robinson Crusoe," decide Crusoe had the right idea, and set sail forthwith for a tropical isle.

If he does, don't worry about him, for he is a lucky and talented fellow, and the island he lands on will have gold in its hills, sturgeon in its streams and a girl closely resembling Dorothy Lamour sitting on its beach as Bill puts in to port.
Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes
beautiful New York society leader, says:
"This new 'sheer-gauge' Pond's powder
smoothes the color so evenly over my skin!
Gives a softer, sheerer look!"

Now "sheer-gauge" powder!
—goes on with smoother, lovelier color

- Today's intriguing glamour news—a "sheer-gauge" face powder! It's Pond's luscious Dreamflower Powder—now made "sheer-gauge" by a special suffusing ingredient that spreads out the tiny particles of soft color... blends them with new "sheer-gauge" smoothness over your skin!

That's why Pond's shades look so much softer "on"! Why they suffuse your face with sweeter color... smoother color... more "glowy" color.

Compare Pond's new "sheer-gauge" powder with the powder you're wearing now. See the thrillingly sheer, subtle color-smoothness it lends your skin!

POND'S Dreamflower Powder
—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty!

Betty Grable's Secret Date
(Continued from page 47) sat around a gaily-colored table. We ordered refreshments. Tubby, good-natured director Archie Mayo ambled along and joined us.

He was the one who asked the boys, "Where you from?"

Chicago, the tall one, Texas, the drawl, and the third called home a tiny town in Pennsylvania.

They were full of their Betty Grable story. They were bursting to tell it. And no wonder!

The previous afternoon, their first visit to Los Angeles, they had arrived at the Ambassador Hotel for their last leave before quitting the country. Staring out the windows it dawned on the Chicago boy that those distant hills were Hollywood. When he revealed this to his companions, Texas, stretched upon a sofa, lackadaisically suggested they call up Betty Grable.

Of course Texas was joking. They had never met Betty Grable. And he knew if you telephone a movie star at a studio you will only be connected with an operator asking who you are and what you want. Should you, by some miracle, get by her, you may find yourself talking to anyone of a dozen human barriers—a clerk in the publicity department, a maid, a secretary, a script girl or a fifth assistant director, the last being fancy language for office boy. But, undoubtedly, you won't advance one step nearer your beautiful goal.

"All right, let's call Betty Grable," agreed the flier from Pennsylvania. Why not? He had no qualms. In his home town everyone spoke to everyone else. So what?

Picking up the receiver he asked the hotel operator to connect him with Twentieth Century-Fox. "That's where she works, isn't it?"

H ow the next part happened I shall never know. The operator might have been new at her job, the assistant director absent, or perhaps the good spirit watching over fliers simply intervened. It is incredible.

The immediate result was they did get Betty Grable!

She spoke from a telephone on the set. The boys each said, "Hello." They told her who they were, why they were there. They jabbered at once, they were pretty incoherent. Still she managed to grasp the general idea. And when Chicago stuck his head practically into the mouthpiece and asked, "Howz about a date?" Betty Grable did not take offense nor did she disguise her voice and pretend she was her secretary and swear she was ill or out or broken. Instead she invited them to the studio. What is more she sent her car to pick them up.

You can imagine the state of the boys, the boys ready, the hasty hair slicking, the to-do and excitement. Within an hour they were on the set. Between shots Betty Grable greeted them. They watched her work until five-thirty. Then she invited them home to dinner. Not being married then, she was living with her parents.

Arriving at the house, she showed the boys around.

"She had a white fur rug in her bedroom," remembered Chicago with awe.

They ate a home-cooked dinner together. Afterwards Betty Grable, who must have been tired from acting throughout the day, suggested, because she knew how much it would mean to them, that they go dancing.

The three boys had the same terrified
reaction; would they, pooling resources, have enough money to take her out? By no means were they green. They had heard about Hollywood night clubs and cover charges and what all.

They didn't know their Grable. She steered them straight to the Palladium which is within anybody's price range. The Palladium is not a night club—just a super-duper, huge hall built mainly for dancing.

"And it sure was some dancing," drawled Texas.
"Not like with other girls," said Pennsylvania. "The floor was jammed, but when they saw Betty Grable, people would stop and make way."
"It sure was wonderful," sighed Texas.
"It sure was," agreed Pennsylvania.
"You said it," came from Chicago.
"But that isn't everything," Pennsylvania told us.

It seems after dancing they became hungry.
"Guess it was the exercise," said Texas. So Betty Grable drove them back to her house and helped them raid the kitchen.
"I defrosted the icebox for her," recalled Pennsylvania happily. "She asked me to."
Since it was very late she also asked them to spend the night, leaving them in her spacious guest rooms.
When they awoke she had already left for work.
"I never swallowed that stuff about movie stars getting up at six o'clock," said Chicago.
"She sure does," remarked Texas.
"Her father made breakfast for us," Pennsylvania said. "He brought us to the studio. We watched her work again. And we had lunch with her in the commissary. She did something else for us too," he added. "There was a kind of fly in our ointment . . . you see . . ." He looked embarrassed.
Chicago continued. "We knew none of the fellows in camp would believe our story."
"Who would?" commented Texas in his easy drawl.
"That's why Betty Grable supplied proof. She had her picture taken with each of us."
"Come to think of it, though," commented Chicago suddenly, "it was just another date."

In accord they nodded.

For a moment I was shocked, furious. Here, Betty Grable had been to all that trouble and these boys labeled it just another date!

Then my anger cooled and I saw what a truly splendid thing she had done. Any star could have, with the grand manner, dispersed autographs. It took Betty Grable to act so wholeheartedly natural she caused three young aviators, from totally different sections of the United States, to forget who she was and, for a short while, feel as if they were with any girl back home, raiding a kitchen at midnight, defrosting an icebox . . . just another date.

Archie Mayo's voice broke in upon my thoughts. 'I'm not in the least surprised. When the income tax was increased and everyone bellowed so much about it, Betty Grable said she didn't understand the fuss, that she, for her part, loves to work."
"Don't forget, I'm with Twentieth too," declared Archie. "And of the many stars on that lot . . . Betty Grable is the most regular."
I can well believe it.

The End

Flower-Petal Beauty!

FOR YOUR FINGERNAILS

Dura-Gloss nail polish is fresh with sparkle,

high with color, like a rose. A special

ingredient, Chrysaline, gives Dura-Gloss its

exceptional brilliance, and makes it stay on, and on

and on. Get this wonderful, quick-drying

polish today, enjoy its long-lingering beauty.

At all cosmetic counters, 10¢ plus tax.

Copr. 1945, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J. Founded by E. T. Reynolds
For Smart Hair Dress Use

Lorraine
HAIR AIDS

Let your beauty reign with Lorraine

Whatever your type of beauty or hair-do you will find that Lorraine Hair Aids will give you smartness, assurance and poise. The Lorraine quality and selection in all hair shades will delight you.

Sold exclusively and Guaranteed by F.W.WOOLWORTH CO. STORES
Halfway to Heaven
(Continued from page 34) presented Bea Lillie and Bert Lahr in his own production, “The Show Is On.”
With a New York wedding in mind, Vincente, busy in California, telephoned Mr. John of John Freddies in New York to ask if he knew of an apartment. John offered to look around. Finally he called Vincente back. Martin Block, the radio star and producer of “The Make Believe Ballroom” would lease his triplex penthouse, ringed with terraces and furnished with a French decor.

John went on, in effect: “You enter an L-shaped corridor, Vincente. On that floor is a guest room and bath and a master bedroom and bath and dressing room. Also, at the end of the corridor there’s a dining room, kitchen, pantry and servants’ quarters . . . A curving stairway leads to the second floor and the living room, about fifty feet by twenty-two . . . The third floor is smaller; has a playroom and bar, including a slot machine. . . .

“We’ll take it!” Vincente decided promptly.

When at the last moment Mrs. Garland was unable to come east for the wedding, Judy decided to be married in her mother’s house. This also meant that Louis B. Mayer could give Judy away. Often Mr. Mayer must have wished, together with all those who love Judy, that somehow she might find the happiness and fulfillment personally she knows professionally; even though this is not too often given the true artist. For there’s an excellent chance that Vincente, another true artist, as her husband may bring the same bright magic into her life that he has, as her director, given her pictures.

Certainly the few close friends who saw them married, heard their quiet steady voices making their vows, saw the deep tenderness of their marriage kiss, believed it was a happy day.

Judy wore a pale blue-gray jersey dress that had a little bustle and that was embroidered with pink pearls. A La Boheme bonnet sat far back on her reddish gold hair. She carried pink peonies almost as big as herself. There was a bride’s cake, three tiers high, which Judy and Vincente cut with an old silver knife tied with gardenias and white ribbon. In the garden they posed for color pictures for Photoplay. Between times everyone must admire the black and gold wedding band, set with tiny pearls, which complemented the pearl

Paris Decree---
That Judy Garland is one of the world’s ten best-dressed women!

Adela Rogers St. Johns
tells you why—gives you Judy’s shopping and designing technique in firsthand fashion.

There’s a colorful added attraction
Judy’s own trousseau in color pictures!

All in November Photoplay

The mellow goodness and unchanging quality of Miller High Life are part of every refreshment picture—whether the occasion calls for an informal late-hour lunch in the family kitchen, or royal entertainment for a house full of company. It’s always smart to serve Miller High Life—the champagne of bottle beer!

Mellow Taste and Enjoyment

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
A dollar nothin'... she promised me some chewin' gum.

for finer flavor

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. • ESTABLISHED 1885

YOUR PEARL-GLOW FINISH

Excitement

CAKE MAKE-UP

An Oiginal

Eisenberg

CREATED BY THE
FAMOUS DRESSMAKER FOR YOU

Excitement Cake Make-Up will
give your skin the lustrous
glow of fine pearls. In
two luminous skin shades.
Purse size container, $1.50
plus $0.25 federal tax.
Exclusive with one store in a city or

EXCEGMENT, INC.
222 West North Bank Drive, Chicago 54, Ill.
Enclosed is $1.80 to cover mailing, cost and tax
on Excitement Cake Make-Up.

Name
Address

CHECK SHADE Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐

engagement ring, set in gold and black
enamel, which also was Vincente's design.
Then they were off for New York.

"When we arrived the apartment was
waiting," Judy said. "Vincente had thought
to have it filled with flowers. And right
away we did as we had planned—just
moved in and pretended to be New
Yorkers...

A cook and a maid were waiting too.
And when Judy and Vincente had bathed
and changed, breakfast was served on
the upper terrace, so very high that only a
few of Manhattan's tallest spires stood
between them and the blue dome of
sky.

"It's all been wonderful," Judy says.
"Especially this chance to meet Vincente's
friends who love him... And, of course,
I keep hoping, in time, they'll be my
friends too..."

"Whenever I came to New York before,"
Judy says, "I lived in a hotel—for two
weeks perhaps—and rushed, rushed,
rushed. I had to cram about one hundred
and sixty-three things into that time-
shows, mostly. Now we go to the theater
two or three times a week and take
time about it.

It wasn't, of course, completely idyllic.
Nothing ever is. The second day they were
in New York the cook and maid moved
out, displeased over what neither Judy
nor Vincente have the least idea. For
five days after that they had no one to
help them. They called every agency.
Like a thousand other New Yorkers they
would have packed and moved to a hotel
—if they could have gotten accommoda-
tions. Then, through an advertisement in
the Times, they interviewed a maid. "I'm
the luckiest person in the world," Judy
insists. "She's a wonderful woman, this
maid! And the self-same day she arrived
I went downstairs and in the lobby was
a woman waiting to see me. She's now our
most magnificent cook, a Creole, and she
has agreed to go back home with us!"

Also, in typical New York fashion, Judy
and Vincente have weekended all sum-
mer in the country with friends and have
also visited Nick Schenck at his Long
Island villa; where the talk of pictures
and the theater and actors and artists
and writers is the talk both Judy and Vincente
dearly love.

The very week they arrived, Nick
Schenck took them shopping in Tiffany's.
"Metro wants to buy you a wedding
present, Judy. Pick out something you
like.

Hesitantly, Judy chose a simple gold
broom.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Schenck.
"You must choose something much gayer.

After considerably more hesitation, Judy
selected a bracelet of square diamonds
and emeralds and a companion pin that broke
into two clips—all so beautiful that they
left her breathless.

Then Mr. Schenck insisted that the
bride choose a wedding present for him-
self. After some demurring, Vincente se-
lected a handsome gold watch as his
gift from Leo, the Lion.

Speaking of weddings, Judy's mother,
appropriately enough, gave them a clock.
"Such a beautiful, old, rare clock—from
England," Judy explains. "It will sit on
our bedroom mantel or bedside table. It
strikes with beautiful chimes. And on
either side of the face are porcelain fig-
urines, a little boy and a peasant girl.

"It's the sort of thing you want to pass
on in your family—to your children and
their children..."

She spoke of her prospective children
several times. For in spite of a foolish
newspaper item, she and Vincente have
no idea of adopting a baby. "We expect," she
says, "to have a baby of our own some-
day. And another. And another. Until we
have a good-sized family. For what could
be more exciting than having children and watching them develop and grow and helping them on their way? That is something that would last for always."

That was a very few—was to honor Judy's sister on her birthday and the eve of her opening at La Martinique. Unwilling to trade on the name Garland she is known professionally only as Miss Dorothy.

Many of the sixty-odd guests were Dorothy's friends, many more were Vincente's—so many were strangers to Judy. With sweet naturalness, therefore, she made no attempt to introduce people or to call them by name. But she moved from group to group with simple friendship. Even if Judy hadn't been a famous star, eyes would have followed her the night of that party. For she was lovely in a pale blue lace hostess gown with a tight bodice, low square neck, long sleeves, flaring peplum and wide trailing skirt.

At one end of the lantern-lit terrace stood the long buffet table. And in the center stood a chocolate cake. Dorothy Garland's favorite, ablaze with candles. Throughout the party there was a fine musician at the piano. And the Merry Maes moved from group to group, serenading. Dorothy sang, too, while Judy stood half hidden in a group and applauded, if possible, more enthusiastically than all the rest.

FINALLY Judy sang, too. "Embraceable You" came first. Then, with the Merry Maes as background, she sang "The Trolley Song." And always her eyes sought Vincente and always her voice as well as her eyes turned warmer to answer his smile.

"Vincente forgets to be shy when he looks at Judy," an old friend said. "Because he completely forgets himself. It's such a wonder he ever found her. Men like him—charming and gay and kind, with his elfin humor—are so likely to marry women who aren't able to share their interests. Judy looks up to him. You might almost say—if they weren't such friends—that she is terrifically impressed by him. So Vincente is stimulated. And they're both happy."

Soon now, when Judy and Vincente return to California, they'll live in his house. "I like it so much I didn't want to go to a new place," Judy says. "However, since it was a typical bachelor house and not large enough for two we bought the lots on either side. Now we're building on a little bath-dressing room for me. And when we can get priorities we'll put a dining room on the other side."

The Minnelli house sits on top of a high hill midway between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. You travel winding roads to get there. But the view, looking out over trees and gardens and town and sea, is unbelievable. The house itself has the feeling of houses in Mediterranean countries. It's sea-shell pink outside and predominantly dark green inside. Vincente has furnished it with the beautiful eighteenth century pieces he's collected for years. And it's done in bright colors and quilted chintzes and pale rugs, with lovely pictures, rare porcelains. It presents a quaintly dignified facade to the road. But on the other side terraces furnished and garnished luxuriously lead to the badminton court which is a gathering place for the wittiest and the most brilliant and charming people in all Hollywood.

At night, at the Minnelli's, when the lights come on in the town below and the stars come out overhead, you seem to be suspended between two skies. All of which bears out the prophecy of Judy's and Vincente's friends that even when the honeymoon is over they'll go right on living halfway to Heaven.

THE END

Delightful ROMA Burgundy

Adds Graciousness and Enjoyment to Simple Everyday Meals

Elsa Maxwell

Pamed Elsa Maxwell says, "Dine by candlelight, and lend enchantment by serving ROMA California Burgundy—cool. Delicious with food—a delight to your guests."

Only ROMA gives you the goodness of luscious grapes from California's choicest vineyards, gathered at peak flavor, gently pressed... then, un hurriedly, guided to perfection by ROMA's ancient skill. Yet—ROMA costs only pennies a glass.

ROMA CALIFORNIA WINES

Exclusively from Selected Grapes

More Americans Enjoy Roma Than Any Other Wine

ROMA ESTATE WINES

© 1945 ROMA WINE CO. • LODI, HEALDSBURG, FRESNO • CALIFORNIA

But and hold war bonds
Two on Leave

(Continued from page 27) A handsome six-footer with dark brown hair, brown eyes, an Irish wit and ever-ready smile. Always looking on the bright side. Okinawa wasn’t rough!

Knock it off, Ginger, old girl, knock it off. Get on with the script. You’re not being a very good Marine yourself tonight. What’s happened to all the old esprit de corps? Remember, you have only just begun to fight. Remember that he has his buddies, your faith and his God. He’ll make it okay.

She went back to her own show. Just then the phone rang. A surprised Ginger picked it up to hear the matter-of-fact voice of a long distance operator saying in familiar tones, “Mrs. Briggs? San Francisco calling.” Across the miles came the melodious drawl of Sergeant Briggs, “Hello, this is Jack.”

Like other service wives who get such flash calls, even when she’d hung up a few minutes later, she still couldn’t believe it was true. And like the others, Ginger, no doubt, gave a little prayer of gratitude.

She promptly put in a long distance call to Jack’s mother, Mrs. Alice Katz, who was then in the desert at Las Vegas, recuperating from an illness brought on mostly from watching the headlines and worrying about Jack. With that done, Ginger began her happy and hectic preparations to join her returning Marine in San Francisco.

What she had learned in that telephone call was that Jack, after serving his tour of duty in the Pacific, had been picked along with thirty other Marines over there as potential material for greatly needed officers, and was being sent back for training at Officers’ Candidate School at Quantico. They’d hitchhiked across the Pacific on transport planes, leaving in such a hurry, they left most of their gear behind.

For many months over there he’d listened to all the other Marines talking the breeze about their home towns, their wives, their girls. And he’d talked to them about his wife too. They’d watched over his shoulder a little enviously at the stacks of mail he got. Called him the most-written-to Mac in their outfit.

He’d seen a few of Ginger’s pictures, but had held fast onto one of his own—a gold-plated miniature picture of her in a bracelet she gave him when they were first married, with an inscription that reads, “Always and Forever, Your Adoring Wife, Ginger.” You can sweat out many months, take a lot of atabrine, with a good-luck piece like that.

He had been lucky enough to hear two Command Performance radio shows sent over by the Armed Forces Radio Service, on one of which Ginger served as mistress of ceremonies, and of which a movie was made. It brought her very close to him on that coral isle, to watch his lovely wife in a filmy black dress, a tiny black calot atop her blonde pompadour, smiling her welcome to him and to all the other lonely homesick Marines across the miles. To hear her clapping with Jimmy Durante and George Murphy, singing bits of songs, oldies like “Lovely To Look At,” “Top Hat” and “The Way You Look Tonight.” To hear her familiar voice signing off, “This is Ginger Rogers saying, best of the best of the U.S.A. to you gentlemen of the AEF. . . So long.” She had thought then that it would be long—so-o-o long—before he would see her again.

After Ginger went to San Francisco to meet him, they came back to Hollywood for only a brief stopover before shoeing
Beautiful California Heiress

Almost incredibly beautiful is Geraldine Spreckels, of the prominent West Coast family. Her features are flawless—her coloring combines gold hair with dark eyes and creamy skin. She is thrilled with the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream... calls it "a real beauty find!"

"Re-style" your complexion—in one short minute!

Here is the freshening, 60-second beauty "pick-up" that glamorous Geraldine Spreckels finds so effective:

Spread generous fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream in a mask over your entire face—except your eyes.

Leave on one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves scaly dead skin cells and imbedded dirt! Now tissue off.

Right away your skin looks clearer... lighter! Feels smoother! Takes make-up with soft flattery!

Superb powder base...

Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal powder base. Stroke on a light film of Cream and leave it on. Ungreasy... long-lasting!
Lady, you don’t get a touch like down from Peeling Spuds!
It’s a mean job...cooking, cleaning, scrubbing. No wonder you feel like hiding your hands! Rough, eh?
Reddened to the wrist. Well, use Pacquins regularly every day. This snowy cream helps hands win a young-skin look—soft, white, sweet to touch!

Doctors and Nurses found
a way to keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubbings a day. More abuse than most hands take in any day’s housework! It was Pacquins Hand Cream that was originally formulated for their professional use. It’s super-rich with an ingredient (doctors call it “humectant”) that helps dry skin feel softer, smoother, more pliant!

"The Touches of her Hands are like the Touch of Down"—James Whitcomb Riley

The marriage came as a complete surprise to his Marine buddies who’d noticed the lovesick look on Private Briggs’s face, and never got anywhere when they inquired why. It was just before payday and there was a wild scrambling around in the barracks digging for dough when the gang found out Jack was going to marry and to whom. They had one hour to pool their change—some $8—and buy a wedding present for them, a Marine pin for Ginger and a tie clasp for Jack. All of them received a personal note of thanks from Ginger, who wrote, “Believe me we are very proud that all of you were so nice as to gather together to remember
Wilma sold war bonds in all kinds of weather

Did you see

"The Picture Of Dorian Gray"?
Then you want to know more about

Hurd (Dorian) Hatfield!

You'll find your introduction to this new and mysterious charmer—in story and gay color pictures

Next Month

Copyright 1945
Gaylord Products, Incorporated
Chicago 14, Illinois

• Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly...that's the way GAYLA HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads, satiny finish and the rounded--for-safety ends. That's why HOLD-BOBS are America's favorites. Look for, ask for the GAYLA HOLD-BOB card.
HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become... well... forgetful. Yes, I found out the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching always.

AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so special again—now that I know about proper feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol always for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a proved germ-killer... far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it really does the job!

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, doubt thoroughly with correct Lysol solution... always! Powerful cleanser—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under constant laboratory control. . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 633 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol always!

A Christmas
He'll Remember

BECAUSE you didn't forget to observe the few simple directions for making sure your gift reaches your man in the service.

BECAUSE this year thousands of soldiers will be moving to new assignments, across oceans and continents, it's going to be more difficult than ever for Uncle Sam to deliver your Christmas gifts to them safely and on time.

BECAUSE your boy in India wistfully recalls the ice-cream sodas he used to get in the corner drugstore, don't try to send him a box of ice cream. One mother packed some in dry ice but it melted long before it even reached New York.

1. This year send only one package.
2. If your soldier is on route home or about to come home, don't send him a Christmas package.
3. Use his latest address and be sure it's complete and accurate.
4. Mail Christmas gifts overseas from September 15 to October 15, without a request from your soldier. But... .
5. If there's reason to believe he may move to a new location, it's safer to wait till you can mail your gift to the new address—even if this means asking him for a request letter so that you can mail it after October 15.
6. Your package must not weigh over five pounds, must be not more than fifteen inches long, or more than thirty-six inches in length plus girth.

The Demand For
PHOTOPLAY each month is for at least 800,000 COPIES MORE than the paper shortage permits us to print.

Consequently to insure getting your copy regularly, we suggest that you place a standing order with your newsdealer. He will be glad to oblige and you will be sure of your copy each month.
You Wouldn't Know Me

(Continued from page 57) haven't stopped smiling since. Having given it a nine months' trial, I now believe that the sharing of laughter is more of a guarantee of love's enduring than any other quality a married couple can possess.

There was never any business of Bandi's and my falling in love at first sight. We dated for three whole months—after our mutual agent, Vic Orsatti, introduced us—before so much as the thought of romance even crossed our minds. We were, in fact, opposed to romance, though for different reasons. I had been divorced and felt pretty disillusioned on the subject of marriage. Bandi had never been married and believed himself to be a confirmed bachelor. We started dating very casually, once a week or so, then twice a week, then several nights a week, then every night. The thing that kept drawing us more and more together was that we were having so much fun in one another's company.

By one of those goofy accidents of casting I got started off, on screen, as a femme fatale. But, though it may not be so glamorous, I've always known that in reality I'm a simple person, with simple tastes. I much prefer daytime sports to night-club dancing. I love horseback riding, hunting, fishing, swimming, all that, and I'd rather eat a hamburger than plesant under bell any time. I'm much more comfortable in slacks and no make-up than in a sequined gown and full war paint.

One of the first big dates I ever had with Bandi was when he invited me to join a party of his friends on a deer hunting trip to the High Sierras. I'd never shot anything other than a .22 rifle, and at nothing save a target with that, but I went along. It was a marvelous party. The only trouble was that none of the men got a deer.

This irked them so much that they organized a party to go into an even wilder, higher Sierra than where we had pitched our camp. They went on an all-male party because the girls were staying behind with Mrs. Elisha Cook, who wasn't feeling well. Those men started off, very brazen and conquering, only to trail back at nightfall, completely crestfallen. They hadn't even seen a deer.

They were so disconsolate that we girls took over all the dinner preparations. I went out to gather firewood. All that day there had been a hawk circling over our camp and I picked up my gun, thinking if I saw him again, I'd take a pot shot at him. Imagine my delighted astonishment when I lifted up the tent flap and saw a buck! I don't remember even stopping to think. I just fired. He was a good ways off, but silhouetted against the sunset, and I saw him fall. I ran back and told what I'd done. They didn't believe me, and I didn't blame them, for I scarcely believed myself, but when they romped out, there was the evidence. It was a thrill, believe me.

I don't know why I'd never thought of Hungarians as any kind of horsemen, but when Bandi first took me riding I found out how I'd underestimated them. I had thought I was a pretty good eques-trian up until then, but on horseback and me look amateurish. He could beat me at swimming, golf and tennis, but the thing was that it all was so much fun. And added to all this, he's a magnificent dancer.

In other words, Bandi has a zest for the variety of life. He gets the best out of every moment, but one of the ways he attains this is happily thinking about it.

Take our wedding night, for instance. Both of us were working, practically till the moment we stepped before the altar. I, in fact, had had only one hour off all day, an hour in which to get my hair done.

GARY COOPER
uses Calox for a brighter smile

FRESH, TINGLY FLAVOR
of CALOX protected again
by a metal can!

Yes, cool, clean-tasting, refreshing Calox Tooth Powder is again available in a flavor-tight metal container!

As always, gentle, efficient Calox keeps your smile bright and sparkling.

Developed by a dentist, Calox contains five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help bring out all the natural lustre of your teeth.

You'll like Calox... everybody does! Buy a can today. Made in the famous laboratories of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.
AFTER

"I feel like a new person since taking the Bonomo Home Course," says BETTIE HOWELL of Albany, Cal.

LOSES 20 POUNDS IN 6 WEEKS

Gains New Charm and Confidence as she learns New Beauty Secrets

"I'm so very, very happy," writes Bettye Howell. "Met Strutting around, showing off. What a wonderful world this is now—dates, parties... I just can't believe all this is happening to me."

The old story over again. In 6 short weeks a lonesome discouraged girl becomes a new, attractive, sought-after, streamlined beauty.

SUCCESS THROUGH BEAUTY

Right at home, thousands daily are learning new short cuts to beauty through the famous Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course. Women of all ages are learning quickly, easily—How to streamline their figures—make up the Hollywood way—wear the latest hair styles—dress better inexpensively. How to be charming, graceful—how to develop a fashionable bust contour and many other important beauty hints.

WHY NOT YOU

Mr. Joe Bonomo, founder and director, with over 20 years experience in Hollywood and New York opens the way to a new happiness for you through his inexpensive home course. You'll soon see that what others have done, you can do, in so short a time it will amaze you. So why not take advantage of this opportunity to greater popularity by mailing the coupon below on Mr. Bonomo's generous terms. You'll bless the day you did.

A few features of the
Bonomo Culture Institute
HOME COURSE

Joe Bonomo
world famous beauty authority and publisher of "Your Figure" Publications, your Guide to Grace, Beauty and Charm...at all newsstands.

YOUR FIGURE—How to streamline your figure with easy, beautiful positive exercises. Have a figure you'll be proud of.

YOUR HAIR—How to select and apply cosmetics to your individual nature. Learn to have a healthy scalp and glowing hair.

YOUR MAKE-UP—How to select and apply cosmetics to your individual nature. Learn to have a healthy scalp and glowing hair.

YOUR BUST CONTOUR—How to develop a firm, round

Fashionable line...how to select your bra.

YOUR DIET—Simple charts to aid you in relating or gaining in a healthful way.

YOUR CLOTHES—How to wear smart but inexpensive clothing gracefully...confidently.

YOUR POSTURE—How to stand...walk...sit for grace and charm.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL PERSONALITY—How to find and develop that which is you—your real self.

COMPLETE HOME COURSE

$2.95

This course extends through 100 charts with over 200 diagrams and pictures.

Before

After

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Joe Bonomo, Personal
Bonomo Culture Institute
Dept. 2310
1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

*Send me in plain wrapper: Complete Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course in seven through Beauty of Face and Form. I'll deposit with postman $2.50 plus postage. If not delivered, I may return course in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

Name:
Address:
City. Zona. State

Check here if you enclose $2.95 for delivery postpaid.
(Canada and Foreign $3.25 with orders.)

They decided to be practical in their auction-buying, so the very first thing they bought were steins for Andre's collection—with a little one for Veronica.
he called me. "Darling," he said, "I have found just the place to get something we very much need." He gave me an address. "Meet me there at seven."

It turned out to be an auction room and what Bandi had bought was a collection of steins—for our playroom—exactly what we needed, considering we already have chairs for said playroom! I collapsed with mirth at the very idea, but we got the steins and what's more I got the auction bug. Bandi had long been its victim. I wish you’d see us. We rush back from work, eat dinner in ten minutes, and then dash out again, to an auction, where we waste hours, bidding up the price of something or other. And something or other it frequently is. The other night we came home with a genuine Colonial pine four-poster bed for a mere $20. We were very proud of our bargain until we sat down and wondered what we were going to do with it. For Bandi had been designing all our furniture, having it made to order, and it is strictly modern. Bandi bought a box as big as a new baby, and we opened it. Bandi said, "Since the de Toths are enlarging, we'll be able to use it somewhere."

"Enlarging" is Bandi's way of proclaiming our approaching parenthood in early October. My little daughter, Elaine, lives with us and we comprise a riotous trio, but Bandi is so diggy we didn't so much as think he was the one giving birth to it. Maybe because he's so excited, I'm more calm than I've ever been in my life. Bandi wants a boy. I take anything. We both want a house for our baby. We've looked everywhere. We can find nothing. If we have to stay in our present tiny house, we'll manage somehow.

As soon as new building is permitted we'll build a varied, informal house, growing as our family grows. We want a place with a pool and room for a couple of horses and lots of dogs. But what we won't have is an "estate." The place will be no bigger than what one good cook-maid, a nurse and I can keep up.

For I'm going to be around. I don't think I'll be working for a while after the baby is born. We've got it worked out with my work and thus missed out on all those daily details that I feel are most wonderful and important. This time I'll be in on them.

But even if we haven't got this future home, or even the site for it, we have things, from auctions, for it. So practical, like the collection of copper cooking utensils Bandi bought (big enough to feed an institution) or the music box I bought, which is large enough for a museum.

I had better explain about me and music boxes. All my life I have craved them. The way other girls crave mink coats and diamonds, I yearned for a super music box. So, of course, Bandi heard about one being at an auction, which immediately meant we had to rush over and bid on it. There it was, my dream come true, a wonder music box, mounted on its own fine, inlaid table, with a dozen rolls, bearing six tunes each, with its own little drum, zither and bells. As we began to bid like crazy, everyone dropped. When it was our turn, Bandi kept on singing and we won, and he came up to us, almost in tears, and told us what a treasure it was. It seems he's spent all his life repairing the things, and he's going to repair this one. We shall need it, just to get the chance to listen to it.

Personally, I was in such a tizzy over it that when we first got it I played it when we got home at midnight till three-thirty A.M.—in our otherwise empty living room. Right there is revealed another way in which I've changed. I got a big bang out of having ignored bedtime on that particular evening, where before I knew Andre, I never knew what time it was at all. I was always late, always in time snarks.

Bandi taught me this was not escaping time, as I'd fondly thought, but being the mother of a slave. When he's working he stays smack on a schedule and makes me do likewise, but when he's at liberty, his hours get wonderfully jumbled, as I found out on our honeymoon.

Except for that one Sunday, we didn't have a moment free for honeymooning until I came back from attending President Roosevelt's birthday ball in Washington. My plane was grounded at Phoenix and the studio wired I wasn't needed for a couple of weeks. I phoned Bandi and told him how beautiful Phoenix was and almost before I'd hung up he joined me.

What a time we had. We brought no clocks and turned on no radios. We slept when we felt like it, ate any old time, turned day into night and vice versa, rode, hunted, fished, swam. Besides the most exciting, healthy vacation, I acquired the knowledge that what makes freedom is the discipline behind it. I mean the very fact Bandi and I had worked so hard was one thing that made this rest so keen.

Naturally, feeling happier makes everything smoother for my baby. In fact, I've been so cherubic as to startle myself, and when I come back from having my baby, it won't surprise me if the studio changes my name from LaKe to Lamb.

Which, if it happened, would be another thing to laugh about with Bandi, as we sit trying not to be too sentimental in our role of the child we have and the whole mob of them we expect to have in the very near future.

The End
"Lucky me... different me... thanks to Midol!"

Can you imagine yourself setting the pace—showing the way on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation’s functional cramps, headache and "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done. It is being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, try Midol! These effective tablets are offered specifically to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: Ease Cramps —Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you’re "Blue".

If you take Midol as directed, you will soon discover how comfortable and carefree you can be. Your druggist has Midol.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

Pidgeon—Pirate and Diplomat

(Continued from page 53) overworked, the . . . How’d you like to play the lead in my next picture?"

That’s how Walter Pidgeon made his first social appearance in Hollywood and got his first part, the lead in Cruze’s "The Mannequin."

Pidgeon told the story with gusto to everyone who would listen on the set of "Weekend At The Waldorf" where we met after a lapse of a good many years.

"Pidgeon, you’re the Rock of Gibraltar. You haven’t chipped since the day at Cruze’s. What’s the secret? Do you stand on your head like Lady Mendl?" I said.

"Only tennis," he said. "Of course I watch my diet."

His diet is something to watch, from soups to crepes Suzette—roast beef, rare lobster, terrine Madame, oysters, candies, wines, lemon pie . . .

"And garlic," he adds. "Garlic is great for digestion. Gandhi eats garlic."

Resemblance between Pidgeon and Gandhi ends on their breaths. Pidgeon weighs 195 pounds in his shorts; Gandhi, 95 pounds in his pin-ups.

"If I fast one day a week," he interposes, sort of pitifully. "Nothing but fruit juice."

He started fasting after an operation. You shouldn’t get him going on operations. He’s not morbid about his miseries; he cherishes them in the manner of old southern mammoths. He just bravely goes on watching his diet and falling asleep the second his head hits the pillow.

You must hear about his sinus cure, though. It’s wizardry. He sat down in front of a huge radio thingamajig, which sent waves through his head. They measured the same length as the waves of his sinus. According to Doc Pidgeon every organ in your body has a wave. When it meets its mate from outside they kiss and settle down and quit kicking your sinus around. So if you have an internal disturbance it may be an old maid wave misfiring for company. Pidgeon hasn’t had sinus trouble for three years. He knocks wood.

Convinced any miracle was possible, Pidgeon took his mother-in-law and had her waved from head to foot. She has not had a complaint since. Pidgeon knocks wood.

His interest in operations began as a kid when he lay for seventeen months in an Army hospital. He lied about his age to get into the Canadian Army for the first World War. In course of training he was crushed between two gun carriages. During those months in the hospital he must have taken a lively interest in everything going on about him. He might have made a good doctor.

Those shrewd, quizzical, electric blue eyes look into you; yours don’t look into him. Looking in Pidgeon’s windows to see his soul would prove as disappointing—well, not quite as disappointing—as peering into Moorish windows to see the harems. They are outward looking only. Pidgeon started out in life as a pirate. He sailed the Bay of Fundy with other small-fry Lafittes.

He was born the son of Caleb and Hanna Sanborn Pidgeon in an old timbered house by Marble Cove in New Brunswick, Canada. His father owned mercantile stores. His grandfather was a ship’s captain. There were other surviving Pidgeons who, Pidgeon likes to think, were pirates. He still reads pirate literature, hopefully looking for family likenesses.

Finding the twentieth century opposed to the forthright old pirates’ profession, Pidgeon chose banking as the next closest
thing. After the University of New Brunswick, he got into a bank—through the door, not a window. Grappling with bank figures proved onerous to Pidgeon. He was better grappling with figures outside banking hours. At a social grapple Fred Astaire heard him sing and said he was wasting time on bank piracy. Bank notes were floating right out of the old Pidgeon treasure chest.

His career really began when he called on Elsie Janis and her mother in their Manor House in Tarryton. Those theatrical-wise birds knew they had caught one of their kind. He appeared as a singer with Elsie in the Aeolian Concert Hall. A reviewer said he looked like Lincoln. That’s a fact; there is a rumbled sort of likeness.

He played in London in Elsie’s revue at the Shaftesbury Theater. Thence he did the boulevards of Paris and freebooted over Europe, raviating royalty and plebes, with song and personality, I mean.

The steady force in his life was his daughter. He became a widower soon after college. His child, whose mother died when the baby was born, was raised by her grandmother Pidgeon. Pidgeon did not remarry until 1931. His daughter Edna, whom everyone calls Pidge too, is an artist in the M-G-M art department.

Pidgeon’s career has been as exciting as a pirate’s. As a graph, it’s a roller coaster. The up and downs blew all the wind out of his ego, he says. He hit Hollywood when fans were swooning over “Latin” lovers. A Lincolnian American had no chance.

When talkies came along it looked like the day of the Pidgeon. But early sound effects were so bad people soon were damning musicals and singers.

PIDGEON’s humor has made of life on the roller coaster a hilarious recital. He yarns like old Captain Kidd. Some of his favorite topics, apart from operations, are fishing, music, wines, gardening, cigars, leather, cooking, Keats, travel and pirates.

He’s always active. Between scenes he plays backgammon and chews gum. The refrain on the set during the making of “Mrs. Parkington” was: “Parkington drinks, fights and cheats on his wife but Pidgeon, he chews his gum.”

He avoids night clubs. The Hollywood Bowl is his dish. He will sit up all night listening to good music and good singers. He still likes to play the piano and sing. Not “The Rosary,” though—he’d rather forget it. Still, it got him his first part and proved him a diplomat socially.

I saw his last appearance when two distinguished Negro majors of the medical service were introduced. He asked if he had not met one of them before. The Major said he thought not; this was his first visit to California. Pidgeon said he thought he had met him on a tour of camps. The Major was slightly embarrassed because, after all, you are supposed to remember a face as famous as Pidge’s.

“Oh, perhaps it’s your name that’s familiar,” said Pidgeon.

Now everyone knows he can’t remember a name. Everyone is Joe to him. The name on his chair on the set is Joe Pidgeon.

Our State Department could use Pidgeon if our Treasury Department could afford him. A pirate with diplomacy and who wears hand-me-down suits you’d swear came from a tailor by special appointment to his Majesty, is what we need to represent us among foreign slickers.

He’s the common man too. In overall chopping trees on his Beverly place or breaking up cement on the drive with a sledge, he’s one of us. Any of our hand-somer truck drivers might look at him then and say, “There but for the grace of God am I—with a million.”

The End

It’s smart, modern, exciting, the new
FLOATING FACIAL*

*Literally floats off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime ordinary “beauty” creams may miss…

A CREAM must liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-fogging debris—dirt, grime, grease, stale, old makeup—and particularly, stubborn cake makeup!

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly those menaces to beauty—conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering makeup effects. You see, Albolene is all-cleansing…no fillers or chemicals…and none of the water most “beauty” creams contain.

Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture…how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh makeup looks. Thrill to an Albolene Floating Facial today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM
—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—Remove your old make-up—one side with present “beauty” cream, the other with Albolene Cleansing Cream. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene side. See how clean the cotton stays! Now wipe over the “beauty” creamed side. See the tell-tale smudge—...from left-on makeup, grease, grime...
Colonel Jimmy

(Continued from page 30) over Frankfurt, Berlin and Brunswick. It was for the February 20, 1944, raid over the Nazi factories at Brunswick that Jimmy got the Distinguished Flying Cross. With a citation reading: "Despite aggressive fighter attacks in heavy anti-aircraft fire he was able to hold his formation together and direct the bombing run over the target in such a manner that the planes following him were able to bomb with accuracy."

Jimmy was pleased with his D.F.C. Fingering it shyly, he said, "Guess I'd better send this home. I'm mighty proud of it."

When Jimmy's squadron came home his family—his mother and father and his sisters, Mary and Virginia—became impatient for his return. So did his hometown in Indiana, Pennsylvania. So did his associates at the Metro studios in California. Several times Metro called Mr. Stewart long distance. After one of these calls he wrote Jimmy jubilantly that they thought they could get him out of the Army. Jimmy didn't like it. "You all just keep your hands off of this," he wrote back.

In the same letter Jimmy announced that he expected to get back soon. Consequently his family never left the house alone. Someone was always home to answer the telephone. Any day they figured—and hoped—Jimmy might call from the port where his ship had docked.

However, when weeks passed and he didn't arrive his family was puzzled. So, for that matter, was the Public Relations branch of the War Department. Nobody seemed to know why Jimmy was stuck in England or how long he would remain. Including Jimmy. In one letter after another he kept promising "in about two weeks now I really should be showing off."

So we called Colonel Jimmy in England, at the flying field at Brampton Grange. It took a bit of doing, since calls to military personnel are carefully checked. But about thirty hours after the call was placed the overseas operator announced, "We will have Colonel James Stewart for you at twelve-thirty-five. Please do not mention the names of any ships flying in, from, or within the Pacific-Asian area or any other information of a military nature. This is a radio telephone communication—and the enemy may be listening."

The call came through finally at six o'clock. Jimmy's voice sounded as amused and in amusement and as clear as it used to sound in the movies, but also a little more dignified and restrained.

We asked him, first of all, if we might publish the snapshots he had sent home. He didn't want to release them without Jimmy's permission. "You know Jimmy!" he said. "Why the time Bill Grady of Metro and I let a newspaper have a pic they took of him over there? He told us to tend to our own business. He put it nicer than that, but that was what he meant."

Jimmy hesitated when we put our request for the snapshots to him. Then he said "I don't know what pictures my father means exactly. But if he wants you to have them it's all right, I guess."

He would, he said, remain in England about thirty "days more. Which means I can't send him home now he is on his way."

"This job will take about that long, figure," he said. "I'm very anxious to get back very anxious."

We suggested a girl might be keeping him in England. He hesitated. Then he said, very definitively, "There is no girl. I'm... I'm not used to this stuff, I guess."

**SEAL-COTE**

POLISH PROTECTION

The sparkling liquid facial cleanser

AMBROSIA

ALSO DRY SKIN CREAM, ASTRINGENT, FACE POWDER

Makes MANICURES LAST LONGER

Brush over nails daily

Only 25¢ and 35¢

Everywhere

**ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE**

**How to Keep FRESH**

Splash! In your bath, we mean. Dry yourself. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc into every curve and ripple of your body. Ahhh! that’s cooling, caressing.

**How to Feel SMOOTH**

Dash! For a double dash of comfort, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. Like a siled sheath it keeps your skin serenely smooth.

**How to Stay DAINTY**

Smash! Make a smash hit. Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often. Use it generously. Let it perfume your person daintily with the fragrance men love.

**CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC**

with the fragrance men love

The sparkling liquid facial cleanser

AMBROSIA

ALSO DRY SKIN CREAM, ASTRINGENT, FACE POWDER


**FREE... To get one full day's supply of Diaper Liners write: Dennyson, Dept. X-145, Framingham, Mass.**

**FOR THE SEAT OF YOUR DIAPER TROUBLES**

Dennyson DIAPER LINERS

Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

**Colonel Jimmy**

(Continued from page 30) over Frankfurt, Berlin and Brunswick. It was for the February 20, 1944, raid over the Nazi factories at Brunswick that Jimmy got the Distinguished Flying Cross. With a citation reading: "Despite aggressive fighter attacks in heavy anti-aircraft fire he was able to hold his formation together and direct the bombing run over the target in such a manner that the planes following him were able to bomb with accuracy."

Jimmy was pleased with his D.F.C. Fingering it shyly, he said, "Guess I'd better send this home. I'm mighty proud of it."

When Jimmy's squadron came home his family—his mother and father and his sisters, Mary and Virginia—became impatient for his return. So did his hometown in Indiana, Pennsylvania. So did his associates at the Metro studios in California. Several times Metro called Mr. Stewart long distance. After one of these calls he wrote Jimmy jubilantly that they thought they could get him out of the Army. Jimmy didn't like it. "You all just keep your hands off of this," he wrote back.

In the same letter Jimmy announced that he expected to get back soon. Consequently his family never left the house alone. Someone was always home to answer the telephone. Any day they figured—and hoped—Jimmy might call from the port where his ship had docked.

However, when weeks passed and he didn't arrive his family was puzzled. So, for that matter, was the Public Relations branch of the War Department. Nobody seemed to know why Jimmy was stuck in England or how long he would remain. Including Jimmy. In one letter after another he kept promising "in about two weeks now I really should be showing off."

So we called Colonel Jimmy in England, at the flying field at Brampton Grange. It took a bit of doing, since calls to military personnel are carefully checked. But about thirty hours after the call was placed the overseas operator announced, "We will have Colonel James Stewart for you at twelve-thirty-five. Please do not mention the names of any ships flying in, from, or within the Pacific-Asian area or any other information of a military nature. This is a radio telephone communication—and the enemy may be listening."

The call came through finally at six o'clock. Jimmy's voice sounded as amused and in amusement and as clear as it used to sound in the movies, but also a little more dignified and restrained.

We asked him, first of all, if we might publish the snapshots he had sent home. He didn't want to release them without Jimmy's permission. "You know Jimmy!" he said. "Why the time Bill Grady of Metro and I let a newspaper have a pic they took of him over there? He told us to tend to our own business. He put it nicer than that, but that was what he meant."

Jimmy hesitated when we put our request for the snapshots to him. Then he said "I don't know what pictures my father means exactly. But if he wants you to have them it's all right, I guess."

He would, he said, remain in England about thirty "days more. Which means I can't send him home now he is on his way."

"This job will take about that long, figure," he said. "I'm very anxious to get back very anxious."

We suggested a girl might be keeping him in England. He hesitated. Then he said, very definitively, "There is no girl. I'm... I'm not used to this stuff, I guess."

**SEAL-COTE**

POLISH PROTECTION

The sparkling liquid facial cleanser

AMBROSIA

ALSO DRY SKIN CREAM, ASTRINGENT, FACE POWDER


**FREE... To get one full day's supply of diaper liners write: Dennyson, Dept. X-145, Framingham, Mass.**

**For the seat of your diaper troubles**

Dennyson diaper liners

Wherever baby goods are sold

**How to keep fresh**

Splash! In your bath, we mean. Dry yourself. Then shake Cashmere bouquet talc into every curve and ripple of your body. Ahhh! that's cooling, caressing.

**How to feel smooth**

Dash! For a double dash of comfort, smooth some extra Cashmere bouquet talc over chafable places. Like a silken sheath it keeps your skin serenely smooth.

**How to stay dainty**

Smash! Make a smash hit. Use Cashmere bouquet talc often. Use it generously. Let it perfume your person daintily with the fragrance men love.
Colonel Jimmy Stewart (with his back to the camera) wrote on the back of this picture: "They ask for many questions and you have to know the answers—and all the time you are so tired you can hardly keep your eyes open."

Personal questions he meant, of course. Hollywood and interviews and inquisitive reporters are, after all, four years behind him. He must, in a sense, have felt he was being pulled back into a world he remembers only dimly. For the experiences and responsibilities which have been his, especially during the last year, are enough to blur any life that went before.

Like that dangerous deal last December when he was coming back from a practice mission over France where they had experimented with a new method of bombing.

Pilot E. V. Schindler, of Cleveland, Ohio, tells about it. That day, as commander of the operation, Jimmy flew as co-pilot in Schindler’s lead Liberator.

"It was dusk as we approached the English coast," Schindler says. "The ceiling was so low we had to come down. We were flying not far above the ground. A lot of cloud came up. And there we were trapped between that cloud and the low ceiling. There were a lot of us up there—B17s and B24s—and flying blind and looking for a hole we were too close for comfort. Anything could happen.

"Stewart had to make all decisions; determine whether or not we should try for a landing and how and when we should come in. There wasn’t a moment, however, when he wasn’t calm and steady as well as active and alert. They managed a smooth landing—when any landing at all was a feat. Proving again he is a very sound pilot and worthy of the great respect all the boys always gave him."

The day we talked to Jimmy on the overseas telephone he had no plans. "My plans come from the War Department," he said, somehow giving the impression he was wholly satisfied to have it like this.

Whereupon we were reminded of things the men in his squadron said about him:

Captain Fred J. Murray of Spokane, Washington, a lead pilot, admits he didn’t expect a major star to take the war too seriously. He said: "I thought Jimmy Stewart would be another Hollywood star who wanted to get into the limelight of war briefly and go home. But anybody who mentions his name to me invites compliments. He hated publicity. You couldn’t get him to talk about himself."

Or, as Staff Sergeant Jack Martin, waist-gunner from Belton, Texas, who is now being processed for reassignment at Army Air Forces Redistribution Station No. 3 at Santa Monica, California, says, succinctly, "You don’t use fancy names for guys like that there. A guy is a good Joe or he isn’t. Stewart was!"
It wasn't only in the sky he distinguished himself either. As Wing Commander he was in charge of about three bases and three thousand men. Most of his important duties were performed at his workable with maps. He worked long and conscientiously at this too. Once a fellow officer found him hard at it at 2 A.M. "Working pretty late, aren't you?" he asked. "Lots of them work late around here," Jimmy answered, smiling.

Staff Sergeant James J. McLaughlin of Omaha, Nebraska, a tail-gunner, is another who admits they were skeptical about serving under a movie star. "Naturally," he says, "when we heard Jimmy Stewart was the officer in charge there was a lot of doubt in our minds about a screen player having command of a squadron. But we were all wrong.

"I flew thirty missions in our B-24 group, five of them in which Major Stewart was leading. I always heard our pilots say he did a fine job while taking the group in and bringing us out."

The men who flew with Jimmy know what little chance there is of his talking about anything he has done. They grin when they say, "Get the Colonel to tell you about his experiences when he comes back."

A guy who would send his D.F.C. home instead of pinning it on his chest wouldn't be likely to tell you how he got it ... or how he got his Air Medal or his Oak Leaf Cluster or the Croix de Guerre. ...

For the past four years—ever since he was the first film star to have his number come up in the pre-war draft—Jimmy has run away from publicity and the limelight as if they were horned devils. He has, incredibly, endeavored to conduce himself as plain Jimmy Citizen even since the day when, with other inductees, he rode off in a bus to the camp where he changed his known identity for olive drab and the $13,000 a month Metro paid him for the $21 a month he would get as a private from Uncle Sam.

And as corporal, second lieutenant, lieuten. tenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel—for he came up the hard way—he has remained the same.

There was excitement in the Stewart household at "Vinegar Hill" in Indiana, Pennsylvania when they learned we had talked to Jimmy overseas. His father and mother and his sisters were eager to know what Jimmy had to say, of course. Mr. Stewart chuckled with satisfaction when he heard no girl was keeping Jimmy over there. And he laughed when we reported Jimmy had commanded a military.

"That’s the last," he announced with Yankee forthrightness. "He’s got two sisters here who'll soon take that out of him."

He asked all the little questions any parent would ask. And other voices coming over the wire faintly suggested that Mrs. Stewart and Virginia (Mary is away from home at the moment, traveling with her husband, a Navy officer) were asking if Jimmy sounded happy and well.

"What’s holding him up anyway?" Mr. Stewart wanted to know. "Another job, hey? We can wait another thirty days. Guess we’ll have to."

"When he gets here we’ll have a fine party. We’re hoping, of course, he’ll be around for a long time—long for good. But we’re not counting on it. One of the boys over at Metro tells me he just saw General Doolittle. And General Doolittle wants Jim with him—in the Pacific. ..."

Undoubtedly the General would want Jim with him if the Pacific war were still on. But on the hunch that it wouldn’t be, Metro has prepared "High Barbaree," a story about a flyer, as a welcome-home for their distinguished Colonel.

Three cheers for that hunch! The End

---

LADY YOU CAN'T MASK Scalp Odor

Even the most fastidious woman can be guilty of offending with Scalp Odor! She forgets that the scalp perish, just as freely as the rest of the body does. And hair, particularly oily hair, absorbs unpleasant odors. The offensive result is Scalp Odor!

The easy, pleasant way to avoid having Scalp Odor is by regular use of Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This marvelous shampoo was developed especially to promote dignity, fresh hair and scalp. The pure medicinal pine tar does its work—then disappears. Try this gentle, effective shampoo tonight. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

PACKER'S Pine Tar SHAMPOO

---

JUNE LANG, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.

Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes a color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural. Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flimsy "painary" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin. The "life secret" of all color is glow The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on glow. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge bloss out glow, Princess Pat—the dual-tone rouge—imparts it.

But remember only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret dual-tone process—an undertone and overtone. So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.

The right way to Rouge Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smiles into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a "pointing toward the nose. That’s Nature’s rouge area. (2) Blends rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.

And lips to match! You’ll love the smoothness of the new Princess Pat “Color-Stay” Lipstick. One application stays, stays, STAYS! And there shades, none that be. Complete your makeup with the new Princess Pat light-as-air Face Powder. Wherever good cosmetics are sold Princess Pat Duotone Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder are on display. Discover today your own Princess Pat color harmony shades.

PRINCESS PAT
These Are the Days of Gregory Peck

(Continued from page 61) in spelling," Greg says.

On the night of that first date Greg hustled toward the stage door the moment the last curtain fell, only to pause at sight of Miss Cornell's leading man, Bramell Fletcher (who is now married to Diana Barrymore), waiting there.

"Get a date?" asked Mr. Peck warily.

"Yes, with Greta," replied Mr. Fletcher.

At that moment the stage door opened from the outside, in walked a very dushy-looking local gent. He smiled su-premiately at the actors, both the important one and the unimportant one.

"I'm calling for Miss Rice," he announced.

Greg and Bram looked at one another. They might be romantic rivals, but after all they were fellow hthesians. They certainly couldn't let any mere business man horn in. So they both started talking glibly and presently the outsider decided he didn't want the date with the little hairdresser after all. When Greta came along there were however, two dates still waiting.

"Oh," cried Greta in shocked surprise. (To this day Greg doesn't know whether or not she planned the whole thing.)

"'Oh, my'"

Mr. Peck and Mr. Fletcher both started talking, but Greg kept on the longest, and pretty soon he and little Miss Rice were alone. Alone but together, with Greg's one-seventy-nine or whatever it was to squander on such a cosmic occasion.

It was probably that approximate one-seventy-nine that helped make Greg the star he is today. Or maybe the star he is today is based upon the qualities he then demonstrated and developed. Either way, on that night he established himself forever as the absolute object of Miss Greta Rice's flirtatious attentions and, having no money with which to snare her, he used a rarer coin. He used imagination. It worked that night.

It worked later. Greg still had to compete with the local gentry as they toured, but discovering, town to town, that Miss Rice was mad for America and American lore, Mr. Gregory Peck, ancestral as white as the driven snow, became (for Miss Rice's benefit) a full-blooded Indian. He told her how his father was chief of the Blackbottom tribe. He was witty, enchanting and sometimes pathetic about the Blackbottom reservation, and the reservation did, and he was just touching and gallant as he told about how old he had been before he ever saw a white man, and his terror and bravery at that time.

Greta should have wondered how an Indian ever got that wave Greg has in his hair, and about his very un-Indian gift of gab, and his most un-Indian charm, but apparently she never did. In fact, she fell for the line so completely that when they reached San Francisco, she could not understand how Greg's parents, who came to see their son there, were such paladins.

The San Francisco engagement meant much to Greg. It was there that he got his first interview (having been a local college boy) in the Call-Bulletin. It was there that Greta first admitted she loved him. And it was there that the show closed.

He went back to New York. So did Greta, but while she got work instantly, he got nothing. Oh, he was cast in plays all right, plays that opened and closed with deadly regularity. He understudied such personalities as Jean Pierre Aumont,

Sayman Nineties Rum and Brandy Fruit Cake with the rich, luscious flavor of that lavish era! It brings the hopes of Christmases to come with you . . . laughter, cheer, jingle bells! Two pound cake in festive all metal container with ready-to-mail overseas carton, about $2.10. At quality department and drug stores . . .

from the ovens of Stirling Bakers, New York, N. Y.

Remember, overseas Christmas gifts must be mailed by October 15th.

These Are the Days of Gregory Peck

(Continued from page 61) in spelling," Greg says.

On the night of that first date Greg hustled toward the stage door the moment the last curtain fell, only to pause at sight of Miss Cornell's leading man, Bramell Fletcher (who is now married to Diana Barrymore), waiting there.

"Get a date?" asked Mr. Peck warily.

"Yes, with Greta," replied Mr. Fletcher.

At that moment the stage door opened from the outside, in walked a very dushy-looking local gent. He smiled su-premiately at the actors, both the important one and the unimportant one.

"I'm calling for Miss Rice," he announced.

Greg and Bram looked at one another. They might be romantic rivals, but after all they were fellow hthesians. They certainly couldn't let any mere business man horn in. So they both started talking glibly and presently the outsider decided he didn't want the date with the little hairdresser after all. When Greta came along there were however, two dates still waiting.

"Oh," cried Greta in shocked surprise. (To this day Greg doesn't know whether or not she planned the whole thing.)

"'Oh, my'"

Mr. Peck and Mr. Fletcher both started talking, but Greg kept on the longest, and pretty soon he and little Miss Rice were alone. Alone but together, with Greg's one-seventy-nine or whatever it was to squander on such a cosmic occasion.

It was probably that approximate one-seventy-nine that helped make Greg the star he is today. Or maybe the star he is today is based upon the qualities he then demonstrated and developed. Either way, on that night he established himself forever as the absolute object of Miss Greta Rice's flirtatious attentions and, having no money with which to snare her, he used a rarer coin. He used imagination. It worked that night.

It worked later. Greg still had to compete with the local gentry as they toured, but discovering, town to town, that Miss Rice was mad for America and American lore, Mr. Gregory Peck, ancestral as white as the driven snow, became (for Miss Rice's benefit) a full-blooded Indian. He told her how his father was chief of the Blackbottom tribe. He was witty, enchanting and sometimes pathetic about the Blackbottom reservation, and the reservation did, and he was just touching and gallant as he told about how old he had been before he ever saw a white man, and his terror and bravery at that time.

Greta should have wondered how an Indian ever got that wave Greg has in his hair, and about his very un-Indian gift of gab, and his most un-Indian charm, but apparently she never did. In fact, she fell for the line so completely that when they reached San Francisco, she could not understand how Greg's parents, who came to see their son there, were such paladins.

The San Francisco engagement meant much to Greg. It was there that he got his first interview (having been a local college boy) in the Call-Bulletin. It was there that Greta first admitted she loved him. And it was there that the show closed.

He went back to New York. So did Greta, but while she got work instantly, he got nothing. Oh, he was cast in plays all right, plays that opened and closed with deadly regularity. He understudied such personalities as Jean Pierre Aumont,
How to brighten your kitchen for only 6¢

- So easy to brighten your kitchen with colorful Royledge shelving.
- Just go to any 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department store, and buy 9 whole feet of the gayest design you see...for only 6¢.
- Then decorate quickly! Simply lay Royledge on shelves and fold. No time. No tacks. No trouble!
- It always looks beautiful! Double-thick edge won’t curl in steam or heat!

So easy to change. Have fun trying new effects! See all the gay Royledge colors and decorative patterns, today!

7 feet for 6¢

Royledge SHELVING

NEW! 2-Second Method For Underarm Perspiration

It’s an utterly different way to treat perspiration problems! So quick and easy—just put underarms once with tiny, perfumed pad—that’s all! Instantly, perspiration is controlled; underarm odor prevented and protection lasts up to 7 days* depending on you and the weather. Kinds to clothes, too—just follow directions and it’s safe for even delicate silks and rayons.

Economical—25 Pads in dr. At your drug or department store, 55¢

Underarm Shaving

Unsightly HAIR OFF
FACE...LIPS...ARMS...LEGS

Ugly hair made me miserable, I tried every thing—tens, gels, wax, depilatories. Finally I found a formula that works...a formula developed by doctors, effective, easy to use, quick to dry. Royledge. A triumph of modern science. Use it for cleanliness, personal comfort, and peace of mind. Get Royledge. You'll love it.

Sell Personal Cards

25 for $1.00

FREE

Ear Extra Money Daily!

Show Friends, and others Personal Christmas Cards, $2 for 12 with sender’s name. Makes him happy, her pleased. News person will need. Another for Personal Christmas, or any Personal! Special Offer on Box License Holder. Mailed, free. Have your personal license, or any personal license? Send me a name.

SOUTH NEW ORLEANS COMPANY

McCullough Block, Dept. D.111, Memphis, Tenn.

EARN EXTRA MONEY DAILY!

NEW! 2-Second Method For Underarm Perspiration

PROTECTS YOU 1-7 DAYS*

It’s an utterly different way to treat perspiration problems! So quick and easy—just put underarms once with tiny, perfumed pad—that’s all! Instantly, perspiration is controlled; underarm odor prevented and protection lasts up to 7 days depending on you and the weather. Kinds to clothes, too—just follow directions and it’s safe for even delicate silks and rayons.

Economical—25 Pads in dr. At your drug or department store, 55¢

5 DAY

UNDERARM PADS

BLONDES

Wash Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY!

New Home Shampoo Helps Keep Blonde Hair From Darkening

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brings faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dirty film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Taken only 11 minutes at home. Giveth hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10¢, drug and department stores.

and Philip Merrivale. He even made a screen test for one David Selznick. "Both Selznick and I took one look," Greta says, "and we were in absolute accord. We both knew I couldn’t be worse. No actor could have been worse."

This marked the beginning of 1942. Gregory Peck of the Blackbottom tribe hit bottom and it was very black indeed. He was stone broke. He had no prospects and the only meals he had were at Greta’s. She insisted he come to her house and eat. Greg would hold out until his longing to see her was even more powerful than his physical hunger. Then he’d go to her apartment, stuff himself on her fine dinners and sometimes even borrow another five dollars from her. When he’d leave her, his self-loathing would nearly overpower him, he a fellow who had such bright dreams, borrowing money from a girl, surviving on food she worked hard to provide. Moreover he was taunted by the awareness that his father would thoroughly disapprove of him in every way.

He hung on, however, because he simply couldn’t quit, and by the summer of ‘42 things looked up a bit. Cornell played an engagement at Martha’s Vineyard and had Greg in her company. The famous Cape Theatre at Dennis, Massachusetts, hired him for a season in stock. The salary was almost invisible and I wasn’t even the second lead," Greg says, "I actually did play those roles where you dash in through the French doors upstage, pause and say brightly, ‘Tennis, anyone?’ and bounce yourself with a tennis racket as the ingenue presents you with a cup of tea and you get so cute and awkward trying to manage the racket and the cup of tea at the same time."

At Dennis, Greg also played in musical comedies and sang. "I can’t sing," Greg said firmly, "but I learned a lot—made friends in the town, managed to buy a desperately needed suit and start paying Greta back."

In the fall of ’42 he went into "Rose Burke" with Cornell. It was so bad she didn’t take it to New York at all. However, Greg did get to Broadway—in "Morning Star" with Gladys Cooper. But that stay was short. The play died suddenly.

"All this while Greta and I were engaged," Greg says. "Before Morning Star" opened, Greta got a call from her first husband, a man she only met one time on an auspicious cast, we’d taken out our marriage license. I was to earn $100 a week in that show and we thought we’d wait until after we married to throw ourselves into an overwhelming fortune of say $250, till we got married. But the closing notice went up almost before we opened. Greta and I had a close to go with some friends to the World’s Series the next afternoon. I was lower than a snake, about to be broken again, out of work again, and my marriage put off again. During the ball game Greta suddenly said, "Greg, there’s a pretty little church at 61st Street and Park Avenue. Why don’t we get married there today?" I said, ‘You mean it?’ She said, ‘Of course. That’s the kind of a girl Greta is."

"The church turned out to be Methodist and there, with our ball game friends as witnesses, we were married. Greta moved into the miserable little furnished room I had. At least we were together. That’s what I said. That’s what Greta said, too.

"Of course Greta had a job. So guess whose work and money we lived on. I felt so rotten about it that I was moody and mean. I grooved around, pretty well loaded up with an attack of self-pity. When I noticed that Greta wasn’t acting
one bit the way she had before we were married. Then she'd always wanted to keep going, had always been laughing, but now, after she got home from work, and ate, she'd want to lie down quietly. Sometimes she even went to bed along about eight o'clock. I said to myself, 'Well, she's regrett happy and you can you blame her?''

"A month went by and one day Greta's brother said to me, 'Is Greta entirely over the flu?'"

"What flu? I asked.

"He just stood and gaped at me. 'Don't you know your wife has been nearly out with the flu ever since your wedding?' he asked.

"That's the kind of a swell sport I married. There I'd been, indulging my moods, while she was keeping herself working with a steady two-degree fever!"

ANOTHER play, 'The Willow And I,' starring Martha Scott, flopped, too, but he stood out. A pair of Hollywood gentlemen arrived in town together, Hal Wallis and Casey Robinson, both then representing Warners. They soon indicated that they'd like to have Mr. Peck call upon them.

"At the Waldorf," Greg says, "right smack up in one of those Tower suites. It was the first time I'd ever dared step into the Waldorf, much less invade the Tower. It was my first contact with Hollywood, with the scent of gentlemen's shaving lotions and the sight of custom-made jackets. Only the memory of that test I'd made with Selznick kept me from being completely overwhelmed."

He told the Messrs. Wallis and Robinson he didn't consider himself ready for Hollywood yet and he went into still another flop play, "Sons And Soldiers." But Casey Robinson came back to town, now free from Warners, about to produce on his own. He got in touch with Greg again. Another Hollywood mogul saw "Sons And Soldiers." This was Darryl Zanuck. Greg held out on him too.

By 1943, the race was really on. Louis B. Mayer, William Goetz, Zanuck, Buddy de Sylva, and he were in touch with Mr. Peck. Peck yielded to the suggestion of his agent, Leland Hayward, that he at least take a trip to Hollywood and look the situation over.

"Greta and I packed our two suitcases," said Greg, "her suit and my suit, and went out to Hollywood at Leland's expense, and practically rolled on the carpets of the Beverly Hills Hotel, so pleased were we with their expensiveness, so amused were we that there we were living at $20 a day for mere rent, while in New York we spent $14 a week. We ate everybody's fine food, free, and drove in everybody's fine cars, free, and I didn't sign with a soul. This was because I saw that in some incredible way—that you understand, my heart—I had become a commodity, they had become buyers. I felt just like a gross of toothbrushes or a ton of epsom salts on which my dad was bidding and I gambled that the longer I held out the more they'd want me."

"At the end of ten days, Greta and I packed our very elegant, having once splurged to the extent of a new shirt meanwhile, and with great grandeur took ourselves back to our $14 a week furnished room in distinctly the wrong section of New York City."

Only Casey Robinson persisted, and since he did not demand that Greg sign a long-term contract, but rather only for the picture, Greg finally agreed to do "Days Of Glory" for him.

This proved to exactly the wrong thing to do. Leland Hayward told Gregory so.

---

**Advertisement for the Superb New Gift Edition of the Complete Illustrated Reference Bible**

- Adorned with a GORGEOUS 24K. GOLD-ILLUMINATED COVER
- And Sallman's World-Famous Multicolored Christ Head Portrait
- Including a Gallery of 24 Masterful Reproductions of Biblical Art in Full Color at a REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

- Contains 180 pages of Concordance.
- 60,000 Center-column References.
- 160 pages of Bible Study Dictionary.
- Presentation Page in Color—Family Register.
- 14 Multicolor Maps—Self-pronouncing Text.
- Beautifully hand-bound in Genuine Leather.

**FREE** Beautiful 2-color broadside describing in pictures and words our Gift Bible.

**FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

- Size 11" x 14"
- 24K. Gold Leaf.
- Covers of comparable radiance and gorgeous ornamentation are found only on precious Pulpit Bibles. You can't help but admire Sallman's masterly Christ Head Portrait, acclaimed by all as a truly inspiring representation of our Savior.

An ideal Gift for Promotion Day, Graduation, Birthday, Church and School Attendance—for the Pulpit—or the Bride—to be treasured forever.

**Words of Christ in Red**

- Over 1600 Pages
- Approved by Eye Specialists

**Request FREE** an examination copy of the World's Finest Gift Bible.

**Send Today** by return mail, postpaid.

**Address**

**City**

**State**

**Mail to**

HOLY BIBLE 1004 L состоит

1604 ADDISON
designed by

REV. JAMES BAYLEY

in the

16th Century

CITY

State

**Mail to**

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1004 L

addresed for

postage

and all taxes.

Rich, silverplated earrings. Two insc. on your name (up to 9 letters)

For yourself or personalized gifts!

You must be satisfied or your money will be cheerfully refunded. WE PAY POSTAGE!

HOLLYMODE OF CALIFORNIA
Dept. 515, 6600 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

HOLLYMODE OF CALIFORNIA
Dept. 515, 6600 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me...

- Pair of Starlet Earrings at $3 per pair, postage prepaid, tax included.

**Print name or initials desired on separate sheet of paper.**

Cashier's check Money Order C.O.D.

**Mail to**

**Address**

**City**

**State**

**Mail to**

**City**

**State**

---

**Nail Creme**

If you desire, you can apply your own nail creme—just apply it to your nails and you will discover that your nails will become stronger, smoother, and more beautiful. Stop at your nearest beauty salon and sell your own nails. Ask for a Gay Stanton manicure and you will be delighted!
Greg now argues, "I know no man sets out to make a bad picture, and Casey least of all. He meant to make 'Days Of Glory' a great production, and I personally thought it would be. But somehow it wasn't."

"However that didn't affect Casey's and my friendship, and Leland didn't say, 'I told you so.' All he did was let me know Zanuck wanted me for 'The Keys Of The Kingdom.' I'd read the book and loved it. I thought there was a possibility for a great characterization, and for once, my luck was good. For one thing I worked for ten solid weeks just on tests. I had John Stahl directing me and it was the finest possible training."

REG smiled, his slow smile that is at once witty and thoughtful (if you are feminine) most disturbing, as he said, "You know the rest—The Valley Of Decision' with Greer Garson, 'Spellbound' with Ingrid Bergman—and what a woman and fine actress that one is—and vs. two pictures at once, 'Duel In The Sun' for Selznick and 'The Yearling' for M-G-M, with Sidney Franklin producing, and what an artist he is."

My wonderful fortune is not so much that I've had a variety of roles—in 'Duel In The Sun' I play an outlaw Westerner, for example, and in 'The Yearling' I'm a Florida cracker—but in the variety of directors I've had. Every one of them is 'great' in his own way, and yet each is entirely different." It is not hard to get Greg to talking about Jonathan.

"My son, my son!" said Greg, "Did you know he was a year old on July 26th? He looks just like his mother and inherited her disposition, which proves he's perfect." He smiled again. "I want three more like him. Girls of course will do. I mean, I figure four kids make a nice family."

Of his future plans, Greg said, "Just more work. I don't yearn to play Hamlet, or tragedy vs. comedy or comedy vs. anything else. I don't think I know much about stories or about casting. All I want to be is an actor who play by play in every way gets better and better. For this reason I'd like to go back to the stage every two or three years for a play, to get the criticism I will there, probably the real body blows those critics will land on me. This should be good, as you have to be a little careful in Hollywood, you know, that you don't get glowing from too much flattery."

"Yes," we said. "But with your success, and the best contract in Hollywood, and the best roles, and your hilltop home, and Gretta and Jonathan, and the future three, how do you propose to keep from losing your head?"

Mr. Gregory Peck rose and drew himself up to his full height, which is a lot of height.

"My good woman, how can I lose it," he muttered, "when merely by becoming an actor I proved I never had a head in the first place?"

With that he walked out of the house, went down the path—didn't bother to open the gate, but merely stepped over it. He sprawled down behind the wheel in his open car, waved a tanned hand and called out, "Did you ever hear about the two ghosts who asked each other . . . " and then he was off, grinning, in a cloud of dust.

Well, we don't know about ghosts, but we do know about ten million women all over the world and all Hollywood producers and directors do believe in this man, and know what a rare and marvelous event it is that they have found him.
Time for Robert Walker

(Continued from page 48) if they knew any details of his acquaintances’ demise. That was the way our evening started. It was a slant on Bob’s personality, his enthusiasm, intensity and skepticism. He carries these qualities over into his attitude toward himself and his career. He feels the time has come for him to vary the roles he plays. He is pretty sick of playing the naive kid. “After all,” he said, “I’m twenty-six.”

With “The Clock” it was different. His characterization of the soldier in that picture was a more naturally written part than any he had had before. “It’s the situations that make the difference rather than the story,” he said. “The kind of stuff I’m sick of doing is the ‘Since You Went Away’ type, the gawky kid stuff. Now in ‘The Clock’ the soldier was just as young in age but the dialogue was more sensitive and the scenes more mature. He was a boy with a personal sense or he could never have played that scene in Central Park the way it was written.”

Bob Walker is a good example of the growing tendency among the younger Hollywood actors to think in terms of their work and their careers rather than in being movie stars. He is the younger counterpart of the Bob Montgomerys, the James Cagney's and one or two others who fought for the things they believed they could do rather than accept the easier way of doing what they were told.

Bob is fussed around with an idea of starting some sort of producing group that would give the younger actors a chance to play different types of roles, an organization similar to the one of the Group Theatre in New York where there was no star system and where the actors would take turns, playing leading roles in one show and doing minor characterizations in another.

He admits that the competition is tough and it’s going to get tougher. “Why not?” he said. “Those of us who couldn’t get into the war had our chance and we’re still having it. But fellows like Van Heflin—and he’s a swell actor—are back. And Jimmy Stewart, he’ll be coming back, too. That shouldn’t hurt us because if we’re any good at all we’re established by now.”

Bob doesn’t look on himself as a raw youngster, and there is no reason why he shouldn’t. After all he is twenty-six, the father of two children, and you don’t go through that without gaining experience. He has rented a comfortable house on/Vine, a small, pretty section near Pacific Palisades, and a stone’s throw from the home of Fredric March. Bob has a tennis court and a colored man named Harry who cooks, waits on the table when Bob brings a friend home to dinner, drives the car and washes an occasional shirt. “One of the best things about Harry,” Bob says, “is that he’s too big to wear my clothes.”

Bob goes out to dinner two or three times a week. Until recently his companion might have been Diana Lynn, or a Pasadena debutante, or any of several popular girls around town. Now he is rarely seen except in the company of Florence Pritchett, whom he met when he was in New York last year. They were together much of the time in the big city and when Bob returned to Hollywood he was plainly at loose ends. Then Florence came out of nowhere, a girl whom Bob was supposed to have kept her in the film capital for a few days, but the visit stretched into weeks. Bob’s friends say that the romance is the only girl he could have been consistently attentive since his break-up with Jennifer Jones.

New 15 Minute Home Trial TINTZ HAIR as it shampoos... without extra rinse!

This remarkable discovery, TINTZ Color Shampoo Cake, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, etc., as it safely gives hair a real smooth, color-enhancing tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don’t put up with dull, faded, off-color hair a minute longer. Each shampoo with TINTZ leaves your hair more colorful, lighter, softer and easier to manage. No dye or look. Won’t hurt permanent hair. 4 million already sold. Get this richer lathering, quicker rinsing shampoo that gives fresh glowing color to your hair. Seven lovely shades: Black, Dark Medium or Light Brown, Auburn (Tinted), Penny or Blonde. Only 50c at most drug or toiletries counters.

Or write TINTZ, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. "The Work I Love" AND SAVES TO SAVES A WEEK!

"I’m a trained practical nurse, and grateful to Chicago School of Nursing for training me to work. My sister gave me a week’s salary and my boss gave me a week’s salary the second year. I’m very happy. I have a whole new life. I’m a registered nurse and making a better salary."

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 2100 1142 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name __________ Age __________
City ____________ State __________
Prices include all fees.

Together Again!

Their Love Sealed with a ... Keepsake DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

Facing a bright tomorrow...hearts linked as one...this precious moment will live forever in the eternal radiance of your genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. The name "Keepsake" in the ring...the nationally established price on the tag...and the Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee are triple assurance of quality and value. See the new Keepsake sets at your Keepsake Jeweler’s...$100 to $3500.

Prices exclude federal tax.

Rings enlarged to show details.
A FAVORITE PET
WITH THE STARLET SET!

"Canaries are Winning Hearts in Hollywood!"

Ruth Jerry...

pretty, young Hollywood newcomer now, appearing in the Republic Production, "THE CHEATERS," says:

"A Canary's happiness is so catching...you'll whistle and sing right along with him!"

Yes, canaries are so full of fun and song, so easy to care for, that they make grand companions...wonderful pets!

Own a canary—"The only pet that sings!" Or, give a songster to one you love...a truly delightful gift.

And remember, to keep your canary at his peak of happiness, feed America's favorite bird diet—FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit—the canary food containing 11 proven aids to canaries' health and song!

He has great admiration for Vincente Minnelli, who directed him in "The Clock," and for Vincente's wife, Judy Garland. Judy and Judy's friendship dates from shortly after the time Bob separated from his wife. Bob was lonely then and so was Judy and the two of them used to sneak off together and explore the lesser-known jitterbug spots in Los Angeles, places where they could mingle with the kids around town without attracting attention.

Judy tells the story of one of these excursions when they started home after a night of dancing. Judy says that Bob is a terrible driver and that on this night he was worse than ever. Apparently he sensed that she was nervous. They stopped at a drive-in for a sandwich and when they went back to the car he asked her if she would like to drive.

"I didn't want to hurt his feelings," Judy said, "but I jumped at the wheel, I was so relieved. We hadn't gone a couple of blocks when I turned a corner too short. The wheel hit the curb and a tire blew out. There we were at two o'clock in the morning and nobody in sight. Bob walked back to the drive-in and started phoning. He finally got hold of a garage man and told him where we were. Bob came back and we sat in the car for an hour. The man arrived at last. It was broad daylight when we got home."

Dwight Taylor, the well-known screen writer son of Laurette Taylor, tells a story which shows Bob's lack of conceit.

Taylor put on a show in New York in 1938 called "Where Do We Go From Here?"—a play about high-school-fraternity life. One day an agent came to the theater with a serious-looking youth wearing horn-rimmed glasses. Taylor was struck by the boy's earnestness and he engaged him for a small part. Shortly after the show opened, Taylor returned to Hollywood. The show was not much of a success and Taylor never gave it, or the boy whom he had engaged, another thought.

Last year Taylor dropped into a lunch-counter restaurant in Hollywood. Over in the corner sat a boy with horn-rimmed glasses. The boy looked familiar but Taylor couldn't place him. In telling this story Dwight Taylor said, "You must remember I hardly ever go to pictures except the ones I am connected with. On my way out of the restaurant I stopped and spoke to this kid—and then I remembered him vaguely from my show."

"I asked him what he was doing in Hollywood. He said he was under contract to M-G-M."

"That's swell. I'm there, too, and I'll be glad to do anything I can to help you. I'm writing a screen play with a part in it you might do. It's a small part but it's better than nothing."

"There was a peculiar look on his face as he thanked me, but I didn't pay any attention to it at the time. Later, when I was back at the studio I described this guy to a producer. The producer said, 'Is his name Bob Walker by any chance?' Even then the name didn't mean anything to me, but that afternoon the producer sent to my office a huge batch of clippings and photographs all about Bob Walker. You can imagine how I felt when I saw the reviews and fan stories."

"Well, I rushed right over to Walker's dressing room and told him what a dope I was. I started to explain that I had been out of touch with movies, but he cut me off with a laugh."

"What difference does it make?" he said, "I'm trying to be an actor, not a celebrity."

That's the truth about Bob Walker.

The End
Weekend At The Waldorf (M-G-M)

Big, lusty, funny and romantic—that's M-G-M's elaborate movie that has everything to delight the eye and tickle the heart. Romance? There's Ginger Rogers and Walter Pidgeon to raise the temperature. And John Barrymore to keep it up. Music? There's Xavier Cugat, his orchestra and singers to delight with his rumba and sambas and some very cutting acting on the side. Comedy? A hair-raising comedy, that is, as a not-too-bright reporter attempting to expose oil financier Edward Arnold but not quite knowing how. And then too there's Robert Montgomery to commune with his pregnant pup to add a laugh or two.

Ginger Rogers is photographed right out of this world and should send garlands of flowers to that M-G-M cameraman who did so well by her. Furthermore, Miss Rogers as the bored and lonely Hollywood movie star in New York for the preview of her latest film, is pretty just about her best performance to date. There's a restrained something about her playing that gets across so beautifully her tragic loneliness, with no overdone gestures or histrionics. She's plain delightful.

Pidgeon, well, now here's the lad we've been waiting for—away from those heavy-as-lead heroes. As the war correspondent who gets into Ginger's room by mistake he couldn't be more delightful, more romantic, more appealing.

Then of course there's Van and Lana. Van is the Army Captain about to undergo a serious operation, and Lana the hotel stenographer about to take up Edward Arnold's thinly-veiled proposition. But once the two meet—Van and Lana—the spark is struck. The configuration is on and the proposition off.

Turner, of course, is the most silvery lovely thing on the screen. Incongruously, the depth and sincerity of her work comes right through that beauty to catch and hold the interest.

Van, of course, is Van which seems sufficient to the fans. In the sympathetic role of the lonely officer facing perhaps death, he is bound to just win over everything feminine in sight.

Pidgeon is delightful as the young bride-to-be, jealous of Ginger. Leon Ames, Rosemary De Camp and Lina Romay add to the production, which is lavish in sets, in cast and beauty. For a great big full movie we just don't see how you can beat it.

Your Reviewer Says: Everything and everybody for your pleasure.

Anchors Aweigh (M-G-M)

So full, so packed with unexpected sugar plums is this deely-lightful, deely-vine, deely-leetle musical with Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson and Jose Iturbi throwing around talent like mad. Typically Joe Pasternak in its chart and typically George Sidney in its expert direction, the story of two gobs and a gal just couldn't offer more.

Kelly and Sinatra—pair of bell-bottomed Lotharios on a three-day pass who accidentally meet up with Kathryn through her small nephew who wants to join the Navy. Frankie decides he loves Kathryn and Kelly promises to aid him. The boys discourage her suitor Grady Sutton, and in restitution promise her an audition with Iturbi. There's only one

The Shadow Stage (Continued from page 24)

COME BACK FOR MORE!
Tampax has grown to be a famous name but many women still may not have clearly in mind just what advantages there are in this method of monthly sanitary protection. Here are the facts:

1. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent and compressed to a small, dainty size. Tampax is worn internally, in accordance with the well-known medical principle of "internal absorption."

2. The insertion is quickly and easily performed by the use of a patented disposable applicator—so dainty that your hands need not touch the Tampax.

3. No belts, pins or external "pads" are required at any time. Tampax can cause no bulges or ridges under the clothing—and no odor! Sanitary deodorant becomes unnecessary...And Tampax may be worn in tub or shower!

Drug stores and notion counters carry Tampax in 3 absorbency-sizes to suit individual needs as well as early and "waning" days...Remember, a whole month's average supply will slip right into an ordinary purse! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

Tampax, the first abroad simply invisible

modern quick dainty simple

more information below (about Tampax)

Tampax absorbency-sizes.
Remember, Tampax is worn internally, in accordance with the well-known medical principle of "internal absorption."

1. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent and compressed to a small, dainty size. Tampax is worn internally, in accordance with the well-known medical principle of "internal absorption."

2. The insertion is quickly and easily performed by the use of a patented disposable applicator—so dainty that your hands need not touch the Tampax.

3. No belts, pins or external "pads" are required at any time. Tampax can cause no bulges or ridges under the clothing—and no odor! Sanitary deodorant becomes unnecessary...And Tampax may be worn in tub or shower!

Drug stores and notion counters carry Tampax in 3 absorbency-sizes to suit individual needs as well as early and "waning" days...Remember, a whole month's average supply will slip right into an ordinary purse! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

Tampax, the first abroad simply invisible

modern quick dainty simple

more information below (about Tampax)

Tampax absorbency-sizes.
Remember, Tampax is worn internally, in accordance with the well-known medical principle of "internal absorption."

1. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent and compressed to a small, dainty size. Tampax is worn internally, in accordance with the well-known medical principle of "internal absorption."

2. The insertion is quickly and easily performed by the use of a patented disposable applicator—so dainty that your hands need not touch the Tampax.

3. No belts, pins or external "pads" are required at any time. Tampax can cause no bulges or ridges under the clothing—and no odor! Sanitary deodorant becomes unnecessary...And Tampax may be worn in tub or shower!

Drug stores and notion counters carry Tampax in 3 absorbency-sizes to suit individual needs as well as early and "waning" days...Remember, a whole month's average supply will slip right into an ordinary purse! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
ment, who spends most of her time dragging the boys away from women. It seems natural, however, that Lizabeth and Robert should fall in love, but their romance is clouded with the threat of tragedy. It is in this last third of the story that the picture achieves a strange and mounting beauty.

Lizabeth Scott is a new and arresting personality projecting force and physical attraction. She is, we feel, bound to become a star of tomorrow.

Don De Fore takes another giant stride forward in his career and Charles Drake is still another lad to look out for.

Julie Bishop, a night club entertainer, Kim Hunter as Miss Scott's sister, and Helen Forrest as herself, round out the superb cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Strange and entrancing.

**Over 21 (Columbia)**

DOROTHY PARKER, returning from her Florida hibernation while her husband Alan Campbell was "going through" OCS, related her experiences to friend Ruth Gordon who wrote it up in a play called "Over 21." What's more, Miss Gordon starred in the play to the delight and amusement of New York audiences.

And now it comes to the screen to the delight and amusement of millions of fans who will see it and enjoy it albeit there are moments when the story becomes a bit heavy handed in its social significance.

If fans wondered what next for Alexander Knox after "Wilson" they needn't have worried over his typing or casting problems, for Knox proves his ability to fit into any niche movies can scare up.

As the editor of a paper that goes straight to the minute he joins the Army (try believing that) Knox couldn't be more humanly real or really human.

Irene Dunne as his novel-writing wife, gives it the works. With all stops out she plays her role for a solid hit and looks beautiful in the midst of it too. Her wife's concern over her husband's struggle to make second loopy, will undoubtedly strike a familiar spark in the hearts of many wives.

Charles Coburn as the publisher who threatens to sell the paper while Knox is in the Army gives out still another of those Coburnish gems. Jeff Donnell as the deputy wife who explains the intricacies of the bungalow to Irene, and Loren Tindall as Jeff's husband, add refreshing humor to the piece that could have been farce.

Archie Mallen as a tip-top movie star, Cora Witherspoon, Lee Patrick, Phil Brown and Charles Evans add to the fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Over 21 or under 21, you'll love it.

**Duffy's Tavern (Paramount)**

A GLITTERING galaxy of Paramount stars that glow and glimmer and entertain like fury. The setting is radio's famed Duffy's Tavern with Archie (Ed Gardner) and his usual helpers, Charles Cantor, Eddie Green and Ann Thomas to spread cheer, confusion and mass confusion English.

All the Paramount stars and players (with the exception of Hope) arrive at Duffy's to help Archie out of a jam, and the abundance of talent plus the idea of fun with Victor Moore staving off the police while Archie introduces the acts makes for a solid hit.

Crosby, Betty Hutton, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, Lamour, Bracken and many others hold the spotlight for songs, laughter and sheer hysteria; Eddie Bracken's take-off.
on a stand-in is particularly funny.

Marjorie Reynolds and Barry Sullivan are pleasantly romantic and everyone just too happy to be about their business of giving you just about the best Paramount show in town.

Your Reviewer Says: An overflowing bowl of good cheer.

**W Our Vines Have Tender Grapes (M-G-M)**

A SERIES of heartwarming sketches almost unrelated in their broken continuity and yet ably held together, like a magazine serial, by their pleasant characters, is this charming story of Norwegian stock in Wisconsin. Taken from George Victor Martin's book, the picture is almost experimental in form, building to no climax, presenting no message and possessing no theme except that of kindly folk in a small and physically ugly community.

Margaret O'Brien and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins are the "tender grapes" who turn in performances so sterling, right and natural they compel attention and respect.

One forgets these are not children at normal everyday play, so capable is the direction of Roy Rowland and the talent of these two performers. They fascinate by their very naturalness which is an achievement in itself.

As Margaret's parents, Agnes Moorehead and Edward G. Robinson, hardly Wisconsin farmers, display their worth and capabilities as fine actors worthy of most any roles that come their way. Their occasional shortcomings, their strivings, their love for their daughter, has been written and acted with a tremendous understanding.

James Craig as the small-town editor and Frances Gifford as the schoolteacher furnish just the right romantic note. Both are restrained, both splendid. Morris Carnovsky, the neighbor who loses everything through an electric storm, is a welcome addition to the picture, and Dorothy Morris as the unfortunate Ingeborg, a splendid little actress.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm and warmth are encompassed in its boundaries.

**Christmas In Connecticut ( Warners)**

The problems of a magazine writer who appeals to millions of readers through her cooking and home page are magnified and projected ludicrously in this bounce- along story that could be good cheer all over Connecticut and back.

Barbara Stanwyck is the writer who finds herself in a Jam when publisher Syd- ney Greenstreet inspects the exit she once sailed, recuperating from a life raft experience, at the farm of which she writes so glowingly, and with the cooking of which she boasts so lavishly. There is only one can or, no, several catches, however, that Syd- ney is unaware of. Miss Stanwyck has no farm and can't cook. Nor do her fabricated husband and baby (both dearly beloved by her readers) exist. So, in order not to be discovered in her trickery, Bar- bara agrees to marry her long-time suitor, Reginald Gardiner, in their broken Connecticut farm (the one of which she's been writing). The baby is provided by neighboring war workers on the night shift.

Well, you know right off when Dennis Morgan appears as the sailor-guest (a petty officer, if we remember) what's going to happen, and it does—in large humorous chunks. Reginald's interrupted attempts to marry Barbara in the midst of the hubbub, Sydney's innocent blustering into situations and the horrible complica-
Gives Caribbean fake an forceful fence-kinapped find a

Instead, Miles D CASH to In

Tablets. it

Housekeeping TO

4«

Laboratories, 12 for for

5

which

YOUR

exporienceneeded. Other

at $1 rinses

hair

75c:

This

4

amazing

of

important
does

is

a

hair

piece.

hair

piqce.

hair

shades.

Sample

FREE

and

hair

of

Personal

for

cash

CARD

of

Cards.

25-

which

ultimate

married

a

and

invading

Springboard.

Rigaud

is

Frenchman

its

and

smuggling

turns

which

The

and

Gracie

were

at

from

her

Germans,

France.

That's

and

Strength

and

Caper.

in

an

V.0

weakening

of

and

their

against

and

Miss Bennett,

Gracie Fields and George Rigaud.

Constance is an American living in Paris, married to Frenchman George Rigaud and friend of English Gracie Fields, proprietor of an antique shop. Fleeting before the invading Germans, Constance and Gracie are turned back to Paris where they embark upon the wholesale business of smuggling English fliers out of France. These methods are obvious, their schemes bold, but a fake flier planted in their midst by the Nazis, eventually leads to their capture.

Rigaud is the perfect Frenchman and should be well on his way with this film as a springboard. Blonde and handsome Kurt Kreuger is forceful and arresting as the Nazi Captain. Watch for a land-lush of lovely french ladies in his direction.

Gracie Fields is natural, lovable and well nigh perfect in her role. Miss Bennett is beautiful and easily gives her best performance in a long while.

Your Reviewer Says: It can't fail to interest.

✓ The Cheaters (Republic)

A FINE east takes the bat and scores a neat little home run for Republic Studios who should be this proud of itself. For instance, there's Joseph Schildkraut, always a superb actor, who could so easily over-ham his role of a ham actor. Instead he gives a beautifully restrained and believable performance. Billie Burke, too, resists the temptation to overgurgle, and Oma Munson really comes into her own as a knapped heiress who is being held by the Pidgeons family in order to cheat her of a large inheritance.

It's Schildkraut's reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and the heart-melting time of Yuletide that finally brings home to the Pidgeons the message of "do unto others" with Oma coming into her own and everyone reaping a harvest of good will.

Eugene Pallette, Anne Gillis, Robert Livingston, Ruth Terry, David Holt and Raymond Walburn are all a part of this entertaining little film.

Your Reviewer Says: Quite enjoyable.

The Caribbean Mystery (20th Century-Fox)

STRANGE to find James Dunn, who scored heavily in the "Brooklyn Tree" playing another of those standard movie "detectaifts," this time in a Caribbean jungle where treasure is hidden and corpses abound.
Princess Dimitri Romanovsky

This internationally famous beauty is the wife of Dimitri, son of Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Until recently she lived in London—now resides in the United States.

It’s Dunn’s job to discover the murderer of the corpses and, in his brash and Brooklyn manner he does, of course. Sheila Ryan, who is too pretty to be a victim, is one alas. Eddie Ryan deserves better, cute kid that he is. Virginia Walker, Jackie Paley, Reed Hadley and Roy Roberts help things along as well as they can, but the thing still remains a little B effort despite the fancy knife slinging and jungie atmosphere.

Your Reviewer Says: The mystery is—where’s the mystery?

On Stage Everybody (Universal)

Here come those Universals again, singing, dancing, clowning all over the place for another little B number dealing with Jack Oakie's radio allergy. He simply can’t endure the mention of the word "radio" so—he ends up on the air, of course, happy as a mouling lark.

In between, there’s a lot of story about Jack and his daughter Peggy Ryan, former vaudevillians who are persuaded to take department store jobs by another "has been" of the group of trouppers headed by Wallace Ford and his son Johnny Coy. When they decide to try the new jobs, Oakie of course lands in the radio department and the war is on again.

The way he is finally won over to radio is kinda cute with everybody so happy.

Johnny Coy’s dancing is, we repeat, terrific. Won’t someone please give this lad a chance? Peggy is peppy, Oakie okay, and the songs and singers not bad at all. Otto Kruger and Esther Dale are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: We begin to suspect why vaudeville died.

Road To Alcatraz (Republic)

Don’t let the title fool you, for this deals neither with the big pen, gangsters or criminals. Rather the action swirls about a young sleep-walking attorney who finds a partner in a business deal murdered, with all evidence pointing toward the attorney. His problem then, Mr. Anthony, is to prove he didn’t do it, and to discover who did. He does both to everyone’s satisfaction.

Robert Lowery and June Storey as the attorney and his wife are nice people who give nice performances. Grant Withers is the police inspector and Clarence Kolb the usual barking-dog financier.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a bad second on the bill.

The Falcon In San Francisco (RKO)

Poor old Falcon! He can’t even enjoy a well-earned vacation without running head-on into one of those murder things—this time in the club car of a San Francisco-bound train. And not only does murder rear its ugly head—but complications—such as raw silk smuggling set in. Naturally Tom Conway as the Falcon, hindered as usual by his none-too-bright sidekick Edward Brophy, solves everything but ends up more fatigued than when he started, which should teach everyone to stay off trains.

Sharyn Moffet is a cute little (almost too cute) kiddie whose nurse gets murdered and starts the whole messy business. Rita Corday, Sharyn’s sister, is a perky new ingénue. Robert Armstrong and Faye Helm are so menacy. Brrr!

Your Reviewer Says: Leave us be kind and say nothing.

For Clearer, Whiter, Smoother Skin

Try just one jar of MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM. It contains a special ingredient which bleaches sallow ton, dull dark skin. Even stubborn freckles lighten and fade.

Your skin grows clearer, whiter, brighter, your coloring lovelier. That’s not all. MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM helps you to a firmer, smoother skin, one that really looks younger. Get your jar of MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM today. Just follow directions. Strengthen your skin to fresher loveliness with a quick, easy treatment.

IF YOU ARE OVERWEIGHT

Sylvia of Hollywood shows you an amazing simple way to lose those extra pounds. No starvation diets, drugs or apparatus. Illustrated 128-page book only 25c postage paid.

ARTISTIC WAX INC.

DOCTOR'S RELIEF AIDS INSTANTLY SPEEDILY REMOVES CORNS

Prevents Corns, Sore Toes From Tight Shoes

When you apply Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads on your aching corns or sore toes—you’ll marvel how tormenting shoe friction stops and painful pressure is instantly lifted. So soothing, cushioning, these thin, soft, protective pads prevent corns, tender spots, blisters, in-step riddles, chafed heels. Take the pinch and "bite" out of new or tight shoes.

Included with Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads are separate wonder-working Medications for safely removing corns. No other method does all these things for you. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Variety Counters. Get a box today!
Jealousy (Republic)

Fair, but not too logically thought out is this "heavy-heavy-what-hangs-over?" story of the suicidal-minded husband of a girl taxi cab driver who falls in love with a doctor fare. (There, we finally got that out in one good breath.)

The story builds slowly to the climax, the murder, the pathological crux or whatever, but once it gets there—it isn't so bad. It's the slow approach that irritates.

We liked Jane Randolph as the wife of Nils Asther (wasted in this role) who along with Jane does a swell job. John Loder is fair as the doctor and Karen Morley is even better as another doctor all embroiled in the mix-up. Hugo Haas deserves a pleasant mention too.

Your Reviewer Says: Such gloom, such unhappiness!

The Hidden Eye (M-G-M)

If you're a follower of these blind-detective series you may enjoy this because the characters are familiar, but otherwise it's strictly no dice. Edward Arnold, with the smart dog, Friday, plays the detective who gets involved in a series of murders engineered by a crooked lawyer hoping to gain control of an inheritance by wiping out the whole blooming bunch of heirs. At least he tries to, but of course he gets caught and everybody goes home pleased, that is if you're the type that likes easy.

Frances Rafferty and Paul Langford are the romantic twosome. Ray Collins as the no-good baddie and "Bill" Phillips as Arnold's assistant are fair but Friday really gives the most intelligent performance to our notion.

Your Reviewer Says: Whatever happened to flagpole sitters?

Brief Reviews

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed
✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed
✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ALONG CAME JONES—International: Gary Cooper is a cowboy who can't shoot, but tries hard, and William S. Hart is his pal. When they come to a strange town they're mistaken for a notorious bandit and his pal, but are aided by Loretta Young. Instead of getting out of town, they realize she is really shielding the bandit, Dan Duryea, and they hang around until they get into a free-for-all of shooting. (Aug.)

BACK TO BATAAN—RKO: History parades before us in this gripping story that covers the period from the fall of Bataan and Corregidro to the landing of General MacArthur's men on Leyte. John Wayne as the deliberate but crafty colonel who leads a guerrilla band, and Anthony Quinn as the Filipino who aids him, are both wonderful, and the rest of the cast helps to make this a memorable picture. (Sept.)

BEDSIDE MANNER—Stone-UA: Charles Ruggles is the overworked doctor who desperately tries to prevent Ruth Hussey, his nurse niece who drops in for a weekend, from traveling to Chicago for scientific research. John Carroll, as the test pilot who pretends to be a case in order to detain Ruth,
lends a lot of gussy humor to the story, and Ruth contributes charm and loveliness to the comedy. (Sept.)

**BELL FOR ADANO,** A—20th Century Fox: The most touching film of the month is this war drama in which John Hodiak registers forcefully as Majo Joppolo, who through his patience and understanding of the people of Adano earns himself to. Gene Tierney is the Italian Tina, and William Holden as the Sergeant is mighty good. Equally good are Richard Conte and Henry Morgan. (Aug.)

**BELLS OF ROSARITA,** Republic: Not only do we have Roy Rogers in this, but also Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson, all riding in Dale Evans’s circus in order to save it from villain Grant Withers. The way it works out, with Rogers playing himself, a real movie cowboy, is novel and welcome. (Aug.)

**BEWITCHED,** M.G.M: Phyllis Thaxter is a young bride-to-be, torn between two conflicting emotions operating in her own mind. The horrid emotion transforms Phyllis into a girl capable of leaving her home and betrothed, and finally murderer. The courtroom scene with Edmund Gwenn as the psychiatrist is good, but on the whole the story misses. With Henry Daniels Jr., and Addison Richards. (Sept.)

**BLUDE RANSOM,** Universal: The oldie about the fellow who’s about to lose his night club to a gambler when along comes the pretty blonde who saves the day. Donald Cook is the hero, and Virginia Grey the blonde who pretends to be kidnaped in order to get money from George Raft so she can help Cook keep his night club. Jerome Cowan is good as the heavy. (Sept.)

**BLOOD ON THE SUN,** Cagney-UA: Jimmy Cagney has no world beater in his first independent production, but he has a role that fits to a T—a cooky, enterprising reporter on an American paper in Tokyo, Sylvia Sydney, as the Eurasian whose allegiance keeps Cagney guessing, given a beautiful and credible performance. There’s a great deal of authenticity about the whole picture that is intriguing. (Sept.)

**BRIGHTON STRANGLER, THE,** RKO: A well-developed yarn, dealing with an actor stunned by a bombing, who sets out to enact the role he’s been playing on the stage—a role—that of a strangler. John Loder plays the beserk actor with sympathy, Rose Hobart does an excellent job as his fiancee., June Dupree and Michael St. Angel add romance to the story. (Aug.)

**CAPTAIN EDDIE,** 20th Century-Fox: The life and times of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has been presented in a manner that holds the interest and intriguers the imagination. Fred MacMurray plays the noted flier with sincerity and genuineness, and the rest of the cast, including Lynn Bari as his wife, Richard Arlen, Lloyd Nolan, Charles Russell and Stanley Ridgell and Richard Conte, are all excellent. (Sept.)

**CHINA SKY,** RKO: Randy Scott, doctor in a Chinese hospital, brings his bride Ellen Drew to China from the States. This is a mistake, for Ellen vigorously tries to ruin the friendship between Randy and his medical aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him. Anthony Quinn and Maria Ferrer star as a guerrilla leader, Carol Thurston as a nurse, and Philip Ahn do the best they can with antiquated material. (July)

**CHINA’S LITTLE DEVILS,** Monogram: The secret government is looking for children against Japan. Talmadge is a good director in this story of an orphaned Chinese lass, who is adopted by a group of Flying Tigers, and mighty good he is, too. Paul Kelly is one of the fliers. (Aug.)

**COLONEL BLIMP,** Archers-UA: A cavalier at two ends—one English and one German—and a subtle study of natural characteristics against the incidental panorama of the wars. The Englishman is well played by Roger Livesey, especially in the latter half of the picture as the lovable old Colonel Blimp, and Anton Walbrook, in the German, is saddening a realistic work on his lifelong friend. You’ll want to see made by Deborah Kerr. (Aug.)

**CONFEDERATE WAGNER,** Warners: Good psychological murder drama, with Humphrey Bogart murdering his wife, Rose Hobart, in order to marry her sister, Alexis Smith. But the suspense begins when psychiatrist Sydney Greenstreet suspects Bogie of his crime and sets out to prove it. The audience is aware of the situation from the beginning, which increases the suspense, and all the performances are very good. (Sept.)

**CORIN IS GREEN, THE,—** Warners: Etched with splendid characterization, this is a picture of artistic fulfillment, Newcomer John Dall registers strongly as the Dutch lad who finds learning and inspiration through the aid of Bette Davis; Joan Blondell is the cockney who falls to all but the Dall’s great chance; and Rosalind Ivan, Nigel Bruce and Rhys Williams are beauties of beauty. (July)

**DIVORCE,** Monogram: Kay Francis, producer and star of this little epic, plays a married divorced adventurer who lures Bruce Cabot away from his wife and children. The wife, played by Helen Mack, and the two children, Larry Olsen and Johnny Calhoun, give a refreshing quality to the trite theme. (Aug.)
ESCAPE IN THE DESERT—Warner's: Here's the "Termites Forest" all over again, except with Nazis this time. Jean Sullivan is the girl who runs a hotel in the desert when along comes Dutch flier Philip Delevan on his coast. Then they escape Nazis, Helmut Dantine, Kurt Kreuger, Rudolph Andree and Hans Schumma arrive on the scene and the shooting begins. (July)

FLAME OF BARBARY COAST—Republic: John Wayne is the big two-fisted hero, Ann Dvorak the girl, and Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth heavy who gets in their way. But it's the great earthquake and fire that really gives the show. William Frawley, Marc Lawrence, Virginia Grey and Russell Hicks are there also. (July)

FROZEN GHOST, THE—Universal: Martin Kosl-ke is an expert in freezing people into suspended animation, and Lon Chaney is a hypnotist who believes he is going mad. Milburn Stone is Chaney's pal who plots with Kosliske to actually drive Chaney still crazier. Evelyn Ankers and Tala Birell are the girls in it. (Sept.)

GREAT FLAMMARION, THE—Republic: Erich von Stroheim, coining menace, is a crack pistol shot who kills Don Duryea for love of his wife, Mary Beth Hughes, and gets away with it. Only instead of marrying von Stroheim, Mary Beth leaves for Central America with a boy who can guess what happens from there on. (July)

GREAT JOHN L., THE—Crosby-UA: Newcomb Greg McClure, as the great fighter John L. Sullivan, builds and builds a straight-ahead house that gives his performance credence. Linda Darnell, the girl he doesn't love but marries, and Barbara Britton whom he loves but who refuses him, are both in the story as his wife and Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford and Robert Barrat fit perfectly into the era. (Sept.)

GUEST WIFE—Skirball-UA: Gay, intelligent comedy, with Claude Rains playing a doctor giving a knockout performance as the wife of Richard Foran, Don Ameche's best friend. The story concerns itself with Don's pretending to be his boss, Charles Dingle, that Claudia is his wife. The awful ensuing results, with Colbert trying to help Don, are a rip. (Sept.)

HITCHHIKE TO HAPPINESS—Republic: Dale Evans is a radio star who appears in a New York show just to put over the songs of boy friend Brad Taylor. But when he discovers her identity he flounces out of the picture, mad because he thinks she's played him for a fool. The boys sing with Regis, Pearce clowns, and Jerome Cowan, Arlene Harris and Joyce Compton in it. (July)

HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT, THE—War- ners: A pretty sticky movie that just doesn't come off. Jack Benny is an angel sent to earth to blow his horn at midnight, he will disappear, but when he runs into two other celestial angels who got side- tracked, Allen Josslyn and John Alexander, and a星ing cigarette girl Dolores Moran, and never tests that horn, Alexis Smith is Benny's angel girl, friend. (July)

IDENTITY UNKNOWN—Republic: A very good picture, this one, with Richard Arlen as a nerve-wracked GI who loses his dog and his dog tag in a raid. He finds four such tags scattered about and not knowing which is his, comes to America to find out. Here he meets Cheryl Walker. Arlen gives a swell performance and Cheryl Walker contributes some fine work. Gloria Jean plays boy friend. (July)

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL—Universal: Gloria Jean has to go to work when her father loses his money, so she gets a job singing on the radio. Right away her father gets a behind-the-scenes job. Gloria fails herself torn between two rival radio gossipers, Kirby Grant and Milburn Stone, and, like a lot of women, sings with that same. (July)

INCENDIARY BLONDE—Paramount: Betty Hutton plays the dynamic Texas Guinan with great vitality and efficiency. Her big chance comes when she is to appear on the stage, to make him, and his home and, and the stage on which he is to appear, Billy Goodwin is the press agent whom she marries and Arturo de Cordova the man she loves. (Sept.)

IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD—War- ners: For its moving experiment in what can be done to promote understanding among human beings, this film is a white light on the dark road ahead. It deals with the Springfield, Mass., plan which is built upon the idea that children know no racial discrimination unless they are taught so by their elders. With John Quinlan, Andrea King and Charles Drake. (July)

JUNGLE CAPTIVE—Universal: Maj. scientifi- cally, again, with Otto Kruger, as the madman who stores life to the dead. His domestic helper, Romo Hollen, gets a runaway attendant in order to restore life to the ape woman, played by Vickie Lane, and she is the lot of people's heads around. Jerome Cowan seems the only real person in the whole business. (Sept.)

JUNIOR MISS—20th Century Fox: Fun-in- the-family picture, by that third time to the antics of the Grapes family, Allyn Joslyn is the father, Sylvia Field his wife, and Peggy Ann Garner and Mona Freeman the daughters. Peggy Ann, whose absence, melodramatic imagination gets her father in trouble, is delightful and her

AM I GLAD I found out about this HIGHER TYPE Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—So Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication!

For years among highly intelligent and exacting women there has been a desire for an easier, daintier and more convenient method for feminine cleanliness. Now thanks to Zontorients— they have it! And here's why Zontorients are one of the greatest discoveries ever made for this purpose:

1. Zontorients are snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories— easily inserted and so convenient.

2. Powerfully germicidal yet so safe to delicate tissues. Non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-smarting.

3. When inserted—Zontorients quickly begin to release their powerful germicidal qualities and continue to do so for hours. They're not the type which quickly melt away.

4. Thus Zontorients give you hours of continuous medication.

5. Zontorients immediately kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the trimmed, and they can still all reach- able living germs and keep them from multiplying.


Zontorients

Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication!

For years among highly intelligent and exacting women there has been a desire for an easier, daintier and more convenient method for feminine cleanliness. Now thanks to Zontorients— they have it! And here's why Zontorients are one of the greatest discoveries ever made for this purpose:

1. Zontorients are snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories— easily inserted and so convenient.

2. Powerfully germicidal yet so safe to delicate tissues. Non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-smarting.

3. When inserted—Zontorients quickly begin to release their powerful germicidal qualities and continue to do so for hours. They're not the type which quickly melt away.

4. Thus Zontorients give you hours of continuous medication.

5. Zontorients immediately kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the trimmed, and they can still all reach- able living germs and keep them from multiplying.


Zontorients

(Zontorients)

(Each sealed in separate glass vial)
bom friend Barbara Whiting is a half-ton riot. (Sept.)

LADY CONFESSIONS, THE—PRC: Mary Beth Hughes, in love with Hugh Beaumont, has a great shock when, after seven years, his wife suddenly appears on the scene, and tells her her marriage to Beaumont is never to take place. So when the wife is murdered the lovers are naturally suspected. It's a fair whodunit. (July)

MEDAL FOR BENNY, A—Paramount: J. Carrol Naish as the father of Benny, the tough enough who becomes a hero in the war, turns in an unforgettable performance as the simple, crossing Mexican of a little California town. Dorothy Lamour is Benny's betrothed whom Arturo de Cordova loves. (July)

MURDER, HE SAYS—Paramount: Gage, corn and sugar wholesale in which Fred MacMurray turns into the worsted family ever seen in the hillbilly country while searching for missing co-worker. Marjorie Main, Porter Hall, John Heather and Peter Whitney are the weeds and Helen Walker is the heroine. (July)

NAUGHTY NINETIES, THE—Universal: It's a shame that Abbott and Costello aren't given better material, although some of the gags in this one are funny. The plot revolves around a show boat and a trio of crooks, Alan Curtis, Rita Johnson and Joe Sawyer, who get it away from Captain Henry Travers and his daughter Lois Collier; and Abbott and Costello get involved in the complications surrounding it. (Sept.)

NOB HILL—20th Century-Fox: The same old song, with George Raft a Gold Coast saloon owner with heart and soul, and Greta Nissen who falls for Joan Bennett. Vivien Blaine sings in the saloon and loves George. Harry Cordon is a small Irish immigrant. The cast includes Alan Reed, B. S. O'Dell and Emil Coleman, and the music is catchy. (Aug.)

ONE EXCITING NIGHT—Pine-Thomas—Paramount: You won't have such a very exciting night at the movies if you see this one, what with what cracking women who give with the chatter while cutting dead people needlessly from place to place. William Gargan is too nice a guy for this kind of stuff, and so is Ann Savage. (Sept.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Paramount: Vermic Lake is a philantropist who promotes Diana Lynn and her girl orchestra, and Eddie Bracken as a singer. You'll howl when Eddie opens his mouth and Bing Crosby's voice comes out, and when he makes love to the make a la Sinatra. Unfortunately, however, a hundred and twenty-five percent of Eddie gets sold before he hits big time, but the complications are fun. (Aug.)

PATRICK THE GREAT—Universal: Donald O'Connor feigns indifference to a stage role he really wants because his father, Donald Cook, wants him to, in this cozy story about show business. Jessi Dee is the girl who loves Cook and Eve Arden is his secretary. Peggy Ryan and O'Connor make the most of the rollicking comedy and the situation. (July)

PENTHOUSE RHYTHM—Universal: Despite the funny people, such as Minna Gombell, Eric Blore, Maxie Rosenbloom and Abbott, this isn't much. Edward Norris is a theatrical producer and cute little Lois Collier his secretary who gets her brothers, the Davis Borealis of the Grand Opera, turned on. The cast also includes Charles Coburn, Harry Davenport and Oscar Levant. (Sept.)

PILLOW TO POST—Warners: Cute and funny, with Ida Lupino growing gayer a galaxy comedienne. Lieut. William Prince agrees to register as her husband at a hoot, but he is a stickler for form, and then it turns out that his commanding officer, Sydney Greenstreet, lives at the hotel too. It's a gay evening. (July)

RAHPSODY IN BLUE—Warners: George Gershwin, his life, his ambitions and dreams comes to the screen in an emotionally warm story literally crowded with people and events of his time. Robert Alda portrays Gershwin and understudying his role as Gershwin, Jan Leslie and Alexis Smith are the women in his life, and Herbert Rudley is his brother Ira. The cast also includes Charles Coburn, Hazel Scott and Oscar Levant. (Sept.)

SILVER FLEET, THE—PRC: Another excellent British picture, telling the story of the owner of an important Dutch shipyard who is given the choice of continuing by delivering into Nazi hands the two new submarines he is building, or else. How the owner, Robert Richardson, solves his dilemma makes fine screen fare. (Aug.)

SON OF LASSIE—M-G-M: A sequel to "Lassie Come Home" that packs a heartstopping wallop. Laddie follows his master to the plate and when the plate is shot down, and eventually finds his way back to the depot. Peter Lawford is the owner, Laddie, June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp are in it too. (July)

SONG OF THE SARONG—Universal: Nancy Kelly is a native South Sea maiden who meets up with William Gargan when he comes to her island to fish for the treasure that rests beneath the natives' god. Wacky Knight and Eddie Quillan go along for the laughs, but they are mighty few and far between. (July)

Cutting Cuticle IS DANGEROUS!
Don't Take Chances! Wipe It Away with TAD!

1 TAD softens dead, loose cuticle quickly . . . so you can wipe it away safely!
2 TAD prevents ugly, open cuticle cracks that invite infection!
3 TAD does not irritate. Keeps cuticle smooth and neat . . . keeps nails lovelier looking longer!
4 TAD saves time. Does a better job faster, safer. Costs only 10c or 25c a bottle!

Ask for TAD today at any drug, drug, or ten-cent store.

THE SAFER WAY TO NEW NAIL BEAUTY!

TAD SALES, 3950 S. Northport Ave., Chicago 12, III.

PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of your pet—your love—your birthday guy—your pet—your pet—your pet. Reproduction, reproduction, reproduction, reproduction, reproduction, reproduction, reproduction, reproduction. Order today! Return cash we pay postcard. 5ac extra!

PHOTO MOVINETTE KING CO., DEP., C.5, CINCINNATI, O.

FREE—GRAY HAIR ANALYSIS! Send name and address with a few strands of your hair for FREE—gray hair analysis and expert advice.

(RAPID DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION) 115 W. 46th Street Dept. 2210, New York 18, N.Y.

RAP-I-DOL SHAMPOO TINT

DIFFICULT DAYS Made Easier

WHEN you suffer from Headache, Simple Neuralgia or Functional Monthly Pains, take

DR. MILLS MIGEN-PAIN PILLS
Get Dr. Mills Anti-Pain Pills at your drug store—25c and 51.00, Caution; read directions and use only as directed, Mills Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.
SOUtherner, THE — Loew-Hakim-UA: An ar-
ranging, beautifully written and directed story,
but nonetheless depressing. It deals with the
struggle of Zachary Scott and Betty Field, Southern
sharecroppers, to produce cotton with nature and
neighbors against them. (Aug.)

Stepping in Society — Republic: Even funny-
man Fred Everett Horton, as a respectable judge
mishandled for a former outlaw by crooks who
are they, do their best, but it's all to no
avail. (Sept.)

Story of G. I Joe — Cowan-UA: The simplic-
ity and bumbling greatness of Ernie Pyle comes
with terrific force through the story of his experi-
ences. Peck and Dorsey's sterling performances
and Burgess Meredith is perfect as Ernie. The picture
is a monument to our infantry and to those who
write of them. (Sept.)

Swinging Sister — Universal: Frances Rae-
burg does a fair job in an unnoteworthy tale of a
night club singer given to the club by the man she
loves before she discovers she still loves Rod Cameron.
With Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hinds. (Aug.)

That's The Spirit — Universal: Music, corn,
characters, and stage routines together make
hodgepodge, with Jack Oakie racing off to heaven
and Harold Peary a beautiful lout. The picture
outlines the daughter's career, and Johnny Covey fascinating with
his dance routines. June Vincent, Peggy Ryan, Andy Devine, and Randolph Scott is in it too. (Aug.)

Those Endearing Young Charms — RKO: You
won't believe Robert Young as the wolfy pilot
with a musical sense. In a musical contest with
Laraine Day the story is just plain dull. Laraine
drives in love with Bob and gets more in a show when he
advises her to play the piano for all. When the picture
really does, she will have none of him. (July)

Thousand and One Nights, A — Co-
Lusche-Hamilton, fantastic, sentimental fantasy, with Cor-
nel Wilde as Aladdin, Phil Silvers as a lad born
dead, Evelyn Keyes as the genie, and Adele Jergens as the princess Cornel loves. The
story is sheer romantic nonsense, but the color
is so ever so the same lavish, and the humor so
delicious that it's all completely delightful. (Sept.)

Thrill of a Romance — M-G-M: You'll
love this romantic musical, with Van Johnson made into
a gentlemanly fella, and William Tabbert, as the old
man who marries his daughter, with Preston Foster.
The cast is excellent, and the story is fairly amusing. (Aug.)

TWO O'Clock Courage — RKO: Taxi driver
Ann Rutherford picks up Tom Conway who's gotten
married, and before you know it they're knee deep in
Broadway murders that roll along from producers
to playwrights to stars. (July)

Valley of Decision — M-G-M: To her
role of the Indian maid who becomes the mistress
in the household of Gladys Cooper and Donald Crisp,
Guerca Monteith, as the Indian maid, and the whole
of the picture is the best. (July)

Way Ahead, THE — 20th Century-Fox: This
British picture is a beautiful human document about
careers of people who have their eyes on military
training. With the exception of David Niven, the
cast is familiar to American audiences, but it's a
picture you shouldn't miss. (Aug.)

West of the Pecos — RKO: Barbara Hale
travels back in the '20s to Texas with her dad, and
they are caught up with Cowboy Robert Sterling.
Between the two of them, they make Texas a more
civilized place by helping to rid of outlaws and
Dudley Draper, Constance Worth and Lala
Lane also give strong performances outstanding those
of Steve Leonard and Elissa Landi. (Sept.)

Why Girls Leave Home — PRG: Pamela
Blyth does a very good job as the girl who leaves
a cozy home and family for a night club queen and
thereby meets up with gangsters and near
death. Claudia Drake, Constance Worth, and Lala
Lane also give strong performances outstanding those
of Steve Leonard and Elissa Landi. (Sept.)

Wonder Man — Goldwyn: Fanny fantasy
with Danny Kaye, who, in his dual role of the
dead entertainer and his twin brother, the houseman,
is wonderful. Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen are both
excellent. (July)

Zombie on Broadway — RKO: Alan Carney
and Wally Brown tackle with zombies for one of the
most ridiculous pictures of the year. In search of a
zombie to appear at a night club's premiere they meet
scientist Dr. Lusoglu and with his aid turn night
club owner Sheldon Leonard into a zombie. With
Ann Jeffreys and Eddy King. (July)
HELPs give you a clearer, fresher, brighter 'TOP-SKIN'

Also Helps You Look Your Dazzling Best On Short Notice!

Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack is one of the best and quickest methods to help 'take off' dirt, dust, aging skin cells—so that your 'top-skin' may appear fresher, clearer with all its natural blushing charm and loveliness. The mild 'blushing' action of Hopper White Clay Pack gives your skin such a thrilling, captivating rosie glow. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to vanish.

Use Hopper White Clay Pack as a quick 'beauty pick-up' and help maintain exquisite natural 'top-skin' loveliness throughout the years. Buy it at any cosmetic counter.

Edna Wallace HOPPER WHITE CLAY PACK

SMART NEW Bucilla Hostess Set

Imagine the fun of serving in a stunning apron that matches your dinner cloth...you can have this unusual ensemble for so little— already made except for simple embroidery and applique. At needlework departments in all good stores.

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ...

"War or no war, a lotta folk still fall head over heels in love..."

But when it comes to using your "head" over "heels" folk ask for long-wearing Hood Suprex Rubber Heels.

In these days of shoe rationing, it's good to know that Hood Suprex Rubber Heels make your shoes wear longer. Look for the Hood Arrow.

BUcilla

The mark of quality in knitting yarns, crochet cottons, embroidery flosses, finished linens.

230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANCHORS AWEIGH—M.G.M.: Clarence Doolittle, Frank Sinatra; Swan Abbott, Kathryn Grayson; Joseph Brady, Gene Kelly; Sid Luftin, himself; Donald Buka, Mr. Gibson; Janet Leigh, Mrs. Guinness; Pamela Britton, Police Sgt., "Rags" Ragland; Cafe Manager, Billy Gilbert; Admiral Hammond, Henry O'Neill; Carlos, Carlos Ramirez; Police Capt., Edgar Kennedy; Bertrum Kramer, Grady Sutton; Admiral's wife, Leon Ames; Little Girl Boyer, Sharon Macnus; Radio Cop, James Flavin; Studio Cop, Jack Burke; Hamburger Man, Henry Armetta; Libby's Assistant, Chester Clute.

CARIBBEAN MYSTERY, THE—20th Century Fox: Mr. Smith, James Dunn; Mrs. Jean Gilbert, Shelia Ryan; Gerald McCraken, Edward Ryan; Linda Lane, Jackie Pyle; Rene Marcel, Reed Hadley; Capt., Van den Bark, Roy Roberts; Capt., Bowman Bull, Richard Shaw; Hartorg, Darol Hudson; Coroner Lowe, William Forrest; McCraken Sr., Roy Corrison; Adele Marcel, Virginia Walker, Bert, Lal Chad Mehri; Telephone Operator, Katherine Connors; Guard, Robert Fuller; Dr., Prashu; Lucien Littlefield; Mervyn; Selmar Jackson; Hotel Clerk, Eugene Borden; Larabee, Charles Miller.

CHEETERS, THE—Republic: Mr. M., Joseph Schildkraut; Mrs. Pidgeon, Billie Burke; Mr. Petitman, Eugene Pallette; Florie, Ona Munson; Wille, Raymond Walburn; Angela, Anne Gilles; Teachers, Ruth Terry; Stephen Hatty; Robert Larriston; Reggie, David Holt; MacFarland, Robert Greer.

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT—Warner: Elliott Lane, Barbara Stanwyck; Jefferson Jane Mac, Dennis Morgan; Alexander Yardley, Sydney Greenstreet; John Sloan, Reginald Gardiner; Felix Basseeak, B. Z. Saalk; Dudley Breckman, Robert Shayne; Nora, Ona O'Connell; Shirley, Frank Jenks; Barbara, John Loder; The Judge, Dick Elliott; Mr. Huggenbottom, Charles A. Allen.

DUFFY'S TAVERN—Paramount: Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Pauline Goddard, Allan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Arline Cordova, Cais Daley, Diana Lynn, Victor Moore, Robert Benchley, Wally Albright, Leatrice Joy, George Meeker, Philip Crosby, Douglas Crane, Lib Crane, glamour stars. Then: Bennet, Bud Tingey, Bessie Waller, Doctor, Billy DeWolfe; Director, Walter Abel; Dancer—singer, Johnny Coy; Dancer, Miriam Franklin; Barbara, Thomas Stanley; Oola, Roy O. Olga San Juan; Mode, Robert Watson; Peggy O'Malley; Margaret Reynolds, Danny Murphy, Barby Sullivan; Archie; Ed Garden; Finnigan, Charley Cantor; Eddie, Eddie Green; Miss Duzzy, Ann Thomas.

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO, THE—RKO: Tom Lawrence, Tom Conway; Joan Marshall, Rita Corday; Goldie Locke, Edward Brophy, Anne Marshall, Darryl Mollet; Dorien Temple, Fay Helm; DeForest, Robert Armstrong; Pantinie, John Mylong; Loomis, Jason Roberts, Rich, Carl Kent; Dahman, George Holmes; Carla, Hermione Sterler.

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY—M.G.M.: Princess Veronique, Helen Lamar; Jimmy Durante, Robert Walker, Leslie O'Neil, June Allyson; Rassy Zellon Faber, Carl Kamerud; Country Zoe, Agnes Moorehead; Alpert Weaver, "Rags" Ragland; Mr. Prin, Ludwig Siesel; Dr. Elson, George Cleveland; Paul MacMillan, Warner Anderson; Yannos Van Lofontes, Leonid Shamay, Hack, Tom Trout; Ben Lesy, Himself; Finx, Patty Moore; Ist Cop, Edward Garson.

HIDDEN EYE, THE—M.G.M.: Capt. Duncan MacLean, Edward Arnold; Jan, Marie McDonald; Rose, Penny Singleton; Inspector Delaney, Thomas Jackson; Ferris, Morris Armstrong; Strangere, Robert Lewis; Kassaloff, Francis Pierlot; Helen Roberts, Sandra Rodgers; Gibbs (Chanteur), Theodore Rondot; Louise, Jack Lambert; Arthur Hampton, Ray Langley; Alliger, Leigh Whipper; Barton Larrison, Byron Foulger; Polasky, Leo Philips; Whitney, Eddie Aukin; Dr. Kramer, Bob Pepper; Rodney Hampton, Russell Hicks.

JEALOUSY—Republic: Dr. David Brant, John Ladue, Jean Randolph; Dr. Monica Anderson, Karen Morley; Peter Urban, Nils Asber; Hugo Kral, Hugo Haas, Mickey Rose; Robert Holmes; Shop Owner, Michael Mark; Bob, Maurice Hurst; Inspector, Peggy Lyon; Nurse, Mary Arden; Expressionist, Noble "Kid" Chisell.

LOVE LETTERS—Hal Wallis— Paramount: Singleton, Jennifer Jones; Ali, Quentin, Joseph, Cotten; Dilly Caron, Ann Richards, Helen Westworth, Anita Louise; Mack, Cecil Kellaway; Derek Quinlin, Byron Barr, Roger Marland, Robert Sally; Beatrice Rambert, Gladys Cooper; Defense Attorney, Reginald Denny; Bishop, Ernest Costard.

ON STAGE EVERYBODY—Universal: Molly Sullivan, Peggy Ryan; Pep Sullivan, Jack Oakie; Carleton, Oma Kruger; Emeterocket, Wally Foul; Fitzgerald, Milburn Stone; Danny Rogers, Johnny Coy; Ma; Murray, Esther Dale; Vivian, Hal Pasha; Julie London; Butler, Cyril Smith; Tom, Jimmy Clark; Dick, Stephen Wayne (Continued on page 142)
Its cleaner, brighter Taste
means cleaner, brighter teeth—
Pepsodent tooth paste
with Irium
removes the film that
makes your teeth look dull

Use Pepsodent twice a day,
see your dentist twice a year
Ours is the solid reputation for its consistent high quality and fine flavor.

Beech-Nut Gum

...Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.

Do your hands inspire the poet in him?

In the Black and Gold jars: $1.00 size.

*Plus tax.

Ask for the free Sofskin demonstration at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

Does the beauty of your hands prompt his most tender sentiments? Be sure of his admiration—make Sofskin a daily part of your beauty routine. Sofskin keeps hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely—guards wrists, elbows, and ankles as well as hands against dryness. Get your jar of Sofskin today—you'll be devoted to it ever after!

Sofskin Creme

For lovely hands and skin.

Sofskin Company • Findlay, Ohio

(Continued from page 140)

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—M-G-M: Martine Louis; Selma Jacobson; Edward G. Robinson; Selma Jacobson; Margaret O'Brien; Nile Heflin; James Craig; Viola Johnson; Frances Gilford; Bruno Caspar; Agnes Moorehead; Burt Lancaster; Morris Carnovsky; Arnold Harker; Jackie "Butch" Jenkins; Mrs. Byrson; Sara Haden; Mrs. Farnan; Great Grandpa; Ira E. Jenkins; Dorothy Zanetti; Pete Hanson; Arthur Saxon; Elizabeth Russell; Mrs. Farnan; Louis Jean Heydt; Kurt Jensen; Charles Middleton; Minnelli; Frank Capra; "Circus Driver," Johnnie Berke.

OCT. 17—Columbia: Paula Whelan, Irene Dunne; Max Whitaker, Alexander Knox; Robert Conlan, Charles Coburn; Jan Lapteff, Donald Crisp, Ray Leto, Leni Stadlin; Mrs. Farnan, Lee Patrick; Frank MacDowall, Paul Brown; Mrs. Farnan, Sara Haden; Mrs. Farnan, Dorothy Zanetti; Pete Hanson; Al St. John; Elizabeth Russell; Mrs. Farnan; Louis Jean Heydt; Kurt Jensen, Charles Middleton; Minnelli; Frank Capra; "Circus Driver," Johnnie Berke.

PARIS—UNDERGROUND—Constance Bennett; UA: Kitty de Mornay, Constance Bennett; Emmett O'Brien, Gracie Fields; Andre de Mornay, George Rigaud; Capt. Kurt von Weber, Kurt Kreuger; Father Dominique, Charles Andre, Lt. William Gray, Leslie Vincent; Madame Bruni, Eddy Malvois; Tisser, Gregory Gaye; Monsieur Renard, Richard Raver, Marjol; Adrienne d'Ambrosin; Undertaker, Vladimir Sokoloff; Lt. Commander Stowe, Roland Varno; Sergeant McNair, Andrew McGlenny.

PRIDE OF THE MARINES—Warners: Al Schmid, John Garfield, Ruth Harley, Eleanor Parker; Lee Diamond, Dane Clark, Jim Merchant, John Riedley; Veronica Paff, Rosemary De Camp, Elia Merriam, Ann Duff, Loretta Young, Mary Teigh, Babita, Warren Douglas; Irish, Don McGuire; Tom, Tom O'Neal; Doctor, Ray Milland; Alice, Stephen Richards; Johnny Rivers, Anthony Caruso; Capt. Hurkala, Moroni Olsen; Bud, Dave Wilcox; 2nd Marine, John Sheridan; Lieutenant, John Mills; Corporal, John Compton; Lenny, Lennie Breiten; Corporal, Michael Brown.

ROAD TO ALCATRAZ—Republic: John Johnston, Robert Lowery; Kit Norton; Jane Storey; Inspector Crane, Grant Withers; Philip Anger, Clarence Kolb; Gary Payne, Charles Gordon; Charles Cantrell, William Forrest; Louis, Louis; iris; Adrian; His, Joseph; House Manager, Harry Durr; Servant, Kenne Duncan.

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF—M-G-M: Irene Malvern, Ginger Rogers; Chip Curry, Walter Pidgeon; Bunny Smith, Lana Turner, Capt. James Hoot, Van Johnson; Randy Morton, Robert Benchley, Donald Crisp, Phyllis Thaxter, Martin Flaherty, Edward Arnold; Oliver Wharton, Keenan Wynn; Mrs. Write, Ira Sills, Constance Collier; Ann, Rosemary De Camp; Mikey, Frank Puglia; Eunice Johnny Ray, Michael Kirby, Henry Barton, Leon Ames; House Detective, Morena Olson; Mrs. H. Davenport Drew, Nana Bryant; Mrs. June Rand; Cord Sue Cohans; Lisa Romney, herself; and Xavier Cugat and orchestra.

YOU CAME ALONG—Hal Wallis-Paramount: Bob Collins, Robert Cummings; Ivy, Hotchkiss, Elizabeth Scott; Shakespeare, Don De Forest; Handicapped, Charles Drake; Joyce Heath, Julie Bishop; Frances Hotchkiss, Sam Hanner; Bill Allen, Robert Sully; Helen Forrest; Mrs. Col. Stabbe, Rhys Williams; set Clic, Franklin Pangborn; Uncle Jack, Minor Watson; Middle-Aged Man, Howard Freeman; 3rd Man, Andrew Tombes.

Big-city drama—Lana Turner and Van Johnson in "Weekend At The Waldorf".
The magic of Maybelline Eye Make-up makes every hour an Hour of Charm.
Always, Evelyn

Evelyn — and her Magic Violin, featured with Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra on the radio program, "The Hour of Charm."
And Don't Forget Your A B C's

Always Buy Chesterfield

Milder...Better-Tasting...Cooler

Yes, when you remember your A B C's of smoking pleasure you remember the three important benefits that Chesterfield's Right Combination...World's Best Tobaccos gives you. Here they are: A—ALWAYS Milder, B—Better Taste and C—Cooler Smoking.

Chesterfield They Satisfy

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

Copyright 1945, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Judy Garland
By Paul Hesse
No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam.

Such manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's Lovely Norma Richter . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"! On this page she shows you three stunning hair-dos, keyed to the kind of simple clothes smart girls will wear this fall and winter!

To bring new enchantment to your profile . . . this unusual new "up" hair-do, with its lovely sculptured lines. That wonderfully finished look of Norma's hair . . . that sleek, lustrous smoothness are due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

For hatless occasions, on windy winter days, tie a small silk scarf around your head. Sweep hair up and arrange ends in big puffs, right over forehead. Slip ends of scarf through puffs. But make sure your hair has the lustrous smoothness which only Drene with Hair Conditioning action can reveal!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION
Product of Procter & Gamble
"Rather cut dolls than rugs, Sis?"

**GIRL:** Think I'd rather go to some wonderful old dance and be popular and glamorous when I can sit here being just plain old me with my slacks on? Goodness!

**CUPID:** Plain? You're not so plain, Pattycake.

**GIRL:** Wait'll I smile, Little One. I'm Sad Sack.

**CUPID:** No gleam?

**GIRL:** No gleam, Little One. No sparkle. I brush my teeth. And brush 'em. But it's no glow. No gleam.

**CUPID:** And 'pink' on your tooth brush, I'll bet!

**GIRL:** We-ell . . . only lately . . . I—

**CUPID:** Stop stuttering, Sis. That 'pink' on your toothbrush is a warning! It means see your dentist—and fast!

**GIRL:** Dent—But I haven't got a toothache. I—

**CUPID:** Quiet, Powderpuff! Dentists aren't just for toothaches. Visit yours tomorrow. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For the Smile of Beauty— **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
Sometimes we get to thinking about titles like "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes". Why do authors choose 'em?

Take a recent M-G-M picture—"The Clock", for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the title was quite logical.

Now try to figure out "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" and what does that tell you? Well, plenty if you've seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

G. V. Martin, author of the best-selling novel, took his title from "The Song of Solomon": "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes". We guess the author meant the vined when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow, you've got to watch over it.

That's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches straight down to your heart—without pretense or sham.

And it's brought touchingly to life by the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch delightfully. The wonderful little Margaret O'Brien; granite-faced, golden-hearted Edward G. Robinson, hardbodied and hilarious little "Butch" Jenkins. What a wonderful contrast of character.

Like a promising young vine herself, Margaret O'Brien grew beautifully past "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Music For Millions", and in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" she matches her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.

Yes, a truly fine wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gilford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of laugh from "Butch" Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in "National Velvet".

A great vintage, with screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland, production by Robert Sisk. This fine motion picture has World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall.

We urge you to see it as soon as you can.

--- Leo

---

Stor Highlights

Here Is a Sailor!—Vicor Mature

The Miracle of Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Shelton

Louella O. Parsons

Judy—

The girl who became "the world's best-dressed woman"

They're Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell Ruth Waterbury

British—on the Beam—Peter Lawford

Maxine Arnold

Bohemian Buccaneer—Hard Hatfield

Eleanor Harris

They Might Have Been—

Elsa Maxwell

American from Vienna—Helmut Dantine

Jerry Alden

Redheaded Woman—Greer Garson

Herb Howe

Portrait of a Realist—Tom Drake

Joseph Henry Steele

Romantic Lug—Dane Clark

Danton Walker

Because You're Brave Enough

Loretta Young

Put out That Torch!

Harriet Eaton

Where's Gene Kelly?

Deanna—with Variations

Sidney Skolsky

Horseshoe Haynes

Ann Madison

What Shall I Do?

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Portraits in Color

June Allyson and Dick Powell

Peter Lawford

Greer Garson

Special Features

Beauty Workshop

Man on an Island

One Girl's Courage

Pennies for Peace!

Photoplay Fashions

The Shadow Stage

Cover: Judy Garland, appearing in "The Harvey Girls"

Miss Garland's costume designed by Irene. Executive Director of M-G-M

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

---

NOVEMBER, 1945

VOL. 27, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY, published monthly by MACDONALD PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 260 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Copyright, 1945, by Photoplay Publications, Inc. Executive Editor, Helen Gilmore: Associate Editors, Clarence Singleton and Bessie Moore. Operations Manager, Maude Darby; Secretary and Treasurer, Carol Blumgarden. Advertising Manager, George Manning. General Manager, William H. Babcock. Publisher, Elwin W. Hinkley. Production Manager, Mrs. F. H. Fagan. All communications should be addressed to Photoplay Publications, Inc., 260 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Copyright, 1945, by Photoplay Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. All rights reserved. Acceptance of advertisement indicates the approval of the editorial staff and does not constitute a declaration of its policies. Photoplay is printed at Union Station Press, Plainfield, N. J. Prices: Domestic subscriptions, $5.40 per year. Foreign, $5.70 per year. Single copies, 50 cents. Five or more, 25 cents each. Second Class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Member of National Women's Group.

The contents of this magazine may not be republished either wholly or in part, without permission.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Boundf, N. J.
THREE GREAT PERFORMANCES
IN M-G-M's
THRILLING TRUE-TO-LIFE DRAMA!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON · MARGARET O'BRIEN
Our Vines Have Tender Grapes

with
JAMES CRAIG · FRANCES GIFFORD
AGNES MOOREHEAD · MORRIS CARNOVSKY
and "BUTCH" JENKINS

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo · Based on the Book, "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," by George Victor Martin · Directed by ROY ROWLAND
Produced by ROBERT SISK · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Cal Goes Partyng: The girl with the bluest eyes in Hollywood, pretty Kay Williams, gave the most sumptuous party—just before her surprise elopement with Adolph Spreckels Jr. And because John Dall seems the man of the hour in Hollywood, Cal took him along.

Walter Pidgeon and Errol Flynn were in the bright array. Peter Lawford, the Englishman with the grin, suddenly attached himself to our little group. So did the Keenan Wynn, Mervyn LeRoy and Sonja Henie, decked out in more diamonds than there are in South Africa. Keenan got funnier as the evening wore on and Mary Livingstone's sense of fun and way of saying things that's typical of her on the radio, delighted all hands.

Altogether it was a highly successful evening.

Gala Goings-on: The Charles Feldmans gave a wonderful party for Marlene Dietrich. They borrowed Joe Schenck's house for it. Cal roamed around lost in a sea of familiar Hollywood faces—some two hundred of them. Everybody liked the way Charles Feldman introduced Marlene as the German girl who had done so much for America and Americans.

For the first time in many a moon, not only did the men wear their tuxedoes to the last man, but the gals left their dinner dresses home and burst forth in full (or maybe you'd say scanty) evening attire.

Lana Turner was bemoaning the fact that only a few nights before she had lost a gorgeous hunk of diamond pin worth twelve thousand dollars. And up to the night of the party all the detectives on the case hadn't been able to find it. Which reminds us to tip you off on something that may mean nothing. We're talking about the date that Lana had with John Dall, new Warner rave from "The Corn Is Green." They went to Mocambo on a party with another couple—and boy, did the eyebrows go up to there! Besides, we happen to know that Dall has been doing a lot of swimming up at Lana's pool.

Maybe he only went for the water. Anyway, John is back east now. Half the stars at the party wore their hair piled up to various heights (and the few who wore top-knots looked like baby-frighteners). Many more wore their hair down and soft. Clark Gable went to the soiree stag—and had a wonderful time—even though his current "best girl," Anita Colby, was there with somebody else. (Editor's note: If you'd like to know what the stars wore at this party, turn to "Cinemodes" on page 78 of Photoplay Fashions.)

A few days later Cal ran into Marlene in the market and was struck by the hauntedeweariness in her eyes. She appeared to see or look directly at no one. In fact there was a pathetic vagueness about her as she looked over the fruit stalls. That year and a half with our boys over there seems to have left the former beauty weary and worn and indifferent to her looks or the world about her. We heard Eve Wynn, Keenan's wife, say to the clerk, "Marlene would like a pear to eat." We watched Marlene dive into it and realized that fresh fruit must seem heaven after a long siege of restricted diet abroad. Marlene plans to return to France and Jean Gabin as soon as she is able.

Neighbors: It's nice meeting sentiment these days—and at the butcher stall of all places, it is most unusual! But Cal and his neighbor Alexis Smith meet there often by chance (Continued on page 6)
LOVE LETTERS LEADING TO MURDER... HIDING EXQUISITE BLISS!

A man's love letters to a girl he didn't know... Letters of tenderness and longing that set her heart afire—and kindled murder.

Jennifer Jones
Joseph Cotten
In Hal Wallis' Production
"Love Letters"

Based on the Novel of Suspense and Mystery by Chris Massie

ANN RICHARDS and Cecil Kellaway
Gladys Cooper, Anita Louise, Robert Sully
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • A Paramount Picture
Into Your Cheeks
there comes a new,
mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.
Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouge of that "painful" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.
The "life secret" of all color is glow.
The fire of rubies; the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on glow. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge blows out glow, Princess Pat—the duo-tone rouge—imparts it.
But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—an undertone and overtone.
So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.
The right way to Rouge
Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smooch into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a "pointing toward the moon, That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents color. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.

And lips to match!
You'll love the smoothness of the new Princess Pat "Color-Stay" Lipstick.
One application stays, Stays, STAYS!
And the shades are just heavenly. Complete your make-up with the new Princess Pat light-as-air Face Powder.
Wherever good cosmetics are sold Princess Pat Duotone Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder are on display. Discover today your own Princess Pat color harmony shades.

Princess Pat

(Continued from page 4) and each time Alexis radiates the happiness she has found in her marriage to Craig Stevens. The handsome Craig is just as happy, we note. "He was hard to land," Alexis kids, "and I'm hanging on to him." Craig beams. The two live in a simple apartment on Olympic Boulevard in Beverly Hills and manage to combine careers, housekeeping and marriage very well.

Noted: You can add Jennifer Jones and Joan Fontaine to the list of gals who are taking French lessons—everybody's doing it! Joan says that marriage is far from her mind—to anyone.

Her ex, Brian Aherne, has been seeing Garbo a bit, but is really making goo-goo eyes at Eleanor le Brot, sister of the well-known stage producer, Alfred de Liagre ... Anne Baxter, on location at Kanab, Utah, for "Smoky," has conquered her fear of horses and can't get enough of riding now. At fourteen she won prizes for horseback riding in contests but later was thrown twice and hasn't been on a nag in years ...
All of little Mary Anderson's pin-up pictures (for overseas consumption) are taken in a tiny old-fashioned black corset which originally belonged to her grandma in Birmingham, Alabama. Phil Harris's nickname for Alice Faye is "Peaches"—and what's more he says she really can put up peach preserves ...
Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey, divorced a long time, have been dating so much lately, that a lot of people think they'll re-marry one of these days.
Ann Miller has a new steady fellow—Harry Karl, a big shoe manufacturer, she says. . . Navy Capt. Gen Marney and Myrna Loy, lunching at Romanoffs, have achieved that dignified happiness that surpasses the existing-in-public kind Hollywood is given to. In a plain brown dress and flat heel Myrna was still different looking.

Marital Shake-ups: Lieut. Henry Fonda got back to Hollywood just in time to celebrate the glorious V-J Day news. Fonda was en route to Washington for further orders but no doubt will be discharged from the service if the time you read this. And don't be surprised if Hank and his wife Franc say "adieu" to their marriage as soon as he is mustered out. Ditto Son Henie and Dan Topping.

The Zachary Scotts keep denying there is trouble at their menage—but there has been too much "smoke" about these two for there not to be any f somewhere in the background. An any way, Zachary has been going to a awful lot of parties by himself or with his lonesome and everybody knows that his M just loves to go to parties. That's just one of the things that has started the gossip to gabbing about them.

Martha O'Driscoll, trying after trying to divorce her Navy spouse, finally given up—for the time being at least. She got

(Continued on page
THE KIND OF WOMAN
MOST MEN WANT -
but shouldn't have!

She knew there was
trouble coming... trouble
she made for herself!

Mildred Pierce

STARRING
JOAN CRAWFORD
JACK CARSON
ZACHARY SCOTT

WARNERS' daringly bring to the screen
the daring novel by James M. Cain!

with
EVE ARDEN • ANN BLYTH • BRUCE BENNETT • MICHAEL CURTIZ • JERRY WALD

DIRECTED BY
SCREEN PLAY by
Based on the Novel by
Music by Max Steiner
INSIDE STUFF

Gay point: Pev Marley and his wife Linda Darnell dress up and dine out at the Beverly Hills Hotel

(Continued from page 6) another turn-down from a Los Angeles judge so there’s just nothing she can do about shedding the ties that bind until her husband is a civilian again.

Town Talk: Hollywood’s steadiest threesome has broken up. Cal means the combination of the Keenan Wynn and Van Johnson, of course. Peter Lawford seems to have replaced Van in all their night club outings—in fact everywhere they go. We don’t mean to imply any “triangle”—but the Wynts don’t ever seem to want to be alone.

People certainly stared at Mocambo one night to see the Wynts at one table and Van Johnson at another—they couldn’t believe their eyes! Besides which, the “two tables” hardly exchanged glances. Some think the studio broke up the three-way friendship because Van was taking too much advice from Evie Wynn on matters professional and other things. One bit of advice he did take from her was to switch agents—but her influence didn’t end there and studio bosses may have realized the whole thing out loud.

Van is still beseeching Jaqueline Dalya about—but not too steadily. Still on the old stag routine for the most part.

Incidentally: June Allyson who just loves Hollywood and everything about it, was talking with a soldier, just back from the Pacific, during the wild celebration at the Hollywood Canteen V-J night. Later she drove him out to Beverly, where the moon outlined the lovely hills—and shone on the beautiful houses and estates of filmdom’s upper-crust. “This is wonderful,” said the former flier, “Never saw anything like it. It just takes my breath away. These beautiful houses nestling among the palm trees. What a target!”

Bing’s Brush: Well, der Bingle has finally given in. Yessir—he’s fought against it for years—nine years—but, by golly, in “Blue Skies” Bing Crosby will bust out with a full-grown moustache. In fact, he and Bob Hope sort of made a pact a long time ago that nobody could get either one of them to set foot in front of a camera with hair on their (Continued on page 10)

Fun between femmes—Joan Harrison, producer of “Uncle Harry,” with star of picture Ella Raines at the Universal commissary

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

Taking pity on yourself “these days”? Sitting it out because menstruation’s functional cramps, headache and “blues” are making you feel slightly lower than sea level? You don’t have to take stop-and-go signals from menstrual pain. Instead, take Midol and experience the quick comfort these tablets can bring you. Midol is offered specifically to relieve functional periodic pain. It is free from opiates, and its speedy action is three-fold: Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you’re “Blue’.

So don’t let up just because Nature lets you down. Perk up—take Midol with complete confidence and enjoy real comfort! Get Midol today at any drugstore.
The Night you will Never Forget...

Heaven was in her Eyes...
And her Lips were Paradise

Night in Paradise
in Technicolor

The screen's glorious new love-match!

Starring
MERLE OBERON
TURHAN BEY

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with

THOMAS GOMEZ • GALE SONDERGAARD • RAY COLLINS • ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE DOLENZ • JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN • Produced by WALTER WANGER • Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen
From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman • Screenplay: Ernest Pascal • Adaptation: Emmet Lavery
“Before I was SELF-CONSCIOUS, on the ‘plump’ side. My hair-do was wrong. My ‘Photo-Revise’ (center) showed me how I should look,” says Mona Desmond, Santa Monica, Calif.

“NOW I’m SELF-CONFIDENT, proud of my sleek figure, my new, smooth hair-styling. The Powers Home Course really does deliver all it promises.”

“Powers Girl” Creator Offers YOU, too, new charm, loveliness A “MODEL” FIGURE

Worried about your beauty and figure problems? Let the Powers Home Course teach you the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection and loveliness to thousands of “average” girls... made them “Powers Girls”, the world’s most envied women!

Easy, daily “lessons” for 7 weeks, in figure control, make-up, grooming. The cost! Amazingly little!

“It was so easy, such fun!” Mona lost 20 pounds, gained self-confidence—and a “Powers Girl” figure—won a modeling job in New York.

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES of PERSONALIZED “Powers Girl” training—right in your own home!

60 individualized features! Your own PHOTO-REVISE—actually drawn by experts just for YOU! Help on your Figure! Make-up! Grooming! Styling! Your Voice! How to walk gracefully! The famous “Powers Girl” formula for charm and magnetism!

Three cheers from Dana Andrews in an off-guard moment, hereby nominated for the candid-of-the-month shot

(Continued from page 8) lips—and they’ve stuck to it. But what could Bing do? Hope was overseas in Europe entertaining the boys—and they just worked on Bing’s resistance till he gave in. One way they got him to give in (after he swore down and up and he just couldn’t kiss Joan Caulfield with a tickler on his lip) was to get an artist to sketch a moustache on a picture of Bing to show him how well he’d look—and he liked it so much he went for the whole thing. Result—he may even keep it after the picture is finished. Bing, you’ll remember, was male winner of the Photoplay Gold Medal Award in the poll conducted by Dr. Gallup of Audience Research Inc., for Photoplay—the only magazine poll of its kind.

Back-fence News: Greer Garson has wild strawberries growing along the bank of a tiny stream behind her home in Bel-Air. And Laraine Day has a narrow stream that flows through her property and this little strip of water is what makes her swimming pool. Laraine received dozens of complaints from fashion editors and fashion-minded fans because she wore high-heeled shoes with a play suit in some ads for “Those Endearing Young Charms.” Now, Laraine knows better than that. Fact is, some character in the publicity department of the studio thought it would be more glamorous for her to be in high-heeled shoes, so he painted heels onto her play shoes!

Hilarity: Dennis O’Keefe got the tops in hilarious chain letters and has been sending copies to all his friends. It says, "This chain letter does not cost you money. Simply send a copy to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the person whose name is at the top of the list on this page. When your name comes to the top, you'll get 1958,475 beautiful girls. Don't break the chain! One man did—and got his own wife back!"

Ingrid Bergman was a sensation with the GIs on her overseas tour with Jack Benny. Especially when the two of them did a burlesque of “Casablanca” together with Jack being a sissy Bogie—and Ingrid knocking him down a couple of times. The soldiers had all seen the picture and they ate up their comedy version of it.

Bulletins: Happiest couple in town at the moment—the Ray Millands. Boy! what a torch he tooted—but everything is wonderful now. Buff Cobb Bautzer, supposed to be “engaged” to Vic Mature, has been beating Florence Pritchett’s time with Bob Walker. They’ve had a lot of dates... Jon Hall, very ill in a hospital at Fort Ord, expected to be out with a medical discharge any minute... Eleanor Parker and Joe Kirkwood, the golfer, are about to say their “I do’s”—at least Cal will bet they are... Louise Allbritton is a chain coffee-drinker—the percolator in her dressing room at the studio is always busy. She went out with Eddie Albert a few times—but that was before Margo, his old love, hit Hollywood. Now Eddie and Margo have announced their engagement and will no doubt marry any minute for they said they would “when the war is over”—and it’s over.

Concerning Dantine: Helmut Dantine stood on the stage of a Detroit theater, selling his continental charm and sending his fans into screams of joy. But behind that personal appearance was something the public out front was unaware of and only a few people in Hollywood knew. Helmut’s notice that he had been placed on the twelve-week layoff all contract actors are given each year by their studio, had arrived when he was least ready for it. Spurred on by the recent (Continued on page 12)
“Will you look at that guy MacMurray... in stitches at himself!”

“If the picture's that funny... I oughta see it myself!”

IT'S THE PROMISE OF A RARE GOOD TIME!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

FRED MacMURRAY in
Pardon My Past

with MARGUERITE CHAPMAN
AKIM WILLIAM RITA
TAMIROFF DEMAREST JOHNSON

Produced and Directed by
LESLIE FENTON
Original story by Patterson McHugh and Harlan Ware
Screenplay by Earl Felton and Karl Kaven

A MUTUAL Production

Harry Davenport - Douglas Dumbrille
A HOLLYWOOD MUSICAL
TO MAKE YOUR HEART ROMANTIC!
The surprise entertainment of the year... crowded with tantalizing tunes, gorgeous girls and picturesque pageantry... plus a heart-warming love story that will thrill you again and again!

MEXICANA
starring
TITO GUIZAR and CONSTANCE MOORE
with
LEO CARRILLO · ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ
HOWARD FREEMAN
and STEVEN GERAY · JEAN STEVENS
and Specialty Shadow Dance
PHYLLIS HERRIN and GUY ZANETTE
and ST. LUKE'S CHORISTERS
PETER MEREMBLUM'S JUNIOR ORCHESTRA
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED
BY ALFRED SANTELL

(Continued from page 10) magazine and newspaper accounts of affairs in Vienna, he had started negotiations when the war was almost over to bring his parents out of the Austrian city to America. The twelve weeks without salary left him with insufficient funds for the involved negotiations and transportation of his parents here. Begging his studio to permit him to work that twelve weeks, he was granted permission and immediately accepted the Detroit offer.

So Helmut's smiles and bows from the stage accompanied by the squeals of fans are all a part of a man's burning desire to help his folk across the sea. More power to him, Cal says.

In the romance division—well, is so serene with Ida Lupino and Helmut now that Freddie de Cordova, who started madly to rush Ida, is back rushing the femme field again.

Good News: Dick Quine, handsome husband of little Susan Peters, reached out a hand for the same ear of corn as Cal. We looked up, grinned and shook hands while somebody else walked off with the corn. Of course we talked of Susan, but we didn't need Dick's words to tell us of her rapid improvement. From the drawn haggard misery of his face those months after her tragic shooting accident, Dick has gradually relaxed into hopeful happiness. His Susie is alive and getting well. May even walk again one day.

"If only we could find a small house somewhere," he told Cal, "we'd ask for nothing more. It's difficult for Susan to get out in the air in a crowded apartment building with so little garden around." Cal, who witnessed the wonder of their love as Susie walked up the church aisle to become Dick's bride, prays their (Continued on page 14)
ONE-MAN Invasion!

One lone Yank secretly embarks on a dangerous mission... infiltrates the heart of Japan... lives the war's most exciting adventure!

FIRST YANK into TOKYO

WITH

TOM NEAL · BARBARA HALE
MARC CRAMER · MICHAEL ST. ANGEL
LEONARD STRONG · RICHARD LOO
KEYE LUKE

Written and Produced by J. ROBERT BRENN
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 12) little house materializes and Susan and Dick find more and more happiness in it.

Cal Observes: John Payne looked awfully funny in that Anticipation Shop helping his wife Gloria De Haven Payne select maternity clothes. There's so much of John, somehow, for a small shop like that... Cal got a first-hand view of Hollywood photographers (including our own Hymie Fink) snubbing Garbo as she emerged from the Crillon... Ginny Simms's sudden marriage to wealthy Hyatt Dehn left Pat Nearney hanging on the ropes. They tossed a big party just before they tied the knot and during the evening a lighted candle dropped into Cary Grant's lap and covered him with wax. That's the second time this year! If you remember, Cal told you about a similar mishap to Cary at a party of Lady Mend's... Reminds us that Barbara Hutton (about to go to court for her divorce) and Phil Reed are so bored with the whole thing now—but Cary and Betty Hensel seem mad about each other and they're everywhere together... Haven't seen Errol Flynn at any parties with Nora for weeks—but he has been all over the place... Evelyn Keyes, Roz Russell and Cornel Wilde are all madly searching for new places to live. Fans would sure be surprised to note how much younger Cornel looks off the screen than on—and he looks young enough in the movies.

A Line or Two: Ralph Bellamy is now a free man but the John Bolese deny their intention to divorce... Tnt Anthony Quinns have a new baby boy Duncan Christopher, which friends hope will ease the memory of the tragic death of their other small son who was drowned in a swimming pool... That dead ringer for Gene Autrey is the Boston socialite Lieut. George Miller (Harvard '41) (Continued on page 16)

Another leaf in Van's date book—this time Gretchen Hearst Donohue
Gentle words, gentle way... the soft butterfly touch of fingers... will tell a man he's home.

Let your hands be soothing music, sweeter than he could have dreamed.

There's a lovely, different hand lotion to help you—creamy, flower-fragrant Trushay.

It softens hands so wonderfully. And you can use Trushay in a very special way— the "Beforehand" way!

Before daily tasks, before you do dishes, smooth on Trushay. It helps guard beautiful hands even in hot, soapy water!

Use Trushay whenever, wherever skin needs softening.
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14) who is beautifying Bonita Granville around . . . . The town is getting ready to greet David Niven (now out of uniform), his wife and baby when they arrive here in December. David will make more movies for Goldwyn.

Oh Danny Boy: If anyone doubts the natural spontaneous humor that is a part of the many-sided Danny Kaye let him ask us. Our sides still ache from the antics of Kaye at a recent luncheon given by Sam Goldwyn in honor of actor Clarence Kolb's seventieth birthday and fifty years in show business. The party was held on an empty sound stage on the Goldwyn lot. All the actors from Kaye's picture, "The Kid From Brooklyn," came over from the next set to join those of us who had been invited by Mr. Goldwyn. We've heard a lot in our time about the cantankerous Mr. Goldwyn but if ever a man took a ribbing good naturedly from one Kaye it was producer Goldwyn.

The quiet director Norman McLeod came in for his ribbing, "Here's Norman getting mad," Danny said, and proceeded to raise his voice an octave higher than a henpecked professor. Double talk with Cal tossing in his share went on between Danny and Mr. Moran the writer. Even Mr. Goldwyn began looking bewildered at the three of us.

Kaye is funny, he's childlike in his desire to perform, he noisily begs for notice and he's that rarity of rarities—a natural-bom comic who needs no help outside himself.

And we for one would pay to lunch with the blonde and blue-eyed buffoon any day.

Cal Visits Leo: Even brokers from Tucson are curious about movie making so Cal took his friend Frank Stone (back in civvies after nine months in an Army hospital) to lunch and to pry around Leo's huge cage known as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Cal waved to little June Allyson at a table in the commissary, her hair almost straight as a poker, which made her look even more like the kid next door. Peter Lawford came flying over to thank Cal for a written word or two and Tom Drake's cinnamon brown sport coat whizzing past held us all speechless for a second.

The set of "This Strange Adventure," closed by order of the front office, was miraculously thrown open for our short visit. On a steep incline built to represent a street in San Francisco, a yellow taxi seemed to hang by its teeth. Inside sat Joan Blondell and the gentleman grabbing open the taxi door with a nasty snarl was Mr. Clark Gable himself—movie (Continued on page 19)

The gob and the gal who gave the party—Guy Madison, actor-sailor, with his pretty blonde hostess Leslee Gray

In another corner—Dick Byron, Suzie Crandall and Steve Dunhill catch the fun mood at Leslee Gray's soiree.

* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!
coming up!... 3 new Sweet Treats!

Yes Ma'am... a touch of sweet makes a meal a treat... energizing and delicious. Try these 3 new Karo sweet treats... you'll like 'em as much as we do.

the KARO KID

---

**MORNING**

**PANCAKES - KARO-ORANGE SAUCE**

1 cup Red or Blue Label Karo
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

Combine Karo, butter, orange rind and orange juice; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Add orange sections. Roll thin pancakes, and arrange in a lightly greased baking dish. Pour Buttered Orange Karo over pancakes.

½ cup orange juice
½ cup orange (sections or diced)
12-16 thin pancakes.

and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes. If desired, the orange sections may be omitted from the Buttered Karo, and rolled inside pancakes before baking. Makes enough syrup for 12-16 thin pancakes.

---

**NOON**

**CRUNCHY KARO STRIPS**

8 slices white bread
1 cup Blue Label Karo
1 1/2 cups crushed, ready-to-eat cereal
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon grated lemon and orange rind

Cut trimmed bread slices into halves or thirds as desired. Add butter and honey to Karo; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Crush cereal; combine with chopped nuts and lemon and orange rind. Dip bread strips into warm buttered Karo, and roll lightly in cereal mixture until well coated. Bake on oiled cookie sheet in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes, or until light brown. Remove at once with spatula to rack or waxed paper to cool.

---

**NIGHT**

**KARO GLAZED APPLE ON CAKE**

4 red apples, medium size
1 cup Red Label Karo
1 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ stick cinnamon
6 whole cloves (optional)

Wash and core apples; if desired do not peel. Cut into slices about 1/2 inch thick. Combine other ingredients; bring to boiling. Drop in apple slices; cover and simmer about

20 minutes or until apples are tender and transparent. Serve hot or cold on gingerbread, spice cake, plain cake, shortcake, or marble cake. Serves 6 to 8.
Gemey...

liquid gem of fragrances. To be worn by women who want to feel cherished...and to whom the lovely gifts of the world invariably come in tribute.

BY Richard Hadnutt NEW YORK
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) acting for the first time since putting off his major's uniform.

While her handsome husband Lauritz Melchior was going through his routine for a scene in "Two Sisters From Boston" we chatted with Mrs. Melchior, the prettiest little trick that ever came out of Denmark. Her short cropped brown hair and wide apart eyes, trim figure and cute accent make something of a glamour girl of Klein- schen Melchior. Kleinshen was embroidered, Cal noticed, on the pocket of her sport shirt.

Our Boys Come Home: Capt. Robert Preston is home again after twenty-four months overseas. Bob, who went in as a private, has done splendid work. He'll be right back at Paramount making more pictures for us if strike conditions permit.

Corporal Bill Lundigan, a bit pale and wan, lunching at Romanoffs with his bride Rene Morgan, daughter of Helen Morgan, tells Cal he'll go back to M-G-M the minute he's out of the Army.

Bill was just starting to climb when he joined up. He, too, has one of the best records of any actor in Hollywood, having experienced plenty of hot action.

It's news to movie-goers that Jackie Coogan, "The Kid" in that Chaplin film, will also return to pictures, as well as help manage a flying school near Hollywood. Lieutenant Coogan wears the Air Medal with the Oak Leaf Cluster and the Presidential Citation.

Flying Sgt. Sabu, who was born in Karapur Jungle in India, trod the red carpet laid out for his benefit by Universal Studios who are so proud of him. And no wonder. The twenty-one-year-old Moslem, slim and handsome, who exchanged his elephant for a B-24 bomber, is a veteran of forty-two serial missions as a gunner in the South Pacific. He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with three clusters, four battle stars and the ribbons of all major campaigns from New Guinea to the Philippines. Cal hopes the studio will give him roles fitting his manhood when his final discharge papers come through.

Brigadier General Elliott Roosevelt, who obtained his release from the Army Air Corps, will return to Beverly Hills to make his home with his wife, Faye Emerson. Faye hopes for a release from her Warner contract and to be known in the future as just Mrs. Roosevelt.

Pharmacist's Mate Gig Young, who made several crossings, was finally sent to Mare Island with an illness that proved painful all through his enlistment. Upon recovery, Gig, too, will report back to Warner Brothers with the hope you fans haven't forgotten him.

Chief Petty Officer Cesar Romero was one of the most popular actors in
Rarely does a perfume meet with such response that it becomes an instant classic . . . eternally stirring, essentially great. "Bond Street," by Yardley, holds this precious distinction . . . in full measure, for its fragrance pervades beauty aids as well, to weave one golden theme of loveliness for you.

"Bond Street" Perfume: $13.50, $8.50, $4.50, $2.50. Powder: See ROSE TAN in the famous "English Complexion" torture, $1. Lipstick: Cued to fall costume colors, $1.

INSIDE STUFF

the Coast Guard, we hear, working like a truper on his ship, and taking it along with the other boys on Saipan. Cesar really dreamed of the day Twentieth would say he'd done a good job over there and could go on to better roles. But no—he's right back where he started, playing another giddy Latin lover in "Three Little Girls In Blue." He says the transition from battle action to movie making is something beyond description, especially when one is called upon to be silly.

_Those "Corny" Characters_: How would you like to have dinner with John Dall and Joan Loring? The young lady (she's nineteen) is amazingly talented and very pretty off screen. Between her and John, we noticed, was a bond of two people who had worked and hoped together. That each should emerge so successfully in their first film is amazing.

There's a youthful exuberance about the two that's refreshing after so much pseudo sophistication. At the little French restaurant where we dined the two burst into song at the slightest encouragement from the soloist. They were loudest in the routines of "Alouette" in French, and "Roll Out The Barrel" in American. They enjoyed the people about us, the dancers on the floor, the food—and John sat entranced by Lili Damita who danced by.

Joan, naturally emotional, wept over her father, a prisoner of war in China, and John, trying to add cheer, related some of his experiences playing comedy roles in New York benefits.

His romance with cute little Nancy Walker now in "On The Town" seems to be one of those prankish, puckish things, with each trying to out-do the other in clowning. John told us of the time Nancy attended a matinee of his show spilling cans all down the aisles,
sneezing in his best lines, rattling paper bags in his love scenes. And how he got even by attending her matinee and reading a magazine, held way up, in the front row while Nancy tried to sing.

And since Dall (nicknamed Doll Face by his pals) promises to be a near future sensation, let us tell you his laugh is the loudest thing in Hollywood and comes often and spontaneously. Born in New York, he’s seen just about every movie ever made (even the old silent ones), been on the stage seven years and after three months in Chicago in “The Hasty Heart” comes back to make it a film for Warners.

Joan, tiny as a bug, goes almost at once into “The Vortex” (another cockney role) with Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre. “So what chance have I?” she moans.

A good one, Cal says, if she keeps pace with her Bessie of “The Corn Is Green.”

V-J Day: We can’t duck out without mentioning V-J Day, Hollywood fashion. It hit here with the same terrific impact that caused the cheers, the parades, the milling crowds, the solemn meditation and the heartfelt prayers in every city and town in the land. The prevailing spirit in movieland on the night the first official flash of Victory came through was one of quiet thanks. There were mobs in the streets, like everywhere else—the Hollywood Canteen, jammed to its doors with service men who were being entertained, danced with, kissed by stars. In the swankier homes small groups of stars, producers and directors gathered in fives, tens and fifteens at the most. And so it went—that great night of thanksgiving, with very little whooppee in Hollywood.

But will you stay as sweet as you are?

You step from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you’re dressed?

Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! One for your bath—to wash away past perspiration. And Two for Mum—to guard against risk of future underarm odor.

That’s the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath plus Mum is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be near. You can depend on Mum’s protection to last for a whole day or evening.

Remember, too, that gentle Mum won’t irritate your skin, won’t harm fine fabrics—can be used before or after dressing. Use Mum, to be sure. Get some today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
ELYSE KNOX, ENCHANTING STAR OF MONOGRAM PICTURES

Invitation to Love—ELYSE KNOX'S HANDS

YOU: Wish my hands were soft like yours, Miss Knox.
ELYSE KNOX: Then why not use my hand care?
YOU: Your hand care, Miss Knox?
ELYSE KNOX: Yes—it's so easy. I use Jergens Lotion.

The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Why? For softness-protection. Jergens supplies beauty-guarding moisture most girls’ hand skin needs. Encourages even mortifying rough hands to sweet smoothness with two ingredients—so “special” that many doctors use them. Lovely! Easy! Jergens leaves no oiliness, no bothersome sticky feeling. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).

FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE JERGENS LOTION

One Girl's COURAGE

Lucille Ball, whose story of faith is sure to inspire you. You'll see this vivacious girl next in “Easy To Wed”

YOU wouldn’t think that tragedy once shadowed the life of Lucille Ball, now would you? But if you knew the strength of character that lies behind her pretty vivacious face, you might suspect that once she had come a cropper and had learned how to handle it.

Here's the story in Lucille's own words: It happened when I was eighteen. I had been modeling a long time for Hattie Carnegie and I was not too well. One winter night I was driving home in my little open car. The car skidded and I was thrown out. When I was rushed to the hospital I was only half conscious but I was aware of some very solemn whispers going on around me. "Am I in pretty bad shape, Doc?" I asked.

His words came slowly, "You won't walk for a good many years—if ever."

I don't think I took on much at the time. And a few days later I came down with pneumonia and was so sick I didn't care what happened to me. Finally I recovered sufficiently to be sent home to my mother. The day I was to leave I sort of went to pieces for the first time. It didn't seem fair that this should have happened. I was only eighteen. Wasn't I entitled to more in life than being a cripple?

I shall never forget that ride I took through Grand Central station in my wheelchair. How people stared! They seemed to crowd around me and I saw the awful curiosity in their eyes, as well as the pity. It was a terrible experience!
BY MARTHA RAND

Home in Jamestown things were better. At first I was in bed. Later, I graduated to my wheelchair. Still later they put big, ugly, high shoes on my feet, heavy braces on my legs, and let me try to get about on crutches. One of my legs had grown much thinner than the other. I was terribly sensitive about this, my unsightly shoes and braces, my terrible awkwardness. I wanted to crawl away and die!

I was bitter and rebellious. Kind, gentle, as my mother was; considerate as Grandfather and my brother Fred were, I’d snap at them all too often. But Mother’s patience never failed her. She’d say to me: “Honey, that sort of thing is awfully bad for you. We all love you and we’d give anything if his hadn’t happened to you. But being bitter and rude won’t help. Your legs are crippled. But there’s nothing wrong with your mind. You shouldn’t have that to become crippled, too.”

I realized how right she was. Gradually I learned to restrain myself and found it was a wonderful feeling to know that I possessed this capacity.

Most of that year I lived in a wheelchair, I read incessantly—mostly biographies. Being almost helpless, it was something I liked to read about those who had done things. I even found a certain contentment. Perhaps this was because, at nineteen, you have instinctive confidence in the future. While I railed at what had happened, I never did say to myself in despair, “Lucy, you’ll never walk again.” I always seemed to think that, some day, someday, I would.

And I began to do something about it. I didn’t tell anyone, though. If I was going to fail, I didn’t want anyone to know. So I would wait until the family had gone to bed and to sleep. Then, alone in my room in the middle of the night, I’d try to walk! I tried and I tried and I’d fall until I was black and blue. I’d lie on the floor and sob, with a handkerchief stuffed in my mouth so no one would hear.

I had a long mirror put in my room and I’d practice walking before that. Since I had to consciously will every movement, the mirror helped me to see if I was moving correctly. Gradually, it was two steps before I’d go down. Then three steps. Finally, one night, almost exactly two years after my accident I walked from my bed across the room to the door. “Mother!” I screeched. “Mother! I’ve done it!”

She came running, of course, and so did Grandfather and Fred. “Look!” I said to them, and I walked across the room once more. Then I threw arms around Mother’s neck and we both cried. Then Mother went to the kitchen, fixed up a little supper and we held a celebration.

Later, after we had gone to bed and I lay there thinking, I knew I’d never feel sorry for myself again. I knew that having come through this, every other blow that life could hold in store for me would be—well, sort of an anti-climax.

Of course, my pain and discomfort didn’t end with that night. I spent many more weeks hobbling about in my high shoes and braces.

I stayed home three years—until I could walk as well as ever. Then I went back to New York and modeling, and eventually Hollywood. Each year the memory of that part of my life grows dimmer. But I shall never forget the lesson it taught me: It isn’t so much what happens to you that counts, as how you handle it.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other napkins put together

A DEODORANT in every KOTEX napkin at no extra cost

Men never make passes at untidy lassess—drones who ignore the three D’s. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks will tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, now there’s a deodorant in Kotex. It’s locked inside each Kotex and can’t shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other napkins put together

Are you in the know?

Too bad she doesn’t care about—

- Her competition
- Boogie-woogie
- The Three D’s

Which would you use?

- The guest towels
- The Turkish towels
- The end of your slip

Men never make passes at untidy lassess—drones who ignore the three D’s. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks will tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, now there’s a deodorant in Kotex. It’s locked inside each Kotex and can’t shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!

Freshening up at a friend’s house? Let’s pray those drooping little paws will reach for the guest towels—not the family’s! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, use them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it’s Kotex that has the different kind of softness that doesn’t just “feel” soft at first touch. You’re cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.

Can you be picture-perfect—

- With a shiny nose
- Without benefit of bangles
- In winter pastels

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chic for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can be at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The patented flat tapered ends of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don’t cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented safety center, you get plus protection with Kotex.

The Shadow Stage

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

By Sara Hamilton

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 136. For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 148.

The True Glory

(Produced under supervision of the Joint Anglo-American Film Planning Committee—released by Columbia)

It isn't easy to describe in a few words the immaterial quality of this film—for immortal it will be so long as men walk upon the face of the earth. You can call it the greatest newsreel of all time—and you'd be right. You can call it the greatest historical document ever written on film—and again you'd be right. But if you don't add that it's the transcription of the thoughts of all the little guys who fought the war for democracy, no matter what Allied banner waved over them, then you would have missed the heart of the thing.

To begin at the beginning, "The True Glory" was conceived in the minds of two men, Winston Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They decided that it would be wrong for the American people to be told only the story of what Americans did in the gigantic Battle of Europe and the British to be told only what Britons did. There must be an over-all record given to the peoples of the Allies relating the thrilling story of the greatest teamwork in history. To accomplish this a joint board of the American and British military was set up. But it soon became evident that the weaknesses of the military flesh would produce a stalemate.

So the project was turned over directly to those who would be responsible for the telling of the story through the medium of motion pictures. Representing the United States was Captain Garson Kanin, brilliant young Hollywood director of such pictures as "A Man To Remember" and "The Great Man Votes," now of the U. S. Army. Britain was represented by Carol Reed, who gave the movie-going world "Night Train" and "The Way Ahead" among others.

As the two men sat in an English projection room, reviewing 8,000,000 feet of film from which they were to carve "The True Glory," any feeling of national pride was obliterated by the humbling scenes of gigantic human effort that flashed before their eyes on the screen—scenes shot by military photographers from every nook and cranny of the armed forces of the Allies. What stopped them was a theme on which to hang this maze of plenty.

Finally they hit upon an inspiration. Let it be predominantly the thoughts of the little guys, the GIs of Russia, France, Poland, Scotland, Canada, Norway, New Zealand, Australia, Holland, Greece, England, the United States. And let the sequences of France be told in the dialect of a French poilu, the action of a Scottish regiment told in the dry burr of a Scotsman, the scenes in the control room of a British air base manned by women, told in the clipped English of a British girl, a Yank artillery nest described in the best Brooklynesque or a raging tank charge, in a Texas drawl.

And so you will see and hear it on the screen—this autobiography of the Allies in The Western World from the dark days of 1943, when the plan for V-E Day first came into being, through the fall of Germany. You will find difficulty picking out individual highlights. One breath-taking moment pushes the other off the reel as fast as the camera can turn, which, if there be a fault, is the only one to be found. And for the majority there will be one outstanding actor to remember—General Eisenhower himself who, as Commander in Chief of the European forces, speaks the opening words (and thereby provided Captain Kanin with the most potentially hair-raising moment of his (Continued on page 135)

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 143
Was This the Night She Dreamed About?

Ever since she'd met him the week before she dreamed of this . . . their first real date together.

Soft summer air, the magic of the moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the whispering of the ocean, sweetly conspired to make it a night for romance, and yet . . . here she was, hurt and troubled, on her way home by ten.

He pleaded an early train to catch. Even so, that couldn't explain the contrast between last week's ardor and tonight's studied indifference!

She simply couldn't understand his attitude.

No matter what your charms may be, they can count for little if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You, yourself, may not be aware of its presence, so why not be always on guard? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully simple and wholly delightful ally in helping you to be at your best. Use it morning and night and before every date.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this wise and delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene
Thrilling as they are beautiful! Glorious as they are gay! Dazzling a world with the songs they sing and the things they do!

A picture spectacular as their own flamboyant drama!

Songs you'll be singing!
"I Can't Begin To Tell You"
"Don't Be Too Old Fashioned"
Mack Gordon & James Monaco

Songs you'll remember!
"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"
"Dark Town Strutters Ball"
"The Sidewalks of New York"
"Give Me The Moonlight"
"Give Me The Girl"
"Carrie In The Morning"
"The Vamps"

Starring BETTY GRABLE and JOHN PAYNE - JUNE HAVER
with S. Z. SAKALL - Reginald Gardiner

Irving Cummings - Produced by George Jessel

Original Screen Play by John Larion and Marian Spitzer
Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

THE DOLLY SISTERS!
Here is a Sailor!

W H A T E V E R Vic Mature may mean to you who buy admission tickets—or did when he was in Hollywood making motion pictures—at sea in wartime he was a first class Coast Guardsman. This had been told me before by some of his former shipmates, but now I have been to sea with the man and have seen for myself.

Last summer I went aboard a Coast Guard-manned troop transport and found that Vic was a shipmate, one of the U.S.S. Admiral Mayo's Chief Petty Officers. A ship's crew is a closed corporation. You either belong or you are an alien treated with the hostility of an unaccredited visitor on foreign soil. A former movie star is not one whom a ship's crew can be counted on to receive with open arms.

Vic came aboard the Mayo knowing this from his previous tour of duty nearly two years ago in the North Atlantic. I watched him from the day we weighed anchor in a California port, through the weeks in the Pacific and the weeks in the Atlantic that followed when our transport sailed into a French port and took aboard its precious cargo of RAMPS (American soldiers who had been in German prison camps and now, liberated, were faced homeward).

We made a liberty together in Cristobal, the poverty-stricken, filth-ridden town which marks the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal. At Le Havre we went ashore with the U.S.S. Mayo band and drove to an Army camp back up the hill, where the band and Vic for two hours entertained men who were enduring the vigil of waiting for their own particular ship to sail with them for America.

On the Mayo itself, I stood by and watched as Vic ran the ship's mess deck, the huge cafeteria where nearly 6,000 men ate three meals every day. I saw him at his job of assistant master at arms—the ship's policeman—straightening out a mate who momentarily had run afoul some naval regulation. I talked to him about his crew and heard the advice that he had to give them. It was straight from the shoulder, practical, and always, if followed, advice that would help the troubled sailors.

It is one thing to retain your poise, your sense of humor, your willingness to overlook jibes from the press and sneering strangers in night clubs when you are under contract to a motion-picture studio and your salary has passed the $1,000-a-week stage several options ago.

It is another to have charge of the garbage detail aboard a troop ship, with the refuse from 18,000 meals a day to be disposed of in a shipshape manner. It is something else when your hours, with troops aboard, are likely to be from four in the morning to ten at night, with little time during that sixteen-hour day to catch a smoke or some chow. And, as Vic himself said, "At that salary, too," and then smiled though the joke was on himself.

Vic took whatever sea life dished out to him and somehow managed to make it seem just what he always had been looking for. Of course you didn't really believe him, and he didn't, either, but the result was a feeling that you'd been to sea with an actor you wanted to see come back to Hollywood and back to the business of making movies.

You felt that you had taken the measure of Vic Mature and had found him a man.

 signatures
The Miracle of

Sweethearts again—Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton (just returned from the Pacific)

by Louella O. Parsons
Kathryn and Johnny

War, which so often breaks hearts and wedding promises, mended like magic

the one marriage no one—not even
the bride and groom—believed could last

It is sad, but bitterly true, that the war has broken many marriages. The newspapers are daily filled with stories—the same old story, really—of the wife who couldn't take loneliness while her young husband overseas was taking bullets and torn nerves. Or else it is the man's fault—married too soon and too hurriedly under the impetus of "farewells" and the emotionalism of parting, perhaps, forever. The stories aren't new. They are as old as war and human nature, itself.

But this is a different story—the other side of the picture—that I want to tell you about this month. It's the story of two people—Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton—and of their marriage that would have definitely hit the rocks except for the great experience they have shared together—and apart. It's the story of two young people of Hollywood who were just quarreling, bickering kids before the war, but who have emerged, two adults who now know what they might have lost.

During the first year of her marriage to John, Kathryn twice filed for divorce, left him fully six times and was so apparently miserable all Hollywood took it for granted that the Grayson-Shelton marriage was a glaring mistake.

They fought so bitterly and publicly that no one believed their marriage could last. Those of us who write on Hollywood happenings heard many stories of John's failure to understand his pretty little songbird wife. Stories of cruel things he said to her and her equally heated replies were discussed over dinner tables.

For some reason no one could understand, John Shelton seemed to be carrying a chip on his shoulder where Kathryn was concerned. I pictured him as a self-centered young man whose brief career as an actor had unfitted him temperamentally to be an understanding husband to a girl who, apparently, was outdistancing him in the fame stakes.

Then came the war—and Shelton went into the Air Corps. I think, at that time, Kathryn was planning on filing her third divorce suit. But the fact that he was in the service stopped her. A woman may not divorce her husband without his consent if he is in the armed forces, and everybody felt John would never agree to such action. Furthermore, Kathryn was determined to have another go at her marriage and hastened to be near John when he was stationed at Camp Crowder, Missouri, and later at Monmouth, New Jersey. But still things didn't go too smoothly.

After he had been in training awhile he fell ill and was transferred to the Sawtelle Hospital near Hollywood. He was in a disillusioned, almost neurotic mood and a friend who went down to visit him at the time felt that he might even "crack up" from nerves. He spoke bitterly about Kathryn and her family and even of his own career. I remember printing at the time, "The Grayson-Shelton marriage is certain to be a war casualty when the war is over!"

And then this boy, who was spiritually and almost mentally ill, was sent overseas (Continued on page 95)
Judy—

the girl who
became "the world's
best-dressed woman"

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Clothes-minded cover girl—Judy Garland, currently starring in M-G-M's "The Harvey Girls"

Typical suit by Diana—Judy has several in different colors

Judy's trousseau housecoat of palest blue by Donn Ltd.
IT KNOCKED her silly, and that's a fact.

When the French Congress of Fashions, composed of the most famous and exclusive designers, met in Paris and selected Judy Garland as the smartest woman in the world in the matter of clothes in the year 1945, nobody was as completely surprised as Judy Garland.

In the first place it's only about a year ago—apparently about the time she fell in love with the gentleman who is now her husband, Vincente Minnelli—that Judy Garland ever began to think of clothes as anything except what you have to wear to keep from getting arrested.

And in the second place, Judy does not regard herself as the fashion type, being little and young and not allowed to have the sophisticated type of garments for which she really yearns.

But there it was, in black and white, with a Paris date line. Judy Garland's name, first in the list of ten which included Lily Pons of the Metropolitan Opera, Mrs. Paul Getty, wife of one of Oklahoma's oil millionaires, Polina Semyonovna Zhemchugina, wife of Foreign Commissar Molotov of Russia, Mrs. Anthony Eden, whose husband as of course you know was the British Foreign Secretary, Mrs. T. V. Soong, wife of the Chinese Foreign Minister and a sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Mrs. Eduardo Villasenor of Mexico City and Mrs. Victor Borge of Denmark.

"It's—certainly a very international list, isn't it?" said Judy weakly.

She thought about it for a while and then added, "Well, if I am the best-dressed woman in the world, so is every other American girl!"

Her explanation of that was simple. "I don't really have any clothes that aren't—well, just about what every other American girl likes and wants. I can't see that I look any different. None of my things are—spectacular and theatrical or anything like that. I'd call them all—plain! I'm pleased, of course, but—I couldn't be more surprised and that's the truth."

Judy Garland has not been considered as a leader of fashion before this. Since the tastes, shopping habits, likes and dislikes, wardrobe and clothes philosophy of the girl the Paris leaders of design call the best dressed of our time right now are news to every American woman interested in clothes, I decided to find out about them.

The Garland philosophy about clothes is simple. For instance, there's this from her mother:

"When Judy was little," she said, "I bought her a dress to go to a party. She was a—a pretty little thing, and you know how mothers are. But Judy burst into tears when she saw it and after a while, begging and pleading, I got her to tell me what was the matter with it. Finally, through her tears she said, 'Oh Mama, it has ruffles!'"

"She's been about like that ever since. No ruffles. As far as clothes are concerned I should say that was her pet dislike."

"The way Judy feels about clothes—what you call her philosophy on clothes—I think she put to me herself one night after she had been to a Hollywood party. She said, 'Mother, it's wonderful when people say you looked nice—or they never saw you look better. But I don't think it's so good when they say you are wearing a lovely dress.'"

Judy doesn't want anybody...
There's enchantment in this story of June and Dick, themed on laughter and climaxing with wedding bells.
ALMOST at the crack of dawn on Monday, August 20, 1945, the yawl Santana pushed from its anchorage in the Balboa, California, harbor towards the blue, still waters of the Pacific Ocean. Aboard it, besides its crew of two, were its owners, a pair of very famous, ecstatic people. Their names, that day, were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powell.

They had been aboard the Santana scores of times before this, though only an inch or so beyond the Balboa basin, so the freedom of this dawn of August 20 was particularly felicitous to them as well as to the world in general.

For the world it was the first peacetime Monday following the ending of World War Two.

For June Allyson and Dick Powell it was the first day of their wedded life.

Dick and June knew just how lucky they were. They laughed uproariously together over it, which is exactly what they’ve done from their first meeting and known how lucky they were because of this very laughter.

Love stories take on different qualities. The love story of Junie’s co-star, Gloria De Haven, is a romantic love story, very sentimental, very intense, very starry-eyed. But Junie’s is a gay romance, an almost slap-happy romance, despite the obstacles it had to hurdle to get where it is. Its gaiety springs from June, from her generous heart and from her memories—the memories of the things she has already lived through. For she has known poverty and the threat of a life of lameness. Such a background gives June the sure knowledge of what happiness means and has made her want to make other people happy.

Even their wedding was not without its gay moments. They were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Green. Johnny’s the band-leader and his wife is that very tall, very beautiful Bunny Waters.

Bunny had banked the mantelpiece over her living-room fireplace with white gladioli and orchids and white candles burning in six-branch candelabra, and in that perfect setting the wedding ceremony was performed.

But nothing went sedately. To begin with, the ceremony was supposed to be at seven but Judge Edward Brand got held up, marrying some other people, so he didn’t arrive until seven-thirty and by that time, June, who had been nervous from the start, began really having butterflies.

Upstairs, the bride, in a stunning gray two-piece dressmaker suit whipped up for the romantic occasion by the great Adrian, was tensely taking off and putting on the gold suede gloves she meant to wear with it. She had gray suede platform shoes to match her suit, darling shoes studded with gold nail heads and besides the lovely white leather bride’s prayer book which Mrs. Van Dyke, her housekeeper, had given her, she carried a small gold leather bag.

Jane Wilkie, who works for Jimmy Fidler, was June’s bridesmaid. She wore a gold wool two-piece suit. In her helpful attempt to calm down Junie she slipped, the bridesmaid, that is, and fell flat on her head. Immediately June’s sense of humor overcame her jitters and the two girls began giggling wildly. Exactly at that moment Johnny Green, down in the living room, started playing “Here Comes The Bride” on the grand piano.

Out issued June to take the arm of Mr. Mayer, head of M-G-M, who gave her away. But they were no more than two steps down when they discovered they were on the wrong side of one another. So they stopped and crossed over, to the amusement of everyone. However, they reached the fireplace all in
They're Mr. and Mrs.

The home that Dick Powell bought and remodelled for his Mrs.

Even on their wedding night, the Powells paid heed to cheering fans

They slipped away from the party to the car and headed for their boat

order. Dick in his dark blue pin-striped suit stepped forward, whereupon Judge Brand said, “Do you, June, take this man to be your lawful wedded wife?”

June laughed that warm little laugh of hers which is more tender than many a more solemn person’s caress. So the whole party joined in and everyone felt much more touched by it all than they probably would have if it had all been very, very serious.

They had planned their wedding supper at the smart La Rue restaurant, which is a good twenty-minute drive away from Johnny Green’s house. So the guests—including Dick’s best man and agent, Morgan Maree, the director of Dick’s latest picture, “Cornered,” Edward Dmytryk and his wife, June’s housekeeper, her hairdresser and husband, June’s agent, Johnny Hyde, her M-G-M press representative Dorothy Blanchard—got to La Rue in that time. But it took the bridal couple much longer. For the moment they issued from the Green doorway there they were caught in a shower of rice and autograph hounds. But they signed every last book and slip of paper, June shook the rice out of her golden hair and brushed it off Dick’s shoulders and then they went and joined their friends at the supper. June cut her bridal cake and toasted everyone in champagne and everyone had such a wonderful time that they all beamed benedictions when the new Mr. and Mrs. Powell slipped away and headed for their yawl, the Santana, where they could be alone, together and very gay.

These two are fundamentally good for each other. As completely in love with Dick as she is, June can see where he is frequently too serious about things. What’s more, she makes him see that, too, and makes him laugh about it as merrily as she laughs.

I found that out when I talked to them about their romance.

Our conversation took place at the RKO studios, on the set of Dick’s newest picture “Cornered.” It was the day that the first peace rumors were flying around and no one had any mind for work.

Dick couldn’t have looked much worse. He was playing another of those tough (Continued on page 124)
Wedding for June in August: Presenting newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell
British—on the beam

Half Piccadilly—half Park Avenue—
righto and okay—that's Peter Lawford!

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

PETER LAWFORD, good-looking young Englishman of titled parentage, who's beaming them into the box office for M-G-M now, is British on the bias. He's as American as a Mickey Rooney with a British accent. Half Piccadilly. Half Park Avenue.

After six years in the United States, the twenty-two-year-old son of Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford is a confused mixture of things British and American. He’s British with a dash of mustard. He’s hot dogs and tea—cokes and crumpets—okay and righto. Definitely not of the cheery-pip-pip class. For Peter is far more hep-hep than pip-pip. He’s also very quick—has a wonderful sense of humor and is fagged about nothing. And he goes for everything American—drive-ins, convertibles and bands like Eddie Heywood’s and Count Basie’s who do modern jump stuff. Strictly jive.

He’s both a friend and fan of Frank Sinatra and gets positively ecstatic about a hot lick of Dorsey’s trombone. One of Hollywood’s finest dancers, his dancing is not confined to Ciro’s or Mocambo. He loves to go dancing at the Palladium, where you can often see his conservative British tweeds mingling with the jive crowd out on the floor.

Yes, he’s groovy—in a royal sort of way. He’s adopted so many things that are American that he himself often has difficulty remembering which is which. He talks American jive with a British accent. Occasionally he does it in reverse, hanging a Hollywood handle on something that’s very British in a way that would make the blood of the Thames run cold. Then just when he’s rolling along in the groove, he’ll come out with a “Righto!” or “Right you a-a-a-a-re,” and you’re back in Piccadilly again.

His accent is always thicker on the screen than in person, because when speaking to you he automatically takes up your own. “It clouds up in pictures,” he says, “but when I’m talking to an American it’s more—well—on the beam.”

Peter himself definitely is on the beam now. Certainly he’s doing his share of cementing Anglo-American relations, particularly as regards the feminine trade.

He is very grateful for the devotion of the hobbysoxers. Says, “They’re great kids. Rawthah!”

His young fans are more than a match for his father,
Britain wins the Color Portrait Poll—Peter Lawford of "Two Sisters From Boston"
Sir Sydney, retired Army general, and his witty mother, Lady Lawford. They come in droves to the little white stucco home in Westwood, tramp on Sir Sydney's mignonette bed and keep Lady Lawford busy answering questions and showing them Peter's scrapbooks all day. They keep the springs of the living room divan broken down, sitting on it five at a time, looking at scrapbooks and watching out front for Pete's black Mercury convertible to drive in. "There's no use to fix it," Lady Lawford will tell you, looking apologetically at the sagging sofa. "It will just be broken down again."

Sometimes when he comes in late and finds them, Peter loads them into the car and delivers them at their own front doors saying, "You're much too young to be going home this late alone."

In appearance, Peter Lawford looks the modern version of when knighthood was in flower. A twentieth-century Lochinvar who came into the west. He's over six feet, deeply tanned, with light brown hair, expressive gray eyes, long eyelashes, grown-up dimples and a flashing smile. He has a fresh collegiate sort of charm with a Beta bounce to it, and a characteristic collegiate semi-swagger to his walk.

He has an expressive manner of speaking with great enthusiasm and an occasional wild gesture or two. Such enthusiasm detracts nothing from the refinement, courteousness, graciousness and unfailing good manners that
stamp him always as the perfect gentleman. With breeding and background far removed from a one-o'clock jump.

With all his sophistication, world travels and his nodding acquaintance with, in alphabetical order, dukes, earls and kings, there's a naiveté about Peter Lawford. A forthrightness, quality of deepest sincerity; and an eagerness to be understood. Especially when speaking of things close to him—his "mothah"—or "the General"—his religion, his friends, yes and his dog, Spot.

He's very sensitive and therefore a little easily hurt. No one, to our knowledge, ever recalls hearing Pete say an unkind word about anyone. If he doesn't like them he just tosses it off. He's close to very few people, and an avid fan of those whom he does like. He would, for example, cheerfully throw the entire interview to Keenan Wynn, for whom he has the deepest admiration, both as an actor and as a friend.

"Such a wonderful guy!" he says. "Just like this table—solid!" and he thumps the table.

It was because of Keenan that Peter bought his first motorcycle. Unable to afford an automobile at that time, he'd bought himself a motor scooter to get around on. Then one night he met Keenan at a party and listened excitedly while Wynn discussed motorcycles.

"I ride too," said Peter, wanting so eagerly to get (Continued on page 130)
On the windswept terrace of his all-glass house, Hurd does some stage designing.

M-G-M has loaned their star to U. A. for "Diary Of A Chambermaid."

In six months his fan mail has reached post-office proportions.

Bohemian
Or portrait of a man who doesn’t fit any pattern—erratic, debonair Hurd Hatfield

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

The easiest way to describe Hurd Hatfield is to tell you what he isn’t. He’s the opposite of the typical American businessman; he’s the reverse of the conventionalized American housewife—he’s free. He’s free of rules and worries, free of meals-on-time and best-seller books; free of “What will people say?” and certainly free of membership in the country club. He’s a buccaneer of Bohemia—and as refreshing as a glass of old and heady wine.

He looks as unusual as he is. His ironic, bony face looks more like the face of a ballet dancer than anything else; except that it rests above a skinny six-foot frame. He has dark brown hair and eyes—but what you notice first and last about his face is that bone structure centered in his strange cheekbones. You noticed them yourself in “The Picture Of Dorian Gray,” in which he played Dorian, and in “Dragonseed,” where he played Lao Sen the daredevil son. You’ll see him again in “Diary Of A Chambermaid” in which he stars opposite Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith.

But the simplest way to explain the man who doesn’t fit any pattern is to tell you how he meets his friends. He is never, never introduced to them at a party. They seem to drift into his life through odd doors and windows. Take Charles Korvin, the actor; he rang Hurd’s doorbell in the dead of night and demanded brightly, “Is Mr. Johnson home?”

“No,” said Hurd. “He was the last tenant here. I’m the new tenant. But come in anyway—have a glass of something.”

Mr. Korvin hesitated only a fraction of a second. Then he was inside and he didn’t leave for four hours, after a hot discussion of everything in the theater, in Europe, in New York and in the fields of literature, books and the ballet. The next time he came he brought Mrs. Korvin—and by this time they are among Hurd’s best friends.

Then take the way he met his best girl, Virginia Hunter. One day he was sitting in the M-G-M commission office, putting away his usual gigantic lunch (the only difference between lunch and dinner to him is that he eats them at different hours of the day), when three panthers came up to the table and one asked, “Mind if we sit with you? The lunchroom’s so crowded today.”

“Not at all,” said Hurd. He noted throughout his meal that they were the prettiest panthers possible—they were three chorus girls (Continued on page 67)
It's their sidelines that might make the headlines—if the stars were suddenly not stars

By Elsa Maxwell

They MIGHT HAVE

The stars always remind me of a miner who has just struck pay dirt. They work as hard and feverishly and excitedly. Which isn't surprising. What if all their fame and glory were brought suddenly to an end? And, since we're supposing, suppose your favorite glamour boys and gals next week found themselves no longer film stars whose faces and voices were their fortunes. What, without their fame and their wealth, would they be doing?

Some stars, I'm sure, would find they were without talent or adaptability for anything but the business of making pictures. They might not go hungry, but they certainly wouldn't be doing much dining at Mocambo. But there are some others I know who would do all right for themselves if the studio doors suddenly closed upon them.

Lauren Bacall would manage quite nicely, thank you. And without the need to appeal to men or pay any more attention to them than to make sure they would pay their wives' bills. For Lauren would become another Hattie Carnegie. Her dress shop would become a mecca for smart women in search of smarter things to wear, with Lauren—and her instinct for chic, for knowing when a peplum should come off and when, on the other hand, something should be added—as the successful proprietor. Even now, you'll notice that irrespective of who makes Bacall's clothes—Adrian, Irene or Greer—the instant she puts them on they are her very own. Bacall is dressed by Bacall.

I am, incidentally, utterly at variance with those who attribute Lauren's seductiveness to "The Look." I don't believe her amorous promise springs from her face at all, but from the way she uses her body, especially her profile twist. Like a gazelle, she is at once awkward and graceful.

Lauren's appearance, including her profile twist, unquestionably contributed much to her success as a model before Howard Hawks put her under contract and trained her for the screen. But don't think her instinctive clothes sense didn't have a lot to do with that success too.

Actually, Lauren could teach some of our top-ranking stars plenty about clothes. No doubt about it—if she ever opened a specialty shop, a Maison Bacall, she would be God's gift to the incredible number of women who yearn to look well and have plenty of money to spend but lack any style sense whatsoever. So she would promptly become rich and successful.

I asked Joan Fontaine one day her highest ambition apart from being a great star.

"Elsa," she said, "you will laugh if I tell you."

"What is it?" I persisted. "To write a beautiful sonnet to the moon? To act Camille on the stage?"

"Not at all," she said. "To understand the subtlety of wine cookery. And to take a souffle I have baked out of the oven and serve it delicious and firm; not have it fall when the first spoon cuts into it."

I protested, "You don't mean, Joanie darling, that you want to bend over a stove so you can serve dinner, piping hot, to your lord when he returns from the office, with your camellia cheeks flushed and moisture on your alabaster brow!"

Joan blushed. "Perhaps not, Elsa. But I would like to know there were dishes I could make better than my cook. And I would like my husband to appreciate..."
good food. Not expensive, only selected. Which anybody in the world can have just by learning to prepare it."

This isn't high-sounding talk with Joan. Every time she goes to New York between pictures she spends a good part of her time at a cooking school which caters only to those already well versed in culinary art. It is conducted by the only woman accredited to confer the precious Cordon Bleu diploma. And, mark my words, Joan will have this one day.

Whereupon she could open Chez Joan. I venture to predict that in no time it would become a famous rendezvous for connoisseurs of beauty as well as gourmets.

Walter Pidgeon could sing for his supper. Just as he did before. He has a delightful, natural voice and admitted loves singing better than acting. You'll soon see him in his new movie called "Weekend At The Waldorf," incidentally. Which reminds me he could sing at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf. And how he could pack us in!

How could I have failed to include Dorothy Lamour in my list of stars who wouldn't starve if they were denied their screen fortunes? Dorothy would clean her new customers in jig time. Clean their clothes, I mean. For she would turn laundress. Her husband, Major William Ross Howard III, recently presented her with a washing machine when she was having trouble finding help for their San Bernardino home. No gift of jewels ever evoked such joy and enthusiasm. Ever since, Dorothy has spent her life washing everything in sight; even the neighbors' laundry. Sarongs, after all, don't take much doing. (Continued on page 126)
Helmut Dantine, starred in "Shadow Of A Woman"

Favorite books—the Harvard Classics of which he has a complete set. He has a one-room apartment, by choice.

Combine European charm and American candor and you'll have this hero-by-demand — Helmut Dantine

BY JERRY ASHER
WHY'S making all that noise? What's going on back there? Is anything wrong?"

It was executive producer Jack L. Warner in Hollywood, talking on the long distance telephone to the manager of the Strand Theater in New York City. The distant din grew louder and wilder. Coherent conversation was almost out of the question.

"You think that's noisy," the theater manager roared back. "Just listen to this."

He carried the transmitter to the other side of his office, threw open the window and held the instrument straight out into space. On the other side of the United States Jack L. Warner continued to listen. Something akin to a Marine task force establishing a beachhead greeted his astonished ears.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Warner.

"Helmut Dantine is leaning out of his dressing-room window—so his fans can see him," groaned the manager. "It's this way every single day—only it's getting worse. The crowds keep getting larger and noisier!"

Mr. Warner is a man who catches on quickly. Then and there the screen's number one "Nazi" automatically became a romantic star. Those demonstrative fans did it. "Please tell them," Dantine says earnestly, "how grateful I am."

Not only is Helmut grateful these days—he's happy, looks happy, acts happy. His New York trip played a great part. Those five shows a day on the personal appearance circuit marked a milestone in his life. Suddenly he can relax. At least he doesn't arise come dawn, via jet propulsion—then continue the day with all the velocity of a buzz bomb. He's learned to take it easy. On him it's quite becoming.

This new Dantine greets you more easily these days. His eyes sparkle humorously. He seems to challenge you to resist his infectious grin.

"For the first time in my life I feel a personal security," Helmut will tell you. "I tried so hard—too hard, I suppose. Everyone used to tell me to stop behaving as if I were sitting on the crater of a volcano. I'm glad now that I didn't force myself to change too rapidly. I've always believed that if the majority accepts a person the way he is, why change into something he isn't to please the minority? It's proving out that I was right—at least right for me. I suppose I'll eventually have to change my mode of living, branch out a bit. So far as I am concerned, I'm contented and in no great hurry."

Content he is, but not so are his personal publicists. No hillside home, no swimming pool, no hot and cold running dachshunds, have been added to the Dantine formula. Helmut continues to live in his $50 a month, furnished bachelor apartment. With half of Hollywood hysterical over the servant problem, he's in a rather smug position. Now that the war is won he hopes to bring his parents to this country. Then he'll get a bigger place and a better place. Someday he hopes to own his own horse and work out in his own gym.

As a rule, Helmut manages five hours a night of healthy, happy sleeping. Promptly at 2:15 A.M. he awakens just long enough to tune in on a short-wave overseas news broadcast. Next to his unglamorous pull-down wall bed is a table. On it sits his radio, his current script, his little blue book of (Continued on page 70)
Photoplay's 1944 Gold Medal Award winner, Greer Garson, starred in "This Strange Adventure"
Redheaded Woman

A sprightly account of that torchy titian—high-tempered, high-talented Greer Garson

BY HERB HOWE

AT LONG last Greer Garson, the woman for whom our hearts beat loudest according to Dr. Gallup's perambulant stethoscope, has been unbustled from the line of nineteenth century ladies with whom she won gold medals, plaques, an Oscar from Hollywood's Academy and an effigy in Madame Tussaud's London waxworks.

"If you don't take off that bustle pretty soon," said a fresh well-wisher, "people will begin to think you deficient."

Greer's mother, unruffled, said: "Greer was a pretty baby."

She's a pretty baby now, whistled this connoisseur as she came into the drawing-room, agile as lynx or minx.

Once Greer, in a creative fever, bustled into the publicity department to suggest she be titled Garson The Bustle—"you know, like Sinatra The Voice." Stuffing their fingers in their ears the press boys rocked to the profanation, mindful of their own hot inspiration in giving her the reverential title, First Lady of the Screen.

Our purpose here in celebrating Miss Garson's unbustling *cum laude* is this: She has been rumored highbrow, a sobriquet from which all good folk recoil, so we thought it might be well, while we are gathered together in her drawing room, reaching for sandwiches, to take our minds off her cerebral gifts and regard, for the nonce, others. It isn't hard, brothers. Seeing her, so gay, so curved, you too are liable to whistle encouragingly when she says she feels at times like playing a chippy.

"Oh my dear," said Helen Hayes, "the way you are regarded that would be like Santa Claus taking off his beard before children."

Uh huh, but more'n one kiddie's glad she's taken off the bustle, betcha. For that matter, she is too. The pomp of rear and circumstance of corsets often made her feel, she says, like Mrs. Noah.

Not always was she Arkly gowned. On the English stage her costumes ranged from Shylock's beard to body make-up and a breeze, the latter bringing her pneumonia as the price of (Continued on page 117)
Portrait of a

Tom Drake—who laughs in his sleep, wakes up moody—who has no delusions, but will make a wish on a white horse

He has a phobia for keeping all windows open.
He has a violent aversion to quiz programs.
He drinks ten to twelve cups of coffee a day, wants to have three children and confesses an incurable procrastination in all his good intentions.
His baptismal name is Alfred Alderdice.
He never wears garters and in moments of stress he invariably resorts to the philosophic comfort of "This too shall pass away." He drives a Buick convertible coupe, all paid for.
He doesn't own a hat.
He seldom chews gum, has never been injured bodily and was born in the Long Island College Hospital, New York.
He reads Aldous Huxley but admits he doesn't understand him. He is six feet tall and a strong believer in hunches.
He has a devil of a time phrasing a telegram.
He has never played pool or billiards, is fond of chocolate marshmallow sundaes and is bored by wrestling matches and baseball. He was born on August 5, 1919.
He takes two months to answer a letter. He prefers a belt to suspenders and never argues with a traffic cop. He doesn't like walking and has had measles, mumps, whooping cough, scarlet fever and chicken pox.
His family called him Bud.
Tom Drake's most recurrent memory is of that period when he was getting his first taste of summer stock at Poughkeepsie, New York. When he was seventeen years old, his mother died, and he had to make a decision between going to college or entering the theater. He is very fond of raw onions.
His greatest extravagance is dining in good restaurants.
He likes bowling, has frequently bowled 200, and his father, of Scotch-English stock, died when he was eleven. His hair is blond.

He doesn't like riding a motorcycle, wears a size forty suit and considers New York's Chrysler Building the most beautiful he has ever seen. He reads very few books.

He once could recite Poe's "Annabel Lee" by heart, but no more. He doesn't smoke a pipe, has a small California bungalow in Beverly Hills and believes that fate strongly influences our lives albeit an effort toward a goal is required of an individual.

He doesn't like root beer.

He smokes cigarettes and likes plopping in overstuffed furniture. He carries money loosely in a trouser pocket, never in a wallet.

He is very bad at spelling. "Specially with names—only names like Ruth and Ann come easily."

He rarely looks at the comic strips.

He is constantly losing combs, buys a dozen a week. He cares little for opera, made his first screen appearance in "The Howards Of Virginia" in 1939, and is forever budgeting himself but never adhering to it.

His most regular correspondence is with his sister, Claire Kennedy, and Alice B. Young, the New York dramatic coach-whom he credits with the greatest influence on his career. He hates shopping.

He never catches cold.

He is particularly fond of Roquefort cheese, has never played golf, and all things being equal, he would rather operate a horse-breeding ranch than do anything else.

He does not get seasick or airsick.

He abhors crowds.

He has never read Walt Whitman.

He averaged ninety-five in algebra, unconsciously hums "Laura" all the time and invariably solved his math by counting on his fingers. He prefers traveling by auto or train.

He enjoys jitterbugging only as a spectator, used to finger a typewriter but now writes in longhand. He is a Sinatra fan.

He subscribes to no book club.

He has nurtured a yen to dabble in the stock market since he was eight years old. He is an excellent swimmer and horseman, lucky in gambling and is constantly forgetting where he left his. (Continued on page 128)
TIME was, my chickadees, when a screen idol had to possess a million-dollar profile, long curly eyelashes, gleaming teeth and a mass of raven-tinted locks which glistened under the klieg lights like fine new patent leather. But all that is changed.

Today your Hollywood hero is a lug, a guy whose nose is far from classic, whose hair is tousled and whose teeth, while sound and healthy, would hardly win prizes as a dentifrice ad. And when he smiles, he grins. He could pass for the guy who works at the Greek candy store on the corner, or double as the filling station attendant down the street and his professional moniker might be picked out of a hat. He is the graduate of sand-lot baseball and the unsung hero of the Golden Gloves—who was washed out in the elimination contest. He is just one of the mob and as such, perhaps, a symbol of that new democracy you've been hearing so much about.

In short, he is Dane Clark, and he represents the new trend in pictures, for better or worse.

Dane Clark had done some distinguished work in "Action In The North Atlantic" and "Destination Tokyo," but it wasn't until he appeared as Mr. Fix-It in "The Very Thought Of You" that the bobby-soxers adopted him as their own. On his first personal appearance in New York, they ripped his coat, snatched at his necktie and when he retreated into a stage alley, they tore down a couple of wooden gates and bent an iron grille in their efforts to get at him. He knew then
Prize fighter, lawyer—Bernie Zaneville could have been both, but he couldn’t pass up a dare—which made him Dane Clark

He has been a soda jerker, a loan collection ‘agent, worked on a construction crew—and then and there destiny entered

Dane likes ties. So do his fans. New York bobby-soxers helped themselves—but not behind his back

He once wrote radio scripts—then acted in them himself

that the die was cast—he was a success!

Handling the bobby-soxers, Dane admits, has been the toughest part of show business for him.

“At the Strand in New York I discovered an odd thing. While they might howl with derision at gags, they would quiet down and be all attention when I gave ‘em prose poetry—something written especially for my act by Norman Corwin. I guess they took poetry from me because they feel I speak their language.”

And that, I think, is the secret of Dane Clark’s success. He speaks the language of the people; he is one of them. He might, indeed, be “the guy who works at the candy store on the corner,” as one of his fans wrote him in a letter recently. (Continued on page 88)
Because You’re Brave Enough...

It was to him you gave your love. Now is the moment to prove it.

BY LORETTA YOUNG

Will we know how to treat him if he comes home handicapped?

His physical wounds we may leave with confidence and hope to modern surgery, which is working miracles on maimed and broken bodies...

But if his spirit is wounded?...

If his pride and self-confidence need strengthening?

Will we have the wisdom?

I hope so. I pray so. We are going to need it.

For in the midst of rejoicing over the end of the war and the bravery of the men who made it possible, we must not for one moment forget that thousands of these men are facing another fight more difficult and, spiritually, a more dangerous battle—that of adjusting to and overcoming the injuries with which they bought the world’s peace.

And this is not a fight they fight alone.

This is the battle we must fight, too, hand in hand with the handicapped, using the weapons that heal.

As a film star, living in the comfort and security of Hollywood, I would not have the presumption to discuss the problems of the handicapped except for the fact that, having played roles of the handicapped on the screen I correspond with and have many friends among them.

They write me, those who do not hear, those who do not see, the crippled and the disfigured, too. They tell me about their hopes and discouragements, what helps them most, what hinders them most. For which I am very grateful. I am grateful, too, that I have been able to visit the wounded in hospitals. For it is from the handicapped themselves that I have been privileged to learn, in some small measure, how we can best help them fight for the courage and confidence they need.

Let me tell you, first, a story about two of my friends:

Some six or seven years ago, in Europe, I met a man I shall never forget. A casualty of the first world war, a man of nearly sixty when I knew him, he had lain,
for twenty-five years, on a stretcher bed suspended from the ceiling by pulleys. His body completely atrophied, he was unable to move any part of it, except his eyes and mouth, and he was the warmest, livest, most stimulating person I have ever known.

He read constantly, read everything, his books, magazines and newspapers propped in front of him on an adjustable rack. He was interested in everything and in everybody. His interests covered just about the whole of human endeavor and achievement.

People crowded into his room twenty-four hours a day. For advice. For good talk—he was a brilliant conversationalist. For a laugh—his humor was rich, robust and ready. He took care of his business from his stretcher bed and his wife of more than thirty years was as contented a woman as I have ever seen.

By minimizing his disabilities and by using to the fullest capacity all that remained to him—his eyes and his mind—he had made for himself and for those about him a rich and fruitful life. By using his handicap to open doors rather than close them, he let in wisdom, tolerance, wit, warmth and laughter.

Through what dark initial period he had come, or how long it took him to come through, I do not know. But that he suffered such a station of his cross, I do know. For his wife told me that in the beginning he cried out in furious protest, “Why did this have to happen to me?” and she answered him, “Because you are brave enough.”

Words I was to borrow, years later when, visiting a hospital ward a few months ago, a young soldier asked me rebelliously, “Why should this happen to me?” And I heard myself answering, “Because you are brave enough.”

I added, “Brave enough to take it. Brave enough to strike out the first three letters of the word, disability. Brave enough to get back to some kind of useful work.”

His sightless eyes lit for a moment as with some inner vision. Then he turned his head (Continued on page 103)
So you see? You're not the only one who's been scorched by the fire!

Jennifer Jones says:

If you have gone through a romantic upheaval, don't dramatize yourself. Don't walk around with tears in your eyes and play the tragic heroine. Don't build up in your mind the word "if." If this had happened, if I had said this, if I could do it over again. Because you can't. It does no good to look backward. You have to look forward. Many people have discovered that although things look pretty black at the moment, they don't stay that way forever.

Bob and I had a lot of happiness together even though we went through hard times in New York before either of us came to Hollywood. We have two lovely children. Our lives will always be close to each other because of them. There was much happiness in our marriage, and when things are over, it helps to remember the nice things and forget your differences. There is no reason for not being friends. I'm proud of Bob. He's not only a wonderful actor; he's a wonderful father. It would scare me to death to think of trying to bring up Bobby and Michael without Bob's advice.

It isn't pleasant when a marriage breaks up, but it helps to remember that everything—every single experience you go through—is part of life. Everything that happens to you, either good or bad, is part of your growth as a human being. It isn't happiness that shows what depth you have, what character; it's unhappiness and how you weather it.

Bill Eythe says:

Just after I got out of college, the girl I was in love with came to me one day and said, "Bill, I'm going to be married and I wanted you to be the first to know."

Although I had been in no position financially to ask her to marry me, I was terrifically in love and I thought she loved me, too. When she married someone else, it really knocked me for a loop. We weren't formally engaged but we were going steady and I had always figured we would be married as soon as I could support a wife.

At first, I seemed to lose all perspective. I couldn't see the situation as it really was. I thought just of myself and how my life was ruined. I should have realized that if she was in love with someone else, then naturally we'd never be happy together. Instead, I kept right on clinging to my wishful thinking. I wouldn't be honest with myself. For a long time I mistrusted everyone I met and associated with. A jolt like that is bound to make you wonder if people are what they seem. I brooded and carried a torch in both hands.

Then I realized I was enjoying my broken heart. I was reliving it. Immediately I began removing all old associations. I gave away all our favorite phonograph records. I burned her pictures. I didn't hang around the old haunts. I was leery of romance. I didn't look for a new girl. Instead, I plunged into work. That in itself was an advantage because, by concentrating exclusively on my job, I learned a lot more, faster.

I've had romances since then, of course. But now I realize that the experience left me with one very noticeable scar. I'm still cautious. I listen to everyone with tongue in cheek. I don't fall in love easily. I don't get embroiled romantically and seriously with every girl I go out with. I can enjoy friendships without hanging every word on tomorrow. Once your fingers are burned, they stay burned. I'm inclined to think this is a good thing. If more people would use their heads along with their hearts, there wouldn't be as many torches showing.
THAT TORCH!

These four stars got their fingers burned too—and did things about it

Van Johnson says:

I carried a torch for years. The girl I had planned to marry up and married someone else. I turned my back on my home town, determined to make the bright lights of Broadway pay off. I wanted to be an actor, and I also wanted to show her. So I really concentrated on getting ahead.

I discovered that a kick in the face can sometimes be the best thing that ever happened to you. No kiddin'. You look for new horizons and you determine to show yourself you're okay even if your ex-girl friend doesn't think so.

But it's a funny thing about torches. People fool themselves. I kept thinking that this girl was the only girl for me—even after I got to Hollywood.

Then one day I heard she was coming out here and I would have a chance to see her. It came to me all at once that it was over, that you can't go back to yesterday.

You may be carrying a torch to end all torches. But examine it. Maybe it's gone out.

Bonita Granville says:

When Jackie Cooper and I broke up a long time ago, I really took it very hard. Not that it wasn't completely mutual—it was. But, being just a kid, I felt that things had really gone smash.

For a long time, we had just been good friends. Then we started going steady, and going steady can be just as deadly serious with a teen-ager as it can later on when you are old enough to be engaged or married. The only people who don't think puppy love can just kill you and bury you alive are the ones who are so old they've forgotten how it is to be really young.

It took me a while to realize that this break up was only a part of growing up, and that—hard as it was to understand—it is good for you. It gives you depth, an insight into life.

Then I began to look back on our period of "going steady." I wouldn't have missed it for the world: The wonderful feeling of always knowing you have a date, the grand lift you get out of the "that's my girl" look a boy has in his eyes; problems we ironed out together in regard to our picture work and our personal lives.

I'm not yet twenty-one, and that romance was long ago and far away. But to parents who say your heart can't break when you're a teen-ager, I just want to tell them that it can. I know.

This I also know. It won't take you long to get over it if you will go out into the open, date and have fun. It's fatal to crawl into a shell. There's nothing to take the sting off a romance that didn't jell like suddenly becoming the belle of the ball, with your phone ringing night and day, and every hour crammed to the hilt with fun. Most of the time a wounded heart is only a wounded ego.

And, hang on to this, because it's true—the boy you are crazy about when you are fifteen probably won't be the man you'd want to marry ten years later.
FOR months now, Americans have been standing on each other's feet and sitting on each other's laps to see the biggest smash-hit musical in years—"Anchors Aweigh."
For months Americans have come storming out again shouting "Where's Kelly?" For Gene Kelly, the dancing-singing-acting Irishman from Pittsburgh who is the film's brilliant star has now really found his place in the Hollywood sun. But the question still is: 'Where's Kelly?'

Where? Well, right where Uncle Sam thought he belonged—in the United States Navy, working for the Naval Photographic Science Laboratory in Washington, D. C., and clad in the blues of a lieutenant (j.g.).

He was, until recently, full of Navy plans—plans he'd been waiting a whole year to carry out. But let him tell it: "At last, at last—I'm going overseas!" he said, pleased and proud. "For a year I've been bucking to go. I'm heading a combat photographic unit that'll be taking pictures in actual combat—of demolition squads, bombs, guns, fighting! Then we'll bring 'em back to be used for training films. But anyway, it's action on the fronts!"

However, everything happens to Kelly. The date of this speech was August 6, and the atomic bomb fell on August 7. This is one time that the curtain went down before Kelly got onstage. But nobody can say he didn't try. He tried everything to get overseas; and he definitely tried (as any Navy Public Relations officer can tell you) not to be an actor in the Navy. He tried with all his might to stay off radio shows and out of the spotlight but—everything happens to Kelly.

And a lot of it has nothing to do with dignity, either! Behind the scenes, his private life in wartime Washington, D. C., was as undignified as anyone else's life in Washington, D. C. It all goes under the heading of "Help! Find us a house!"—and it continues like this:

When his wife Betsy first came East to join Gene (once he had become an officer and felt able to have his family with him), she left behind her the usual wartime debris of a home: A closed house in California; a baby left with her mother, Mrs. Boger, in New Jersey; a car in storage. She also left behind her peace of mind, because Washington's housing shortage was exactly as told in song and story—there just wasn't any (Continued on page 105)
When Lieut. (j.g.) Kelly was just a gob in San Diego he spent all his Navy pay on phone calls home

Where's Kelly?

Right where you'd expect a hoofing Irishman to be who has his feet on the ground and his heart at sea

BY HARRIET EATON
DEANNA DURBIN is both formal and informal.
She is formal when there are visitors on the set. Then she is Miss Durbin and after the introduction she goes to her portable dressing room and reads until they want her in front of the camera.

But when there are no strangers about, she is "Durby," "Charlie" and "Durbish" to the crew. She may even Indian wrestle with Woody Bredell, a cameraman.

She knows how to handle herself on all occasions, especially in front of the camera. Her sensational career is proof.

She is a quick study when it comes to learning her lines, but she seldom studies her script at nights any more. "I learned my lesson during my early pictures," she explained. "I would come to the set mornings, sleepy, and find they had rewritten the scene. Now I learn my lines just before we shoot. It's easier."

When she made her initial picture, she filled out the studio questionnaire "Edna Mae Durbin" and wrote only these physical measurements: "Five feet two inches tall. Weight 100 pounds."

She chose the name Deanna herself. She wanted to retain the name of Durbin "just in case I ever amounted to anything."

Her studio questionnaire now carries figures which make her figure attractive. Height five feet five inches; weight 116 pounds; bust thirty-five inches; waist, twenty-five; hips, thirty-five and leg length, thirty-five. She's a married woman again.

She is married to Felix Jackson, who now produces her pictures. They met when he wrote scenarios for her and was part of the powerful combination of Producer Joe Pasternak and Director Henry Koster. It was this trio that firmly established her in pictures. While this was going on she met and married Vaughn Paul.

Then the trio—Pasternak, Koster and Jackson—left Universal, at different times, and went to Metro. Also, and there is no connection—it happened many reels later—the Vaughn Pauls were divorced. While this was happening, Jackson received a tempting offer from Universal to return there and produce the Durbin pictures.

He did, and it was while he was making "Christmas Holiday" with Durbin that the romance started. They discussed this picture together, they saw pictures together, had dinner together and found out that they liked each other very much. He had been married before, and when his divorce became final they were married.

He calls her Deanna and she calls him Felix, seldom refers to him as Jackson. She is now expecting a baby.

She has no beauty secrets. (Continued on page 91)
with variations

Call her “Charlie,”—this Durbin of the dream voice and realistic views
He's always dreaming it over with his manager, making plans about the ranch they're going to have. Dick has a lot of travel plans too.

Note the father and son resemblance! Richard Jr. is nicknamed Skipper—delights in mimicking his Dad.

Script-reading—he's currently starring in the musical, “Kitten On The Keys”
Lucky? Sure he is. But it took the teamwork
of two men and a woman to win the race

BY ANN MADISON

DICK HAYMES, Twentieth Century-Fox singing
star who is now being recognized as one of Holly-
wood's most "natural" actors, has risen in true
storybook fashion from rags to riches in two years.
Some folks talk about the luck of Haymes. "The
guy must carry a horseshoe."
He carries a horseshoe all right. But not the usual
kind.
Behind the zooming career of the lovable lad with
the turned-up nose, eager grin and romantic baritone
voice is the story of a winning combine of star and
manager who've parlayed their faith in each other in
the Hollywood Handicap on up under the winning
wire with Dick's latest film hit, "State Fair."
The manager is dark-complexioned Bill Burton of
the tough talk, the soft heart, the yen for gambling
and the habit of calling people he likes names. Speak-
ing from his experience of thirty-one years in show
business he says, "It's like a race—picking a star. You
pull for him—someday he shows, then places, then
moves up and one day he wins. It's the biggest thrill
in the world seeing your colors come through. That's
the way it's been with the kid. He's such a right
little bum," he says affectionately. "You couldn't lose
with Haymes."
Dick, in turn, has the utmost faith and respect for
Bill's judgment and loves him as though he really were
his own dad.
His loyalty toward Burton is a beautiful thing to
watch. Never does he think or speak in terms of "I."
It's always the plural "we." He's constantly watching
for Bill's reaction to a scene he does before the camera,
asking anxiously, "How'd we look? Okay?" Or after
an interview with a reporter, "How'd we do, Pappy?
Did she like us?"
Every week when he endorses his radio and film
checks and makes one out for Burton's commission
they go through the same routine. Dick always sits
back in his chair and fumes, "This isn't right! You
should be getting half of it. We're going to have to
divide this thing up differently someday."
You must go deep to know the real Haymes. He's
very sensitive, a little high strung, full of restless
energy and a searching seriousness that belies his easy
manner. He's very emotional with an intensity of
feeling that comes through mostly in his voice in the
love ballads he sings. Often some of those tones have
to literally jump over a lump in his throat. For Rich-

Joanne and Dick both love horses—are expert riders.
ard Haymes is more than a little on the sentimental side.

Memories and associations in connection with certain songs always come back to him when he's singing them. He's deeply attached to his mother, Mrs. Marguerite Haymes, New York vocal coach. One night while singing one of her old favorites on his radio program, he got to thinking that she might be listening and timed himself finishing that song.

Another test for the tender of heart was singing after those transoceanic hook-ups when the zooming of planes brought it a little, right into the room as a Coast Guardsman talked with his wife or an Army sergeant in a hospital on Leyte heard the first news of his newly born son.

On one occasion when he had a Marine's wife and little boy there to talk to her husband in the South Pacific, the wife and the baby both started crying over the mike and almost broke everybody up. It was just before Dick was going into "How Deep Is the Ocean." He ad libbed, had a big girl and held the show together. After it went off the air, he disappeared hurriedly into his dressing room, slumped down in a chair and the tears came. This is what gives under the easy-going guy you see on the screen.

Despite a sensitive nature, Dick is very even-tempered. Though confident of his own ability, he is not cocky, or stand-in and mobbing. It still comes to him with a sort of shock that he is a star. "Temperament...Dick?" says Bob McCord, his stand-in and secretary. "He hates it! Won't stand for it at all."

He has an unusual sense of humor, a restless quick manner of speaking, giving you fast decisive answers. He moves swiftly too, fairly breezing when he walks. Dick talks in enthusiastic bursts about anything that interests him—whether it's a world problem, his three-year-old son Skipper, or a new way to eat cracked crabs.

Speaking of eating, Dick loves it and really gives his most convincing performance when he's trying to get a hamburger steak saute. "I guess we couldn't get a hamburger, medium rare. Him-m-m-m?" He'll look at the waiter hopefully. "And home-fried potatoes—lots of them? And peas? I guess that'll catch it," he'll say.

Six feet tall with broad shoulders and muscular build, he has blond hair, a wide mobile mouth, gray eyes that tilt up a little at the side and a nose that tilts up a lot at the end. The snub nose doesn't go with his sophisticated background at all, but does go with the little-boy look that made Hollywood landladies and others trust him so much and made his manager back him to the tune of $12,000 to pay them all back.

The snub-nosed Skippy look hides an ambition that almost consumes him. He goes along, gathering steam with every picture, but fairly chafes at the bit inside.

"I want to do so many things," he says. "I'd love working with a theater, directing kids. Like to turn out songs too, of course, and sing. But most of all I want to write—and write well."

The little-boy enthusiasm rushes him along. "I don't mean that I'll be any world-beater at them, but I'd like to take a shot at it."

He has sold stories and says modestly, "I'm always writing on something. "The house is full of the stuff now."

The Haymes system is to put on a dozen symphonic records in his bedroom, lie back with a cigarette and whenever he hits an inspiration get right up and go to work. Around three o'clock one morning recently when he was restless and couldn't sleep, he got an idea for a novel and got up and started scribbling what eventually turned out to be 600 pages in longhand.

"Ideas usually hit me at night," he says, "and it's important to get up and put them down when they're moving along, while you have the mental and feel of it."

He sold his first story, a piece on hoboess, to the Atlantic Monthly magazine when he was fifteen years old for $12.50, the prize for the best junior writer of that year. He got the inspiration for it while riding the blinds on a coal car from Loyola University in Washington to New York for a vacation, after he'd spent the money his mother sent him for his fare home. It was midwinter and one of the hoboesses got so sorry for Dick, shivering away in the back of the car, that he got permission from the others for the "new one" to sit up front where the heat of the furnace could blow on him. But they still didn't mingle socially with him. "They're a snooty outfit—won't take you in until you've made several runs with them. What a gang!" he laughs.

He loves traveling—anywhere, any way, whether on a coal car with sow raining in his face or on a rusty freighter around the world. The love of adventure is all over his face when he talks about some country he's visited.

"You know, Pappy, we're really going to travel," he told his manager. "We're going to take off six months some year soon and really roll. We'll go to India."

He went on, rushing along, "It's fascinating. You'd love India. Or Cairo. Cairo's wonderful. And Rio. There's no place like Rio...fascinating."

Most people forget that Haymes was actually an actor before he was a singer. He keeps urging his manager to get him a straight acting role now. "How long will it be before we'll be able to just act and not sing?"

He keeps asking.

"Be still, you bum. A guy named Crosby won the Award for the best performance and he did a helluva lot of singing in the picture," Bill reminds him.

Dick began his acting career (Continued on page 110)
AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY—
Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work was "fascinating and exciting" she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman, U.S. Army Officer
She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia.

The first day Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be...at a luncheon club near the Embassy!

She's another engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look!
"I surely do depend on Pond’s Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel especially soft and clean. I wouldn’t be without my Pond’s for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne uses Pond’s Cold Cream—like this:
She smooths the silky-soft cream well over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She rinses with more Pond’s Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

Why don’t you use Pond’s Cold Cream her way? Every morning, every evening and for in-between time clean-ups! It’s no accident so many more women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxury jar that lets you dip in with both hands!

Dear Miss Colbert:

Just after the war started I met and fell in love with a lovely girl under story-book circumstances when my outfit was stationed at an East Coast city. One Sunday morning I strolled into a small church, went to the choir loft and sang with the choir. I noticed a girl beside me with Dublin on her face, so I whispered, "You're not Irish are you?" She actually blushed!

Later I met her formally and we had our first date. It was her very first date, although she was twenty-one. After I knew her better and learned how innocent she was—she neither drank nor smoked, and she fell asleep, like a child in my arms, at a midnight show—I really went overboard for her. We were very happy, very young and very much in love. I proposed and she accepted and promised to wait while I was overseas.

I saw plenty of action. Our outfit was awarded the Presidential Citation for its part in the Buna Campaign. Naturally Norah and I wrote. Then tragedy struck. I was almost burned to death by gasoline. I had barely recovered from that when an accident severed my left thumb. Then my mind snapped. I was sent home to a hospital. Norah came to see me with my mother and I had to meet them with an attendant at my side. But, in a few months, I recovered completely.

When I went to see Norah she returned my ring and cried and said she didn't love me any more. Her family was wonderful, but said that I'd "find some nice girl just right for me someday."

Since then I've gone to New York, sung in night clubs, been given nation-wide recognition as a singer and as a "hero." I've also worked in a defense plant. I've done everything possible to make good while forgetting the girl I love. I sent her a Christmas gift, which was returned, and my letters are returned unopened.

Can you please offer me some advice? Sometimes I wish God had been kind enough to let me die.

Malcolm T.

---

Dear Mr. T:

Don't jump to the conclusion that the attitude of every girl in the country is that of your ex-fiancee. If you will reread your letter to me, you will find, I'm sure, a comforting answer—in your very description of this girl—to the problem of her behavior. She's a child. Perhaps not in years, but certainly in mentality, in judgment, in emotion.

Children are apt to have a great fear of a person who has been—even for a brief time—mentally ill. This attitude, like all unenlightened beliefs, vanishes with education and the knowledge of what medical science can and has accomplished.

This girl probably wouldn't have made a good wife under any circumstance. Although it may be difficult for you to accept the truth now, you are really lucky to have learned before marriage that this girl was incapable of arising to meet an emergency.

There are few people who haven't, at some time, taken a romantic tumble. Most people get up, brush themselves off and try again. If you will become more objective about this broken love affair, regard it as experience, and look for some really reliable girl, you will be far better off.

Claudette Colbert

---

Dear Miss Colbert:

My fiance and I started going together eight years ago, when we were freshmen in high school. When war broke out, he enlisted in the Air Corps and, after nine months' schooling, he went overseas.

After two years overseas, during which time I had a dreadfully serious operation, he came home. You can imagine how I felt the day he walked into the office.

That first night he said I looked pale and thin and wanted to know what had happened to me. I told him. There wasn't anything disgraceful about it—it was just my misfortune—but he realized that we could never have children. He thought this over for a few days, then suggested that we break our engagement. Feeling less than a woman, I gladly consented.

I don't have to tell you what I went through for months. When he returned to his outfit he merely sent me a card. Six months after he broke our engagement I received a heartbroken letter from him saying that he now realized that he had been cruel and stupid, and asking me to wait for him as an engaged girl and to continue to plan our future.

What do you think might have changed him? Would you begin again? I love him desperately, but now I'm afraid.

Editha G.

---

Dear Miss G:

If you love this boy desperately, it seems to me that you have no reason to be afraid to plan a marriage with him.

Probably, when you told him about your inability to have children, he was genuinely shocked and on such short notice had had no time to make a readjustment within himself. I believe that there are almost as many men who look forward happily toward parenthood as there are girls. Your fiance might well be such a man.

Now that he has had a chance to think things over he probably realizes that like many childless couples you can adopt children. There is no reason why that plan can't solve your problem.

Claudette Colbert

---

Dear Miss Colbert:

You receive so many stories of unhappy marriages that I thought you would be refreshed by a description of a truly happy one. (Continued on page 97)
The peerless Dietrich! The star who put “amour” in glamour! Glamorous... clever you... to try her skin-beauty recipe... wonderful Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!

Here's one cream that gives complete care... as it cleanses, smooths, softens your skin! A spellbinder as a powder base; a magician as a night cream. And only Woodbury has “Stericin”, purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Star in your own love drama! Today... get Woodbury... 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream... it's all you need!
It's so easy to tell FIBS!

...FIBS are quilted—have rounded ends!

Once you've used FIBS, there are two special advantages that you'll always remember:

**FIRST, those** smoothly tapered, gently rounded ends that assure easy insertion. You can tell at a glance that FIBS must be easy to use.

**SECOND,** the "quilting" that prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. It's a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate.

FIBS quilting also contributes directly to your comfort...keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS*

---

Man On An Island

These are some of things Tyrone Power will remember about the war—when he was a transport pilot with the Fourth Marine Air Wing

What will the day bring? Like any other day and like all good Marines, Ty Power checked the bulletin board first thing in the morning and several times during the day to keep abreast of developments. The officer on his left is Lieut. Charles Masten of San Francisco

Power the planner: Ty discusses a building problem with Major Schacher of Arverne, N. Y. Among other of Tyrone's many island experiences was the planning and building, with Lieutenant Church, of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt outdoor memorial movie theater

Tropical shower by Marine design—Ty enjoys the cold outdoor shower which has been a first-thing-every-morning ritual with him. He's been a busy Marine, flying wherever duty called
When the day arrives—and it will—that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let’s hope that the greeting in your household will be ‘all is forgiven’!

This famous soap is still ‘seeing service’ far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good housekeeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

To all these good-natured, patriotic women we make this promise: when its present obligations are discharged, Fels-Naptha Soap will be back—unchanged—ready to resume its familiar job of making homes bright and washes sweet and white.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
sort of training while studying in Europe under Michael Chekhov."

"That's enough—you're in," said Oboler. Thereafter Hurd was on five Oboler shows and played the nephew in the Dr. Christian series. But his heart was still in Ojai Valley and so was his body between radio shows. And one night while driving to a typical spaghetti-and-wine dinner in Ojai the British actress Iris Tree (daughter of the great Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree) told him that she thought he might have a chance to act in the movies—in "The Picture Of Dorian Gray." She had been a dinner partner of the picture's director Albert Lewin recently and she'd suggested Ojai's newest citizen Hurd for the part.

Hurd was ecstatic at the very idea. All that night he read the book, "The Picture Of Dorian Gray," fortified by pots of coffee in Iris's kitchen. The next day another enthusiastic Ojai denizen drove him all the way to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and he presented himself to Director Lewin.

There he treated the director to one of the most unusual scenes that ever took place in Hollywood—with the book in his hand, he again improvised on the spot. Only this time he improvised what Dorian Gray himself would have thought, looking back on his life. Sex and murder thereupon filled the office air. Hurd finally forgot where he was completely and was shouting, raging and sobbing the part—winding up by throwing the book with all his strength at the office wall . . . where it slithered down to a stop in the waste-basket.

As he tried to readjust himself to his surroundings, he heard Mr. Lewin saying in a slightly frightened (but impressed) voice, "That's good, Mr. Hurd. Very good.

From then on for the next six weeks, Hurd appeared and reappeared at M-G-M for interviews, screen-tests and more interviews. Meanwhile the whole of Ojai Valley hung with breathless affection on his every move. One member drove him to his appointments; others gave him advice; all of them waited up until midnight at Iris Tree's house with spaghetti dishes and bottles of wine to hear how his latest interview had gone. And when he finally arrived back to tell them the great news, "The part is mine!" the hilarity echoed into the surrounding mountains. Is it any wonder that by this time Hurd has rented himself a cottage in Ojai—to which he goes every minute he's not needed by the studio in town?

When he's needed, of course, he stays in Hollywood in his modernistic penthouse atop a Richard Neutra, functionally designed house on a hilltop. There are only a handful of other homes around; and, as in Ojai, the people formed a friendly, satisfyingly nostalgic atmosphere. The chauffeur from next door does all of Hurd's marketing along with his own household. (And even he is out of the ordinary—he's Jack Taylor, the Negro champion prize-fighter from Europe who beat Schmeling; and he's fresh out of a Nazi concentration camp in Germany.)

Then Hurd shares a maid with the people downstairs. They have her mornings, and Hurd has her afternoons and evenings—after lunch and dinner. Breakfast she leaves ready for him to prepare himself in the mornings, since he refuses to eat at drugstores or restaurants for his first meal of the day. He cooks himself a good meal, too. Grapes, fruit, hot cereal, toast, honey and coffee. Meanwhile, he plays his huge collection of classical records. Then he doffs his white pajamas, gets into the shower during which he sings either an aria from "Manon" or the song "Lonely Town," and then gets dressed and leaves Dragon's Lair—for his home. He careers down the hill to the studio in the most battered roadster of all time. It wasn't battered when he bought it; though, he is merely the roughest driver in America and he smashes it up regularly once a month.

Dragon's Lair is ideal for Hurd. It boasts a living room, bath, bedroom, kitchen and study. Every wall slides away so Hurd could fall out of it if he wanted to (and some day will). As most of the walls are glass, he can look through them and see the bamboo and eucalyptus trees surrounding the house to the ocean at one side, and to Mount Baldy 150 miles away on the other.

He has moods of neatness when he keeps his Lair invitingly set with bowls of flowers and favorite magazines. He also puts up his own excellent sketches of circus clowns. But this mood of neatness is usually shadowed by a mood of carelessness, during which Hurd lives like a blind man amidst piles of debris.
As for the history of his twenty-seven years, it has nothing in common with twenty-seven years in most of our lives. He was born on 11th Street in Greenwich Village, New York City, to William Henry Hatfield (a lawyer, and once assistant district attorney of New York) and Adele Hatfield (recently become a topnotch primitive painter). His present beautiful collection of tiepins he inherited from his grandfather, who was Western Manager of Colgate Company.

His name he inherited from his paternal uncle, Major-General Rukard Hurd Hatfield, who sent Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield a silver tray a few months before Hurd's appearance in the world, with the engraved inscription, "To the future parents of Rukard Hurd Hatfield." But Father Hatfield wisely thought that his son should have a fighting chance at college—and named him William Hurd Hatfield instead.

He spent a few average years, it's true, going to Morristown Prep School and winding up at Columbia University—but on the day he was starting back to his sophomore year at Columbia, his world turned upside down . . . via an envelope in his morning mail which informed him that he had won a scholarship to the Chekhov Drama School at Dartington Hall—in England. Hurd was hysterically jubilant and in four days he was on the Atlantic.

He didn't come home again for almost three years.

During those three years, he was having the time of an esthete's life. While studying under Michael Chekhov, one of the greatest Russian actors and teachers in the history of drama, he lived in a world of international culture. Dartington Hall was the center for all the arts of dancing, acting, weaving, composing and painting for such myriad nationalities as Hindus, Australians, Russians, French, Italians, Persians—and Hurd lost himself in it. By night he slept in Isadora Duncan's former house; by day he learned to act, direct, paint scenery and write.

In 1940 he came back to America with the Chekhov repertory company and toured the whole United States. By this time, after five years of steady studying and acting he was ready for the vacation he came to California to have.

But as you can see, his vacation has been over for a year now. And as he's under a seven-year contract to M-G-M, it looks as if it's over for a long, long time to come.

So he spends his time merely being himself, Hurd Hatfield, which is pretty outlandish and very delightful. Money has given him two longed-for opportunities—to buy his splendid record machine, and to order tailor-made suits on the dark Eastern pattern. It has also allowed him to indulge all his exotic tastes—buds—he eats Russian, Italian, French and Armenian food to his heart's content. And he's collecting books—never, never best-sellers per se. "I hate to be in the know," says he, "and I will never read 'Forever Amber.' No, he's collecting some of Kay Boyle, James Cain, Erskine Caldwell, Elizabeth Bowen—and some day he'll also collect a 200-year-old house in Connecticut, and a piano. Now he satisfies his piano-playing instincts by going to a friend's piano when he's assured of being alone. Then he plays Chopin and Bach preludes, but never popular music.

Just to finish off his eccentricities, let us tell you that he sees nothing funny in the funnies—and hates animated cartoons. So he's once again out of step with Mr. and Mrs. America . . . but he's one of their favorite "characters" nevertheless!

The End
American from Vienna

(Continued from page 45) telephone numbers, a copy of Irving Stone’s “Lust For Life,” a copy of “To Hell We March,” a new play he recently bought and produced for charity, the proceeds of which went toward the long distance telephone fund for returning veterans. He owns only one pair of pajamas. Black pajamas. They were sent to him by a fan. He has never worn the upper. He sleeps raw, covers himself with a sheet, never uses a pillow.

EVEN if he had a kitchen, Helmut would never use it. He dislikes cooking, dusting—all those things usually attributed to bachelor living. Boiling strong black coffee is about the extent of his culinary endeavors.

His one extravagance is buying tooth brushes. He brushes his teeth five times a day, showers three times a day. Right now there’s a deal afoot to get him to endorse a new chewing gum product. The slogan they have worked out is, “Dantine Chews Dentine.” He finds this very amusing.

His greatest fault is really a virtue. He’s always too early for appointments, much to the annoyance of whoever is meeting him. Having no switchboard or secretary, he subscribes to a call service bureau. He calls them punctually on the hour for his messages. He keeps his own set of books, makes out his own income tax reports, manages his own personal business. In his time he has been accused of being a “wolf.” To that charge Helmut Dantine has one answer: “The ones who do the accusing invariably are the ones who are receiving the least attention!”

Certainly there is no lack of attention these days between Helmut and Ida Lupino—or lack of speculation in that quarter on the part of Hollywood. Helmut himself will vouchsafe no indication that Ida is even remotely responsible for his present happy plight. But mention her name and it seems to fall pleasantly on his ears. Ask him a direct question, however, and he fastens you with that but—what-can-I-say look. Being the gentleman in the case he says—nothing. In the meantime they go to parties and premiers together. They constantly seek each other’s company.

Together, Helmut and Ida make one of Hollywood’s most attractive twosomes. Another point of interest—little “Loopey,” since Helmut’s advent in her life, has blossomed into one of the real beauties of Hollywood.

Mutual friends are divided in their prognostications. There are those who feel certain they are altar-bound as soon as Ida’s divorce from Louis Hayward becomes final.

Then again there are those who believe that Gwen Anderson (Helmut’s former wife) was the one and only real love in his life. There’s supporting evidence for this diagnosis in the fact that two large pictures of her (Continued on page 72)

---

Calling All Fans!

Look carefully!

Yes, you now have two votes each month in Photoplay’s

Color Portrait Poll!

One for your favorite actor and

One for your favorite actress

Whose portraits would you like to see in color next month?

Fill out the coupon below and send to

---

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please print color portraits of

(Man) ..............................................................

(Woman) ..........................................................

(Your name) ....................................................
You can show your Elgin American compact proudly. Exquisite style and craftsmanship—gleaming, enduring finish—custom-like individuality, make these Elgin American creations truly masterpieces of the jeweler's art. The perfect gift.

ELGIN AMERICAN, Elgin, Illinois
Compacts • Cigarette Cases • Dreamer Sets
COPYRIGHT 1945, ELGIN AMERICAN
DURING the earlier stages of his career Helmut attracted a wide variety of publicity. Some of it, not as attractive as it could be, Helmut categorizes under this heading: "Mistakes I have made that will not be made again." A fatalist at heart, he accepts the mistakes as a challenge and applies them against the future.

"You can figure your life today and tomorrow, but you can't fight destiny," he philosophizes. "Certain things are meant to happen. So as you accept war, you bow to fate and accept it. I believe there are big fates and little fates. The little fates I take care of myself—today. For example, if I drive my car recklessly I know there is danger of turning over. So I control my little fate by doing everything humanly possible to prevent an accident. The big fates are out of my control. If I drive carefully and still crash, that is a big fate. I must accept it."

Thoughtful words, the typical doctrine of acceptance of the Old World.

But recently an incident occurred which reveals how much more a part of his new country this American from Vienna has become. While he was in Washington on his tour, he lived at the Statler Hotel. One evening the secretary of the President of the United States joined him for dinner. They met in Helmut's suite for drinks. Mr. Truman's secretary looked around.

"Mr. Truman stayed in these very rooms when he was running for vice-president," he said reminiscently.

Helmut's eyes began to gleam. "Which bed did the President sleep in?" he inquired eagerly.

"The one closest to the window."

That night Helmut slept in the bed closest to the window. Lying there happily, he grinned up at the ceiling. "What a country," he said to himself. "Five years ago I was an alien. Now I am a citizen. Five years ago I was broke and unknown. Now I have a good job, I'm saving money. And I'm sleeping in the same bed where the President of the United States slept. What a country! What a lucky guy I am!"

So speaks Helmut Dantine, American.
The hat and gloves shown with this suit are from Anita Andra.
Posed by Carole Landis, Twentieth Century-Fox star
White “Flairlite” satin by Bloomsburg is fashioned into a negligee by Rosenfeld and worn by Carole Landis. Also available in pink and blue. Sizes 10-16. About $16.95. At Lord and Taylor, New York, N. Y.
As worn here by Miss Yvonne De Carlo, Universal Pictures star now appearing in Universal's "Frontier Gal."

Sophisticated . . . . to just the right degree. Smooth lines give you a suit among suits.

Smart . . . . because emphasis goes to broad shoulders and nipped-in waist.


KORET OF CALIFORNIA INC.

611 Mission Street  •  San Francisco, 5
This winter will be the gayest, the happiest and the busiest in years. We have rounded up and placed in stores throughout the country all the things you'll need at prices you can afford.

EVELYN KEYES, starring in Columbia Pictures' "Renegades," models these Photoplay Fashions for you.

**Jersey is young** . . . **Jersey is smart** . . . **Jersey is flattering** . . . So we offer you a Channellaine jersey, designed by Minx Modes, with a sash striped in cherry and metal-studded. In Platinum Gray and Starlight Aqua. Sizes 7-15. About $17.95. At Joseph Horne's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Quilted luxury!** A "Saybury" robe of Verney satin with a floral design on a white, pink or blue background. You'll find it hard to believe this can be bought for $12.95. Sizes 12-20. At James McCreery, New York, N. Y.

**Tailoring to delight your eyes** . . . A Western shirt of gabardine and Arlingcrest flannel slacks (100% wool). Both by "Blackfriar Kindreds." In assorted colors, about $8.50 each. Sizes 10-18. At Crowley, Milner, Detroit, Mich.
Photoplay's Be-switchable Hat

. . . Wear the brim up or down. Pull veiling, a scarf, or velvet through the side slits and tie a bow under your chin. Or throw streamers around your neck. This hat, shown in the accompanying pictures, made exclusive for Photoplay readers by Betmar. All colors. It is sold with a veil. About $5.00 at Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia, Pa.

This new length coat is non-taxable . . . Designed by Anitra, of Cohama Monotone Tweed with Mouton fur. Shown in White Rum it is also available in Pencil Blue Billiard Green, Wine Berry. About $55. Sizes 7-15. At Wm. Filene's, Boston, Mass.

Velvet's back! A "Collegeset" two-piece suit which comes with a jacket of Melo-Vel black velvet. The peplums and skirt are black, fuchsia or royal blue wool. Sizes 10-17 and 9-15, about $39.50. At Broadway Dept. Stores, Los Angeles, Cal.


All Photographs by Ben Studios
HOSIERY “AS YOU LIKE IT”! If you like crystal clarity, close fit, and smart styling ... if you like sheerness and long wear ... if you like the all-over superiority that comes of many years’ experience in the making of fine, full-fashioned hosiery, then look for hosiery “As You Like It” at better stocking counters.

CINEMODES

- The Charlie Feldman party, to welcome Marlene Dietrich home, was as beautiful and gay as Hollywood parties used to be before the war and are again now that the war is over ...

  Lana Turner was a snare for feminine as well as masculine eyes. She wore a long candy-striped skirt, very full, of starched marquisette and a blouse of black jersey that was almost a turtle-necked sweater. Her only jewelry was a simple gold ring and a gold band around her neck, just above the low turtle neck of her blouse.

  Joan Crawford, at the same party, was lovely in her sensational white fox stole. Everyone in Hollywood has gone mad on the subject of stoles. Joan, who always looks just the way you expect a movie star to look, really outdid herself this evening. Under her white wrap she wore a long, slim black jersey dress, cut in a very low V, with a huge draped pocket on one hip edged in a wide band of heavy stiff white cotton lace! She carried a huge black satin evening bag with her name Joan embroidered on it in dead white. And with all this finery—she wore diamonds and sapphires.

  Gene Tierney was picturesque— as well as smart—in a decolleté white crepe evening gown printed with great bunches of deep violets from bust line to hem. Tiny shoulder straps supported the slightly dropped basque effect waist. The skirt was semi-full and sweeping.

  Merle Oberon appeared in not one but two diamond necklaces! Lili Damita wore purple bows in her hair and a devoted Army captain on her arm—which is a good trick, too.

  Diana Lewis beamed at her husband William Powell (who is always beaming at her) above a bare middrift dress of black lace over a flesh-colored slip. The skirt was full and simple and the bodice amounted to very little more than a well-fitting bra.

- Lunching on the La Rue terrace, Connie Moore wore a very light gray sheer wool suit—with insets of white flannel arrows at her waistline, just above the peplum. She complemented this with a dead white stock scarf, thrust through with a glittering diamond scarf-pin, a tailored gray coachman’s hat with a white veil, half over her face, and her shoes and gloves were black lizard!

- Martha Vickers, on a short vacation on a ranch in the hills behind Laguna Beach, looked cute as a bug in a play suit of rayon linen that was all black except for the right front of the jacket which was a brilliant lime green. Her jacket had cap sleeves and a walk-front—and her “shorts” were “long”!

(Continued on page 80)
DRESS for the MEN in YOUR LIFE!

BUTTON TEASER: A Carole King two-piece original. Glistening jet black buttons dot the blouse and peplum ... perfect for "that" date! Of Carole Paca Rayon Crepe... junior sizes 9 to 13. About $10.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.
It's excitingly new! Siren-smooth date dress in rich black rayon crepe with daringly sheer black lace bands, set in to set off your figure! Sizes 9 to 15."
The stars shine bright at night... thanks to the glamour, charm and fetching loveliness RADCLIFFE achieves in gaily-colored, floral printed, superbly-tailored nighties. Clinging, soft-as-silk rayon smoothies of Kluger's "Great Masters" fabric. Moderately priced, at better stores everywhere. Gottlieb Brothers, 148 Madison Ave., N. Y.
Fetching rayon crepe blouse with romantic over-the-wrist ruffles.

About $3

at all leading department stores or write
SENSATION BLOUSES, 2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Those on pages 76 and 77 can be found from Coast to Coast in the following stores:

**Quilted satin robe**

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hensinger Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox Co., Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.—John Taylor D. G. Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harveys
Oakland, Calif.—The H. C. Capwell Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt & Co.

**Manufacturer:** Elias Sayour Co., Inc.
31 East 31st St., New York, N. Y.

**Velvet-trimmed suit**

Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Cleveland, O.—Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jos. Horne Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Erlebacher, Inc.

**Manufacturer:** M. & S. Solomon
530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Gray jersey dress**

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxson Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 5th Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt & Co.

**Manufacturer:** The R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**Green wool dress**

Boston, Mass.—E. T. Slattery Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros., Inc.
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Newark, N. J.—Kress Dept. Store
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Norfolk, Va.—Smith & Welton
Salt Lake City, Utah—Anberbach Co.

**Manufacturer:** International Dress Co., Inc. 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Mouton-trimmed tweed coat**

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.

(Continued on page 84)
Always a picture of loveliness . . . Gail Gray Juniors

Encores for starlet-young, picture-pretty Gail Gray Juniors!
Above, two bright beauties that make waiting for them so impatient.
At leading stores throughout the country. For store in your city write

Jack Wasserman Co., 225 West 35th St., New York City
SkyMail
LIGHT WEIGHT STATIONERY

EASY TO WRITE ON...Your pen glides smoothly over both sides of SkyMail—yet it's so light in weight you can send 14 sheets for minimum postage (5 overseas).

FUN TO GET...Long newsy letters that have come quickly—thanks to the official Red and Blue borders that assure special attention in the mails. Distinctive, exciting...your message through the sky!

INEXPENSIVE TO BUY...Dollar box contains 125 sheets and 50 envelopes. No waste—extra sheets can be bought separately.

The Nation's Choice for Letters that Fly...Everywhere

If your dealer hasn't yet stocked SkyMail send his name with a dollar to Rockmont, Denver, and we will send postpaid.

FOR REGULAR MAIL USE
TRAV-L-NOTES
A ROCKMONT HANDIPAK STATIONERY

Worthy companion to SkyMail, TRAV-L-NOTES is an outstanding value for all general correspondence. Easy-to-write-on paper, 120 sheets and 50 deep-flap envelopes with inside tinting—80c wherever stationery is sold.

At Better Stores Everywhere

(Continued from page 82)

Cleveland, O.—May Co.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Manufacturer: Anita, Inc.
250 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Western shirt and flannel slacks

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Sanger Bros., Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.—John W. Thomas Co.
New Haven, Conn.—Hamilton & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Manufacturer: Louis Geiger, Inc.
1384 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Photoplay's Re-switchable Hat

Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Halle Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Manufacturer: Betmar Hats, Inc.
1 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

All gloves by Wear Right

(If no store in your vicinity is listed above, we suggest that you write to the manufacturer for further information on these fashions)

The Demand For

Photoplay

each month is for at least 800,000 COPIES MORE than the paper shortage permits us to print.

Consequently to insure getting your copy regularly, we suggest that you place a standing order with your newsdealer. He will be glad to obliges and you will be sure of your copy each month.

The December issue will be on sale NOVEMBER 16 or as soon thereafter as transportation permits.
Lilli Ann's Star of Russia—shines upon the path of romantic elegance leading to your Lilli Ann Silhouette. Majestic tunic-coat enhanced by full push-up sleeves of Bombay lamb over a slim skirt. At finer stores throughout the country.

LILLI ANN—973 MARKET STREET. SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIFORNIA
On August 9 our President said: "Unless we do what we can to help, we may lose this winter what we won at such terrible cost last spring . . . If we let Europe go cold and hungry, we may lose some of the foundations of order on which the hope for world peace must rest."

Last year 40,000,000 Americans donated $250,000,000 for home front and our allies' needs. This year it is doubly important to give again.

Already USO and USO-Camp Shows have been asked by the Military to continue their programs for our service men and women—until demobilization is an actuality.

United Seamen's Service must keep up services vital to the well-being of our merchant seamen. Theirs was an important job in overseas delivery of our men and war materials—now they must not only bring them back but continue to supply our armies of occupation . . . These are only two of the many urgent needs.

Here are the 19 agencies which you support when you give for the National War Fund through your community war fund:

- USO (United Service Organizations)
- United Seaman's Service
- War Prisoners Aid
- Philippine War Relief
- Belgian War Relief Society
- United China Relief
- American Relief for Czechoslovakia
- American Relief for France
- Greek War Relief Association
- American Relief for Holland
- American Relief for Italy
- United Lithuanian Relief Fund
- Friends of Luxembourg
- American Relief for Norway
- Police War Relief
- United Yugoslav Relief Fund
- American Field Service
- Refugee Relief Trustees
- U. S. Committee for the care of European Children

Your pennies helped win the war—now let them help seal the peace.
Standby... for action

leave it to your crowd to know all the best things to do... like traveling via pony express for the fun of it... and wearing only perfectly perfect sweaters like these marvelous Jantzen classics tailored the wonderful Jantzen way in pure soft-as-snow virgin wools, heavenly and actually sirenish colors...

at most stores... but like all good things, not yet enough for everybody.
Bernie, as his family and friends know him—he was Bernard Zaneville before Hollywood's professional name-changers got hold of him—isn't by previous screen standards good looking. It's his personality, not his looks, that counts.

As a kid he majored in sandlot baseball and eventually played pro-baseball. He was pretty handy with the gloves, too, and at eighteen entered the New York Daily News' famous Golden Gloves tournament but was eliminated. Later he did quite a lot of professional boxing and used to hire out as a sparring partner for five dollars a day.

It was his athlete's build, incidentally, which was to set his feet on the pathway to Hollywood, by a most curious and roundabout way.

Zaneville père was determined that his younger son—Bernie has a brother and a sister—should become a lawyer. Faithfully Bernie attended Cornell University law school and afterward St. John's University Law School in Brooklyn, where he got his degree. But certainly the middle of the depression was no time for a fledgling lawyer to hang out a shingle of his own.

"My family was in no position to keep me," he told me, "and I guess I was too independent for that anyway. It was a tossup between going to work or starving, so I took anything and everything that came along. I was a soda jerker for a while and then I got a job as a loan collection agent. That I couldn't take; there was too much human agony involved. Once I joined a construction gang that was working on the Merritt Parkway and I guess that was where my theatrical ambition was born."

He chuckled reminiscently. "I was wielding a pickaxe and thinking to myself that surely there must be an easier way of making a living than this when my eyes happened to light on a roadway sign. It was a huge billboard advertisement of some Hollywood movie—I don't remember just what—showing a handsome hero embracing a beautiful movie star. That's what I said to myself, 'Is for me.'"

"No; I didn't jump right into show business from there. Like everything else that's happened to me, it had to be done the hard way. Some time after that I answered an agency ad and got a job posing for a sculptor. Through this connection I came to meet quite a few artists, writers and actors and got myself invited to some of their studio parties—not for the society but for the food. In fact, I thought most of the actors were insufferable hams. One, I remember, never stopped acting and at the drop of a hat would give a 'reading' of some part he was about to play. On one occasion he asked me what I thought of his interpretation. I said I thought it stunk. He retorted that if I thought acting was so easy, why didn't I try it myself."

"This challenge was too much for my vanity. By a series of flukes I got the first job I went after, then lost it because the star wanted his son to have the part.
"That made me mad. I determined to become an actor, if only to prove to myself that I could be. First came several bits in small theater organizations. Then I stepped into good roles in hits that had been running a long time on Broadway—'Of Mice And Men,' 'Stage Door' and 'Golden Boy'—but never creating a role in a new play. They always told me that they needed a 'name' for that. So I decided that I had better go out and get a name for myself and the quickest way to do that was to become known on the screen.

"Incidentally, it was after my dad saw me in 'Golden Boy' that he decided maybe it was okay for me to become an actor. He'd been bitterly disappointed that I hadn't followed up law and hadn't spoken to me for about a year. After seeing 'Golden Boy' he came backstage and said he'd give his blessing if I was going to be a good actor—and he thought I was."

But getting to Hollywood, Bernie discovered, wasn't so easy, without a contract or, failing that, plenty of cash. So he turned to radio as the quickest means of making a stake. That, too, took a bit of doing, but by the expedient of writing radio scripts with a fat part in each for himself, he managed to amass a sizable chunk of legal tender.

"That was how I got to Hollywood. No one helped me get there and nobody helped me after I got there. That is, no one until I met Mark Hellinger, who gave me my biggest boost to success when he proposed me for a role in 'Action In The North Atlantic' with Humphrey Bogart.

"Bogart, incidentally, gave me my professional screen name. It seems to be a Hollywood fashion to get a new moniker for every new actor or actress. I had already had some success under my real name, Bernard Zaneville, and was listed that way on the first publicity releases that went out on 'Action.' In the middle of shooting, they decided I needed a new name and started experimenting. First it was Zane Clark—I don't remember just who dreamed up the 'Clark' end of it—then Dan Clark, then Dean Clark. Bogart

Dane Clark who is an electric shaver

DIANA brings out the goddess in you

Learn just how lovely your figure can be with your waist scooped in...your hips whittled away...your proportions more perfect than ever. And confident that your curves are under control, you can enjoy the plant, unhamperey comfort of the Diana Panty Girdle. You can be confident of your freshness, too, when you wear DIANA, the panty girdle with the detachable crotch that you can whisk out and wash like a hanky.

There is a Diana Girdle for every figure type. Whether you prefer a regular girdle or a panty girdle...you'll prefer a Diana.

DIANA Brassieres, made of fine rayon satin; A, B and C cups $1.50

Send for our free, illustrated booklet PH-1
Laura Lee Original
for smart Juniors

Laura Lee's mid-winter breath of Spring. A two-piece with contrasting top of Rayon Butcher Lyn... skirt of Rayon Crepe.
Junior Sizes 9 to 15. About $13.00.


A DIRECT question about his marriage flushed out a little more information on that subject. "I wanted my personal affairs to be my own, but that's not how it works in show business. But it's okay with my wife because she used to be in show business, herself—another branch of... She was a concert pianist named Margot Yoder. There was quite a conflict of egos when we first met. As a matter of fact, we started right out with a brawl that ended, surprisingly enough, in mutual respect for each other. That developed into a beautiful friendship and then we found we were in love."

"And what are your hopes for the future?" I asked.

Dane pondered this a moment before answering.

"I can't think of anything I'd rather be associated with than the movies, in one form or another, and I'd like to go right on acting as long as I can. But I believe everyone should have two strings to his bow, so I've started writing for the screen too. In fact, I already have a couple of scripts that are knocking on the studio doors."

"The thing that gives me the biggest kick right now is that people remember me on the screen not so much for myself as for the roles I've played. The studio gets fan mail addressed to The Polish Boy in 'Action In The North Atlantic,' or 'The Greek Boy' in 'Destination Tokyo,' or just to Mr. Fix-It in 'The Very Thought Of You,' or The Sergeant in 'Hollywood Canteen.'"

And there is your new Hollywood hero. Not a screen idol set apart from his public, but one of them. A cross section of humanity, or, as he might put it himself, just a lug.

THE END
Deanna—with Variations

(Continued from page 58) She has no favorite perfume, but will use those that are given to her.

On business affairs she has a determination which edges on stubbornness. That trait reached its climax when she paid the price of a suspension for a voice in the selection of her screen stories and their making.

However, she is fair and once she starts work on a venture she will go through with it. She is seldom satisfied with her work and always believes it could be better.

She has no trouble about stories now, for her producer is her husband. He has great confidence in her instinct and judgment. They discuss the picture she will make, both selecting the story. That is how her latest, “Lady On A Train,” a comedy-mystery, came to be made. They both believe there should be variety in the type pictures she appears in. They get along well, for they have great respect for each other.

She observes fairly strict rules of courtesy, writes “thank you” notes on the slightest occasion and expects others to do likewise. Her pet aversion is impolite people.

She has moved out of the house she built in Brentwood and moved into Felix Jackson’s house. She is gradually furnishing this house. There is a piano in the living room which Jackson plays, for he is an accomplished musician. They have a select group of friends and often have them over to the house. When at home together, he will often play the piano and she will sing.

She is becoming more domestic. To show how she has changed, there is this incident when she was married to Vaughn Paul. They were living in a rented apartment and she arrived home early one day because she wanted to iron a certain frock to wear at dinner. She placed a bath mat on the dining-room table and tried to press the dress on it. When Vaughn came in, he merely walked to the kitchen and pulled down the built-in ironing board. She was genuinely surprised.

She doesn’t cook very well, but she does whip up the meal on the housekeeper’s day out. “Believe it or not,” she’ll be quick to tell you, “I like to wash dishes. Really and truly I do.”

Her large collection of phonograph records both classical and swing, also contains recordings of the musical scores from her pictures.

For exercise she often plays records and dances the czardas all by herself in her living room.

She uses up a lot of energy, so she likes to eat in a big way. When she was growing up, she used to eat a steak for lunch every day. That was when you could get a steak every day. Now she has a sandwich or a salad, a glass of milk and sometimes a chocolate sundae. Her favorite dish, however, is a hamburger.

At noon time she eats lunch at the Universal commissary, at the same table every day, with the same gang. The group play an alphabet game to see who pays the check. She loses so often they call her “Free Lunch Charlie.”

Her wardrobe is practical and conventional. Clothes are more of a business stock-in-trade with her than a personal luxury. “You have to have more clothes in this business because you’re photographed often,” she remarked. She is a neat person.

She smokes occasionally. Every now and then she decides to quit smoking and she

Q. How do some girls attract kisses?
A. Their skin is like satin—so smooth.
Q. Just my luck—I have dry skin.
A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream is just made to help you.

This 1 Cream does the work of 4 creams
Fills your skin’s daily beauty-needs fully—like a “treatment.” For all types of skin. Wards off threats of dry skin. How simple! Just use Jergens Face Cream—but regularly—

1. for Cleansing 2. for Softening 3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream
Thrilling—how dry-skin lines smooth away. This is a skin scientists’ cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion, 10¢ to $1.25 a jar (plus tax). Plenty of other girls thank Jergens Face Cream for inviting-smooth skin. Use this new cream, yourself. The only cream you need.

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
Two-Way Stretch...with Lastex

Trims, slims and streamlines your figure with sublime comfort.
Raschel Knit, fashioned to fit ... won't run, roll or creep up. Coming... as soon as Lastex is available.

Real Form
GANDER OF GRACE
355 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1

The First Name in Blouses

Ann Wynn

... For the eternally feminine,
Ann Wynn’s daintily sheer Celanese Rayon Chifonese blouse with simulated pearl buttons and a bow that’s like an angel’s wings - seraphically scalloped and embroidered. Apple Blossom Pink, Lotus Green and Opaline Yellow for the winsome... Candlewood Red or Black for the dramatic.
and Ivory White for all!

$4.00

At your favorite store, or write
ANN WYNN
1370 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18

She is now back to cigarettes. She takes a drink and here her taste varies. She may go for champagne and drink nothing but that with her dinner, or it may be stingers. It depends entirely on her mood.

She is proud of the fact that she was a favorite with the men in service and that her pictures have been too.

She takes her singing seriously, and once when a role in a picture called for her to sing badly, she refused, "I won't do it," she said. "I won't. People will think I sing badly." She never forgets the lyric of a song, even in foreign languages she cannot speak. She likes to sing. It isn't work for her.

Her bedroom is a compromise between femininity and masculinity. She believes the bedroom should please not only herself but her husband. She likes a fireplace in a bedroom. During the winter, she lights a fire before going to bed. When she retires, winter or summer, she opens all the windows. She usually sits in a rocker in front of the fireplace and reads before going to bed—mainly the best sellers. She sleeps in an over-sized canopy bed and she always wears a nightgown.

She always takes a cold shower every morning.

She sings in the shower, except on those days when she will have to sing at the studio.

She likes pictures. She likes to work in them and to see them. She goes to the movies often. She is a movie fan. Often, after seeing an actor give a fine performance, she will say to Jackson, "I like him. I wish he would be my leading man."

And sometimes that actor becomes her leading man in a picture.

Once, after a strenuous day at the studio, someone asked her if she didn't ever get fed up with picture making. "Of course, not," she replied. "After all, if it weren't for this business, where would I be? Behind a ribbon counter maybe, and then I would be unhappy."

The End
Color Harmony Shades

...for BLONDES  BRUNETTES

EMPHASIZE the attractive beauty of your type with your color harmony shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder, and note how...

...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
...it clings perfectly...really stays on

Share with the screen stars the luxury of this original make-up creation...try your color harmony shades of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...$1.00
Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth—
**Pepsodent** tooth paste with **Irium** removes the film that makes your teeth look dull.

Use Pepsodent twice a day, see your dentist twice a year.
The Miracle of Kathryn and Johnny

(Continued from page 29) to the hell of Guam, Saipan, two Jima and other spots in the South Pacific!

Comes now a "cut" (as they say in the movie scripts) of two and eighteen years—years in which only Kathryn and John know what happened—and that is the story I want to tell you, just as Kathryn told it to me.

She knew I wanted to talk to her about the new, shining happiness she and John have found when she came to my house just a few days ago. She had just come from the studio and her hair was tied up in a silk handkerchief. She isn't a great beauty, this girl who is so new movie heights in the hit, "Anchors Aweigh." But she has the healthy glow of youth—and something new, the loneliness that shines through a new-found happiness.

"Yes, we are diviney happy. After four years of marriage I can say it—and mean it—John and I have found ourselves and what we mean to one another.

"It seems funny to say this after four years—but I feel like a bride. We've just bought a home and are busy furnishing it.

"Now that he is home, we are going through all the thrills and excitement of our plans that usually happen to two people in the first year of a marriage. When I talk about John now I know I sound like a brand new bride talking about the happy groom. Things just spill out. I feel like stopping strangers to tell them that he has been decorated and honored by his country and that somehow and in some way through the hell of two Jima and Guam he has come back to me—not the restless boy I sent away—but a man I'm proud I married."

I asked, "What happened, Kathryn, to bring about this big change in you?"

"I believe the very thing that parted many couples brought us closer together," she answered promptly. "I mean the long separation in which we both had time to think and to grow up from spoiled kids to a man and woman. I mean, a man and a woman inside.

"We both realized in those two long, anxious years that we loved one another very much and that our battles were silly and that separation was what John was blamed too much for our misunderstandings. I was equally to blame.

"You see, I am one of four children at home and we all used to try to get ahead of the other. When I married, I wanted to be boss. I was spoiled from having my own way at home. Like any man in the world who is worth his salt, John felt he should wear the trousers and the result of our clashing personalities was one big fight after the other. It was awful. And then, twice, during those unhappy days I lost expected babies."

KATHRYN, who was only nineteen years old when she eloped with John, was under the double stress of physical illness and mental strain.

"I wanted a baby so much," she went on, "and then to miss motherhood twice was almost more than I could take. John was bitterly disappointed, too, but somehow our mutual sorrow did not bring us closer. It was just one more thing seemingly all wrong with our marriage. I took to spending more and more time with my sister and my two brothers who have children.

"I was in New York and working and I had not had a rest in months at the time I lost my last baby. My health was very bad— and I know I was difficult and hard to get along with.

"What about John?" I pressed on.

"Wasn't he pretty spoiled, too?"

"He is an only child," Kathryn replied with a little smile. "Aren't they usually spoiled? He was very young—and even though a boy and a girl may be nearly the same age—a man is always younger, isn't he?"

"As I look back now I think I was mostly to blame. I never made the slightest effort to understand John or his problems, I was so wrapped up in my own. When he went into the service, I almost felt relief. We could be parted—separated from the unhappiness we were bringing one another. But then when I learned that he was going overseas—and then that he had gone—something happened."

"As I learned that he was going overseas—and then that he had gone—something happened."

"I thought, 'What have I done? What have I done to his happiness and mine? Not had a rest in months at the time I lost my last baby. My health was very bad—and I know I was difficult and hard to get along with.

"I had no desire to go out with any other man and except old family friends of mine—people who knew John as well as I did and who would talk about him with me. Of course, I wrote to him—trying to express in letters what I was..."
beginning to know was the truth—that I loved him very much.
And as his letters came back I knew a change was coming to him, too—the same awakening and realization that was happening to me.

And that is what the war did to John Shelton! It took a youth—and returned a man! He was a fine soldier—his record is splendid. He immediately won the respect of his superiors and he was very brave and extremely popular with the men under him. All the innate finesse that was in his nature asserted itself—literally under fire.

"I know now," Kathryn told me, "we won't ever fight again to the point of separation, and if we have any of the usual arguments that come to all married people I won't run to a lawyer and ask for a divorce.

"I won't say we will never quarrel again," she laughed. "Why, just the other night we had a big tiff over whether the organ should be in the hall or in the living room. I thought that it looked terrible in the front foyer. Then John said to me, 'You are a singer and you should have a musical instrument in every room in your house.' We both had to laugh then."

John, who was a young actor at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios when he and Kathryn married, now wants to become a director. He is not especially interested in the acting end any more, Kathryn told me.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if he could direct me in a picture!" she enthused. "I'd like that best of all—and so would he."

When Kathryn first came to M-G-M at sixteen she was studying for grand opera. She didn't particularly want to go into pictures but Louis B. Mayer was so kind to her—brought her to the lot, sent her to school and helped her complete her studies—that she stayed on even when her heart was in her music. It was only just at first that she wasn't interested in being a movie star. Her big personal success in "As Thousands Cheer," and more recently in "Anchors Aweigh!" has given her different ideas and she loves the screen and her career.

"It isn't that I don't do opera some day," she said. "I work very hard and practice every day of my life. My teacher, Polo Morabito, has been invited to be a conductor at the famous La Scala Opera House in Milan and he wants me to go over for a short season. I hope the studio will let me because I know it would help my career."

Of course, when you have written about movie players as long as I have, one grows a little cynical. You might ask me, "Do you think when John gets into civilian clothes and with Kathryn still the star in the set-up, that they will start bickering again?"

My answer is—I honestly do not! I believe both of them have grown up. Kathryn and Johnny have solved their problems the hard way—but the right way.
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 64) We were married when Lanny enlisted. I was a senior in high school, and Lanny was in law school. Fifteen days later Lanny went to the South Pacific for three years. I had chances to go out, but turned them down. I felt that if Lanny was dodging lead, that was the least I could do. I put his allotment checks in the bank and I added to that sum with my own earnings whenever possible.

When Lanny was released, medically, and came home, we found that each of us had changed. We simply said to each other, "We'll have to make adjustments. We'll have to work at understanding each other." And we did. I loved him and he loved me and we were determined to make something fine of our marriage.

Lanny limps—and his left hand is almost useless, but he will get his law degree soon (because of that bank account).

It has been hard for both of us, but our philosophy for happiness is age-old: We make allowances. We have based our marriage on love, hopes and plans and on working very hard on them all.

We had every possible opportunity to break up, yet we have come through with a lasting grip on contentment and the vision of a wonderful future. So you see, Miss Colbert, we know that it can be done. Adele and Lanny J.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. J:

Thank you so very, very much for your letter. I know that it must seem to readers of this column that wretchedness is the normal way of life. Letters like yours restore the sense of balance. I'm certain that your love story could be duplicated throughout America by thousands of couples if they would put the same intelligence and fair-mindedness to work on their problems.

Congratulations!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ever since 1936, I have been slightly deaf, but last August my mother bought me a hearing aid. It has helped tremendously and my school work improved at once—also my speech.

Yet, for some reason, my schoolmates don't seem to like me. I'm nice to them and I treat my girl friends every Friday after school because that is the day I receive my allowance. I'm on the basketball team, but the other players never speak to me except when necessary.

Is there any way for a person who is hard of hearing to start a career? My ambition has always been to be a nurse.

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 4, 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.

frolic

...by CHERAMY

Here is a perfume after your own heart...a joyously fresh, light fragrance with a world of appeal in each precious drop. And...Frolic lasts...repeating its bright charm, over and over!

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50c.

(Plus tax)
Dear Miss S:

Don't let the ignorance of unknowing classmates make you unhappy. Odd as it may seem, there are still well-intentioned people in the world who have a superstitious awe of a human being who is even slightly different from themselves. You will simply have to be tolerant.

If you are relaxed, friendly, pleasant and devoid of a pushing eagerness, you will find that, gradually, you will attract your own circle of friends. You will discover, I think, that the instant you settle down and stop trying too hard all sorts of good things will come to you.

As for your choice of a career: Don't let the wearing of a hearing device make the slightest difference in your selection. Prepare yourself to do the thing for which you feel you have the greatest aptitude. You have, I know, read of many famous people who have overcome such handicaps.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty, and my husband (who has been overseas twenty-one months) is thirty. When we married I told myself that the difference in our ages and our background would make no difference, but I had been brought up in the northwest, my husband in the south. I promised him, when he went overseas, that I would live with his people. I remained down there three months, then came home. I didn't understand the South and my husband's people didn't understand or respect me. I took a job, which infuriated my husband, as he is very jealous. He had made an allotment of $100 per month to me, and insisted that there was no reason for my working and being in the same office with other men. I answered that, this way, I could save the allotment every month so that we'd have a grand start when he came home. That seemed to placate him.

Well, at the end of about fifteen months my widowed mother became ill and had to have an operation, so I paid the bills. I had the money, so it was the right thing for me to do. Then my brother got a letter from overseas. He was in a hospital in California so I sent him the money to come home. I may sound like the family goat, but our family has always shared.

Two weeks ago I received a letter from my husband saying that we must now have around two thousand dollars saved up and I am just sick. What am I going to tell him? How am I going to make him understand what has been done with the money?

Angiera N.

Deer Mrs. N.:

The source of your difficulties is clearly stated in your letter in one sentence: "I had the money, so it was the right thing for me to do." It is true that the money was in your possession, but it is equally true that the money belonged as much to your husband as it did to you. You took a job against his wishes, with the understanding that you were planning to save his allotment. When your mother fell ill, you should have said nothing to your husband, and made arrangements to attend to her doctor and hospital bills on a monthly basis out of your own earnings; or, you should have written to your husband, asking his permission to use the bank account for that purpose.

As to the question of your sending money to your brother, the government attends to transportation expense for a...
Dear Miss Colbert:
I have been married many years and have four fine children. I am accustomed to solving my own problems, but here is one that baffles me.

My husband’s sister is an ill-mannered, cruel and out-spoken woman. She is a frequent visitor in our home; for some reason she has taken a dislike to one of our daughters, a girl of fourteen. When my sister-in-law visits us she criticizes this girl, comments upon her as if she were an animal, and—in general—makes the child uneasy and ill for days afterward.

Unfortunately, this woman is my husband’s favorite sister and she sides with her against the rest of us. He finds her cruelty funny.

A recent remark made by this woman about my daughter had to do with physical development; it was a risque, unpleasant comment and it was made in the presence of a man we had just met and his fifteen-year-old son. My daughter was sick with humiliation.

How can I get rid of this woman as a frequent guest without antagonizing my husband unduly?

Mrs. Stafford C.

Dear Mrs. C:
You have my sincere sympathy. If there is one person who incites me to murder, it is the unfunny individual whose stock of humor consists of ridicule, practical jokes, or jibes at those too well-mannered to get them upset by similar tactics. I know that I would enjoy being able to advise you to order this woman out of your home. Obviously, that would only create serious trouble between yourself and your husband.

Try this solution: Whenever you know that your sister-in-law is going to call, couldn’t you allow your daughter to visit one of her girl friends and then remain away as long as her aunt is in the house? Make it seem very casual and natural; don’t let anyone know what you are doing, but just keep the two apart. In case the aunt should drop in unexpectedly, you and your daughter could have an understanding that she would simply vanish.

It seems cowardly to be a fugitive from one’s own home, but sometimes—to avoid strife—discretion is much the better part of valor. I wish you would keep me informed about your situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
Thirteen months ago I fell deeply in love with the older brother of one of my best girl friends. After two months’ courtship, we were married with the approval of his parents and mine. Everything pointed to a happy life for us.

Six months ago I had a visit from a girl who claimed she was going to have a baby by my husband. He admitted that it was the truth and explained everything; there is no point in going into the sordid details here.

This girl and my husband both say that they have no love, not even liking for each other. But my husband wants me to take this baby and bring it up as my own and the girl has begged me to agree.

---

PAULA STONE, Actress and popular radio star, says:

"I think Arrid deodorant is just wonderful. It saves your clothes from under-arm perspiration stains and preserves your daintiness and freshness. If you want to stop under-arm perspiration troubles, take my advice and try Arrid."

NEW: A CREAM DEODORANT which SAFELY
STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

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

39¢<sup>+</sup> per tin
(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
My mother thinks I should wash my hands of the entire affair and start life again; as I am only nineteen, she says there is much joy in the world for me. But I am still deeply in love with my husband. It makes me blind with jealousy to think that some other girl is having his baby.

Would you get a divorce, or would you take this baby and make the best of it?

Mrs. James H.

---

Dear Mrs. James H:

I know that your faith in your husband has been shattered and I am of the general opinion that, were the cases reversed, he would probably be in favor of divorcing you. Men frequently expect to be forgiven for an act they themselves could not forgive.

In this case, however, I think the welfare of that baby should come first.

It seems to me that your mother has a mistaken viewpoint in advising you to divorce your husband and wash your hands of the entire affair, considering that your husband wants nothing to do with this other girl and that you are still deeply in love with him. Couldn’t you take the child and bring it up as your own? Children are individuals; sometimes they seem to resemble their parents in very few respects so you need have no fear of finding too deeply entrenched the personality of the child’s mother.

If given your full love and care, the child will love you as its own mother. You will have saved a desperate situation, given an innocent youngster a fair chance in the world and have won its love for yourself.

Claudette Colbert

---

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a sister three years younger than myself; she is now twenty. She doesn’t have a friend to her name and never did have. She hates people, thinking that there is no one who is her equal.

She quit high school in her third year because she said she was sick of her schoolmates. She loafed for a year, then asked me to get a job for her in the same office where I worked. After a year at this, she quit, saying that she couldn’t endure the people with whom she had to work. As soon as I took a war job at much better pay, my mother forced me to get my sister a job also. By this time I began to get fairly weary of spending all my time with my critical sister.

I’m married and only living at home until my husband who is still overseas comes home. I have never gone, even to a movie, with another man. I have had a charming girl friend with whom I’ve gone swimming on Sunday or with whom I have dinner once or twice a week.

My mother has made such a fuss that it is an ordeal for me to come home afterward. She says, “My single girl doesn’t go out, so why should you! You’re married. You should associate with your own sister or no one.”

It isn’t that I don’t love my mother and my sister. It’s just that they won’t understand how I feel. For a few nice friends and for amusement for which I pay. I’m getting fed up and I wondered whether you have any ideas on this sort of a family-life predicament.

Greta T.

---

Dear Mrs. T:

Seldom a day goes by without a letter somewhat similar to yours appearing in the mail. In many families, it would seem, no two sisters are alike in ability, in degree of adaptation, or in self-reliance. I think it might be wise, in the case of your sister, to consult a psychiatrist. Her frame of mind is not healthy.
Since you are married, and since your remaining with your mother and sister is a temporary arrangement anyway—to be terminated when your husband returns to civilian life—why don’t you secure a room somewhere, or an apartment if such is available?

You will, of course, encounter great antagonism when you suggest this change, but if you are firm but pleasant about it, you will be able to make the move with a minimum of argument. Although you did not mention finances, I assume that you and your sister take care of your mother. You should continue to bear half of the expense, of course; but your sister should be compelled to carry half of the burden, too.

Most assuredly you are entitled to your own girl friends, and I’m certain that—when you write to your husband—he is happy to know how you amuse yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married when I was seventeen and my husband was twenty. Our baby is now three years old and is the image of his daddy. I am twenty-one now, and realize that I was never in love with my husband; we were just youngsters, with no mental or emotional basis for marriage.

Perhaps this would not have mattered if I had never met a man who really attracted me, a man with whom I am desperately in love. The horrible part of it is that this man is my husband’s brother.

My husband is now overseas in a hospital. He was wounded and is being invalided back to our home. My husband’s brother is married and has two children. Since I have been a war widow, he has been wonderful to me, occasionally taking me dancing or out for lunch. He married his wife for spite, he tells me, and never loved her any more than I ever really loved my husband.

With my husband coming home, I have some decisions to make. His father and mother heard about the brother and me and wrote to my husband, but he wrote to me saying that he didn’t believe a word of it, adding that we could iron out our differences when he came home. He said he would never divorce me, no matter what.

What do you think about this awful situation?

Clella L.

Dear Mrs. L:

I agree with you that you have presented me with an “awful situation.” It would really take a Solomon to answer this and provide happiness for everyone concerned.

Pure, unalloyed justice would require that you remain with your husband, whose health has been damaged by his fight to insure your safety. I feel that, if there is nobility in your marriage, you will see your responsibility, stick with your husband and child and forget your brother-in-law.

However, if you aren’t able to remain your husband’s wife with good grace and sincere effort, I think you should move to some distant city. Certainly you shouldn’t continue to see your brother-in-law and you shouldn’t contemplate marriage to him. It is quite enough that you break your husband’s heart and disillusion every member of your family, without breaking up your brother-in-law’s home and depriving his two children of his presence.

I know this is rugged advice but I’m convinced that it is honest.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two and have a sister, three years old. My husband was a soldier when
I met and married him. The war broke out a year after our marriage and he was sent to another state. I went to see him twice, but couldn’t remain because of the lack of living quarters and the fact that my baby was due. My son and I received our allotment, so I rented a house and bought furniture. I had it paid for in eleven months, so you know that I scrimped to insure a future for us.

After my husband was sent overseas, he wrote less and less regularly. Finally my allowance stopped with the explanation that my husband had married again. Broken-hearted, I went to the Red Cross and told them the whole story. They loaned me money on which to live until the mess was straightened out; I received several letters from the mother of this other girl and she seems to be a nice person. My husband represented himself to be a single man and married this girl. Then he agreed to pay for her annulment.

I am now getting my allotment again, and my husband is writing me sweetheart letters. He has asked me not to correspond with the family of his almost-wife because, he says, they are frauds and liars. He says that when he comes home he will be able to explain everything and that he wants to settle down with our boy and me.

Mrs. Colbert, how can I ever have faith in him again? Do you think that for my son’s sake I should try to make a go of this marriage, or would I be better off to strike out for myself?

Mrs. Curvin B.

Dear Mrs. B:

At the present time you are in no position to make a decision. I’m afraid, so I think you should fret as little as possible about the situation.

One thing to remember is this: Men in service have been subjected to all manner of confusion, stress, strain, loneliness and—in many cases—to frightful physical danger. At such times, home seems very far away to some men, and they live for the moment—not for the future.

Wouldn’t it be better for you to wait until your husband comes home, and you can listen to the explanation he has promised you, before determining what your next action should be?

You have written that you will never be able to have faith in him again. Yet, wouldn’t it be possible for you to look upon his serious mistake as if it had been an illness? When a person has a bad case of chickenpox, there is no denying the disease, but once he has recovered he is immune from further attack. Sometimes a man must learn for himself how utterly unattractive an affair can be, before he is immune to blandishments, and ready to be a good husband.

Claudette Colbert

Now is your chance
to collect some tips from MEN on how they like to see you dress!

There’ll be six men stars with their startling preferences in feminine attire in Photoplay Next month
Because You're Brave Enough

(Continued from page 53) away and said, his voice bitter, "Yeah, I suppose I can peddle pencils."

Here again, the handicapped helped me, for I used the most valiant among them as spur to his lagging courage when I said, "Other men who have lost their sight have done better than that. Much better."

Then I reminded him of Alec Templeton who, though blind, is an accomplished musician, one of the great entertainers of stage and radio and is, in addition, a buoyant and charming personality.

I reminded him of Helen Keller who, though blind, deaf and mute, has lived a crowded and rewarding life.

I reminded him of the blind poet Milton. I said, "It seems to me to add up to this: That among those who have handicaps, as among those who have not, there are the successes and the failures. Why not concentrate on the successful ones?"

As I made ready to leave, the young soldier smiled and said, "That's the stuff we need to hear! Thanks, Miss Young."

To remind the handicapped that they are not alone and that what others have done they can do too, I feel sure, the most valid inspiration we can give them.

We cannot give them pity. They do not want pity. And should not have it.

They deserve only admiration, for they have suffered because they have done something splendid. There should be an epic compensation in the knowledge that their pain is going for something.

Not that we should minimize the suffering of the handicapped! Of course it makes a difference to a man if he has lost a leg, two legs, an arm, both arms, his sight, or hearing, or has had facial injuries. At first, it makes all the difference. At first we must give him, and in fullest measure, tenderness, thoughtfulness, every prop and support we can devise.

Then as body, mind and spirit gradually mend, to remind him that he is young, that he is loved, that his misery is behind him and new avenues of action ahead of him down which he can walk, a normal man, capable of leading a normal life again is, it seems to me, the healing touch.

The handicapped want to be treated like normal men, resent it if they are not.

One soldier with whom I talked not long ago, said, disgustedly, "People stare at me as if I were the only fellow in the world who had lost a leg. If I were a monstrosity, I'd get a job in the circus. But I'm not a monstrosity, Miss Young. I'm just a soldier who lost his leg at Faid Pass, in Tunisia. I'm a normal man and I like to be treated as one."

That we do not always treat our handicapped like normal men and women handicaps them further—and sometimes, fatally, as our Army's Surgeon General, Major General Norman T. Kirk, emphasized when he asked me to pass his appeal to the public for greater thoughtfulness and consideration in their treatment of casualties:

"Modern surgery," he said, "is skillfully restoring these men. Prostheses are furnished to every man who has lost a leg or an arm and the men are taught how to use them. The scars of battle are being removed by extensive reconditioning programs in Medical Department hospitals. But all this effort is being seriously interfered with when disabled soldiers are singled out by the stares and prying questions of the public."

Yes, modern surgery is skillfully restoring these men . . . Surely the miracles of modern science do literally pass human understanding.

In a hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan,
I saw a young colored boy sitting in a dressing room, off the ward. From the eyes down, he had no face at all. Two eyes looking at you, were all you could see. Tubes inserted in his throat enabled him to eat and to breathe. But there was a smile on those eyes. Presently, I learned why. For when the doctor came in, he said, "Ah, Miss Young, I see you have met Joe. Believe it or not, Joe is going to be the handsomest thing you ever saw when we get through with him."

Later, I asked the doctor, "What are you going to do with Joe? What can you do?" "Make him a new face," the doctor said. "Not the same face he had before but a perfectly good face, just the same. In time," he added, "we may be able to build new nasal passages. When we do, Joe will be able to breathe and eat normally, too."

But whether surgery can make the handicapped whole again or not, there is no reason why deafness, loss of sight or loss of limbs should be the end of life for any person. A handicap can be, for those who are strong enough, a new beginning to life. To a different life, perhaps, than the one they had in mind before the war, or whatever may have caused their loss. But to, who knows, a better one.

Others have found the way:
And that they have found it and how they found it, and who they are, is what the handicapped need to hear about.

Not long ago, I talked with a young paratrooper who had lost his leg in North Africa. As I bent over his bed he was lying, listless, staring out of the window, his eyes as clean-washed of interest in life as two bits of blank, blue slate.

When he spoke, his first words were, "Did you know I had lost a leg?"

I said I did. I said it was a tragedy, no doubt about it. I said I supposed he would not, however, make it the most important thing in his life but would cast about for more constructive things to think about... a book to write, perhaps, a child to be born (his wife was expecting a baby), someone to make happy.

I added, "Others have: Franklin Delano Roosevelt was seriously crippled and became the President of the United States. "Lieutenant Ted Lawson lost his leg in the Doolittle flight over Tokyo—had some black hours, then wrote 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,' later rejoined his outfit and is now a Major. Herbert Marshall lost his leg during World War I, and although, being an actor, he needed to walk properly, he became one of the most active and attractive personalities in motion pictures."

I told him about another friend of mine—"I'll call her Anne."

Born deaf and mute Anne, at twenty, had both arms cut off in an accident in the factory where she worked. Now, in her so narrowly limited world she lives like—as a neighbor of hers describes it—"A little star in a warm and fleecy cloud." For her lovely disposition, her serene faith in her God, her shining spirit made everyone love her. And as love, so deserved, is a lovely thing to have, Anne is content. When I finished speaking, the boy had tears in his eyes. But his eyes, no longer blank, were smiling, as he said, "Thanks for telling me about your friends. A person with an affliction," he added, reflectively, "is inclined to relax and beef about his fate. Your friends didn't just moan, did they? They used their handicaps to make themselves more useful. Yeah, I see... Then he looked up at me with a bright, defy ing grin. "Guess I can find the way, too."

I said, "I am sure you can." I am sure he did.

Because he was brave enough...
Where's Kelly?

(Continued from page 56) house to be had.

But no! Gene refused to admit that. They moved briskly into the Hamilton Hotel; every morning Gene left for work at the U. S. Navy Photographic Science Laboratory and simultaneously Betsy left to begin a day of house-hunting. While

he labored over films and overseas plans, Betsy labored over want-ads, real estate agents—and tracking down the thousand and-one false leads given them by hopeful pals of Gene's in the Navy. But she came home every night with no news whatsoever.

Then would begin the second search of the day: The hunt for a meal! In Washington they found that the tale of restaurants with two-block-long queues of people waiting outside was not exaggerated either. By the time they had stood in line, finally eaten and staggered home again it was almost midnight and Betsy would tell Gene, "Navy life is killing me off—no matter how well you're weathering it, old boy!

"If you're going to be killed off, die near me," Gene would tell her, grinlessly. "I'd rather have you right here and hungry than comfortable and far out of sight!"

(This, from the man who swore he'd never get married—and who meant it until he met wholesome-looking blonde Betsy. To this day his advice to single friends is, "Never marry until you can't stand the idea of living without some one person. Then you're sunk and you might as well give in!"

The last straw in their exhausted hunt for a home came after the wild scramble had been on for two months, with no sign of a let-up. The telephone rang one midnight just after Gene and Betsy had triumphantly returned from hunting dinner, and Gene picked it up.

"Tis I!" shouted a cheerful voice at the other end. Gene almost dropped the telephone in his astonishment.

"Stanley Donen!" he shouted back, delighted. "Where are you—California? What gives?"

Then Betsy saw Gene's face do several rapid changes of expression, from delight to horror. He was listening to the news that Stanley (a handsome brown-eyed dance director who is Gene's best and oldest friend) was right here in Washington and planning on visiting them, beginning now!

"Fine, okay, come right up," he finally said in a die-away voice, and hung up limply. "We have a house guest. Too bad we haven't a house," he told Betsy feebly—and they were both still roaring with hysterical laughter as their surprised pal Stanley appeared in the doorway, complete with suitcase. P.S.—He disappeared again, complete with suitcase, and spent that first night in the lobby!

But once let in on their house-hunting (and dinner-hunting) problems, Stanley found himself a room and then dedicated his life to helping them out. He dedicated his nights to commiserating with them. One or two evenings a week they all ate well, because one of Gene's more fortunate friends would invite them all over for dinner—Collier Young, or Hugh McMillen, or Commander Gene Markey, or Bob Taplinger, all of whom Gene had known in Hollywood. Finally Stanley wrestled a house from Richard Carlson—though only for a few weeks. But that was enough for Stanley. Once he saw Gene and Betsy settled in its tidy brick front on "F" Street, N.W., he disappeared back to Hollywood like a streak of lightning. He'd had enough of the Kelly family's wartime problems.

B e L o v e y t o L o v e

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh

the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢.
A Star is Bathed!

(using mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, of course)

by BARBARA STANWYCK and DENNIS MORGAN

in the won-n-derful Warner Bros. movie “CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT”

* YOUR BABY may not be a movie star (yet?) but it’s just as important to you to keep his (or her) skin smooth and healthy! That’s why you’ll surely use mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil all over baby’s body daily. It’s the oil used by most hospitals... recommended by most doctors... bought by most mothers.* You’ll be delighted at how well Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation and many other skin troubles. Mennen-oiled babies smell so sweet, too!

*According to surveys

Your baby deserves the best—

MENNEN
Antiseptic
BABY OIL
50¢—$1
$2 Money-Saver size

Also, be sure to use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder to help keep baby’s skin dry and healthy. Super-smooth... new scent makes baby smell so sweet. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other powder.*
as upside down for the Kevelys as it had for thousands of others all over America. Betsy realized this the minute Gene disappeared into training at San Diego in his bell-bottom trousers—and she began sitting by the telephone in their suddenly empty house in Beverly Hills waiting for Gene’s calls.

Weekends became what weekends have been to most of America—a hasty telephone call from Gene: “Betsy, I’m getting weekend liberty. I’ll be riding up to town with Tennessee and some of the other guys.” Then Betsy would begin hurriedly phoning friends to come over that night. “Gene’s coming home,” she’d tell them—the Keenan Wynn, Maria Montez, the Richard Whorfs, the Hume Cronyns, the John Garfields, Ralph Blane, Stanley Donen, writers Norman Panama and Mel Frank. “We’ll be there at eight, sharp!” they’d all promise.

At seven, Gene would arrive on foot, after a three-mile walk from the street-corner where he’d been left off by the carload of sailors—but not the same Gene she was used to. This was a skinny, weary Gene who could barely grin at her on his way upstairs to snatch a quick nap before dinner. You know the rest. The guests all came—but the host never did! He was upstairs sleeping the sleep of the dead.

And at three in the morning his disappointed friends gave up their vigil and went home—still without a glimpse of the guest of honor!

Then Sunday would come. Sunday meant a rushed breakfast, with Gene’s watch on the table beside his coffee—cup a hasty romp with little Kerry—and then Betsy would drive him to some street corner and wave him goodbye as he disappeared in a carload of gobs, on the way back to San Diego.

ONE fateful weekend Betsy had saved up enough gas (by walking on her household errands for weeks) to drive Gene back to San Diego herself. At the last minute, Stanley Donen decided he’d better go along to be with Betsy for the long ride home again late that night. It was one of the coldest nights in California history, and the three of them were huddled in the gray convertible telling stories to get the fog-wrapped freezing night, when Gene suddenly looked up at the car’s top of the car and discovered a tiny slit in it.

“Easy,” he said. “We’ll tape it up in typical Navy style!” So, while Betsy held the tape, Gene went to work on the hole in the roof. Meanwhile Stanley kept the car parked on the side of the highway. But finally all was well. “Let’s go!” Gene said with the vigor of a Navy man who knows how to do things right. They went—and so did everything! With a shrieking “R-r-r-rip!” the entire top tore apart and for the rest of the icy ride the three rode gulously in a wide-open car festooned with clouds of fog! Gene was blue with cold when the ride was over, and Stanley and Betsy were blue with rage.

They rode home through the shivery dawn with many sour remarks passed on Gene’s ability as a road-fixer—Navy training or no Navy training!

But those weekend ducks into Hollywood ended for Gene with the end of his training at San Diego. Then he had to be stationed at Anacostia, just outside of Washington, D.C. Betsy soon followed, and behind them, in Hollywood, the Kevelys were missed by everyone—from Hollywood acting friends to the kids on the block who used to play softball with Gene every Sunday afternoon of their lives.

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER
Life for mothers is not too easy at best. Anything that lightens the job is good for both mother and child. That is one reason, I’m sure, that has contributed to the amazing increase in the use of prepared baby foods.

The Best-Known Baby

Food! I can hardly wait!

That’s the way baby feels about feeding time when mother serves Gerber’s! Your baby gets these four advantages in Gerber’s Strained Foods:
1. Cooked by steam to retain precious minerals and vitamins.
2. Uniform, smooth texture.
3. Extra good taste.
4. Every step laboratory-checked. Your baby will do well on Gerber’s—a trademark “America’s Best-Known Baby” on every package!

Special Cereals for Babies’ needs

Most babies need iron at three months or more after birth. Gerber’s Cereal Food and Gerber’s Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and B complex vitamins. Both cereals are extra tasty, both are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby’s feeding program with your doctor.

Gerber’s

Free sample: Gerber’s Cereal Food. 15 kinds of Strained Foods, 2 kinds of Chopped Foods, 2 special Baby Cereals.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. F11-5. Fremont, Michigan

Name: 

Address: 

City and State: 

107
Give your face and neck this
**COMPLETE ‘BEAUTY-LIFT’**
Treatment takes only 8 minutes

**Famous Homogenized Facial Helps Skin Appear**
**Firmer, Fresher, Smoother With Each Application—**

After the ravages of summer sun and wind—your skin deserves special attention. And you'll be delighted to learn that now, right at home, you can give yourself a remarkable 'beauty-lift' which works wonders for face and neck.

All you need is this one de luxe cream—Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—famous for its super-lubricating qualities.

**Directions So Easy! Results So Divine!**

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck. (Follow arrows in diagram.) Leave on about 8 minutes. Or overnight if you prefer.

Notice how Hopper's leaves your skin feeling so satiny-smooth. Notice how your skin appears firmer, so delicately textured with almost a baby-freshness.

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so active and lubricates the skin so expertly is because it's homogenized! Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely, natural skin beauty throughout the years. Also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. All cosmetic counters.

---

For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Help Loosen Blackheads

You'll find Hopper's White Clay Pack very effective for this purpose. It's also marvelous to help clear away ugly, faded, dried-up 'top skin' cells.

---

**Edna Wallace HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM**

For free advice on care of your skin write Beauty Consultant, Room 2204, Affiliated Products, Inc. 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

---

"Hollywood isn't the same," everyone agreed mournfully and gave themselves up to going without the Kellys for the duration and six.

But of course no one in Hollywood counted on mercurial Gene and his sudden impulses. Late one Saturday night, for instance, at exactly two A.M., Stanley Donen and his song-writer friend Sol Chaplin and Mrs. Chaplin were skimming along Sunset Boulevard, on their way to polish off the evening by going to a late nightspot named Dave's Blue Room.

As they sped along Stanley spied a sailor standing on a corner of Sunset with his duffel bag in hand. Right then and there Stanley did a double-take. "If I didn't know better," he said, craning out of the car at the diminishing figure of the sailor, "I'd swear that was the one—and-only Gene Kelly!"

"You know that couldn't be Gene—he's 3,000 miles away in Washington," the Chaplins hooted derisively.

"It sure looked like him," Stanley muttered. "It sure did." By this time the sailor had been left far behind . . . but not for long. A few minutes later he came into the night club, lugging his duffel bag, and his opening shout was, "Hi, gang!"

Of course, it was Gene himself, and he'd just hitchhiked a ride down to Dave's Blue Room.

He'd been given a five-day leave in Washington twenty-four hours before and he had instantly hitched a plane ride to Hollywood. He could only stay for two hysterical days—during which time he stayed at Stanley's house, went out on a fast visit to his old-time studio, and also managed to see his sick friend Keenan Wynn. Keenan was just back from the hospital after his motorcycle accident. He was on crutches and his teeth were so thoroughly wired into place that he could hardly talk. How did Gene make him feel at home?—by talking the same stiff-lipped way Keenan talked, without opening his mouth either.

Those two wild days in Hollywood convinced everyone of one thing: Hollywood can't do without Gene Kelly any more than can the public. And as soon as Gene's world is right-side-up again (along with the worlds of all of us), everyone wants to forget the question, "Where's Kelly?"— and be able to say, "Kelly's there!"

Tim Esn

---

**CROWNED IN COLOR—**

**Little Queen Bess!**

You'll find two pages of beautiful color pictures and the gay tender story of

**Elizabeth Taylor**

By Herb Howe

in December Photoplay
For the first time, the inspired artistry of lovely little Margaret O'Brien is available on phonograph records. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's beloved star tells "Two Stories for Children," with delightful musical accompaniment. Three full size records in a colorful album that will make a treasured gift. At your favorite record store . . . . . . . . $2.75*  

*PLUS TAX

The inspired artistry of lovely little Margaret O'Brien is available on phonograph records. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's beloved star tells "Two Stories for Children," with delightful musical accompaniment. Three full size records in a colorful album that will make a treasured gift. At your favorite record store . . . . . . . . $2.75*
We bet the lady never “touched” household Drudgery!

Housework can make your hands look like anything but a poet’s dream. Rough, red, older-looking than you are. So be sure to use Pacquins Hand Cream twice daily to help give your hands a “young-skin” look.

Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about ... how they keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 washings a day. Harder on hands than housework! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. Here’s the secret—it’s super-rich in what doctors call “humectant”—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!

Horseshoe Haymes

(Continued from page 62) in a French movie years ago, a tragedy in which he portrayed a neurotic little boy who hung himself. The tragic stigma hung over him during those first hectic Hollywood days when he worked in Western pictures as an extra and stunt man. “Whenever they wanted anybody to die young, they got me,” he says. He doubled on the chase scenes, took the falls and usually was the younger brother the bad men bumped off. His most dramatic problem was how to slump—whether forward, backward or just a simple semi-slump to the side.

He saw many of those old Westerns after he started singing, when he was going cross-country with the Harry James band. It was a standing gag if they stopped off in a little town like Humdurn, Iowa, or Two Forks, Oklahoma, for somebody to say, “What’ll we do to kill time?” And James would say resignedly, “Well, let’s go to a Western and see Haymes die again.”

Money in itself means very little to him. Which is why most of it that doesn’t go for taxes and War Bonds remains in the capable hands of his manager where it belongs. He’s grateful for money because it means a nice home for his pretty wife, Joanne, his three-year-old son Skipper, and baby daughter Pidge. It means a good stable for his thoroughbred Palomino named Pappy (after Bill). It means also that now he can give things to people as he couldn’t before. He has a passion for giving presents and is, in turn, touched deeply by any little thing somebody gives him. He loves especially giving Joanne gifts. They went without things so long that he more than makes up for it now.

SOMETIMES it takes a bit of finagling to make the money from Burton. The routine goes thus. When Joanne wants something, she mentions it to Dick, who works hard at selling it to his manager, who raves at him but thinks so much of him that he usually sneaks down himself and and has it sent out to her as a gift. One such gift recently was a beautiful pearl ring.

The other day even Burton, always prepared, was a little startled when he walked onto the set of “Kitten On The Keys” and the sound man in casual conversation remarked that Dick owed him $175.

“He owes you $175. Whatever for?” said Burton amazed.

It seems the sound man had a pair of pearl earrings which Dick bought “to go with the pearl ring.”

Bill asked Dick about it. “Yes, they go with the ring you gave Joanne that she likes so much,” said Richard, closing in quickly and selling fast.

So Bill gave the sound man a check. The next time he saw Joanne she was wearing the ring but no earrings. He asked her about them. “Oh,” she laughed, “I guess I’ll have to have holes drilled in my ears or something. Dick didn’t notice they’re the pierced kind.”

Because of his generosity, Haymes is a terrific touch for old pals and acquaintances who “knew him when.” If it weren’t for his manager he’d have been down to his last song long ago now. Whenever an old pal approaches him, if Dick has any cash in his pocket he digs, but since he usually hasn’t, he sometimes gives them his wrist watch saying, “Take this and see what you can raise on it.”

The case of the disappearing wrist watches, none of which cost less than $150, has gone on for some time, Dick having given away at least ten watches in the past two years.

Joanne shares Dick’s feeling for manager Bill and will (Continued on page 112)
Forty extra facets, blazing around the "equator" of each Multi-Facet Diamond. In all the history of diamond cutting, no other achievement has produced such beauty, such brilliance, such intensity of color.

Multi-Facet Diamonds look larger than they are. And the exclusive Multi-Facet feature helps prevent chipping.

Your jeweler has many exquisite designs in Multi-Facet Diamond Rings... including one perfectly attuned to your taste.

**Multi-Facet**

**DIAMOND SOLITAIRES**

DIAMOND CRAFT OF AMERICA • 551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. • FOUR GENERATIONS OF DIAMOND CUTTERS

*Pat. and Reg. in U. S. & Foreign Countries

---

In all the world

No Girl like You!

Two hearts, one glorious future. Since the world began, no two have been so perfectly attuned as you. And for the engagement ring that proclaims it to the world...
TUBLETs

Enjoy a unique bathing experience! A bath unusual... exotic! Try a TUBLET BATH. Sophistication yields instantly to its enchantment. You will be thrilled by the fragrance each Tubletk imparts to the bath, and the way it softens the water! Your skin will respond gratefully... it will feel so satin smooth and be so delicately perfumed. Just drop a single Tubletk in the hot water while you are drawing your bath... that's all...

At Cosmetic Counters everywhere, or write us.

Your choice of four exquisite fragrances:

(Continued from page 110) tell you, "He's the best fixer-upper in the world."

There was a time when he really felt like fixing them up. It was before he started managing Haymes, when Dick was singing with Tommy Dorsey's band and Burton was managing Jimmy Dorsey. They had adjoining apartments in the El Cadiz apartment court right off Hollywood Boulevard. Burton, who had just a nodding acquaintance with the Haymeses, was a little startled one evening to come home and find Skipper in a big basket in the middle of the living room, with a note pinned to the basket that said, "This is the Haymes baby. We'll pick him up right after the show."

They wanted to go to a movie and had nobody with whom to leave Skipper until Joanne remembered that Burton had a maid. "Why not leave him at the nice man's next door?" she said. And they did.

Skipper's room was smacked up against the wall of Burton's in the court and it seemed to "the nice man" that the baby would always wait until he went to sleep and then open up with all throttles at once. "Why don't they strangle the brat?" he asked himself more than one night. That was the extent of his acquaintance with them until Helen O'Connell talked him into managing Haymes. Now Bill is very fond of Skip and Skipper fairly adores his "Uncle Bill."

THE HAYMESES, who have weathered one slight eruption, are a happy hilarious combination that nobody in Hollywood would want to see broken up. They live in the San Fernando Valley in a lovely eight-room white colonial home, surrounded by a white wall banked by masses of red geraniums and spacious green lawns shaded by wide-spreadling walnut trees. A far cry from the rented room they had before Dick's horses started to work.

There's a swimming pool, a tennis court and a dark room built in spare moments by Dick and his stand-in. His four horses, including the prize Palomino, are kept in a stable four miles away. Which makes Dick a little unhappy. He wanted to buy the lot behind the tennis court and turn all of it into a stable—but it seems there's some restriction or something against it in our neighborhood."

His dog "Bonnie," a brown and white pointer, is a stray dog who was there when they took the place, but was so wild she ran whenever they came near. Somebody had given her an awful scare.

"I'm Like This!"

It's really something when a shy guy like GREGORY PECK breaks down and talks about himself!

But that's just what he does for you in a self-reflection story in December Photoplay!
The Haymeses put food out for her, but for three months she'd have nothing to do with them. Then about two o'clock one morning, Dick heard a wild yelp, an anguished cry from the dog. He jumped out of bed and ran out into the yard where Bonnie lay whimpering with a big gash in her leg, the victim of a dog fight. Dick carried her upstairs, bathed and cleaned the wound, and stayed up all night with her applying hot poultices on it every hour, Bonnie has refused to leave his side since.

Baby Pidge's name is Helen Joanne, but they say she doesn't look like a Helen yet. "Every girl I know by that name has a special Helen look about her," says Joanne. "Maybe she'll grow into it, but for the present she's just plain Pidge."

Skipper, whose real name is Richard Rothwell Haymes, really sends Dick after the aspirin. Dick nicknamed him Skipper after his favorite comic strip and the child does more than his best to live up to the name. Ask Dick if he looks like him and you'll get a pleased, "I'm afraid so." His wife says, "Skip is Dick." Certainly they have identical features, the same hair, eyes, tilted nose and grin.

He imitates Dick in everything he does. So nobody was surprised the other morning to find the three-year-old in the shower religiously "warming up." He was clearing his throat, throwing his little mouth from side to side and singing the scale like mad. "On key too," says his proud pop.

Skipper has watched his dad dress and survey himself in the mirror many times before going out. So the other day they found Skipper standing in front of the glass in his new suit, looking himself over admiringly, turning to look over one shoulder, then the other, saying, "Isn't he cute! Skipper's so cute! Isn't he cute!" Joanie grinned at her father.

"Don't look at me," said Dick, embarrassed. "I've never said that in my life!"

Bing Crosby is Dick's favorite singer. And though he usually just laughs it off when reporters try to put him on the spot about Sinatra, actually Frank and Dick have a great deal of respect for each other. They've known each other a long time, inasmuch as Dick replaced Sinatra when Frank left both the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands. At one time they roomed together during an engagement at the Capitol Theater in Washington when Frank was leaving Dorsey and Haymes was breaking in with the band.

He's portraying a crooner on the screen for the first time in his current Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Kitten On The Keys," in which he swoons Maureen O'Hara right and left. But of himself Dick says he's strictly not swooned stuff at all. "I guess I'm just not the type. I'm a farmer boy at heart."

His favorite role thus far is that of a farm boy in "State Fair." He loved that one because he got to wear overalls and mingle with the horses in the hay. "This is swell, Pappy," he kept telling his manager throughout the production. "Why don't you get us more pictures like this?"

He dislikes dressing up, loves to be casually comfortable, and when at home likes to put on sneakers and levis and prop his feet up on his desk upstairs, listening to symphonies for hours at a time. He has an enviable record collection, including Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole," his favorite, not only because of the music, but for his own personal memories of meeting Maurice Ravel abroad when he was a small boy.

Joanie goes to dramatic school now and Dick rehearses every scene with her be-
Chicago Skipper's was

Crodwt he started...

"Mojud"

...a name that means everything you can ask for in stockings

"Mojud" means stockings we're proud to make and you'll be proud to wear. It stands for a long-established tradition of quality and the constant care that maintains it. It means stockings you can always depend on for long-lasting loveliness.

At better stores everywhere

MOJUD

Linens of Distinction

The mark of good taste and good value.

Bucilla guest towels make exquisite gifts. Decidedly different. Delicately embroidered with the refreshing originality of all Bucilla Linens. Ask for Bucilla luncheon sets, bridge sets, clothes at all good stores.

Bucilla PRODUCTS

Knitting Yarns Crochet Cartons
Embroidery Flosses Stamped Goods

330 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Sixteen Colors About $1.25

Colonne

**CLAIRANNE**

RAYON TAFFETA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

At Fine Stores Everywhere...Write for Color Selector

S & Z Manufacturing Co. 412 South Wells Street Chicago 7, Illinois

forehand at home, holding post mortems at great length afterward. She'll tell you Dick will be a great director someday. They are in this as in all things, completely honest with each other.

Strangely enough it was their innate honesty that once threatened to break them up. And it was the straightforward Haymeses would do it. No punches pulled. Without consulting anybody, Joanne went to see a lawyer and Dick told a surprised columnist that they were through. None of that show-must-go-on stuff for the Haymeses. If the show's over it doesn't go on. Dick was hurt deeply. So was Joanie—while Burton who loves them both, was fairly breaking up inside.

It started over the old subject of a motion-picture career for Joanne. Dick is very proud of his pretty vivacious little wife and believes she has much talent, but had hoped she wouldn't listen to talent scouts and beat her head against Hollywood in an all-out motion-picture career. On the other hand, everywhere she turned she ran into the you-oughta-be-in-pictures routine. Finally, what with Dick being so busy with motion-picture and radio work, and gone so much of the time playing hospitals and Army camps, time hung heavily on her hands and she wanted to try film work. They argued over it. Each thought the other was being unfair. And that was that.

When the columnist, shopping around the studio for news, kiddingly asked Dick if there was ever any chance of the Haymeses breaking up to get a divorce, he was surprised to hear Haymeses say frankly, "Yes we are." There's no compromise with honesty for Dick. Ask him a question and you'll get an answer. No hedging.

It was the first his own studio knew about it. And Hollywood literally sat back on its props and stared. Nobody wanted to see that happen to the merry Haymeses gang—to Skipper's sun suits—the 600 pages of longhand—the tennis court they wanted to fill with hay.

Their manager went out to see if he couldn't help save it all before they went down for the third time. He heard both sides, then sat them down together saying, "Now you two little bums thrash this thing out."

Despite which they decided to try a trial separation anyway. But it was no go. The song had ended but the melody lingered on. Whether before the camera, at the mike singing torch tunes, or in the apartment, everywhere Dick turned he ran into memories of Joanne. Joanie taking the bad breaks with a grin. No complaints. Fighting for him in New York when he was broke and when he was sick in Hollywood. Fighting until she helped sell Bill Burton into taking him on. While out in their pretty home a sad Joanne was thinking too. About the generous lovable Haymeses who'd always wanted to give her so much, often when he hadn't had it to give.

They reconciled the night of the Academy Awards when Joanne called Burton, indignant and tearful, wanting to know why Dick hadn't called her to take her to the Academy show. "Why he hasn't called you!" said Bill, more than a trifle exasperated. "He doesn't think you want him to."

"You tell him to come home the minute it's over," she sobbed.

When Dick, who was having dinner at the Arthur Stebbins's got the message, he startled the other dinner guests by all but turning the table over in his rush for the phone to tell Joanie he'd be right home.

"My two brats," said Burton, fondly, and slept a lot easier that night.

But people still (Continued on page 116)
To every woman the delicate, enchanting Djer-Kiss scent whispers words of love.

This Christmas you can choose from a wide selection of gifts perfumed with Djer-Kiss. A gift just right for every girl on your list! All of the famous Djer-Kiss quality in smart holiday wrap!

2. Djer-Kiss Perfume. 3.50.
5. Djer-Kiss Dusting Powder. 1.00.

Note: In addition to the sets illustrated, there are other Djer-Kiss sets from 3.75 to 1.00. These contain, in various combinations, the articles illustrated as well as Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge and Djer-Kiss Soap.

Many of the articles included in Djer-Kiss sets are also packaged in individual gift boxes, from 3.50 to 1.00.
Hollywood Stars You Know Use Westmore's

Overglo

FROM HOLLYWOOD... WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

Not a cake... not a cream.
Does not cause dry skin.

For the flawless-looking complexion of the stars...one drop of Overglo... and presto! Quickly, evenly applied with your fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Seven flattering shades. $1.50 plus tax.

NEW... OVERGLO FACE POWDER... ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION

A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder... completely different...one practically colorless shade perfect for every foundation-tinted complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with natural youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $4.50 plus tax.

Products of the House of Westmore

(Continued from page 114) won't stop telling Joanne she ought to be in pictures. Executives, the grocery man, the gardener, even the laundry man said she oughta be in pictures. So they've decided maybe she ought to. She's taking dramatic lessons and getting ready for a picture career now.

Often when Dick is home you'll see the two Haymeses riding horseback, galloping all over the Valley on their Palominos, side by side. Other times you'll find Dick down at the stable, lovingly grooming his horse, or sitting on the fence talking about ranch life with an old grizzled former Texas cowhand named Tom, who now drives a little cart around the Valley sharpening knives. He feeds Dick's horses on the side. Dick talks to old Tom by the hour, asking his advice on raising stock, or just chewing the lariat over ranch life in general. For a ranch is what Haymes wants most from Hollywood. A big ranch, with lots of growing room for Skipper and Pidge.

He's always dreaming it over with his manager, making plans about the ranch "we're" going to have.

"Someday, Pappy, we're going to really have one too," he says. "Five hundred acres, maybe. All stocked with horses and white-faced cattle. Rolling pastures with a little knoll at one end for the house." Adding, "Do you think we're asking for too much?"

"I guess not, Kid," says Bill. He's planning on Burton's living with them. And because his manager is so deathly afraid of horses, offers to build a telephone booth out in the corral for him to run into—and get the race results on the side.

"That'll be the life, Pappy," enthuises Haymes. "You'll live with us. My kids will be your kids. . . ."

"Wait a minute, you bum," interrupts Burton. "I've got my rights. Nothing over ten percent."

The End.

The crooner is an apt grass cutter—Dick Haymes mowing the lawn at his home...
Redheaded Woman

(Continued from page 47) playing a native girl in George Bernard Shaw’s “Too Good To Be True.”

When she says she’s a feminist the reasons seem clear to any old seeing-eye dog, even without benefit of viewing native girl. But that’s not what she means. She means her sympathies are with her troubled sex in its endless struggle for new opportunities and for emotional security and traditional harbors. When she learned of Lupe Velez’s suicide she ran upstairs and wept. Blowing her nose she asked herself why she grieved inasmuch as she had met Lupe only twice. Not wanting long for a reason, being feminist, she swiftly concluded she was weeping for all women in this sorrowful world.

To America she gives credit for her reformation from Jezebel to warm-hearted women. She was startled when called womanly by our reviewers. In London she glittered in “Mademoiselle” by Noel Coward, whose women generally are more smartie pants than old bustle.

An omen, unregarded then, marked her first appearance on the London stage. She was pronounced a promising American actress by the critics. This was at once a tribute to her playing of an American girl in “The Golden Arrow” and an augury. Only a Delphic oracle or Drew Pearson could have foretold she would be America’s favorite actress in 1944.

Born Irish in County Down on September 29 under the influence of the planet Venus and the sign of Libra, propitious to all artists, notably the redhead, she was christened with her mother’s family name of Greer, Irish contraction of the Scotch McGregor.

“My, my baby has red hair,” exclaimed her mother with the6 6 6 6 of an Irish woman whose ancestry goes back to Rob Roy (Red) McGregor.

Her father, who died when she was four months old, claimed equally colorful descent from Eric the Red, Norseman.

Mrs. Garson, handsome and gray haired, a completely natural and unretouched mother, is prized highly in Hollywood where so many moms, God bless’em, strive earnestly to live up to their daughter’s beauty via the beauty-parlor routine. She has the magnetic composure of a strong perceptive soul and you know her dark bright eyes are seeing through you. Though aware of clairvoyance you are not uncomfortable because you also know she is wise and kind and therefore tolerant.

“Oh, give him a highball,” she said as her daughter started dishing tea.

Ah, that Irish intuition! Small wonder Nina Garson is called glamour girl by gentlemen of her daughter’s entourage.

Somehow the idea prevails that the Lady Greer dwells in a royal park. It’s no FHA slum clearance project, but it’s no Windsor Castle either. It’s a homely, mildly Tudor white brick manse secreted in its own little canyon through which a brook flows, with some artificial goading, under ancient sycamores. Alt California in feeling rather than brush Hollywood, it also reminds you of both Old and New England. Mists rolling up from the sea and an occasional wind like the cold mistral give the place exhilarant weather in contrast to Beverly Hills which dreams in the eternal calm of a well-kept cemetery.

The drawing room is not quite as some Cinderellas dream it. The staircase is neither gilt nor marble. The rooms are comfortably luxurious, panelled in bleached oak, furnished in shades of green blending into the garden foliage through long French windows.
There are electric waves, with possibility of summer storms, emanating from our hostess. When her lightning flashes and the sea-green eyes reflect the gray of lowering clouds her mother sets her down to a dish of Irish stew. It always calms her.

Sparkling, her conversation has the verve and grace of the Widow Clicquot's bubbling beverage. It also can befuddle. Real high-class writers have been led off into delightful verbal mazes from which they limped home unable to remember a thing. “Brilliant,” was all the dazed things could say.

A REDHEADED woman should not be so otherwise gifted. For the benefit of you girls who want to know: The hair is not touched up; it is the color that only nature gives to her precious pets and to autumn leaves and firelight; the complexion too is pure petal stuff that grows in misty emerald isles.

If you try to get her onto redhead subjects, like why torchy titans have played havoc with men through the ages, she'll slip past you like redhead past sailboat and next you know you will be looking at, of all things, snapshots of a sailor—the Lieutenant Richard Ney, her husband, handsome and joyful.

When he returned from eleven months overseas, Greer stopped being the first lady of the screen and became a wife in two seconds flat. As a matter of fact, Hollywood—and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—are still a little dizzy. Nobody ever left anything or anybody as fast as Greer forsook her co-star Clark Gable, her coming picture and the entire studio. Right in the middle of a sequence—practically in the middle of a short—and regardless of cost, Miss Garson walked off the set, ignoring the walls of producers and directors, and didn't come back until the Lieutenant had rejoined his ship. Of a lady of less dignity one might say that the great Garson told 'em to like it or lump it.

They spent their leave-honeymoon quietly—Greer had rented a little house secretely that nobody knew anything about and she and her husband disappeared for a week.

“Did you have a wonderful time while Dick was home?” I asked her.

Greer looked illumined and nostalgic. Being British she said, “I gave up all my ration points forever, and decided I was going to put more weight on Dick no matter what happened. He was so thin what happened. We had all the food I could get and all his favorite dishes and everything out of the Victory Garden and he didn't gain an ounce and I gained three pounds. First time in years I've put on any weight.”

Twice they went dancing. Mocambo, Ciro's, because, as Greer explains, while they didn't actually want to see anybody and didn't care much about night-clubbing, they love to dance together and it isn't much fun dancing alone to a phonograph. But after the long separation and with another one ahead, they spent most of their time at home.

“Dick's ship came in for an overhaul,” Greer said, “but he needed one, too. So we swam and caught up on our talking and then he went away again.”

Getting back to the redhead subject, it brings her rueful memories of childhood. She was teased and taunted and called Ginger. For a sensitive child, there is tragedy in being different. On going to bed at night she would pray that she might awake with raven locks. In addition, she was thin and tall for her age and frequently suffered bouts of illness. The outlook was grim. Then quite suddenly one day her cross was lifted. Passing by some men at (Continued on page 120)
Imagine! A Thrillingly Lovely 16-inch
HALO * PEARL NECKLACE
With Sterling Silver Safety Clasp
YOURS $2.98 TAX INCLUDED POSTAGE PAID
A Halo String of Beauty Is a Joy Forever
There is something about a string of pearls that helps a lovely lady put her best face forward! So, if you have longed for the elusive beauty and charm which pearls inspire, and have heretofore permitted a price you couldn't afford to stand in your way of pearl ownership, you'll welcome this opportunity to acquire an exquisite Halo strand of extravagant beauty at a truly low affordable price!

A Few Pearly Words of Wisdom Why Halo Necklaces Are Preferred!
- Halo Beads Are Uniformly Perfect
- Halo Beads Are Enduringly Lovely
- Halo Beads Are Giltted with a Pearl
- Halo Safety Clasps are Sterling Silver Essence that is the Essence of Loveliness
- . . . . and Halo Necklaces Cost No More

"Wear At Our Risk" Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction
We want you to be as proud and pleased to wear a Halo necklace as we are to have made it possible. That's why you can wear it for 3 whole days at our risk after the postman delivers yours. Then, if you are not delighted with it, if you can bear to part with it, if you can give up the praise and compliments that its wearing has brought you — simply mail it back and we will refund your money cheerfully — that's a promise.

Mail This Coupon Today
NATIONAL NOVELTIES - Dept. N-12
608 South Dearborn St. - Chicago 3, Ill.
Please rush Halo *Pearls in Gift Box as checked off below. If not delighted after 3 days I may return them for money back without question. I understand prices already include tax which you are paying.

☐ 1-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ $2.98
☐ 2-Strand Halo Bracelet @ . . . . $2.98
☐ 3-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ 5.98
☐ 3-Strand Halo Bracelet @ 4.49
☐ 2-Strand 16" Halo Choker @ . . . . $5.98
☐ 3-Strand Halo Choker @ . . . . $6.98
☐ 4-Strand Halo Choker @ . . . . $9.98
☐ Assorted Size Halo Earrings on Sterling Silver @ 1.49
☐ Name
☐ C.O.D.
☐ Prepaid
☐ Mail Order
☐ I am enclosing $_________.
☐ Send my Halo *Pearls C.O.D. I will pay postman $_________ plus postage
☐ Total Amounts to $_____

Send my Halo *Pearls Prepaid, pay postman $_______ plus postage.

Name
Post Office
Address
City Zone State
New!... the "Embracelet" that says.

"I love you!"

Instead of tying a string around her finger so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her wrist—a stunning, stylish URISCRAFT bracelet that carries your name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with her name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"—hand-finished by New York artisans—priced to give Cupid a helping hand—and so new it's actually making fashion news!

You can't mail an Embrace—so mail her a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"!

30 feminine and 30 masculine names in stock. Others made without extra cost. Three letter names $10.50—each additional letter 75c. Add Federal tax. Sold at Jewelry and Dept. Stores, Px's and Ship Service Stores everywhere.

Embracelets can be furnished with Army Eagle, $2.25 extra, or Propeller and Wings, $1.10 extra . . . Navy Anchor, $1.50 extra, Cap Shield, $2.25 extra, or Wings, $1.10 extra . . . Marine Corps Emblem, $1.50 extra.

(Continued from page 118) work in the street she overheard one say: "Not bad—not bad!" Could they mean her? A quick glance assured her. "Not bad," she repeated softly, "not bad!" and went swinging her unbustled little person down the thoroughfare.

When you ask her why 'tis we love her, she'll answer like a loving bride that it is simply because she loves us. But don't take it too big personally or else you'll be looking at more sailor snapshots and hearing more about that recent Jeanie.

Greer Garson is a passionate Ameri
cophile, a word you never saw before and will not find in Webster. You have heard of Anglophiles and Francophiles among us Americans but of Europeans our Greer alone is so hotly Americophile as to re-
quire the word's invention. Her paeans in praise of Americans match in fervor those of our major poets. She shares the Saroyan view of American life and thinks "The Human Comedy" a true version of what she has seen and felt on her Bond tours, particularly in the little towns, in rural and mining districts of Tennessee and West Virginia and through the Middle West.

The people, she says, are curious and natural and friendly with the easy re-
xaxed manner that comes from confidence in themselves and their neighbors—the good neighborly spirit which to a foreigner coming here is the delight and definition of our American democracy.

Meeting them personally has warmed and relaxed her into what is her own original Irish nature. She thinks she was on the defensive for many years: the Eng-
lish formal manner, the tight-lipped restraint of emotion, familiar, acceptable and well justified in the tight little isle, some-
how makes for the appearance of stiff-
necked pride and indifference in this land of space and abundance.

Perhaps she was at fault, perhaps she never loved people before, she says rue-
fully.

"You always loved people," said her mother firmly. "When you were a little girl you would go up to old men sitting on park benches and hold up your doll to them. 'Isn't she a pretty doll?' you would say."

She's still doing it, for at that very mo-
ment she was holding the Fuzzy Wuzzy doll the sailors sent her from the South Pacific.

She takes small-fry delight in circuses, sea shells and sleigh bells. She always attends the visiting tent shows and would carry water to the elephants if she couldn't get in by other means, like crawling under the canvas.

Angna Enters's painting of the Cirque Medrano in Paris with the Fyers Frat-
tellini has the welcome spot in the en-
trance hall. Sea shells, the sort you used to find on Grandma's what-not and hold to your ear to hear the waves, are collected on a what-not in her sun room, and on the wall there is a painting of them by Edna Reindel, a young American artist who knew her fondness. Sleigh bells are employed at the studio to summon her from dressing room to stage. They always bring her merrily skipping whereas less joyful sounds might evoke a mood re-
quiring a nasty call for Mama's wonderful Irish stew.

She's high tempered and high-talented—
has capacity for taking pains with the smallest detail of work and life. But the side of her we most enjoy is the red-headed girl merrily swinging her small unbustled person down the highroad to our cheering chorus: "Not bad—not bad!"
A girl’s suits and gowns and dresses and sports wear should be a background, should be part of her, a "help" as she puts it, but by no means have star billing. She thinks Judy Garland and every other girl should look "nice" (her own word) and well groomed and well dressed and becomingly garbed, but nobody should separate her costume from herself.

Perhaps that is why Judy isn’t a designer’s dream by any means. She always has ideas of her own and they are usually still on the "plain" side. She has never been known to add anything to a design or a dress, but she very often takes things off, modifies a drape, erases a trick neckline, refuses an extreme shoulder.

The world of fashion seemed to open up—or maybe burst would be a better word—to Judy all of a sudden. For years, while she was a chubby little thing with a great big voice, she hankered after long, slinky, sophisticated black dresses—but she always had the common sense to know she couldn’t wear them. So she took what the studio provided for her picture wardrobe and just bought anything for herself. The plainer and simpler the better. Half the time her mother or her sister or her secretary bought her clothes.

Then she fell in love—and that did it. Vincente Minnelli—of New York—of the New York theater—a man who had traveled everywhere in Europe and seen all the famous best-dressed women in the world—Vincente was a man who made her think of clothes and she started in from there.

Now, for all evening gowns and afternoons (cocktail) dresses, Judy has sketches made first, examines them carefully, makes her own alterations, and has things made.

Right here, it occurs to me that I had to stop and think quite a while in order to remember what Judy Garland had on one day when I went to lunch with her and Mr. Minnelli—about the time they announced their engagement. I remembered I thought she looked charming, and chic and sort of smooth. But it was an hour before I could get it definite in my mind that she wore a simple black skirt and a tailored white blouse.

Donn of Donn Ltd.—who also designs

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

"The quickest, most refreshing complexion pick-me-up that I know is a 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington. "The moment my skin begins to feel rough, I smooth and brighten it with a Mask."

1-Minute Mask

makes skin look clearer... feel smoother

I ’re-do’ my complexion 3 or 4 times a week with a 1-Minute Mask,” says Mrs. du Pont

Give your skin this refreshing beauty “pick-up”!

When your skin is coarsened by curling, dead skin cells that "snag" your make-up—slather a luxurious fluffy white coat of Pond’s Vanishing Cream over your whole face—all except your eyes.

Leave this fragrant Mask on for one minute. The cream’s "keratolytic" action goes to work—loosens and dissolves particles of roughness and imbedded dirt! After 60 seconds, tissue off clean.

Right away, your complexion looks clearer... fresher! Feels smoother! And your make-up goes on evenly. Clings!

Grand powder base...

Use your Pond’s Vanishing Cream for powder base, too! Just smooth on a light film—and leave it on. Not greasy! Not drying! "It holds make-up beautifully," says Mrs. du Pont.

Catch up on the happy Harrises

Next Month!

"Sweet and Lovely"
is Alice Faye

And so are her
two little daughters!

Geta BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
Lana Turner's clothes—says that probably Judy Garland was named the best-dressed woman in the world by the experts of Paris because her clothes are more completely her own, more a part of her and her personality than those of anyone else. A tall, skinny blond lad with freckles, who thinks he knows how girls ought to look, Donna gets a little wishful about Judy.

"I used to wish she'd let me make her just one dress completely the way I wanted to make it," he says, "and sometimes I've come close. The two-piece wool suit in gray that she had in her trousseau as her 'going away' costume—that was almost exactly the way I did it originally—only she changed the way the sleeves were set a little." Naturally, he was excited over having designed so many of the gowns for the girl who was named the best-dressed of them all, and he said, "She is awfully right about what she wants. She usually makes the suggestions about the kind of thing she needs and wants—and we stay within her ideas. She isn't exactly easy to dress because she is so little and she won't ever let you do anything—well, sensational. She says that's never good taste and of course she's right. But she has a perfect figure and that helps.

Judy's first rule about clothes is—they must fit. Even when she bought them just anywhere and often took them home and had her mother pin up the skirt and hemmed it herself, the main thing was that everything should fit properly. Often, especially on a suit, even the simplest little suit, she has anywhere from three to seven fittings—and that's tough on her because Judy works so hard and has so very little time. But she manages to work it in somehow. She isn't cranky, but she just keeps at it, patiently, determinedly, pleasantly and sweetly, continuing to say "No—that's not exactly right, is it?" to the most expert tailors until they get it the way she wants it.

"Oh yes, that's very nice," she will say, "but you see—for me—I like the sleeves a little tighter, like this"—or looser, or the skirt shorter or longer. They tell me she is practically downright fussy about how a skirt hangs and sets over the hips. She calls it taking pains.

"If you're really going to try to look nice," she says, "you have to take a lot of pains with your fittings. It doesn't matter so much about the material or even the style—almost everything has pretty good style nowadays except the fantastic crazy things—but no girl can be well dressed unless she really takes pains about the fit. That's what—in a way—makes a thing your own."

Two or three things are distinctive about Judy's taste.

In the daytime, on the street or in a car, she invariably wears a suit. This isn't as common as you might think; though I notice it more and more in Hollywood of late. I don't mean tricked-up, dressy suits; but very simple tailored suits with plain tailored blouses. Judy's are all almost exactly alike. Either soft wool or gabardine—she's too little to wear anything in heavy tweeds—simply made, and she buys most of them ready made at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills.

The blouses to go with them are another matter! The blouses and the accessories—but especially the blouses. Or shirts.

Her secretary, Evelyn Powers, who has been with her for years and is her close and devoted friend, is chief blouse-hunter and custodian of the blouse supply. Over the years, Evie has become an expert on the Garland taste in blouses and it is said she can window-shop for them from a car. Some of Judy's favorites she has located in small shops or large department stores and lots of them are very inexpensive.

They must be simple, they must be a little different and, if possible, white—the only exception to that is very gay and unusual prints, no solid colors.

But the main thing in blouses—and Judy wears an awful lot of them because she wears her simple little suits so much and sometimes in the summer just skirts and blouses—is the neckline. That, in Judy's opinion, is the important and essential thing—a becoming and well turned neckline. She doesn't like ordinary V necks and hardly ever wears them, and while she likes severe effects they mustn't be mannish or look like shirts. A round neckline is her favorite, square or necklines with simple collars or with ties of the same material are okay.

At home, she usually wears slacks. Often she comes to the studio in them. "They are so comfortable," is her explanation for her fairly comprehensive collection of slacks and she doesn't think they will ever disappear from the feminine wardrobe again, no matter what anybody says. With them she wears sweaters of all kinds and colors—with one exception. She doesn't like the over-size sloppy collegiate sweater. As a matter of fact, Judy is a very neat dresser.

Until she was married to Mr. Minnelli and selected her trousseau, she didn't own a housecoat. Tailored flannel robes and over-sized tailored pajamas suited her best. But her trousseau contains one of the most beautiful housecoats I have ever seen—designed for her by Donn. In a marvelous shade of blue, a color she seldom wears, it has a full skirt and soft top with long sleeves and little plaited frills of deep cream Czecho-Slovakian lace at neck and wrists and a deep lace cuff going almost to the elbow.

"It takes Pepsi-Cola to make them feel they're really back home."
Speaking of colors, her favorite is brown— all shades and kinds of brown, beige, tan and cream. The majority of her suits are brown, but this year she is wearing a good deal of black.

Irene, the famous M-G-M designer, who makes Judy’s clothes for pictures, says that the childish love Irene had for sophisticated black dresses still persists, but Judy has adapted them to her own style, size and personality.

“I made her one such dress for ‘Presenting Lily Mars’,” Irene told me. “The director said, ‘Irene, the sequence is almost a dream—when she dances with this man she hardly believes it’s real, and she looks as she has always dreamed she would look, as she has always wanted to look. See what you can do and it must be sophisticated, the kind of a dress a young girl dreams about and in which she thinks she will look grown-up and elegant and like Gertrude Lawrence.”

“So—I shut my eyes and designed a gown Judy’s size for Gertrude Lawrence—and to my amazement, Judy looked too wonderful for words in it. That’s quite a long time ago—but you’ll see another Gertrude Lawrence gown on Judy in ‘Zeigfeld Follies’ this time—and somehow she’s exquisite in them.”

IRENE, who is herself a beauty and looks like the Duchess of Windsor, did Judy’s wedding dress. She does not design “personal and private lives” clothes for the stage—she has too much to do as it is with the pictures. But Mr. Mayer made Judy a present of her wedding gown from the studio where she has worked so long—even if she is only twenty-two.

“Judy likes a long waistline,” Irene said, “and is right there—it’s very becoming to her. The gown was a soft blue—very delicate pink beads. You see, Judy’s engagement ring—did you see it?—is a large pink pearl, exquisitely set in black. One of the daintiest and loveliest things I’ve ever seen. We tried to tie that and the wedding dress together with the pink pearl beads—and it was lovely, it really was.”

For the first time, Irene will probably soon have a chance to design some really “Irene” clothes for Judy—who wants to make at least one picture, she says pathetically, where she can wear something modern and nice.

But the little blue suit which Judy wore in so many sequences in “The Clock” and which is one of Irene’s creations, has been hailed by fashion experts as a real and unique and altogether smart Judy Garland number. Simple and plain as it is, it has all the Judy Garland touches—the perfect fit, the youth, the smooth look and has been one of the most popular costumes worn in a picture in a long time.

Judy never plans—or at least she hasn’t up to now—a whole wardrobe. She picks up what she likes when she likes it—and when she needs something she either goes shopping or has Donn Ltd. or Billy Gordon, another designer known to New York but new out here in Hollywood, bring her some sketches.

In her trousseau was a plain black satin backed crepe with a little pink bead effect and Judy’s favorite draped skirt. All her “dress-up” dresses have draped skirts which she adores—either in front or on the sides. Billy Gordon made her one for her wedding garments of brown crepe with a soft cream top and little bugle beads which was draped at the side and which is one of Judy’s special favorites. And a black sequin cocktail dress—very simply made.

What Judy said as a kid about her party dress, “no ruffles,” still goes. Nobody can find a single ruffle anywhere in the Garland closet.

All her accessories Evie Powers buys—except when Judy is shopping and sees something that catches her fancy. And here the rule is the same—as plain and simple as possible. Plain handbags and pocketbooks, perfectly plain gloves and very plain little hats. I haven’t said much about hats because Judy doesn’t wear many of them. With suits or slacks in the daytime she often goes hatless, and practically never in California does she wear a hat with her cocktail dresses. When she goes to New York, however, she buys simple matching hats—no egg better effects—to wear in the afternoon.

When you come right down to it, it would seem that the rules of fashion laid down for herself by the best-dressed woman of 1945, according to the French Congress, are pretty few and simple:

No ruffles.

Find your own type and stick to it no matter what the prevailing mode, or rather combine your personal taste and idea of becomingness with the prevailing mode.

Take pains with your fittings.

Select your blouses for the neckline.

Wear suits, if possible, at all times on the street in the daytime.

Enjoy sure that your friends say, “Doesn’t Judy look nice” rather than, “What a stunning dress Judy has on.”

Accept expert advice from your own designer, store, or pattern department, but modify it to your own taste and personality so that it is yours.

If you have a choice, go plain always rather than fancy.

Be underdressed always rather than overdressed.

And, to quote Judy, “Aren’t clothes fun?”

The End

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS... but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

Findings reported in a leading medical journal.

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION 123
They're Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued from page 34) sorts such as he played in "Murder, My Sweet" and by way of characterization he was wearing a three days' growth of beard, a fake scar on his head, beaten-up shoes and a suit featuring dirt and grease spots.

"When I first saw June," Dick said, "it was on Broadway in a musical, Best Foot Forward. She came out on stage, a little fat girl, and she sang a song so hard that the veins stood out in her neck. I realized instantly that she was a talented kid, but I must admit I never gave her another thought."

YOUNG Miss Allyson, of course, not having met Mr. Powell, didn't even give him the first thought. June came west to be in the picture. Later she made "Girl Crazy," "As Thousands Cheer," "Meet The People" and then "Two Girls And A Sailor" which brought her stardom.

During most of this time Dick was married to Joan Blondell. A second marriage for both, it began most happily and ended wretchedly. Both being people of good taste, they have never discussed what went wrong. Dick's voluntary comment was, "Joan is very nice about letting the children visit me. She is a wonderful mother. She always has been. June likes the kids and they go for her in a very big way."

"So tell me about your first meeting with June," I asked.

"I don't remember. I think it was in New York, but I'm not positive. Then I met her out here, but I don't even remember the details of that. I knew that both times there were lots of other people about. But the first time we went out alone, I took June to a night club, and imagine my surprise and pleasure too when she told me that if I liked night clubs, okay, but for her, personally, they bored her. When I found out that she actually loved to stay home of an evening—I developed the habit of dropping by her place. There was always a gang there and I would play bridge with June's housekeeper. June doesn't play."

I looked at him aghast. "But you had to have a partner?"

"Oh, sometimes I brought my own," said Dick calmly. "Sometimes I picked them up at June's. Her housekeeper was the one I was interested in. She plays a fine game."

"Do you call that a courtship?"

Dick said, perfectly seriously, "No. It wasn't a courtship. I wasn't thinking about love. I'd been pretty hurt on that score and I thought I was having no more of it. But it was pleasant to be with nice, uncomplicated people such as I found at June's." He paused, suddenly, and his whole face lighted up. "Look who's here."

Junie stood on the edge of the set, grinning that crinkly smile of hers. She had just come over from her day's work at Metro. She had on slim white slacks and a tailored white shirt, open at the throat, and no charmer could possibly have been less a fat little girl than she was then. "Why, sweetheart," she said in that husky young voice of hers, "how adorably repulsive you are—or are you repulsively adorable?" She gave him a great, mock kiss. "My dear man," she said. (She always calls him Richard or sweetheart.) It was fascinating to see the transformation that came over Dick in that instant from an almost solemn person to a very beaming one. He began crowing immediately, in response to June's mood.

He said, "Shall I tell you that I really love her because she's such a good yachtswoman? Listen to this: I let her take the wheel the other day. We were breezing nicely along when I remarked, 'There's Bogie and Betty Bacall, if you care.' Oh,
The END

Johnny Shoemaker Sez...

"Some folks talk lots about the big things they're goin' to do tomorrow... but forget the little thing they ought to do today!

Lots of things shouldn't wait till tomorrow... like keepin' shoes repaired.

'Course when you get long-wearing Hood Suprex Rubber Heels, repair-time doesn't come around so often. Look for the Hood Arrow."

First Call for Dinner...

Delicious ROMA Sherry For Friendly Hospitality

"There's friendly hospitality in ROMA California Sherry," says Elsa Maxwell. "Enjoy ROMA Pale Dry Sherry at cocktail time; and, the sweeter, golden-amber ROMA Sherry during evening hours. Serve cool." ROMA Wines give you the goodness of luscious grapes from California's choicest vineyard districts, gathered at peak flavor, gently pressed and then, unhurriedly, guided to perfection by ROMA's ancient skill. Unvaryingly good—for only pennies a glass.

More Americans Enjoy Roma Than Any Other Wine

ROMA ESTATE Wines

© 1945 ROMA WINE CO. • LODI, HEALDSBURG, FRESNO • CALIFORNIA

HELP BY HOLDING WAR BONDS
They Might Have Been

(Continued from page 43) Irene Dunne, I believe, would not be averse to devoting all of her energies to the Beverly Hills Hotel in which she owns a large share of stock. Which means this hotel, if possible, would be even more delightful than it is now with its charming rooms, gardens and rendezvous of a sky-blue swimming pool. Irene has an effortless way of accomplishing the difficult. Her large pink house in Holmby Hills runs like clockwork even when understaffed, as it was all during the war years. And, as anyone who visits Irene will tell you, she has appreciation for the charm of fresh flowers and open fires and muffins hot from the oven for afternoon tea. With Irene closely associated with the supervision of the Beverly Hills Hotel you would have to make reservations even further in advance than you do now.

Clark Gable would be a rancher—full time instead of part time, as he is now. For the Gable acres in the San Fernando Valley are more than a hobby with Clark. You have only to see him on his place to know that he is not merely a property owner, that having cleared and ploughed and sown he has made the land his own, is truly a farmer. Also, because Clark has a kinship with his land and the animals that feed upon it, his yield is rich. California markets bid eagerly both for the produce of his fields and the birds from his poultry houses.

For years many people have tried to persuade Clark to sell some of his rich acres. But always, whatever the price offered, his answer has been a firm negative. Until last year when a boy he met in the Army said that all his life he had dreamed of having a place in the Valley just about where Clark's land lies. He's out of the Army now, that boy, and his dream has come true. He's living with his wife on acres that once belonged to the Gable place but to which he now adds the deed.

Ginger Rogers also would be a farmer. Even now she has a ranch, stocked with one hundred chickens, six cows and one goat. Moreover, Ginger's feeling for the good earth goes deep; so deep, in fact, that it has influenced her politics. At the last presidential election she went over to Dewey and the Republicans, angry with Claude Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, because three of her cows had died for lack of food.

You'd expect Ginger, denied screen fame and fortune, to reach for her dancing shoes.

... But it would be Paulette Goddard who would do this; while Ginger would fall upon a bag of fertilizer and promptly become the woman with a hoe.

Only a few know that Paulette, fascinated with the ballet, has studied long and hard with Anton Dolin. He tells me she is amazingly good. Personally, I can imagine Paulette dancing Juliet to the music of Tchaikowsky conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Well, dancing in a sensational and profitable manner anyway...

She wouldn't do anything any other way. Joan Bennett could be an interior decorator. She has the loveliest house in the world. Her dressing room always is delightful. And o'er her she has occupied a hotel suite for so much as an hour it bears the mark of her magic for bringing rooms the utmost in both charm and comfort.

Or she might design jewelry. I've never seen anything lovelier than the big gold heart she wears. At the top of the heart tiny diamonds spell “I Love.” Below these words are inset little jewelled charms from the bracelet of which she wore...
Mother of 3 becomes a PIN-UP BEAUTY!

How Mrs. Edrie Beal of Fredonia, Kansas, got a bathing-suit figure and how her Navy husband got the surprise of his life.

"Many times before," says Mrs. Edrie Beal, "my Navy husband had written from the Southwest Pacific, asking for something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'

"I looked in the mirror—at that thick waist and heavy abdomen. No! I simply couldn't bring myself to stand before a camera. But neither can you refuse a far-off husband any wish in the world. It was New Year's! Time for resolutions. If I didn't have a bathing-suit figure, I'd get one!

"That's why I took the DuBarry Success Course. Did it work? I lost 13 pounds right where I had to lose them. I took 6 inches off my abdomen, 4 off my waist and my hips. At the same time, the most wonderful things were happening to my skin and hair and to me. I look and feel like a person reborn. I'm out of that middle-aged slump—with a zest for the years ahead. Could one ask for better proof that it's never too late? Imagine me—a pin-up girl!"

You would hardly have picked Edrie Beal for a pin-up girl when the snapshot below was taken. But what a difference (right) when she had completed the DuBarry Success Course!

---

WOW: WHAT HE WANTS MOST IN A WIFE?

Tune in 'My True Story'

Hear real life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE.

A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.

Don't miss them!

Every morning Monday thru Friday 9:00 CWT, 10:00 EWT, 11:30 MWT.

All American Broadcasting Co. Stations

---

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal, remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without obligation, what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Director

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON

NEW YORK

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Name:__________________________

Address:________________________

City: __________________________

State: _________________________

---

127
The "Cocktail" Flavorites

The next time you ask for your favorite chewing gums—WARREN'S Fruit Cocktail and WARREN'S Mint Cocktail—they may look different. But they're the same old friends in new wrappers. WARREN'S chewing gums have become so popular, we felt they deserved more beautiful packages. And here they are—newly dressed—but the same in size, quality and unique flavor. Fruit Cocktail is a combination of natural and artificial fruit flavors. Mint Cocktail is a blend of natural spearmint and peppermint. It's a WARREN'S idea:

Popular chewing gum flavors, like boy and girl, are "Better Together!"

Portrait of a Realist

(Continued from page 49) glasses or his matches.
He has never had hay fever.
He enjoys watching prize fights, swimming and track meets and horse racing.
He likes occasionally to dine alone, arming himself with a newspaper and selecting a quiet corner table in a restaurant.
His eyes are brown.
His childhood idol was Babe Ruth, whose autographed baseball, long since lost, was a cherished possession. He is not systematic, likes a cold shower and, although he places no credence in fortune-tellers, likes to tell about one who four years ago predicted everything that subsequently happened.

He has no interest in auctions and was married in Las Vegas, Nevada, on February 20, 1945, to Christopher Curtis, an actress whom he met during his summer stock days at Poughkeepsie in 1936. They were married by a Lutheran minister. His father wanted him to be an engineer.

Tom Drake drinks no alcoholic liquor.
He misses most in Hollywood the legitimate theaters of New York and its Central Park. He is punctual with appointments, is fond of chocolate candies and attended the Iona School in New Rochelle and Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania.

His father was an international linen merchant and jobber. He weighs 165 pounds and kissed his wife, Chris, nine years ago in a summer stock play, at which time he caught his lower lip in the braces on her teeth! He was then seventeen and she fourteen.

He admits to being very stubborn once his mind is made up.
He has a great weakness for farms and

country life.
He flunked French at school and he cannot speak a word of it today. He has always had a bicycle, wears size ten shoes and hates the new styles of dancing. "Sometimes I feel I'm getting old because I like to dance the old-fashioned way."

He plays no chess or checkers.
He was an honor student at Mercersburg. He keeps all clippings about himself and dislikes political arguments. He once caught a big fish at Fire Island, N. Y.—"

He seldom finishes anything he undertakes.
His favorite sandwich is minced ham on rye toast and he does not believe that success necessarily brings happiness.

His wife appeared as actress and singer in several Broadway shows. He doesn't care for poetry, usually has a breakfast of orange juice and three or four cups of coffee.

He doesn't care for walking.
He sings a better than fair baritone.
He enjoys Christmas more than any other holiday, quit wearing dental braces at the age of nine, and played the juvenile lead in "Janie" in New York, 1943.

He doesn't like shad roe, crowded dance floors or radio commercials.
Tom Drake wants very much to visit England someday and believes that environment has a greater influence on the average person than heredity.

He is a rabid movie fan.
He is a collector of horse pictures and hopes someday to have a special room for them.

He once tried writing plays—but they turned out pretty bad."

He disclaims any talent for painting or drawing and has great difficulty remem-
boring people's names when first meeting them. He hopes someday to take up the study of psychology.

His marriage was preceded by five attempts to coordinate circumstances to consummate the event. He doesn't play tennis. He likes gin rummy and poker. He prefers a pool for swimming, was discovered in "Janie" by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and has appeared in "Two Girls And A Sailor," "The White Cliffs Of Dover," "Mrs. Parkington," "Meet Me In St. Louis," and "This Man's Navy." He rises at ten when not working.

He is very fond of highly seasoned foods, doesn't care much for concerts and avers that New York is the most beautiful city he has ever seen. He drinks lots of water and milk. His most treasured possession is a St. Christopher medallion. He wears it around his neck and feels utterly without it. His greatest disappointment was the loss of a part in the original "Life With Father" company.

His investments for the future include "having a few stocks and a trust fund." He gets a special kick out of roller coasters. He has no objection to his wife's resuming her acting career.

He wants someday to have a lot of chickens, has no allergies and gets along well when he hears old numbers like "You're Blase," "All Of Me" and "My Silent Love."

He likes especially to go horseback riding at night and cooking wiener over an open fire. He dabbles in song-writing with modest success, his "If It's Love" being used as incidental music in "Janie." He is not affected by the amount of coffee he consumes. He is a lazy gardener, sun-bathing being the extent of his gardening activities.

He takes a singing lesson every morning at eleven when not working. His favorite radio singer is Jo Stafford and he indulges no superstitions although he playfully makes a wish on a white horse or says, "Bread and butter."

He is crazy about garlic.

He likes "The Afternoon Of A Faun," last rode in a street car with Judy Garland when their car broke down en route to a benefit performance. He sang, as a youngster, in a church choir in New Rochelle and once played in "The Barker" with striptease Ann Corio. He doesn't go in for winter sports and wears a solitaire set in a plain gold ring which he inherited when his father passed away.

He was outstanding at school in the high jump, 100-yard dash and swimming. He likes giving parties only occasionally and made his first professional appearance in "June Night" with Martha Scott in 1937.

He gets out into the country every chance he gets and the only time he ever experienced stage fright was an occasion in summer when he came out on the stage and saw the set for the first time. "I got to thinking about the strange furniture and completely forgot my lines."

He is not too satisfied with his screen work to date and hopes still to prove himself. He sang in several musical comedies at Fitchburg, Mass.

He is utterly devoid of affection, has no delusions and is characterized by a forthright, realistic outlook. He feels badly the loss of a wristwatch which was his father's and which he had had a long time.

Tom Drake's sleeping moments are full of funny jokes at which he dreamingly laughs uproariously, but on waking their humor completely baffles him.

THE END

CHARM-KURL
PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT

Each Kit Contains Curlers, Shampoo, End-Tissues, Wave Set, Rinse, Plus Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Solution and 4 Striking New Charm-Kurl Hair-Dos.

Only 59c

DO IT YOURSELF—at Home

It's easy and safe to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave at home. The result will amaze you. Your hair will be permanent waved into soft, luxuriant curls and waves which are easy to manage and look like natural curls and waves. Charm-Kurl is the rage from Hollywood to Miami. Over 6 million sold last year.

Easy As Putting Your Hair Up In Curlers

Yes, it is easy to Charm-Kurl your hair to long-lasting new beauty. Requires no heat, electricity or mechanical aids. Contains no ammonia or harmful chemicals. Charm-Kurl cannot possibly harm children's soft, fine hair. Get a Charm-Kurl kit today.

AT ALL DEPARTMENT STORES, DRUG STORES AND 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES

Charm-Kurl is for sale at Department, Drug Stores and 5¢ and 10¢ stores. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. Get the original Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit, it's your guarantee of thrilling results.

Charm-Kurl Outsales All Other Home Wave Kits Over 6,500,000 Already Sold. It's America's Favorite

UNRATED COMFORT

Tequa
Moccasins

$3.75

PREPAID

HANDCRAFTED FROM GENUINE DEERSKIN

These creamy colored wonderfully soft pelts make a charms-lace moccasin that you would not expect to find anywhere except on an Indian reservation. Men enjoy them as well as women. We have a size for every foot. Small, medium, large, and extra large. The drawing tie closely and has a pattern and gives gift ordering easy. And what a gift—real deerskin is a rare article. NO RATION COUPON NEEDED—IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Gentlemen: Send immediately…………………pairs of

TEQUA Moccasins. Size:………………….. I enclose $………………… (No COD's please)

Name…………………………………………………………

Address……………………………………………………

P

FOREIGN TRADERS
SANTA FE NEW MEXICO

SENSEATIONAL

JUNE LANG
Glamorous Movie Star
Praises Charm-Kurl

3 Reasons Why You Should Use Charm-Kurl
1. Easy To Use—Its Fun.
2. Need For Only Two And One-Quarters Of Hair.
3. Need For Only Two And One-Quarters Of Hair.
4. Need For Only Two And One-Quarters Of Hair.
5. No Ammonia Or Formaldehyde.
6. No Ammonia Or Formaldehyde.
7. Everything Needed Is In The Kit.
8. Everything Needed Is In The Kit.
9. Excellent For Dyed Or Bleached Hair.

Tequila

Moccasins

$3.75

PREPAID

HANDCRAFTED FROM GENUINE DEERSKIN

These creamy colored wonderfully soft pelts make a charms-lace moccasin that you would not expect to find anywhere except on an Indian reservation. Men enjoy them as well as women. We have a size for every foot. Small, medium, large, and extra large. The drawing tie closely and has a pattern and gives gift ordering easy. And what a gift—real deerskin is a rare article. NO RATION COUPON NEEDED—IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Gentlemen: Send immediately…………………pairs of

TEQUA Moccasins. Size:………………….. I enclose $………………… (No COD's please)

Name…………………………………………………………

Address……………………………………………………

P

FOREIGN TRADERS
SANTA FE NEW MEXICO
British—on the Beam

(Continued from page 39) In on it. And referring to his little put-put.
"What kind is yours?" asked Keenan, interestingly.
"A Cushman," said Pete.
"A what?" said Keenan. "I'd like to see it. I've never heard of such a thing," he added.

One day he ran into Peter on the studio lot. "Is that what you said you were riding?" he said, taking an amazed look at the little inoffensive vehicle. So they went looking for a motorcycle for Peter and rode together thereafter on weekends.

When Peter heard of Keenan's accident, he rushed over to the hospital and, together with Van Johnson, spent the night in the "Father's" room of the maternity ward. It was four A.M. before they knew whether or not Keenan would live. They stretched out on sofas, getting reports from the doctor every hour and snoozing briefly, to the accompaniment of frenzied fathers pacing back and forth in front of the divans. Nurses came in and out with hoods to put over the heads of fathers, so they could go in disinfected to see their newborn. When he knew Keenan would live, Pete went fast asleep. Awaking a little later, he forgot where he was, and was startled to see a nurse standing over him and men wearing weird Mars-like contraptions over their heads. No more motorcycles for Peter again. "That's all, brother!" he says.

Though most actors object to playing opposite horses or dogs, Peter loved making "Son Of Lassie," in which he made his bid for fame the hard way, with the world's most famous dog in a double role.

When he finishes his present role, his best thus far, the lead opposite June Allyson and Kathryn Grayson in "Two Sisters From Boston," Peter is eager to get the role in "A Star From Heaven," the story about a thoroughbred horse. He's fighting for this one, even though it might cost him the chance for the lead in a best-seller opposite an Academy Award-winning star.

When Lady Lawford saw "Son Of Lassie," she teased him saying, "I couldn't tell you apart—both with that long shaggy hair. He's prettier in Technicolor anyway."

Of Lassie, Peter says, "He's the most wonderful dog I've ever met! For in Peter's mind you 'meet' animals. He's more than a little like Elizabeth Taylor in this respect.

During those weeks they spent in Canada, the location together, swimming in the treacherous Columbia River in thirty-two-degree water and walking over ice fields, he and Lassie gained a lot of respect for each other. A skilled swimmer, accompanied by native pearl divers in underwater swimming in Nassau, Bahamas, Peter did all his own swimming for this film, including the forty-foot dive in one thrilling scene.

The only drawback to working with such a Ph.D. pooch as Lassie was the inevitable reflection cast on the I.Q. of his own dog, Spot. Peter would go home in the evenings after working with Lassie, and see my queer-looking little mutt," whose only trick is to slap at him with his paw when he's hungry.

Spot, a dog of strictly non-royal parentage, is descended from pirate dogs on Nassau, where Peter rescued him nine years ago when the authorities were going to kill him. Peter took the wild pup home with him, tied him to a tree in the garden, threw food at him, and soon tamed him. He's been around the world twice, usually bunking in the bathroom of Lady Lawford's boudoir on luxurious linens.

---

Mother! It's your solemn duty to tell your daughter how important douching often is to feminine cleanliness, health and marriage happiness. But first make sure your own knowledge is just as modern, up-to-date and scientific as it can be. And it will be if you tell her about ZONITE for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.

Smart Young Women No Longer Make This Mistake

Certainly no well-informed mother would even think of telling her daughter to use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. Because these do not and cannot offer women the great germicidal and deodorant action of modern ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. It contains no cresote, phenol or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerful no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE immediately kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today!

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 803-T-T, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ___________ State _____________
About his screen future, Peter says, "I don't want to become tagged as a personality. I want to be an actor—like Keenan Wynn, Spencer Tracy, Thomas Mitchell, Cary Grant or Van Heflin. They know what they're doing when they go on the set. They get everything out of it. I can't come up to any of them yet—but that's what I want to be. Just a good, solid actor."

Since childhood—that's what he's wanted to be. Then in 1937 came the arm injury that made it possible, making impossible the military career for which he'd been headed.

"We were all reaching for some reason for it at the time it happened," he says earnestly. "I'd always been so athletic. I kept wondering what I'd ever done that God would do this to me. But apparently it was for this," he says, speaking of his motion-picture career.

Of his religion, Peter says simply, "Well, I believe in God—and things like that."

Yes, a devout member of the Episcopal church (Church of England), Peter believes very much in God—which has something to do with the framed words in his bedroom at home. "Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into the hand of God. That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way." And things like that—like the motto pasted in his scrapbook at home. "The only thing worth having is a smile. The only thing worth doing is making others laugh."

Peter's military life was all planned for him. He came of a long line of generals. He was to go to Sandhurst, thence to join the regiment of his father, who was knighted for heroism in World War No. 1, in his grandfather's regiment, or his great-grandfather's. Take a number—they were all Generals.

But for the accident to his right arm, the Lawfords would have stayed in London, Deauville, Paris or Monte Carlo, up to their crests in maids and valets. And would never have struck out like that. Their motto: like the motto of the musketeers on a world binge that eventually wound them up without money in their little white bungalow here. Where the tall General, with his pined words, his mustache and hair, tenderly tends his rose garden and bed of mignonette and Lady Lawford struggles to solve the mystery of a white cocoon that, as she says, "looks so cold and is so hot." Nor would she have been cleaning her own dresses, Out of the car, through the white gate to the bungalow where Peter Lawford lives...
before each operation of which she waves "goodbye" to the General and Pete, saying, "Bless you, my darling. It's been charming knowing you." When they both look up at her startled "What!" she goes on, "I understand you sometimes blow up or something," pointing to the cleaning fluid.

Lady Lawford was an active member of the United English Party in politics. Her boss, Sir Thomas Poulsen, who also owned controlling shares in a film company at Elstree Studios, was very fond of Peter, and one day gave him a letter of introduction to the studio for a test. Peter was jubilant... though his Mother just shook her head and reminded him that he was set for the Army instead.

"If they say I have no talent... then I'll be a General," promised Pete. And she was so sure they wouldn't take him that she agreed. They shook hands on it in front of his tut... and Peter got her promise that if they did say he had talent, he was to be given his chance.

Sitting over in a corner of the executive's office the next day, thinking about a speech she had to write, she heard Peter say, "Would you like me to recite in English, Spanish or French?" He was there to give them everything. "Poor man... he's really in for it," his mother thought.

He recited in all languages, did his imitation and danced. Following which the executive picked up the phone and was some telling Monty Banks, "This is the boy you've been asking for. I'll bring him right up."

The next day the London papers were calling Peter "The English Jackie Coogan," and had headlines reading, "British General's Son Goes Into Films." Peter gave interviews to them saying, "I shouldn't mind the Army if I could start as a General. But I think I like films best. Film acting is such a lovely game."

Since no child of Peter's parentage ever went into films in England, his grandfather, Lady Lawford's father, was irate. "Do you think nothing of putting your only child into hell?" he said furiously to her, over the phone. But she'd given her word to Pete. They never saw his grandfather again, and when he died he cut them completely out of his will.

Peter worked in "Poor Old Bill" and several more films. It was about this time they passed a child labor law in England preventing any child from working in pictures until he was fourteen years old.

The General, retired now, wanted to travel, so they all took off around the world to Tahiti, Australia, Nassau, Panama, New Zealand and India, stopping at each place for just as long as it was fun, and then packing for the next one. The Lawfords wanted Peter to travel, to learn the beauty there is in the world, to be tolerant of everything and everyone.

It was back at Aix les Bains, France, one season that Peter reached for the handle of a French window, missed, and ran his arm through the glass, cutting the main artery and sending the use of it forever. His mother was out walking Spot at the time. When she came in Peter was almost unconscious, but he'd never forget what she said. " Didn't you know I was dining out tonight?" "Yes," murmured Pete. "Well... you would do this. Thanks very much."

She was keeping up his courage. "If she'd looked frightened or gotten sympathetic I couldn't have stood it," he says.

The specialist prescribed a warm climate for Peter, so the Lawfords came to Santa Barbara, where he walked on the beach, listing hours of exercising his hand with a rubber sponge ball made the muscles begin to heal.

They moved to Hollywood, where they
were approached by a woman agent, Ruth Collier, who talked them into letting Peter he interviewed at Metro for a part in "Lord Jeff," which he got, and during which he became great friends with Mickey Rooney.

But Peter's voice was changing about this time, and there was no further career until it made up its mind. They went to New York, during which time war broke out in Europe and their income was frozen. Their checks, when they got them at all, were for $200 a month. They went to Florida for the warm winter, took a tiny place, and Pete got a job managing a parking lot in Palm Beach. He made $25 a week and tips, which were quite large, since he knew socially most of the wealthy patrons he parked. He saved up $800, with which they all headed back for Hollywood, with Peter driving a family out for his transportation and Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford jolting out in a little jalopy with Spot.

They took a small cabin at the Mission Bell Motel on Ventura Boulevard, at the end of the same street on which Mickey Rooney's spacious estate, where Peter had often visited, is located. But Peter had too much pride to let Mick know he was back in town.

He got a job at the Village Theatre in Westwood working as an usher for $15 a week and remembers one night when they were holding an M-G-M Preview there and he brushed shoulders with Mickey Rooney was sitting in the upstairs loge section when the manager sent Peter up with a message. He disguised his voice, tapped Mickey on the shoulder and said, "You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Rooney." "Thanks," said Mick, and to this day he doesn't know it was Pete.

He got his picture break one Saturday afternoon when all the kids were flocking in to the matinee and Peter was on the door. The agent called, telling him to go over to M-G-M right away. "They want an English boy for "Mrs. Miniver,"" she said. So Peter got a girl usher to switch shifts with him, promising to stand hers that night, and took off but fast.

Within two hours, he read for Director William Wyler, got the part, was fitted in wardrobe, did his scene with Richard Ney, and was back on the door at the theater. Very rare indeed, because they usually don't come while he was gone. His line in the picture—"It looks like a big show tonight—the Jerrys are coming"—seemed like a dream.


In Peter's home in Westwood, the Lawfords have neither the time nor the inclination to be regal. They're much too busy having fun. They have tea in the dining room on a mahogany table set that Peter bought proudly at an auction for $65. He got the brown chintz covered living-room suite for $50 and the lamp with the onyx base for $3.

He usually goes to the auctions around 11:30 P.M., just before they're over, because, as he says, "By that time the man's throat is tired and he's glad to let me have it for what I can afford. If I go earlier when he's fresh...I can't get it."

Their home in Westwood is a mixture of their poorer present and their wealthier past. There are scrapbooks filled with clippings of them in front of the spacious villas or dining with royalty. Around the living room and on the table that Pete picked up for $3 are autographed pictures of the King and Queen of Belgium, of...
The text appears to be a mixture of advertisements and articles about Tampax, a feminine hygiene product. The content is too fragmented to provide a coherent summary without context or additional information.
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24) military career when he had to ask the General to do his speech over again).

The power of the picture lies not in its high moments, not in its personnel, but in its cumulative effect. It is an experience that as an American, as a member of “the family of nations,” you cannot afford to miss.

Your Reviewer Says: To each and every one of them, our gratitude and our prayers.

VV State Fair
(20th Century-Fox)

A GREAT big dreamboat of technicolor and romance, enhanced with good old American hominess and set off with fine performances by the nicest people possible.

The romance is the kind that everyone loves—the boy-girl brand that intrigues the imagination and pleases the heart—even the hardest kind of an old heart. The setting is rural but exciting as one travels with the Frake family from farm to fair replete with merry-go-round, roller coasters, ferris wheel and the usual popcorn and hot-dog stands. And of course there’s the hog-judging routine and the home-products booths that fairly make the mouth water.

Jeanne Crain is the Frake daughter who longs for romance and finds it in newspaperman Dana Andrews, sent to cover the fair. Dick Haymes is her brother who also finds romance in pretty Vivian Blaine, a singer at the fair, but finds it a hopeless love from which he recovers wiser but not sadder exactly.

Charles Winninger and Fay Bainter are the parents who bring so much honest happy realism to their roles one fairly suffers with them, while Charles’s hog Blueboy, and Fay’s pickles and mincemeat meet the test. Donald Meek is cute as a judge, Frank McHugh kinda sweet as the song plugger, and Percy Kilbride comical as usual as the farmer who believes in taking a constant gloomy view of everything. In a short sequence as a Barker, Henry Morgan is a riot. What a fine actor.

But it’s not the story exactly that counts, so much as the charm and warmth and delightful heart appeal that intrigues. The music is catchy, with L. Ock and Vivian delivering several lovely numbers. Come to think of it, little Jeanne is a fair little songstress herself. And that Dana goes right on proving himself a man who wins hearts and influences people.

Your Reviewer Says: Delightful.

VV The House On 92nd St.
(20th Century-Fox)

W ITH members of the FBI and Mr. Hoover’s special assistant, a few members of the Hollywood Press were privileged to see the uncut, uncensored version of this rare and impressive picture. Filmed entirely in New York, Washington and immediate surroundings, the picture proved, even in its raw stage, a sock between the eyes because it deals with the actual and factual cases of German agents seeking secrets of our atomic bomb then in the process of production. How nearly they succeeded in obtaining even the last detail of the bomb is something to gag over, and how our men thwarted and out-guessed them is something to glow over.

It is gratifying to realize our own FBI is such a thorough and competent organization protecting and guarding our security. With the exception of Lloyd Nolan as Briggs, all FBI members are played by themselves. Their resourcefulness and
Best Pictures of the Month

Three Strangers
The True Glory
State Fair

The House On 92nd Street

Best Performances

Jeanne Crain and Dana Andrews in "State Fair"

William Eythe in "The House On 92nd Street"

Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Three Strangers"
For no other reason, the jaunt all over the M-G-M lot with Bud and Lou may help make the film enjoyable.

Your Reviewer Says: Those boys do get around.

✓ Captain Kidd (Bogieaas UA)

WE'RE not sure about the Yo-Ho-Ho, but a bottle of rum would definitely help in digesting this morsel of good old yokum piracy with Charles Laughton at his moustachestad. How he shortens and struts and spreads himself in all directions. It's fun just watching him. In fact the ol' boy put on such a good show you don't mind the hoary whiskery tale of a socially ambitious pirate employed by a king to escort safely into port a treasure ship from India. But Captain Kidd Laughton is such an inbred villain he blows up the ship before delivering the treasures to the king and thereby gets hung by his picturesque old neck.

Randy Scott, a nobleman posing as a pirate in order to find his father's murderer, didn't convince us in the least—especially in the dueling scene with Gilbert Roland. John Carradine as Laughton's little "mother's helper" and Reginald Owen as the villain's valet are interesting. Barbara Britton is pretty but why not give her a chance to act? Or did Laughton have to do it all?

Your Reviewer Says: A tongue-in-cheek bit of malarky.

✓ Uncle Harry (Universal)

YOU should know what went on when "Uncle Harry" hit the preview screen. The Hays office, which will not permit crimes to go unpunished but will nevertheless punish millions of movie fans with their demand for trite "happy endings," mixed the intelligent and gripping story and sent it back to Universal's oven for a little recooking. Result—when that second version hit the screen, the producer Joan Harrison walked out of the studio in a huff and everybody was doggoned blooming mad at everybody else. Which shows people in Hollywood at least try to please, but look what's against them.

Anyway, we thought Sanders splendid as the stodgy, middle-aged bachelor caught between his possessive sister, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and his fiancee Ella Raines. With mid-Victorian "faints" and "spells" Geraldine finally manages to break off George's engagement to Raines. When his sister's trickery finally percolates George's thick masculine intuition, he decides to kill her. Didn't any of you who are going to ruin a story for you that is tense and exciting right up to the last?

Sara Allgood as the family servant, Harry Von Zell, Craig Reynolds and Coulter Irwin complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Poor, poor Uncle Harry!

✓ Lady On A Train (Universal)

SINCE the departure from the studio of director Henry Koster and producer Joe Pasternak, Deanna has suffered from stories not always suited to her talents. This film, while far, is still not up to the Durbin standards. Nevertheless, in spite of weak spots in the plot and the fact that Deanna does not appear to best advantage, plenty of the customers will find this duly entertaining.

In this story Deanna is a precocious and wealthy miss from San Francisco who witnesses a murder through the window of her train as it pulls into New York. When police ignore her explanations, she sets out on her own to catch the murderer, roaming through the house of the victim while his will is being read to the family,
IN A MINUTE!

From COLD Discomfort...to WARM Smiles

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of warmth. That quickly helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's wellcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's active menthol capsers begin to ease that nasal stuffiness feeling.

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens. Get a jar—today!

MINIT-RUB
The Modern Chest Rub

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Men and Women, 18 to 60

Mary Brown's Home Business offers you $5, $15 or more per week. Large full time income from doctors, dentists, solicitors, large or small from men and women. Good money at spare time. You can earn independently, prepare for future security by training at home. Just write for Illustrated Book FREE—Now.

THE CATHEDRAL PRESS
655 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DON'T FORCE SLEEP!

TRY DR. MILES NERVINE

Often the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store. Liquid, 25c and $1.00; Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

DON'T DYE GRAY HAIR

... until you try the new color-control method of Mary T. Goldman! Then watch your hair take on the beautiful, natural-looking color you desire, quickly— or so gradually your friends won't guess.

Simply do this! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's . . . just comb it through your gray, bleached, or faded hair. See how this new scientific color-control gives you the youthful hair shade you want. Pronounced harmlessly by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed). Will not harm your wave or change the smooth, soft texture of your hair. It's inexpensive and easy to apply, too. For over 50 years millions have found new hair beauty by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store on MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Or, if you'd rather try it first, mail coupon below for free test kit.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 655 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul 2, Minn. Send free sample. Check color
  □ Black □ Dark Brown □ Medium Brown □ Light Brown
  □ Medium Brown □ Blonde □ Ash Brown.

Name ____________________________ Address ____________________________

Your Reviewer Says: It could have been so exciting!

George White's Scandals of 1945

HERE'S the line-up: Joan Davis and Jack Haley; Phillip Terry and Martha Holliday; Gene Krupa at the drums; the Broadway producer himself, George White, and Ethel Smith at the organ.

And here's the story: Miss Holliday (a ballerina and daughter of a prominent family) visiting her friend Joan Davis backstage, is misterious girl, joins the show as a lark and then disappears after achieving a spot billing when her identity is discovered. Naturally she reappears at the curtain moment and saves the show—but not the picture, alas.

The comedy goes thus: The disapproval of Margaret (Whirlaway) Hamilton to the marriage of Jack Haley and Joan Davis, and their attempts to lure Margaret into a romance of her own and so divert her attention. Very quaint, too, is Joan's own daughter Beverly Willis playing her mother as a child.

The music goes round and round and comes out with Gene Krupa playing the drums until they literally smoke (we're not kidding), Ethel Smith at the organ with all stops out and a cute song number by Joan and Jack called "I Wake Up in the Morning and It's You" and a pantomime called "Who Killed Mike?"

Bettejane Greer is "terrible purty" as the gal who attempts to lure Terry away from Miss Holliday and Fritz Feld is tres cute, although her hair isn't good, it's not depressing, it's not invigorating, so we guess it's just a plain old movie and a trifile better than the average.

Your Reviewer Says: Another backstage whoop de doo.

Johnny Angel

George Raft has a vehicle well suited to his talents in "Johnny Angel," and in flashes proves himself the terribe office hit he could be. But there are too many involvements and heavy inserts in this story to keep interest over high.

The story deals with a derelict ship which proves upon investigation to have been under the command of Raff's father. Not a soul is found on the ship.

Pretending to fall in with a come-on blonde, Claire Trevor, he eventually solves the mystery of what happened to the captain and crew of the abandoned ship.

Some Hasso is very pretty and does a fine job as the French girl. Hoagy Carmichael warbling "Memphis in June" is refreshing. Marvin Miller impressed us with his work as a heavy of sorts.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little mystery all bound up in too much plot.

Mama Loves Papa

EON ERROLL'S legs still collapse and so does this inisipid little story of a playround commissioner who exposes (while drunkee) the crooked manufacturer of playground equipment. Paul Harvey who gets told on, Elizabeth Risdon as Erroll's wife and Edwin Maxwell as the boss waste
everybody’s time, including their own.

Your Reviewer Says: Mama Loves Papa, we hate you!

**Radio Stars On Parade (RKO)**

**MY HEAVENS** to Katie, must all movie night club singers be in constant peril? Such a dangerous occupation, yes! Anyway, Frances Langford finds herself in such a tizzy over the passes made by her racketeer boss, she flies in a panic and a cute little hat. When she meets up with a pair of so-called comedians (to us very unfunny) who have inherited an agency, the plot gets the air—literally. Radio stars including The Town Criers and the Cappy Barra Boys, Skinner Ennis and his orchestra, parade before us. One cute incident has Wally and Alan in a Truth or Consequences take off. Frances sings in her own inimitable manner. But ... .

Your Reviewer Says: You should have the air, little movie.

**✓ Man From Oklahoma (Republic)**

WELL, I do swan to goodness if there ain’t one of them real, honest-to-goodness old western pictures that delight the eye and tickle the ear with some real first-class music. And Roy Rogers has himself a field day especially in that exciting wagon race.

The constant heckling feud between Gabby Hayes and Maude Eburne of feudin’ clans is a bit on the corny side, but who cares as long as Roy rides and sings and courts pretty little Dale Evans.

Roger Pryor is the villain and Trigger is the scene-stealer as usual.

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee!

**Dangerous Intruder (PRC)**

EVERYBODY wants to get into the act, it seems, and here’s PRC’s effort to cash in on the psychological riots that are reaping a golden harvest these days.

Veda Ann Borg is the unfortunate victim this time, playing a show-girl who is struck by a car and taken into the home of a paranoiac killer who has disposed of his wife, his servant and is busy as a little beaver disposing of his stepdaughter, Jo

---

**ARE YOUR Gowns**

**CHARM-REVEALING** or must they be **CHARM-CONCEALING** because of—

**PSORIASIS**

Must you forego the joy of wearing glamour gowns because of ugly psoriasis lesions? Then try SIROIL. It may solve this problem for you. SIROIL tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine.

Try it. Certainly it’s worth a trial, particularly since it’s offered to you on a two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

**SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES**

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

---

**High School Course at Home**

**Many Finishes in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equipped to teach. All tests promptly returned. No. 58 High School Course, 58th Yeors, employed by educational workers. Send for free booklet.

American School, Box #88, Drexel at 51st, Chicago 27

---

**Sailing along in Fair fun—Dana Andrews and Jeanne Crain in Fox’s “State Fair”**
Your Reviewer Says: Kill everybody for all we care.

Tell It To A Star (Republic)

ALAN MOWBRAY struts into a Palm Springs hotel, pretending to be a colonel which he ain't, and eventually lands his niece, the cigar-counter girl, a job singing in Robert Livingston's orchestra.

Anyway, it's designed for laughs, and except for a leak in the roof, it almost achieves its precious little purpose. Frank-lin (yoo hoo) Pamborg, Eddie Marr and Isabel Randolph do pretty good jobs. Aurora (no relation to Borealis) Miranda does a sister Carmen routine.

Your Reviewer Says: Whatever happened to the Lane sisters?

White Pongo (PRC)

"WHITE PONGO," in case you wondered, is a white ape and, brother, you are too if you fall for this one. It ends up with a red ape, who is a bunette, battling over the heroine. Since when have men become secondary to ape heroines? Anyway, we won't waste your time and ours trying to "explain" it.

Robert Fraser, Maris Wrixon, Lionel Royce, Gordon Richards and Al Eben don't help matters much.

Your Reviewer Says: This makes a monkey of everybody.

Song Of Old Wyoming (PRC)

BAD boy out west turns good boy and gets himself shot dead for it. So there you are. Al La Rue is the young desperado who helps heke his own mother, Ma Consay, out of her newspaper press and rob her out of the cattle business. Then he gets noble, gets shot, while Ma, befuddled by the whole thing, gets more befuddled and the baritone sings "Hills of Old Wyoming." Sara Padden is Ma, Eddie Dean the hero, and Jennifer Holt his girl friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Amscray, little movie.

The Shanghai Cobra (Monogram)

CHARLIE CHAN, come war, peace or high water, goes right on his placid way ferreting out murderers with his usual Oriental chi-chi. This time he solves the mystery of a woman murdered by war of cobra poison, three employees of the Sixth National Bank. Which leads one to wonder what goes on in the other five banks?

As usual, he's hanged in his work by his bungling son Benson Farg and his chauffeur Mantan Moreland which is supposed to be side-splittingly funny. We'd knock both their heads off once and for all if we were Charlie. But of course we're not Charlie because Sidney Tolmer is and very good he is too. John Barclay, James Flavin and Addison Richards go along for the cluses.

Your Reviewer Says: Velly nice, Cholly!

Dangerous Partners (M-G-M)

IT'S a mystery to us how a studio that turns out such honeys as "Anchors Aweigh" and "National Velvet" could turn around and produce something as confounded and pointless as this one. Three-fourths of the way through we still didn't know what was going on. Came the end and we were even more confused. Padre in-stance, there was James Craig up there on the screen acting first like a heel and then
all of a sudden he's a blooming hero permitting his sweetie Signe Hasso to be lambasted to death before he'll talk, by gum. And there was Edmund Gwenn as a Nazi agent trying to collect money scattered among various people in America before Craig could get it. Surely someone must have read the script and known this couldn't possibly have made a good movie.

Your Reviewer Says: We're still confused.

Easy To Look At (Universal)

GLORIA JEAN deserves better as a would-be designer who roams through her own wonderland peopled by such weirdies as J. Edward Bromberg as a night watchman with a flair, Eric Blore a producer with no flair, and George Dolenz a designer with bad dialogue. Kirby Grant as the hero performs as if he'd come out of a Disney ink bottle. Only the songs of Gloria lighten the burden.

Your Reviewer Says: We prefer vanilla.

Three Strangers (Warners)

THE barometer of emotion drops with such a thud into out-and-out depression, we'd advise your seeing this only on one of those "nothing-can-daunt-me" nights. But the acting—well, for sheer histrionics you can't beat it. Peter Lorre plays his Johnny with a light, easy relaxed air; Fitzgerald gives her role of the menace a cunning, sly quality more convincing than overly done dramatics; while Sydney Greenstreet runs the gamut from rare moments of humor to complete madness that leaves one hanging onto the seat.

The story has a fault, however, that keeps it from achieving the merit it should have attained—and that is its determined habit of wandering off into episodic by-paths. There are too many detours with Lorre, Robert Shayne and Joan Loring involved in a murder that seems to have little to do with the main issue.

Rosslind Ivan, so wonderful in "The Corn Is Green" and "The Suspect" turns in another gem as Lady Rhea who is not so whimsically stupid as she pretends.

Your Reviewer Says: Mood for murder.

NOW you can have America's smartest, most becoming hats. Beautifully made, authentically styled—coming to you right from the designing rooms of New York's top millinery manufacturers.
CRAWFORD fans, attention—your dream girl is back in her best performance in years. As the Glendale wife and mother who sacrifices everything for her child to the child's complete detriment, Crawford is unbelievably good. Even her appearance is kept to a level of acceptable plainness, her former mannerisms gone and her playing earnest and sincere, with a quality of sympathy that overrides the impatience of the audience, on occasion, when her willful submission to the daughter she adores becomes downright embarrassing.

Ann Blyth takes a long forward stride as the natty, selfish daughter who, in the end, is forced to pay the price of her own wilfulness. Jack Carson, easy and relaxed, is completely believable in his role of friend who contributes to the happiness as well as the troubles of the older sister.

Zachary Scott is a fine actor who makes a crack-jack villain—more weak than cruel, more spineless than dangerous.

Eve Arden as Joan's maid in the business, Bruce Bennett as her former husband, Lee Patrick as Mrs. Buderhof, contribute to this beautifully acted and brilliantly directed tear-jerker. Jo Ann Marlow as the younger daughter is interesting, and Butterfly McQueen comical as the maid.

Your Reviewer Says: 'Twill wring the heart.

Shallow of Terror (PRC)

WE KNEW it, we knew it—the minute the atomic bomb hit Japan, we knew movie producers would do hog wild on the subject with scientists in droves being tortured by spies and thugs for control of the secret. Heaven help all scientists and chemists on the screen from now on.

Richard Fraser, as the chemist working on the bomb, is attacked and thrown off a train, and is rescued by Grace Gillen and Emmett Lynn, a desert rat. Suffering from amnesia, the scientist is kidnapped and tortured by the nasty unkind men anxious to grab one missing ingredient.

Your Reviewer Says: Drop this and it wouldn't even go "boom."

Hollywood and Vine (PRC)

ANY'S the time we've stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, but nothing like this ever happened.

The story (what am I saying?) is all about an established New York playwright, James Ellison, who is introduced to Wanda McKay, a would-be actress, by Daisy the dog. Wanda, unaware of Jimmy's personality, gets him a job soda jerking and a modest bungalow court to live in while his producer Ralph Morgan, his director Leon Belasco, and his girl June Clyde, go berserk.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, come now!

The Gay Senorita (Columbia)

IF Jinx Falkenburg had screen talent commensurate with her talent to garner world-wide publicity—wow! As it is, Miss Falkenburg moves uninhibitedly through a dull little epic concerning a business man who wants to reconver the street of old Mexican settlers into a huge warehouse. Penniless, the warehouseman, Jim Bannon is the boy who sets out to fulfill his uncle's wishes—to reconver the street—but fails for Jinx, daughter of one of the old families. The only authentic thing about it is the singing of Corinna Mura and Isabellita.

Your Reviewer Says: La Cucaracha!


**Brief Reviews**

**VV** Indicates picture rated "Outstanding" when reviewed

**V** Indicates picture rated "Very good" when reviewed

**V** Indicates picture rated "Good" when reviewed

---

**VALOR CAME JONES**—International: Gary Cooper is a cowboy who can't shoot, but tries hard, and William Demarest is his pal. When they come to a strange town they're mistaken for a notorious bandit and his pal, but are saved by Loretta Young. Instead of getting out of town, they realize she is really shielding the bandit, Don Barry, and they hang around until they get into a free-for-all of shooting. (Aug.)

**ANCHORS AWEIGH**—M-G-M: If you want to laugh and be enchanted, this bewitching piece about two gods (Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra) and a gal (Kathryn Grayson) will give you a joyful evening. Kelly is "The Sea Wolf," Sinatra the hopeful would-be wolf, and Kathryn the beautiful singer aspiring to an audition with Joe Isiria. So good you'll see it twice and wish it were longer. (Oct.)

**BACK TO BATAAN**—RKO: History parades before us in this gripping story that covers the period from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the landing of General MacArthur's men on Leyte. John Wayne as the deliberate but crafty colonel who leads a guerrilla band, and Anthony Quinn as the Filipino who aids him, are both wonderful, and the rest of the cast helps to make this a memorable picture. (Sept.)

**RED SIDE MANNER**—Stone-UA: Charles Rogers is the overheated doctor who desperately tries to prevent Ruth Hussey, his doctor niece who drops in for a weekend, from traveling to Chicago for scientific research. John Carroll, as the test pilot who happens to be a student of Rogers' line, lends a lot of glossy humor to the story, and Ruth contributes charm and loveliness to the comedy. (Sept.)

**BELL FOR ADANO**—40th Century Fox: The most touching film of the month is this war-drama in which John Hodiak registers forcefully as MacArthur's aide, with his patience and understanding of the people of Adano endears himself to them. Spencer Tracy and Dana Andrews, as the Filipino who aids him, are both wonderful, and the rest of the cast helps to make this a memorable picture. (Sept.)

**BELLS OF ROSARITA**—Republic: Not only do we have Roy Rogers in this, but also Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson, all riding in Dale Evans's circus to save it and keep them in the show business. The way it works out, with Rogers playing himself, a real movie cowboy, is novel and welcome. (Aug.)

**BEWITCHED**—M-G-M: Philip Thaxter is a young bride-to-be, torn between two conflicting emotions operating in her own mind. The horrid emotion transforms Philip into a girl capable of leaving her home and betrothed, and finally murder. The courtroom scene with Edmund Gwen as they psychiatrists are good, but on the whole the story misses. With Henry Daniell Jr. and Addison Richards. (Sept.)

**BLONDE RANSOM**—Universal: The noble about the fellow who's about to lose his night club to a gambler whom along comes the pretty blonde who saves the day. Donald Cook is the hero and Virginia Grey the blonde who pretends to be kidnapped in order to get money from George Barbier so she can buy her own night club. Jerome Cowan is good as the lawyer. (Sept.)

**BLOOD ON THE SUN**—Cagnery-UA: Jimmy Cagney has no world better in his first independent production, but he has a role that fits to a T—a cocky, enterprising reporter on an American paper in Tokyo, Sydney, as the man who is cut off by the Japanese. His performance is top-notch, and the film is a smashing success. (Sept.)

---

**FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES, NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS**

- **10¢**
- **25¢**

**CAUTION—USE ONLY AS DIRECTED**

---

**EX-LAX**

The Happy Medium!

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate! It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children.

As a precaution use only as directed.

---

**FOOT RELIEF**

New Soothing Foot Plaster. Easily Cut to Any Size, Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTAX, a new, superior moleskin foot plaster—velvety-soft, cushioning. When used on weary feet, it quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction and pressure. Soothes and prevents the sore spots. Splendid for preventing blisters on feet and hands. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10c stores.

**Dr. Scholl's KUROTAX**
New! Quick! Sensational! Treat yourself to a TWURL Permanent Cold Wave—easily, comfortably—at home in 20 to 60 minutes, depending on type of hair. With TWURL you can achieve gorgeous soft, natural-looking hair... deep-set, glamorous curls that last longer and are easy to manage. No fuzzy, knky hair annoyance.

Try TWURL today! Re-style your hair... and look your loveliest tomorrow! Also fine for children's hair. Remember—TWURL contains an exclusive ingredient that makes hair lustrous.

REMARKABLE VALUE! $7.00 plus 30¢ Federal Tax

Complete Home Kit Includes Cutters, Tissue, Neutralizer, Wave Solution and Instructions. Money refunded if not satisfied.

If your dealer does not have TWURL, use coupon below.

Beauty Research Laboratories, Inc. Dept. A 1530 West 25th Street, Cleveland 13, Ohio.

Please mail TWURL Permanent Cold Wave Kit—Price $2.00 each, plus 30¢ Federal Tax. Enclosed find $________ (check or money order). Postage and packing prepaid.

Name

Street and Number

City State

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

... and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at last, a method that is quick and easy that obliterates streaks of gray to natural-looking shades— from lightest blonde to darkest black. The secret is a small brush and a hair-colored hair spray. Just brush or comb it in. One application leaves desired color. Stop rejoicing, easy to prove by testing a test lock of your hair. Use only as directed. Test lock of your hair. Use only as directed. Test lock of your hair. Use only as directed. Test lock of your hair. Use only as directed.

Brighton Strangler, The—RKO: A well-developed yarn, dealing with an actor with a penchant for murder, who sets out to enact the role he's been playing on the stage for a year—that of a murderer. John Lodge plays the murder actor with sympathy, Rose Hobart does an excellent job as his fiancée, and John Du黎re and Michael St. Angel add romance to the story. (Aug.)

Captain Eddie—20th Century-Fox: The life and times of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, who has been present in a manner that holds the interest and intrigues the imagination. Fred MacMurray plays the noted flier with sincerity and genuineness. And the rest of the cast, including Lynn Bari as his wife, Richard Crane, Lloyd Nolan, Charles Russell, Stanley Ridges and Richard Conte, are all excellent. (Sept.)

Caribbean Mystery, The—20th Century-Fox: Starring to find James Dunn playing another standard mystery plot in this story of an orphaned Chinese lad, Ducky Louie, who is adopted by a group of Flying Tigers, and mighty good he is, too. Paul Kelly is one of the fliers. (Aug.)

China's Little Devils—Monogram: The see the hardships and the hardships of China's children, and the hardships of the incidentals of the story. The Englishman, played by Roger Livesey, especially in the last half of the picture as the lovable old Colonel Blimp, and Anton Walbrook is the German, offering a softened realism on his lifelong friend. You'll want to see more of Deborah Kerr. (Aug.)

Conflict—Warner's: Good psychological murder drama, with Humphrey Bogart portraying the husband, Rose Hobert, in a picture that holds the interest of the movie-going public. The hero is convinced of the guilt of his wife, and sets out to use him. He is aware of the situation from the beginning, which increases the suspense, and all the performances are very good. (Sept.)

Diveorce—Monogram: Kay Francis, producer and
star of this little epic, plays a multiply divorced adventurer who hires Bruce Collier away from his wife and children. The wife, played by Helen Mack, and the two children, Larry Olson and Johnny Calhoun, give a refreshing quality to the trite theme. (Aug.)

**DUFFY'S TAVERN—Paramount:** All Paramount stars (except Hope) arriving at Duffy's to help Archie out of a jam makes this fun all the way, with Victor Moore starring off the police as Archie introduces the acts: Crosby, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, and many more. Ed Gardner in his original radio role, with helpers Eddie Green, Charles Cantor and Amy Thomas, and romancers Barry Sullivan and Marion Raymond, add to the red show. (Oct.)

**FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—RKO:** Poor old Falcon, Tom Conway, running into a murder on his vacation, does a terrible job of it. The plot solves everything, but ends up pretty tired. Rita Corday is a pretty ingrate. Edward Brophy, Sharyn Moffet and Robert Armstrong are in it too. (Oct.)

**FROZEN GHOST, THE—Universal:** Martin Kosleck is an expert in freezing people into suspended animation, and Lyle Talbot, the scientist who believes he is going mad. Millstone House is Chaney's pal who plots with Kosleck to actually drive Chaney still crazier. Ankles and Tiki Borel are the girls in it. (Sept.)

**GREAT JOHN L., THE—Columbia:** Grey McCrae, as the great fighter John L. Sullivan, has the build and a straightforward honesty that gives his performance credence. Linda Darnell, as the girl he doesn't love but he doesn't lose, and Barbara Britton whom he loves but who refuses him, are both good as the women in his life; and Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford and Robert Barrat fit perfectly into the era. (Sept.)

**GREAT WIFE—Skirtball:** Guy, intelligent intellectual, falls for Claudette Colbert giving a knockout performance as the wife of Richard Foran, Don Ameche's first husband. The stuff with Don Ameche pretending to his boss, Charles Dingle, that Claudette is his wife, is enough to produce results, with Colbert trying to help Don, are a riot of fun. (Sept.)

**HIGHER WHINNIES AND THE BELLEBOY—M-G-M:** This charming tale will carry you straight to a happy ending for all concerned. Where Robert Walker is the bellboy assigned to Princess Hedy Lamarr, little page as is the little cripple Bob really loves, Rag Ragland an uncle to whom she is related, and Warner Anderson Hedy's handsome columnist's son. You will love them all. (Oct.)

**HIDDEN EYE, THE—M-G-M:** This time Edward Arnold, as the blood detective with the smart dog Friday, catches a crooked lawyer who is after an inheritance he slowly murdered each. Prances Rafferty and Paul Langford are the romantic two-some and Ray Collins the bad man. (Oct.)

**INCENDIARY BLONDE—Paramount:** Betty Hutton plays the Texas Guinan with extraordinary vitality and effervescence, taking the great entertainer from the stage to the New York stage, to Hollywood, and back to New York and her great era. Bill Goodwin is the press agent who marries, and Arturo de Cordova the man she loves. (Sept.)

**JEALOUSY—Republic:** Fair but not too logical plot of Master of the Streets as a cab driver who falls in love with a doctor's fair. Talmud builds to a climax, but rather too slowly. We liked the characters better than the plot. Nila Anther, John Loder and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

**JUNGLE CAPTIVE—Universal:** Mad scientists and mad menagerie as the madman who robs the world of its true beauty. Jerome Cowan is the only real person in the whole business. (Sept.)

**JUNIOR MISS—20th Century-Fox:** Fun in the family is a charm. A middle-aged student is a kind of a girl type who drives off with someone's wife and leaves her husband and two children behind. It's a comedy full of suspense, and there's a lot of trying to switch people's brains around. Jerome Cowan is the only real person in the whole business. (Sept.)

**LOVE LETTERS—Paramount:** A strange and rather unconvincing plot, but the Love Letters are written by Joseph Cotten to Jennifer Jones for a soldier pal. The scene around to Ann Richards as Jennifer's loyal friend brings warmth to the screen. Mary Livingstone and Gladys Cooper complete the splendid cast. (Oct.)

**NAUGHTY NINETIES, THE—Universal:** It's a shame that Abbott and Costello aren't given better material, although they are amusing. This one is funny. The plot revolves around a show host and a group of crooks. Putting in a few more: Dan Seymour, who get away from Captain Henry Travers and his daughter Lois Calhoun; and Abbott and Costello get all involved in the complications surrounding it. (Sept.)

**NOB HILL—20th Century-Fox:** The same old corn, with George Raft as the Coast guard captain; with heart and soul of pure driven snow who falls

---

**ASTHMA—POLLEN TIME is HERE!**

Relieve pollen-aggravated bronchial asthma attacks with Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMA-DOR. The asthmatic asthmatic's best friend. Clearer head, easier breathing, the asthmatic's second skin. No chemical, too. So keep ASTHMA-DOR always on hand, ready for emergency, anywhere, at all. At all drug stores in powder, pipe mixture or convenient cigarette form.
NO DULL DRAB HAIR
When You Use This Amazing
4 Purpose Rinse
In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give your hair glamour and beauty:
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.
LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

Gives you — the gorgeous few
(Oct.)

MAGNIFIED

At 10^2

DRAB

WATERPROOF!

TINTS

Helps

NO

2

RING

RING

Lynn

Waterproof film, permanently reproduces the natural beauty of your hair. No need to rinse. No need for paper or cards. This amazing new product is in every newspaper yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Try PHB-D-RING R-58.

A Full Color
AUTOGRAPHED
PHOTOGRAPH
OF
FRANK SINATRA
MOUNTED ON BEAUTIFUL LIFETIME LASTING PLACQUE
Will hang on wall or stand on dresser. Quantity limited. — Don't delay.
Send 35c in coin to P. O. Box 190, Dept. A, New York 19, N. Y.

Flash! A

Simple Easy invention
AT TRIMS HAIR AT HOME.

Saves barber bills
Trims hair as he combs it. Easy to use and easy to learn. Never fails. Invaluable for short or long hair. Just comb hair and look at the time. Old bald или understanding into his role as Gershwin, Joan Leslie and Alexan Smith are the women in his life and Herbert Rudelle is his brother Ira. The cast also includes Charles

for Joan Bennett. Vivian Blaine sings in the salon and loves George, and Peggy Ann Garner is a small Irish immigrant. The cast includes Alan Reed, B. S. Pully and Emil Coleman, and the music is catchy. (Aug.)

ONE EXCITING NIGHT — Pine Thomas — Paramount: You won't have such a very exciting night at the movies if you see this one, what with wire-cracking lovers who give with the chatter while getting dear people needlessly from place to place. William Gargan is too nice a guy for this kind of stuff, and so is Ann Savage. (Sept.)

YOU MAY BE EVERYBODY — Universal: Jack Oakie can't suffer the word radio, so he ends up happily broadcasting. Pert Peggy Ryan is again his daughter, intrigued by Johnny Cob (whose dancing, we repeat, is sensational), although they are now

up in the old vaudeville tradition of their parents — which is not a very good way to grow up. (Oct.)

YOUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—MG M: A series of heartwarming sketches of Norwegian people in Wisconsin. Margaret O'Brien and Ruth Jenkins are so natural and lovable you forget they are acting. As Margaret's parents, Agnes Moorehead and Edward O. Robinson are understanding and perfect. James Craig and Frances Gifford furnish just the right romantic note. A quiet, tender, well-made film. (Oct.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD — Paramount: Ver- onica Lake is a philanthropist who promotes Diana Lynn and her girl orchestra, and Eddie Bracken as a singer. You'll bowl when Eddie opens his mouth and bring Gracie's voice comes out, and when he makes love to the Mike a la Sinatra. Unfortunately, however, a hundred and twenty-five percent of Eddie gets sold before he hits big time, but the complications are fun. (Aug.)

OVER 21 — Columbia: If fans worried that Alexander Knox might be too loud after "Wilson" they will exult in the beautiful job he does as an newspaper editor competing with the younger men in Army Officer Candidate School. Irene Dunne as his wife struggles with lungless life, comforts her husband and placates Charles Coburn, publisher of the paper. The three turn in a solid hit. It is hilarious and touching. (Oct.)

PARIS UNDERGROUND—Constance Bennett: A: Taken from the best-selling novel, the story is a little dated, but has terrific suspense and is beautifully acted by Miss Bennett, Gracie Fields and George Raft, who are smuggling English furs out of France. There is an expected happy ending. Eddie

Kreemer is arresting as the Nazi captain. (Oct.)

PENTHOUSE RHUTMI—Universal: Despite the funny people, such as Muny Gable, Eric More, Maxie Rosenbloom and Henry Armetta, this isn't a such a much. Edward Norris is a theatrical producer, and cute little Lois Collier his secretary, who gets her brother, the Davis Lads, an audition; and Kirby Grant in a young Newton backup. Jack Clark works too hard at his songs. (Sept.)

PRIDE OF THE MARINES—Warners: This fine human-interest picture tells of under love story hero Al Schmil, beautifully played by John Garfield, who was blinded on Guadalacanal, and the woman who loved him, Eleanor Parker. War scenes are realistic and gripping. You'll love Dane Clark and newcomer Tom D'Ambere. Don't miss it. (Oct.)

WHAPSODY IN BLUE—Warners: George Gershwin, his music, his life, his ambitions and dreams comes to the screen in an emotionally warm story literally crammed with people and events of the time. Robert Alda breathes life and understanding into his role as Gershwin, Joan Leslie and Alexan Smith are the women in his life and Herbert Rudelle is his brother Ira. The cast also includes Charles

NEXT MONTH
Louella Parsons
talks to you about
Hollywood's newest
talked-about star
Jeanne Crain
The sweetheart of
"STATE FAIR"
Don't miss it!
SILVER FLEET, THE—P.R.C.: Another excellent British picture, telling the story of the owner of an important Dutch shipyard who is given the "choice" of collaborating by delivering into Nazi hands the two new submarines he is building, or else. How the owner, Ralph Richardson, solves his dilemma makes for a tense screen fare. (Aug.)

SOUTHERN, THE—Loco Halim UA: An exciting, beautifully written and directed story, but not, nevertheless, disappointing. It deals with the struggles of Zachary Scott and Betty Field, Southern sharecroppers, to produce cotton with nature and neighbors against them. (Aug.)

STEPPING IN SOCIETY—Republic: Even funnier Edward Everett Horton, as a respectable judge mistaken for a fellow of the same name, who takes him over as his boss, couldn't make this little anything but that. Jerry Stiller, Ruth Terry, Lola Lane and Frank Jenks work unusually hard and do their best, but it's all to no avail. (Sept.)

STORY OF G. I. JOE—Cowan UA: The simplicity and honest quality of Ernie Pyle comes through the story of his experiences as a newspaper correspondent overseas, and Burgess Meredith is perfect as Ernie. The picture is a monument to our Infantry and to those who write of them. (Sept.)

SWING OUT, SISTER—Universal: Frances Rafford does a fair job in an unnoteworthy tale of a busy nightclub owner, who manages the club's own before she discovers she stills rov Cameron. With Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hinds. (Aug.)

THAT'S THE SPIRIT—Universal: Music, corn, comedy and fantasy all thrown together in this hodgepodge, with Jack Oakle racing off to heaven and tearing back Earth to straighten out his daughter's career, and Johnny Cyc fascinated with his dance partner, June Johnson, Peggy Ryan, Andy Devine and Arthur Treacher are in it too. (Aug.)

THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS—A—Columbia: A charming, romantic fantasy, with Cornel Wilde as Aladin, Phil Silvers as a lad born out of his time, Evelyn Keyes as the genie, and Ava Gardner as the princess. The story is sheer romantic nonsense, but the color is so eye-filling, the sets so lavish, and the humor so delicious that it's all completely delightful. (Sept.)

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—M.G.M.: You'll love this romantic musical, with Van Johnson mad about Esther Williams, a young bride deserted by her 20-year husband and on her honeymoon. The settings—a 20-screen California resort are a perfect background for the swimming, romance, and dancing of the pair. Lauritz Melchior, Frances Alda and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra are in it too. (Aug.)

TWIN BLESSED—M.G.M.: The Wilde twins are the object of the experiment of divorced parents. One raised by her mother (Gail Patrick) and the other by the father, Preston Foster. When the cruddy twin meets up with her jitterbugging sister, the story is fairly amusing. (Aug.)

WAY AHEAD—The—20th Century Fox: This 11th picture is a beautiful human document about ordinary people who make their way. With the exception of David Niven, the cast is unfamiliar to a Bette. She's an actress, but it's a picture you shouldn't miss. (Aug.)


WEST AT THE PECONICS—RKO: Barbara Hale travels (back in the '30s) to Texas with a tent and two horses. There's Allen Crabbe and Robert Taylor as a pair of cowboys and on the way they make Texas a man civilization by helping to rid it of orneriness. The travel at a rate of 10 miles per hour, and Richard Martin, Bill Williams and Rita Corday are around too. (Sept.)

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME—P.R.C.: Pamela Blake does a very good job as the girl who leaves a home and family for a turn as a night club queen and thereby meets up with gamblers and near death. Claudia Drake, Constance Worth and Lola Lane give strong performances outranking those of Sheldon Leonard and Elissa Cook Jr. (Sept.)

YOU CAME ALONG—Hal Wallis-Paramount: Carolee Homer blends with tender pathos in the story of two lovers, Don DeFore and Charles Drake, and their two children. They all go on a Bond tour cherishing by Lizabeth Scott at the Treasury Dept. She and Bob (all in love) have a short but ideal happiness and marriage in the beautiful last third of the film. (Oct.)

Chest Cold Misery
Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just long enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightening of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

CAPTAIN KIDD—Boggs: U.A., Captain William Kidd; Charles Laughton; Jack Hulbert;.y, Randolph Scott; Lady Anne, Barbara Stanwyck; Gary Sheldon; Reginald Owen; Orange Percy, John Carradine; Lorenzo, Gilbert Roland; Haiti Bilissan, John Qualen; Boyle, Sheldon Leonard; King William III, Henry Daniell; Samuel, John Williams; William parchment; Blode, Amner Bihlerran; Lord Almerbcrn, Reginald Sheffield; Duke of Clarence, Mansfield Evans; Lord Bellomont, Clifford Brookes; Lord Orford, Keith Hitchcock; Governor of Newgate, Frederick Warbeck; Shatto, Al Hall; Michael O'Shane, Ray Teale.

DANGEROUS INTRUDER—FRC: Mac Dacue; Charles Arnt; Jenny, Veda Ann Borg; Cartel, Richard Powers; Millicit, Fay Helm; Fester, John Rogers; Jack, Jo Ann Martin; Miss, Sorenson, Helena P. Evans; Freeles, Roberta Smith.

DANGEROUS PARTNERS—M-C: Jeff Carlin; James Craig; Carol Ballenger, Signe Hasslo; Albert Richard Kingby, Edmund Gwenn; Lil Morgan, Ashley拓per; Mari, David Paige; Clyde Ballenger, John Warburton; Day, Henry O'Neill; Jonathan Bergher; In, Felix Bressart; love, Felix Kempen, Warner Anderson; Co-Pilot, Horace McNally; Feler, John Eldredge.

EASY TO LOOK AT—Universal: "Batch" Billings, Eric Blore; Amiri, Helen Volume; Helena Ford; Mildred Law; Judah Dowson, Gloria Jean; Bruce, Kirby Grant; Custard Leventon, J. Edward Bromberg.

GAY SENIORITA, THE—Columbia: Elena, Jim Falkenberg; Phil Frantins, Jim Bannon; Tomas Obrien, Steve Guest; Constance, Cora Mason; Corinna Mason; Chiquita, Isabella, J. J., Frenzas, Thurstan Hall; Kitty, Isabel Withers; Dona Maria Sandoval; Mar- guerite Sylva; Lorena, Euro Withers; Lulu, Mow- ter, Lala Montes; Pato, Tommmy Cook; Luptia, Nina Barta; Padre Antonio, Linda de Cordoba; Falbo, Eddy Fields; Antonio Trani, and the Two Tics.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF 1945—RKO: Joan Margo, Joan Darrow; Jacki Williams, Jack Hulbert; Tom McGrath, Philip Terry; Bill Ashby, Martha Holliday; Gene Krupa, Himself; Ethel Smith, Herself; George White, Glenn Trench; UnobWake, Margaret Hamilton; Monterza, Fritz Feld; Billie Rand, Belljar, George; Marcy, Andra Young; Hilda, Rose Murphy; Lord Gwapsy, Neddy Edwards; Jnr, Tom Noonan; Hira, Dorothy Sebastian; Joan Mason, Beverly Willis.

HOLLYWOOD AND VINE—FRC: Larry, James Ellison; Melba, Wendy McKay; Gloria, June Clyde; B. B. Boden, Morgan Rogers; Regue, Frank- lyn Pangborn; Cedric, Leon Bevis; Pye, Emmett Lynn; Fancy, Vera Lewis; Ann, Karin Lang; Jen- m, Robert Gadsby; Charlie Williams, Tav, Ray Whitley; Mag, Dewey Robinson; Attorney Hoody, Cy King; Attorney Wilson. Grandini Rhodes, Jerry Marlett; George Tucker; Donald Kerr, Abigail, Lillton Bronson; Judge, John Elliott; Gaban, Phyllis Raymond; Giff, Charles Dun; Dan, Lou Crock; Casting Director, Hal Tappert.

HOUSE ON 99ND STREET, THE—20th Century: Fox: Bill Detrich, William Erthe; Brigs, Lloyd Novan; Ela Bahlhald, Signe Hasslo; Charles Page; Roger, Gene Lockhart; Hamsomchen, Leo G. Carroll; Johnson, Schneible, Lydia St. Claire; Wheeler, William Post; Max Coburn, Henry Bellamy; Adele Lange, Bertha, oval Clark; Berry, Howard; Mort, Charles Wagensen; Emil Klime, Alfred Linder; Lucy Velsh, Renee Carson; Admiral, Rusty Lane; Dl, Walter Hite; Weather, Wayne Prim, General, Edwin Jerome; Freda Kassel, Elizabeth Neuman; Frank Van Van, Safari, Wayne Prim, Fred; Custom Officer, William Adams; Policeman, Lew Hinkle; Intern, Tom Brown; Jackson, George Shelby.

IN HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M: Buzz Keaton, Bud Abbott; Abercrombie, Llert Costello; Claire Warren, Frances Rafferty; Jeff Parker, Robert Stanton; Katharyn, Raquel Baldani; Willard, Edward; Everett Horton; Mr. Saunders, George Couritou; Allen Jenkins; Wayne Morgan; Gay, Bruce; Joyce, Patricia Molison; Arnold, Dan; Dennis, Arctic, Palmer; Anna Christy; Elizabeth Patterson; Mr. Wigan, Samuel S. Hinds.

NEW pure, white odorless* RENZM REMOVES HAIR

Whisks off led hair, leaves skin smooth, alluring.

* A fragrant white lotion without bad clumping depilatory odor.
1. Painless, not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
2. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
3. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
4. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

NAIR

Cosmetic lotion to remove hair

49c
On sale at good Drug and Department Stores

FREE to All AUTO owners

196 PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS that will help you to get better gas mileage; longer tire life; better performance; lower upkeep costs

Get a FREE COPY from any General Motors dealer, or use coupon below.

Customer Research Dept., Room 1852, General Motors, DETROIT 2, MICH.
Please send FREE COPY of new edition 64-page "Automobile User's Guide"—containing 196 practical suggestions on wartime operation. Name 
Mr.  Mrs.  please print 
Address  please print 
City  Zone  State 
Make car of now owned  year model

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this system on your hair. Your hair will grow longer and much more beautiful. The new product is called "Hair May Get Longer." It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. See the "Hair May Get Longer" display in your nearest theatre. It will prove results. Send $1.00 (or C.O.D.) to Universal, 511 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

JULY CO., 1390 Irving Park Rd., Dept. 6-19, Chicago 13, Ill.

To keep precious woolens longer lasting and lovelier looking...wash them in Wool-Foam. Leaves clothes clean, soft and fluffy! Colors stay bright! Fibres stay alive! Economical! One 25c box washes 25 woolens or sweater equivalent. At Not- ions, 40c. Made for Wool by a wool firm WOOLFOAM CORP. New York 11, N. Y.

Hair OFF Face

Lips...Arms...Legs
Now Happy! I had my superfluous hair...i unloved...discouraged, tried many things...even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a single, simple, economical method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book explains method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. Write Mme. Annette Lapointe, P.O. Box 640, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 503. Chicago 64, Ill.

CLOVERONE Brand Salve for chapped and indoor trouble or friends of S2e a box with popular products and retail amount is stated for premium wash, as explained above. Order with order postcard part by the use of ""Send 80 now Medallion." For more information on how to start. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 65-43, Tyrone, Pa.

Prizes Included

Get NO MONEY NOW!

Send name and address! Girls! Boys! Ladies! Attractives...Wrinkle Wash, rings, earrings, Silver, Gold, Household, Premiums or CASH COMMISSION daily yours! SIMPLY give color pictures with White LORENZEN'S CLOVERONE Brand Salve for chapped and indoor trouble or friends of S2e a box with popular products and retail amount is stated for premium wash, as explained above. Order with order postcard part by the use of ""Send 80 now Medallion." For more information on how to start. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 65-43, Tyrone, Pa.

Premiums GIVEN!

Send NO MONEY Now!
Knit this glamorous BED JACKET with Fleisher's Yarns

There's Nothing Finer

For knitting everything from bed jackets to bed socks, men's sweaters to baby sweaters—ask for Fleisher's Yarns. To make this lovely bed jacket, ask for Fleisher's Volume 22.

Swimproof "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring...even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smears or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks...thus ending daily eye make-up bother. Caution: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today! $1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

"Dark-Eyes" Dept. NL-3
218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.
I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions. Check shades: [ ] Black [ ] Brown

Name
Address
Town State

(Continued on page 152)

This Is It Mother!

Trouble-Saving, Time-Saving Tip From Other Busy Mothers

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve miseries of colds—is to rub warming, soothing Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Results are so good because VapoRub penetrates to cold-irritated upper bronchial tubes with special, soothing medicinal vapors.

Stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.

Then For Hours VapoRub's special action keeps on working. Invites restful sleep. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone!

Only VapoRub gives you this special penetrating-stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only VICKS VAPORUB.

"STARLIGHT PUMP"

Stepping up in Hollywood smartness and comfort is this rotomolded Pump, a "Footbath" to your smartest suit or most glamorous party frock. Open back and toe, swing-pump heel of eye-catching, ever-weaving gobelin with geometric edging the platform sole and forming the gayest bow imaginable since it's set with rows of sparkling bristol-like rhinestones. Colors are black brown, green and red. Narrow sizes 3 1/2 to 9. Medium sizes 3 to 9, $4.95 plus mailing costs. No shoe stump is needed.

SEND NO MONEY Mason coupon and pay postage on arrival. Yes! 10 days' examination privilege. Money refunded, if not delighted.

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. HV-70,
5071 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

Please send "Starlight" Shoes. (Give 2 choices in colors.)
[ ] Black [ ] Brown [ ] Green [ ] Red

Regular shoe size: Width:

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: __________________________

149
Beauty Workshop by Betty Sanford

Smile Wiles

Don't keep your smile for a party; use it to promote your own happiness. When you're alone, start smiling. Remember that your smile is prettiest when it comes from shining lips. An easy way to accomplish that is to borrow Vera Hruba Ralston's method: Wet your lips when you're particularly anxious that your smile be most attractive . . . Another tip-off from Jack Dawn, Metro make-up man: Use two shades of lipstick at night if your lips are uneven. If you have a thick upper lip and a thin lower one, put lighter lipstick on the upper lip and darker on the lower. If the lower lip is more prominent, reverse the process. But be sure you try this wile only under artificial light and always watch that your lipsticks are not opposite colors but merely different tones of the same hue . . . A "must" when applying lipstick is always to "start from scratch," as retouch jobs are never very successful. Carefully remove all traces of old lip rouge, apply powder lightly to insure a dry foundation and then put on fresh make-up. Then blot your lips to prevent smearing and "pink teeth."

La Cross raises the curtain on fingertips with "Real Red"

The new season nail polish color that goes on with the idea of staying.

HAND BEAUTY AIDS * NAIL POLISH MANICURE IMPLEMENTS
Schneller Bros., Corp., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20

Smile when you're alone
Vera Hruba Ralston!
Listen and glisten

Smile the while—you work you play. But make your smile the kind to get you places

Surest way to be rated standoffish is to walk stiffly into a room. Always come into a group smiling—and not a frozen smile either. To avoid that, Rita Hayworth, just before she's ready to enter a room, blows out her cheeks to relax her mouth. Result: A natural, easy smile . . . Another trick: Try saying the word "toast" to yourself when you're nervous; you'll make your entrance charming and your presence felt . . . Gleaming white teeth really "make" a sparkling smile. Did you know that a lipstick with a slight blue undertone makes teeth appear whiter? . . . What about the bugaboo that smiling produces wrinkles? A fair question, because it is true, providing your smile is not controlled. Self-study in the mirror will show you whether your smile is producing lines around your eyes; if it is, practice on a slower, more subtle smile. As one beauty expert put it: The smile comes from the eyes and not from the skin wrinkles.
"Lux Soap Facials"

"It feels as if you were smoothing beauty in when you cover your face generously with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy, Active lather and work it in thoroughly."

every day

"Easy on the eyes—that's what you will be after your Active-lather facial! Rinse with warm water, then cold, pat your face dry with a soft towel. A beauty care that works!"

make skin LOVELIER"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap Active-lather facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a very short time!

★★ FIGHT WASTE ★★
Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...
no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!
Like bathing in Summer rain...

Transform your daily baths into soothing, glorifying "beauty treatments" with Bathsweet bath oils! They make ordinary water treatments into something special. And the lovely, soft, clean fragrance will cling to your skin for hours. Try a Bathsweet fragrance soon and see how it feels. Sweet beauty bath tonight, and see how lovely fresh you feel!

Bathsweet Water Softener • Bathsweet Foam • Bathsweet Soap
Bathsweet Shower Mitts • Bathsweet Talc Mitt • Bathsweet Pine Oil
3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine, Spring Morning.

(Continued from page 149)

center: Landers, Jan Keith, Waco, Lee Bennett.
Dixon, Bob Bartron; McKe, Horace Murphy; Lynch, Pete, Reardon; Wago, Rocky Carramen; Tex, Bill Bevan, Hedges, Richard Kramer; Bank Clerk, Steve Clark.

STATE FAIR—20th Century-Fox: Pat Gilbert, Dana Andrews, Murray Frake, Joplin Caine; Wayne Frake, Jack Haymes; Emily, Vivian Blaine, Abel Frake, Charles Whitman, Melissa Frake, Fay Rainier; Hapgood, Donald Meek; McCreery, Frank McHugh; Miller, Percy Kilbride; Barber, Harry Morgan, Eleanor, Jane Wyng; Murray, William Marshall; Harry Wave, Philip Brown; Bask, Paul Barnes; Epp, Tom Padmore, Papers, William Franchise; Barber, Steve Olson; Mrs. Metcalfe, Josephine Whitell; Simpson, Paul Harvey; Announcer, John Dehner; Indian, Harlan Briggs, Will Wrang, Alice Fleming; Farmer, Walter Baldwin; Police Chief, Ralph Sanford.

TELL IT TO A STAR—Republic: Carol Lamberg, Ruth Terry, Gene Ritchie, Robert Livingston; Col, Ambrose Morgan, Alan Mowbray; Horace Love ace, Franklin Pangborn, Mrs. Arnold Wharton, Isabel Randolph; Billy Sherahan, Eddie Marr; Mona S. Clair, Adrian Booth; Anguza, T. Goodman, Frank Orch; Ed Smith, Tom Duggan; At Mrr, George Chandler; Miss Dobson, Mary Mcclure; Bramson, William B. Davidson; Specialty by Ava Miranda.

THREE STRANGERS—Warner: Arbogast, Sydoney Greenstreet, Crystal, Geraldine Fitzgerald; West, Peter Lorre; icy, Joan Lorring; Fallen, Robert Shayne; Janet, Marjorie Rhodes; Prosecuter, Arthur Shields; Lady Rhea, Rosalind Ivan; Junior Clerk, John Alvin; Gabby, Peter Whitney; Shackelford, Alan Napier; Senior Clerk, Clifford Brooker; Mrs. Proctor, Doris Lloyd; Major "Red" Beach, Stanley Logan; Mrs. Robert, Holmes Herbert; Gork, Ian Wolfe; Flower Woman, Connie Leen; Bartender, Colin Kenney; Persec Gourd, Gbl, Hetten; Bfd, Eric Wilton; Donald Fry, Keith Hitchcock; Detective, Leslie Denison; Stranger, Lesley Logan, Holmst; Old Man, Alice Crab; Hotel Clerk, Reginald Sheffield; Drunk, Benny Hurt.

UNCLE HARRY—Universal: John Quincy, George Sanders; Lottie Quay, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Deborah, Berta, Elda Raines; Nona, Sara Alcoff; Hector, Mayna Macgee; Dr. Adams, Samuel S. Hinds; Ben, Harry Von Zell; Mrs. Nelson, Ethel Griffiths; Helen, Judy Clark; John Warren, Craig Reynolds; Mrs. Nelson, Will Wright; Mr. Follishere, Arthur Loft; Mrs. Follishere, Irene Tedrow; Bfd Wagner, Colter Irwin; Joan Warren, Dawn Bender; Metron, Ruth Scherrington; Joe, the Greek, Rodney Bell.

WHITE PONGO—PRC: Bishop, Richard Fraser; Pamela, Marx Wrissey; Van Doore, Lionel Royce; Krisper, Al Asom, Mr. Harris, Gordon Richards; Carrel, Michael Dane; Fadler, George Lloyd; Dr. Kent, Larry Steers; Seaside, Milton Kibbe; Old Doctor, Egon Breheler; Mumbo Jumbo, Joel Frieden.

New News!
He's the unforgettable Captain Walker of "The Story of G.I. Joe"

BOB MITCHUM

a man who can be both sinister and fascinating at the same time.

How?
You'll find out in Eleanor Harris's report on this mystery man.

Next Month!
Fresher charm — appealing new softness — come to your skin with your first cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay’s daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions — on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman — using just one cake of Camay — had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

READ MRS. ROSS’ STORY

Twenty — love! Ellen, an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, “I care for it with Camay — for with the first cake I used, my complexion sparkled clearer and fresher.”

Moonlight — and Home! Ellen’s thoughts turn to days ahead. “I want to keep ‘just married’ happiness. And to keep my Camay complexion, I’m staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.” For your new beauty, pat on Camay — so mild it cleanses without irritation. Rinse warm. Add a COLD splash for oily skin. Repeat night and morning.

It’s still important — to make your Camay last! Precious war materials go into soap!
A face forever Eve... created for Revlon by Hurrell. Throughout the centuries intriguing... today this timeless woman touches fingertips and lips with ageless red.

Revlon's "Fatal Apple"
altogether new I-dare-you red

Nail Enamel and Lipstick for matching fingertips and lips.

Most tempting new color since Eve winked at Adam! Even "Fatal Apple" Face Powder is simply delicious. And as ever, Revlon's staying power is terrific.
Claudette Colbert
By Paul Hesse
This Christmas give the priceless gift of Romance

Evening in Paris

BOURJIOIS
DISTRIBUTOR
FULL POSTCARD SIZE! Each of these glowing, full-color pinups measures a big 5¼" x 3½". You can send them to your friends as novel, unusual pinup postcards—there's space on the back for address and your message, plus an interesting note about the RCA Victor star shown. Note that all sixteen pictures are printed from original oil paintings by the noted artist, Albert Fisher and reproduced in glowing, brilliant colors. You have never seen anything quite like them before!

Only your RCA Victor dealer can supply you with this thrilling postcard pinup set. But his supply is strictly limited, so you'd better get yours today.

Listen to the RCA Show Sundays, at 4:30 p.m., EWT, over NBC. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.

Ask your dealer for records of these RCA Victor artists

Perry Como • Tommy Dorsey • Duke Ellington • Shep Fields • Erskine Hawkins • Lena Horne • Spike Jones • Sammy Kaye • King Sisters • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Hal McIntyre • Glenn Miller • Vaughn Monroe • Phil Moore Four • Tony Pastor • Alvino Rey • Roy Rogers • David Rose • Artie Shaw • Dinah Shore • Charlie Spivak • Larry Stevens • Martha Stewart • David Street • Fats Waller

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON

rcaVictor records
How are you feeling?

Isn’t it the truth that one movie gives you one kind of feeling, and another another?

We’re recommending a dancing-on-clouds, falling-in-love feeling—

The feeling you get from M-G-M’s wonderful, spectacular new Technicolor musical, “Yolanda and the Thief”.

And the feeling you get from those experts in make-love-while-you-dance, Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer.

You met Fred before, but never more dashingly or debonair.

You met lovely Lucille in “St. Louis”, clanging along in that well-known trolley car. And you’ll see plenty more of her from now on.

No matter what the dictionary says about “extravaganzas”, you’ll find more of it in “Yolanda and the Thief”.

It’s a musical fiesta as colorful as a cocktail party, with a story to match and music in the mood.

You’ll be humming like a hummingbird after hearing “Will You Marry Me?”, “Twas an Angel”, “This Is a Day for Love”, “Yolanda”, and “Coffee Time”. Arthur Freed and Harry Warren really wrote their hearts into these.

The good provider of fun is Frank Morgan—aided by Mildred Natwick (of Broadway fame), Mary Nash, and Leon Ames. Jacques Thery and Ludwig Bemelmans wrote the story and Irving Brecher fashioned it to the screen.

Director Vincente Minnelli brings his M-G-M-Magic touch to “Yolanda”. Arthur Freed felt so good about producing it that he helped write the songs.

How do we feel about it? Oops, there we go! We’ve got that dancing-on-clouds, falling-in-love feeling again! —Leo

---

**PHOTOPLAY**

FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S “FIRST MILLION” MOVIE-GOERS

PRESENTS FOR DECEMBER

**Story Highlights**

**You Should Know**

- Fred R. Sammis
- Shirley, Lohengrin and Happiness
- Ruth Waterbury
- My Hollywood Friends, I—Van Johnson
- Susan Peters
- Hollywood’s Talking about—“Fearless”
- Honey Moon House— for Esther Williams and Sgt. Ben Gage
- I’m Like This—Gregory Peck
- Citizen Garfield
- Elliot Paul
- Little Queen Bess—Elizabeth Taylor
- Herb Dore
- Photo Finish
- Paul Hesse
- Fair—and Fancy Free—Jeanne Crain
- Louella O. Parsons
- Scotch and Sober—David Bruce
- Louise Erwin
- Man with the Immoral Face—Bob Mitchum
- Eleanor Harris
- Reconversion for Alice Faye
- Elza Schallert
- I Like to See Women Wear
- David Bruce
- Call for Coop
- Inga Arndt
- Play Truth or Consequences with Keenan Wynn—Kay Proctor
- That Engaging Young Bill Williams—Helen Louise Walker
- Maine Event—Phyllis Thaxter
- Frank Nugent
- What Should I Do?

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

**Portraits in Color**

| Esther Williams | 35 | Elizabeth Taylor | 40 |
| Gregory Peck | 37 | Jeanne Crain | 44 |
| David Bruce | 46 |

**Special Features**

- Beauty Workshop: 136 Introducing Denise—22
- Brief Reviews: 130 Personality of the Month—20
- Casts of Current Pictures: 134 Photoplay Fashions—73
- Inside Stuff: 4 The Shadow Stage—24

**COVER:** Claudette Colbert

Miss Colbert’s costume designed by Jean Louis

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

**DECEMBER, 1945**

VOL. 28, NO. 1

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROIR published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Executive, advertising and editorial offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Executive Vice President: Harry H. Macfadden, Jr., President: David P. Macfadden. Subscribers: One year $12.00; six months $6.00. Canadian and foreign subscriptions: One year $15.00. In Canada add 3% on all rates. Printed at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. by Macfadden Printing Company. Copyright, 1945, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Reprinted by arrangement with motion picture studios. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission of the publisher. Contents are copyrighted and are protected by copyright laws. Macfadden Publications, Inc., a subsidiary company of Macfadden Enterprises, Inc. Address all communications to: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
“YOLANDA and the THIEF”

STARRING

FRED ASTAIRE • LUCILLE BREMER • FRANK MORGAN • MILDRED NATWICK • MARY NASH • LEON AMES

Screen Play by Irving Brecher • Based on a Story by Jacques Thery and Ludwig Bemelmans

Songs by Arthur Freed and Harry Warren • Directed by VINCENzo MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

in Technicolor

HIT MELODIES! “Will You Marry Me?” • “Angel” • “Yolanda” • “This Is A Day For Love” • “Coffee Time”
A **LINE or Two:** Loretta Young's baby boy looks exactly like his dad, Col. Tom Lewis ... That lonely soldier looking up at the Liberty Bell in the opening scene of "Pride Of The Marines" was Sgt. Al Schmid about whom the story was written ... Barbara Stanwyck is a sincere actress whom everyone likes but no one gets to know. The wall between Barbara and the world cannot be hurdled ... Lieut. Bill Holden out of the Army and back to Columbia for more pictures ... Olivia de Havilland wears an old-fashioned black velvet ribbon around her neck instead of a necklace ... Jackie Cooper, expected home soon from the South Pacific, hopes his fans will call him Jack instead of Jackie in the future ... Van Johnson is taking singing lessons so he can match his swell dancing with some fancy warbling for a musical comedy role. If Sinatra can do it, so can Van ... Jacqueline White left the cast of "The Yearling" because she just couldn't look thirty-five. No wonder. Jackie is only twenty-two and so pretty ... Hollywood is holding its breath over those John Hodiak-Anne Baxter dates hoping John wins out this time. Anne says it's only friendship. Well, we'll see ... 

**Our Boys:** The handsome young son of Lieut. Wayne Morris (by his former marriage) was among the first to greet his daddy when the Navy flier returned to Hollywood, to civvies, and to Warners for pictures. Lieut. Tom Brown is also on his way back and can it be true he is bringing a French bride with him? Major Gene Raymond will lay aside that uniform after a long and enviable record here and across in action. Gene will go back to RKO for more pictures which will certainly please his wife Jeanette MacDonald.

Speaking of happy marriages, Jane Wyman is so happy her husband Ronald Reagan has laid aside that uniform and will soon take his place on the Warner screen. Come to think of it, we've had a homesick hankering to have all these boys back again. And for those still out there we extend a hurry-home greeting.

**Oh, Shaw:** The battles of Ava Gardner and Artie Shaw come so fast lately—that they're a cinch to bust up entirely or get married any minute. But dig this—Ava didn't go to the tremendous party that was thrown for Marlene Dietrich because Artie told her if she did it "would be the end." And guess who was going to take her to the party. None other than Clark Gable! And Ava had bought a dress that cost $275—just for the party too. Between the high cost of dresses and having to break a date with Gable, she must be going slightly mad. Wouldn't you? Well anyway, Clark went to the shindig stag—and his b.g.f. (best girl friend) Anita Colby was there with some other people, her date being an old beau from New York. But these two are still bouncing around together all over the place—and denying it's a romance. But they sure have laughs together.

**Quick Takes:** One Sunday afternoon Lauren Bacall fell off the Bogart boat right into San Pedro Bay and Bogle stood on the poop deck, laughing like mad, let her fish herself out of the briny—clothes (Continued on page 6)
He's got a Kleptomania for beautiful blondes, and when his ears twitch his fingers itch — from then on nothing is safe in the merriest comedy you've ever seen!

Eddie Bracken
Veronica Lake

HOLD THAT BLONDE

For love that'll fill you full of joy!

with
ALBERT DEKKER
and WILLIE BEST
Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by George Marshall
A Paramount Picture

Veronica's got what it takes, so Bracken took it till she turned the tables with some taking ways of her own!

Finish the job! Buy Victory Bonds at your movie theatre.
(Continued from page 4) and all! "Baby" Bacall is telling one and all (including Bogie) that she intends having three babies. And there's a loud whisper that the first is already on the way. But so far, they won't admit it... Since Florence Pritchett, who's been romancing with Bob Walker for months, returned to New York carrying a big torch for him, Bob has been playing the femme field like mad. But he's also been doing a lot of playing in the studio gym; drinking milk by the quart and taking long walks in the Beverly Hills. The health routine is studio orders... By the time you read this the famous Hollywood Canteen will have closed its doors. And Bette Davis, John Garfield and countless stars whose devotion to the place started the thing and kept it going to the undying gratitude of over two million service men who passed through its doors, are sad. But all must and should feel gratified at the fine job of goody they've spread from the Hollywood Canteen and the people of Hollywood to all parts of the globe... Ann Miller still going places with Harry Karl, the big shoe manufacturer. And with shoe-rationing ending, too... Price for Dennis O'Keefe by the week has risen so that the U. S. Treasury Dept. is probably having a celebration... Estelle Taylor is trying so hard to get back into movies that she's hired herself a press agent who sees it her name gets into print every time she even waves "Hello" to her ex, Jack Dempsey... Anna Lee, zooming in pictures again, has dyed her own blonde hair brown because her husband doesn't like blondes! He doesn't like hats either. So she never wears hats. She may give up her own last name, Lee, too—and take his professionally, which is Stafford. Must be love.

Noted in Passing: Tito Guizar sure got himself in dutch at Republic—where he told everyone around the place that he owned "Gay Dalton" the famous race horse who was running in a big match that week. Everyone from the prop boys to stars bet on the nag. And then discovered that Guizar doesn't own him at all!... Gail Patrick is opening a shop to sell baby clothes and knick-knacks in one of the most attractive little buildings in Beverly Hills. And her good-looking husband, Arnold Dean White, is going to manufacture the toys which will be on display there... Courageous little Susan Peters has finally found a house—at Malibu. And though she can't walk yet, she is doing radio work, not to mention her new series for Photoplay. Everyone is beginning to share her faith in herself—and to believe she'll be back in front of the cameras one of these days soon... Maybe you've heard it, but Frank Sinatra tells Cal that the latest chant of the bobby-soxers is, "Come down off the rafters, Grand- ma—you're too old to be on the beam!"

Back Trouble: Gene Tierney and Fred MacMurray have something in common but may not know about it unless they read it here. It's back trouble. Not too serious—but painful at times and the condition with both of them requires treatment. Very few know that Fred wears shoulder braces most of the time. They not only help him to stand as erect as he always does, if you've noticed, but they are a "must" for a kink in his spine that (Continued on page 8)
WATeH HER LIPS ANSWER THE CALL ... WHEN

Charles Boyer whistles for Lauren Bacall!

They're burning with yearning in Warners' Screen Scorcher!

HE'S GOT THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES . . . AND "THE LOOK" IN HIS ARMS! WHEN SHE KISSES HIM, YOU'LL KNOW WHY IT'S STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL!

"Confidential Agent"

WITH
KATINA PAXINOU • PETER LORRE • VICTOR FRANCEN • GEORGE COULOURIS

DIRECTED BY HERMAN SHUMLIN • SCREEN PLAY & PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRES!

From a novel by Graham Greene
(Continued from page 6) gets him down if he doesn't wear them.

As for Gene, she has a spinal curvature which she's never bothered to do anything about until recently, when it really bothered her. Now poor Gene is wearing a plaster cast—lying flat on her back most of the day and night—and has to stay that way for a full two months. At the end of that time she may return to work, the doctors say. And they also hope that the curvature will be completely corrected.

June Shower: June Allyson and Dick Powell rushed their marriage ahead at least a couple of weeks and so she didn't have a shower until after she was a Mrs. About a week after the wedding Bunny Green surprised her by having Gloria De Haven, Esther Williams, Margaret Whiting, Gracie Albertson (Frank's wife) and some other gals in for dinner and gift-giving. They brought the Allyson dressing-table accessories, silver candlesticks, lamps, cook books, cocktail shakers, lots of kitchen accessories and an enormous sack of potato chips because she's so crazy about them! What, no lingerie? One gal even brought her an old, old Dick Powell recording—just for a gag.

Mr. Mixup: Paulette Goddard and Elsa Maxwell co-hosted a big dinner party one night down at Paulette's beachhouse where she lives most of the time. And they were so busy with other things, they asked Buzz Meredith to arrange the place cards at the various tables—because they wanted all the glamour gals and boys, along with producers and such, to be seated properly. Well, Buzz was at this task for three hours, carefully "arranging" everything. And when they all went into dinner it was discovered that Buzz had Sam Goldwyn, David Selznick and Frank Freeman solemnly seated side by side . . . plus three glamour girls in a row at another table! He took an awful ribbing.

The Hollywood Scene: The trend of times and the follow-up of recent events are clearly indicated in the mail that reaches Cal's desk. Now that the war is over plans are made for a Hollywood invasion by fans everywhere anxious to see the movie capital and even more anxious to know where to go and what to do to see the stars.

On a recent weekend of gadding here and there, Cal noticed several celebrities lunching or dining on the sidewalk patio of (Continued on page 10)
The hilarious Broadway play...Now on the screen!
The story of a returned boy hero whose family still thinks he's a baby!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

SNAFU

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION

Stageplay and Screenplay by LOUIS SOLOMON and HAROLD BUCHMAN

with ROBERT BENCHLEY • VERA VAGUE • CONRAD JANIS • NANETTE PARKS
JANIS WILSON • JIMMY LLOYD • ENID MARKEY

Produced and Directed by JACK MOSS
Flurry of tinsel...

...festival of lights!
You, as charming as the angel-ornament, with Yardley English Lavender to lend its shining touch! Starred for giving, too...
do tie a few glass-topped flacons to unwrap beneath your Christmas fir.

YARDLEY
ENGLISH
LAVENDER

Yardley English Lavender, the luscious
fragrance, $3.75, $2.50, $1.50
Yardley English Lavender
Soap, 35¢; box of
three tablets, $1
ADD 6% FEDERAL TAX

Yardley products for
America are created in
England and finished in the
U.S.A. from the original
English formulas, combining
imported and domestic
ingredients. Yardley of
London, Inc., 690 Fifth Ave.,
Rockefeller Center,
New York 20, N.Y.

**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from page 8) Romanoffs. For instance Keenan Wynn and his wife Eve, with Bob Walker and Peter Lawford in tow, occupied one table that looked like a human chess game to Cal. Someone was always moving about—Pete to a friend's table and back, Bob to a table inside and back, Keenan to a neighbor's table and back. Even the diners were confused.

George Jessel, Hollywood's prime commuter, dining on Monday at New York's El Morocco and on Wednesday at Romanoffs and keeping up that incessant commuting. He occupied a table just across from Joan Bennett and her producer husband Walter Wanger. Ray Milland and his lovely wife Mel waved to another happy couple, John Garfield and his wife, who are expecting a baby in a few months. Maria Ouspenskaya, all in white, gathered glances from everyone as she walked through the restaurant impressively regal with escort Bob Abbott whose Victorville ranch is a favorite retreat of the stars.

A routine commonplace to Hollywoodites but bound to be a novelty with out-of-towners is Monty Woolley's evening habit of occupying the extreme end seat at Romanoffs bar, reading a profound volume and then being summoned to his own private table against the wall, replete with special reading light, where he dines while turning the pages of his book, never once glancing up.

At LaRue on the famous Sunset Strip, Cal waved to Dorothy Lamour and her husband Major William Howard dining together, Dottie looking beautiful and happy in expectant

**BRING THEM BACK HOME!**
INSIDE STUFF

motherhood. Orson Welles and his wife Rita Hayworth sat across from Deanna Durbin and her husband, producer Felix Jackson. Deanna, as usual, was engrossed in her food, while Rita sat in a dreaming vagueness listening to the profound (obviously) observations of her husband.

Bob Dalton's Steak House, where one can go in slacks and sweater, always boasts a coterie of stars and feature players who prefer good food to swank.

At Chasens on Beverly Drive one can always be sure of spotting one's favorite directors or writers who especially love this spot.

And of course we cannot overlook that most famous of all spots—the Farmer's Market.

"Hi," a voice called over the salad booth there just a day or two ago, and there was Joan Loring of "The Corn Is Green" and "Three Strangers" fame looking like a twelve-year-old pixie in blue dungarees and her hair in a pigtail.

Sydney Greenstreet and his market basket occupy most of the walking room, of course. Gracie Allen, usually with one of her children, Louella Parsons who can be so domestic, and dozens of other celebrities who do their own marketing, can be spotted shopping or lunching at one of the outdoor tables. It's a treat you won't want to miss. In fact, "seeing the stars" is more a matter of keeping the eyes open and the mind alert than haunting certain spots, for after all they do live here and like other citizens of other communities, they do get about.

Victory Ball: You'd never have be-

BUY VICTORY BONDS

BUY VICTORY BONDS
Your holiday guests will compliment your good taste when you serve them the beer of outstanding quality — smooth, satisfying Miller High Life — the champagne of bottled beer.

Glitter night out—high fun for Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth at Mocambo

Ilieved that there had ever been the slightest ripple in the wedded bliss (which really has been wedded bliss) of the Errol Flynns if you could have seen them dancing at Mocambo the night of the gala Victory Ball at that spot. Errol and Nora were actually caught necking while gliding—and positively starry-eyed. She looked stunning in a black satin, tight-fitting dinner dress, with her blonde hair piled high on her pretty head. Just about every other femme at the dressed-up affair (the first public one of its kind since the start of the war) was in décolleté evening clothes. Lovely among so many lovelies was Natalie Thompson, Bob Hutton’s ex. And speaking of Bob he was right there too—with Cleatus Caldwell, who is beautiful, dark and willowy.

Esther Williams, with her Ben Gage, was bouncing around and seemingly having the most fun. Diana Lynn was twirling around with Pat Nearney, which brings us to a surprise point. Before the week was out Diana’s pal, Mona Freeman, announced her engagement to Pat. Diana had introduced them two months before—and they certainly managed to keep their romance a secret. They were married two weeks after the announcement—and what a cute couple they make! Pat, who used to be Ginny Simms’s best beau, has had picture offers galore, but he’s not interested—maybe because he’s very rich.

Tid Bits: The evening was warm, so after a preview Cal drove into a drive-in for a soda. We were joined by Francis Lederer whom we hadn’t seen in a long time and yet remember so vividly for his World Peace movement.

America Is Safe!
Save to Keep It Safe!
prior to the war, into which he threw so much money, time and effort. The actor, we noticed, seemed to have lost something—that vital, mischievousness he had as the brilliant star in "Autumn Crocus"—and Cal couldn't help but think that Francis only listened to friends concerning choice of roles and fantastic superstitions—how differently his life story might have written itself. He expressed his unhappiness over the deep-dyed villainy of his role in "Diary Of A Chambermaid" with Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith and Hurd Hatfield—and then ate three more sandwiches and two pieces of pie as if to compensate.

Eddie Albert, by the way, is about to marry Margo, the former wife of Francis Lederer. The two have been friends for years and all the while Eddie was piling up that war record as a Navy lieutenant and winning medals for bravery, he and Margo corresponded only as friends.

And then Eddie returned to Hollywood and Margo came out from New York and bingo—all of a sudden they were in love. Eddie claims he was bumping into trolley cars and climbing over autos with Margo feeling the same.

Big Date: Not since the splendiferous New Year's Eve party that the Jack Bennys threw has there been an affair as large or as lavish as the gorgeous soiree that Sonja Henie bustled out and gave on the grounds of her so-beautiful new house in Holmby Hills. It was a very warm night and she really didn't need the enormous tent which spread over enough tables to seat 212 people at dinner; a large dance floor which had been laid over the tennis court; and a really hot eight-piece band.

Get Your Victory Bonds at Your Local Theater
"We're twice as pretty as a picture!" Here's why--

BESS: Gosh, lady, I may be little but I sure feel proud of my lovely, healthy skin! An' here's the secret... Mom says it's cause my skin is doubly-blessed with Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil...

TESS: Y' see, bein' antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other nasty skin troubles.

BESS: Second, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent roughness, dryness and keeps skin smooth and beeyootiful. It's the only baby oil used with wonderful results on millions of babies over the past 12 years!

TESS: Mennen makes us smell so sweet, too. Most doctors and hospitals say Mennen Baby Oil is best—and they certainly know!

4-TIMES AS MANY DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY OIL AS ANY OTHER

OVER 4-TIMES AS MANY HOSPITALS USE MENNEN AS ALL OTHER OILS COMBINED

Your baby deserves the best

MENNEN

Antiseptic Baby Oil

50¢ — $1

$2 Money-Saver size

Also, be sure to use MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell so sweet. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other powder.*

INSIDE STUFF

Then and now—Peggy Ann Garner with ex-child star Jane Withers at Grauman's

dance band that made music for merry-makers until dawn. Everybody was in evening clothes—full of Victory spirits—it was so gay and the gals looked gorgeous.

Lana Turner, as usual, topped everyone for sheer flash—and though she was just out of the hospital, she sure didn't look ill—just pale. In fact, she was "white" from the top of her head (her hair really couldn't be called anything but white now!) to her dainty feet. She wore a strapless (almost topless!) white satin, very tight-fitting gown, embroidered with crystal beads and silver sequins—but sparsely trimmed, with a slit up the front of the skirt. No draping—no details—just Lana's shape. Over it she wore a huge long white-fox coat. What a dream!

Funnily enough, Sonja's dress was almost identical to Lana's—and just as expensive. Only difference between the two as they walked about was the terrific sunburn that Sonja was sporting—looking so tanned against the gleaming white of her gown.

The Frank Sinatras were at the party; and the Jack Bennys, Clark Gable and Anita Colby, Virginia Bruce with Mervyn Le Roy, the Bill Powells, the Charles Boyers—Bob Walker, stag; Turhan Bey, who beaused Lana—and oh, so many more. Sonja made a really wonderful hostess. She was flitting about every single minute attending to every one of her guests by turn—even though there were some sixty servants (especially hired for the night) to see to them. And Sonja never split a seam or dropped a diamond.

Around the Town: Judy Garland and her groom Vincente Minnelli moved in with Judy's mother when they returned from that New York Sutton

*According to surveys

Invest in Victory Bonds
Honeymoon special—Tony Owen with his new wife Donna Reed at Hollywood Park.

Place penthouse. The Minnelli home was not quite ready.

Contrary to belief that nervous breakdowns result from overwork, Alan Marshall's seems to have been precipitated by underwork. During his long-term contract with David Selznick, Alan has made only two pictures. And what a pity for a man of his charm and talent to be allowed to remain off the screen. Hear he'll try the New York stage as an outlet.

Hollywood customs never fail to amaze Cal. The other night at a party at actor Bill Carter's home, Helmut Dantine wandered in, looked around, and asked in a puzzled manner, "Whose house is this?" When Cal inquired if he didn't even know where he was, Helmut explained he and Ida Lupino had been invited, only Ida, unable to attend, had sent him on alone. Helmut had no idea where he was or who the host might be.

Frank Talk: You probably know that Frankie-boy Sinatra owns a prizefighter and watches the pug's career with avid interest. But did you know that Frankie is no slouch as a boxer himself? He only looks frail—but don't believe all those jokes. He's not. Pal of his was telling us that a few years ago when Frankie was still with Tommy Dorsey's band he got furious at the way Buddy Rich was prankishly (or otherwise) messing up his singing from the background with those drums. And after the band-session was over, Frankie took Buddy "out in the alley" and really un-prettied him! ... So good to see Cesar Romero around the night spots and at parties again. He's thinner —and better looking than he ever was —and has just a tiny bit of gray at each temple which only adds to his appear-

---

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...

- But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair stylish till lunch!

- Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ... and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

Gayla
HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

---

Copyright 1945 Gaylord Products, Incorporated Chicago 16, Illinois
INSIDE STUFF

Candid of the month—Strictly off-guard moment. Pev Marley with his very expressive wife Linda Darnell

ance...Lieut. Ty Power was expected back in the Hollywoods on a furlough by now. But he’s laid up in a hospital on Guam with dengue fever—and will be lucky to get back to home and Annabella by Christmas...Jan Clayton, after winning Broadway in her stage success in “Carousel,” is back in Hollywood. She’s resuming her contract at M-G-M who didn’t do much about her at all until she hit the bull’s-eye in New York. Now they really have the red carpet out for the gal. Anyway, what we started to tell you was the funny crack Jan made before she left Manhattan about that apartment she was living in—the one in which the famous Lonergan murder took place. Jan was even sleeping in the murdered girl’s bed—but she said, “If any ghosts come around, I hope they’ll leave the sheets. I can’t get mine back from the laundry!”

Location tales: The bus jolted along over the rough roads near Kanab, Utah. Finally an old codger, unable to remain silent any longer, leaned over and said to the pretty girl sitting across the bus from him, “You know, sis, you’re pretty enough to be in them pitchers. I only tell you because there’s a movie company just a few miles back there shooting one right now. Thought you might want to try.”

The young lady thanked him, but she didn’t explain she already had a job with that movie company, that her name was Anne Baxter and because gas rationing had been lifted she was going home to get her car and drive it back. The old fellow still doesn’t know. Which reminds us of Fred MacMurray and his experiences on the same location. Seems the troupe patronized a certain cafe in Kanab with several local high-school gals helping out as waitresses during the dinner rush.

One Saturday evening Fred came in very late and as the meal progressed he noticed the anxiety of the girls. Upon investigation Fred discovered the girls were trying to get away in order to attend the regular Saturday-night dance.

Like a flash Fred leaped to their aid, setting the tables for the next day and getting the place in order.

And what’s more he attended the dance and was, need we say, the male belle of the ball.

It was so warm during the location at Lake Bass, Gene Tierney and Cornel Wilde decided to take a swim between scenes on “Leave Her To Heaven.”

Suddenly Gene gave a scream and almost collapsed. Cornel reached out grabbed the small snake that had frightened her and threw it ashore, saying, “It’s only a harmless little snake.”

“Cornel,” said a friend later, “were you trying to assure Gene, or didn’t you know it was a deadly water moccasin?” With that Cornel, who, had no idea the snake was poisonous, all but collapsed himself.

Jimmy Comes Back: Jimmy Stewart is back in Hollywood greeting old friends, being made much over, but taking it all in stride.

Cal can’t help but wonder about Jimmy’s appetite, after all that hell on wheels over there. He never did care a gosh darn about food. “Gee,” he used to tell Cal the several times we lunched, “I envy these box constrictors that eat enough at one time to last for days. I even wish someone would just ram food down my throat and I wouldn’t have to bother eating it.”

We recall a visit to that house he shared with (Continued on page 19)

Do Your Share to Take Care of the Wounded—Buy Victory Bonds on Sale at Your Neighborhood Theater
Dare you to “taste” that new color—*Fatal Apple*

It gives you the look of Eve... which is the look of American woman of great chic this season. When waist-ties are cinched small and hip-lines frankly rounded will you go on wearing the same old powder shade? Or will you dare to wear this new Revlon fashions first color sensation? At your own risk, mi

One of eleven custom-made
Revlon powder blens

Texture? Cling? Fragrance? of course!

but—the real difference in face powder is color by

Revlon

COPYRIGHT 1946—REVLO PRODUCTS CORP.

Creators of the world-famous nail enamel and lip
No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits!

- Extra lustre, up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam.

- Such manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action.

- Complete removal of unsightly dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Glamorous Hair-dos for gala occasions

Here's Francine Courshay, lovely fashion model, cover girl and Drene Girl. You see her dining and dancing at New York's smartest clubs. All eyes focus on her at glittering parties. Francine shows you three hair-dos to go with the exciting clothes she'll be wearing this Holiday season.

Butterfly bow topknot... for a dramatic entrance. Sleek contrast to the quaint puff sleeves. Francine achieves this intriguing style by forming her Drene lovely hair into big twin upright puffs. Center front hair forms knot of bow and is held with small combs. Francine's sleek shiny hair reveals the wonderful combination of lustre and smoothness found in no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

The "taffy twist"... delectable looking, newer and smarter than braids! Here Francine's trick is to start the twist at right of crown. Small pearl-topped combs, placed upright, finish off sides. No shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action could make Francine's hair look so lovely!

Cluster of romantic curls, at nape of her neck, accents the lovely lines of Francine's low-backed evening dress. Her soft, lustrous hair is a shining example of what Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action can do for you. No other shampoo can leave your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) Burgess Meredith and John McClain in the old days, and the distressed look on the face of their middle-aged housekeeper. And no wonder. Their monkeyshines still make good Hollywood conversation.

Of course there's bound to be a bit of calming down of that happy spirit after the hell he's seen, just as there are gray hairs at his temple now. But somehow the town just seems brighter and more wonderful for his being here.

Cal Observes: George Sanders has mellowed. After a season at the beach with his wife (and that marriage seems a happy one, we're glad to report) George is just too relaxed to spar with anyone. He doesn't even object when producer David Loew claims he selected George to star in "Bel Ami" because it deals with sin. George merely smiles and looks bland. Incidentally, he's written a new song, "It's All Too Good To Be True." Bing Crosby is interested in it and Cal predicts it will make the Hit Parade.

Lana Turner received her final divorce decree from Stephen Crane but was too ill to care much. The little Turner lass has had her friends and studio thoroughly worried over an illness that was at first thought to be sleeping sickness or dengue fever. In the middle of a conversation Lana would suddenly drowse, completely oblivious of everything around her. Repeated tests convinced the doctors the star was suffering from anemia.

Pvt. Bey, one hears, is voted a great Joe by the boys at Camp Roberts, taking on every menial job that comes his way with good grace. Turhan was a lieutenant in the Turkish Army before coming to America.

Cal Gets Around: Cocktails with Dorothy Parker at the Bel Air Hotel, where Dorothy is living and working on a Walter Wanger script, had Cal hanging onto the ropes listening for those famous Parker witicisms. Instead we found her kindly, mellowed, interested in everyone else's troubles and woes.

The following night found Cal greeting the new bride Shirley Temple, her groom, Sgt. John Agar, and Mrs. Temple. Such beauty, loveliness and happiness as filled the night around the Temple garden and grounds!

The next night found Cal at dinner with RKO's two budding stars, Barbara Hale and Bill Williams. Our lovely editor from New York, Helen Gilmore, visiting in movietown, was along, and the kids, wholesome, nice people, soon got over their shyness to enter into the fun. Afterwards we went together to RKO's preview "The Spanish Main" and on for a whirl at Mogambo.

Van Johnson showed up for his date with us next night all done up in a new sport coat and chewing his gum a la American. A nice, amiable, honest person is Van, who bet Cal five dollars he could walk up Park Avenue in New York unnoticed. Come on, fans, don't let your friend Cal down. When Van goes east, you fans recognize him, see?

Betty Hutton and her groom looked just too happy to live on this earth with us mere mortals when we greeted them at their cocktail party at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Talk about bubbly Betty—she positively sizzles with happiness these days. On hand to greet the newlyweds were Alan and Sue Ladd, the Eddie Brackens, Diana Lynn, Sonny Tufts, Johnny Mercer and rocks of friends from the studio.

No wonder Cal signs off with a tired wave of the hand this month.
Personality Of The Month

BY CAL YORK

The blond and the beautiful—Kurt Kreuger and Faith Dorn dine out at Mocambo.

He floated down from the sky via parachute in "Sahara" and the fans gave one long look that signified "that's for us."

He was blond and handsome and tooted a devastating accent. His name, the credit sheet said, was Kurt Kreuger. From "Sahara" he played opposite Simone Simon in "Mile. Fifi," went on to "Hotel Berlin" for Warner Brothers and finally became the Nazi officer in "Paris Underground" with Constance Bennett.

With each picture the young man garnered more and more attention until after the preview of "Paris Underground" when the fans swarmed so thickly between him and his girl friend, they became separated and the young lady finally took the trolley home.

Over a luncheon table at Twentieth Century-Fox, where he is under contract, we learned many things about the blond actor who is destined to be a sensation of 1946 if given the chance. His mother was Swiss and his father German. His mother died when he was quite young and the Nazis took all that belonged to his father so he is here in this country quite alone.

He came over in 1937, became a citizen and opened a travel bureau. It was quite successful, too, not because the young Continental knew his Europe so well, but because he had a method. He cautiously warned his customers where not to go if they wished to avoid naughtiness, and of course they and their friends flocked to Kurt's bureau in droves to discover where, ahem, not to go.

He has an intriguing laugh that is only this side of a masculine giggle, not hearty at all but fetching, has deep blue eyes with which he can see nothing without glasses ("Excuse me," he says, "if I seem to snub you"), light lashes, very blond hair, a lean frame, ruddy complexion and dresses as a gentleman in London or New York might dress.

He's not married, has his own bachelor hillside home. It is a typical small California house flat against the road and looks as if it were built right into the cliff. The kitchen, dining room and living room face the back yard, which is really the front yard. Kurt has a colored boy take care of the house. The most unique part of the place is the bar. It has two huge gliding panels which completely hide the bar forming a wall. The bedrooms are upstairs, and the bed he sleeps in is one to give a surrealist bad dreams. It is decorated with a conglomeration of Swedish words.

He has two large police dogs who bark constantly, much to the annoyance of the neighbors. A construction company is about to put a swimming pool in his tiny yard.

Kurt's taste runs to comfortable furniture, but goes to the extreme in Chinese paintings, which you'll find in the bar.

His accent is slight, he attended school outside St. Moritz and the University of Luzon (he was brought up in Switzerland), speaks French, English, German, some Italian and is studying Spanish.

A fine tenor voice, discovered by the neighbors, he claims, is being developed for future singing roles.

He's twenty-eight years old, his favorite girl of the moment is Faith Dorn and his next picture of which he isn't proud at all is "The Spider."
Once we were like this... can we bring it back?

The question every woman asks of her love... the story most women keep locked in their hearts.

Universal presents

MERLE OBERON
CLAUDE RAINS
CHARLES KORVIN

This Love of Ours

with CARL ESMOND • SUE ENGLAND • JESS BARKER
RALPH MORGAN • FRITZ LEIBER • HARRY DAVENPORT

Screenplay by Bruce Manning, John Klorer and Leonard Lee • Based upon the play entitled "Come Prima Meglio De Prima" by Luigi Pirandello
Associate Producer, Edward Dodds • Produced by Howard Benedict

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE of "Love Letters" and "I'll Be Seeing You" fame
**Introducing**

**Denise—**

The little lass who lives at the house of Hedy Lamarr and John Loder.

Hedy had a hunch the baby would be a girl. She and John bet and she won. Hedy can’t get over the proverbial pangs of all new mothers—or the wonder of Denise, whose name came from the signature written on a fan letter.

John had been wearing sideburns for a picture, feared if he shaved them off Denise wouldn’t know him. He’ll appear next in “A Game Of Death.”

They heard a radio newscaster say they were having a baby before they knew it. Hedy, now a producer, is starred in “Her Highness And The Bellboy.”
Are you in the know?

The lathered lady is—

- Brushing up on beauty
- Banishing 5 o’clock shadow
- A little shaving

Borrow Dad’s shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It’s stimulating... and the thorough cleansing helps, if you’ve a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your daintiness. You see, now Kotex contains a deodorant to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can’t shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you’ll feel with this new Kotex “extra”—and not one extra penny to pay!

It’s a bright trick to go Christmas dating with—

- Mistletoe on your mind
- Bubbles in your hair
- Your heart on your sleeve

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you’re a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It’s a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be the belle of Noel—and be poised for all occasions (even “those”)—when your mind’s at ease, Kotex keeps you so. Yes, thanks to the special safety center of Kotex you get plus protection, for this patented Kotex feature keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. Helps spare you embarrassing accidents.

Is this nifty giftie—

- A compact
- A bracelet
- Both

Here’s a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on calendar days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafeless comfort: Kotex. There’s lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just “feel” soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Actually! You’ll have nary a care with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Can you define the “Cold Shoulder”?—

- Spreading the frosting
- A coat to arms
- A formal dress

Just what its name implies—the little number illustrated. A new formal dress with one shoulder bare. (Relax—no barer than a bathing suit!) Very dapper indeed for party evenings, when you’re set to defy competition. Hold that mood! At “those” times, too, With Kotex as your ally no revealing outlines dare compete with the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That’s because Kotex has flat tapered ends that don’t show. So, say goodbye to outlines!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

*DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX' NAPKIN
*AT NO EXTRA COST...
CHARLES JACKSON'S novel that staggered many a reader into a vicarious hangover is brought to the screen by the same producer-director team, Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, that gave us "Double Indemnity."

The lads have done it again in the story of an alcoholic on a weekend binge and his experiences that range from frightening to degrading. They have created the mood, the tempo and the horror of a man beset with a craving beyond and outside himself. In Ray Milland they have imbibed the very soul of the agonized man and in his portrayal Milland hits his peak. This is by far his best performance to date and one by which he'll undoubtedly measure his future roles.

There will be some question of story weakness, the greatest being its lack of "heart" in that the establishment of the true feeling between the brothers is never quite clear. Nor are the love scenes between Milland and Jane Wyman too well conceived; but these are minor faults in a tumult of horror that ends with Ray beholding "the little animals" of delirium.

Many of the scenes were actually shot in New York with Mr. Milland traveling east for the purpose. Phil Terry is the older brother, Jane Wyman the girl who loves Ray, Howard DaSilva the understanding bartender, Doris Dowling the girl who craves Ray's company and Frank Faylen the rather sinister male nurse at Bellevue. William Fontaine (as and Olivia mother) plays Jane Wyman's mother in one sequence. All the cast measures up to complete a new and dreadful kind of horror tale.

Your Reviewer Says: A shocker!

WELL, the preview audience thought it most amusing, judging from the laughs and giggles. They thought the idea of Fred MacMurray returning from the wars to be mistaken for a rotter teddibly funny, and in a lot of places we agree with them.

Fred, of course, plays a dual role. Very repellent he is as the Mr. Pemberton who owed money to a gangster and who walked off and left his wife, Rita Johnson, and behaved in an unseemly manner all the way round and back. And very bewildered he is as the returned soldier who can't make head nor tail of what's going on, with everybody confusing him for Pemberton.

The picture gains pace and action when Fred invades the Pemberton home to find the oddest assortment of relatives in existence. Harry Davenport is the cutest old grandadpickle alive, and Douglass Dumbrille as William Demarest, that perennial pal of the heroes in movies, is good as usual as MacMurray's friend; Akin Tamiroff gives off with a new glow as a gangster who wants his money back and Hugh Prosser as an elegant gunman is amusing. By the way, Charles Arnst as a clothing salesman has a cute scene thrown his way.

Anyway it all ends up with everybody happy and Fred on his way to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin (his real home town), all set to start a mink farm.

Your Reviewer Says: Laugh and grow happy.

CAYER than a red-checked tablecloth, and fresh as spring flowers, is this tasty little repast of a "is you my baby or isn't you?" story that is loaded with bites and bits of delicious flavor.

Franchot Tone is a fine actor. He instinctively lends tone (ouch, what a pun) and charm to any picture he adorns. As the New York theatrical producer who finds himself suddenly confronted with a grown daughter, he couldn't be more delightful. And Susanna Foster, who pretends to be his daughter by a long-disrupted marriage in order to gain a theatrical career, is mischievously cute. We liked her. We liked her singing, too. To Louise Allbritton, however, go our choicest regards as Franchot's cynical secretary. What a flair for comedy this actress has gained along movie's little highway. And what a lovely miss, too.

Jacqueline de Wit is Mr. Tone's former wife who aids Susanna in her deception in order to advance her own career, and David Bruce with a haircut is the lunch wagon proprietor who adores Susanna.

The work of Buster Keaton, Irene Ryan and Barbara Sears deserves a mention and so does the music, the direction, the dialogue and all the little things that put together contribute to a bouncingly gay and gaily bouncing story.

Your Reviewer Says: A little honey.

(Continued on page 125)
When you wash your hair

USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
as a precaution against
Infectious Dandruff

The infectious type of dandruff is more prevalent than most people suppose... it may get a head start on you before you know it.

And, once started, it is nothing to laugh about; those ugly flakes and scales, that bothersome itching, may be symptoms of a troublesome condition that may persist a long time if neglected.

Be Constantly on Guard

As the name implies, infectious dandruff is “catching.” For the sake of your scalp and hair the wise thing is to be always on guard against it.

Why not take sensible precautions regularly and often? Why not use this delightful antiseptic every time you wash your hair? Thousands of men and women are doing just that and are simply delighted with results.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

If the infection has already started, Listerine Antiseptic goes after it in a hurry... kills millions of the germs on your scalp, including Pityrosporum ovale, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent in the infectious type of dandruff. Both scalp and hair are given an antiseptic bath—which your common sense tells you is a sensible thing to do when infection is present.

Excess flakes and scales begin to disappear, irritation is quickly relieved, the hair feels delightfully fresh. Your scalp glows and tingles.

If the infection is not present the scalp and hair have had the benefit of an exhilarating and refreshing treatment.

76% Improved in Tests

Remember, the Listerine Antiseptic treatment is a tested method... its merit revealed in clinical research. In a series of tests 76% of the patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
"EVEN NOW SHE STOOD BETWEEN US...
THE TAUNT OF HER SMILE
LIKE A BLACK CURSE
ON OUR LOVE!"

In his arms, a girl of glorious love... In his mind, a girl of terrible fascination!

SCREEN'S MOST GRIPPING DRAMA

OF MURDER... AND DESIRE!

ALICE FAYE
DANA ANDREWS
LINDA DARNELL

in

FALLEN ANGEL

with
Charles BICKFORD - Anne REVERE - Bruce CABOT
John CARRADINE - Percy KILBRIDE

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER

Screen Play by Harry Kleiner - Based on the Novel by Marty Holland
Song "Slowly" by David Raksin and Kermit Goell
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
AN editor, having duly noted his magazine's assets and liabilities, should on occasion report to his readers, the editor's stockholders.

The date of this issue is December, 1945, the last month of the last year of war. It is time for this editor's stockholders to hear from him.

Let's then take a good look at Photoplay, a seaworthy craft that has survived all the storms of wartime rationing of paper, of printing, of writers, of inks, of color.

This inventory begins on the outside with Paul Hesse, whose camera magic brings you Photoplay's covers each issue. If better cover photographers exist, this editor owes his stockholders an apology for his claim that none does. With this boast, an admission. It was not possible these war years to print Photoplay's covers as richly as the editors would have liked. In 1946, however, Photoplay will be adorned with covers more beautiful than its readers have seen. Anticipate, for instance, Jennifer Jones, Ingrid Bergman, Jeanne Crain, Gene Tierney, Esther Williams, Margaret O'Brien, in cover portraits worthy of gold framing.

On the inside, this inventory lists one Hymie Fink, whose name, motorcycle and camera are known to every citizen of Hollywood. Hymie faces the new year with a new muffler for his motorcycle (we hope), a new assistant to help take more and better color candidos and a promise from Photoplay's printers of improved reproduction.

Moving to the contents page, the inventory lists some contributors and begins with the woman whose newspaper column is read first at the breakfast table. The editors promise that bigger and better news stories will happen to Hollywood in 1946 so that Louella Parsons can report them each month to Photoplay readers.

There is Adela Rogers St. Johns who finds time between running M-G-M for Louis B. Mayer and writing magazine serials to report to Photoplay on the emotional equations of the stars with whom she has worked, made friends and studied as complex human beings. Adela for the start of '46 is busy—hold your breath—writing the full life story of Van Johnson, a towheaded Swede causing somewhat of a disturbance of the box office seismograph just now.

The inventory lists Sidney Skolsky, as pertinent a friend as he is impertinent an observer of the Hollywood scene. Elsa Maxwell whose parties turn Hollywood upside down will continue to turn Photoplay's readers right side up on what really goes on in film society. Dorothy Kilgallen, Irish and Broadway wit, promises to fill Photoplay pages with laughter ripples and perhaps even a few sober facts. Thornton Delehanty, Hollywood man's reporter and ladies' man, is right now just finishing up an introductory report for you on Johnny Coy who, you've been insisting, belongs in the next issue of this magazine.

And of course the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards given to the winners in the only poll which represents the people's choice, conducted by Dr. George Gallup, director of Audience Research, Inc.

Covers, stories, pictures, famous authors—the ingredients of publication that, properly mixed, will make Photoplay's circulation rise to new highs.

Today over a million of you stockholders buy Photoplay each month to read and share with your friends.

Tomorrow, this editor's publisher tells him, almost two million of you will be able to buy Photoplay at your newsdealer each month.

One, two or four million, you will still be stockholders in a reader corporation to whom this editor will continue to report.

Fred Sammis
Even the moon came out to give Shirley's wedding all the beauty of a dream.

The seven bridesmaids and the matron of honor tossed the skirts of their blue tulle dresses up over the backs of the chairs. It didn't matter that their pretty legs were exposed. This way the tulle wouldn't wrinkle. The bride, observing how comfortable they were, flipped her skirt over the back of her chair too. Then, not at all impressed at her last moments of being the world-famous Shirley Temple, she propped her pretty feet up on another chair and said, "How's for singing a class song," and the bridesmaids went softly and gaily into one.

The scene, of course, was the Bride's Room at the Wilshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles on the evening of September 19, 1945, about a half hour before 8:30 o'clock—the time set for Shirley's wedding to Sgt. John Agar Jr.

Outside great crowds were waiting for the bridal party to arrive, not knowing they were already in the church, that they had slipped in a side door about 6:30 for what Shirley called, with that bubbling humor of hers, the "pick-up shots and retakes," by which she impudently meant the actual rehearsal of the ceremony.

The blue in the bridesmaids' dresses—called Temple blue—actually was a deep electric shade. It was a dramatic contrast to Shirley's dream-princess dress of the heaviest and most lustrous white satin, solidly dotted with genuine seed pearls. It had a fitted bodice, Shirley's dress, short sleeves and a "little Infanta" skirt which means a lovely sweeping skirt held out from the hips by tiny hoops. Around the neck of the bodice were satin loops, embroidered with the seed (Continued on page 120)
and Happiness

BY RUTH WATERBURY

The Agars agree—love is so wonderful

The nuptial kiss after the "I Do's." Shirley, of "Kiss And Tell," had hundreds of guests at her wedding

Down the stairs to the car—with a honeymoon ahead
Now Photoplay adds the bright brave name of Susan Peters to its list of contributors. Films like “Random Harvest” and “Song of Russia” which found Susan possessed of beauty, mental brilliance and acting talent had made her name bright. The tragic hunting accident last spring which caused her to be an invalid in a wheelchair made her name brave because, refusing to accept this as a tragedy, she has always believed in the happy ending that now seems ahead. Waiting for the miracle of recovery, Susan decided to become a writer. Photoplay, proud to have a part in the fulfillment of her wish, presents here the first in a series of stories by Susan on people she thinks you will like to know more about.
VAN'S bewildering. Completely.
To describe him is like trying to find a rhyme for
"orange."
He's 190 pounds of naiveté with a bumper of sophis-
tication around the edges. He's worldly one minute,
boyish the next. He's quiet. And he's explosive.
He's Prince Charming on water-skis. . .
He's Beau Brummel in a tennis sweater. . .
I met Van first some three years ago on the set of
"Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant." This was his first pic-
ture in that popular series and only my third picture for
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I made my entrance on the
set the day of our meeting feeling particularly elegant
in an original Irene creation especially designed for me!
A struggling young actress, I'll have you know, takes a
step upwards when her clothes are designed by Irene.
So does the picture in which she appears.
Feeling all eyes upon me, I floated across the set only
to be stopped by a redhead young man who deflated
me by saying with great gusto, "Hi, Susan. My name's
Van Johnson. Gee, what a beautiful dress! Who was it
made for?"
It was inconceivable to Van, three years ago, that a
picture in which he was playing a starring role should
be important enough to warrant the splendor of any-
thing like a new Irene design. It so happened he was
wearing one of Clark Gable's hand-me-down interne
coats from "Men In White," which was to him an honor.
I knew instinctively Van wanted to hear that the dress
I was wearing had been made for Joan Crawford, Greer
Garson or Irene Dunne; for at that point in his career
he would have been agog at playing opposite a dress one of
them had worn!
My ego, however, demanded that I tell him it had
been designed for me alone. Whereupon I made way
for a ribbing campaign which continues to this day.
For anyone suffering from an acute swelling of the
noggin, Van Johnson is a perfect antidote.

During the filming of that Dr. Gillespie picture
Richard Quine (my husband) and I became very
friendly with Van via doughnuts and coffee in the
morning, which we took turns buying, lunches in the
M-G-M commissary, and an occasional movie in the
evening.

Dick and I always have clowned together; except
when we argue politics, pension plans, what rights have
workers and such. Van, on the other hand, was funda-
mentally serious and basically interested in nothing
but acting. That's okay too—very much so. But the
tease in both Dick and me constantly made Van suffer
for it.

One Sunday we invited him to the home of Dick's
cousins, Mary Lou and Tom Quine, which is at Malibu
Beach, and I must say he exceeded our fondest desires
for bedevilment.

Dick and I got there early and had just put on bathing
suits and made ready for a day on the beach with nothing
to do but swim and lie in the sun when Van arrived.
He was resplendent in a white tweed coat, tan trousers,
a blue shirt and tie and white shoes. Under each arm
he carried a beautifully wrapped box and gripped in one
huge paw was a tremendous bouquet of flowers.

As I introduced him to Tom and Mary Lou I noticed
his air of expectation and a peculiar puzzled look on his
usually beaming face. I asked him what was bothering
him and he replied, "Well, nothing—but . . . where are
all the people?"

There was a long uncomfortable pause, then suddenly
it dawned on us that he had expected a party to be in
progress. We burst into laughter. Van's face fell a foot
—and we rolled on the floor. When we regained some
composure, we explained that there was no party—just
the five of us. Van finally became his old, frank self
and explained that to him Malibu Beach had always
meant two things—parties and, above all, movie stars.
It wasn't just a beach where (Continued on page 97)
Whatever gave Abbott and Costello the idea that they could get along without Abbott and Costello?

As it did to the entire globe, the war's abrupt ending left Hollywood gasping in relief—and sudden bewilderment. For this is the milestone period, the pause after years of war, and as in all milestone periods, there is presently running in the world, and in Hollywood, a high tide of hopes, fears and wonder about the future.

For the record, "Fearless" brings you the subjects that are being feverishly discussed—before open doors—in Hollywood during these days.

Will there be room for both the male wartime and male peacetime stars in movies, Hollywood is asking?

During the war an amazing number of men stars burst into being: Van Johnson, Peter Lawford, Robert Walker, Tom Drake, Cornel Wilde, Gregory Peck, John Hodiak and many more. But already out of uniform or soon to don mufti again are such peacetime favorites as: Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power, Robert Montgomery, Henry Fonda, Clark Gable, Ronald Reagan, Lon McCallister, Donald O'Connor, Gene Kelly, Victor Mature, Wayne Morris, and many another golden
duels and questions that can't be answered

boy. Yes, it's the problem of whether it is to be the new FF's or the old Famous Faces—or both! Just to complicate the problem let us add that there are in total 1,500 GI's returning from overseas to the acting ranks. How to get all of them back before the camera is of course Question Number One—and the answer must be Yes!

Is Betty Hensel going to be Mrs. Cary Grant Number Three? Maybe so; because Cary certainly picks them tall, thin and blondsome—and the old saying goes that a man always marries the same type he's married before. Since Virginia Cherrill (later Duchess of Jersey) and Barbara Hutton were both slim and aristocratic-looking blondes, Socialite Betty Hensel would seem to be a cinch for place!

What's the inside story on the shock Ginny Simms marriage to mysterious multi-millionaire Hyatt Dehn?

This is the most pretzel-like mix-up in many a year. Untwisted, it goes like this: Tall construction engineer Hyatt Dehn has been a Hollywood figure for the past four years, night clubbing (Continued on page 102)
YOU can tell about people from their houses.

Take, for instance, the honeymoon house Esther Williams bought and is remodeling and decorating for herself and her handsome Sergeant Ben Gage. It doesn't stand proudly on one of the best streets in town. It's no chichi palace. It's an old English style cottage seasoned with the years of rich living that many families have known within its thick California redwood walls. And it stands, miles from nowhere, on the side of a hill that overlooks the Pacific and is wreathed in the mists that drift in from the sea of an evening.

The living room, papered with an old English scene, has two focal points. One is the huge windows curtained in monks cloth bordered with a pattern of sea shells, overlooking the hillside, bright with wild poppies and geraniums and lupin and a wave-fringed curve of ocean shore. The other is a huge stone fireplace in which Esther burns fragrant eucalyptus. Close by stands the big corner sofa with its squashy pillows and bolsters. As you see at a glance, this is a perfect place for a bride and groom to take their coffee after those first intimate dinners when there is so much to say to each other and all of it is good.

The carpets in the living room, which is two steps lower than the rest of the house, occupying the lowest position on the hillside, are the old-fashioned, braided kind. All about is copper and brass, reflecting the sunset's glow, the firelight, the lamplight. One lamp, amusingly enough, is made from an old copper spittoon. It was a (Continued on page 107)

A comfortable divan decked out in sea shells—a braided rug
Stroke of Beauty: Esther Williams, starred in M-G-M’s “Easy To Wed”
A writer once referred to me as a “sandpapered Lincoln.” He was wrong on both counts. Though I’m highly flattered and a great Lincoln-follower I can’t claim anything close to a reasonable facsimile.

Any pictured resemblance lies in the frame. All six feet three of me. My honest face, if any, never impresses anybody—except once when I bluffed in poker and ran a pair of nines over a straight.

It would be mighty fine to be able to claim any of Lincoln’s deeper qualities too—but I’m like this. . . .

I’m Anything but Sandpapered . . . Too much sandpaper isn’t good. It smooths and levels you down into patterns. Into the line of least resistance. I believe in making a rut of your own—when you’re right.

I’m a Worrier . . . About my work—some scene I’ve done or, rather, not done. I go around in a black cloud with a mental chip on my shoulder, dope around the house stewing over it for a couple of days. I play every scene over again at home. I guess every actor’s like that, but I’ve got an overdose of it. I get kidded a lot about it at the studio. After a take the director says, “That was swell for me—lousy wasn’t it, Greg?”

When I Worry . . . And beat myself inside about something that will in no way affect the future of the world, I remember the time I saw Franklin D. Roosevelt and then I shrink. That was in 1937 when I was rowing with the University of California crew in the meet at Poughkeepsie and happened to be standing near when they were wheeling Roosevelt down the ramp of his yacht. I was amazed, seeing his pitifully thin, useless legs. Somehow I’d never realized his helplessness. He was the legs of so many, the foundation of so much. When they lifted him into the waiting car he saw us, took off his hat and let go with a great big smile. Whenever I hit low ebb on some pesky thing, I think of that smile and am ashamed.

I’m a Hipster . . . when it comes to music. I like it, but I don’t do much about it. Just sit there and let it soak in. A hipster cuts a rug when he hears something hot. A hipster just listens, wriggles a finger, juggles one foot, or maybe cuts an eye. Too-sweet hands bore me. But I like all other kinds of music—classical and hot—and have a serving of everything in my large record collection. Folk songs, Strauss, Debussy, sod buster ballads, Rachmaninoff and Burt Ives. I like Ives’s recording of “The Lonesome Train” and am especially proud of recordings of Roosevelt’s speeches, which I took off the air.

I Like Folk Dances . . . Like the Varsoviana. Like to swing out on a Western dance. And I do mean swing out. Greta and I dance it at home. It’s not for the crowded Mocambo—makes the casualties run too high.

I Get a Bang out of New Things . . . Whether it’s my wife’s new dress, baby Jonathan’s rocking horse, or my new custom-made combination radio and phonograph. I waited a year for (Continued on page 86)
Greg, a great admirer of the great man, says he is not a sandpapered Lincoln. You'll see him next as the star of "11 Berkeley Square".

Here is home just as he wants it—Greg, his blonde Greta and the object of their affections, little son Jonathan.
JOHN GARFIELD'S publicity hand-outs loud—pedal the fact that he was born on the East Side—"the cradle of some of the most notorious criminals the world has ever known." His father was a tailor, very poor, and too busy to supervise the playtime of John and his brother Max. His mother died when he was seven. John swiped vegetables, baited cops, was expelled from school, and was debating with himself which of two criminal gangs to join when the authorities stepped in and sent him to Angelo Patri's school for the underprivileged and problem children of New York. It was there John Garfield, at the age of thirteen, was persuaded by Mr. Patri to become an actor.

From there on, everything went smoothly. John won a national oratorical contest; got himself admitted to the Hecksher Foundation on a scholarship (by using rather freely the name of the famous actor, Ben-Ami), was taken into the Civic Repertory group by Eva Le Gallienne, and because of his narrow escape from developing into a gangster, was given a role in a play about reformatory life called "Lost Boy."

The rest is history.

All in all, I was so forcibly impressed by the stories of his background that I was on the point of hiring a couple of bodyguards to accompany me to the Warner Brothers lot when I set out to interview him. I expected to find him in a zoot suit, ordering his mob around in terse, guttural, underworld slang. Instead, I found a well-mannered, modest young man who didn't look like either a thug or an actor, who was better informed about world affairs than most columnists are, and who had as much "culture" as the average critic or librarian. I have reached the conclusion that the gutters of the East Side of Manhattan Island are ideal for bringing up children. Anyway, the samples of East Side training in Hollywood include Edward G. Robinson, Paul Muni and Jimmy Cagney. I doubt if one could select a group of more peaceful citizens from the alumni of Groton or St. Mark's.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of John Garfield is his utter lack of self-consciousness. In intimate surroundings or in public he does not fidget, pose, try to make at least every third remark a wisecrack, attempt to live up to his publicity, or to put on any kind of an act. He is gay because he is lucky and healthy and successful. His sense of humor is responsive rather than creative.

Actually, he is a thoroughly serious-minded man, although in no way solemn or pedantic.

"Do you think the public will go for this? I think it's something everyone should know about and think about," he said, with reference to the film which was in production that day, the story of the blinded Marine, Al Schmidt, or "Pride Of The Marines," its marquee billing.

Garfield was not thinking of himself or his own fame. He was sincerely interested in the story and its message and had deliberately contracted to play Al Schmidt, knowing that the customers might turn against war pictures before the picture could be released. John would rather do something with social significance than be the star of the most profitable and trivial film of the year. He's a passionate pilgrim in this respect. He feels about popularity the way he feels about money, and figures them both the same way. He has (Continued on page 108)
John Garfield, of "Pride Of The Marines," is serious-minded—has a responsive sense of humor

CITIZEN GARFIELD

Looking at John Garfield who is the same about money as he is about popularity—has enough of both for comfort, but not enough to worry about

BY ELLIOT PAUL
Lunchtime for Elizabeth and Sweetheart—in King's domain

If you visit Elizabeth you'd better take along sugar for King because he'll be your host

She puts a spell on birds and beasts and studio bigwigs—but Elizabeth Taylor will tell you it's all part of The Plan

BY
HERB HOWE

Color Pictures by Hymie Fink
If you lunch with Elizabeth Taylor now it will be on a haymound on back lot No. five and you had better pass the sugar to the King because it's his stall and he's the host.

Since taking the hurdles with the King in "National Velvet" she seldom is seen in the studio commissary with Nibbles, the chipmunk who stands up on plates to lick down chocolate sundaes. Miss E. Taylor and mater now dine exclusively with horses on box lunches and choice alfalfa and only a few top bracket socialites, including Nibbles, have been invited guests, because hay is scarce and the King is haughty.

The horses picked Elizabeth their favorite to win long before the movie bookies did and she, knowing what a privilege this is, is sticking by them.

When only a sparklet of three pirouetting around among English princesses, Elizabeth alone among the people on the Kent estate of her godfather, Victor Cazalet M.P., could ride Betty, a wild and misanthropic mare disdainful of the entire human race save Elizabeth, and so derelict in sense of duty toward the British Empire that one weekend she madly upended the historic person of Anthony Eden and tossed him humpty dumpty o'er the hedgerows.

Elizabeth was away that afternoon. When she returned the staff of sixty gardeners was striving vainly to round up Betty. Mr. Eden, the Empire's Foreign Minister, had rounded himself up. In pure fancy you may see our little Elizabeth bringing in the wayward Betty, (Continued on page 99)
INTO my studio on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard come some of the most famous and fascinating camera subjects in the world.

A still photograph, of course, lacks the advantage of motion and sound. Nevertheless, to be a lifelike camera study, it must reflect a subject's personality. This means my lens must catch more than the physical features of the stars, that it must capture the sense of brooding or drama or mirth that animates their faces, too. Consequently, I find it necessary to know something of the desires and defeats, the heartbreaks and happiness that exist in the stars' lives.

In most cases the backdrops of their lives are familiar to me, for many of the stars are my friends. Occasionally, however, I find in my appointment book the name of a star whom I do not know. As a short cut to getting acquainted I make an effort to contact their friends for information which will help to understand them better, or try to see the star's latest picture and study the personality I see there on the screen.

The night before I first met and photographed Jennifer Jones, for instance, I went to see "The Song of Bernadette" and was still feeling in a mood of spiritual reverence about her the next day. She called from the studio saying that she had been detained and would be a little late. I finally went out to lunch, leaving strict instructions with my Man Friday to be sure to give Miss Jones anything she wanted and make her comfortable if she came in while I was away. I explained that she was the shy spiritual type and that he must be sure to use the right psychology on her.

He met me at the door when I returned, saying, "Miss Jones don't need no psychologizin', Boss. She was hungry and she just wanted to eat." When I walked in, there was Jennifer in the kitchen really going after a big bowl of soup. I didn't have to worry about capturing the ethereal business. Here was a radiantly healthy girl, fairly bubbling over with life. When I apologized for being late she said it was perfectly all right... but might she please finish her soup? Since then Jennifer has joined us on beach picnics and lets her hair down with the rest.

It happened that I had never met June Allyson until she came to the studio to pose for a cover for Photoplay. At first glance I thought her cute but lacking in the arresting type of beauty of many in filmland. Yet the more I talked with her the more attractive she became. My conversation with her enabled me to camera-catch her effervescent manner and refreshing enthusiasm. When we finished the pictures I was convinced that she was destined to become one (Continued on page 89)
Clicking off intimate facts about the stars in stills—as seen through the lens of Photoplay's ace cover photographer

With gay June Allyson Paul found that his first impression was wrong—the camera told him so

Ingrid Bergman has a preference for the place where the picture is taken—and a faraway look.
Lon McCallister or Paul Brook? Or is Jeanne's heart still uncaptured? You'll see her next in Fox's "Leave Her To Heaven."

The cat purrs, Jeanne smiles—and with good reason. No hard luck and hardships punctuated her quick success climb.
Jeanne Crain—a lovely Cinderella without the pots and pans, a beautiful dreamer who dreamed it all true

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

and fancy free

In the mood for gay music—a reflection of her happy home

Garden shot—and Jeanne's just the girl to fit into it

If you are plagued by the superstitions of the Irish, and I am, you can't help wondering if life, luck and loves haven't happened to Irish Jeanne Crain with too much ease.

As astounding as it is, she is a Twentieth Century-Fox star without serving any part of an apprenticeship. From somewhere, but certainly not out of the experiences of her own life, she has been able to project with reality the emotions of mature women on the screen in such films as "Leave Her To Heaven," "Winged Victory," "State Fair" and "Home In Indiana."

At her home studio, Twentieth, she is considered the most important star discovery since the days of Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford—and Jeanne is just barely twenty years old.

In her private life, and in a town notably lacking in eligible males for the past three years, she has inspired the devotion and sincere love of two very fine boys, Lon McCallister of the Army and Paul Brook.

She has a wonderful home life in which she is the center and shining light of an adoring mother and father. I lay particular stress on this because you would be surprised if you could see behind the scenes the burden and the drag of unhappy family ties that are being borne on the shoulders of many very young, very talented movie girls. But with Jeanne it is all sweetness and light. Everything is.

"I know what you mean," she told me, "when you say my success has come too easily—that I should have played minor roles and earned the right to get the important pictures Mr. Zanuck has given me. That seems the usual way with young Hollywood actresses. "Certainly I would have been better 'copy' if I could say I had tramped the streets, pounded on studio doors, gone hungry and been in tatters before I was discovered for a screen career. But no such thing occurred. "Sometimes I'm embarrassed to tell how easily it happened. You could write the (Continued on page 70)
Man on the climb—David Bruce, appearing in Universal's "Lady On A Train"
DAVID BRUCE is a curious sort of guy, when you come to think of it. He looks pretty much like the accepted type of leading man—broad shoulders, strong chin, just the right bit of wave in the hair, a healthy brown color and the proper touch of candor in his manner. But there is a lot more to him than that. He baffles you—by not being what he looks like at all!

There is something about his voice and his carriage which makes people say, inevitably, on first meeting him, "How right he is for Shakespearian roles!" But ten minutes' conversation with him will demonstrate that he completely lacks the grand manner, the poetic pose, that you associate with devotees of the Bard. When you first hear him talk, you think that he must be a practical young businessman. Five minutes later you might imagine that he was an enthusiastic small boy. If he goes intellectual on you for a moment or two, he will mean it and he will know what he is talking about. But he won't persist. His own innate sense of humor slaps him down before he can possibly become pompous. You'd like him.

He has given Hollywood a number of surprises, in his quiet fashion. Such as the one when he introduced his very beautiful and extremely demure wife to the film colony and it became known that she was a professor...my goodness!...of drama and speech at Scripps College, Claremont, California. What's more, she had been "professor-ing" at various colleges throughout the country, for years. But then, Hollywood, as is its little way, hadn't bothered to "discover" David Bruce at all until after he had acted in some seventeen pictures, been in and out of the Navy Air Force and had played one of the principal roles in one of filmdom's cutest love stories. Besides, he's one of the only (Continued on page 114)

Cynthia is little and lovely. They have the same birthdays—picked the big date for their wedding day

Frank, the studio barber, kids David who is fussy about his haircuts. You'll see him next in "That Night With You"

He's David Bruce and he's baffling—because he's not at all what he looks like

BY LOUISE ERWIN
Wild oats and wild rides— one suit with a taped-up seat— these are the memories of mystifying Robert Mitchum.

THREE years ago, when Robert Mitchum eased quietly into the Hollywood Pantages Theater to see himself on the screen for the first time, he listened with wry pleasure to the woman's comment who sat in front of him. At sight of the new face, she turned to her companion and said with thrilled interest, "Who is that? He has the most immoral face I've ever seen in my life!"

Since her initial comment, women by the hundreds have been saying her exact remark in different ways—but always with the same note of excitement in their voices. You can hear them yourself in theater lobbies. "He's got the mean kind of face that I go for," "He's got sex-appeal in an evil sort of way."

Ladies, how right you are... and how fast your judgment is making Mr. Robert Mitchum into one of Hollywood's number one stars!
Right now, of course, he is Private Robert Mitchum, playing a bit part in the United States Army. Right now his movie career is sitting idle. But it was far from idle until a few months ago, as a civilian actor he just finished the lead in “The Story of G.I. Joe” before he got officially into uniform. Before that, he’d been in eight Hopalong Cassidy films, in “The Human Comedy,” “We’ve Never Been Licked,” “Gung Ho,” “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,” “Girl Rush,” “When Strangers Marry,” “Nevada” and “West Of The Pecos.”

He had been in Hollywood five years, and acting for three of them—and he had been fascinating women every time the screen showed that suggestive, arresting face of his.

When you encounter that face in real life, your first impression of it is as much of a definite shock as it is when you see it on the screen. What does he look like to inspire such breathless awe? Well, he has a narrow, bony face with green eyes squeezed into slits, a nose with a hump on it, above a jutting upper lip on a tight mouth. He has brown hair springing from his forehead like weeds in every direction. His figure is six feet one and when he stands up he stands as rigidly straight as a lamp post, but when he’s sitting down he seems to slowly accordian out, going from one semi-slimp into another. This slumping is due to two of the thousands of adventures in his life—he has a wrecked back, thanks to a recent automobile accident and to a long-ago fall from a horse.

His face is as alive as it is evil looking—he treats it like a mirror reflecting his moods and a thousand expressions of disgust, mockery, hilarity twist it into a thousand shapes as he talks. There is nothing posed about Mr. Mitchum; he is completely himself in the quick movements of hands and face—and in the rich, original, half-tough, half-intellectual jargon he calls conversation. His life, as you’ll soon see, has been a feverish jigsaw puzzle.

When I was first trying to get into pictures, I was so broke I only had one suit,” he says. “It was very theatrical—blue pinstripe, double-breasted. But it was so old it was falling apart. The seat of the pants was stitched across so many times that finally there was nothing left to hang the thread onto; so then I used to put two big strips of adhesive tape across the seat from the inside, to keep myself from falling out. Of course, it made sitting down in casting directors’ offices a little difficult; I had to kind of slide gracefully onto a chair in a horizontal position to keep everything in place.”

As Private (Continued on page 93)
Reconversion

In which Mrs. Phil Harris and Miss Alice Faye talk over home and

Like mother, like daughter—Alice starred in “Fallen Angel” with her own little angel
for Alice

career and come to a happy conclusion

THERE is a desk calendar in the Encino ranch home of Alice Faye which has two dates that are circled in red. They were red-letter days, but not in the conventional sense.

"I marked them that way," she said, "because they were the most trying forty-eight hours I ever spent in my life! Looking back, I wonder how I lived through them.

"Funny, they were the two terrible days of my return to work this last time at Twentieth, after an absence of two years. I just couldn't figure what it was all about—but I think I know now. It wasn't one thing—it was many things."

Alice was looking particularly glamorous at the moment. She wore a stunning black long-sleeved street dress, designed simply but superbly for the incomparable Faye figure. She certainly didn't look like the mother of two children. And she has never in her life been more beautiful, nor even as beautiful.

"But I wasn't like that a few weeks ago," she said reflectively. "I simply didn't have the courage to face the cameras! I went on the set one day and just looked on. This gave me a chance to get my bearings.

"Next day I went back again. I got as far as putting on make-up; but acting in a scene—well, that would have been out. I would have gone to pieces.

"Eventually, the third day, I found my way back. If I look calm now, it's only because the ordeal is all over, and everything is okay once more."

"I marked them that way," she said, "because they were the most trying forty-eight hours I ever spent in my life! Looking back, I wonder how I lived through them.

"Funny, they were the two terrible days of my return to work this last time at Twentieth, after an absence of two years. I just couldn't figure what it was all about—but I think I know now. It wasn't one thing—it was many things."

Alice was looking particularly glamorous at the moment. She wore a stunning black long-sleeved street dress, designed simply but superbly for the incomparable Faye figure. She certainly didn't look like the mother of two children. And she has never in her life been more beautiful, nor even as beautiful.

"But I wasn't like that a few weeks ago," she said reflectively. "I simply didn't have the courage to face the cameras! I went on the set one day and just looked on. This gave me a chance to get my bearings.

"Next day I went back again. I got as far as putting on make-up; but acting in a scene—well, that would have been out. I would have gone to pieces.

"Eventually, the third day, I found my way back. If I look calm now, it's only because the ordeal is all over, and everything is okay once more."

No doubt it sounds incredible that a star who has been big box-office, a big-time star at Twentieth Century-Fox for the past ten years, could go through any gyrations of the heebie-jeebies over resuming her career. It (Continued on page 67)
"Startling hats," says Van Johnson

"Startling hats," says Van Johnson. "I like women to wear unusual hats. It shows they have imagination. "But, I don't like elaborate hair-dos that you know must have taken two hours to arrange. It seems false and vain. "I like girls to dress according to the occasion and according to their personalities and figures. Like in hats, dresses can show imagination and be striking without being too flamboyant. "Too many bows, ruffles and frills make a dress too conspicuous and detract from the wearer's personality. "Most women appear to me to wear too much make-up. And some use too much perfume. I like it, in moderation."

"Blue," says Roy Rogers

"Blue," says Roy Rogers, "is always okay by me. Especially if it's tailored. "Funny thing, my wife Arlene, doesn't have a single western outfit in her wardrobe. Perhaps this is because I see so much western garb when I work and I like to see her in strictly feminine things. "I always buy her blouses when I go on my rodeo and hospital tours with Trigger. I purchase chiffons and prints mostly. Nothing fussy, but feminine if you know what I mean. These to wear with her blue suits. "If the girls must wear hats, big ones are best I guess. "Perfumes are fine. I like spicy fresh scents. I think a woman should vary the perfumes for both day and evening wear. Variety, that's it. "Simple hair-dos and a medium shade of nail polish are my preferences every time. "Rope me with a lariat, but I can't think of anything else to say about women's clothes."

"Simple, tailored clothes," says George Murphy

"Simple tailored clothes," says George Murphy, "in the daytime are fine, also simply cut, yet revealing—enough-to-be-intriguing evening gowns. But not so revealing that the wearer is a spectacle. I find myself unable to enjoy my dinner at a party if I must wonder if the gown of the woman opposite to me will fall off. I do like to concentrate on my meal when dining out. I just can't successfully do two things at once. "I'm old fashioned about hats. With apologies to John Frederics I haven't been educated to the fact that a bicycle clip covered with velvet and with two roses pinned to the side is a hat. I said bicycle, b-i-c-y-c-l-e, you know the things you clamp around your trousers when riding a bike. Wide-brimmed hats are best for most women, not trick numbers. "Sheer stockings are my choice for a woman every time. But I will tolerate bare legs if they look exactly as if they have on sheer stockings. I'll admit that some of these make-up legs are very successful. "A woman's feet and ankles look better in a high-heeled shoe. That is of course unless she is going for a walk. "Natural coiffure and make-up is my preference."
"Sweaters," says Gregory Peck

"Sweaters," says Gregory Peck, "and sport skirts and not much make-up in the daytime. I don't mind lots of make-up at night if it doesn't look artificial. My wife Greta's favorite dress is red with gold coins all around the neck, but I think she looks best in simple things. My favorite is a black dress, tailored but feminine. She wears pearls with it and I think it's a very romantic outfit for any girl—especially with perfume and low-key lighting to complete the picture.

"In the evening, I think a woman should be as sexy as she can be without putting on an act or wearing obvious make-up or clothes. "Yes, I like perfume but not heavy, sticky kinds. I prefer tailored clothes, no hats or kerchiefs on the head, stockings rather than bare legs. As for coiffures, I prefer short fuzzy ones, or long hair with a knot in back."

"Almost anything," says Alan Ladd

"Almost anything," says Alan Ladd, "that the gals wear is swell. Of course I have my likes and dislikes but generally speaking, the gals wear the most sensible and attractive outfits in the history of fashion. Just look at some old period pictures and you'll get what I mean. Then look at the simple well-tailored clothes of today, the softly feminine garb of evening. Why wouldn't I think the latter tops?

"There's one thing though, I can't stand feathers in the hair. They remind me of a bird's nest. Flowers and bows are okay. I think Sue, my wife, looks better without a hat but if she insists upon wearing one it has to be large to suit me.

"Who cares whether a woman wears her hair up or down just so she looks like a woman? Agreed?

"When you say perfume, there you dip into the individual personality. For me, none of this heavy exotic stuff. Clean and fresh is my choice.

"The only thing besides feathers in the hair which gives me the willies, is a gal who is dressed in sombre clothes. And I don't mean black. A smart plain black dress with good lines, ummm. Contrastingly, I love to see a girl dressed in a fresh white sport dress. This for a summer day."

"Black," says John Hodiak

"Black," says John Hodiak. "In my opinion there is no color as distinctive and this goes for daytime as well as evening wear. It may sound silly, but I pay little attention to women's clothes. I have my own likes and dislikes, to be sure, but if a girl is neat and dressed appropriately for the occasion, I seldom am conscious of details.

"Personally, I dislike anything conspicuous and this goes for feminine make-up as well as dress. Anything that causes people to turn around and stare is out, as far as I am concerned.

"Specifically, I can think of no one item of women's dress that irks me. I like slacks and shorts for a tennis match or a picnic. On the other hand, I hate them on the street or for anything except strictly sportswear.

"I like women to wear a subtle perfume—but in small doses. I don't like to have her arrival announced by a heavy waft of perfume that lingers on long after she has gone.

"I definitely dislike brilliant colors, especially green, but this is purely personal. Perhaps here, too, my preference is dictated by my dislike of anything conspicuous."
Call for COOP

Pride in a flower, a trophy, his home—these are the things you would know of the master if you knocked at the Cooper door

By INGA ARVAD

GARY COOPER cut a purple carnation, sniffed it, shook his head, and drawled, "It's odd, but the more fancy flowers grow, the less fragrance they have."

In a way this applies to humans too. The fancier they get, very often, the less they have to recommend them.

There's nothing fancy about Coop. He's as kind as he was when he arrived in Hollywood twenty years ago with a boy-scoutish belief in doing one good deed a day. And he's as natural too. He maintains that love of simple things which men have when they live close to the soil.

We had set out this day to cover the three and one-half acres of Coop's luxury ranch. On it is everything from a victory garden to a swimming pool. We had passed through a patch planted with every conceivable kind of wild flower. He had stood still for a minute to watch the yellow poppies which were nodding their graceful heads to and fro between blue cornflowers, yellow marigolds and multi-colored asters. Then with his seven-league steps he had started toward his pride and joy, carnations.

As far as eye reached as we stood there in the carnation garden we were surrounded by orange, grapefruit and lemon trees weighted to the ground by heavy, ripe fruit.

We walked on through the garden and suddenly halted before a rather large building which had been completely hidden by trees. "What about having a look in here?" he asked, and opened the door which screeched on rusty hinges. What we entered was a playroom or, better yet, a boy's paradise. There was everything from Jap guns to Indian headdresses. The walls were covered with stuffed trophies, ranging from African Koodoos to Coop's prize possession, a golden eagle with a seven-foot wingspread, from Idaho. The enormous billiard table in the middle of the room had a display like a junk shop. There was a ten-gallon, dusty cowboy hat, spurs, bullets, a hand-carved boat, which Coop once made for his daughter Maria, and many more curios.

"I shot all of those myself," Coop said, and pointed to the walls. "That eagle over the fireplace I got in Idaho. In fact I had to stalk on my belly for several hours before I finally could shoot it. Those craniums, over there in the corner, belong to two African lions which I killed when I was on a hunting trip there some years ago."

As we strolled back to the house, Coop explained, "It sure takes quite a bit of time to keep this whole thing up and I only have one man to help me. But to my mind there is no greater pleasure than putting

Your hostess—Rocky Cooper, lovely proof of Gary's theory on women

54
You'd meet daughter Maria (who has never before been photographed) and Arno

seed into the soil, see it grow and use the produce. Owning soil gives a deep inner satisfaction. A satisfaction I have been lucky enough to always know. I remember how we used to spend summers and all vacations on my father's ranch outside Helena in Montana. Most of the time my brother and I would go riding and playing with the neighbor rancher's kids. There was always something exciting going on.

Suddenly Coop laughed. "One summer when I was eight years old the railroads were washed away by the heavy rains. In our section a number of Turks were brought in to do the repair jobs. What colorful people. They wore the most fantastic costumes with red fezzes and carried daggers or knives. None of them spoke English, but in spite of that, when they sat around on their haunches telling stories after sunset, I sat by and watched.

"We had a very clear mountain spring on our ranch, three and a half feet deep. It was set right in the shade of aspens, nice and cool. The Turks asked permission to cool their beer in our spring and there were usually about twenty-four cases in it at a time. Of course I had never tasted beer before in my life, but one evening they offered me some and I didn't (Continued on page 118)
Play Truth or Consequences

It’s a game and it had him going! Here are the results of some delightful prying into the personal thoughts of a glib gagster

1—Q: Did your motorcycle accident make any major change in your life?
A: Yes. It taught me I cannot balance my love of speed in boats, cars or motorcycles with my career. Heretofore my interest was evenly split between acting and that hobby, but facing a choice, I decided in favor of my career.

2—Q: What worried you most while you were in the hospital so long?
A: The fear that I would be horribly disfigured for life. One whole side of my face was smashed in, and one eye was torn completely from its socket. When I accidentally saw myself upon regaining consciousness after eight days, I was sure what I saw could never be put back together again. Miraculously, I came out of it with only two small scars which barely can be seen!

3—Q: Was this your first serious accident?
A: No. In 1934 when I was seventeen, a biplane I was flying caught fire and I acquired a few small scars where the doctor picked out the pieces of melted rubber from my Wilson goggles. The same year I had another narrow squeak when my seaplane caught fire four feet off the water and I had to jump for it.

4—Q: Why did you insist on following hazardous pursuits?
A: It started when I was a kid of twelve. Rebell ing at being known only as “Ed Wynn’s son,” I was determined to do something that would make me seem important on my own. But what can a kid of twelve do? I’d learned a lot about motors from the family chauffeur, so I turned to an avid interest along those lines, starting with speed boats and progressing to midget autos, motorcycles, racing cars and then I graduated to planes. I never was a speed maniac, but I was a speed operator. (Editor’s Note: Keenan Wynn still holds the world’s record for speed boats, unlimited class. He won it in 1935 by making a complete circuit of Manhattan Island in thirty-nine minutes).

5—Q: How did you happen to come to Hollywood?
A: I turned down screen offers for three years of the nine I was on the New York stage, but after two flop plays in a row, I asked myself, “How the hell can you make a living in one season?” and accepted the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offer of a test.

6—Q: Has being the son of a famous comedian helped your career?
A: On the contrary, it’s been a hindrance! Either I was resented by others on the mistaken notion my father’s fame gave me a certain “drag,” or producers who would spend the entire interview talking about what a great boy my father is. Also I constantly had to listen to the open doubt that I never could be “one-tenth as good as your father” which isn’t encouraging. Even though I still think he’s a genius in his type of comedy.

7—Q: Was your father sympathetic toward a theatrical career for you?
A: He liked to think maybe I would become an actor, but when it happened he was anything but enthusiastic. Probably he was a little afraid I would jeopardize the family reputation by being a flop. Now he’s my greatest fan.

8—Q: What common Hollywood trait do you find offensive?
A: Keenan took the consequences: Rate yourself on a personality chart.

9—Q: What was the greatest argument you had with your father?
A: We argued violently over my refusal to go to college and later over the way I should play my scenes. He didn’t realize I do a different kind of comedy where prat falls are out of character.

10—Q: What phase of your own childhood do you want to prevent in your sons?
A: The lack of normal home life caused by separation of the parents. Going to boarding school at the age of eight and (Continued on page 111)
Keenan took the consequences for No. 8—this personality chart rating of how he really reacts.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Personality Chart</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Are you a good dancer?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you popular?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you a ladies' man?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you a good actor?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name your best feature.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is your greatest weakness?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Never mention Arthur Murray and me in the same breath!
- Even my best friends won't tell me.
- Make it singular. Just Evie's.
- So's my Old Man.
- If quantity counts—my nose.
- Leaving myself open to personality charts like this.

Keenan, son of a famous comedian, is on his own. Next in "Easy To Wed"
That Engaging Young Williams

Exciting, unexpected things always happen to Bill—including lovely Barbara Hale

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

There are some people born into this world to whom Things—important, exciting, unexpected Things—just seem to happen. This story is about a boy and a girl who were both that kind of people...

The boy was Bill Williams whom you took to your hearts in "Those Endearing Young Charms" and whom you will be seeing shortly as a full-fledged star in "Deadline At Dawn." The girl—we'll come to her in a minute.

Bill was an earnest young man who planned to be a construction engineer. He studied hard for that career and he knew all about economy and sacrifice.

And what happened to him when Fate grew fanciful? He found himself in Hollywood with a long-term contract and the whole of the big RKO lot agog over its tawny-haired, amber-eyed, bronzed acquisition. "Heaven's own answer to Technicolor!" people keep on saying. A more astonished young man than Bill you never saw!

Bill's real name is William Katt and he was born in Brooklyn to Theodore and Johanna Meyer Katt. His father, owner of a delicatessen, died when Bill was six and his mother went to work to support him.

"She worked long, hard hours," Bill says. "She had to leave me with the family upstairs a lot of the time and they had a lot of kids of their own. I was the littlest one in the group and I remember that for a long time I slept in the bathtub because that was the only place they had to put me! When my mother married again a few years later, I felt sure that she did it mostly to provide a home for me. After a while she died, too... and I was alone."

But she had seen him through Public School 122, through Brooklyn Technical High School and into Pratt Institute where he planned to study construction engineering. He had always been crazy about mathematics and about what he called "the tools which men used to build important things..." He still is. But his prowess at athletics interfered eventually with all these yearnings, whether for better or for worse Bill isn't quite prepared to say even yet.

He took his studies very seriously and he took his fun with gusto—football, hockey and swimming. It was great fun but certainly not serious business when, in 1934 and 1935, he was Junior National Champion in the 220 and 440 swimming events. It was surprising to Bill when he found himself swimming for the New York Athletic Club, Park Central, Dragon and finally the Sands Point Beach Club. But the most astounding thing was that all this culminated by his becoming a member of—of all things!—the Municipal Opera Company in St. Louis! To this day he can't explain that sequence of events. (Continued on page 122)
Barbara saw a pair of lamps she liked and Bill looked into the situation. Result: Bill made a duplicate of the pair for her.

If you came upon Bill surrounded by machinery and asked him what went—you'd get an introduction then and there to his car.

Love—and a locket for Barbara. A picture of him is in one side, his mother in the other.
There's sure to be a letter from her flier which she answers each night.

Not beautiful but bewitching and ever so gay. You'll see her in "Bewitched"
MISS PHYLLIS THAXTER is no fibber, which is more than you can say for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. After "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," in which she played the dewy-eyed bride of Van Johnson, Metro correctly foresaw that a hungry and thirsty (for information, of course) press soon would be beating a path to her door. "They will ask you how old you are," said a Metro minion—whatever that might be. "Tell 'em you're twenty-one."

"Why?" asked Miss Thaxter.

"Because," said the minion, "in the picture you're practically an infant and because twenty-one has a nice sound and because you look even younger than that and because ten or fifteen years from now, when people start checking up on you, it won't do any harm to have the birthdays stacked in your favor."

"I see," said Miss Thaxter and ten minutes later someone asked how old she was and looking the minion straight in the eye she replied: "Twenty-four and I can prove it!"

This is what comes of having a New England conscience and a Maine Supreme Court Judge for a father and a whim of iron.

She even has the common sense to know she's no raving beauty. So far as she is concerned, a sweater is merely a woolen garment to be worn on a chilly day. If she put on a silly hat, it still would be a silly hat, not a "dramatic" hat, not a "creation." If she attempted to make a grand entrance at Ciro's, chances are the only eye she would catch would be that of the headwaiter wondering whether she was of bar-room age. Not so long ago a Metro press agent, weary of truckling with such words as exotic, sultry, smoldering, enigmatic and glamorous, gratefully wrote of Phyllis that she was "as friendly as an old shoe." This bromide roused his boss to wrath. He threatened to apply an old shoe, with an old foot in it, to the seat of the hireling's trousers if he ever again pinned the phrase on the gal.

"But how can I describe her?" asked the harried wight.

"You can call her 'a slip of a girl' with 'tousled brown hair,'" said the boss. "You can say she's a 'refreshing new personality' with 'an animated young face.' You may mention that she is 'eager, sincere and real.' You can always refer to her as 'a typical American girl, clean cut, wholesome, plucky.' You can say she is 'unsophisticated, unpretentious and as friendly'—as friendly . . . well, as friendly as an old pair of slippers."

And at that point the boss got up from behind his desk, solemnly formed an angle and invited his wage-slave to plant a good kick on the obvious target. (Continued on page 137)

Little home girl with so much to dream of—a baby is scheduled

Combine New England common sense

with American-girl charm for this
tousle-headed darling—Phyllis Thaxter

BY FRANK NUGENT

A picture of Capt. Jimmy Aubrey kept her company between his sudden, wonderful dashes home
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am eighteen and deeply in love with a boy of twenty. A few days after peace was declared, he telephoned from his Army base and asked me to marry him. I was thrilled to pieces and said I would give him my answer in a letter, but he knew from my voice what I wanted to say. He also knew that I had to ask my mother, because I would never marry without her consent and full approval.

Here is the trouble: My fiancé intends to remain in the Air Corps as he loves flying and wants to continue in that field. My mother says I would be unhappy living that life. She says that right now, when he is so much in love with me that I could twist him around my little finger, I should make him promise to give up flying and to take up some civilian pursuit. She says that, when he is established in business, then I could promise to marry him.

I'm in love with this boy and have been ever since I met him when he was a senior and I a sophomore in high school, but I am also inclined to be influenced by my mother. What do you think I should do?

Barbara Helen R.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

First of all, I would consider it most unwise for any girl to take advantage of a man's love for her by "twisting him around her finger." If a man will give up a career for which he is trained and which he loves simply because of the whim of that girl's mother—he wouldn't make a very dependable husband, I fear.

A man who is genuinely interested in aviation, which is to be one of the best commercial pursuits of the future, is not likely to be very easily dissuaded from the endeavor of his choice.

I think you should decide once and for all whether you love this boy or not. If you love him, you should marry him and let him decide how best to take care of you and your future family.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am coming to you with a problem concerning my best friend. We are both twenty-seven and our friendship started when we were in high school.

I am happily married and the mother of two lovely girls. Because my husband is still overseas, and has been for some time, my friend is making her home with me. She has never married and has never been seriously interested in my husband for a few months ago when she met a young fellow of twenty.

He has been dating her steadily every month since they met and has asked her to marry him. This girl is one of those rare people who will always be young. People much younger than she has always been attracted to her because of her prettiness and her air of youth.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

We are five machine gunners stationed in Czecho- slovakia. We are between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one and we have been overseas for some time seeing quite a bit of action. We have been doing a lot of reading and we are slowly becoming disgusted with the women we left at home. We say this because we find in many current magazines articles about the bad affairs of women in America.

Now, we hope some day to come home to get married—but what will be left? It seems that every woman over there, married or single, is running around with every Tom, Dick, and Harry and we want to know: Is that what we fought for, so that all the boys at home could get a little "free love"?

This is not just a feeling among us five, but it is predominant throughout the company—even among the married men.

Please tell us it's not so.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MACHINE GUN COMPANY:

I'm sincerely sorry if American periodicals have given you a wrong impression. It's true, of course, that some unfortunate things have happened during your absence, but those things are in the very, very small minority. Unquestionably you know, in your own company, men who have made serious mistakes while overseas—but that doesn't mean that every man in the group has gone berserk. When you return, you'll find the same sweet girls, the same high order of morality as existed when you left.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 84)
Frances has honey-spun hair, delft-blue eyes—and a "mighty-like-a-rose" complexion.

Prominent Doctor's Daughter to wed Navy Captain's Son

The engagement of Frances Hutchins to Ensign Allister Carroll Anderson has been announced by Dr. and Mrs. Amos F. Hutchins Stoolley House, Md.

Beautiful Stoekley House, where Frances lives, is one of the aristocratic old homes near Annapolis—so it's very natural that she is marrying into the Navy.

She's another engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look that just seems to belong to romance.

"I like Pond's Cold Cream better than any I've ever used," Frances says. "It feels simply luscious—and it certainly gives my skin perfectly grand help."

Here's the way she uses Pond's Cold Cream: She smooths snowy-soft Pond's all over her face and throat and pats "with good brisk little pats" to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening—creaming her face with little circles of her Pond's covered fingers. "This twice-over cleansing leaves my skin so soft and smooth," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Frances' way—every night, every morning, and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident so many more women prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxurious jar today!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Lady Edward Montagu Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III Viscountess Milton Miss Anne Morgan

ANOTHER POND'S "CANTEEN GIRL"—Frances helped organize the canteen sponsored by Ogontz Junior College near Philadelphia. The girls in her college have made it a big part of their own special war work—serving coffee and "snacks." Volunteer workers are needed more than ever for recreation centers—can you help?
Dear Miss Colbert:

While reading your column in Photoplay, I saw the letter of Marguerite C., who is a long-distance telephone operator. I, too, am a telephone operator. My case is slightly different, because I am married to a boy in the Navy. I am eighteen and have been married a year, so I don't have Marguerite's dating problem as I never go out with anyone under any circumstance.

However, since I work until eleven every night, I do have her recreational problem. Luckily, I know a group of girls in town and we go swimming either in the morning or the afternoon. Our telephone operators, or to a matinee.

I would like to say to Marguerite: Remember that your work is helping your friends, brothers and sisters at home. More than that, while they are away, you and all the others like you have helped our men feel a little nearer to their homes. There are always people in the world, like doctors, transportation operators, druggists, nurses and telephone operators who must serve at inconvenient hours, but they are held in respect by those they serve.

Mrs. H. W.

And this is the other letter:

Dear Miss Colbert:

For the past three years I have been working as receptionist in a doctor's office. I have my job, but not my hours. My day ends at 9:30 P.M. This is what I did: I joined the Y.W.C.A. and was swimming there in my off hours. I was surprised to meet a number of working girls who also worked at odd hours. We formed a club, so we arrange parties for swimming, skating, bowling, or horseback riding and everyone is happy. It gives us an end to the social activities our Y.W.C.A. offers and I suppose they are the same in every town.

I am twenty-three years old and waiting for my soldier to return, so the "date" situation has existed for me since he went overseas many months ago. My most important, most inspiring moral building dates consist of reading and writing letters, to him.

However, if the "hello" girls decide to try my method, I'm positive she will be introduced by the girls to new boy friends.

M. J. L.

Dear Miss Colbert:

My native city is in Arkansas, but I have moved here to be with my husband, who—despite the fact that the war is over—is stationed here. Upon arriving, I took a job with a large company—hence my problem.

The girls in the office are making life unbearable for me. They are constantly making derogatory remarks about my clothes, my speech, my state, etc. They take pleasure in being nasty. When I mentioned the rain one day, someone said, "If you don't like it, why don't you go back where you came from?"

Today one of the girls was remarking on the crowded streetcar condition, and another said, "If all the Arkies would only go home, things would be much better," and gave me an arrogant smile.

I went upstairs and cried. How can I make friends with girls like that? I thought the war was being fought, at least partially, to stamp out intolerance. What do you advise me to do Miss Colbert?

Bertie S.

as a happy, thoughtful guest. I think you'll be able to win the girls to friendship. Dignity, quiet pride and true worth win respect wherever they appear.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

It will be a year since my husband was killed in action. I should like a verse to run in our local newspaper on the anniversary of his death. I don't want a great tribute, nor anything gushy. I want something that will say that I will remember him always, as he was. Is there such a poem?

(Mrs.) Agatha O'B.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a Negro girl, the eldest, and I am planning to enter college. I have received two scholarship offers, one providing tuition to one of the very large state universities and the other altogether. My father is willing to help with my study at a smaller, all Negro college.

My mother was educated at the state university, so she wishes to send me there because she believes that a mixed school helps students to understand and grow to like members of different races.

My father wishes to enroll me, believing it will broaden my horizons. My college offers are for a smaller, all Negro college. As you see, my parents are divided.

Rhea C.

Dear Mr. S:

It seems to me that the first step to take in dealing with criticism is to examine its source, weigh its truth, then react accordingly and stick to it.

Your letter came from a city in which over-crowding is axiomatic; it is true that the long-time residents note and resent the fact that professionals from every walk of life have flooded their community. They should also take into consideration the truth that those newcomers have helped to win the war; their contribution has been essential.

I don't think you should be sensitive about the remarks of a group of girls. Grin at them. Let them kid you. Kid right back. Bob Burns has made himself one of the most admired of radio comedians simply because he capitalized upon the very things that make you miserable.

If you will do good work in the office, always carry your share of the responsibility, refuse to be sensitive, refuse to lose your temper and behave in general

It's A Double Take!

Yes, you now have two votes each month in Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll.

One vote for your favorite actor

One for your favorite actress

Whose portraits would you like to see in color next month?

Fill out the coupon below and send to:

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please print color portraits of

(M) ........................................

(W) ........................................

(Y) ........................................

Dear Mrs. S:

It seems to me that the oldest of all poetic tributes is that written by Laurence Binyon, and quoted at an Armistice Day Memorial, many years later, by the Duke of Windsor:

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the daughter of a Negro girl, the sixteen, and I am planning to enter college. I have received two scholarship offers, one providing tuition to one of the very large state universities and the other arranged for my study at a smaller, all Negro college.

My mother was educated at the state university, so she wishes to send me there because she believes that a mixed school helps students to understand and grow to like members of different races.

My father wishes to help me with my study at a smaller, all Negro college. As you see, my parents are divided.

Rhea C.

Dear Mr. S:

It is true that each of your parents has a reason of merit for wanting you to attend the college each attended. As your father says, you should take advantage of the brilliance of members of your race. The friendships you would make would be lasting. You would be faced with fewer problems.

Now take your mother's side. In a mixed college you would be confronted by problems as large as they are unpredictable. But education—if it be worthy of the name—demands the highest effort of which the individual is capable. To your development in the state university, you (Continued on page 66)
Capitol, in the heart of Hollywood, is unique in its wealth of stage, screen and radio talent. Currently, Capitol is proud to present another first...this album by lovable Fibber McGee and Molly. Ideal for Christmas giving...for year 'round cheer. At your favorite record store...

$2.75*

MARGARET O'BRIEN tells "Two Stories for Children" $2.75*

THE GREAT GILDEREVE, HAL PEARL in Three Fairy Tales $3.50*

COYBOY TEX RITTER in "Stories for Children" $2.50*

FAMILIAR HYMNS, sung by St. Luke's Choristers $2.50*

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, sung by St. Luke's Choristers $2.50*

Watch for Capitol's New Phonographs!

Capitol's complete line of portable and table model electronic phonographs brings you new miracles in tonal brilliance, clarity, balance.
You’ll prefer MODESS—the napkin with the triple-proved DEODORANT

HERE’S WHAT I CALL CONVINCING PROOF! MODESS SCIENTISTS PROVED IN ADVANCE THAT THEIR NEW DEODORANT WAS EFFECTIVE!

YES...AND DID YOU KNOW IT WAS PROVED TOPS IN 26 SEPARATE TESTS BY IMPARTIAL LABORATORIES, TOO?

NOT ONLY THAT—BUT—LISTEN! IT’S PROVED A WONDERFUL HIT WITH GIRLS WHO’VE TRIED THE NEW MODESS!

YOU’RE IN FOR a happy surprise when you switch to Modess—the luxury napkin with the triple-proved deodorant.

It’s so much easier to stay dainty, now.

NO SEPARATE POWDER! No extra cost!

MODESS IS SOFTER, TOO! 3 out of 4 women found it softer to the touch in a nation-wide poll.

AND IT'S SAFER! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

Ask for that luxurious new Modess today. Box of 12 only 22c.

If you’d rather have Modess without deodorant, just ask for “Standard Modess.”

(Continued from page 64) would have to bring dignity, application, understanding and great forbearance. Each day you would have to be a living example of the truth that intellect, accomplishment, humor and potential contribution to human welfare are never confined to any one race.

But the decision lies with you alone. Go to the school you prefer—the one you feel offers what you want.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in the service and am married. One of my friends aboard ship asked me to go home with him for a weekend, so I went. I met his mother, who is forty-nine. After that, I visited with my friend’s family whenever possible, but I was knocked flat when his mother started to write to me every day.

I did not take this too seriously. I answered in a friendly way, but her letters were filled with love. Then she started to write my wife saying we were in love.

My wife and I are separated now because of it. The lady sends me gifts, has separated from her husband; she even told friends that we were going to be married.

I am very fond of this woman, but I am not in love with her. I don’t want to insult her, as her son and I are still good friends. He says his mother has never been very happy, and that maybe she is trying a little too late, but he is very easy on her.

How can I get out of this gracefully?

Henry B. G/m 3/c

Dear Mr. B:

It seems a great shame to me that you have allowed your friendship with this older woman to break up not only your marriage but her own, and you alone hold the key to the situation.

You should immediately stop writing to this older woman; you should send back every gift and let her know you don’t want to hear from her again.

You should send your wife a copy of the letter you write to the older woman to assure her of the ending of this affair.

It may take you some time to win back your wife and this will be good for you, for you alone have allowed this situation to come to pass and it will take a great deal of mending on your part.

You say in your letter that you don’t want to upset her as you and her son are good friends. You are not being a good friend to him, as you have apparently broken up his home. You are truly being kind to the older woman in breaking with her. You have allowed her to live in a rosy dream due either to kind heartedness or love of the gifts.

Claudette Colbert

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

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 4, 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.
Reconversion for Alice

(Continued from page 51) wasn't like Alice, who never dramatizes herself.

But one thing is sure, there is a new Alice Faye to be seen on the screen now. You'll view her in "Fallen Angel," the first script to draw her away from her home life and her children, when it had once seemed as if she might even be giving up her career. Alice did face an ordeal when she began to work in that picture. And it was an ordeal that had behind it many vital reasons.

First of all, she has had a very broken-up life for the past four years, even if it has been in the main happy. She retired to have her first child after "Weekend In Havana" in 1941. She made one film, "Hello, Frisco, Hello," between the birth of her two daughters, and then she has been off the screen again for nearly two years.

In 1943 when she was making "Hello, Frisco, Hello," she was restless, confused, dissatisfied. And all of this, despite the fact that she had only recently had the great experience of motherhood for the first time and was simply out of the world with joy over Alice Jr.

The baby was then seven or eight months old. She talked of her constantly. Yet she was troubled. And she was also unhappy over having been sacked with just another formula musical. Her ambition was to do a real story, something that spelled progress.

But over and above everything else she was disturbed because the war had reached into her home. Phil Harris was in the Coast Guard at the time. Alice was bewildered and lonely.

She had spun a wonderful dream of home life and a large family, in which career played a minor role. Suddenly it was all smashed by war and it left her distraught. She didn't want to make any more pictures. Her consolation was that she had Alice Jr. and she intended to devote her time to her exclusively.

Yes, Alice would have been content to play the role of wife and mother the rest of her life. Especially when fate played kindly in her behalf and returned her husband to her from military life. She forthwith rewove the pattern of home life, strengthened its design by having another child.

However, Twentieth Century-Fox and a devoted public wanted Alice to have her heaven, but they wanted her too. Amazing as it may seem, there was never an abatement in her fan mail during her retirement. Partly this was due to the records she made with Phil Harris and his orchestra for the boys overseas, as well as several Command Performances in which she took part over the air.

Then, all the while, Darryl S. Zanuck, the big boss at Twentieth, never failed to supply Alice with scripts, hoping she would find a story inspiring enough to make her pick up the phone, ring his office and say: "The coming back to work. "Fallen Angel" finally did the trick. It is a complete change from anything she has ever done, which is what she wanted. It has the chance to become a class success like "Laura"—a flashing, exciting murder-mystery affair. Not a musical—routine or otherwise. Moreover, it has the same brilliant director, Otto Preminger, and the same male star, Dana Andrews. This appealed greatly to Alice, who was fascinated by "Laura." And "Fallen Angel" has one song by David Raksin, who wrote the highly atmospheric score for the previous picture. She was very nervous about "Fallen Angel" only
NEWEST IN GIFTS...

the "Embracelet" that says,

"I love you!"

Instead of tying a string around her finger so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her wrist—a stunning, stylish URISCRAFT bracelet that carries your name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with her name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"—hand-finished by New York artisans—priced to give Cupid a helping hand—and so new it's actually making fashion news!

You can't mail an Embrace—so mail her a URISCRAFT "Embracelet!"

"Embracelets" can be furnished with Army Eagle, $2.25 Extra, or Propeller and Wings, $1.10 Extra... Navy Anchor, $1.50 Extra, Cap Shield, $2.25 Extra, or Wings, $1.10 Extra... Marine Corps Emblem, $1.50 Extra.

URISCRAFT
URIS SALES CORP., 222 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

because she wanted to be 100 percent good in it.

Undoubtedly, the Preminger influence will help to obliterate the original model of song-and-dance girl that Alice couldn't get away from for so many years. She will become the dramatic actress instead.

"My life now is filled to the brim—and I am so very grateful," Alice smiled warmly. "I think that children have more to do with putting everything in its proper place than anything else. I don't know that I will ever have any more children; in fact, I doubt it." (It might be mentioned that both of Alice's baby girls required Caesarean deliveries.)

Alice Jr. is beginning to grow up and ask questions. She seemed to feel it strange that I wasn't doing something as her father was. She listens to him on the radio. We took her on a hospital tour and when I get her away from home I realized that she had a sharp, inquisitive mind and took in everything.

"During that trip I sensed that it won't be long until Alice Jr. will expect me to be more to her than just her mommy. I don't think there is any doubt she will want me to be doing things that will be of interest to her.

"Alice is the sort of child whose interests you have to keep up. While she doesn't know exactly what it means to act and entertain, she is part of that life and I think she will become a challenge to me as time goes on, if I am not active. My new responsibility, it seems, is to live up to my children!"

"Before Alice Jr. had commenced to grow I had sunk completely into home life. I was satisfied to stay home most of the time and take a hand in the housework and the nursing of the girls.

"We couldn't always get a cook and gardeners. But Phil came to the rescue. He is a wonderful cook. He did the cooking and I followed after him as the clean-up girl.

"He also loves outdoor life, is quite good at gardening, prunes the trees and recently built a picket fence. It got so when he wasn't there to answer the phone, I'd always know where to find him; he'd be outside admiring the fence.

"Really, though, Phil is in all respects a perfectionist. A woman will throw things together when cooking and maybe cover up an imperfection with a lettuce leaf or a couple of olives, but when Phil prepares a dish it is fit for a king.

"I have a wonderfully complete life with Phil and I never doubted that our
marriage would work out. Sometimes, as I say, when Phil was in the Coast Guard, I was unhappy, but I'm sure it was just war jitters.

"He has brought so much to my life. He really taught me that there are trees and lakes and fish in the world. I was just a Brooklyn girl who didn't know anything about such wonderful things." "We try to keep our lives running parallel. Phil is back in pictures again and that made me think of returning. You see, there are always a number of reasons that make us change the pattern of our lives. We think we have it all set and then comes a 'Fallen Angel,' a young daughter's questions and a husband who runs you competition, and you reset everything. I suppose it's fate."

Alice may be career conscious again but her home will certainly fulfill her life too. It is not unusual for her to bring Alice Jr. to the studio and before long Phyllis will also be paying a visit to the set. Alice doesn't put up barricades between her professional activities and her personal, which is one of the very wonderful things about her.

A LICE Jr.'s stayings with her mother often lead to quaint incidents. What's more she has an insatiable curiosity about opening doors. At Twentieth recently she was walking through the halls of the Administration Building and heard the sound of a typewriter busily clicking.

She had been told by her parents to stop opening doors, in fact, had been severely reprimanded, and so this time she knocked instead. A voice from within shouted, "Come in!" It was Walter Winchell. She walked into the office and said: "I'm Baby Alice. What's your name?" Winchell gave her his full name: "Where's your baby?" she next queried.

She was told that Mr. Winchell's baby was now a grown-up young lady. This did not seem to impress Alice Jr. for some reason or other. She then asked: "Where's your mommy?"

And before the answer could be flashed, she followed up with lightning speed: "Why doesn't she bring you to the studio, like my mommy?"—and then disappeared.

And that is one of the few times Winchell didn't have a fast answer.

Another time lately she almost drove her father to distraction, by firing questions at him while he was rushing to get to a rehearsal. Phil was wearing navy blue slacks. Alice Jr. kept insisting they were her mother's pajamas and that she should take them off. He repeated over and over again that the trousers were his own and finally, in desperation, exclaimed: "Quit asking so many foolish questions, Alice!"

She paused a moment thoughtfully and then said, "Daddy, do you want me to ask them so you'll answer?"

Alice Jr. adores her baby sister, but she isn't quite sure how to do that without taking her into the spotlight. When she feels that Phyllis is getting too much attention, she suddenly becomes very solicitous about the baby's welfare and suggests that she looks sleepy and should be put to bed.

"That's about the only time the two children don't make up a mutual admiration society," Alice confided. "When jealousy intrudes! It's wonderful to watch them. Phyllis just gurgles along in her own language and Alice Jr. keeps up a steady flow of conversation with her, and they understand each other perfectly.

"Anyway, Alice Jr. is a character, that I know. She is in a half dream world most of the time, so busy trying to find out something that she practically knocks herself out while doing it."

"We'll probably have quite a girl on our
hand when she grows up, but neither Phil nor I are worrying about that. In fact, we are not planning too far ahead for either Alice or Phyllis because we figure we should let them follow their natural tendencies and interests, guide them as far as we can, but not force them in any particular direction.

"Personally, I think motherhood is the greatest, richest experience any woman can have. And I mean it when I say that I wouldn't trade the most glamorous career and all the money in the world for a single eyelash of Alice or Phyllis. But when you have children, home and career and can manage to balance them against each other, then the pattern of life is just about perfect."

The readjustment in Alice's life has taken all of four years. But they have been four years dedicated to self-development and to being herself in the midst of a very artificial environment, and succeeding.

Her femininity have been increased during the time that she has been away from pictures. She will grow anew, I am sure, during the pursuit of the great opportunity that is an incident in her life as a woman. Alice is the woman first — and moreover always the woman who is capable of balancing things up in her own life so that the result will come out right.

The End

Fair—and Fancy Free

(Continued from page 45) Shortest interview on me you have ever done on player. You could just say, 'She was born in California twenty years ago. One night she happened to attend a small theater, where between acts the lights went up and everyone could see that one of the talent scouts happened to be there. Next day, Ivan Kahn of Twentieth called, our heroine for a test — there she is!' Jeanne's sense of humor bubbles through everything she says. I thought — she is by no means a raving beauty, but there is character in her face, particularly in her deep blue eyes. Her hair is brown thick and curly. She has a turned up nose, a little too sharp, but she is attractive with the softness that belongs to youth.

It amused me a bit that she was neither 'scarlet' nor shy with me. So many of these kids act as if I might bite them. But Parsons never aved nor frightened Jeanne. I liked it.

"I know I really haven't very much life of my own," she went on. "I suppose you would say that I live vicariously — in the parts I play. But I was a little girl or it might worry me. I would hate to go through life too lucky, a woman who doesn't live and learn and grow through experiences. But then, I tell myself, the important years of my life are ahead."

My mind went back to the first time I had ever sat eyes on Jeanne — at dinner the Darryl Zanuck's gave at their beach house. I thought, at first, that she was a friend of fourteen-year-old Darryl, she looked so young and seemed to be having such fun with all that I was a daughter of the house. Then I was introduced to Jeanne as the young actress who was making her debut in "Home In Indiana."

DAVID SELZNICK, who was also at the Zanuck's, saw Jeanne for the first time that famous picker of stars realized at a glance that Jeanne was not the usual run-of-the-mill type of pretty girls who are a dime a dozen in Hollywood. He mentally catalogued her as a girl who has that magic something of which stars are made. But being smart, David did not rave at the party. Next day he tried to borrow her for one of his pictures! Darryl thanked him politely and said that he, too, had plans for the little lady, who, mind you, at that time had never faced a camera. Not bad —

and typical of the "breaks" that have happened to Jeanne.

I am telling this because I think it proves more than any mere words of mine how photogenic she is. She looks like an actress. In a way she reminds me of my father. But if and a pretty girl isn't hard as a very young girl. You know instinctively when you see her that she is gifted with some special talent.

For this reason I believe she is one of the young acolytes who will serve at the shrine of her career even above personal happiness, love and an early marriage.

There has been a lot of talk that there is strong parental objection to Paul Brook, Jeanne's current suitor.

I don't know why there should be these objections because Paul is a very personable young man, thoroughly likeable and very handsome. In fact, he is the spit in the image of Errol Flynn. He started as Errol's double and is frequently mistaken for the dazzling debonair Flynn. Considering the publicity Errol has had, this is not particularly pleasant for Paul who is quiet, has never been in any sort of a scrape and whose name is seldom linked with the play girls of Hollywood.

I asked Jeanne point blank if she was in love with Paul and if her parents were interfering with her marriage.

"Certainly not," she said quickly. "My parents are not against Paul. It just happens that I loaned his mother money for her picture. I like him very much. He is grand company. A girl can sit at home alone all the time — and Lon is away."

All that time I was also in business. I picked up my ears. "You mean Lon McCallister?"

"Yes," Jeanne replied. "I mean Lon McCallister — and I might tell you that all the stories in the columns that I am in love with Paul have made Lon very unhappy. I get many letters from him. In the last one, he said, 'Tell the truth. Are you going to marry Paul Brook? Are you in love with him?'"

"What did you tell him?" I pressed on — as long as she was letting her hair down. As usual, she was direct in her answer. "I told him a big 'No.' You see, if I love anyone, it's Lon. When he is here, we are together all the time. We like the same things. We like to go to the movies. We also like to have simple little dinners at (Continued on page 72)

Lovely to look at—Delightful to know

Jennifer Jones

in a full-page portrait in color — and an understanding story by Maxine Arnold — Next Month!
...you'll fall in love with these marvelous new Jantzen sports sweaters and the next thing you know, you'll be going around together all winter long...through wind and snow, work and play...looking very gay and snug and snug...and feeling ditto! Marvelous Norwegian designs, exciting new colors, heavenly virgin wools...at the leading stores...and soon, we hope, enough for everybody.
In the long time I have been writing about movie stars, I have seen girls give up love for a career and live to regret it. Real love and companionship do not come along with the regularity of good movie roles. It is one of the fallacies of youth and beauty to believe that love will always be there—ready to be picked up in four, five, six years—any old time a girl is ready for it. I've seen many girls who believed this, cry their hearts out later that they had let real happiness slip by for the bubble of fame.

On the other hand, Jeanne is very young. She is right in believing that she has time to think things out where her heart is concerned. And right now, in spite of what she may believe to the contrary, I don't believe she is deeply in love with either boy—Paul or Lon. When a woman really loves she is not torn between two men or two sets of emotions.

Paul, because he is older, represents to Jeanne the attraction of the young man about town—a gay dancing partner. Lon is more the sweetheart of her youth. Until one of them becomes a great deal more important than the other, she is wise, indeed, to wait until she knows her own heart better.

I said, "Tell me, Jeanne, isn't there anything in your life that has gone wrong—or anything in your career? Surely, it hasn't all been peaches and cream."

"I had one dreadful experience," she said soberly, "when a mad dog flew at me and bit me on the face. The wound was so deep and so ugly that for days I thought I might never be able to face a camera again. Those were awful moments—awful days. I came out of it without even a scratch to remind me of the experience—but it taught me something important—to realize and appreciate how much my work means to me."

"If I seem unduly lucky and fortunate—believe me, I am not callous about it. I am deeply grateful and I mean that from my heart."

I believe her. And as long as she keeps on feeling like that there won't be any gremlins endangering the good fortune that has come to her.

The End.


For stores where this suit is available see page 80
Photoplay Fashions


A Nantucket Natural of rayon gabardine. The white pique collar and cuffs button on. About $23.00 at Franklin Simon & Company, New York.

Worn by Ann Sheridan

For stores where these fashions are available see page 80
Dear Santa:
Please bring me these Photoplay Fashions.

...a sweater—Suncraft's rib-stitch—for morning, noon and night. In all colors. Sizes 34-40; about $2.50. At Hale Bros., San Francisco, Cal.

...and gray slacks to wear with it! 100% wool flannel, by White Stag. Sizes 10-20; about $11.95. At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

JEAN PARKER, delightful Hollywood star, models these Photoplay Fashions

...a draped skirt of Duplex Whippet cloth to "dress up" the sweater! By Florence Gainor. Sizes 10-20. Gray, brown, coral, white or navy; about $11.00. At the J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.

...a suit to wear with the sweater too! Of 100% Shetland wool. By Leeds Ltd. Sizes 10-18. Available in many colors; about $25.00. At G. Fox & Co., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Other stores where these fashions are available listed on page 80
... a dinner dress with bright colors and the sparkle of sequins, of Celanese Jersanese. By Junior Formals. Sizes 7-15; about $25.00. At Davison, Paxon Co., Atlanta, Ga.

... an off-the-shoulder net evening dress with feather trim—A "Young-Star" design. Also in pink or blue net. Sizes 9-15; about $25.00. At Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Always a picture of loveliness ... Gail Gray Juniors

Technicolor takes over, flashing its way to flattery. Two starlet-lovely dresses smooth as a photo finish in rayon gabardine, processed with UNIDURE for permanent crease resistance.


At leading stores throughout the country. For store in your city write

Dept. P, Jack Wasserman Co., 225 West 35th St., New York 1
Happy Holiday for You

...if you've got a Vicki Lynn blouse to wear.
Happier still, if you hinted for another one
and got it. This lucky girl is wearing a rayon
overblouse, receiving an ascot blouse. Both
in white, pink, maize, lime, shocking, blue.

Size 32-38. Overblouse also in sizes 4-15. About $3.00

SENSATION BLOUSES
2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.
**Real-Form**

336 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1

**Twice Stretch with Lastex**

Trims, slims and streamlines your figure with sublime comfort. Raschel Knit, fashioned to fit won't run, roll or creep up. Coming as soon as Lastex is available.

**Date-time Glamour**

Draw-string peasant embroidery... little red bows... "Paisley Sheer" white blouse made of Celanese Fabric... all the ingredients which add up to that favorite day-time or date-time blouse. This label in a blouse means customer satisfaction.

Sizes 32 to 38

At leading stores or write:
BAR-RODA Blouse Co.
132 West 36th STREET, NEW YORK

---

**Powers Model Slips**

Endorsed by
John Robert Powers
in fine rayons
about $1.79
at better stores

Write for free booklet—"A Word About Modeling" by John Robert Powers

---

**PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS**

Can be found from Coast to Coast in the following stores:

**Green tweed suit**
Boston, Mass.—Jays, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Swanson Co.
Lincoln, Neb.—Hovland Swanson Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock’s—Wilshire Store
Omaha, Neb.—J. L. Brandeis Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Ungar, Inc.

Manufacturer:
Rose Barrack Co.
530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Nantucket Natural**
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co., Inc.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros. Inc.
Cleveland, O.—The Halle Brothers Minneapolis, Minn.—John W. Thomas Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Portland, Ore.—Charles F. Berg, Inc.
Salt Lake City, Ut.—Z. C. M. I.
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.

Manufacturer:
Style Trades,
495 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Black crepe dress**
Akron, O.—O’Neill Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Neiman-Marcus Co.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox & Co., Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson Inc.
Youngstown, O.—The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

Manufacturer:
Parnis-Levinson Inc.
530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Ribstich sweater**
Bridgeport, Conn.—Leavitt’s
Des Moines, la.—Younker Bros., Inc.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.
Oakland, Cal.—Sherwood Swan
Peoria, Ill.—Black & Kuhl Co.
Sacramento Cal.—Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche
Sioux City, la.—Davidson’s

Manufacturer:
Spuncraft, Inc.
141 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

**Flannel slacks**
Boston, Mass.—J. W. Brine Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin’s
Buffalo, N. Y.—Flint & Kent
Harrisonburg, Va.—Worth’s
Monticello, N. Y.—Alexander Cohen
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
Portland, Me.—Grant Knowles
Rochester, N. Y.—McCurdy & Co., Inc.
Stamford, Conn.—Bob’s Sports

Manufacturer:
Hirsh-Weiss Mfg. Co.
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
(Continued on page 85)

At fine stores everywhere or write for store in your locality to Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y. (no mail orders accepted)
Ropeez sandals! They come in worsted or gabardine. They have rope soles. In all high shades and navy, brown and black, at $3.95.

Carry-all purse by Parisian. In suede, lizard and faille, $5.00. Whipped stitch gloves by Wear-Right. All colors, under $4.00.

Jewelry by Cora! "Pink gold" necklace, detachable pin, $2.00. Silver bracelets, $2.00 each. Gunmetal and pearl necklace, $3.00... bracelet or earrings, $2.00 each.
Hosiery "As you like it"... a clear, fine-textured veil that fits perfectly every curve of the leg, from heel to knee. These excellent stockings are fully-fashioned, of course, and beautifully made throughout. Christmas tip for someone especially nice: they make very distinguished gifts, too! Look for them at better hosiery counters.

Scarves by Glentex. A Roman stripe . . . a sheer flower pattern . . . a wonderful design, "A Thousand And One Nights." Each about $3.00.

A Jean Vernon slip, lace trimmed — top and bottom! What luxury! In pink or white. Available in sizes 32 to 40, about $3.98.


For stores throughout the country where these gifts are available see page 85.
YOUR HAIR AGLEAM with a thousand highlights

A RAY-FLUFF SHAMPOO LEAVES YOUR
HAIR RADIANT AND EASY TO MANAGE!

Ray-Fluff, gentle as the finest face cream... wonderfully cleansing and effective... is the ideal way to soft, lovely hair! A fingertip-full of this rich, gentle cream massaged into your hair... stimulates your scalp... removes dandruff... and dissolves every speck of dust and dirt! You rinse away the glistening bubbles with pure, clear water! No after rinse is necessary with Ray-Fluff!

You'll be amazed and delighted with the film free beauty of your hair... aglow with shimmering highlights, marvelously soft and easy to manage. Ray-Fluff is ideal for every type of hair! It's delightfully gentle for children's hair... and so easy to use, your menfolk will prefer it to any other.

For many years beauty operators everywhere have used and endorsed Ray-Fluff creme shampoo! Now it is available for home use.

So, keep Ray-Fluff on your bathroom shelf... always! It's good economy, too, for one jar or tube of Ray-Fluff gives you three times as many shampoos as an equal size of liquid shampoo.

THE PERFECT CREME SHAMPOO

USED, SOLD AND ENDORSED
BY BEAUTY SHOPS EVERYWHERE

60¢ AND $1.00
IN JARS OR TUBES
Photoplay

(Continued from page 59)

Draped skirt
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock’s
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Oklahoma City, Okla.—A. L. Rosenthal, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Manufacturer: Florence Gainer
1884 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Tailored suit
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris & Co.
Denver, Colo.—The Denver D. G. Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.—Russek’s
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dep’t Stores, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.
Manufacturer: Leeds Ltd.
500 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Sequin-trimmed dinner dress
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.
Miami, Fla.—Burdine’s
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.
Manufacturer: Junior Formals
498 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

White net evening dress
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Cincinnati, O.—The John Shillito Co.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock’s
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Cal.—Roo’s Bros.
Manufacturer: Fred Perlberg, Inc.
527 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Ropee sandals
Allentown, Pa.—Farr Bros.
Berkely, Cal.—Roo’s Bros.
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene’s Sons Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Lindey Co.
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker
San Francisco, Cal.—Sommer Kaufman
Manufacturer: Ropee, Inc.
47 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Carry-All purse
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.

Denver, Colo.—Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Deweese
San Francisco, Cal.—City of Paris D. G. Co.

Manufacturer: Parisian Handbag Co.
14 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

Wear-Right gloves
Boston, Mass.—R. H. Stearns Co.
Cincinnati, O.—Mahley & Carew Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock’s
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—The Emporium
Manufacturer: Wimmelbacher & Rice
244 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Core jewelry
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene’s Sons Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Houston, Tex.—Levy Bros. D. G. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—James McCreey
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lathrop
Manufacturer: Coro, Inc.
47 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Glentex scarfs
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, O.—Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dep’t Stores, Inc.
Manufacturer: Glimmer Textile Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Jean Vernon slips
Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson, Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Columbus, O.—The Fashion
Omaha, Neb.—The Aquila
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Manufacturer: J. R. Beaton Co.
411 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Criterion belts
The Pigskin and red leather at:
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.—Macy’s
Gold kid at:
San Francisco, Cal.—The Emporium
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Fowler, Dick & Walker
Manufacturer: Slotte & Klein, Inc.
16 East 34th St., New York, N. Y.
All gloves by Wear-Right
(If no store in your vicinity is listed above, we suggest that you write to the manufacturer for further information on these fashions)

Visiting Time!
Get ready to go—for you have a wonderful time coming
when you are
A house guest of Frank Sinatra

In January PHOTOPLAY
I'm Like This—

(Continued from page 36) it, but it's a 
beaut. I'm strictly old fashioned, don't 
go for radios built into beds and things. 
Seems more manly to walk across the 
room and turn it off.

I'm a Curly-Hater... When it comes 
to food, I like good plain food, with 
accent on steak. Also anything mush-
roomy, which is where the snob in me 
comes out. Curries of any kind nauseate 
me, but my friend Leslie Charteris is 
opening an East Indian eating place spe-
cializing in curries, and I'll have to eat 
there. Either a case of losing a friend or 
"losing" a curry. Contrary to what 
you may have heard, I don't breakfast on 
sherry and eggs any more. That was 
just when I first came from New York 
and was unused to getting up early. It 
seemed positively indecent to face solid 
food at 8:00 A.M.

I'm an Individualist... In many ways. 
Always shave in the shower with a hand 
mirror in one hand and razor in the 
other, trusting to Providence and a stout 
spray to get my back clean. I don't 
groove well and I don't like patterns. 
I don't like night clubs and seldom go to 
big parties. It works out all right. That's 
one nice thing about big parties—nobody 
even knows you weren't there. I like 
to have people over to the house for a 
barbecue, especially people who'll listen 
to me play the guitar. I like good talk 
with friends like the Bill Princes or the 
Nick Contes and I like to record clever 
speeches of friends on my recording 
machine. Then play them back. They 
sound so corny when they're cold. I like 
people who aren't afraid to step out of a 
varnished groove and make a scratch of 
their own—not afraid to be different, even 
if they're wrong. When he grows up I want 
my son to be whatever he wants to be, too. 
I hope we agree on it, but if not, I hope he 
wins.

I Don't Like Being a Motion-Picture 
Star When... We go back to visit the 
old gang in New York. Have to work 
too hard now showing them I haven't 
changed. They're looking for it, I get 
self-conscious and we waste too much 
good time wandering around lost until 
we feel at home with each other 
again. Fame and money cost too much 
if they lose you old friends.

Superlatives Scare Me... I'm just an 
average adjective guy. Probably because 
of my first picture, "Days Of Glory," when 
the bosses called my rushes sensational, 
terrific and colossal, and the New York 
reviewers called me—well, a lot of other 
things. I couldn't understand why I could 
stink in New York and be sensational in 
Hollywood. Until one of the cowards 
said that after years of thought he decided 
that between Hollywood and New York 
something strange happens to the film. It 
fades or something on the train.

I'm a Yippee-ki-yee-er... At heart. 
Really like Westerns. I go to the Hitch-
post Theatre and also often get the 
studio to run them for me in a studio 
projection room. At one sitting I've had 
"Union Pacific," "Jesse James" and "The 
Return Of Frank James." My favorite role 
is that of the devil-may-care Lew McC-
Cenles in "Duel To The Sun." My first 
chance at a role where I can really root 
and toot. I like to lounge around in levis, can 
hang onto a horse fairly casually and also 
can play a guitar. Not cowboy-style, but 
Spanish style, the hard way, with two 
hands. In this picture you'll hear my 
stirring rendition of "Nights Are Long On 
The Prairie." And the longer I play the 
longer they are.

I'm Not the Flashy Type... When it 
comes to clothes. Strictly a gray and
brown man, mostly flannels and absolutely no tweeds. Though I do have a good green tweed that’s fun to look at, but which I never wear. Got it when I first came to Hollywood, when my agent said I had to dress better and took me to Oviatt’s in Beverly Hills, saying, “Gable buys his suits here.” It’s a beautiful hunk of stuff, but not for me. I wonder if Gable could use an extra green tweed. Shirt collars are my real problem, they never fit. My shoulders are too high, my neck too long. When I modeled for Montgomery Ward catalogues, they looped the collars of the shirts over with safety pins.

I Admire Women . . . Well I guess that takes care of this one. I just admire women. Naturally, you admire some more than others. Particularly feminine women who stay away from suits with a brusque look. I like women who stand for something, who don’t change their personalities as they would a dress to fit the occasion or whatever group they’re in. Who are dependent emotionally, but not mentally. Who think independently, and know what it means to be a woman, a place not at all secondary—I believe.

I Thrive on Pressure . . . Very happy when I’m working, dissatisfied and restless when I’m not. I take walks in the hills and putter around. Luckily there’s a whole canyon to putter in. Wish I could discipline myself into being calm when there’s nothing to do. It’s good that I have very little time between pictures and that my four “bosses,” M-G-M, David Selznick, Twentieth Century-Fox and RKO, see to it that I don’t have time to putter and pace.

Contrary to the Strong Silent Men I’ve Played on the Screen . . . I have a quick temper. Get mad easily and get over it just as fast. I’m not moody, except about my work. And hold no grudges. Not even a post-war one against the laundry man.

Greta and Greg dance folk dances at home because the casualty list would run high if they danced thus at Mocambo.

THE PERFECT MATE FOR EVERY WATCH

-A Bretton Band

A fine watch looks its finest when its band is a Bretton . . . distinguished in style, precision-built, proud product of the jewelry craftsman’s skill. Beautiful to behold, every Bretton band supplies the ultimate finishing touch to the watch that wears it. From $5.00 up, wherever fine jewelry is sold.
I like to Talk Politics . . . Even when I lose. Which is usually most of the time. Peace notwithstanding, we're still fighting the Battle of Russia at our house. I've always liked Russians, and before it was considered respectable to like Russians. My wife Greta, who is a Finn and lost three cousins and an uncle in the Finnish-Russian war, disliked Russians even before that was the style. We argue about it and I can't see why she should ever give in. Since I'm an authority on the subject. While in college I read a book on Russians—she only comes from over there. I'm very interested in all politics belong to the Independent Citizen's Committee and once made a speech.

I'm a Sentimentalist . . . About old friends, old songs and presents. One of my most valued possessions is an old picture of Lincoln in a walnut frame, sent me by an elderly lady who says she wants me to have it because she won't be around to enjoy it much more. It means a lot to me because it means so much to her. Even in childhood I was sentimental. At the age of ten I took a vow with two other boys to meet at West Point in 1933. We cut our veins, traded blood—the whole deal. I've never heard of them since.

I'm a Face-atcher . . . Like to study people. Particularly people who resemble a character I'm portraying on the screen. You get a feeling from them that helps you with the part. Like my good friend, Troy Hudnell, a Florida "cracker" with whom I became acquainted while on location in Florida making "The Yearling." He is "Penny Baxter" and he helped me a lot. Also helped me become a whittler.

I Like Earthy People . . . With roots. I also like earthy smells. Like pine trees, log fires and oil wells. Like to portray earthy people like Pop Baxter, too—pioneers who cleared paths, knocked down trees and built their future from scratch.

I Recognize My Limitations . . . And think this is important. Realizing what isn't right for you gives you confidence in doing that which is. Besides, crossing out the things you can't do makes it simpler to know the things you can.

There are only a couple or so left. I like to watch snappy comedy, the kind Bob Montgomery and Melvyn Douglas do so well. But realize it's not for me. James Cagney is my favorite actor. I've never met him, but really go for his fearless, cocky, fast-talking characterizations.

It Would be Fun to . . . Swashbuckle sometime on the screen. My ambition is to play Captain Hornblower some day. Probably a hangover from childhood when I lived on the beaches around La Jolla, California, fished for crabs and dreamed of going to Tahiti and being a beach-comber for life.

I Like Sports . . . Boxing, horseback riding and especially swimming. The fact that I want a swimming pool doesn't mean that I'm going Hollywood. I also wanted one in Cleveland and Buffalo. Nothing with technicolor faucets or revolving diving board—just a tile pond big enough for me to stretch out in without skinning my nose. Used to like to hunt, but quit at the age of fifteen, when I went duck hunting and accidentally shot my dad through the shoulder. Never could stand to think of hunting again.

I'm a Planner . . . Instead of a plunger. Usually set up some sort of plan, make a decision and stick to it, even if I'm wrong. The exception to this was not becoming a doctor. I couldn't take the physics and chemistry. I wanted to heal folks, but found you have to wade through too many books to make 'em well. If there's anything the world doesn't need it's a bad doctor.

I'm a Deep Breather . . . Need lots of living space. The gray frame home on
a hill among the pine trees and eucalyptus
where we live now is very nice. It over-
looks San Fernando Valley from the front
door and Coldwater Canyon from the rear.
Whenever we move, I'll miss our musical
neighbors on each side of us, Kenny Baker
and Lauritz Melchior, from whom we get
such beautiful offerings. A varied program
that depends only on which way the wind's
blowing—as to whether we get "Carmen"
or "Mother Machree." I'll miss Melchior's
golden voice. I'll also miss his swimming
pool.

I'm Not a Chronic Crusader . . . Don't
seek the changing soap boxes or get apople-
tic over a Cause. But I don't believe in
staying on a hilltop, being an escapist,
hiding my head like an ostrich and duck-
ing my duties as a world citizen just
because I'm a motion-picture star. I be-
lieve in fighting for what you believe to
be right, regardless of where the feathers
fall. I believe in talking tolerance and
understanding with genuine enthusiasm, for
in no other way can we save the Peace.

I Believe with All My Heart . . . That
there is but one world, regardless of race,
color or creed. One world in which the
"anti-folks" with their prejudices and
foggy notions have lost step. A world in
which they're at least a war behind.

Looking back over All of This . . . I
wonder if you'll understand what I'm like.
I also wonder why you'd try. I have no
alibi. I came of sane parents, and a fair
education, ate my spinach and as far as
I know, was never dropped on my head.
So I Have No Further Comments . . . To
make about myself. Other than to say
that more than anything in the world, I'm
grateful for Greta, my blonde, vivacious,
understanding wife, who never seems to
mind that—I'm like this.

The End

Photo Finish

(Continued from page 42) of the most out-
standing personalities in the screen world.

My good friend, Joan, I know mostly
as a fishing companion and some of
the best pictures I've made of her
have been little snapshots of Joan
stretched out in one end of the motor boat,
around a picnic table, or trying to loosen
a fishing fly caught in a tree. She's a
dynamo of energy, a wonderful sport and
the only fishing partner a sportsman could
want. She carries her share of the load
like a man and, unless you can stop her
in time, always hops out, opens up the
back of the station wagon and grabs the
heavy stuff, the rods and reels, a sigh
for the motor for the boat and stalks off with
them to the lake. She's a good guy whether
posing or cooking by a camp fire.

Joan is also a tinkerer at home. One
day I stopped by her house and she was
running an electric wire from one room to
another and splicing as well as any pro-
fessional electrician. Another time I was
there for lunch, and while she busied her-
sel in the kitchen, she put me to work
sharpening an accumulation of knives and
afterwards tested them critically.

There's her glamorous side too. Some-
times she reminds me of champagne—al-
ways sparkling with enthusiasm and bub-
bling with mirth and gaiety.

It is only natural that Gary Cooper
would be happiest in an out-of-doors set-
ing. Recently while photographing Gary
for an advertisement I had a natural for
him—a log cabin setting with Gary in
hunting clothes eating dinner before a
blazing fire. My cook had prepared a squab
and French fries for the shoot. When Gary
walked in and saw it all he let out a sigh
said, "Gosh, and I haven't had any lunch."
After the usual wind-up conversation

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT
which SAFELY

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

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

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
“Her Hand, in whose Comparison all Whites are Ink” — William Shakespeare

Obviously, Will, your heroine never had to clean a stove

Can you clean a stove, do dishes, scrub a floor by day and still rate compliments on your hands that night? You can if you'll use Pacquins. No rough, red hands for you. You can keep them looking white, lovely.

Check with doctors and nurses... about the damage repeated scrubbing can do the skin's texture and tint. Their hands are in hot, soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins was originally for them. Pacquins is super-rich in what doctors call "humectant"—a vital ingredient in helping to keep hands soft, smooth

which is inevitable, with Gary talking about hunting, guns and so on, we set to work. Gary took an appraising glance at the bird and posed a little bit too eagerly, I thought. Too much so for the good of the ad—and the bird. While directing the arrangement of the lights, I looked up suddenly to see Gary reaching out with a hungry light in his eyes for the squab. "Hey, Gary," I yelled, "better lay off the bird. It's the only one we have." Gary broke away with an embarrassed grin, like a kid who'd been caught raiding the cookie jar.

Later on, looking into the camera I saw an upside down vision of Gary again reaching out timidly to pinch a bit off the squab. This bird banditry kept going on. Finally, in desperation, I broke off the leg farthest from the camera and gave it to him.

SURROUNDINGS play a most important part in obtaining proper moods. Some stars are happier in certain backgrounds, have their favorite rooms, or even a favorite chair. Like Gary, Ingrid Bergman is at her photogenic best where she can get the out-of-doors feel. She likes to walk on the terrace roof of the studio, drawing deep breaths and looking over the valley stretched toward the Pacific. I usually bring the equipment out and shoot her there. Ann Sheridan loves to be photographed in the pine-paneled den at her ranch.

I, too, find that surroundings affect the creative stimulus of the man behind the camera. Often I make it a point to photograph certain personalities at their own homes, knowing not only that they will more readily relax but that also the new background will be an inspiration to me. I have photographed Shirley Temple at her home many times. Before she became engaged we were constantly being interrupted in the middle of a shot for Shirley to run to the phone. Finally one day during a brief lull we moved all of the equipment in from the garden, to the telephone and completed our sitting there. It considerably reduced the time-out element.

So, the story of Shirley, I will never forget the day she came bouncing in to be photographed for a very glamorous magazine advertisement wearing slacks and mocassins. Now I don't profess to be an Adrian, but sometimes in desperation you have to create things at a moment's notice. As she had to report back on the set, we had very little time for the shot. Together with Mr. Sandler, ace art director, and Mr. Pendleton, a very clever decorator of the advertising agency involved, we decided to put a piece of cardboard around Shirley's neck and cover it with a garland of flowers. This created no style sensation but it served our purpose well.

One humid day Gertrude Tierney, before stepping onto the model's platform, nonchalantly placed her shoes on the floor and curled up comfortably with one foot under her and the other perfectly manicured foot extending toward the camera, apologizing for her lack of formality. Personally, I encourage stars to feel perfectly at home and one of the important things is for them to be relaxed and comfortable. One of my favorite subjects still is Elyse Knox. She possesses that unusual and arresting charm and personality which reaches out and grabs you.

As one who has worked with them for many years, I take issue with the much-used statement that Hollywood stars are so temperamental. On the contrary, I have found them gracious and cooperative—under conditions where weariness from today and tension for tomorrow would make me irritable.

Just recently I had a group of Viennese waiters on the machine and without my knowing it Lana Turner came down the
stairs and across the studio and whirled me away—just a warm up before we set to work!

Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Joan Fontaine, Ann Sheridan, Merle Oberon and many others are very patient subjects and will pose for hours if need be. Many talented stars like Paulette Goddard, Judy Garland, Betty Hutton and others are very high strung, yet they give their best to the trying business of sitting for still photographs. Paulette is definitely the "motion" picture actress. It's a quickie and out and gone for her. Photographing Betty Hutton is something like a camera steeplechase. She sits very still like a veritable angel for a few minutes and then she's off on the Hutton Handicap, clowning all over the place.

I first met Jinx Falkenburg several years ago when she first began her film career, I told her then that I would like to photograph her playing tennis and she politely refused. Later she told me why. It seems she had just arrived in Hollywood and had warily sized me up as a "wolfish" type. However, once my good character was established, she posed for what turned out to be one of the first successful color magazine covers. Jinx poses beautifully, is tireless and never complains.

I do not mean to infer by all the above that the studio has not had its more colorful moments. It seems that on one occasion before his marriage some time ago I was an innocent collaborationist in a quarrel between Mickey Rooney and a current girl friend, a glamorous young star who is also married now. I was photographing her and had to shoot late to make the deadline. She had an engagement with Mickey for a big supper party. When he phoned she told him it would be a little longer before we were through. Later when he came to pick her up we were still shooting. "I'm sorry, Mick," she said, "but I just can't leave now." He said he wouldn't keep the other guests waiting any longer. "Women! I'm through with women!" he added, as he stormed up the stairs and dashed off alone.

Although cooperative, many of the male stars pose for portraits because they know it goes with their job. Not because it's anything they particularly relish doing.

Certainly, posing for the camera is far from being Bing Crosby's favorite sport. And a studio far from being his favorite habitat. But you can depend upon Bing's backing up any promise he makes. Recently, just before he left on a Bond tour, I telephoned Bing relative to photographing him in a loud sport outfit standing near a thoroughbred horse. He knew that I wanted it very badly and said that he would work it in some way before leaving. Arrangements were subsequently made for the day prior to his departure, but someone who was supposed to let him know slipped up on it.

Knowing full well how he likes to sneak in an extra hundred holes of golf whenever he can, I went over to his office that morning to wait for him. "He hasn't said anything about having an appointment. Are you sure he knows about it?" his secretary said. Shortly after 11:30 he arrived dressed comfortably in slacks and carrying his golf bag. Just for a gag, I had scattered arm loads of magazines around by me on the divan, as though I had been waiting for hours. Bing took an amazed look at the magazines and turned to me. "Paul!" he said, genuinely surprised, "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting to take your picture," I said, "Nobody told me about this," he said, "There must've been a mix-up some place. How much time do you need?"


Frolic is a perfume to set your heart a-dancing. A blithe, fresh fragrance that murmurs "You'll remember me!" and keeps on appealing, subtly, for hours.

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50¢.
(Plus tax)
LITTLE Margaret O'Brien is very close to my heart, as she is to the rest of the world. A little closer to mine, maybe, for I knew Maggie before she became a star. I'll never forget that morning four years ago when I dashed into the reception room of the studio for something and saw the child with the big wistful eyes sitting there. She held a little brown mongrel pup in her arms. I stood there touched by the wistful, tragic expression in her eyes, such an old look for such a baby. As I kept studying Margaret and her little dog, they sat there gravely studying me. Both of them with the same wistful look.

Her mother had seen some magazine covers of children I'd done and wondered perhaps if I could use Margaret for one. I was about to say "No," but when I turned back to Maggie's eyes, begging so intensely, I knew I couldn't let her down.

"Would you like to see her do something?" her mother asked. It seems that Margaret's aunt is an actress and Margaret had rehearsed a few of her scenes. Ordinarily I'd have refused, making some polite excuse, and hurrying away. So many children and their mothers come to the studio, with the children practically doing a song and dance while reciting the Greek alphabet backwards as they come in the door. But looking at Margaret with that please-give-me-a-chance look in her eyes, I agreed. There in the corner of the reception room little Maggie really turned it on. She did a heavy dramatic scene, then a light comedy, then at her mother's instructions to "Be sad," she began to cry. She was so obedient, so eager to please. "Have you thought of putting her into pictures?" I asked Margaret's mother.

"Do you think she would be good?"

"Good! If I had the time I'd like to take her around to the studios myself. You'd better get this child a good agent right now."

Then we all went back downstairs in the studio and I shot two magazine covers of Maggie with her dog.

Yes ... you see a lot behind the camera in Hollywood. Ask me which subjects I like best and I'm stopped. It's a photo finish with them all. And I love it.

THE END
Man With the Immoral Face

(Continued from page 49) Mitchum, he has no immediate personal life right now; but like every soldier in the Army, he has pictures in his wallet that are signposts toward the future and home. One of them shows a pretty, square-faced girl with dark eyes and hair—who is Dorothy, his wife. Two others show four-year-old son Jim Robin (Josh) and two-year-old son Christopher (Cricket) ... and all three of them, he will tell you, live in a "shanty I could pick apart with my thumb nail" in Hollywood. To be more exact, it's a small once-white wooden house hastily rented when the bungalow court in which they were living grew too cramped for them and their ever-present guests. "Who always sleep on the floor if they stay over-night," Bob says casually.

But before we go into the complications of his home life—which is as complex as Robert Mitchum the man—we'll try to untangle the jumbled jigsaw pieces that have made up his life for the past twenty-eight years. For only out of them can you get any understanding of the present Robert Mitchum.

He was born August 16, 1917, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. At the age of two he was fatherless, and the long, long stretch of poverty that was to be his life had begun. His widowed mother went to work as a reporter on the Bridgeport Post to support little Robert, his sister Julie, and his brother John. Eventually she married a fellow reporter, an Englishman whose name and rank in the British Army in World War I had read: Colonel Sir Hugh Cunningham Morris. The Colonel also had a child, Carol, and the family of four children and two adults formed—only to break repeatedly because of Robert. He first began running away from home when he was six years old; he got as far as New Haven when he was brought back—and punished. But at his next feeling of dissatisfaction at home he escaped again—he was seven years old then. He continued to escape in runaways across the country until he was well over twenty, riding under freight cars for thousands of miles in the company of hobos. He had formed the pattern of an incorrigible and he stayed in the mold he had made.

NATURALLY, he never finished any schooling he started. He attended public schools in Connecticut, New York, Delaware and Pennsylvania (often he attended schools in places he reached as a result of a runaway)—but he never graduated from any school. By the age of fifteen, he was a pastmaster of freight-hopping—he had been back and forth to the coast of California thirty times by then, always on freight cars—but on the particular summer of his fifteenth year, he was adventuring in the deep South. He had no idea of his whereabouts, at all; and it was months before they found out where he was. He had been picked up as a vagrant off the freight train, and clapped into jail and a work uniform—and he might be there yet, if he hadn't finally established that he was only fifteen years old and been freed.

He got home emaciated, burnt black from the sun, his hands calloused from pick and shovel work—and for a few months he went docilely to school again. The next morning after breakfast he set out for school as usual—and didn't come home that night. His family knew he had vanished on another trip and they waited patiently to hear from him. When they did, his story was enthusiastic. He was in Long Beach, California, and he urged all the Mitchums and Morrises to

ELLARAINES, Universal's lovely star, in "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry." WOODBURY WINDSOR ROSE gives fresh-rose color to her pink-tone medium skin. Fluff it on yours—for vivid glow!

new Film-Finish Powder

"Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture," ...says exquisite Ella Raines

The ravishing Ella Raines picks Woodbury Film-Finish Powder to carry her smooth, screen glamour into private life, too. That's your cue for a flawless Hollywood "finish."

5-way blending gives lovliest-ever color . . . smoothest-ever texture. New Film-Finish dries longer, hides blemishes best-ever. Never clogs or turns pasty. 8 star shades.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now, with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your own glamour shade of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost. No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish." Also bags of Woodbury Powder, 25c and 10c, plus tax.

Woodbury Film Finish Powder
follow him West—which, eventually, they did! That was twelve years ago; and they still live in California, though now they've all moved from Long Beach to Hollywood. What is left of the initial family lives only six doors from Robert's own personal family, for that matter. But brother John is a private overseas; stepfather Morris is a captain in the Merchant Marine, in charge of a fleet of refrigeration boats in the South Pacific; sister Julie is a successful night club singer; and stepsister Carol is going to college.

But back to Bob's sixteenth year, which marked two enormous milestones in his life. The first moved him and his family to California; the second introduced him to his wife—which milestone occurred very hastily in Camden, Delaware, on his way West to California. Dorothy Spence was a fourteen-year-old girl then; and when the skinny sixteen-year-old Bob rang her up because his brother knew a friend of hers, she politely invited him over. That was all there was to it. When he walked in her front door he decided she was his future wife, although he knew the future was very remote and full of continent-wide separations. So for six years he kept their romance alive somehow, anyhow—and then they were married, when she was twenty and he twenty-two.

"When I was courting her long-distance, I wrote her threatening letters," he says, grinning, "and I took up boxing and sent her pictures of me in fierce boxing poses with my muscles flexed. And whenever I thought that wasn't enough to keep my memory green with her, I hopped a freight and came from California to Delaware to see her. It worked!"

But, though he was a married man with responsibilities, he took them as casually as he had his schooling. "I took her West, and for a year we lived with the family and sponged off Mother," he says, "I acted just like a bum, and didn't care."

MAYBE he acted like a bum that first year of marriage, but until then, in spite of his lack of schooling, he'd had a variety of jobs. He had been (briefly, of course!) a truck driver, a truck driver, a stevedore, a powder man, a night club bouncer, a bartender, a sailor and even an adagio dancer in vaudeville. All jobs were brief, as we said; all were just for something to fill his empty stomach in various parts of the country. With each of them he became quickly restless and bored; and he'd toss them over in favor of hopping another freight for another section of America. But all of this confused living had left him with one questionable residue: A varied, colorful, and off-color vocabulary—which he finally put to work for him, as a married and settled man. He became a writer of suggestive songs for night club entertainers of the adagio type. This method of earning money troubled both his wife and mother, but at any rate it brought in money in unexpected spurts and he kept at it for several months. "I wrote so-called 'original' songs," he says. "For Ray Bourbon, Peggy Fears, Nan Blackstone, and numerous others. Frankly, I often used the same recipe for a dozen songs. But they were all risque songs with double-entendres; and some of them brought me in five bucks, and some brought me a hundred. I finally left the business because I had a contract to write a series of them for one entertainer, for which I was to get $1,500. I fulfilled my end, but they never got paid, so I quit in disgust and went to work at Lockheed."

Lockheed and he remained in partnership for one nightmare year. "I was
miserably unhappy," he says in describing the year of agony. "I was running some horrible monster of an infernal machine I was afraid of. I couldn't eat or sleep, and finally I was living on No-Doz and chewing tobacco with a hot sauce sprinkled on it to keep me awake during the day-time—so I wouldn't fall into the machine in my exhaustion." At the end of the year, he was a twitching, nervous, skin-and-bones wreck who finally was dragged to a doctor by his family. The doctor gave him a thorough examination, and pronounced that he was suffering from emotional and nervous exhaustion.

"You're heading straight for a complete nervous breakdown," said the doctor. "The reason is simple: You hate your job. The solution is simple too: Quit your job at once."

"But I'll starve!" Bob shrieked. "Take your choice—starve or go crazy," said the doctor. "If I were you, I'd choose starving."

Bob did—and found himself what he calls "a bum" again. Every morning he got up, put on that famous one suit of his with the adhesive tape seat in the pants, and drove his wife to work at the insurance company where she was a secretary. During the day he job-hunted, and evenings he called for his wife and drove her home. He and his son lived off her earnings and his unemployment insurance—for several months. Then he got a job as a shoe salesman at Chandler's Shoe Shop on Wilshire Boulevard. This lasted three months. But one Sunday, lying across his bungalow court home with a wild-eyed Irishman named Jack Shay who was his best friend from Long Beach days, he decided to forget everything else and take a flit at the motion-picture business. They would both be extras.

The next day they set out together, each dressed in the only suit he owned. Remarkably enough, they began finding work as "speaking extras"—when they worked, of course, which was only occasionally. But they enjoyed their companionship on job-hunts—until the Great Tragedy occurred: Bob's one suit went beyond all help of adhesive tape.

But right here, in this crisis, Jack Shay proved his friendship for all time. "What's mine is yours," he said. "And that goes for my only suit—we'll take turns wearing it."

So from then on, one would stay home while the other worked, Bob tells it now. "Directors weren't casting us for the part—they were casting the suit!"

This went on until finally Jack, who didn't have a family to support, was able to afford a second suit—a chocolate brown one that made Bob's mouth water. "Just for luck," he finally suggested to his friend, "let me wear this suit once. Just for luck." Jack agreed; Bob climbed into it for an appointment with Bob Sherman and Bill Boyd, the producers of the Rangeland pictures and, as Fortune would have it, the luck took! "There stood I," Bob recalls, "trying to hold myself in Jack's shape to fit his suit, my hair down to my shoulders because I couldn't afford a haircut—and they asked me did I ride horseback."

Bob answered, "Like an actor I can."

"Really?" they said. "No, really—tell us the truth. Do you ride?"

"Well," Bob says now, "I knew when producers asked an actor the truth they wanted just the opposite. So I told them I'd been a cowpuncher in Laredo and had broken every wild horse in the prairies. They gave me the job on the spot. Then I had to go out and borrow money to take lessons—and when I finally got out on location to play my first

NEW! SUFFUSING INGREDIENT makes Pond's powder lusciously "sheer-gauge"

No color is so intriguing over skin as sheer-gauge color! It's smoother...finer-textured...more clinging!

Now Pond's brings you "sheer-gauge" powder shades! A new suffusing ingredient in Pond's spreads the soft particles of color more evenly over your skin. Through this mist of sweet, "sheer-gauge" color your own skin-tone glows through—transparent, glamorized!

Compare Pond's with your present powder. See it suffuse your face with a new look of "sheer-gauge" color smoothness! 6 shades.

POND'S Dreamflower Powder—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty

Mrs. Allan Ryan—"I'm fascinated with the luxurious, 'sheer-gauge' way that Pond's powder goes on," says charming, blonde Mrs. Ryan. "My favorite shade, Dreamflower Natural, brings such soft, transparent color to my face."
scene, the horse threw me four times before they got wise—and gave me a motherly old sawhorse I could sit on. So finally my acting life got into high gear!

High gear it was from then on, too. Bob went from picture to picture; his family moved from one small house to another slightly bigger house; and his wardrobe increased from no suits at all to three suits—two of them noisy and one of them "rattlesnake gray," as Bob puts it. He owned hats, but didn't wear them; owned no overcoat excepting a trench-coat; and boasted only one pair of shoes. "I can't see any need for more shoes than what you've got on," he says. "Fact is, I never owned two pairs in my life until I joined the Army—and they issued me two!"

Also, the Mitchums' car changed from a 1924 discolored old Ford V-8 to a 1929 tiny Whippet of a mustard brown hue, in whose miniature body the whole family rode on outings. The neighbors got used to seeing its small brindle-colored frame parked outside the Mitchum door; just as they got used to looking at the 23-foot boat in their back yard. (Everything happens to the Mitchums, and this boat was one of the things. One day a stranger drove it up on a trailer and asked if he could leave it in their back yard until he could find a place to store it. They said "Sure," without batting an eye. It has been there a year now; the owner has never returned; and the Mitchum boys have torn it to pieces at play!)

The neighbors also note the Mitchum idea of a social evening—which has nothing remotely to do with parties, night clubs, or theaters. Mainly it consists of Bob roaming around the house barefooted, dressed in an old pair of pants and a shirt. After dinner his pals begin drifting in—all young actors: Jack Shay, his brother Tony Shay and wife Leslie Brooks, Kay and Richard Crane, Peter Cole and John James. When this group gathers, a poker game inevitably results during which Bob roars criticisms at his wife's playing—and always winds up heavy loser, while she's the big winner.

When the group doesn't appear, Bob doesn't budge from his house. On quiet evenings, Bob may be discovered perusing his two favorite comics, "All Leather" and "Our Boarding House," leafing hastily through a few magazines, leafing slowly (and with the only respect he seems to have for anything) through Thomas Wolfe—and then he lies peacefully down on the floor and goes to sleep, until bedtime.

Food is one of the thousand and one things in the world that leaves Bob cold. "I once had a big appetite but I wore it out some years back," he says now. Under Dorothy's guidance he manages to eat fairly regularly; but left on his own he lives absoletly off sandwiches. When you get right down to it, there are very few things that don't leave Mr. Mitchum cold. His family and friends, of whom he is both proud and supremely fond; his plans for a successful working farm in Maryland or Delaware some day—and his acting career. Acting he loves with unrestrained enthusiasm. But as for the rest of the treasures in the universe, Bob Mitchum has only the wryest expression of distaste.

This inborn cynicism of his undoubtedly explains something about that sinister face that women cry for! And with which he will undoubtedly go as far as he wants in fame and riches. But do you know what our guess is? That no matter how many cars and airplanes are parked on his property—he'll never get around to owning more than one pair of shoes!

The End
My Hollywood Friends
(Continued from page 31) just people swam in just water and laid in just sun—but a spot where all the movie colony met for so-called "wild parties."
After he had given Mary Lou the flowers, candy and nuts he had brought her (which, by the way, is typical of him for he is one of the most thoughtful persons I have ever known) we got him into a pair of Dick's bathing trunks and I do think he had a good time. But all day I wished I could pull a Lana Turner out of a sea shell for him.
As a result of that day Dick and I still greet Van with "Where are all the people?"

After a while our paths ceased to cross much for a while, paths being as busy as they are in Hollywood. Dick had gone into the Coast Guard shortly before we were married and I was busy shuttling back and forth to San Francisco where he was stationed and Van was busy getting to be a very big star indeed. Then I up and shot myself while hunting ducks which I never even got to eat, and have just now finished serving a six-months stretch in the hospital.
Let me be personal long enough to say that while the doctors have often been frank with me and sometimes warned me I mustn't have too much hope, I never for one moment have doubted that I would not only live, but walk and act again. I would be untruthful if I said I didn't go through lots of black days. I certainly did. But always one thing particularly sustained me; that was the thought of all the men being maimed in battle, fighting for something and how they were rising so gallantly above their disabilities. I had been hurt merely through my own carelessness. If they could be strong I could be too. So I fought, with Dick's wonderful help, with my studio's kindness and aid, and the help of my friends. I've already made the comeback at acting, and while I'm not walking yet, I am sitting up, and pretty soon I'll be on my feet again. The comeback, by the way, was as Diane in the radio performance of "Seventh Heaven." Opposite me, in the role of Chico, was Van Johnson.
This, however, was no reunion. For Van has been one of the many wonderful friends who have helped me so, appearing

Be Lovely to Love
You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.
Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.
Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.
Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.
at my bedside as soon as he was allowed after my accident.

Thoughtfulness is one of his most predominant virtues. I'm afraid that's a characteristic most of us have to work at but in Van it's inherent. I think perhaps I am more aware of this than anyone in Hollywood, many, many times I have been on the receiving end. Two years before my accident, for instance, when I was in the hospital recovering from an operation I heard a terrible commotion in the hall. The door opened and four porters staggered in under the weight of a—colossal is the word—rhododendron tree. It was easily six feet tall and covered one wall of my none-too-large room. It was truly beautiful, and still is, for I planted it in my garden where it is still known far and wide as “Van’s Tree.” I called to thank him and he was so pleased that I liked it. He told me Joan Crawford had sent him one just like it when he was in the hospital. This from Van was a gracious compliment.

During this last hospial sojourn I have had weekly and often bi-weekly surprises from Van . . . from three dozen roses in a straw hat to orchids floating in a glass balloon. His gifts were always such that I had no need to look at the card and see the sprawled “Van” written there. After a few weeks my nurses always said, without even opening the card, “Here’s another surprise from Van.”

I suppose before I end this story I should catalogue a few personal observations about him. Above all, he is honest and sincere. Seldom has an actor wanted, deserved and attained success as whole heartedly as he. I hope he will always be “that big nice kid” so I can always say “Where are all the people” and he’ll laugh and maybe blush a little. I know he’ll always eat like a horse, grin like a Cheshire, leave parties early and see more movies than anybody. His acting will continue to improve and broaden and he’ll work like a fool because he loves it.

With M-G-M’s guidance he’ll continue to be a big-and-bigger star to everyone—bobby sox to lavender and old lace.

Though he says “not yet,” he’ll marry a swell girl—nobody startling but the one he can laugh and play and work with—who’ll want the things he wants and give as generously as he can. He’ll like lemon pie, water skiing, tennis, convertibles, horses, hotels and Dick and me—we hope—but we want to be friends for a long, long time.

P.S. Strictly to Van: I’m happy, Van, I was given the chance to have you for my first writing assignment, my first literary guinea pig. For I’ve long wanted to tell the world what a really nice person you are.

Next month I’m going to tell you about Esther Williams. Writing these articles is fun for me and I hope for you too.

The END

PAGING CORNEL WILDE!

For your benefit—
you’ll find a touching, tender story of—
Cornel and his Pat
NEXT MONTH!
Little Queen Bess

(Continued from page 41) suspected by now of Bolshevik sentiments, and cajoling her to make her apologies. What Betty said we do not know, and what Mr. Eden said is off the record.

At twelve, Elizabeth came racing down the stretch to fame astride another wild and misanthropic steed, the King, maneating grandson of Man-O'-War.

The horse was savage as the part required and he yielded to none but Elizabeth. "Keep away from that horse's head," Mickey Rooney would bark when he saw her press her cheek to the King's.

"That horse is a killer. He'll eat you. Oh God, you never can tell kids anything."

The child puts a spell on birds and beasts and studio bigwigs. With birds and beasts she holds familiar conversation, like the troubadour saint of Assisi, and they follow her about performing as she pleases.

Now people are saying she does miracles. Everyone knows how, on being told she was too small to play Velvet, she waved the wand and shot up like Kansas corn, three inches. Her doctor said it was not possible but she said it was if you realized it was God's Plan.

At conclusion of the film the King and Elizabeth were tearfully parted; the horse was retired to the back lot, the child went disconsolately home. Next day she appeared, wreathed in mystic serenity, and though she did not say as much, the idea was conveyed that she thought God wanted M-G-M to give her the horse.

A corporation is soulless, the skeptics said, hence unmoved by divine will. Days went by. Elizabeth was confidently patient but the King was not; he kicked one company man and ate another. Elizabeth did not approve of the King's acting this way but explained that it was because they did not understand him.

Suddenly the Heavens opened and M-G-M presented the King to the enchanting little queen for her birthday.

She disdains to converse with boys but they follow her around anyhow. Two big lads and a little fellow were patrolling the sidewalk in front of her house on Elm Avenue in Beverly Hills. Hesitant about crossing a picket line I looked up to see if they were carrying signs reading "Elizabeth Taylor Unfair To Boys." My eyes met only the curious imploring look you get from startled deer. When Mrs. Taylor appeared at the door all three vanished with the celerity of cottontails.

There's an aura of graciousness about Mrs. Taylor. You recognize a spiritual affinity between her and Elizabeth.

No sooner were we seated than I noticed through the long windows the head of a boy above a hedge, like a jack-o'-lantern plopped there.

The head disappeared like a jack-in-the-box. A second later the doorbell rang. Chuckling softly Mrs. Taylor arose and went to answer it. She returned with a scrap of ruled paper torn from a notebook: "Dear Elizabeth: We would like to come in and play games with you. Put a paper in the window if we can come in—Dick, Douglas, Billy."

"The Three Musketeers," Mrs. Taylor laughed. "But I should apologize for reading your note," she said, coming over to give the note to her daughter.

Elizabeth was sitting horizontally, her favorite posture, only her head perpendicular. She accepted the note and chucked it down beside her.

"Boys," she sniffed.

"We must be polite and reply to them," her mother said. "I will tell them you
What do Your Lips say about You?

Your lips talk about you to every one you meet!
Do they say you're exotic, glamorous...magnetic? Strive to be a Pin-Up Girl with Flame-Glo...the lipstick that always makes you look your best, for its color vibrance keeps you kissable. What's more, Flame-Glo is water-repellent and alluring hours longer...no blurry edges ever!

To be sure of quality, insist on Flame-Glo!

KEEP KISSABLE WITH Flame-Glo LIPSTICK

Choose your Favorite
FLAME-GLO SHADE

Royal Wine...a deep, royal color that combines browned with purple.
Glamour Red...A fiery, brilliant true red, flattering and youthful.
Pick Fire...The newest and most exciting Flame-Glo shade...a deep pink tone.
Dramatic Red...Romantic dynamite, for its pink undertone develops into an exquisite shade on the lips, bespeaking love itself.
Raspberry...An exciting, fascinating shade especially for brunettes.
Orchid...A soft, pastel tone that is right in fashion today.
Ruby Red...The over-popular deep, fiery red in its most ravishing glory.
Pawheel Red...A true glowing red tone with all the warmth of red blood.

are sorry you are busy this afternoon.”
As her mother went outside Elizabeth raised up slightly and peered through the window at the palpitant musketeers.


“You do not like us boys!”

There was a snifly, barely audible laugh.

She kept her eyes down as though abashed; she has no mannerisms or coquetry. “They are silly,” she said.

“You will be lonely in your old age.”

She squirmed but did not look up.

“Will you never marry?”

“I plan to have many children,” she mused, “so I suppose so.”

“It might be well.”

Elizabeth just then was confined to the house with one foot in a cast, the result of a flying leap from a car. When she is not pinned down by sprained ankles and inquisitive adults she is a twirling, prancing dryad, a veritable geben of vitamins. She and her friend Ann Westmore ride bicycles madly through the streets of Beverly usually triled by cub wolves.

“Why are these boys so silly?” Elizabeth demands. “Howard isn’t silly.”

Howard, her brother, is a handsome confirmed bachelor of sixteen.

Mrs. Taylor attributes much of her daughter’s racing vitality and trigger reflex to the old English custom of early to bed. English children have their suppers at five-thirty, play for an hour and then take cover.

As soon as Elizabeth returns from the studio she retires to her bedroom, furnished with saddles and bridles and statues of horses. In bed with her supper tray across her knees she turns on “The Lone Ranger” and proceeds to study her script for next day’s shooting. With photographic mind she scans at a glance. This facility enables her to work in pictures and keep up her classes in the studio school for minor players. She studies her spelling while her father is backing the car down the drive on the way to the studio in the morning. By the time they have reached the second house down Elm Drive she says, “You can read the words to me.”

She prefers acting to studying and sometimes is heard to groan when summoned for school. The only study she likes is typing. If she and the Kites want to quit pictures and are barred from racing they may become stenographers.

Recently she was asked to give a talk on motion-picture work before an assembly of local school children. On the way to the school Mrs. Taylor inquired to learn if Elizabeth had prepared an address.

“No,” said Elizabeth. “God will tell me what to say.”

When her godfather Colonel Cazalet was in Los Angeles, a few months prior to his disappearance in a plane, slyly urging him and the Polish Premier from Gibraltar to England, he delivered a talk on the war. At its conclusion he said he hoped he had covered all points of interest but that it might be well to hold a questions and answers forum.

“I hope I have covered all points of interest,” said Elizabeth on concluding. “But perhaps it would be well to hold a questions and answers forum.”

“What’s the secret of Van Johnson’s charm?” zipped a pigtailed scholar.

Elizabeth was speechless. Apparently Heaven was at loss for an answer.

Her film career is solely Heaven’s work; no mortal planned it. She was born in London on February 27, 1932. Her father, Francis Taylor, an art dealer who now has galleries in the Beverly Hills hotel, is of English and Irish family. Her mother is American, born in Kansas and reared in Pasadena. As the actress Sara Sothern she made her debut with Edward
Granddaughter of Theodore Roosevelt

Paulina Longworth Sturm, lovely young daughter of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, is devoted to Pond’s.

“I’m especially fond of the 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream,” Mrs. Sturm says. “It’s a grand complexion ‘fix-up’... makes my skin feel softer and fresher right away!”

Charming devotee of the 1-Minute Mask—Paulina Longworth Sturm

Give your skin a clearer look... a softer feel—in 60 seconds!

To “re-style” your complexion—spread a cool coat of Pond’s Vanishing Cream over your face—all but eyes.

Leave this refreshing Mask on for one full minute. The Cream’s "keratolytic" action loosens tiny dead skin flakes and tight-stuck dirt particles. Dissolves them!

“As soon as I tissue off the Mask I can see the difference in my skin,” Mrs. Sturm says. “You’ll love the clearer look and the softer “feel” of your complexion, too!

Ideal powder base...

For a quick-and-silky foundation, spread on a light film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. Not greasy or drying! Holds powder!
Hollywood’s Talking about—

(Continued from page 33) with such beauties as Paulette Goddard, Jinx Falkenburg, Pat Smart and Helene Reynolds and meanwhile renting Marion Davies’s thirty-room house in which he lived alone and gave enormous parties seven nights a week. He was all set to marry Evelyn Keyes when her divorce was final from Charles Vidor—instead of which he hustled Ginny Simms to the altar. This left Ginny’s beau, Pat Neary, hanging on the ropes; not to mention that powerful movie mogul she had just filled in honor of Pat! Meanwhile, Pat Neary married pretty Mona Freeman. And Charles Vidor is busily holding hands with Doris LeRoy, the about-to-be-ex-Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy... while Mervyn himself, in turn, is being charmed by a Chicago socialite since his gal Sally Wright just eloped with Robert Gold.

Will Hollywood really become the largest city in the United States in the next fifteen years—as the Chamber of Commerce claims? It is said only New York City. Most of the giant Eastern corporations have opened Hollywood branches, the biggest New York stores are opening Southern California stores—and some of the most famous citizens of the East are settling here. Three recent buyers are named Roosevelt: Jimmy and Elliot have bought Beverly Hills homes in the past six months; and two years before his death President Roosevelt bought a Spanish ranch between Hollywood and San Diego, which he had planned as a summer home.

What connection is there between the Jennifer Jones-Robert Walker divorce and the trial separation of the David O. Selznick?

During the past year Robert Walker has been seen wining and dining every Hollywood lovely in sight, from Diana Lynn to Florence Pritchett—while Jennifer has been seen mostly stag at large parties. But Hollywood noticed she got mysterious telephone calls; that when she and David O. Selznick were at the same party, though they arrived and departed separately, they were together during the evening. Then came the Selznick separation and the printed and broadcast comments of famous columnists linking Jennifer and her brilliant producer. If Miss Jones becomes Mrs. Selznick in time to come, nobody can cry out in astonishment, "Well, did you ever!"

That extremely polite but nonetheless genuine duel between Clark Gable and Greer Garson on the set of “Adventure.”

This was the first time Greer had to share the spotlight in one of her films with a box-office attraction as magnetic as herself. Add to this the fact that Vic Fleming, Gable director from way back, was on the job. You'll remember it was Vic who saw to it that Clark wasn't smothered in all that extra footage Vivien Leigh had opposite him in “Gone With The Wind.” But don't bet on Miss Garson being lost in another “Gone With The Wind.”

Is the wartime birthrate among feminine movie stars going to continue—for the first time in Hollywood history—into the present? It looks that way, with Judy Garland and husband Vincente Minnelli buying layoffs... and with Deanna Durbin and husband Felix Jackson doing ditto. Since the war began, however, as Alice Faye, Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney, Loretta Young, Betty Grable, Hedy Lamarr have become mothers... and what have been the results? The stars have become even more beautiful, and U.S. bobby-soxers have decided that baby-sox have their appeal too!

The above odd marital arrangement between Errol Flynn and the exquisite Nora Eddington Flynn. (Continued on page 104)
Now, a Salon-Type COLD WAVE
PRICED WITHIN REACH OF ALL

Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for COLD WAVE PERMANENT in the convenience of your own home... do it at a cost so low, it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit, you can easily COLD WAVE your hair in 2 to 3 hours. Get the NEW Charm-Kurl Cold Wave and know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural looking long-lasting curls and waves... by tonight!

Simple, Easy, Convenient...Perfect Results or Money Back

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder... An entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution, containing "KURLIUM," do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness genuine Cold Wave Permanent, by tonight! Ask for the NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare, you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

Complete Home Kit

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.

**Consider this Important Fact**

Only Charm-Kurl contains "Kurlium"* the quick working hair beautifier—that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl SUPREME is the nation's biggest Home COLD WAVE value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl SUPREME with "Kurlium."*

"Kurlium." is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

---

*"Kurlium." is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.
Bathe in Delight

It’s a delight to bathe the light way... with Tre-Jur’s light bath luxuries, Tre-Jur Bubble Foam and Bath Powder. They’re pure, fine; a scoopful of Bubble Foam makes a tubful of dancing, caressing bubbles... and there’s not a speck of “weighting” in the powder! You’ll be delighted with their quality, and the joy they add to your bathing!

TRE-JUR BATH POWDER, with fluffy lamb’s wool puff, TRE-JUR BUBBLE FOAM, with wooden scoop, Triple-scented with Gardenia, Carnation, Apple Blossom... $0.59

Triple-Scented TRE-JUR

(Continued from page 102)

The Swashbuckler from the South Seas permits his wife, and his and her baby, at his mountain redoubt only by invitation. And between visits he’s seen in the boisterous New York striped bistro with various lush lovelies.

Why have Paramount and Alan Ladd got themselves into a snit to the point where Alan is now on suspension?

The studio had a gold mine in the Ladd, yet it threw its bonanza into pictures in which the breaks went to other people in the casts—both the cash breaks and the glory. Granted there are things to be said on both sides, why can’t they be said and let everybody climb back on the beam?

And here are some questions that can’t be answered, although Hollywood is asking them anyway:

Why is it that Angela Lansbury, zooming to stardom in “The Harvey Girls” after her two flash appearances in “Gaslight” and “Dorian Gray,” has that zing that means big-time—when Marsha Hunt (who’s lovelier to look at) is snubbed by the box office, though both girls are at the same studio?

Why, when there has never before been an important blond male star, are Van Johnson and Danny Kaye box-office blockbusters? Until these two have been voted, not even such a great blond actor as Leslie Howard could carry a picture alone. Now these two boys are succeeding—while such dark hunks as James Craig are left by the cameraman.

What has happened to gorgeous Gail Russell, who started out two years ago neck-and-neck with unpretentious little Diana Lynn? Now Diana has been pulling down all the starry parts on the Paramount lot lately. Sometimes, however, the girl who gets off to a slow start wins the race. And “Salty O’Rourke” with Alan Ladd didn’t hurt any.

Why can’t Dick Powell stay out of type parts? First he was a cute canary for endless years, and then he got tough in “Murder, My Sweet”—so now he’ll be snarling for the rest of his screen life, it looks like!

Why have Bud Abbott and Lou Costello been so busy trying to murder their team—when they know that it’s Abbott and Costello that the world wants to see? (And when they should know that the only successful team break-up was Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire? All other teams died when apart—as in Laurel and Hardy, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.)

Why do so many star-bachelors think the public likes them that way—when actually the public likes them any way at all?

For years Lee Bowman, Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman postponed marriages for fear the public didn’t approve; once settled as husbands, they really came into their own!

Yes, Hollywood is talking about Hollywood these days. With the war over and hearts and minds no longer focused on foreign fields, seas, and skies the film colony again is occupied with home town events. They’re exciting too!

The End

So young—So gay
Mischiefous little miss
Margaret O’Brien

On the cover
and in a scrapbook
NEXT MONTH
Your hair can have this same wonderfully alive, lustrous spring
and manageability . . .
with smoothness
where you want it and
curls where you want them.
The secret is to have a
Helene Curtis Professional Beautician
give you a
Helene Curtis Cold Wave.
Not only will the final results
amaze you . . .
the skill and gentle methods
of the specially trained beautician
will be a new experience.
Just insist on

Helene Curtis COLD WAVES
FROM $10 TO $50 . . . REMEMBER, HELENE CURTIS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PRODUCTS FOR THE BEAUTY SHOP

Only skilled hair-dressers can join the Helene Curtis Guild of Professional Beauticians. Look for this Guild emblem.
Tastes as Bright as it cleans—
Pepsodent tooth paste with Irium
removes the film that makes your teeth look dull!

Use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.
Honeymoon House
(Continued from page 34)

On record—It was a small house; Esther made it look larger, gave it a lived-in look

present from Ben who is so crazy about the house or about Esther or both that he keeps wanting to advance the wedding date. Ben's lamp has become a thing of beauty under Esther's touch. She has planted petunias and ivy in it.

There's no dining room. Esther knocked down the wall between the living room and dining room to make one large room. However, where the wall used to be are low bookshelves. Just as Esther planned, they make wonderful table tops when there's a crowd for weekend buffets and everybody pulls up chairs on either side of them. Whereupon, with no need to juggle half a dozen dishes at once, the good, interesting, spontaneous conversation which Esther generates flourishes.

The kitchen, in blue and red and with tiles handpainted especially for Esther, also is a joy. It has an icebox that's big enough, a stove that does everything a stove should do, and utensils and cupboards galore.

Two bedrooms, at once country-simple and luxurious, occupy the upper floor of the house on a level with the road. The entrance hall that separates these rooms and bath and leads to the stairs which take you to the lower level is decoratively hung with old-fashioned family pictures, all of which somehow give you the feeling that there are good roots to the new family life that will be lived here.

Esther bought the house this past autumn and had no intention of moving in until she and Ben were married. She wanted a year to remodel and decorate. Then suddenly it seemed pretty silly to have that wonderful house standing idle when her mother's small place was so crowded. At home, besides the family, were the psychology classes that Esther's mother, a counsellor of the American Institute for

It's only a three-stroke pool, but this champion swimmer is perfectly satisfied

Family Relations, holds there. So Esther moved, bag and baggage, into Honeymoon House. The first night it wasn't too comfortable. In her rush she forgot to have the lights and water turned on.

Outside her living room is a patio with a brick wall around it and a big tree growing in the middle of it. Esther and Ben plan to entertain here on warm evenings, with the waves breaking on the beach in the distance.

There's a pool, too, of course. "My three-stroke pool," Esther calls it. Nevertheless it gets her wet, as she points out, and she takes a dip every evening.

Not long ago she and Ben bought the lot next door; for it's the kind of house you can add to. A nursery wing... A guest wing... For a man and woman as warm and friendly as Esther and Ben will want a bigger house one day. For a Honeymoon House, this is big enough; there's plenty of room for two.

THE END

Ben gave her the lamp made from an old spittoon. Esther added the trimming

How convincingly this simple test reveals the thrilling beauty promise of a

FLOATING FACIAL

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD
Remove your old make-up... one side with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene side. Now clean the cotton stray! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge from make-up debris, left-on dirt... .

'ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY
—on application—and a cream must liquefy to float away beauty-blurring facial debris gently, effectively...
It's so modern... effective... thrilling... the Floating Facial! The specialized cleansing your precious skin deserves, especially in removing stubborn cake make-up. A pure, crystal clear cream that literally floats away stale make-up remnants ordinary creams may not even touch. See for yourself if Albolene doesn't make your skin look twice as clear... if make-up effects aren't infinitely softer, more flattering because your skin is really clean, feeling adorably youthful.

Albolene is all-cleansing—free from the water content of most "beauty" creams. Besides, Albolene lubricates as it cleanses, a precious quality for dry, flaky skins. Thrill to a Floating Facial today! It costs so little. Although Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream, it costs only a fraction the price of "treatment" brands. Trial size 10¢, big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

Albolene CLEANSING CREAM
—AND McKesson makes it
Long, long Longfellows make an unusual Christmas gift... actually "go to great lengths to please." Here are luxury tobaccos no ordinary cigarette can afford... perfectly blended, custom-designed in a distinguished 5½" length to give smoking enjoyment no ordinary cigarette can match. LONGFELLOWS are the perfect postscript to a fine dinner... a superb companion for a fireside chair and a good book... the cigarette above all others for 20 minutes of leisurely, friendly smoking. For a gift that really scores —for long-rememberance and appreciation—make it LONGFELLOWS for all your friends, this Christmas!

Their faces will light up with rare pleasure when they "light up a LONGFELLOW!"

If your tobacconist can't supply you, send coupon, with check or cash, for $5 box of 100—or $1 box of 20—LONGFELLOWS to Penn Tobacco Company, Dept. P-9, Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

Citizen Garfield

(Continued from page 38) enough of both to get on comfortably. If he were idolized it would cut down his privacy and enjoyment of life. If he had too much money he would have to begin to worry about it.

As far as "Pride Of The Marines" is concerned, Garfield does not think of it as a war picture, but one which deals without gloves with troublesome problems of the peace, not the big international ones, but the problems here at home, the human angles. With the writer, Albert Malz, and the producer, Jerry Wald, Garfield has collaborated thoughtfully, without self-interest, and with plenty of guts. Race antipathies and discriminations is handled without gloves.

According to Garfield's idea, there is something satisfying to an actor in a good play or screenplay that enables him to enjoy the day's work and give his best to it. Working in a picture that has some sense to it, acting a role that adds up to something human, keeps Garfield on his toes. John takes exactly the opposite position from that of Sam Goldwyn who, when an agent tried to sell him a story with a "message," said, "Messages are for Western Union." However you approach him, Garfield's mind appears clear and direct, never vague or complex.

This is one of the good results of coming up the hard way from rugged beginnings. What more could anyone expect of life, in the way of breaks, than to find a sound teacher and adviser at the age of thirteen, and that early time hit upon a life work and vocation that is exactly suited to one's temperament? Moreover, Garfield found the right kind of a girl to marry first shot out of the box, Roberta Mann, and after more than ten years is still happily married to her. The former Miss Mann has never trod the boards or faced the camera.

"I could never stay married to an actress," John says. "That is a good example of his brief and candid way of saying things.

The public now knows that, after all Garfield's good breaks, he and his wife were lately visited by a stark, senseless tragedy, the kind for which there is no preparation, no compensation, no answer, except to take it on the chin. John was not one of those who needed that kind of experience in order to make him more sensitive to the sorrows of others. He always has been sympathetic to the sorrows of others. The sudden death of his six-year-old daughter Katherine from suffocation, as the result of a spam in her throat which medical science cannot specifically explain or classify, was a devastating blow to John and Roberta Garfield. John steeled himself to continue the job he was doing at the studio, believing it to be helpful in the war effort. Nothing more can be said. Of what goes on in a sensitive man's heart, a man who never has talked much about his troubles, however great or small, is to be felt and shared, but not to be reduced to words. No one can express it. Everyone is sympathetic. And sympathy is one of those universal and eternal values that John has given and also inspired, instinctively, all his life.

There is left to John and Roberta, an infant son named David Patton Garfield, the middle name being a tribute to one of America's most colorful fighting men. And now there is the good news of a visit from the stork soon again.

Of all his performances, Garfield remembers with the most enthusiasm a show in a Partisan hangout in war-torn Yugoslavia. He had been touring the
American camps in Italy when one day he was approached with great deference and secrecy by one of Marshal Tito's officers and asked if he and his company would be willing to go into Yugoslavia and give the hard-pressed guerrillas there a proof of international solidarity.

"I'll have to ask the others," John replied. "This show is run on a democratic basis."

Apparently "the others" were in favor of taking the risk, and the risk was considerable. The utmost secrecy was observed in all the arrangements. Garfield and his troupe were loaded into trucks that must have seen service in World War I. The Serbian officer, who spoke Brooklyn-American imperfectly, acted as guide.

"We started about noon," Garfield said. "You've never seen such roads. There weren't any. At sunset we were in some mountains that probably no one, except Yugoslavs, and mountaineers at that, had ever seen before. We weren't as afraid of meeting Nazi storm troopers as of losing our way, or the only Serb who understood English. If we had, we'd have been there yet.

"At dinner time there was no dinner, and no place to eat it if we had one. We had reached some rolling country, between mountains, where we couldn't even hide if anything happened. All the time, Serb was saying, 'We're almost there. It's just a little way from here.' He was a good guy, that Serb. He wanted us to feel good, not to worry."

Every time they spotted a peasant's hut or a barn, Garfield and his democratic associates hoped it would turn out to be a theater. It had been explained to them that Tito's followers couldn't assemble an audience in a city or town, because in that case the enemy would get wind of it. The Partisans did not hang around safe or comfortable places. Since the first day of the Nazi invasion, they had been resisting actively, not passively.

WEN at two o'clock the next morning, too hungry and tired to care what became of them, the trucks pulled into a rudely camouflaged area and they were met with wild cheers and enthusiasm. Garfield and his crew began to understand what international solidarity means. The Yugoslavs, tall, rugged, bearded men and hearty, handsome women, went with joy and cheered as the Americans with embraces and terms of endearment that couldn't be misunderstood in any language. Four years they had been suffering and fighting, always on their own.

"They gave us food, probably all they had," Garfield said. "And vodka. And while we ate and drank they smiled and each other on the back and pointed to us and yelled triumphantly. They had wonderful posters on the rough board walls of that big shack, better posters than I'd ever seen before. Without reading a word, you could feel what the Nazis had done and what they were going to get. You could see how and why those people hiding in the woods were sticking together, and seeing better years ahead, when Tito had time for organization in times of peace.

"While we were back in Italy," Garfield said, "the big Serb couldn't understand it when he went into American barracks and instead of seeing anti-Nazi or pro-Democratic, handsome women, he saw pictures of Dorothy Lamour and Betty Grable on the walls. 'Is that what you Americans are fighting for?' he asked me. What could I say?

"The show got going about an hour before daylight, but everyone was wide awake. The big Serb, the one who got us all that, told me the whole gang had been waiting all night. When we got through a number, they'd cheer and nearly tear the house down, although they couldn't understand a word we said or sang. I couldn't understand the interpreter, either, and still I never felt surer that everybody in the place knew what was going on. I'll never forget it. Imagine being in a crowded hall and feeling as if there couldn't be a wrong guy around.

After the Americans got through, the Yugoslavs put on a show of their own, on the tear of the moment. They danced wild Slavic dances, sang patriotic songs. A strong beautiful girl with a contralto voice, sang a song with dozens of verses about Tito, while the chorus chanted his name.

Most of the Partisans had traveled thirty or forty miles in order to be present, many of them on foot. For them it was a grand occasion. They had heard about relatives migrating to America and weird stories about life and manners in the new world. This was the first time that America had come to them.

Garfield has a firm faith in the plain working people. He does not doubt for a moment that they are capable of managing their own affairs and world affairs. To him they have always made sense and have been on the march continually. This doctrine—Democratic, if you like, some other name if you are opposed to it—is nothing John Garfield ever had to learn from books or revolutionary experience. Man's fate he sees in terms resembling his own—a poor and sordid beginning, a gradual awakening, a steady persistent climb, then good fortune. The dollar, such as, is unimportant to him as long as he has a place to sleep, enough to eat and proper clothes.
The secret of Garfield’s success on stage and screen is an unusual and lucky combination of his gifts. He has enough energy to keep going all the time, such good health that he eats heartily and sleeps soundly and he has the patience of Job. As a matter of fact, I thought of Job when I saw Garfield at work on the Warner Brothers set. I wondered what the cantankerous old prophet would have done if he had had to sit under hot lights, wrapped up in bandages and hospital robes, and repeat the same tense scene hour after hour, while a director suggested imperceptible changes, not to the star, but a bit player who had a couple of lines as an Army doctor.

“It took Al (Albert Malitz, screen writer) a year to kick the story,” Garfield said. His own contribution to the performance seemed easy in comparison with the writer’s problems. That is to say, it seemed easy to Garfield. That’s the way Garfield wants his work to appear, natural and without self-conscious effort.

He is of the Duse school of acting, rather than the impersonal technical school sponsored by Bernhardt. Not many Hollywood actors could make themselves feel like an injured, discouraged Marine.

In the various schools, theatrical groups and studios where Garfield has studied and worked, there are probably as many crackpots to the square foot as anywhere else in the civilized world. Scores of his friends are neurotics. Among them, John is a singularly healthy and well-balanced young man. He shows no signs of despair or worry. If a play or picture fails, he shrugs his shoulders and says, “Well, we’ve got to try.”

Once, in his extreme youth, Garfield got into a boxing tournament and did fairly well. He wasn’t exactly a killer and neither was he helpless. He picked fruit, between seasons, a few weeks one summer, and bummed his way back East. Of course, like practically all Americans boys, he sold newspapers and had to fight for his corner. None of those adventures he takes too seriously. He never thinks of himself as being tough.

It would be hard to imagine John barging around a gymnasium. He has never lacked exercise. Neither does he go in for sports like tennis or golf. He is not fond of cards, and doesn’t play the races. The night clubs he prefers are the ones that specialize in good boogie woogie or blues. Even there he likes best the songs like “Strange Fruit” or One Meat Ball,” songs that call attention to humanity’s injustices or woes.

“What does he do in his spare time?” might ask one of those who imagine movie stars hunting tigers, involved with exotic women, winning badminton championships or lolling at the Brown Derby. The fact is, a hard-working actor like Garfield his little spare time. He shows up at the set between seven and eight in the morning and stays there until dinner time at night, and between pictures he tours the Army camps, at home or abroad.

While “They Made Me A Criminal” was being shot, Garfield had to learn how to box with a left-handed or right-handed stance. This took him to all the fights within twenty miles of Hollywood, but he didn’t mind that he liked to see fights, even if they have been rehearsed, “That’s acting,” John says. “I’m sure to learn something.”

“Destiny Be My Destiny,” Garfield almost made the ultimate sacrifice. He tried to learn to act like a newspaper photographer.

“Photographers are all nuts,” he told me, and I readily agreed.

The End
Play Truth or Consequences with Keenan Wynn

(Continued from page 56) spending Christmas Eve on a train, worrying if Santa Claus could get aboard.

11—Q: What irritates you in Hollywood?
A: The way some directors who don't realize my kind of comedy is strictly character comedy, say: "Do something funny here!"

12—Q: What lesson have you learned in Hollywood?
A: To keep my mouth shut at the right time! I'll never forget the day I sound off to Michael O'Shea, whom I had known in New York only as Eddie O'Shea, about "some jerk named Michael O'Shea" cast in the role I wanted in "Lady Of Burlesque."

13—Q: What fault of yours irritates others?
A: The way I won't stop talking when I get wound up.

14—Q: Of what bad habits have you broken yourself?
A: Biting my fingernails. I've got ten for the first time in my life, for the simple reason my jaw was wired closed after my accident, long enough for them to grow.

15—Q: What makes you feel frustrated?
A: Seeing someone play a role I know I could do better.

16—Q: What was the wisest decision of your life?
A: To marry Evie. Not only has it given me a wonderful life and my first taste of mental peace, but she has taught me how far I can go as an actor and what I can do. Before I met her I was a dabbler.

17—Q: Do you think glamour girls make desirable wives?
A: Keenan chose the consequences: Give us a photograph you think is representative of the real you.

18—Q: What was the most annoying gossip you ever heard about yourself?
A: That my father had financed "Blind Alley" and bribed the director to let me play the good part I had in it. My father had nothing to do with its production.

19—Q: What was the best bargain you ever made?
A: I've always been stuck on everything because I'm the original guy who gives you six ones when making change for a flyer.

20—Q: Of what are you afraid?
A: Burning to death, probably because of those two plane fires.

21—Q: What is your recurring nightmare?
A: I constantly dream of being shot in the stomach with a machine gun. Possibly it is a psychological hangover from the days when I would meet gangsters gassing up their rum-running boats at the garage where I had my repairs done.

22—Q: Who is your favorite movie columnist?
A: Keenan chose the consequences: Comment in rhyme on your wife's worst habit.

23—Q: What do you demand in the running of your home?
A: To have nothing to do with it! It's the most hectic—but wonderful—household in the world.

24—Q: What sentimental memory is most dear to you?
A: A Christmas Eve when Evie was with me for the opening of a new show on the road. We had decided to ignore any celebration of Christmas until we could be home again with Ned, but about 7 P.M. we couldn't stand it any longer and dashed out to buy a complete tree—wreaths—silly gifts routine for our hotel room.

25—Q: What do you envy most in other men?
A: Good looks, in which I am aware I am sadly lacking. It would mean a greater opportunity for me in pictures, maybe even playing parts where I got the girl. Maybe it isn't logical with the face I have, but I got Evie with it, and she's really something!

26—Q: What was the loneliest time of your life?
A: Two stand out in my memory. My first year in boarding school I was so homesick I would burst into tears all the time, and then try to alibi them by claiming an aunt had just died. The second was when I returned to New York in 1942 to do a play and had to leave Evie in Hollywood—the first time we'd ever been separated and I hope the last.

27—Q: What was the strangest coincidence in your life?
A: When I was on a USO tour in China in 1944 I became friends with a man named Joe Walsh, who was our plane's crew chief. Joe promised to look me up in Hollywood when he was out of
OON! DOMESTIC CRISIS!

Sue was furious at Tom for the way he’d been treating her. But she was really to blame! She should have known better, for she was no stranger to feminine hygiene. It was just that she had become negligent! Her doctor straightened her out. "It’s foolish to risk your marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene—even once!" he said. Then he advised her to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always,

Service. The other day a policeman rang our bell and there stood Joe, now a member of the Los Angeles force. I was surprised to see him, of course, but I was dumbfounded to learn he had been the officer who first arrived at the scene of my accident. They were about to call for a hearse when Joe suddenly recognized me and said, "Cripes, I know this guy and he’s too tough to die!" And sent for an ambulance.

28—Q: What gives you the jitters?
A: Going on the stage at a benefit with nothing to do but say "Hello, it’s good to be here."

29—Q: What scene on the screen do you think was your best?
A: I haven’t done that one yet, but I liked the one in "Lost Angel" where I threatened Craig with murder. It was intended to be a serious scene and the audience reacted that way instead of laughing as I’d feared they might.

30—Q: What is your idea of the height of luxury?
A: To own a yacht, and I hope to do it someday.

31—Q: What valuable lesson did you learn the hard way?
A: To play the script as it is written and not try to steal scenes by horseing around. Humphrey Bogart taught me the lesson when I was seventeen and working in stock with him. I was so successful in stealing a small scene from him that the audience paid little attention to his lines. As a result my big scene in the next act was a huge flop; the lines which set it up in advance were the ones the audience could not hear Bogart playing while I was being funny.

32—Q: What is your pet superstition?
A: I have none, not even the traditional ones of the theater. I have seen them observed or broken all my life and none of the rewards or dire results ever came true.

33—Q: What was your most romantic act?
A: Keenan chose the consequences: Give us your most serious photo.

34—Q: What is your full name?
The END

Evie gets the benefit of Keenan’s taking the consequences on No. 22

Ode To My Wife’s Worst Habit
Oh Evie dear, my love for you
Is now, and ever will be true.
Your virtues and your charms are many,
And you are bright as a new penny.
But one bad habit you have got
Which bothers me more than a lot:
At night when you take off your shoes,
You scatter them around like clues.
You leave them everywhere upon the floor,
Around the bed or by the door,
Where over them I always stumble,
And wind up in an awkward tumble.
I cannot say I like the falling.
But this is what really galling:
Some night I’m apt to break my neck—
And you forget I’ve only ONE, by heck!
We had never seen Hollywood stars in person, but last night we did . . . they were right with us in the theatre. We felt their presence; they sat beside us; their voices were everywhere. One whispered, and I brushed the tingling sensation from my ear.

It was almost magic . . . a curtain had been lifted from the screen. We were certain some remarkable change had taken place in the theatre. Then we learned the thrill we experienced was not magic at all, but true sound coming from a new loudspeaker called THE VOICE OF THE THEATRE.

We'll go out of our way, if we must, to hear every picture just the way we heard that show last night.

suddenly, a curtain was swept aside . . .

Go out of your way, if you must, to the theatre displaying this mark on its boxoffice window. It is a promise of new listening pleasure.
Scotch and Sober

(Continued from page 47) actors you ever heard of, we'll bet, to be put under contract with nothing to do except set.

Dave was born in Kankakee, Illinois, and his real name is Marden McBroon and he is just as proud of it as he should be, considering the distinguished Scottish ancestors it denotes. His father owned a restaurant in the town and David wishes that every boy could grow up in a small town and enjoy the advantages of swimming in the ninety-foot-deep stone quarry on the edge of town. His distracted mother was always forbidding him to go near the place. "But, Mother," Dave used to protest, "You can drown in six inches of water. It doesn't matter how many feet there are." And she would retort, "Well, it would be more expensive to drag for your body in ninety feet of water than it would in six inches" which, even then, seemed to him an astonishing example of feminine (and Scottish) logic. But he learned to be an expert swimmer.

Eventually, David enrolled at Northwestern University and things (although he didn't realize it) really began to happen to him. The first important thing was that he joined a dramatic society and before he knew it, he was playing a role in "Henry IV." And the prettiest girl, named Cynthia Sory, was playing his wife. Well, the cast had its pictures taken in costume and of course they exchanged autographed portraits and David wrote on the one he gave to Cynthia, "To the nicest wife I ever had—up to now." And they both laughed like anything.

Then they parted, she to teach drama and diction in schools and colleges all over the country, David to try his wings on stage and radio here and there. But their birth dates were the same and they always exchanged birthday greetings on January 6. So David always knew where she was—or at least where he could reach her by mail—for a good many years. And he didn't tell her that things weren't going so well, that things had gone so badly, in fact, that once he lived two whole days on a nickel box of cough drops!

He met a girl one year in summer stock who afterward made a name for herself in Hollywood as Julie Bishop. Julie wrote him that if he would come to Hollywood she would try to introduce him to some people . . . so he came . . . and she did. She introduced him to an agent named Henry Willson who got him a test at Warners where they put him under contract.

And guess what his first assignment was! It was to sit down quietly and eat! No— not for one of those banquet sequences. David was ordered merely to eat—and rest—and eat—and eat, without benefit of cameras or directors, until he got some real meat on him. He ate earnestly and consistently for five months before they thought he had fattened up enough to play in pictures.

Suddenly it was 1942 and Dave left Warners to enlist in Naval Aviation. He found himself with two weeks' free time before reporting for induction and decided to spend a rather lonely holiday at Palm Springs. He remembered, "quite by accident," that Cynthia was teaching in Claremont and Claremont was right on the way to the Springs, so he stopped off to call on her.

It developed that there was to be a dance that evening and that Cynthia had a date for it, so David, having paid his respects, trundled on to Palm Springs. But it was hot there and dull, too. And he was uneasy. So he just trundled back to Claremont and crashed the party, cut in on Cynthia, lured her into the garden
"for a chat" and whaddayknow? They never went back to the party.

They couldn't be married right then because cadets weren't allowed to marry until they had achieved their commissions. But Cynthia went home (to Texas) and six months later the medicines discovered something that Dave had hoped to keep from them. He had a chronic, recurring mastoid trouble. A routine physical inspection caught him at a wrong moment and boom! he was out of Naval Aviation and out of every other branch of the services, too. He was a civilian and he didn't have the vestige of a job.

But the indefatigable agent Wilson went to work and pretty soon Dave was under contract to a new studio—Universal—and Cynthia had returned to her teaching job in Claremont and they said, "Why don't we get married—now?" So they did, in a lovely garden ceremony on the Scripps College campus and on their mutual birthday, too—January 6th Cynthia had an apartment in Claremont but her husband hadn't even a prospect of a roof for their heads. So he moved into her apartment, bought himself a three-wheeled putt-putt arrangement, which got forty miles to the gallon, and commuted fifty odd miles to Hollywood for months.

Since then he has played in some seventeen pictures for Universal, in every sort of role you—or he—could possibly imagine.

You'll see this variety starting to pay off when you see him with Deanna Durbin in "Lady On A Train."

And now, he says, he is beginning to have some of the things he has always wanted. Item (1) "The little house with the fenced-in garden at the back for puppies and children." He grins. "Well, I have the house, the garden, the fence and the pup—for starters!" Cynthia gave up teaching last Christmas and they bought the house in the Valley—and the pup.

The house isn't even finished yet, although David already has ambitious plans for his next one! This was a smallish, colonial affair which the energetic pair is industriously converting into something which Dave calls "Swedish modern." It's nice, too. There was a long living room with a dining room at right angles and they have converted the two into one enormous room with a fireplace at the angle, with a semi-circular divan facing it, to "ease the sharp corner." Dave is by way of being an artist and he not only knows colors but he romanticizes them with really wonderful names. For instance, the fireplace nook is in "gray chartreuse" and the outside wall is "apricot beige." The ceiling is lemon yellow and the drapes are a severe mulberry, with no nonsense about it.

Aside from that, there are two bedrooms, a kitchen and bath. One of the bedrooms is designated at present as "David's den" and it is as cluttered and as filled with perfectly amazing objects as Fibber McGee's hall closet.

But mostly, as he shows you about the shiny new place, he points out spots where things are "going to be." Over there, against the garden wall, is "going to be" a barbecue pit. Here is the site of a yet un-dug lilypond. These little twigs are the beginnings of the most remarkable rose bushes. He can make the vaguest of vacant spaces blossom before your eyes. The "new house" which he is planning will be a novel affair, hexagonal in shape, built around a patio and pool. There will be a special arrangement with garages and driveway, "because Cynthia is not at all good at backing up a car!" Some day you feel that David and Cynthia will never settle permanently in any house. It is so much more fun for them to plan and build than it is to sit back and enjoy one.

The house isn't even finished yet, although David already has ambitious plans for his next one! This was a smallish, colonial affair which the energetic pair is industriously converting into something which Dave calls "Swedish modern." It's nice, too. There was a long living room with a dining room at right angles and they have converted the two into one enormous room with a fireplace at the angle, with a semi-circular divan facing it, to "ease the sharp corner." Dave is by way of being an artist and he not only knows colors but he romanticizes them with really wonderful names. For instance, the fireplace nook is in "gray chartreuse" and the outside wall is "apricot beige." The ceiling is lemon yellow and the drapes are a severe mulberry, with no nonsense about it.

Aside from that, there are two bedrooms, a kitchen and bath. One of the bedrooms is designated at present as "David's den" and it is as cluttered and as filled with perfectly amazing objects as Fibber McGee's hall closet.

But mostly, as he shows you about the shiny new place, he points out spots where things are "going to be." Over there, against the garden wall, is "going to be" a barbecue pit. Here is the site of a yet un-dug lilypond. These little twigs are the beginnings of the most remarkable rose bushes. He can make the vaguest of vacant spaces blossom before your eyes. The "new house" which he is planning will be a novel affair, hexagonal in shape, built around a patio and pool. There will be a special arrangement with garages and driveway, "because Cynthia is not at all good at backing up a car!" Some day you feel that David and Cynthia will never settle permanently in any house. It is so much more fun for them to plan and build than it is to sit back and enjoy one.

The Kromex Kakover* has a positive genius for keeping cakes deliciously fresh longer! Here's one gift any homemaker on your Christmas list will be delighted to put right to work!

She'll Love The Way the cover fits into the groove of the plate, because this exclusive Kromex feature "locks" the moisture in and the air out. Naturally, her cakes will stay oven-fresh longer!

Not For Her the bothersome shift to a serving plate. Smartly patterned glass makes the stunning Kromex plate. And it's footed for easy handling. Topped off with the handsome, polished aluminum cover, it's a perfect gift. Be sure to insist on genuine Kromex.

Wherever housewares and gifts are sold.


Only the Kromex Kakover* has the grooved plate that forms a "lock" with the cover to keep the cake freshness in. It's a Kromex feature smart homemakers swear by!

Kromex

Enduringly Beautiful

Cleveland 15, Ohio

Sure as Christmas, she'll love a Kromex Kakover
Cynthia is tiny and exquisite and Dave has had a wonderful time helping her buy clothes. “You see,” he explains, “she was too small and dainty to look like a professor—so she tried to dress like one—all severe, tailored things which were much too old for her. I’ve had to do some persuading to get her into the younger clothes that really suit her.”

His favorite extravagance is buying things for her—even hats—and surprising her with them. And the amazing man isn’t hurt if, by any chance, she doesn’t like his purchases. However, she usually does. He picked up what he, himself, describes as “the darndest little Chinese coat” at a frou-frou shop in Beverly and when he gave it to her she just squeaked, in dismay. “Oh, darling, I couldn’t! It’s—it’s not me!” But she tried it on and Dave glows when he tells you that now she can scarcely spare it long enough to send it to the cleaner.

They don’t go to many big parties, and their own entertaining is mostly confined to small buffet suppers with games and music afterwards. However, they expect to do more elaborate entertaining when their house is finished. He takes pride in his cooking and shows off like anything, especially with his own mayonnaise, makes Hollandaise sauce, does astonishing things with eggs and anchovies. “I like to do things that other people think are difficult,” he confides. “The ham in me comes out when I cook.”

Cynthia has a recipe of her own which caused a deal of comment. It is a “secret recipe” which has been handed down in her family for generations and it was given to her as something very special for a wedding present. All you are permitted to know about this heavenly concoction is that it involves chicken, rosemary and white wine. There must be millions more things in it!

His favorite hats are singing commercials, people who yell at waiters (he did a stint as a waiter, himself, when he was working his way through college) and any shade of orange. He also detests cowboy singers and shrill women.

One of the things he loves best is the touch of a dog’s healthy, cold nose. He also professes great fondness for autumn in Connecticut, colored cartoons, steak and mashed potatoes and the smell of lilacs. The heavy smell of gardenias depresses him and he can’t stand the feel of freshly pressed linen—sheets, pillow cases or shirts. He has to “scrunch” them a bit before he can bear them. He likes to watch football but baseball irritates him. He is proud of the life guard badge he won in Illinois and inordinately proud of the fact that he once grew some tomatoes successfully in a bottle of chemicals.

He pretends he isn’t superstitious but he loves to pick up pins and sometimes he finds himself actually hunting for the things. He thinks he is a little bit superstitious about the number five—five letters in his “lucky names” and all that. Still, the birthdays and the wedding day came on January 6 and he doesn’t know how to explain that.

He has a boyish sophistication which is charming and which arises, one suspects, from a healthy zest for living—and interest in nearly everything he encounters. He has confidence in himself and his future and you feel that it never faltered, even when things were going badly or seemingly to go slowly. His patience and good nature were founded on the fact that he felt sure of himself—his own ability and his luck.

A nice state of mind to be in! But he has the satisfaction of realizing that he was right all the time.
Give Yourself a Lovely
ENCHANTRESS
COLD WAVE PERMANENT

THE TIME: Only 2 to 3 Hours
THE PLACE: In Your Own Home at YOUR Convenience
THE GIRL... With the Pretty Curl Is YOU... at your loveliest

Enchanting is as ENCHANTRESS does... so if you want your hair to be at its enchanting best—give yourself a lovely ENCHANTRESS Cold Wave at home... at your convenience. It's so amazingly simple and easy... so quick—only 2 to 3 hours... and ever so flatteringly natural! Why, all you do is put your hair up in ENCHANTRESS curlers, dab each curl with ENCHANTRESS Quick-Cold-Wave solution, then simply go about tidying up your home or doing other household chores—and in no time at all, the enchantment of lovely, natural looking curls and waves is yours to enjoy for months to come! And when your friends exclaim, "How exquisitely lovely! Is that a $20 permanent?" you can say with real pride, "I did it myself!"

Pure, mild ingredients enable Enchantress to provide waves and curls suited to safeguard the youthful softness of your little girl's hair.

Enchantress Home Wave Kit Includes Everything You Need from Start to Finish

Includes All Tax

Enchantress is Sold on a "You Must Be Thrilled With Results" Money Back Guarantee

All for $1.98

NATIONAL NOVELTIES—Dept. 31
608 So. Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, Ill.
Please rush my Enchantress Cold Wave Permanent Home Kit. If I am not delighted and thrilled with results my money will be refunded. I understand price already includes tax which you pay.

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $1.98 for payment in full. Send My Enchantress Kit Postpaid
☐ Send My Enchantress Kit C.O.D. I will pay postage $1.98 plus postage

Name
Address
City State

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
NEW pure, white odorless* LOTION Safely REMOVES HAIR

- A fragrant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
- Painless . . . not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
- No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
- Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
- Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

NAIR
Cosmetic lotion to remove hair
49¢
On sale at good Drug and Department Stores

Call for Coop

(Continued from page 55) know how potent it was until I got up to ride home to the ranch. I couldn’t understand what was the matter with me. I woke back and forth, but the look on Mother’s face when I entered the house made me very aware of the fact that something was dreadfully wrong. However, I didn’t get a spangle.” As Gary finished his story we reached his house and entered the living room, which is extremely beautiful. There is a distinct Chinese influence in this avocado-green room with the painted dark green floors and the huge fireplace. But very much from our part of the world is the grand piano in the corner, with the music to “Don’t Fence Me In” on the stand, and beside it a report card with the name “Maria Cooper” on it. All the spaces for marks were filled with chubby little “A’s.” Coop smiled as he looked at the card and said, “Maria is pretty good at playing the piano. She is best at boogie-woogie. She also rides a great deal and she’s been able to swim since she was four.” There is a great deal of parental pride in Coop’s voice as he talks about his only child.

We went into the den and soon the Scandinavian to take care of our household brought us tea, while Coop, after some persistent prodding, talked about his new role as producer. “I guess being a producer has given me a better appreciation of details. Angles which one is not aware of as an actor, such as selecting sets, making them and providing budgets for all the various departments, become an awareness but a headache.”

“What is the new trend in pictures?”

“Well,” Coop smiled, “the good war picture hasn’t come yet and it won’t for quite a while. Heroism and sacrifice have been made every day. It will take another few years until the whole story can be pieced together. When it tells, only then will the great stories of the war be written and made into pictures. I wish I knew what people are thinking of. I believe it will be an Americanism, gradually, when the price of war begins to tell on people—when the full realization of it comes over them.”

SUDDENLY eight-year-old Maria burst in waving a red and green balloon—all smiles and enthusiasm from the circus, where she had been with her mother. Later Mrs. Cooper joined us. To hear those three talk is extremely gratifying and reassures one that Hollywood has happy families with every-day interests like circus horses, report cards and weeds in the garden. Maria lives a normal life, scarcely aware of the fact that her father is a famous movie star. She plays around with the neighborhood children and she confided in me that the pet of all of them right now is a tame duck, which the children take turns in walking up and down the streets of Brentwood.

The Coopers find a lot of time to be together. You’re likely to find the three of them at the beach, Coop playing with his boxer Arno who has a liking for swimming in salt water, Maria building a castle in the sand and Mrs. Cooper watching the whole scene with pleasure and pride.

Coop still smiles when he thinks and talks of the days, twenty years ago, when he arrived in Hollywood to spend the winter because his mother happened to be there at the time. He had no idea of going into the movies, in fact as he says, “I never would have if I hadn’t run into two friends from my home town in Montana, who were doing extra work out at Fox. I had decided to go into the advertising business and it was merely because it was rather slack at the time that I agreed to go out to Fox and work with my friends. There were two
famous stars making a love scene. I stood pretty far back in the extras’ rank and it was with awe that I watched the man, who made $17,500 a week, humbly something or other to his lovely co-star. I decided to find out how he makes $17,500 a week.

I asked some friends of mine out here how one became a movie star. I even went so far as to go to an agent. Everybody told me it happened that an extra had been pulled from the ranks. It might happen to me, but when? How I got into the movies and signed a $50 a week contract with Samuel Goldwyn has been told dozens of times. In fact, he wanted to sign me on a long-term contract while we were on location of the first picture we made, but I wouldn’t. When I had been sitting in Hollywood for three months doing nothing, I went back to Goldwyn and told him I’d like to sign that contract, but for $100 a week. He shook his head and said, “I don’t want you now.”

“Later on I signed with Paramount and stayed there for many years. Those were the days when studios really used their actors. I often made six or seven pictures a year, shooting day and night, with the result that I came down with jaundice. The doctors forbade me to work and I went to Africa for five months. I figured what was the good of getting the money if I would be dead before I could enjoy it.”

Sure, there was a time when he would stay up nights to figure out how to earn $17,500 a week, but there have been many times when his thinking powers had been set in just as high a gear to discover and answer this: “How to be a star and live like the man next door, with a firm belief in the fact that all things which are the fundamentals in life cost nothing.”

Gary Cooper, as we all know, found a solution to the $17,500 question, and as those who know him well have discovered, he found an answer to the other one as well.

THE END

Can she “really understand” him now?

TUNE IN

“My True Story”

Hear real life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don’t miss them!

Every Morning
Monday Thru Friday
9:00 CT, 10:00 ET, 19:30 PT, 11:30 MT.
All American Broadcasting Co. Stations

I’m so Happy
it’s a Keepsake
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING
Trade Mark Registered

“...home to my heart forever...
...and on my finger shines the eternal symbol of our love...
a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring.”

Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of color, cut and clarity which have made Keepsake the most famous name in diamonds. The name “Keepsake” in the ring...the nationally established price on the tag...and the Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee assures true quality and honest value. At your Keepsake Jewelers...$100 to $3500.

Keepakes Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the wonderful 30-page book, “The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding,” with illustrations of Keepsake rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jewelers. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing.

Keepsake Enagement Ring's, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.


Name
Street and No.
City
State
Date

MAIL IN
3 Tips on Home decorating!

1. I put color "magic" in my kitchen! Wait 'til you see how your shelves sparkle up when you use gay, crisper-clean Royledge Shelving.

2. I make my linen closets sing with color... vivid Royledge Shelving makes linen closets actually look beautiful! Clothes closets, and children's closets, too!

3. I decorate lamps, picture frames, etc. with colorful Royledge "left-over" designs!

It's so easy to use Royledge shelving--no tacks just place on shelf and fold. Double-thick edge stays crisp. Choose Royledge patterns today at 5-and-10's, naborhood, dept. stores.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN COLOR

If beauty thrills you—you will be fascinated by these photos of your favorite MOVIE STARS, in beautiful LIFE LIKE COLORS. These gorgeous photos are 8x10 and are ready to frame, put in shadow box or in your movie album.


These photos are printed on heavy coated paper, 8x10, in FULL COLORS, your choice of any eight listed above for 50c-16 for $1.00—entire set of 34 only $2.00. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

IRVING KLAWS, 212 East 144th ST.
NEW YORK CITY 3, N. Y.

Shirley, Lohengrin and Happiness

(Continued from page 38) pearls, and on her head to hold her long, white tulle veil, Shirley wore a tiny crown of corded white satin. Her gloves were tiny wrist-length white satin, pearl encrusted. Her bouquet was of white orchids.

At the sound of the gay school song, Mrs. Temple, looking very stunning in dark gray satin, came into the Bride's Room. She stopped at the sight of all those legs, and weakly gasped, "Oh, Shir!"

Shirley giggled. "Mom, don't you dare weep."

"Mother," Shirley's impish grin disappeared, "are you sure Jack's here?"

"Of course I am."

"Did you see him yourself?"

"Well, no, dear, but he must be here."

"Oh mother, we've got to make sure."

They made sure. Jack was on the opposite side of the church with his ushers.

They were just beginning to relax when Howard Greer, who had designed Shirley's gown, appeared. "Stand up," he ordered firmly. "I want to be sure that veil drapes perfectly."

Shirley rose spritely. Her veil satisfied the critical Greer eyes. Mrs. Temple adjusted her pretty gray and magenta hat. The bridesmaids rose up in their white rose. Not one wrinkle was near the lot of them. They picked up their blue and rose bouquets, to match the decorations inside the church. The wedding party studied and talked. And waited, and waited. People were still thronging inside the church, the five hundred invited guests who were not there for "show" at all, who in most instances weren't big names (Shirley invited every cameraman with whom she's ever worked, and her hairdressers and the girl who gives her body massage, friends like that as well as friends like the girls from Westlake). The Zanucks came in. Joseph Schenck came in. The Governor of California, Earl Warren, came in. The organist began rambling over the keys in an obviously stalling way. And they waited. "For Mr. Selznick I'll bet a cookie," said Shirley, and at that moment David Selznick rushed in at that very eleventh hour.

Then the ceremony did begin, with Mrs. Temple giving her lovely child away, with the Rev. Dr. Willard Martin officiating at the double ring service. Not even What-a-Man Gable ever kissed a leading lady with more desire and authority than handsome young Jack. Actually it was the many-haired Mrs. Agar, who kissed him straight back with the same enthusiasm.

Now you may be wondering why after saying the words she would not be married for two years Shirley changed her mind. She changed it when they learned Jack was to be sent overseas. They heard this news at the very end of July. They, no more than the rest of the world, knew V-J day was so blessedly close. All they knew was that they were to be separated, perhaps for months or years, dreadfully, for life. Whereupon Shirley told her mother she was going to marry Jack immediately.

But when V-J day came about she wavered again. She is very mature, perhaps, but still seventeen is mighty young. She wants to go to college. There are still things she wants to do with her career. If Jack is to be stationed in this country or, by chance, mustered out fairly soon, she felt she might wait. Actually it wasn't until Jack got final news that peace or not, he is going overseas, that Shirley set the date.
The reception at the Temple estate was everything romantic. Incidentally, all that Wednesday had been foggy but as though on schedule for Shirley, the full moon came out at seven and by ten, when the party had completed the long drive from the church, the Temple gardens were completely bathed in limpid moonlight. Dotted every little distance along the two-and-a-half-hours-long receiving line were open braziers in which charcoal burned, taking the chill from the night air. In a lovely summer house, now framed in smilax and orange blossoms before a rose garden, which with some florist's wizardry had every rose bush in full bloom, Shirley and Jack together with their mothers and the bridesmaids waited. At the left of the garden was a great flower hung canvas roof, over tables, where champagne and delicious hot supper dishes were being served, and at the right was another small canvas roof, supported by multi-colored poles under which rested the wedding cake, ready for the cutting, and strolling musicians everywhere played romantic tunes.

Jack only had a fifteen day furlough for his wedding, which included his travel to and from the wedding from his camp in Oregon. So the young couple had less than a week's honeymoon.

LIKE all bridal pairs, Shirley and Jack gave the reception crowd the impression that they were dashing off in four far directions for their honeymoon, but actually their bridal night was spent in one of Los Angeles' quietest but most luxurious hotels. Here for weeks the opulent bridal suite had been engaged for a "young soldier and his bride" for the morning of Sept. 19th. The management was so careful about guarding the secret that the night clerk of the establishment did not even know the identity of the bridal couple.

So along about ten-thirty of the evening of September 19th in came a young soldier and his blushing bride. He was a quite imposing young man of considerable military rank, despite his youth. He stammered that he and his wife had a reservation. The clerk jumped to a quick conclusion and gave them the bridal suite.

About two and a half hours later, Sgt. and Mrs. John Agar arrived and asked for their reservations. The night clerk, sickly recognizing the beaming Mrs. Agar, knew what he had to do. He did it too. While the most famous young bride in the world was in the room in one of the most luxurious hotels, the Agars moved to a lesser suite.

The next day the young Agars drove ninety miles north for a day in Santa Barbara. Next they went on to Santa Maria and Carmel and then came back to Brentwood in the trailer that Jack had bought with his soldiers' wages and moved to a lesser suite.

Temporarily Shirley's playground on the estate, which is as big as the average small family home anyway, is being converted into a home for her and Jack. At this time, in the barn which was used as storage place for all the gifts. Even the silver presents which she received covered nine long tables. And there were, of course, hundreds of other presents. But before she got back from her honeymoon, all these gifts were neatly packed and catalogued, and all Shirley had to do was to write the thank you notes. When Jack gets out of service, he and Shirley will live most of the year in

**The Girl Who Stayed Home**

**IS A SLIM, TRIM BEAUTY NOW!**

Fat and forgotten a few months ago, Virginia Josselyn of Denver, Colo., loses 49 pounds, becomes poised and popular.

"I know what it is to be 14, fat, and forgotten," says Virginia Josselyn. "I was left out of the parties a school girl loves. And no wonder. I weighed 164 and was getting heavier. Then, with Mother's approval, I started the DuBarry Success Course right at home. In three months I lost 30 pounds, in five months, 49! Now, at 115 pounds, my dress size is 9 instead of 20! My skin is smooth and lovely and I've learned the art of subtle make-up.

"What a difference all this has made in my life. I've been two formals—something for a freshman! My week is filled with dates and doings in the clubs and groups I now belong to. I have so much pep, I whiz through my housework in no time at all, then I'm off to go swimming, hiking, biking. You have made me a very happy girl, with a bright new future!"

**A WORD FROM VIRGINIA'S MOTHER**

"For years we had been heart-broke because of our daughter's handicap. I consulted an expert about the Success Course, and he recommended it. She has completed it with such success, I can scarcely tell you how happy it has made us."—Mrs. L. V. Josselyn.

**HOW ABOUT YOU?** Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Home Success Course can help you.

Just five years ago, the DuBarry Success Course was founded, bringing to women all over America the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Since then more than 225,000 women and girls of all ages from 12 to 60 have followed this practical plan for achieving beauty and vitality.

The Course is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—look better, feel better, be at your best.

When the Success Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without the slightest obligation, what it can do for you?
THOSE New-Design SANITARY NAPKINS GIVE YOU SO MUCH COMFORT!

YOU WON'T MIND THOSE "DIFFICULT" DAYS
—when you switch to SANAPAK!

Put SANAPAK on your shopping list, right now! For these new-design sanitary napkins are made with a cotton facing to give you extra comfort. They're made with three "Pink Layers"—safety zones that give you triple protection. Sleek, tapered ends. Yet new-design SANAPAK cost no more than ordinary napkins!

Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!

DON'T CUT CUTICLES

Manicure is a smart cosmetic which beautifies nails while it softens cuticle. MANICARE is a cuticle remover, cuticle oil and stain remover, all in one.

Manicure

35¢ a jar

Drug and Dept. Stores.

Protection F.A.T.H.

Precious Solid Sterling Silver LORD'S RING

For Men and Women—LIFETIME GUARANTEE!

Show your faith in the LORD and in HIS POWER to protect wearer from all harm, evil and misfortune.

SEND NO MONEY! Only your name and address.

Pay Postman on delivery of beautiful ring in a lovely gift box.

Dest. P

$4.95 FOR EVERYTHING!

HOLY RING CO., 575 Fulton St., B'klyn 1, N. Y.

Ideal for X'MAS GIFT

Jomur Saber Pin

Gold Rolled on Sterling Silver

All Hand Made to Your Order

YOUR FIRST NAME STRIKINGLY hand-crafted adds to "extra" personalized touch to your attire. The Saber can actually be withdrawn from its scabbard. Dress up your coat, jacket, suit or hat. Attractive, smart, different.

SAVE MONEY

SEND US NAME DESIRED ON SABER PIN

Send us $3.75 plus 75c tax, and we pay all charges—or you pay Postman on arrival $3.75 plus tax and few cents C.O.D. charges.

FREE Pearl Heart-shaped Earrings with each order of a Jomur Saber Pin.

JOMUR COMPANY (Dept. D)

542 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

Beverly Hills. That is because his widowed mother and his sister as well as the Temple love California, and besides Shirley wants to go on working, at least to the extent of one picture a year.

"Oh, I got such beautiful things," Shirley said. "And as for my trousseau, you never saw anything so gorgeous. Why, I got so many negligees and nighties for presents I don't expect to buy any more for years. But I'm going to take my white wool dressing gown on my honeymoon just the same."

This white wool dressing gown has been Shirley's favorite acquisition ever since she desired to wed. If you could see it, you wouldn't wonder. It has a tight bodice and a very full skirt and it's embroidered with many glittering rhinestones so that, in it, she looks like a most exciting, small Christmas tree.

After it was all over, a tear of us who were very old friends of Shirley's were comparing notes. We found that she had said exactly the same thing to each of us as we went along the receiving line, "Isn't Jack handsome?" she said.

A couple of us had teased her by saying that we were sure that Jack was nice, but did she really think him handsome?

Shirley had flamed up at that. "Why you know he's the handsomest, most intelligent, most charming, adorable boy ever born," she said.

Which, of course, is exactly the way every young bride should feel about her bridegroom.

THE END

That Engaging Young Williams

(Continued from page 58) There he met and married Ruth Morgan, also a member of the company, and that was where he formed a little company of his own which subsequently traveled Europe and even "did" a command performance for the King and Queen of England. The company made a hasty dash for the United States at the outset of the war in Europe and continued a successful tour in this country, winding up with an engagement which began on Christmas Day, 1942, at Earl Carroll's restaurant in New York.

Bill became a shuttle pilot for Consolidated Airlines shortly afterward and then went into the Army.

He was released later because of an old residual injury which he explains by telling you, "When I was still pretty young, I tried to learn to ride—but before I had quite learned, I essayed to do a Tom Mix. The horse turned a corner and I didn't and that caused the injury!"

After his release from the Army he went to work in pictures in small parts which led, rather rapidly, to his role in "These Endearing Young Charms" and a long term contract.

And he met The Girl—Barbara Hale. He says he was never really interested in her. "We just began to smile at one another on the lot, the way people will, you know. Then one day I invited her to have a coke and after that we used to talk some and I tried to figure out how to get better acquainted. She told me she was going to make a test for a scene in which she used a dummy dixie. I pretended I thought she couldn't do it and I teased her along until she was a little bit defiant and then I made a bet with her about it (Of course I knew she could do it). I bet her a dinner that she couldn't and of course I lost, just as I had planned to do."

It was along about then that Bill and Barbara began to be a twosome on the
lot, wandering around, hand-in-hand, with that Look in their eyes that made hard-bitten old-timers get a bit misty around the spectacles. But the old-timers didn't know the whole story.

They knew that little Barbara, the dewy-eyed one, had come into pictures almost as recently as Bill, himself, and under almost as surprising circumstances. For brown-haired, hazel-eyed Barbara, born in DeKalb, Illinois, and reared in Rockford, in the same state, had planned to be a commercial artist. But, just as Bill was too handsome and muscular to be allowed to continue his chosen career, Barbara was too pretty to be allowed to follow hers. When she went to Chicago to study art at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, the people there began instantly to implore her to pose for pictures instead of drawing them, herself.

Without her knowledge, Al Seaman, of the Chicago Models Bureau, sent a picture of her to an executive in Hollywood and almost immediately afterward, Charles Koerner, himself—the big boss of the studio, stopped in Chicago to have a look at her. Twenty-four hours later the gasping Barbara was on her way to California and twenty-four hours after she arrived there she was before the cameras, working in "Gildenhue's Day." Six or seven pictures later she found herself with that nice, plump role in "First Man Into Tokyo" and just now she is playing opposite Robert Young in a picture tentatively titled, "Ladies Choice."

So-O-O-O she met Bill Williams and the gossip was puzzled because this obviously idyllic pair kept on not announcing any "plans." No one knew about Bill's former marriage—not even when he was quietly divorced in Los Angeles more than three months ago under his real name.

"I guess Ruth and I were too young when we were married to know what we wanted from life and from each other. We simply didn't see alike about anything. It was an impossible situation and we separated long before I came into pictures or ever even heard of Barbara."

"Of course," he went on, "Barbara and I can't have any 'plans,' however we may feel. Why, I haven't even a home! I'm just a squatter, living around with any friends who will take me in for a night or two. So, even if we didn't have to wait nine more months for the divorce to be final, I wouldn't be a very good bet as a bridegroom at the moment."

He loves to spend weekends with his old vaudeville friends, the Weir Brothers, at Mount Vernon, not only because the swimming is fine there, but he also says, when in the middle of a swim, he glows to tell you, "a simply super workshop with all kinds of tools and lathes—everything to make things with!"

Naturally, he makes things for Barbara—a set of hat boxes, book shelves, some cases for her correspondence, in the hope, he tells you, with a sly grin, that she may become more tidy in her habits. A year ago he went shopping with her and she was enchanted by a pair of lamp bases which were priced at sixty dollars. "Pss-sst!" he nudged her. "Don't say anything. I can make you some just like 'em for a dollar!" He did, too, and when Barbara took them to the shop to have shades made the proprietor asked her where she had bought them. "A friend made them," said Barbara. "Well," rejoined the shopkeeper, "you tell your friend that I'll pay him a good price for a matching pair he can turn out!"

If you go hunting for Bill, you are likely to find him wearing the checkered flannel shirt which causes such amusement at the studio, squatting in the middle of a large, pie-shaped mess of nuts and bolts and wearing a blob of grease on his nose.
It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that’s too strong can often leave you feeling worse than before!

A laxative that’s too mild to give proper relief is just as bad as none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It’s America’s most widely used laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups.

As a precaution use only as directed.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—Don’t dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives! Take Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative! It’s thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
10c and 25c at all drug stores

He nods at the nuts and bolts, explains, "This is my car!" He calls it "True Love," because it rarely runs smoothly.

Actually he is the soul of tidiness. It’s a fetish with him and dates back, he thinks, to the rigorous training his mother contrived to give him, despite their broken home life. "It made life bearable for me when I was on the road," he reports. "I knew fellows who didn’t know how to keep their clothes and themselves in order when we were making ‘short jumps.’ They lived in a perpetual mess."

Bill has an "over-all plan." “I don’t see,” he says, "why you shouldn’t organize an acting career as another man would a business."

Some—he likes to dance and feels an aptitude for it. He takes two tap lessons a week, a singing lesson every day. He spends half an hour a day reading aloud and studying records—for dictation. He works out in the studio gym and spends an hour in the sun in the interests of health and that bronze color. And the amazing man spends most of his evenings writing replies to his fan letters—and trying to persuade Barbara to do the same. "I’m not getting so much mail now that I can’t handle it myself," he says. "Later on, I hope it will be too much for me! But I can spare the time and I learn from these letters."

Anyhow, he doesn’t like parties. He says, quite simply, "I don’t like to drink and I don’t like to get all dressed up and then—crowds of people appall me. I won’t put on evening clothes because I look exactly like a truck driver who has never had them on before. I can’t go to night clubs. You know I can’t afford to put out fifty dollars for a dinner check! And if I could afford it—it certainly wouldn’t be worth it."

His pet extravagance, if he has one, is really good clothes. "Only," he frowns, "my taste in clothes is terrible. I always get Barbara to go with me when I buy them because she knows about things like lines and fabrics and colors and things like that. She’s an expert!"

He shakes his head over his other extravagance. He is, he says, "a pushover for a sob story." "Even when I realize that the story is a phony one, I can’t help digging into the jeans for someone who has put tears into my eyes. Since I know it’s foolish a lot of the time—well, I just put it down to being a pushover and mark it off, trying not to feel like a sucker."

He scarcely notices what he eats, so long as it isn’t a mess of unadorned lettuce or angel food cake. Almost any meat dish will do nicely. He can cook himself—"because how can a man live by himself unless he can do that?"

If his career goes as he plans it, he will invest in a twenty-acre ranch near Los Angeles and he will build a modest house (his plans for all this are complete to tiniest detail) and he will stock it with cows and chickens. If there is one thing he loves more than dissecting an automobile, it is milking a cow.

Then he, presumably with the beautiful Barbara, will go a-traveling all over the world on freighters and perhaps on donkey-back or camel-back and they will see everything—"while we are still young enough to do it and enjoy it."

Well, those are his plans and we wish him well. And we’ll never, never tell him about Bill Powell and Ronald Colman and the dozens of others who have had plans for "just enough money"—and "then we’ll travel everywhere and see everything."

Young Bill has his Barbara and his swiftly unfolding career—and anyway he’s one of those people to whom Things—important, exciting Things happen.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 24)

✓ Hold That Blonde (Paramount)

It begins with a bang, gathering giggles that explode into guffaws and then half way through goes drunk with success and bounces out to overdone farcical that has neither rhyme nor reason.

Eddie Bracken is permitted to overact in the last half of the film to a maddening extent. It's so needless, too, for Eddie is funny just standing still. But don't think this is going to hinder your enjoyment of the film, for you'll probably make a spectacle of yourself laughing until your head off in several instances. Our beef is it could have been a perpetual laugh fest.

Eddie is a kleptomaniac who attempts to follow his psychologist's advice and find himself a girl. Eddie, always willing to obey, not only meets her but-swipes her compact in which is hidden the combination of a safe holding a priceless necklace. Well, right about the side of the girl, played by Veronica Lake, is being blackmailed into helping three jewel thieves, and Eddie, hoping to avert the theft, lands right in the middle of it.

Eddie, so cute, and Veronica, so fair, make a merry pair.

The cast, including Lewis L. Russell as owner of the necklace, Willie Best as Eddie's valet and Albert Dekker as the police inspectors, do right nobly.

Your Reviewer Says: Is that you laughing?

✓ The Enchanted Forest (PRC)

Our great naturalist and writer Henry David Thoreau would have understood Hollywood's back-to-nature attempt better, perhaps, than we. But certainly he wouldn't have appreciated more than we the effort that went into the making of a truly different movie.

The little animals of the forest: Snooky the squirrel, Brownie the Fox, a morose old crow, Bruce the dog and other intriguing characters, capture the honors from the human actors, lending it all a Walt Disney flavor that is charming.

The story has Harry Davenport, a sort of forest hermit who rescues a baby afoot in a stream during a storm. The kindly old man raises the lad amidst his forest friends until one day the mother, Brenda Joyce, returns to the woods on the advice of her doctor Edmund Lowe, and is reunited with her son.

Clancy Cooper is the lumberjack baddie and John Litel grandfather of the missing child—Billy Severn the child. All are splendid. The background music lends a nice quality to a story that is, to say the least, restful and even heartening.

Your Reviewer Says: Nature spelled sideways is always good.

✓ Kiss And Tell (Columbia)

You'll laugh till your sides ache. You'll go to pieces all over the place at the story, the dialogue, the real characters who get enmeshed in the situations, and have yourself a wonderful time.

And it could happen, which makes it all the more ludicrously ridiculous. Young officers do marry their sweethearts in secret elopements, brides do have babies while their husbands are overseas, and they do get everybody else in a tizzy.

Shirley Temple, who has the good grace and good sense to play it straight and let the story carry the laughs, comes into maturity as the sister of the secret bride...
Cutting Cuticle IS DANGEROUS!

Don’t Take Chances! Wipe It Away with TAD!

1 TAD softens dead, loose cuticle quickly . . . so you can wipe it away safely!
2 TAD prevents ugly, open cuticle cracks that invite infection!
3 TAD does not irritate. Keeps cuticle smooth and neat . . . keeps nails lovelier looking longer!
4 TAD saves time. Does a better job faster, safer. Costs only 10c or 25c a bottle!

Ask for TAD today at any department, drug or ten-cent store.

Tad!
The Safer Way to New Nail Beauty!

TAD SALES, 3950 N. Southport Ave., Chicago 13, Ill.

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today.

DR. HAND’S TEETHING LOTION Just rub it on the gums

126

available for immediate delivery!

Electric Stoves
1-Burner and 2-Burner

Electric Sleem Irons Autoelectric Irons Electric Irons

RADIOs, A.C. & D.C.
Table and Console Models

Iron Elements Heater Elements Cooker Elements Infra-Red Wire all sizes

Infrared Health Lamps Desk Lamps—Bed Lamps

Electric Food and Cream Mixers Electric Toasters Electric Broilers

Scheid Electric Vacuum Cleaners

Carpet Sweepers

Electric Room Heaters Electric Fans—table and floor models

Electric Toasters Sandwich Toasters Waffle Bakers

Silverware for Home Use Silverware for Restaurants Enamelled Cooking Ware Aluminum Cooking Ware Christmas Tree Lights complete Cigarette Lighters

Send Stamped Return Envelope for Prices

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO., Dept. M-12
667-671 N. CLARK ST., CHICAGO 10, ILL.

PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS 12 for $1.00 or 10c ea.

Take advantage of our SPECIAL winter price of 12 for $1.00 and receive the 12 of your favorite. Minimum Order 25c

FREE! Neatly Bound Coupons and Catalog of Over 100 Photos

Van Johnson—MG M Star

DE LUXE PHOTO SERVICE Dept. M84
Box 953 Church St. Annex, N. Y. 8, N. Y.

Can’t Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She’s as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tied kidney.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste products of the blood. They help keep people pass about 3.5 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with anything and burning sometimes show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Donah’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Donah’s Pills.

The Dolly Sisters
(20th Century-Fox)

All the time-worn clichés that have been littering up Fox musicals for years have been thrown into this Technicolor film whose formula by now is as familiar as last year’s hat. But even as we write this we vision the long line of eager customers at box offices anxious and even willing to see “The Dolly Sisters.”

John Payne returns to the screen in his first role since his discharge from the aviation corps. Betty Grable gives with the songs and dances, loves John, renounces him and then picks him up again.

Reputed to be a biographical film of the
famous Dolly Sisters who sang and danced their way to international fame—outside of the fact they were sisters who came from Hungary—there is little of their real story left, which is a pity.

June Haver is a perfect replica of Miss Grable as "Rosy" Dolly, and does very well in her warbling and stepping. S. Z. Sakall is just himself, jowly and howly, as their uncle. Frank Lathimore has an easy, tongue-in-cheek attitude that's very pleasant. Gene Sheldon and Trudy Marshall are good.

The sets are decorative, the numbers lavish, the music catchy—especially the old numbers. And since customers in the past have liked this story, we see no reason why they should change their minds now.

Your Reviewer Says: We've seen it before!

First Yank Into Tokyo (RKO)

Well, well, some enterprising people jumped the gun on this one which deals more or less with the atomic bomb. Made long before the actual bombing, the story really steals a march on others that are bound to follow.

Tom Neal plays an American major who speaks Japanese and even looks Japanese due to plastic surgery, and who steals into a Tokyo concentration camp in order to seek an American engineer, imprisoned there, who knows the secret of the bomb.

Coincidence is stretched a bit far when Neal finds there his fiancée, Barbara Hale, to whom he dares not reveal his real identity. Some pretty hectic moments of suspense creep up when Neal, the engineer played by Marc Kramer, and Miss Hale attempt to steal aboard a British submarine off Honshu Island.

Neal gives a sustained and interesting performance and Miss Hale goes right onward and even upward in her career. Keye Luke, Richard Loo, Leonard Strong and Benson Fong are nicely cast.

Your Reviewer Says: The first of its kind.

Love Honor And Goodbye (Republic)

O.K! Stop! How silly can you get? And why in heaven's name would Virginia Bruce imagine anyone wouldn't see through

Best Pictures of the Month

"The Lost Weekend"
"Kiss And Tell"

Best Performances

Ray Milland in
"The Lost Weekend"

Shirley Temple and
Jerome Courtland in
"Kiss And Tell"

Don't depend on perfume to mask scalp odor. You've got to prevent it.

Even women who take careful precautions against body perspiration sometimes don't realize that the scalp perspires, too. And hair, particularly oily hair, absorbs unpleasant odors. Scalp Odor results.

Make sure your hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Shampoo it regularly with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This scientific shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. It cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly—leaves the hair fresh—grandly clean. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Use Packer's and banish Scalp Odor forever.

At all drug, department and ten-cent stores.
that French-governess disguise—accent notwithstanding. And what was Victor McErlagen doing messes around as a butler in such a silly household? Ocasional acting bits stand out and the cast, including Helen Broderick and Nils Asther are exceptionally good. And little Jacqueline Moore is a cutie-pie kidder if ever there was one. Edward Ashley who puts up with Virginia, his stage-struck wife, has more patience than we've ever had.

Your Reviewer Says: Fish-tush!

✓ Shady Lady (Universal)

SHADY lady? Why lady! It should be titled "Shady Charlie Coburn" if we are to believe the old bird's gift with cards—especially marked ones. In fact, it's a poker game in which Coburn deals the marked cards belonging to Alan Curtis and outsuits him at his own crookedness that steals the show. What a game! News-papier Hugh Beaumont to murder. The story hits a vacuum every so often, too, that leaves the audience wondering what they're wasting their time for.

Your Reviewer Says: Chuckly.

Apology For Murder (PRC)

TUT, tut, tut—this will never do, not only because it's a bad imitation of "Double Indemnity" (or so it seemed to us) but also because it has so little to recommend it on its own.

Ann Savage is almost too savage (this time of year we always go pun-y) as the "hard-berded" nasty who masquerades as a friend and politely steals the money collected as royal taxes and neatly divide it among the poor. Of course it isn't quite so simple as that (nothing French is) for Willard finds himself with a doll—something more fierce. And when the doll he loves turns out to be the sister of the king's rascally aide de camp, gallant Willard spares his life and gives up, a tavern duel. Then Willard, played for laughs by Lloyd Corrigan, attempts to put over a fast one which eventually sends him off to the Bastille.

Willard does right well in his role. Aniza Louise is her usual self as the girl he loves. John Loder, the Englishman who gets caught in the middle of the fracas, Janis Carter, a tavern lass, George Mac ready as the no-good brother of Aniza, and Edgar Buchanan as the would-be comical companion of Parker, crowd the scene and the story to the bursting point. The thing keeps moving, however, with fights, brawls and romantic shenanigans.

Your Reviewer Says: Old world hoop-la.


**Behind City Lights** (Republic)

SEE what happens to little country girls who aren't satisfied with their country beau. They go off to the city and become sophisticated and gay only to discover their new-found love is that "old jewel" thief in disguise. So back they go to the country again hoping to find the bumpkin suitor still waiting around.

The story, simple as that, is told in a nice easy manner that lulls one into believing this is quite a charming little number. Lynne Roberts who treks over from Westerns to play the lead, turns in a good job. Esther Dale as Aunt Sarah, Peter Cookson and Jerome Cowan as the city slickers and William Terry as the farmer beau contribute to the cozy proceedings.

*Your Reviewer Says: At least it doesn't irritate.*

**River Gang** (Universal)

We are told, in this minor little movie, that Gloria Jean is an inhibited sort of girl, kept in a fairy-tale daze by her panic-stricken uncle John Qualen. When a priceless Stradivarius is stolen, a gang of kids, including Gloria, and led by Keefe Brasselle, begin running down clues and end in a surprise climax.

Certainly not intended as an A production, the film may be received happily in its own little niche. But who wants to run into a niche on purpose? Gloria sings one number well, and shows considerable improvement in the acting department. John Qualen as her uncle, Sheldon Lewis as a menace, and Bill Goodwin as a cop, do good jobs.

*Your Reviewer Says: Sometimes we wished crime paid.*

*Boston Blackie's Rendezvous.*

Chester Morris as Boston Blackie is the best little old detective in the whole blooming movie business. Who else, pray tell, can pull rabbits from psychiatrist's vests with one hand while trapping a mad old stranger with the other? Could Bill Powell do it? Could you? Could Karloff? Morris is a swell actor who should be doing big time, believe us. Nina Foch looks properly perturbed as the girl who almost gets her neck squeoze off. And no wonder. Such things can be so upsetting. Steve Cochran is the booby man and George Slone the ever present dumb stooge of the smart Chester.

*Your Reviewer Says: Try pulling us out of a silk hat sometime, Chet.*

**Come Out Fighting** (Monogram)

Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Gabriel Dell and other unreformed Dead Enders will probably grow into middle age still playing Eastside Kids. At least there seems to be no relief in sight with Leo still the heart-of-gold brat caught in a police clean-up campaign because he's been too noisy. It seems Leo and his cohorts have been practicing for the interborough boxing tournament and meant no harm. So (isn't this thrilling?) the police commissioner tells the kids it's okay if they'll take his ballet dancing son and toughen him up.

A gag called June Carlson, along with Amelia Ward, Addison Richards and George Meeker were in it. We saw them as plain as day right there on the screen.

*Your Reviewer Says: Put up your dukes.* 

---

**Ah-h-h!**

Now I Can Breathe Again!

Wonderfully quick, a little Va-tron-nol in each nostril opens the nasal passages — makes breathing easier — when your nose fills up with stuffy transient congestion of a head cold. Brings new breathing comfort at night — invites restful sleep. Works fine for relieving snuffy, sneezy distress of head colds. Try it! You'll like it! Follow directions in package.

VICKS

VA-TRO-NOL

---

**Diamonds!**

Genuine Diamonds in Solid Gold Settings

Rich Yellow Gold Engagement and Marriage Rings

**6 GENUINE DIAMONDS AT A TREMENDOUS SAVING TO THE PUBLIC**

10 Day Trial

YOU'RE SATISFIED OR YOUR MONEY BACK. THESE DIAMOND RINGS ARE SO WELL MADE BY EXPERT CRAFTSMEN THAT WE CAN GIVE THIS AMAZING OFFER. GUARANTEED FOREVER!

Our Ruby is Unrivalled — Rush Your Order Today — Send No Money — We Trust You — Pay Postman on Delivery of Beautiful Diamond Rings Plus 10% Tax and Postage. A BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX — FREE!

Mail Orders To: HOUSE OF DIAMONDS

257 FULTON STREET

BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.
ON a tiny island off the coast of Greece, we’re told, is an island of the dead. On a tiny seat in the third row sat your reviewer practically dead with fright, for this, my friends, is one of those special chillers of Val Lewton—the man who started all that Cat People commotion, remember? And what’s more it has Karloff in it going mad at stated intervals and wonder, for when Karloff, a Greek general, takes war correspondent Marc Exner, over to the island to see the crypts of the dead—he finds them empty.

Well, the plug hits along about then and the old evil eye superstition creeps in with Ellen Drew a victim of “the eye.” Superstitious terror and drama are expertly wove together for a pretty solid little scare-em-to-death.

Karloff does a splendid job, Katherine Emery, Helen Thimig, and Alan Napier do good work too. Fact is, we think you’ll agree it’s a fair enough chiller, if you go for that type of movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Whose knees are knocking?

Outlaw of The Rockies (Columbia)

WHAT the heck goes on here—with Charles Starrett two people all at once (which reminds me—why can’t we be me and Lena at the same time?)? One of the Starretts is the sheriff and the other is the Durango Kid—a mounted Robin Hood, of all things.

Anyway the townsfolk take a gloomy view of Charlie. They think he helped his pal, Tex Harding, break jail and Tex goes it alone as the Durango Kid and after a few reels of you-chase-me and I’ll-chase-you stuff, with some singing, heaven help us, thrown in, we finally get to the end of the darned thing with everything just too kopeetic for words. For our words, anyway.

Carole Matthews is Tex’s girl friend, Dub Taylor and Philip Van Zandt are in it.

Your Reviewer Says: These yere Western folk sure do cut out.
young bride-to-be, torn between two conflicting emotions operating in her heart. The horror emotion transforms Phyllis into a girl capable of leaving her home and betrothed, and finally murder. The courtroom scene with Edmund Gwenn as the psychiatrist is good, but the story misses. (Sept.)

BLONDE RANSOM—Universal: The old tale of the fellow who's about to lose his night club to a gambler when along comes the pretty blonde who saves the day. Donald Cook is the hero and Virginia Grey the blonde who pretends to be kidnapped in order to get money from George Barter so she can help Cook keep his night club. (Sept.)

VLOOD ON THE SUN—Caymey-UA: Jimmy Cagney has no world better in this independent production, but he has a role that fits to a T in a Tommy coxy, enterprising reporter on an American paper in Tokyo. Sylvia Sidney, as the Eurasian whose allegiance gives Cagney guessing, gives a beautiful, credible performance. There's a great deal of authenticity about the picture that is intriguing. (Sept.)

CAPTAIN EDDIE—20th Century-Fox: The life and times of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has been presented in a manner that holds the interest and intrigues the imagination. Fred MacMurray plays the noted flier with sincerity and gentleness, and the rest of the cast, including Lynn Bari, Richard Crane, Lloyd Nolan, Charles Russell, Stanley Ridges and Richard Conte, are all excellent. (Sept.)

PAZO

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

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor blood blisters. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION
Pazo ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful Pazo ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles.

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

A Product of
THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.
Confidentially it's
'Stinky
of Hollywood

STINKY is sweeping the country!—hand made of real fur and ermine tails. STINKY sits impishly on your lapel and rolls his gooey eyes at your admiring friends.

ORDER HOLLYWOODS
Newest
 Lapel Pin
$1.00 Per Doz. Tax
And Postage
In Calif. 25 Cents Tax
Send check or money order for faster delivery and save C. O. D. charges. Or, order C. O. D. and pay the postman $1.43.

Money back if not satisfied.

RUBALOFF
OF HOLLYWOOD

NAME.

STREET.

CITY STATE.

New Home Shampoo Helps Keep
Blonde Hair From Darkening

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the diphony film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

be a heel and then turn hero in it. Edmund Gwenn has to be a Nazi agent, and Signe Hasso a much put-upon heroine. We're still mixed up. (Nov.)

DUFFY'S TAVERN—Paramount: All Paramount stars (except Hope) arriving at Duffy's to help Archie out of a jam makes this fun all the way, with Victor Moore staying off the police as Archie introduces the acts; Crosby, Goddard, Lady Luck, and many more. Ed Gardner in his radio role. (Oct.)

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—RKO: Poor old Falcon, Tom Conway, running into a murder on his vacation-bound train! Of course, he solves everything, but ends up pretty tired. Rita Corday is a pretty ingemous. (Oct.)

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

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS of 1945—RKO: Another backstage saga: Joan Davis teamed with Jack Oakley for comedy, Martha Holiday with Philip Terry for romance, Gene Krupa and Ethel Smith for music, but a story you could improve without much effort. (Nov.)

GREAT JOHN L. THE—Crosby-UA: Newcomer Greg McClure, as the great fighter John L. Sullivan, has soul and is a straightforward honest man that gives his performance credibility. Linda Darnell, the girl he doesn't love but marries, and Barbara Britton whom he loves but who refuses him, are both good, and Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford and Robert Barrat are all good as well. (Sept.)

GUEST WIFE—Skirball-RKO: Gay, intelligent comedy with Claudette Colbert giving a tour-de-force performance as the wife of Richard Foran, Don Meche's best friend. The story is that Don is pretending to his boss, Charles Dingle, that Claudette is his wife. It's a riot of fun. (Sept.)


HIDDEN EYE, THE—M-G-M: This time Edward Arnold, as the blind detective with the smart dog, Jack, catches a crooked lawyer who is after an inheritance his two nieces, June Langford and Paul Langford are the romantic two-some and Ray Collins the sad man. (Oct.)

HOLLYWOOD AND FINE—PRC: James Ellison, as a New York night, is introduced to a beautiful actress, Wanda McKay, through her dog, and she, unaware of his importance, helps him find a job as a stage hand. He becomes his producer, his director's production, and his girl go crazy, but it really isn't very good. (Nov.)

HOUSE ON 92nd STREET—20th Century-Fox: KELLEY'S fact_of_account of German agents seeking the secrets of our atomic bomb, how nearly they succeeded and how our men out-guessed them. With the exception of William Lund, all FBI men are played by themselves. Bill Eyre plays the young German of American background, who is tested and not found wanting. Signe Hasso and Gene Lockhart play very clever spies. (Nov.)

WINCENDARY BLONDE—Paramount: Betty Compson shows the same young girl with great vivacity and effervescence. Bill Goodwin is the press agent who Synopsis, and Arturo de Cordova the man she loves. (Sept.)

IN HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M: Real corn, but a little better than average Abbott-Costello fare, with the boxing studio barbers who decide to turn detective and get rich. Their client, Bob St ammunition, almost gives up before finally becoming a star playing opposite the girl he adores. Frances Rafferty. (Nov.)

JABALOUSY—Republic: Fair but not too logical is this story of the suicidal husband of a girl taxi driver who decides to turn police hero. We like the people in it: Jack Randolph, Nils Asther, John Loder and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

JOHNNY ANGEL—RKO: George Raft in a war background story with Signe Hasso as the French girl he loves and Claire Trevor the villainess he pretends to love in order to solve the mystery of what happened to his father's abandoned ship. Hoagy Carmichael sings a pleasant song or two and Raft is typically tough with a heart of gold. (Nov.)

JUNIOR MISS—20th Century-Fox: Fun-in-the-family fare, with a chuckle a minute due to the acting of No, Gary Cooper is the father, Sylvia Field his cute wife and Peggy Ann Garner and Mona Freeman the daughters. Barbara Whiting, Peggy, is a hit. (Sept.)

LADY ON A TRAIN—Universal: Even if you're a Durban fan you'll probably wonder how Deanna ever got so precoce, artificial and silly that it almost embarrasses you. David Niven doesn't help much as the mystery writer she plagues for help in solving a murder she saw from her train window. (Nov.)

LOVE LETTERS—Paramount: A strange and
**Genuine Diamond Rings**

Available in genuine Diamond Rings. Diamond rings are the hardest, most durable, most valuable, most beautiful jewels known. In a genuine diamond ring the diamond is all the more remarkable by the beauty of its setting. A genuine diamond ring is a symbol of enduring love and affection. Send for both rings today. Money back if you are not satisfied. Write for details.

**Diamonds of Long Ago, Inc.**, 141 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

**Learn Millinery at Home**

Design and make exclusive millinery of the same character and type as worn by noted designers. Complete with instruction, materials, and embellishments. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive bonnets and hats that will be admired by couturiers, milliners, and your friends. Order today and send $1.00 for catalog. The Millinery School of America, 225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 121, Chicago, Ill.

**Any Photo Enlarged**

Size 8 x 10 inches on DOUBLE-WIDTH PAPER 57c

$1.00 plus postage

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo, negative or snapshot in envelope. Please write your name and address in ink on envelope. Do not send stamp. We send you a positive on double-width paper, 57c. No postage charge on return. Enclose 3 for $1.25

**Send No Money**

Just mail photo, negative or snapshot in envelope. We send you a positive on doubled-width paper, 57c. No postage charge on return. Enclose 3 for $1.25

**False Teeth**

**KLUTCH** holds them tighter. KLUTCH forms a comfortable cushion; holds dental plates so much bruider and splinter that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security. It is quick and easy to apply and as comfortable to wear as with natural teeth. KLUTCH lessens the constant fear of a slipping, sticking, or falling out of the drugstore. If you're drugglist isn't, don't waste your money on a resell, send us 50c and we'll send you a guaranteed trial box.

KLUTCH CO. Box 45384-L ELMIRA, N. Y.

**Pain**

**WEARS YOU OUT**

When Headache, Functional Monthly Pains, or Simple Neuralgia interfere with your work or enjoyment, the remedy is easy. Send for **PAIN BALSAM**. Get them at your drug store. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Regular package 25c, economy package $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

**Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of Antiphlogistine**

Simple

CHEST COLD

SORE THROAT

BRONCHITIS

IRITATION

SIMPLE

SPRAIHS

BONE AND SORE MUSCLES

CHARLEY HORSE

The moist heat of an Antiphlogistine poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscles and soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

Apply Antiphlogistine poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then the moist heat will go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours. The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves swelling, limps, up stinging muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Anty Flo) in a tube or can at any drug store NOW.

**Antiphlogistine**

The White Package with the Orange Band.
Like walking on air in your smartest shoes

RELIEF AND SUPPORT where you need it most

AT THE BALL OF THE FOOT

Now you can wear any type of shoes you like ever so comfortably...like walking on air. Just wear Dr. Scholl's LuPAD looped over the forepart of your foot. This exquisitely dainty, neat Metatarsal cushion weighs but a fraction of an ounce, takes up practically no room, yet it gives amazingly quick relief from painful callouses, cramps, burning or tenderness at the ball of your foot due to arch weakness.

Flesh color. Washable. Worn invisibly. Sizes for women and men. Only $1.00 a pair. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores.

FREE folder on Dr. Scholl's LuPAD and valuable booklet on Care of the Feet. Write Dr. W. H. Scholl, Inc., Dept. 213 West Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

FIRE FLASH

A Full Color AUTOPHOTographed PHOTOGRAPH of FRANK SINATRA MOUNTED ON BEAUTIFUL LIFETIME LASTING PLAQUE

Will hang on wall or stand on dresser. Quantity limited—Don't delay.

Send 35c in coin to

P. O. Box 190, Dept. A, New York 19, N. Y.

---

Charles Wanninger and Fay Bainter, make up the group who might be your next-door neighbors. (Nov.)

STORY OF C. J. OUE—Cowan-UA: The sim- pler and humbler types of Ernie Fyle comes with terrific force through the story of his experi- ence as a newspaper correspondent overseas, and Burgess Meredith is perfect as Ernie. (Sept.)

TELL IT TO A STAR—Republic: Alan Mowbray, Franklin Pangborn, Eddie Marr and Isabel Rand-olph may give you a few laughs in this story about an imitation colonel and a would-be songstress. (Nov.)

THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, A—Columba: A charming, nonsensical fantasy, with Cord- nel White as Aladdin. Phi Delt as a lad born out of his time, Evelyn Keyes as the genie, and Adele Jergens as the princess. Cornel Jones. It's sheer romantic nonsense, but delightful. (Sept.)

THREE STRANGERS, THE—Warners: Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet and Geraldine Fitzgerald are wonderful in this slightly uneven but interesting story of murder and madness, which deviates to a secondary theme with Joan Blondell and Robert Shayne which is rather confusing. (Nov.)

TRUE GLORY, THE—released by Columbia: We cannot speak too highly of this great undertaking, which is a biographical story of British mil- itary, Capt. Garson Kanin (of Hollywood's, "Man To Remodel") and Carol Reed "(Night Train"). It is a great and immortal document of the war years of all the Allies, told of, for, and by the people. (Nov.)

VOLCK UNIVERSE—The Hays Office ruined this one, not allowing a movie to go up against anything, but up to the disappointing denouement, this is a good yarn with suspense and interest. You'll feel sorry for George Sanders, hotheaded by his over-competitive efforts to make his way into Fitzgerald into losing his fiancee, Elaine Raines. (Nov.)

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF—MG-M: Ginger Rogers is made into a Europe- an's dramatic, adult love, and Van Johnson's and Lana Turner's tender one. There's Xavier Cugat's cabaret and a visit by Bob Beneshly's spe- cial brands of comedy. (Oct.)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO: Barbara Hale trav- els to Texas, where meets Cowboy Robert Mitchum. Between the two of them, they make Texas a more desirable place by lending it a whole lot ofuC. The bawl at the end of this one is most unfortunate. (Oct.)

WHITE PONGO—PRC: This is the tale of a white ape, for which Allen Eben, Robert Fraser, Marce Wrixon, and Lionel Royce, in a jungle expedition, are searching. The white ape has a battle with a black ape over the heroine, but all ends well. (Nov.)

YOU CAME ALONG—Hal Wallis-Paramount: A three-plot drama, as a group of people embark on a jealous ex- pedition of two lovers, Don DeFore and Charles Drake, sticking by their fellow-lover Bob Cummings. They all go on a Tour chaperoned by Elizabeth Scott of the Treasury Dept. She and Bob fall in love, have a short, but ideally happy marriage. (Oct.)

casts of Current Pictures

APOLLOLOGY OF MURDER—PRC: Toni Kirkland, Ann Savage, Karen Black, Hurd Hatfield, Ward McKeever, Charles D. Brown; Kirkland, Russell Hicks; Curtis Jordon; Richard Denning; Bud Boster; Alen Webb, Norman Willis, Misses Novak; Paul, Archie Hall; Rancho's Wife, Elizabeth Val- entine; Warder, Frank P. Wilson; Wheaton Chambers; Li, Edwards, George Sherwood,

BEHIND CITY LIGHTS—Republic: Jean Lowell, Donna Jo Gribble, Samaanvirah, Peter Gaskin, Perry Borden, Jerome Cowan, Holliwell; Esther Drape: Ben Coleman, William Terry; Dames Lowell; Vicente Kaplan; Misses O'Hen; Dete- ctive Peterson, Wm. Forrest; Jones, Emmett Vogan.

BOSTON BLACKIE'S RENDEZVOUS—Columbia: Betsy, Barbara, Charles McGraw, Nana Foeh; James Cook; Steve Cochran; Sputterer, Faraday, RichardLane; The Hunt; George E. Stone; Mackenzie, Frank Sully; Marilyn, Iris Adrian; Arthur Manfield, Harry Hayden; Patricia Powers, Adelle Roberts; Misses Cassova.

COME OUT FIGHTING—Monogram: Maggy, Leo Gorcey; Gimpy, Huntz Hall; Shelly, Billy Bened- dict; Pete, Gabriel Dell; Jene, June Carlson; Nita, Archena Ward; Mr. M., Michael Addin Richards; Henley, George Meeker; Gilbert, Johnny Dancan; Sam, Bud Garmier, Misses Swiss, Fred Kaeli; Mayor, Douglas Wood; Police Chief, Milton Kibbe; Pink, Peter Par Ghean; Rikker, Robert Hunt; Mrs. McGlone, Phyllis Moran; August, Allan Foster; Officer McGowan, Davidson Clark; Jack, Mount Trice; Daisy, Menchizo Kongin.

DOLLY SISTERS, THE—20th Century-Fox: Jenny Betty Grable; Harry Fox, John Payne; Rustie, June Haver; Gladys, Lon McRae; Manford, Robert) Warden; Iden Nutter; Frank Lavigne; Presidents Winthrop, Gene Sheldon, Tammie; Sig Ruman; Ray, Karen; Follie, Elaine; Lillet, Evelyn Keyes, "Jenny (as a child), Evan Thomas, Rustie (as a child), Jenny Grable; Hammerstein, Robert Moderator; Thomas, Paul Hurst; Marrie Keno, Lester Allen; Stage Manager, Frank Orth.

ENCHANTED FOREST, THE—PRC: Steven

"Your altitude about

CRAMPS is exasperating!"

"Why don't you do something about that monthly functional pain? You could try Chi-Chis-Ters Pills. They work wonders for thousands of women.

Chi-Chis-Ters do more than merely deaden simple menstrual pain. One ingredient tends to help relax muscular tension usually associ- ated with periodic pain. An iron factor tends to help build your blood. Best results are usually obtained if you begin taking Chis-Chi- Ters three days before your period. Get a 50¢ box from your druggist today.

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Women and Men, 18 to 30...

Mail $10 to:...Full credit for Cruises, Worth $50. Move out any time you want. Long full time or short part time work, the home advertisers are guaranteed. Work at home and growing for Diplomas. World's greatest single income business.

Details, 4610-2834 S. Des Plaines Ave., Chicago, III.

Fine "Conqueror" Pen GIVEN AWAY

Mail us $1.00 and we will send by prepaid mail 5 boxes of Famous household (25 cents) and will include with these a guaranteed precision-built "Conqueror" Pen (F10) with instant feed, push button ink filling, deep pocket clip, metal clip, all polished silver plated. This is the finest pen in the world today. We can also fill the 4 to friends of 25c a pen in your name and have them pay for you.

ROSEBUD PERFUMES CO., Box 31, WOODBURN, MARYLAND.

PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO or PICTURE can be magnified, reproduced in a real and lifelike manner on 8" X 10". Send small sample (3" X 5") and we will deliver 8" X 10" Ring of any photo you have. You pay for postage cost. No charge for sample or ring. Based on the photograph, I will send you a ring of the same size.

NO NOVETTE RING CO., DUL. 3, CINCINNATI.

MAKE THIS SUITS YOUR NEW YEAR

EARN CASH Showing to Friends!

Write at once if you want this fine made-to-meas- ure suit 20% OFF! ALL SIZES Mailed. Send proof of sale for 20% OFF. It by taking a few orders from friends, and earn up to $10.00, $12.00 a day. Year round business. Price $15.00 to $22.00. Full line of 400 suits. Send for free catalog. Also full line of Ladies' Tailored Suits, $22.00 to $45.00, Men's Suits, $24.00 to $48.00. PIONEER TAILORING COMPANY. Congress and Throck St., Dept. 2-1293, Chicago 7, Ill.

BRUSH AWAY...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

SHAME AWAY...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!

...IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S NATURAL!
IT'S FUN TO MAKE!

Bucilla
CHECKED DINETTE SET

All you have to do is the simple
quilting and embroidery... and
you have the gayest
ensemble ever, for a song.

Cloth, apron, napkins, dish
towel and pot holder in
bold checked cotton.

Just one of Bucilla's ideas for
fun-fishers... in needlework
departments of all good stores.

Blaine, Edmund Lowe; Anne, Brenda Joyce; Jackie, Beverly Sargent; Alice, Harry Davenport; Hender-
sen, John Litol; Gilson, Candy Cooper.

FIGHTING GUARDMEN, THE—Columbia: Ro-
bert Baur (Paris de Saint-Hermans), Willard Parker
(Amelie de Montreouf), Anita Louise; Christine Ros
ty, Loris Carter; Sir John Tavney, John Lloyd; Pigeon
(Fabrce de Saint-Isidore), Richard Loe; House,
Keye, Lake; Major Ilobe, Christine Lang; Major
Nisar, Leonard Strong; Captain Yamashita,
Paul Fang; Captain Sato, Keye Ching.

ISLE OF THE DEAD—RKO: General Nkoul
Phuadron, Boris Karloff; Oliver Davis, Marc
Cramer; L'Arche De St. Aubyn, Alan Napier
Mrs. St. Aubyn, Katherine Emery; Albrecht, Jason
Robards; Dr. St. Aubyn, Ernest Descoms, Henry Rob-
ins; Skellen Knaggs, Kyra, Helene Thimig.

HOLD THAT BLONDE—Paramount: Oden Spen-
er Troussell, I. Lee Bracken; Stanley Martin, Ver-
ona Davis; Inspector Callahan, Albert Dekker; Willie
Sheedy, Willis Best; Mrs. Phillips, Frank Fenton
(Rachel), George Macready; Mr. Kratz, Donald
MacBride; Mr. Henry Carter, Lewis L. Russell;
Mrs. Henry Carver, Norma Varden; Mr. Reddy,
Ralph Peters; Edwards, a Butler, Robert Waterton.

OUTLAWS OF THE ROCKIES—Columbia: Steve
Williams, The Durango Kid, Charles Starrett; Ten
Eagles, Tex Harding, Cannonball, Bob Taylor;
Tone Stuart, Carole Mathews; Don Chaney, Philip
Yandini; Ace Lannini, I. Stanley Jofely; Bill
Yeager, George Chestnut and Steve Chace.

KISS, AND TELL—Columbia: Curtiss Archer,
Shirley Temple; Lester Frankman, Jerome Courtland;
Mr. Archer, Walter Abel; Mrs. Archer, Katharine
Alexander; Uncle George, Robert Benchley; Mr.
Franklin, Porter Hall; Mrs. Franklin, Edna Holland;
Millie, Patsy Kelly; Virginia Welles; Mr. Puglitt,
Tully; Mrs. Puglitt, Mary Philips; Raymond Pug-
litt, Darryl Hickman, Private Jimmy Eastt, Scott
McKay; Lenny Archer, Scott Elliott.

Lose WEEKEND, THE—Paramount: Don Birnam,
Ray Milland; Helen St. James, Jane Wyman; Wick
Peters, Phillip St. John, Nat, the Bartender, Howard
DaSilva; Gloria, Doris Dowling; Jim, Frank Faylen;
Mrs. DaSilva, Adrienne Ames; Mrs. St. James, Lilian
Fontaine; Mrs. Foley, Anita Bolster; Mr. St. James,
Lewis L. Russell; Attendee at Opera, Frank Orth.

LOVE, HONOR, AND GOODBYE—Republic:
Robert Barter, Virginia Bruce; William Baxter,
Edward Ashley; Terry; Victor McLaglen; Tony
Lancin, Nita Arner; Rich, Helen Broderick;
Agree, Veda Ann Borg; Sally, Jacqueline Moore;
Charles, The Butler; Robert, Robert Loggia;
Miss Whipple, Virginia Horne; Detective, Ralph Dungan.

PARDON MY PAST—Columbia: Eddie York and
Francis Pesimondo, Fred MacMurray; Joan,
Marguerite Chapman; Jim, Ronald Byrant; Miss
Church, William Demarest; Mary, Rita Johnson;
Grandpa Pesimondo, Harry Davenport; Uncle Will,
Oliver Drake; Priest, John Qualen; Sergeant Grieco,
Plasticheen, Dewey Robinson; Mr. Long, Hugh
Prather; Tablet, Edward Ellis; Matador, Herbert
Evans; Thay, Frank Moran; Cab Driver, Ted
Crow, Clothes Chuckles, Charles Arna.

RIVER GANG—Universal: Wendy, Gloria Jean;
Billie, Bill John; John, Keete Bransdale;
Afie, Bill Goodwin; Roy, Sheldon Leonard;
Groovy, Jack Kerwin; Sing, Douglas Fair, Fatsie,
Rocco Lazo; Spike, Billy Henderson.

SHADY LADY—Universal: "Colonel" Appleby,
Charles Dierk; Appleby, Monte Simons; Bob
Wendell, Robert Paige; Gloria, Deborah Marbola;
O'Driscoll, Burt; Macomber, Kathleen Howard;
Bowen, Thomas Meader; Harty, Alan Curtis; Norton, Billy
Green; Crane, James Burke; Barbara, Barbara Bates.

SPANISH MAIN, THE—RKO: Laurea Van Horn,
Paul Henreid; Francisa, Maureen O'Hara; Don
Petersen, Walter Slezak; Anne Bowen; Barney
Barnes; Da Bier, John Emery; Captain Black, Bar-
ton, J. M., Ben Lyon; Karrup, Fritz; Lieber;
Lupeta, Nancy Gates; Lieutenant Escobar,
Simmons, Robert; Governor, William Morgan;
Lunson, Ian Keith; Santa Max Cabri, Captain Viclan.

SUNSET IN EL DORADO—Republic: Roy Rogers,
Roy Rogers; Gabby, "Gabby" Hayes; Lucile Wil
dale; Oliver Hardy; Harold, Robert Frahriech;
Aunt Dolly, Margaret Dumont; Butler Welch, Roy
Barcroft; Sheila, Harry Cording; Stanley Price,
Diana Brown; Sunny Price; Bob Wilke.

THAT NIGHT WITH YOU—Universal: Paul
Renault, Franchot Tone; Penny, Susanna Foster;
Jabber, John Madox; Alex, William Tabbert;
National Guard, Olivia de Hurov; Blanche, Liza
Hibbriton; Blossom Drake, Jacqueline de Wit; Sam,
Buster Keaton; Paulette, Irene Ryan; Willow,
Howard-Freeman; Clarissa, Barbara Bates; Tenor,
Anthony Caruso; Conductor, Jullian Rivera; Fra-
ce, Belle Mitchell; Bingo, Teddy Infur; Tenor,
Arthur Miles; Mother, Margaret Beld; Child, Sandra
Baker; Proprietor, Betty Davis; Proprietor,
Virginia Engels; Proprietor, Mary Bemot.

Before and after

I didn't believe it... UNTIL I TRIED!

Save HELEN SHUSTER

New Friends and Interests
Make New World for Her

Helen Shuster never wanted to believe she had to work. She thought she was too good for a job and unattractive. A friend told her how the Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course helped her and persuaded Helen to send for it. These pictures show the amazing improvement in short order.

SUCCESS THROUGH BEAUTY

Many girls say they don't care how they look. Actually they do. Ask yourself: "What do I want more than anything in this world?" A normal girl will say, "I want to be attractive, popular... success in my career."

You can, if you will try! Thousands have made a new life for themselves through the Modern Beauty Methods of the Bonomo Home Course. Mr. Bonomo, director, has had over 20 years' ex-

Complete Home Courses

Not Just A REDUCING COURSE

With over 200 how-to-do-it photos you'll learn simply and quickly... How to Make up Properly; the correct Hair-Do for You; How to Dress Better and save money; How to Move Gracefully; and many more valuable beauty hints.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Bonomo makes you this offer, "Send for this Course today—try it for ten days. If you don't see a marked improve-

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Name
Address
City
State

Send me in plain wrapper complete Bonomo Institute Home Course through Beauty of Bonomo. For sample I will deposit with postage $2.50 paid postage. If not delighted, I may return Course in 10 days and my money will be promptly refunded. I enclose $... try..."
Be graceful with your hands: Your gestures reveal your personality: Calm poised hands are the sign of the siren; flittering ones that of the adolescent; constant gestures reveal a lack of vocabulary. Make your hands an asset to your personality, not a detractor; when you’re listening to someone let them lie gracefully in your lap, palm to palm.

Pay attention to the color of your hands: If nature gave them that pale lily-maid look, keep them that way with a bleach. Make-up expert Hazel Rogers suggests peroxide to remove those stains, bleach cream to keep the romantic whiteness. If your hands are on the too roseate side, wear gloves anytime, anywhere. If your hands have a tan cast, try buffing the nails highly and wearing colorless polish with very white tips, a trick of Dorothy McGuire’s. If your hands are long, don’t wear long nails they give that predatory look that is anathema to the American male. Very white hands can take a startling color nail polish, a call-attention trick of Jane Wyman’s.

Bow to the inevitable: Recognize the fact that well-groomed hands take daily care. The prime requisites on your hand-shelf: Hand lotions or creams; complete manicure set; bleach creams; nail brush. Prime step: Be sure to dry the hands thoroughly each time they are in water and follow with hand lotion or cream. If your hands become chapped, waste no time, give them a thorough oiling or creaming. Honey, vinegar, any vegetable fat will do in an emergency, as Frances Gifford has found; but use your creams or lotions for a soft scent, so important to your own morale.

Exert yourself: Exercise your hands to make them graceful. Sophie Rosenberg, dramatic coach, believes the one thing to strive for is relaxation of the hands. The best way to attain it is to imagine that the hands are wringing wet, with tiny drops of water falling from the finger-tips. Remember that and you will never be marked by tense, stiff hands. Hazel Rogers has a pet exercise: Massage in circular motion with oil, cream or lotion, working downward to the wrists; then wear cotton gloves until the hands are completely dry.

Use these Hollywood gestures: For short and brittle nails: Use white iodine and cuticle oil on them every day as Anita Colby does.

For hangnails: Try banishing them with baby oil, as advocated by Maria Montez.

For cracking cuticle: A leaf from Hazel Rogers’s beauty notebook—warm water and epsom salt bath before you use your orange stick. From Deanna Durbin: Try applying camphor ice around the cuticle.

Turn your eyes to jewelry: If you have long tapering fingers dare to wear large sophisticated rings. They balance the size of your hand, give it a finished look. Be careful about overpowering a small hand with too heavy jewelry. If your fingers are short, wear small rings of oval, marquis or oblong shape. If your wrists are thick, wear thin bracelets; if they’re thin, any size band of any type will get you compliments. Remember that rhinestones compliment best the soft white skin and that dinner rings worn outside gloves are bad taste. Another point—Edward Stevenson, head designer of RKO Pictures, prefers no more than one ring to a hand.

Your hands before the camera: For a picture, posed or candid, always hold your hands so that they appear in side-view; never let palms or backs be taken straight-on.

Photographer Ray Jones’s creed: The hands look best when lying in the lap—i.e., with the back of the hand in the lap so that thumb and forefinger are resting gracefully. If your hand is raised toward the face in any way, keep it slightly curved.

For the camera, too dark a polish is fatal. Keep to the lighter, more photogenic shades.

Dorothy McGuire’s hands get a special fingertip treatment

Baby oil, Marie Montez would tell you, should have a place in your manicure set

La Cross
sets the holiday mood
with...“real red”
true red
for fingertips

Beauty Workshop by Betty Sanford
Maine Event

(Continued from page 61) Whether Phyllis is as friendly as an old shoe or an old pair of slippers is a detail best left to the cobbler. Offhand, it seems a humdrum comparison to make of a tiny, Helen Hayes-ish person with a mop of curly brown hair, sparkling eyes and a grin of the highest possible octane content. Yet you have only to talk with her for ten minutes to realize what she and old footwear have in common. It's the quality, unusual in Hollywood, of comfortableness. Not complacency, mind! Not self-satisfaction. Not the contented air of the gorged cat which has just swallowed a canary in the form of a prize role.

Miss Thaxter's comfortableness lies in the fact that she never for a moment tries to be anything or anyone but herself. And she's a pretty nice person to be.

WHAT kind of person? Well, she was born in Maine where the girls are taught never to say "yes" but "ay-yah," which means the same thing. She doesn't say ay-yah, though; they knocked it out of her at Deering High School and the Waynflete Latin School. She always had wanted to go on the stage. Well, maybe that is a slight exaggeration. Up until her third or fourth year she hadn't given it much thought, but thereafter it was an idea tucked in the back of her head. The test came the week after her graduation from high school. The family was planning to go to its summer home. Not Phyllis. She had her eye on a grease-paint summer. She mentioned it one breakfast.

Judge Thaxter may not be a Solomon, he may not even be as infernally wise as Judge Hardy, but he handed down a masterly decision. In effect he said, "I've no objection to your studying for the theater. But just to make sure it's a real ambition, not a schoolgirl's whim, you'll have to pay your own way. Then later, if you really are going on with it, I'll refund whatever you spend."

And Mrs. Thaxter—who, once had been with the Ben Greet Players—winked across the table at her junior edition!

A summer's apprenticeship at the Ogunquit Playhouse cost $350. Phyllis had that sum tucked away, a legacy from her grandmother. So off she went to Ogunquit, to paint scenery and handle props and finally to get her first line. The play was "Boy Meets Girl" and the line was "Say da-da to Mister Friday, Happy." Just before she went on, an impish stagehand whispered, "Say Fry-Fry to Mister Happy, da-da" and that's the way she delivered it. The next night, after repeating the line for hours, she waited feverishly for her cue. The stagehand strolled by, "Say hep-hep to Mister Da-Da, Friday," he murmured. But this time Phyllis was not to be caught off-guard. No, indeed! On cue, she raced onto the stage and triumphantly cried, "Say daddy to Miss Frida, Friday!"

It was a career, that line.

Phyllis spent the next year at St. Genevieve's, a small finishing school in Montreal. It was the next best thing to a year in France and it had the added advantage of being near the Montreal Repertory Theatre. Phyllis became an apprentice there, too, and fared a bit better than she had at Ogunquit. But what she remembers most about the year were the weekend skiing trips in the Laurentians and the Easter vacation when she mustered enough courage to go to New York to hear her first producer, George Abbott, and his behavior on that occasion was in the best Broadway tradition.

"What day is this?" he asked, after the trembling girl had read a few lines.
"Monday . . . I think," she quavered. Mr. Abbott inspected the calendar on his desk. "Come back next fall," he said.

The astonishing part of it is that she did, and he remembered her, and she got a bit in "What A Life." Maybe not a bit. A line. She would run on stage, pause, call "Hey, kids, wait for me" and run off. "What A Life" ran a year; so did Phyllis. Sometimes she wondered whether she was being trained for the theater or the 100- yard dash. But she survived. The next summer she found her in stock again, this time at the Keene (N. H.) Summer Theater. Got paid for it, too, and had the leads in "Our Town," "Shadow And Substance" and a few other plays. Thaxter solemnly returned her $350.

ROADWAY was less certain. It gave her nothing to do for six dreary months. Then along came the Lunts. They were casting "There Shall Be No Night" and Phyllis tried for one of the minor roles. She didn't get it, but Lynn Fontanne thought well enough of her to bring her into the company, give her a bit, and use her as understudy for another. Phyllis had a line, too. As a maid, she was supposed to usher Alfred Lunt into a scene with "The Tempest" at the Ziegfeld. At the intermission, Mr. Lunt breezed onto the stage so briskly she didn't have a chance to open her mouth. She tried a few times afterwards to get in the "Mauve American" Clo-"e-car, Ma'am" but she never got much farther than the "Mee" before the Lunts would be roaring at each other. So she finally resigned herself to remaining mime and inglorious for the run of the play.

"But it was enough just being with the Lunts," Phyllis says. "They're such wonderful people. It was like a big family. When we were on the road at Christmas, they invited the entire company to dinner at their home at Genesee Depot and there were presents for everyone. And Miss Fontanne would help me with my studies and Sydney Greenstreet and I would read together—Shakespeare and O'Neill and anything. But it was discouraging, too. Sometimes I felt that if I was destined to go through life just carrying a tray. But Miss Greenstreet would say Time and patience; you must have both.

Then Phyllis saw the play "Claudia." She wasn't able to do anything about it for a while. "There Shall Be No Night" was still on tour. Anyway what chance had she to be Claudia? But she kept on trying.

You've probably heard what happened: how she got to see Rose Frankau, author of the play, and how Mr. Golden offered her a part in "Milly" let her pinch one Wednesday matinee, and how Miss Fontanne sat up with her all the night before rehearsing the part, and how—whether first time or third, she couldn't find her voice—suddenly she found it and everything was fine. It's all ancient history now and if someone made a movie about it the critics would sneer. But that was the basis of "Stage Door." But it isn't old hat to Phyllis. She knows it really happened and she hasn't got over the wonder of it yet.

Something just as wonderful is happening to her now. She is going to have a baby late this year. You can tell Phyllis is so sure of it she just prattles about it. She wrote her husband about it instead of letting him learn the news from the columnists. She didn't want the news to get out through the newspapers and admiring her, she informed the publicity department with matronly dignity—then giggled like a school girl when they reminded her she couldn't keep a secret like that indefinitely.

"This had been the happiest year of my life even before I knew about the baby," she says. "Now I'm so darned happy it scares me"

But she really doesn't look scared, except at the prospect of raising the son—or the daughter—of Captain James Aubrey, Jr. in the tiny West Los Angeles apartment they've occupied since her marriage last November. It isn't a bad apartment as such things go, but it doesn't compare too favorably with the spacious and comfortable Thaxters of Thaxters and it's not likely that guides to the stars' homes would ever point it out as a show place.

This phase of it doesn't bother Miss Thaxter unduly. The immediate problem is finding a nursery. That wags greengrass in the back yard for sun-bathing purposes, and the not-too-remote problem is that of a nursery for the junior members.

Margot, of course, must be considered too. Margot, who is Swedish, was the Thaxter maid in Maine. When Phyllis came West, Margot suddenly found the Maine climate unsuitable; nothing but Hollywood would do. Now she cooks, keeps the place spic and span, rolls out the beer bottles when Captain Aubrey flies into town with a few crew of ATC men and talks wistfully of Maine's lobsters, steamed clams and chowder.

Phyllis has thrived under Margot's ministrations. Only a few pounds above the weight she weighed during stage days, she now tips the beam at a staggering 114. Even before her marriage she had cocked a skeptical eye at Hollywood's night life. She never was a party, the arm of a reigning wolf. Her best friend in the movie colony is the professionally-villainous Sydney Greenstreet—he gave her away at her wedding—and they usually manage to get together once or twice a week to read plays aloud or cue each other for new roles. Her regular Sunday date is at the home of Major Ted Lawson, the real life Ellen and their two children.

THIS glamour-scuffing pattern is repeated In the Thaxter tastes in clothes and hairdos. Her favorite around-the-house costume is a pair of blue jeans her husband sent her from Alaska, a plaid shirt and brown leather slippers—worn without socks. She cuts her own hair, shampoos it herself and brushes it. She uses no make-up except lipstick. When she dresses to go out, she usually reaches for a suit or skirt and blouse. She seldom wears hats but has one (when she was married.) Her most prized piece of jewelry is a hand-hammered silver belt Jimmy picked up in Arizona. The rest of her jewel box—silver bracelets and small pieces probably would insult most any burglar.

Phyllis rides horseback, swims and enjoys taking long walks. She sleeps in boy-shaped pajamas and dances to symphonies when she is alone and spends most of her evenings writing letters to her husband or New York stage friends. She is a rambling New England farmhouse full of over-sized furniture because she likes to sit with her legs curled under her and because Jimmy, a sixfoot man, can stretch out when she is there. She thinks it would be pleasant to do a play once a year, but not right now because pictures are fun and Metro is wonderful.

Metro thinks she is wonderful, too, and, justly so. The change of pace in "Bewitched," a story about a girl who was sweet as pie one minute and went around cutting throats the next, was found to be the most thoroughly enjoyed; the chance to be a menace. It would be awful, she added, after being in just one picture—to be typed Unpleasant.
LOVELY LOIS COLLIER, Universal Star, shows how important it is to use flattering Maybelline eye make-up in bright daylight as well as in the softer lights of evening. Keep your eyes as lovely at all times, and in any light, with wonderfully beautifying Maybelline Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil. For the finest in eye make-up—insist on Maybelline!

Maybelline Mascara makes lashes look naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. Cake or Cream Form In Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with fine point that forms expressive, gracefully tapered brows. Black or Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow to subtly accent the color and highlights of your eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet and Gray.

At All Cosmetic Counters

Maybelline WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
Wishing you a cheerful treefull

With the three firsts in smoking pleasure

Always milder
Better tasting
Cooler smoking

So gather around... light up and share the very best at Christmastime. Chesterfields have all the benefits of smoking pleasure... they're givable, acceptable and enjoyable...

Right combination
World's best tobaccos

Always buy Chesterfield

Copyright 1933, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co