PHOTOPLAY
combined with Movie Mirror

GRID BERGMAN
PAUL HESSE

BUY Christmas Bonds
at your Movie Theater
Yours...

Softer, Smoother Skin
with just One Cake of Camay!

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild

It's exciting . . . to see the lovely new softness, the new smoothness that comes to your skin . . . with just one cake of Camay! Change today, from improper cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions . . . on skin like yours. And with the first cake of Camay, most complexions fairly bloomed! Looked softer, fresher and clearer!

. . . it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave proof of Camay's mildness . . . proof it can benefit skin. Said the doctors, "Camay is really mild . . . it cleansed without irritation." So do try this helpful care on your skin . . . see the softer beauty that comes with just one cake of Camay!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

One minute—night and morning—does the trick. You simply cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you have oily skin, add a C-O-L-D S-P-L-A-S-H. That's all! But watch, day by day, as that one cake of Camay makes your skin really lovelier.

Please—make each cake of Camay last, as long as possible. Precious war materials go into making soap.
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

A radiant smile holds a world of charm!

Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!

Reach for a star, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun—without being beautiful.

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don't go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out by your smile.

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm—the kind men can't resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound teeth—sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

Eyes Light Up at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep your smile sparkling and attractive!
We're full of the milk of human kindness at this writing.

We're gay, carefree. You can borrow money from us if you want to.

In short, we're in good humor, and all because we've seen the most alluring musical motion picture since our movie-going began... M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis".

Whoops! Back you go to the old world's Fair in St. Louis as guests of the Smith family, of which our favorite members are played by Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

What gay, nostalgic, wonderful entertainment this is, enriched in every scene by Technicolor!

Judy Garland seems to have been born for the part of Esther, a high school girl just awakening to love— for the boy next door. Esther is young, innocent, vivacious, and golden-voiced.

You will have to decide for yourself whether you prefer Judy's provocative presentation of a young girl in love or Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as we did, both talents perfectly fused in "Over The Banister", "The Boy Next Door", or that bell-ringing success, "The Trolley Song". And these are only three of eight songs!

Judy (that is, Esther) has a sister—an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid named "Tootie". In this part, Margaret O'Brien will become everyone's sweetheart—if she isn't everyone's sweetheart already.

Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest finds, plays the boy next door and heads a splendidly-chosen supporting cast including Mary Astor, Marjorie Main, Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H. Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry Davenport.

The script was written by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe, Arthur Freed, who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced, and Vincente Minnelli directed. They all have cause for pride.

Mark our words: M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis" will strike you as about the best tuneful re-past ever displayed for your delight!

—Leo

POETRY PLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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Miss Bergman's costume by Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills

JANUARY, 1945

VOL. 26, NO. 2


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"He took off from Shangri-La..."

Ted and Ellen had been to a dance the night before—excited and gay, as if they knew the parting would be soon. And they had whispered the refrain of a song to each other..."I love you, I love you, I love you."

Then, next morning, the word came that he was to take off—with the others—on the most hazardous mission of the war.

One hundred and thirty-one days after December 7, 1941, a handful of young men who had never dreamed of glory struck the first blow at Japan.

Out of Captain Ted W. Lawson’s true story of that most epochal bombing mission in all history—when Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Doolittle led his valiant group manning their B-25’s from Shangri-La directly to the heart of Japan...out of the glorious adventure of these men who flew into the unknown—M-G-M has made a truly great motion picture.

It is a drama of stirring courage and deep, abiding devotion—a picture you will never forget.
Honeymoon Report: Cal has a hunch that Cary Grant won't be making a picture (even though he has studio commitments galore) for a loooong time! When Barbara Hutton put out that terrible torch he was toin' by reconciling with him, they went to San Francisco and hid away from—everybody. No parties, night spots or friends did they see. That's the way they're happy—really the only way they're happy—just being together. All who know Cary well know that nothing is so important to him as his marriage—and heaven knows he has enough charm to talk any producer into giving him time off to make his second honey moon last as long as possible. We wouldn't be surprised if he stayed off the screen for several months.

Catching up with Hutton: As you read this Betty Hutton, who finally got her wish to go overseas and entertain (and how!) the boys, will be just about returning from her jaunt—and Hollywood expects a lot of new slants and maybe a few laughs from the blonde bombshell. Naturally, we can't tell you where she went—but we do know she took along a lot of very light-weight clothes. Betty is a changed gal since that terrifically successful personal-appearance tour she made early in the summer and during which she broke even. Frankie Sinatra's box-office record in a Boston theater. A lot of her "inferiority complex" has disappeared; she seems more confident—and more repose. It hasn't given her a swelled head or anything like that—but until that trip nobody could convince Betty that she was a success at all—no foolin'!

Turner topic: A lot of tongue-waggers around Hollywood thought that after that party (the one that featured the fisticuffs between Steve Crane and Turhan Bey), Lana Turner might be finding a new boy friend. Because between you and Cal, the reason that Lana was making such a big fuss over Steve that evening is that Turhan was making a big fuss over someone who was not Lana! There have been so many versions of what started the fight and who won it there's no need to go all over that again. But one thing is certain—Lana and Turhan aren't kidding about who made up after it! You can catch them driving up Wilshire Boulevard, snuggled together in the front seat; visiting each other (Continued on page 6)
In an emergency A Mighty Good Friend To Have Around

There's nothing like a good friend to help you through an emergency whether it be great or small. If Listerine Antiseptic isn't in your medicine cabinet you're missing a wonderful feeling of security and protection this trustworthy antiseptic inspires.

Think how often it can render real first-aid... how often you and your children may appreciate its quick germ-killing action!

Remember how Listerine Antiseptic was called in to take care of those little cuts, scratches and abrasions that you grew up on?

And, of course, you simply can't overlook its value as a precaution against the misery of colds and their accompanying sore throats. Bear in mind that in tests made over a 12-year period, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always at hand to fight infection. It combines a delightfully refreshing effect and complete safety with rapid germ-killing power.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
at their studios; dancing at Mocambo—going to parties—but always together. And now it's Turhan who is blatantly jealous of anyone who even asks Lana for a dance!

News Note: Capt. Dan Topping phoned Sonja from Honolulu and asked her to cancel her skating tour and come on over to Hawaii and do some personals there instead. But she decided to stay in the U. S. A., which makes Cal sure that she's come to another important decision as well.

Fashions Plus: Lana Turner's been looking stunning lately. A definite eye-opener was the oh-so-low-necked dress that she wore to one of Elsa Maxwell's sensational parties. It was black and heavily beaded—and slinky and décolleté to boot...

Sonja Henie is going in heavily for dresses that are beaded or heavily trimmed in sequins or embroidery. Most of them would look better if she didn't wear so much jewelry with them. Cal saw her one night in a stunning long white dinner dress with long sleeves. It was high at the neck but across the shoulder line and down across the left side were brilliantly colored sequin flowers, striking on the plain white background, even to this male eye. Sonja is one of the few gals in Hollywood who's still wearing her hair piled high up on her head and completely off her ears...

Claudette Colbert went for an Adrian gown that set her back a pretty penny. She admits she had no business being that extravagant but she couldn't resist it. It was a two-piece dinner dress of heavy white crepe with enormous shoulders and a plunged neckline. The top, which was an over-bouse, had a flared peplum, the skirt underneath was almost tight—right down to the ground and slit in front to the knee! It was splashed all over with black sequin discs about the size of a quarter, put on by hand, of course. And what makes this dress such an extravagance is that it's the type one "can't get away with" season after season—it's that striking...

No doubt about it, the short evening dress has just about disappeared from the Hollywood scene, we're happy to report. The gals look so much lovelier and more glamorous in the long skirts. Really formal dresses are appearing more and more—along with black-tie parties. At a recent party Judy Garland wore a white draped gown trimmed sparsely with gold embroidery. Judy is perking up and looking lots healthier and happier.

Coupling Up: Eddie Ryan, who is doing very well for himself over at Fox ever since he made such a hit as the youngest brother in "The Sullivans," and Virginia Weidler, really in the glamour-girl class now, are the warmest in the young-love department. They make a cute couple—and might even make it permanent...

Esther Williams was spotted out stepping with Lieut. Frank Cookson, but she was in a big hurry to explain that he's a school-chum from her childhood days, who's visiting in Hollywood. Reason for Esther's explaining? Well, her real feller is Sgt. Ben Gage—as we told you last month. This is a really steady combination. He even went way up to northern California to visit Esther when she was there on location—and when a guy only has a few days leave from his Army post—well—it must be love!

Smoking Corner: Imagine this! Even though Nelson Eddy has smoked for years, he never "tasted" a cigarette. (Continued on page 8)
IT'S A HONEY OF A FUNNY... about love and money!

WOOS B'way's

ANN SHERIDAN

ALEXIS SMITH

JACK CARSON

JANE WYMAN

IRENE MANNING

CHARLES RUGGLES

EVE ARDEN

A SCREENFUL OF SCREAMFUL FUN FROM WARNERS!

THE DOUGHGIRLS

FROM THE HILARIOUS B'WAY SENSATION!

with JOHN RIDGELY • JOHN ALEXANDER • CRAIG STEVENS • BARBARA BROWN • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by JAMES V. KERN

Screen Play by James V. Kern and Sam Hellman • Additional Dialogue by Willie Mahoney

From the Stage Play by Joseph A. Fields • Produced by Max Gordon

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by MARK HELLINGER
Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 6) until the other day! It happened at a radio rehearsal, when Nelson, fresh out of smoke (as who isn't these days?), asked a pal standing near by to give him one. When Nelson took that first puff, the expression on his face was really something! Then he exclaimed (and explained), "Well! Can you beat this? I've had sinus trouble for several years and my treatments have just about cured me. I swear to you, this is the first time I've ever tasted a cigarette—gee—they taste funny!"

Double Daters: Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin "double-dating" at that party of Alan Ladd's certainly spiked the old rumor that these two barely nod when they speak. And here's a funny coincidence: Deanna is head over heels madly in love with Bob Landry, the famous Life magazine photographer who has been overseas for months. And though few people even suspected it, this romance has been in force for months and months.

They exchanged letters and cables the whole time Landry was away. And the first thing he did when he landed on U. S. soil was to phone Deanna from New York to tell her he was coming to Hollywood to see her. You should see the beam on her face these days! Looks to Cal as if Felix Jackson might be fading from the scene and that Bob will get La Durbin for his bride before the year is out. But to get back to the coincidence—just about the time that Deanna's romance with Landry came to light, Judy Garland started going with Dwight Whitney of Time magazine—they're around so much together. And now the two little singers are referred to by Hollywood wags as "The Time and Life Gals"....

Sartorial Stuff: Eyebrows went up to there when John Payne, just discharged from the Army, showed up late at a huge and very dressy party in an outfit that was just one grade above a set of dungarees! A heavy flannel checked shirt—no tie—rumpled trousers, etc. And everyone else done up to the teeth! Bruce Cabot remarked, "Who does he think he is—coming to a party dressed like that?"

But it developed later that Payne had gone to the storage-house where his entire wardrobe was left when he went into the Army, the day before—only to find that his trunks were missing—stolen—anyway, gone! What he wore to the party were the only clothes he had to his name until his tailor (or even a shop) could furnish him with some tidy togs. P. S. His wardrobe was covered with a nice insurance check.

Carol-singing Sextette: Judy Garland, Ginny Simms, Dinah Shore, Virginia O'Brien, Frances Langford and Dotty Lamour have recorded disc after disc of Christmas carols which are to be sent to the lads overseas—and to all parts of the world. What a sextette! The gals recorded some of them in harmony—and others as solos—but either way, you know that they will sound like angel voices to our boys in the fighting fronts.

Danny's Double Trouble: Someone was kidding Danny Kaye about playing twins in his new picture, "The Wonder Man." "What do I care?" said Danny, "The worst that can happen to me is to be haunted by the fear that I steal scenes from myself!"

Divorce Deto: John Wayne has just sent another offer to Mrs. Wynns through his lawyers. It's just about the biggest property settlement on the Hollywood records—but at this writing she still has no intention of granting John a divorce. John, the tall, dark, handsome and silent—is another who consoling himself by going fishing!

And by the Way: Jennifer Holt and Rod Cameron—both in the thrones of getting their marital freedom—act as they're going to take the leap aga together... Susan Hayward, back with Jess Barker, will make just one more movie before she becomes a Mama... The Keenan Wynns expect their new baby to be a Christmas package... Charlie Chaplin Jr. hitch-hikes week from Camp Haan (about two hundred miles away) to Hollywood just to see Madeleine's Beau... Dick Powell has bought Ray Milland's boat and so he'll live on it when gas is plentiful.

(Continued on page 10)
the whispers grew into a roar...

the woman grew into a legend...

the love story grew into

a great motion picture!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

A Sidney Buchman Production

A Song to Remember

starring

Paul MUNI Oberon

Merle

with Cornet Wilde

Nina Foch - George Coulouris

Screen Play by Sidney Buchman

Directed by Charles Vidor
Cal Yorks

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 8)

enough for him to get to it every night. Dick is maand about boats! . . . The first time that Gregory Peck kissed Jessica Tandy for a scene in "Valley Of Decision"—her bustle broke! What a man!

Those daily tennis games between Tallulah Bankhead, Garbo and Katharine Hepburn over at Clifton Webb's house—are positively hysterical! Talulah, who always said she couldn't even hold the racket—and who never has risen from her bed until mid-afternoon unless she had to work—is now out on the court every morning fresh as a daisy—but not hitting many tennis balls. Garbo and Katie, however, are supreme. So Bill Tilden, the ex-champ who is around most of the time, does most of his coaching for Tallulah's benefit!

Cal Goes to New York: Don't ask how your friend Cal could tear himself away from the fascinating doings of old Hollywood to hie himself off to New York, but suddenly there we were for a few gay days and from where we sat in the Stork Club, 21 and El Morocco it looked like good old cinema city to us.

Dorothy Lamour popped over to our table at the Stork, leaving her handsome husband, Major William Ross Howard, alone for a moment, to tell of her experience in Baltimore. While dining in state with her husband's family, a sailor popped over and informed Dottie he'd seen her last four pictures and he wanted his $1.60 back. Embarrassed, Dottie handed him two dollars from her own purse, saying, "And I want my forty-cents change."

Of course it turned out to be a bet and one the sailor won. Who but Lamour would tell it on herself?

Here's one on Cal. We'd gone over to Third Avenue to get the morning papers and suddenly stood rooted to the spot. Coming up Third Avenue was, of all people, Ray Milland, whom we'd left behind in Hollywood. So we yelled "Ray!"

Not only did Ray ignore the greeting but a crew of men hidden behind a camera in the rear of a truck started making unpleasant comments—and loud.

Gradually the light dawned. Cal, who actually cut his teeth on movie cameras, was interrupting a movie scene, Ray being in New York to film sequences for "Lost Weekend." How they kidded Cal in Hollywood when the story got back.

We saw a bit of drama, too. Seated in the Stork was lovely Myrna Loy in a very pink bonnet—when who came in and for one very dramatic moment, paused by her table—but her ex-husband John Hertz. Not a word was spoken between them. But here's news—Myrna tells us she'll be back in Hollywood for another movie soon.

A hand on our shoulder at El Morocco and a voice in our ear—a soft "hello," told us without turning it was Katina Paxinou. Later we discovered the Academy Award winner actress felt bitterly unhappy over Hollywood's failure to find her another movie role.

"I don't want another "Pilar, Miss Paxinou kept telling producers who insisted upon another "For Whom The Bell Tolls" character. "I'm an actress. Let me act."

But, they didn't, so the New York stage will eventually get her. The way Franchot Tone's wife wore her hair, straight and clamped down with bobby pins, and her large-mouth make-up had night-clubbers gossiping. Franchot is remaining in New York for a play.

They wouldn't believe us in Hollywood when we told of the big friendship act staged by Roy Rogers and Gene Autry, first at Roy's and Trigger's cocktail party at the Astor ballroom (Trigger behaves beautifully at social functions) and later at Rogers Madison Square Garden rodeo when Roy summoned Autry into the ring where he proceeded to steal the show from Roy. And after all those hundreds of letters, bitter ones too, that Rogers fans have written us about Autry and vice versa. And no more of that from now on, children.

Bob Hutton and Cal grew quite chummy at the various parties and night spots. A nice fellow and certainly a hit after "Janie."

(Continued on page 12)
Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose looks affected. So stand naturally, comfortably... for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch... because Kotex stays soft while wearing.

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for brushing and combing in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your own special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together.
(Continued from page 10)

Bing Crosby was trotting down Park Avenue, disreputable hat on one side of his head, when who should come trotting up the other side but Frank Sinatra. And the New York bobbysockers follow their idol about, lingering outside cafes, exactly as they do in Hollywood. Which reminds us of the story they tell on Frankie. It seems after the completion of "Anchors Aweigh" Frankie gave his director a watch on which was inscribed these words, "I think you've made another star." Take that one with a grain of salt. But here's one Cal personally guarantees: You could hear the swooners all the way to Central Park when Frankie announced from the stage of the Paramount Theater the fact that they were expecting their third child.

Rumor was so strong in New York that Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan were married, that we began to wonder. One look at their happy faces at the Stork Club settled any doubts for us.

And so to Hollywood for more reporting. And my, but these palm trees look good!

This May-Break-Your-Heart Department:

Van Johnson is doing his best to capture Lucille Ball's undivided attention, which is some capturing with Clark Gable in the picture.

Speaking of Clark, Kay Williams learned the hard way that the route to Gable's heart is through silence. It was Kay's habit of gossiping to columnists, writers and girl friends concerning Clark's gifts, devotion and attentions that brought about the rift between the two. Mr. Gable has never been one to publicize romance so when too much chit-chat appeared about them, Clark decided, before the romance grew too serious, they should part. In New York it's said ex-husband Macoco is waiting for Kay at his favorite round table at El Morocco. In Hollywood Gable is being about the orange-haired Lucille Ball who has been granted a divorce from Desi Arnaz. And so ends another Hollywood romance.

John Hodiak is gradually breaking down Anne Baxter's I-won't-marry-an-actor defenses, which will put the current heart-throb out of circulation.

Nora Eddington swore to a certain actor and his wife in Hollywood that one day she'd wed Errol Flynn or bust. Frankly, we'd hate to see Nora bust. And we wouldn't relish the busted hearts of Flynn's fans if she did.

Bob Walker is breaking his own heart which in turn may break yours. No matter what you read or hear, Cal tells you first hand the lad is still carrying the torch for his wife Jennifer Jones. And unless he extinguishes the blaze very soon, it may burn him out of a very promising career, that's how badly he's taking it.

Tips To Our Service Lads: Quickly, but first to ask for a picture and information concerning Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart's leading lady in "To Have And Have Not." Boys, when you see those--er--curves and hear that sexy voice which Lauren has acquired by yelling like an Indian three hours a day, you'll swoon. Take our tip, this ex-model from New York is the most tantalizing dish to appear on the screen since Jean Harlow.

If you're the complex, sensitive type you'll find your counterpart in the Paramount actress Gail Russell, beauty with too many complexes. May be a letter from you might help.

Get help to a Warner Brother darling called Joyce Reynolds who plays the title role in "Janie." She's just twenty left off attending U.C.L.A. to become an actress, can talk on any subject besides herself, and will prove an interesting listener. Besides she has the merriest brown eyes in Hollywood.

If you write to Lana Turner, talk about the latest records and approve especially of Artie Shaw's music. Lana's ex-husband is her favorite musician. And a bond between you and Diana Lynn could be a knowledge of good music. A pianist of note, Diana is up on the best. So now go to it boys, and if you have any luck let you all know.
Soft, endearing hands.
They're part of every love story...
part of your love story, too.

So be sure your hands stay romantic...
even though you're busier than ever before.
It's easy with Trushay to help you.

Before your everyday tasks, smooth on
this rich, fragrant, "beforehand" lotion.
It's the new idea in hand care.

Trushay guards your hands, even in
hot, soapy water...helps keep them
smooth and thrilling! Try it today.
THE SHADOW STAGE

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

WWW Laura (20th Century-Fox)

SOPHISTICATED, adult entertainment so beautifully and smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it's a joy to behold.

One feels like thrusting forth a restraining hand to hold it just a little while longer in this world of corny, brashy movies, so, like us, you'll probably go to see it again—to marvel at the smoothly finished performance of stage star Clifton Webb in his first screen role; to enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews who emerges a sex-appeal hero, the likes of which you've never before seen; to appreciate the beauty and quiet forceful underplaying of Gene Tierney and the humanness of weak characters Vincent Price and Judith Anderson.

It's a murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people and one with a new and arresting (no puns) angle.

You'll go home all glowy with its pearl-handled charm and intrigued with its finesse.

Your Reviewer Says: Orchids to Laura.

WWW A Song To Remember (Columbia)

THE influence of a shrewd woman on the life and works of a genius is here splendidly portrayed by Cornel Wilde playing Frederic Chopin and Merle Oberon as George Sand, the woman who brings him into the limelight of fame and little by little enslaves his talents and dominates his person. Even his old teacher, Paul Muni, is kept from the great composer by this designing woman who affects men's trousers as an expression of her dominating personality.

But at an exclusive concert of Chopin's, Muni goes as the guest of Franz Liszt and there meets Chopin. Poland's plight, kept from the composer by Sand, is revealed to Chopin and he agrees to give concerts throughout Europe in order to raise funds to buy the freedom of his old Polish comrades who have fought for Poland while he languished in Paris.

It is the break then between Sand and Chopin—one that lasts until his early death.

The music is the picture—exquisite, exciting, soul-satisfying. All principals turn in exceptional performances with Stephen Bekassy as Liszt, Nina Foch as Constantia and George Coulouris especially outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: The musical treat of the year.

WWW Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)

IT'S young—as young as June Haver and Dick Haymes—and it's tuneful and happy and forthright too. In short, it's a Twentieth Century-Fox musical at its costest, hitting the highlights of the life of Ernest R. Ball, a ballad writer of those Nineties, reputed to be gay and presenting his songs in a lusty manner.

June Haver is so lovely as the girl and Dick Haymes who plays Ball, so manly as the boy who can't seem to speak those few words that would clear up the misunderstanding between them—you know how it is with screen heroes.

Monty Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter and promotes some of the best lines we've heard in ages. Or maybe, come to think of it, it's the way Monty says them.

The songs—among them the title one "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," as well as "Mother Machree," "Let The Rest Of The World Go By," "Love Me And The World Is Mine," and "Turn Back The Universe"—are nostalgically lovely and haunting.

The Technicolor is entrancing and the support of Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clarence Kolb most welcome.

Your Reviewer Says: A tuneful honey.

(Continued on page 88)

By Sara Hamilton

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 90
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 92
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18
Paramount Presents

Alan Ladd · Loretta Young
in RACHEL FIELD'S
“AND NOW Tomorrow”
with Susan Hayward · Barry Sullivan
Beulah Bondi · Cecil Kellaway · Directed by Irving Pichel
Screen Play by Frank Partos and Raymond Chandler
John Hodliak wins feminine fancy and a prize for Nona Barbarie of W. Va.

$10.00 PRIZE
Ring Back the Old

When I find that magazine stories for two or three months are devoted to Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly and Alan Ladd, I become irked! I can't understand the present trend toward shortness and homeliness among our leading men.

To me, John Hodliak is acceptable in he-man roles.

Paul Henreid is suave and sophisticated.

Robert Young is an "old reliable" whom any woman could like.

Albert Dekker is tall and manly, a fine actor and believable lover.

Carl Esmond is lookable and would be something to reckon with if given an opportunity.

Michael O'Shea has a touch of Tracy, a dash of Cagney and is wistful enough to go straight to a woman's heart.

Turhan Bey is just peculiar-looking.

How any woman over twenty-one could get excited about Eddie Ryan, William Eythe, Richard Jaeckel, Van Johnson, Robert Walker or Frank Sinatra is beyond me! They may be great guys but they certainly aren't anything to look at.

And why don't we see and hear something of Nils Asther?

Will I be glad when we have Gable, Taylor, Montgomery, Melvyn Douglas and other favorites with us again?

Nona Barbarie, Shinnston, West Va.

$5.00 PRIZE
Guy with a Grin

No, I'm not a bobby-socker—not a teen-aged swooner. In fact, I'm at that age when sensible folk say I should know better, but I'm darned if I do, because I've finally come to the realization that my heart really controls my head. I'm a Van Johnson fan and I'd like to say this: If being sensible and letting my head have the say means remaining oblivious to a personality like Van Johnson's, I say, "No, thank you."

He's my choice as the one person in Hollywood who can portray the part of a regular guy to perfection. Maybe that's because he is a regular guy—I don't know. But I do know this. His is the warmest personality that has hit the screen since Spencer Tracy. He's like the guy next door and that's saying a lot, because it shows how downright human he is. I think in time he will prove to be unique with Hollywood because no matter what character he will be called upon to portray, his own will always show through.

So, my hat's off to a nice guy, a regular guy, a guy with a grin—Van Johnson.

Miss E. Boll, Buffalo; N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Will Power

What's a hunger pang or two, To look the way the starlets do? You should gladly leave the table For the measurements of Grable. He who hesitates is lost, Pass up that cake at any cost! Pie and pudding add no vim, Just another double chin, Leave the whipped cream off the jello Or you'll have curves like Lou Costello. It really isn't hard, you'll see, Why can't you be real brave like me? I plan to start this coming Monday But now—I crave a chocolate sundae. Evelyn De Vries, Eugene, Ore.

$1.00 PRIZE
Something to Shout About

I WENT to the show feeling blue and I came out feeling anything but that! For the show was in a class by itself. It was so delightfully different—a home of a movie for young and old, all about an average teen-ager in an average city with her family and high school problems! It's the kind of picture everybody wants to see these days—one to lift any achin
Of course everyone knows Janie, the little girl who grew up in Daddy's hair and Mother's arms. Yes, "Janie" is a must for everyone and to Joyce Reynolds goes the Oscar for making "Janie" something to laugh about.

Leita Betancourt, San Benito, Tex.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

Solution in Rhyme

ome people are getting a little tired of hearing about the Sinatra-Crosby vaude so I'd like to submit a plan for putting an end to it. I was never especially bowled over by Frank's voice and Bing has always been a vocal favorite of mine, but still I have nothing against Frank and would hate to see him out of work. After the embraces which Frankie took part in in "Step lively," I believe I have come across the perfect solution: "Here's a plan that cannot miss, Let Crosby sing and Frankie kiss."

Mary Grove, Dallas, Tex.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

Pleasant Surprise

He closest I had ever come to meeting a movie star was backstage and that is by my recent stay in Canada was such a thrill. It was there that I met a star—far from the stage of any theater.

My friend and I arrived at Deer Lodge, Canada, and immediately got acquainted with the crew of "Thunderbird, Son of Lassie." Meeting the dog Lassie was a thrill in itself, but it was the young movie star whom I shall always remember.

We were sitting and talking with the trainer of the dog when a young man entered the cabin. He was boyish and good looking, and above all, so-o-o awfully nice. He was so sincere in his admiration for Lassie; he fondled the dog affectionately. We discovered that he was Peter Lawford.

I don't know if he will remain as real and unaffected as he was, but I shall always remember him that way. I was surprised and delighted to find that movie stars are as friendly and appreciating as their admiring public.

Iona Niehaus, Chicago, Ill.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

Time for Tolerance

Have you seen the "March Of Time" production, "Americans All?" If you haven't, you should.

The "March Of Time" is to be commended for its (Continued on page 71)

---

**Dorothy Lamour**

soon to be seen in "ROAD TO UTOPIA," a Paramount Picture

See this satiny cream help your skin look film-star lovely as it gives complete care: Cleanses. Softens, smooths. Holds powder. Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

**Tonight** and every night take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then, use as a night cream for extra softening. Use for daytime clean-ups, too. Jars 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

**Woodbury**

COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE BEIDES
Don Juan
Million Dollar Lipstick

Lipstick stays on!
1. DON JUAN STAYS ON when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smearsly effect.
2. LIPS STAY LOVELY without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. NOT DRYING OR SMEARY. Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth — easily applied.
4. STYLE SHADES. Try Blackberry or Raspberry shade. "Smart" say beauty editors. Seven other shades.


Guard your Nails with Seal-Cote

Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. More and more smart women are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and the polish — adds lustre! Make your manicure last longer — SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day.1

Don Juan
Million Dollar Lipstick

Lips look lovely

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years
In fact, twice as many students are taking high school work-assignments for entrance to college. Standard I, II, III, and IV, and American School, Dpt. 4-118, Dreesel at 56th, Chicago.

America's School

M-G-M: One Rainbow on Alaska

J. Laughlin

BRIEF REVIEWS

\[ \text{INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED} \]
\[ \text{INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED} \]
\[ \text{INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED} \]

ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS—Edward Small, U.A.: Bill Bendix and Dennis O'Keefe, Marines, come into Australia for some fun after a battle in the Pacific and both promptly fall for Helen Walker. They then proceed to break every law known to military regulations in their effort to court each other. It's corny but a lot of fun. With John Loder. (Oct.)

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE—M-G-M: This is a rare combination of romance and beautifully presented information about American industry. Brian Donlevy plays superbly the immigrant who marries schoolteacher Ann Richards, raises his family and progresses to success. With John Quade and Walter Abel. A truly American epic. (Oct.)

AND NOW TOMORROW—Paramount: Alan Ladd returns to the screen in this dramatic story of a young doctor from the wrong side of the tracks who attempts to cure wealthy Loretta Young of the deafness she suffered as the result of meningitis just before her marriage to Barry Sullivan. (Dec.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Warners: A hilarious screenplay that will catapult you from laughter to fright. Cary Grant is the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunt on the eve of her honeymoon with Frisell's Lane. Raymond Massey is the criminal; Peter Lorre his doctor friend and Jack Carson is the cop. You must see it. (Nov.)

ATLANTIC CITY—Republic: Red Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frico all bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville's peak, and it's packed with wonderful old tunes provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Conway Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. It's a pretty satisfying movie. (Nov.)

BABES ON SWING STREET—Universal: Peggy Ryan is very peppy and active as the leader of a settlement home who tries to raise money so the most talented members can take advantage of a scholarship. Anna Blyth suggests a night club, so the kids take over a building and set to work on it. Leon Errol helps out, Sydney Miller impersonates, and it's all silly but cute. (Dec.)

BARBARY COAST GENT—M-G-M: Wally Beery's an old backhander of the '40's who promises to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal. When a scrape precipitates him out of town and into Nevada he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, with all the resultant complications. John Carradine does a nice job. Frances Rafferty and Bruce Kellogg are the romantics. (Nov.)

BRIDE BY MISTAKE—RKO: A cute little movie, with Laraine Day as the heiress who has Marsha Hunt impersonate her in order that Laraine may be sure the man who marries the heiress will marry only for love. Alan Marshall is the man and Allen Jenkins, Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summerville add a lot of fun and frolic. (Oct.)

CASANOVA BROWN—International: When professor Gary Cooper discovers he's a father of two by the eye of his wife, Peggy, to Anna Louise, things begin to happen. When he discovers the baby's mother, Teresa Wright, wants to give it out for adoption, he finds a unique way to stop that! With Frank Morgan, Patricia Collinge and Mary Treen. (Oct.)

CLIMAX, THE—Universal: Most of this thriller takes place in an old opera house where a mad doctor, Boris Karloff, of course, hypnotizing pretty girls. (Continued on page 81)

Shadow Stage

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Alaska
Bluebeard
Bowery To Broadway
Brazil
Conspirators, The
Faces In The Fog
Forwell My Lovely
Girl Rust, The
I Accuse My Parents
Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Laura
Man In Half Moon Street, The
Mark Of The Whistler, The
Ministry Of Fear
One Body Too Many
Rainbow Island
Shadow Of Suspicion
Song To Remember, A
To Have And Have Not
Very Thought Of You, The
Women In The Window, The

(Continued on page 81)
Together Again

THE YEAR'S MOST EXCITING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

WITH

Charles COBURN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp and F. Hugh Herbert
Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP • Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
Here they come...
out of the
"Wild Blue Yonder"
...flying straight
into your heart!

MOSS HART'S
Winged Victory

PRESENTED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

It's the story of guys
like Alan, Pinky and Irving...
of girls like Dorothy, Helen,
Ruth...of things like gallantry,
guts and glory! Filmed
from the Army Air Forces'
own smashing Broadway
and Hollywood stage hit!

Col. Lee Cobb - T/Sgt. Peter Lind Hayes - Col. Alan Baxter - Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck * Directed by George Cukor * Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart
Christmas, 1944

An Invocation to Americans by Bing Crosby

It's just another muddy day for those kids at the front. But you can count on one thing—they'll be home for Christmas, if only in their dreams.

And as those of us here at home listen to "Adeste Fidelis"... "Silent Night"... "White Christmas"... I'm sure that all of us are offering up prayers for the gallant gang of American kids to whom anything that has to do with peace still seems very far away.

Kids for whom there are no silent nights...

My own thoughts are a lot humbler than they were last year. I have talked, lived and chowed with these boys whose courage and faith is like nothing I've ever before come up against.

You feel like a pretty small putt on a mighty big course over there in those pastures in France. Champs... all of 'em. You feel like caddying for them the rest of their lives when they come home.

I see grumpy-faced kids in muddy dungarees, huddled up together in wet forests, listening to "White Christmas" with their homes and their hearts in their eyes.

A cold drizzly day in a little valley in France and boys who'd walked, slipping and sliding all the way, for five miles just to hear our little show. And the letter that came later from one of them... by name of Carl Lewis from Indianapolis... telling how much the song means to them:

"We think we're pretty tough... and we are, I guess," he says. "But 'White Christmas' gets us. We're not ashamed of it either. It means home and my wife Betty and people we know and things familiar. 'White Christmas' means—peace."

How else but humble can you feel before guys like that?

How else but humble... before a bunch of courageous joes who are doing the toughest fighting the world has ever known. Kids like "Mac"... a tall, slender boy who went over on the troop ship with us. We met up with him again five weeks later, dying in a hospital near the front. "Hello," he said weakly. "It didn't take me long to get mine, did it?" And he grinned a weak grin. "I'm pretty quick... speedy... that's me."

The closer you come to those front lines the more you realize that the courage and faith of the "Macs" in this war is more than man-inspired. That there's a bigger Guy than any of us with his eye on the kids carrying the ball for those noisy signals up at the front. A Guy in whom they all have great faith.

That old one about there being no atheists in foxholes holds plenty true over there. In or out of foxholes, there are no atheists in those overseas pastures. Bibles and prayer books are standard G.I. equipment. As much so as a muddy face, a bed roll and a mess kit.

And at this Christmas time which won't be too happy for a lot of folks, it should comfort you to know that whatever their fate, their faith has been strong and steadfast.

There are no silent nights but there are plenty of holy nights at the front.

I've seen them worshiping at services, held by chaplains in ruins of French villages, in a piece of a church with no roof and only the front or side wall still left.

I've seen tough tankers, rumbling through the villages, stop their tanks before a crucifix that's still standing in towns that have been leveled to the ground.

This may sound funny coming from one who knows there've been times when he's gone slightly A.W.O.L. from the ecclesiastical fold.

But seeing them kneeling in those muddy pastures brought back to my mind the lines of an old familiar prayer that I'd heard somewhere along the line back home. "God grant unto us an early peace and victory founded upon justice, and instil into the hearts and minds of men everywhere a firm purpose to live forever in peace and good will toward all."

I was adding to it too another little one of my own... for a happier Christmas for them... when they will hear bells again instead of shells, carols instead of cannon... When they'll be home for Christmas—not just in their dreams!
What about those Reagan break-up rumors?
This famous reporter went direct to Jane Wyman — and here is her candid reply.

SOMETIMES a girl's best friend is a hot rumor. On more than one occasion a bare whisper has set me off on the trail of some of the biggest scoops of my career. And so, of course, I like those rumors.

But there are others. Rumors about your best friends. Rumors that nag and dog at you and which, in spite of the fact that you hope you know better, make you wonder about some of the happiest married people you know. These rumors I hate.

I hated them particularly when they started to spring up about two of my closest young friends in Hollywood—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. I didn’t see how anything could happen to these kids. Why, I was with them (or they were with me) on the first personal appearance act I made out of Hollywood.

Jane and Ronnie fell in love right under my nose. And “fell” in love it was—a thud that started as they gazed into each other's eyes behind the footlights and continued until they were standing before the pretty flowered church altar after we returned to Hollywood. Later, my Doctor and I gave them their wedding reception at our home.

That was five years ago. Five years in which Ronnie soared to the top in Warner pictures to the point where he was racing Alan Ladd and Frank Sinatra for honors with the subdebs. Then the war came along and he went into the service.

They were five years of wonderful happiness for Jane in her marriage. Maureen Elizabeth Reagan (that cute towhead) came along to be adored by her doting parents. True, Jane wasn’t satisfied with the way her own career was going along. But she would say, “I have so much of everything I won’t be unhappy because I’m not getting the pictures I want.”

The Reagans were just Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen of any good-sized town. They weren’t particularly good “copy.” Far from it. Nice married couples seldom make the headlines. When people spoke of them, or scribes batted out stories, they invariably said they were “that nice young Reagan couple.”

And then, for no reason, out of the blue the rumors started. They began with whispers, rustling like leaves through the cocktail parties. The rustles sounded like this, “Did you notice that Ronnie left the party an hour ahead of Jane?” Or, “She seems to enjoy dancing with other men as much as with her husband.” Or (and this hit print in several spots), “The Ronald Reagans are readying an unfortunate announcement any minute.”

I “pooh-poohed” them. I’d say, “You don’t know how in love they are. Ronnie would never let anything come between him and Jane.” And the whispering chorus would argue, “Weren’t Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker very much in love? And Joan Blondell and Dick Powell?”

It was a challenge I couldn’'t let pass. I called Jane and told her I wanted to see her. “Look here,” I said, “I know you kids are happy. I want to write a story and settle all this talk for once and all. But if you are having trouble—for heaven’s sake tell me and don’t let me get out on a limb writing a story how cooing you are.” Jane hesitated a minute. Then she said in that level, young-modern voice of hers, “You too, Louella.”
I had the grace to blush slightly, I'm glad to say. "Then how did all this talk, talk, talk start?" I asked.

Jane had picked me up to drive me to lunch at Romanoff's. She looked as though she had stepped off the cover of a magazine. Her hair, once platinum blonde, is back to its natural chestnut-brown shade. She was wearing a smart chartreuse wool suit and carrying an umbrella-shaped handbag to match. A beautiful ruby clip with matching earrings Ronnie had given her completed one of the smartest ensembles I had seen this fall.

But Jane's usually pert, happy expression was missing. She was laughing this off. My girl friend is plenty hot under the collar—and she's hurt. I could tell that when she started to talk.

"I swore I was not even going to deny this silly talk," she said, "but you're different. I want you to know, Louella, that Ronnie and I haven't had even a good old-fashioned family argument. We both thought that when people kept on seeing us together that these lies would die a natural death. But they keep on and on.

"I've thought to myself, 'How in the world did this thing start?' We've never staged an argument in public—or even in private.

"Of course, I have a hot temper. You know that. But Ronnie, who has the disposition of an angel, just lets me blow off steam until I get my mad out of my system. He never fights back. And it takes two to make a quarrel."

We had arrived at the cafe, found our table and ordered before Janie got back to the subject again.

"I believe rumors crop up when there is any kind of a change in the status of married couples," she said musingly, "and the war has made certain inevitable changes in the routine of our lives.

"When Ronnie went into the service he was making big money as a top star at Warners. I was just a supporting player and didn't earn anything to compare with what he was making. Now I'm carrying the ball, financially. His captain's salary isn't enough for us to keep on as we did before the war—or even half as well. And so I keep my salary that gives us the little extras. But don't think for a minute that Ronnie isn't the head of his own house!

"Some people find that hard to believe. They get in little sly digs, disguised as compliments. 'Oh, Janie, dear, you're doing so well now. Is it true that when you went to a restaurant the other night the waiter said, 'What does Captain Wyman want to eat?'"

I said, "I bet that tickled Ronnie," because I agree with Jane that he has the disposition of an angel and instead of getting sore about it he'd be amused.

"Oh, that kind of talk never bothers him," Jane agreed. "But Ronnie has had to fight the terrible disappointment of not getting overseas. His very bad eyesight has kept him at home. He has been stationed near Hollywood ever since the war broke out. But you see that puts him in the restless position of being in the Army—and yet not at the fighting front."

I happen to know that Ronnie can't see two feet in front of him and had to have a special type of lense fitted over his eyeball when he was making (Continued on page 88)
UNDENIABLY, there is a man in the life of Bette Davis these days and Hollywood is pleased, though puzzled and more than a little bewildered. For the news came to Hollywood—and to the world—in a roundabout way that caught the nation's press off-guard.

When, some months ago, Bette began gradually to drift back into the Hollywood scene following the death of her husband, everyone was too glad to see her take up a normal social life again to wonder about her escorts. The important thing was that Bette was out again, was beginning to lose the tenseness that had come from driving herself at her work until she was nervously exhausted.

When she came to a party here, a gathering there, nobody paid undue attention to the man whose arm she held. After all, as president of the Hollywood Canteen, she was often seen in the company of service men, and her position in the film world had given her many famous men whose company she always had enjoyed.

So Hollywood, the rumor capital of the world, for once went calmly about its business when Bette began occasionally to dine at La Rue, lunch at Chasen's, visit a friend—with a personable corporal who also seemed to appear frequently on the set when Bette was making "Mr. Skeffington."

It remained for the South to prove its greater astuteness in matters romantic.

From the moment the report was made that an unidentified corporal from Ft. Benning had met Bette Davis at the Columbus, Georgia, railroad station on a Sunday night this fall and had taken her to the Stillwell home on the outskirts of nearby Phenix City, Alabama—Hollywood was in an uproar.

Who and what could have seemed important enough for Bette to travel down to the Georgia-Alabama line on her short vacation lay-off when under almost any other circumstances she would have gone directly to her New Hampshire farm house which she cherishes and to which she speeds whenever her schedule allows her sufficient time to come to the East Coast?

SOON enough it was evident why. There was indeed a corporal. He was Corporal Lewis A. Riley, of the 168th Signal Photo Company, Second Army, stationed at Ft. Benning. He had indeed met Bette at the train and escorted her to Phenix City.

By now the press from all parts of the nation, as well as the excited citizens of the nearby town, began to bombard the Stillwell home with queries and requests.

At this point Bette, who had kept herself from any questioning on the grounds that this was a holiday in rustic peace intended as a rest for her, emerged long enough from her quiet and privacy to deny the rumor that she had married, but also to admit that she had come south for a chance to see her good friend Corporal Riley.

"After all," Bette said, "I'm thirty-six years old. It would be childish to beat around the bush about anything as serious as marriage plans."

With that settled, Bette disconnected her telephone, padlocked the gates of her country hideaway and tried to recapture the delicious anonymity of being no movie star but just a tired working girl who was spending her hard-earned vacation "away from it all."

Though Bette had no more to say, Hollywood now had enough to re-
construct the friendship of Bette and the Corporal and to draw its own conclusion. Friends now recalled Corporal Riley, remembered that he was a New Yorker, remembered Bette and Corporal Riley at a party of Euka Maxwell's. Some even thought it was here the two first met, though Bette herself had said that she had known him for years. They remembered his dark attractiveness, his air of being well-to-do in spite of his G.I. corporal's uniform, his pleasantness and quiet, amusing conversation.

While Hollywood was remembering, conjecturing and putting two and two together, the hunt was still on in the South for more evidence. Autograph seekers by the scores came to camp at Bette's gate once

the address of her vacation home was printed in the papers. Even the padlock and the owner's four dogs roaming the premises failed to daunt their enthusiasm. One enterprising fan made friends with one of the dogs—a collie—and sent a note to Bette attached to its collar. Bette has a sense of humor, and such enterprise deserves recognition, so she sent the dog back to the gate bearing the coveted autograph.

O TIS TAFF, a Columbus grocer, bragged that Bette had ordered supplies from his store. By nightfall, everyone in town knew that Miss Davis had ordered "twenty-five dollars worth of groceries for one day! Fancy groceries, too!"

Bette's sister, Mrs. R. C. Pelgram, tried valiantly to discourage the reporters and photographers who descended on the house—but Bette at last had to make an appearance and posed for photographs wearing a red and white plaid shirt and navy blue, knee-length shorts.

She looked like a little girl, healthily tanned and honestly startled at the blaze of curiosity her visit had occasioned—and the reporters went back to write columns of praise for the Academy Award winner who was just as simple and friendly and nice as any other American girl would be.

Corporal Riley, trying to wade through phone calls and interviews to go about his regular duties, was in for as much notoriety as Bette—but like Bette he emerged unscathed. Scuttlebutt flew thick and fast around the Fort. G.I.'s who had worked with Riley in the 168th were plagued with questions about their newly famous buddy, and their testimony added up to make "Larry" an extremely nice guy—good enough for Bette, or any other movie star, in the Army's opinion.

"He's quiet, sort of. . ."

"He has money, but he doesn't blow about it. . . he even has a car!" (This, for a corporal, is something!)

"He's tall and dark—yes, sort of handsome—he's always smoking a pipe. . ."

"Used to be a real-estate broker in New York—is a cameraman in the Army. . ."

"He's lived all over—in Mexico just before the war . . . he's been around all right."

"Not young . . . for the Army . . . thirty-ish. . . ."

But is he married to Bette? This was always the final question. And here the amateur reporters were stumped.

"Well," they said, "he says no, but he acts yes!"

Newspapermen, pressed by their city desks to find out for sure, ran into the same maybe. Corporal Riley's commanding officer didn't know, his (Continued on page 70)
Once Elsa Maxwell made a prediction for Lauren Bacall. Now it comes true.

Will Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant stick to their plans?

The Sinatras cheer. Will the masses go on cheering The Voice?
Will Van Johnson, mobbed wherever he goes, follow the star-path alone?

Above all when I think of 1945
A lying only a handful of days
before us, I think of and pray for
peace, a peace which will be endur-
ing and fling the four freedoms—
freedom from want, freedom from
fear, freedom of speech and freedom
to worship—over the length and
breadth of the earth.

For myself in 1945 I hope for a
continued association with Holly-
wood. Hollywood is so young and
stimulating and aware and so
crowded always with people doing
all manner of interesting things—
and doing them exceedingly well.

I love Hollywood because I have
found so many important and won-
derful things there, including friends.
For some of these friends I have
New Year predictions to make; sev-
eral of which will, I think, surprise
you...

I predict, first of all, that Cary
Grant will spend much of the next
year traveling; both here and abroad
—with his beautiful little Barbara.
However, I suspect he will make
one picture anyway. For he'll need
money to pay his traveling bills.
Cary isn't rich. I have his word on
this. "Cary, how much money have
you saved?" I asked him recently.
"Are you well off?" He shook his
head. "I have an income for life,
Elsa," he said, "but it's most modest."

However, Cary wants to learn
about the world; what there is left
of it. At lunch the other day he
said, "I'm going to get around and
learn about the things and the places
that Barbara knows and loves. So
I'll be a better companion to her
than I was in the past. Previously,
I know, I just didn't have enough
first-hand knowledge of the world
to compete with the people and
places Barbara has known all her
adult life."

Next I predict that Jeanne Crain,
who not long ago made her bow in
"Home in Indiana," the Technicolor
picture that was such wonderful
propaganda for the corn belt, will—
before 45 ends—be right up in the
front rank of top-notch stars. Jeanne
makes sense. She is a conscientious
worker. That's half of it. Jeanne
also is charming to look at and pos-
sesses, to an nth degree, that indef-
ensible chemical attraction which
keeps men trailing her and finds
girls understanding why. All of
which, you'll admit, is something!

I do not think Jeanne will replace
Jennifer Jones. No one will; no one
can. But I do think Jeanne will be
the star of the New Year with some
of the sudden surprising qualities
that made Jennifer a star with her
first picture "Bernadette."

Incidentally, after Jennifer makes
"Love Letter" I look for her to
appear in her first comedy role
and to be a sensation. She has
a lovely lightness which no screen
role has yet given her the least
opportunity to display. Further—
more, I shouldn’t be surprised if Jennifer appears on the New York stage before 1945 is over. Her heart is set on it.

I do not think her heart is set on anything or anyone now, only her career. She married Robert Walker after a school-chum friendship and, although they are the best of friends, love is as far from Jennifer’s heart as I am from Mars. At parties I have seen Bob constantly join her but not in the romantic way. After all, they have two small children and I don’t think they wish them to be brought up in the atmosphere of divorce where children feel the lack of one parent.

**SPEAKING** of the stars who will spangle 1945 screens, there are, also, Gloria De Haven and June Allyson. These two “fitter bugs” are now running neck and neck in neck race for popularity. On the big Metro lot where they work they are very definitely rivals. Gloria soon may surpass June. She’s “showier.” But only for a time.

In the year’s run I am sure June will come out ahead. June, in appearance and personality, is more familiar to most of us than Gloria. And we always love best those we understand best. Besides, June—having come through a youth which was physically handicapped—is more finely tempered.

“The Voice” will go right on sweeping everything before him. He’s no flash in the pan, Frank Sinatra. He has terrific appeal for others than bobby-soxers. At my party to celebrate the liberation of France he faced a brilliant and discriminating audience as he stood before the mike on a stage erected in my garden. He was, if any man ever was, on the spot. And he knew it. Frank is not remotely stupid. To my amazement the greatest stars, who I would have thought would look upon Frank as a phenomenon, were as “swooney” as the bobby-soxers ever were. Loretta Young, her hand clasped in that of her husband, Colonel Tom Lewis, and father of their infant son Christopher—and she and Tom adore, said to me: “Elsa, what is there about that boy that makes you feel he is singing to you—and you alone?”

Tom Lewis smiled, “I suppose I should be jealous,” he said, holding Loretta’s hand tighter, “but Loretta has never been sweeter to me than since she heard Frank sing.” Incidentally, when Frank came to the end of his program the applause was thunderous.

No doubt about it, Frank Sinatra is rich in that magnetic charge which, in all phases of show business, is the thing which makes great performers. It has brought him along and it will help him endure.

Dana Andrews, not long ago a

**MEDAL FROM HITLER**

Here’s How to Get One

By HUMPHREY BOGART

**HOW** do you like to earn a decoration from Hitler or Hirohito? Here’s the way you work it: You don’t have to join the German Army or the Jap Army. You don’t even have to blow up an American war plant.

It’s that easy. All you have to do is follow the line the Germans and their stooges are handing out in this country. All you have to do is swallow the race-hunk. That’s what the Germans want us to do. They figure that if enough of us talk this race-hunk, we’ll get to fighting among ourselves. That’ll weaken us so much that we’ll be easy pickings the next time—even if we should win this time.

Listen, brother. In this man’s country you can marry the girl you like. You can pal around with the folks you like. You can pray in a church of your own choosing. Okay. But that doesn’t mean that one kind of church is better than another. It doesn’t mean one kind of people is better than another.

Let’s look at the record.

Here’s what science knows. It doesn’t say maybe. It knows.

There are no “superior races.” There are only people who happen to be luckier or better situated than other people.

There are no “inferior races.” There are only people who’ve had luck, or poor education, or maybe live in a tough climate.

For example, there’s (Continued on page 87)

which usually promote gentlemen in feminine good graces, actually. However, the increasing jingle of our money flowing into box offices proclaims he has something else, that elusive charm which springs from the inside. Metro’s hope for bright-haired Van, consequently, are high. Even so, I say he will exceed their fondest expectations.

I need no crystal ball, after all, to make this prediction. During the past year Van has come along amazingly, although he has appeared only in comparatively few pictures in addition to playing the young student doctor in Lionel Barrymore’s “Dr. Gillespie” series. Next year he’ll have his fine performance in “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” to recommend him further. And his role of the bomber pilot in “Weekend At The Waldorf.”

The fine and mature actor, Walter Pidgeon, is credited to the first male role in this picture, but Van—especially in his love scenes with Lana Turner—gives his audiences something to remember him by.

Will Van marry during this coming year? I very much doubt it. Always the past is the best yardstick we have to measure the future. And while Van has always liked feminine company he never has been thrown off balance. He seems to have the wonderful faculty of taking ladies or leaving them. Which makes him irresistible, of course! Besides, I think Van—don’t forget Van is a man—should be able to concentrate upon one thing at a time. His career now is uppermost in his mind. He will not, unless all previous signs fail, minimize his Hollywood opportunities by letting romances becloud them.

Miracles can happen, of course. But usually they don’t.

Speaking of “Weekend At The Waldorf,” I predict this will be the top picture of the coming year. The all-star cast—Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Bob Benchley, Xavier Cugat, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson and Constance Collier—appear as guests at this great hotel and each contributes his or her own star power.

In the Year of Our Lord, 1945, I doubt if you’ll see Orson Welles sawing a woman in half or acting on the screen. And, wonderfully as he has done these things in the past, I’m glad this is (Continued on page 84)
Holiday greetings from Gloria De Haven to the readers of Photoplay
TIME was when William John Joseph Eythe was the loneliest six-foot at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio. Out of all that bustling city, modestly known as the lot, there were only three people he knew—and he didn't know them very well. That was two years ago and it isn't lonely on the lot any more for Bill, who is no longer a newcomer but is an established fact—one of the facts that gives Fox stockholders that smug expression. The two years have been crowded with learning things—not only about his job but about life in general and Hollywood in particular.

He has discovered, and certainly to his own surprise, that he doesn't prefer actresses to other women. This was something of a blow, he doesn't mind telling you. He had expected to be crazy about actresses. He has also discovered that he doesn't like night clubs or large parties or parlor games and that he is terrified of meeting motion-picture executives socially. And—here's news—he thinks he knows what is wrong with most Hollywood marriages.

He has just rented himself a house, high, high above the Sunset Strip, where he can see the ocean, Los Angeles City Hall and also get a nice bird's-eye view of his neighbors who seem very interesting. It has four rooms and a bath and he says the furnishings and decorations are purely of the "hodge-podge school—no sense to any of it." He is pleased, however, with the bedroom which is done in flamboyant red because if there is anything Bill likes better than most other things it is the color red applied almost anywhere. The owner of the apartment he has just vacated was pretty appalled to discover that Bill had pasted red plaid wallpaper on every available space.

The particular lure of this house (aside from the advantages of gazing at the City Hall and spying on neighbors) is a large fireplace situated in a room which is nearly all glass and makes him feel as if he were living in an aquarium. He can curtain the glass (in red) he thinks, install his piano, his records, books and the few really fine paintings he owns—and then he can sort of "wrap it around him" and be lonely and cozy and thoughtful. A cleaning woman disturbs him only a little bit, coming in twice a week. And he knows a fine cook who will "do for him" when he entertains an occasional "large party" of six. He wouldn't dream of inviting more than six people to his house at once. Too confusing.

The cook is a patient soul who endures, without very much complaint, Bill's invasion of the kitchen just as the guests are arriving, to stick his fingers in the stew and the pudding, to lick, to frown and to remark "Howzabout another bay leaf in that one?" He thinks he is a pretty good cook himself (beef Stroganoff is his specialty), but he never feels efficient enough to try to get everything ready at once for guests. So he employs a cook—and kibitzes.

He says he was "conditioned" to playing second fiddle early in life so it doesn't bother him now, even with the cook. He was born in Mars, Pennsylvania, and if you haven't heard of Mars Bill thinks you should be ashamed of yourself because it was the home of the famous "Dutch" Eythe—"you know—that guy who won All-American football honors when he played halfback for Carnegie Tech!" He was Bill's brother.

Bill was different. When he was about eight "Peter Rabbit" came into his life. It was a play and his school class was giving it and his mother probably didn't know what she was doing to her little boy when she browbeat him into acting in the thing. Because he never got over it. Not that he wanted to act, you understand. He wanted to be that man who bossed everything and ordered everyone around—the director. From that (Continued on page 80)
Poll Winner with accent on appeal: "William Eythe of Foxs "The Royal Scandal"
THE idea of dancing came to June Allyson during the years when she sat in a wheel chair and didn’t know whether she was ever going to walk again. It took hold of her strongly; it had a meaning far beyond just the dancing itself.

Of course she was only a child then—nine, ten, eleven. Those are hard years not to be able to move and run and play with the other kids as June had played before the accident. She was a tomboy, and she rode a bike. There had been a storm, and the air was fresh. June, riding gaily along on her bike didn’t realize that a low-hanging limb ahead was going to crash down just as she got there. But it did. And there was no more play for her. So June used to run and play and dance in her imagination. She used to see herself running and dancing, even when the doctors weren’t very hopeful about her. Her grandmother, who raised her, understood and kept courage too.

All the time, inside her head, she was making a pattern of herself—moving.

“And I guess I thought I might as well go the whole hog,” June told me. “So long as I was imagining I might as well do a good job. When you can’t move yourself, movement takes on new proportions, you see. It isn’t something you just take for granted. You come to know its value, you think about palm trees swaying in the wind and waterfalls dancing over the rocks and—you picture yourself as ‘leaping as the hart’ the way it says in the Bible. When I learned to walk again and knew I was going to be well and like other girls—I was so happy I just literally danced for joy.”

They will tell you at the studio that whenever June Allyson does a dance in a picture, as she did in “Two Girls And A Sailor,” she still seems to dance for joy.

Part of her philosophy, which I don’t even think she knows she has, came out of that, too. She never seems to take anything for granted. Every day is a day made new for Junie. I mean she’s actively pleased by things that most of us just expect to be there. You see, once upon a time she didn’t expect any of them; once upon a time she had, with the enormous faith and courage of the child heart, reconciled herself to doing without all those things and so they seem like special gifts from heaven when she gets them. It makes her very nice to have around, makes you a little humble yourself, makes you notice safety and courtesy and kindness and friendship from others.

Don’t know whether Fred Astaire knows that he was the strongest influence in June Allyson’s life for a long time, the inspiration for her (Continued on page 59)
Allyson in wonderland! The life story of a girl who met the challenge of the past and has won a bright new present

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
The fetching touch of fur for a luscious lady—Jane Wyman

Suavity in plum suede: Irene Manning

Pert hat for a pert girl—Diana Lynn

Lady in lace: Informal formality for a gala eve: Rosalind Russell

White dream of a dress on a dream of a girl—Alexis Smith

Fascination in feathers: Lucille Ball

Hollywood Headliners in Holiday Dresses

The lure of a single rose for an alluring lass—Ann Sothern

A gown of honey-yellow for black-haired beauty, Gail Patrick

Blossoming-time for Kathryn Grayson. The scarf hints of old-wc

Harmony highlight: Greer Garson in gold

Glitter of silver for evening: Ann Sheridan

Effect for an enchantress: Hedy Lamarr
Don't marry a
The heart-breaking story of a girl who did—and who found that war-time love may wither when the honeymoon is over

BY CAROLE LANDIS

London war wedding: Carole Landis and Thomas Wallace of the Air Corps

last year as we tried to salvage our marriage, "It's no use. We'll never make a go of it. We're different, you and I..."

When we fell in love we thought, of course, we were exactly the same—identical! We were convinced, the way you always are, that we had the same attitude toward life, liked the same things and would be forever happy with the same people. Actually, nothing could have been further from the truth.

Reality always is submerged during a romance, I guess. At such delirious times both a man and a woman, almost unknowingly, act a part. Both think and speak and act in a way calculated to accentuate the wonderful things they feel themselves to be in the other's eyes. However, with sufficient time, some suggestions of an individual's faults will usually manifest themselves. Consequently, when a man and a woman wait to marry they give themselves some chance of discovering if there is any true congeniality between them, if they really respect each other, if they really like each other—in spite of their faults and sometimes even because of them.

Tommy and I—and the hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who are flinging themselves into marriage today—gave ourselves no opportunity to make any such discoveries.

I thought I was being very practical and realistic when, before we married, I warned Tommy how difficult it is to be the husband of a screen star. We sat in an ABC shop having tea. I made it very clear that so long as I remained in pictures I must wear attractive clothes, live at the smartest places, see certain people. I suggested—when the war was over he no longer was a romantic flyer in uniform but a businessman in civvies—that I might, at times, appear to overshadow him. All the time I encouraged him to protest that such things were and always would be insignificant beside his love for me. Had he done anything else I would have been (Continued on page 62)
Laughing, likable Gene Kelly, now starred in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies"
up with Kelly

...who's hard to catch up with—Gene with the high I.Q., the flying feet and a "play-fair" creed for the little man

by Maxine Arnold

GENE KELLY, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hoofing heartbreaker is one dancer who'll never be in the groove. That is, not any one groove. For Gene is a hoofer who not only has diamonds in his feet but many carats in his head as well.

Before Uncle Sam tapped him on the shoulder his complex activities kept him busier than a one-handed politician on election day. If you could have shadowed Gene you'd have seen another and far different Kelly, a chamber-of-commerce type of guy or, as he himself says, "just another Brother Elk."

Come six o'clock every evening, Gene pulled off his dancing slippers, parked them inside the studio lot, rolled up his sleeves and took over his duties as just another citizen. Important duties to him. Such as conferring with different committees, making short-wave broadcasts overseas for the boys, playing a benefit to raise money for a recreation hall to help combat juvenile delinquency, or maybe boning up on some speech he'd been called upon to deliver, possibly at a political rally at the corner of Third and Fairfax in West Hollywood.

Gene is intensely interested in politics and government, in the principles of fair play and security for all, more tolerance and better racial understanding.

Long before this year's presidential election made it fashionable for movie stars to shine on both sides of the political marquee you could find both this vigorous young American and his vivacious red-haired Betsy hard at work, slugging away to help put across the bill, the proposition, the man they believed in their hearts to be right.

You'll always find Gene, whether it be politics or anything else, out slugging for the underdog, the little guy.

Recently he went out all but fighting a proposition he felt to be definitely anti-labor and against the little people. He addressed meetings at night and Betsy addressed circulars during the day. She also did house-to-house canvassing in the swank Beverly Hills sector at homes whose residents didn't dream that the pretty girl in the sweater and skirt—"that nice little Mrs. Kelly"—was the wife of a famous motion-picture star.

Gene's very proud of his intelligent young partner, his only "beef" on her political activities occurring one evening when he came home hot and tired from rehearsing a tricky routine with Fred Astaire and found she'd forgotten to stock the icebox with beer. Either real or root.

"No wonder men in the past centuries didn't want their wives to vote!" he kidded. And ducked.

He's very enthusiastic about the part he believes motion pictures can play in the promotion of peace. And is very thrilled over a letter he received recently from Fred Astaire from overseas—in which Astaire said he'd been to a German prison camp in England and described how excited all the Jerries had gotten at seeing a Hollywood star. "They all wanted autographs!" Fred had written.

Ambitious by nature and proud of the strides he's made in a picture career in such a short time, he still feels achievement is the important thing. Being a motion-picture star in itself has nothing to do with Gene's personal philosophy of happiness. As he says, "I don't care a thing about champagne.

"You can't buy the really important things," he expla'ns. "You find that out after a while. Funny, but after you get more money than you've ever had you find out you really didn't (Continued on page 96)
Big new splash: Esther Williams of M.G.M's "Thrift Of A Romance"
The essence of Esther

YOUR first impression of Esther Williams is that she is the healthiest female you have ever seen. You give a gander and mental pictures of sailboats, dungarees, flying hair, cold mountain streams, campfires and the like start dancing before your eyes.

This impression, as you may have heard, is not one which you commonly receive in Hollywood. Fake eyelashes, hair which nature had nothing to do with and shapes that have been pounded and squeezed into rigid contours are more the rule in the picture business. All of which may explain why M-G-M did nip-ups to end all nip-ups until Esther was safely under contract.

What does she look like to cause all this furor? Well, she’s tall and so lithe that you search in vain for an extra ounce of—shall we call it “avoirdupois”? She has a swimmer’s broad shoulders, a minute waist, legs that taper the way legs should taper and a magnificent carriage. Plus these details, she has a mop of brown hair with gold lights in it, a skin any cosmetic company would like to claim as its product, brown eyes that actually shine and a grin which lights up all outdoors.

When she first came to Metro, she had not only that healthy look but honest, sane poise about her which made you catch your breath utter, “What’s this?” She met people easily. She talked well. She was fun. She laughed at herself and wasn’t too bowled over by the fact that she was about to be a star. And—refreshing thing—she liked people not because they could do something for her but because she liked them.

She is the same today, even with “Bathing Beauty” chalked up as a solid hit behind her and a glowing career ahead of her.

Strange as it may seem, you can’t tell the story of Esther’s career without telling the story of her marriage, for until recently the two have run hand in hand. A year and a half before Esther ever entered the M-G-M lot she married Leonard Kovner, not yet through medical school. He had then and still has a brilliant medical future and a passionate adoration for his profession towards which Esther remains humble. She had gone with him for a year before she became a bride.

At the time, she was a star of the Aquacade at the San Francisco Fair, having reached that point by winning more free-style races than there are sticks to shake at them. Only the war prevented her going into the Olympics. She was the sportswriters’ dream: A gal who could not only swim like a feminine Weissmuller but looked terrific while she was doing it. Her picture had been in papers all over the country since she was fourteen, when she had entered and won her first serious competition.

She came from a modest, intelligent family in Los Angeles. Her mother was a power in the city’s government. It had been she, in fact, who put through the recommendation that the kids of Esther’s neighborhood should have a swimming pool, and it was in this pool that her daughter first learned to do an eight-beat crawl. Esther counted towels for the lifeguards; they taught her how to swim—like a man.

So, by the time she reached the Aquacade (where she was starred with the afore-mentioned Weissmuller) America was Williams-conscious. The crowds were enchanted that, due to the fact that there would be no Olympics, she had come to entertain them. The press agents of the show were also enchanted. She was sensational copy.

When the Aquacade closed Esther settled down (Continued on page 72)
I GUESS I'm just a guy who believes the movies, for whenever I see William Powell out with Diana Lewis I believe that he is cheating on Myrna Loy ... There is no doubt about it: the hottest man in pictures these days is Van Johnson. Why those who don't even swoon over Sinatra do over Van ... It is funny how style in movie heroes changes; even the movie heroes are aware of it. Gene Kelly and Keenan Wynn were strolling down a street at Metro and Kelly said, "When I started going to the movies I never believed I'd be a screen lover, I'm no Gable or Montgomery." ... If I were asked quickly to name the most outspoken actress in pictures, I would name Lucille Ball. She says what she wants to and she knows the score ... One of my favorite actresses is Ginger Rogers and I always remember the night I met her at the out-of-town newstand. She wasn't wearing any make-up, her hair wasn't fixed and she looked at her picture on the cover of a magazine and exclaimed, "I wish I looked like that!"

The actress who has suddenly started blossoming, so far as I'm concerned, is Kathryn Grayson. I never used to go for her, but she can have a date with me any time she wants ... I would like to see a movie in which there was "the boy from Brooklyn" who didn't speak with a "dese, dose and dem," and didn't dream about seeing "dem bums play ball again." I don't know of any actor who has less chee-chee about him than Humphrey Bogart. It was Bogie who, while he was working in an action picture with Raymond Massey, said, "I'll bet you that my double is braver than your double."

I sometimes wonder if Sonja Henie sleeps with her ice skates on, but I'm not going to find out ... Bette Davis and Ida Lupino are the big dramatic actresses at Warners and I sure would like to see them together in a picture. They never speak to each other when they meet in the Green Room at the studio ... Sonny Tufts can't be that coy and cute off the screen and if he is it must get very annoying for an entire evening ... The best performance of the season, for my money, was given by Lana Turner and Turhan Bey at the Esquire Theatre. They were in the audience watching "Mayerling" and the love scenes between Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux were not so torrid as Lana and Turhan. The audience watched them instead of the picture ... Merle Oberon is a nice person to talk to, for while talking to you she will take your hand and hold it in hers ... I like Bob Hope's remark that Frank Sinatra wants to play a priest in a picture called, "I'm Going Your Way, Too."

I know that the autograph-seeker is supposed to be the avid movie-goer who must have his favorite celeb-

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ry's signature either in a book or on a photograph. Yet, although you may not be aware of it, many of the celebrities themselves are autograph fans. Many an actor or actress has a wall at home covered with autographed pictures and all the producers and directors have a couple of autographed photos in their offices.

Mervyn LeRoy has a photo of Lana Turner, on which she has written, "You made me what I am today. I hope you're satisfied." Actors and actresses often trade autographed photographs. Dennis Morgan has a picture of Jack Carson which says, "To the idol of millions. Don't tell me where you're going to hang this. I know."

Don't believe that the movie players are reluctant to give their autographs. One day I saw a couple of people stop Maxie Rosenbloom and ask him for his autograph. Suddenly one of them spotted Walter Pidgeon across the street and they started to run toward him. "Hey, wait a minute," said Maxie, grabbing the book. "You asked for my autograph and you're going to get it!"

I know that Olivia de Havilland writes poetry, but she won't let anyone see it ... I never believed I'd see Judy Garland walking with Wilson, but Judy's favorite walking companion is Alexander Knox and they go for strolls in the hills ... I am puzzled by Helmut Dantine, for I can't fathom why he gets so many gals, but he does as big a wolf business as any wolf in town ... Paul Henried may light cigarettes for movie heroines, but he's always asking someone for a cigarette at a party.

When I stroll about Hollywood, I always manage to drop into the Schwabadero. There the other evening I saw Marguerite Chapman, in make-up, at the soda fountain finishing her dinner. Maggie resides in the neighborhood and she stopped on her way home to have dinner. Maggie sits alone, eating and looking through a

Hymie Fink
magazine which she will carefully place back on the magazine stand when she finishes reading it. Then Marguerite Chapman will pay her check and go home and study her lines and go to bed so she can look well before the camera tomorrow. Some young men throughout the country, seeing her on the screen, will say to themselves, "Gee, I wish I could take her out." But this is only one act of the floor show.

Richard English, the writer who has used many of the drugstore characters in his short stories, enters and says to proprietor Schwab, "You owe me half a dollar!" "What for?" English explains that he was in for dinner, that there wasn't a seat to be had at the counter and, being hungry, he went elsewhere to eat and it cost him fifty cents more than he would have paid for his dinner at the Schwabadero.

Then there is the Evelyn Moriarity performance. Evelyn is a chorine who stands out in Technicolor musicals. Evelyn has had dinner but wanders in to have dessert and also conversation with whoever happens to be present. "I'll have a dish of ice cream," Evelyn says to the girl behind the counter. "What flavor?" "Wait a minute," answers Evelyn, "until I see what I am wearing. I always have ice cream the same color as the dress I'm wearing. Then if I spill anything on it the stain won't show. I think strawberry would go well with this dress."

I am fond of considerate actresses and, regardless of some of the yarns you might have heard about Veronica Lake, I have always found her a considerate and charming person . . . I was present when someone told John Carradine that he was a fool to pose for his own photographs . . . I like the sign I saw on a bicycle over at RKO. It read, "Property of the Police Department. Please Do Not Steal."

For honesty, I refer you to the menu at Warners, for what used to be a ham sandwich is now listed as "An Academy Award Special." The most amusing thing I ever saw on a set was when the day's work ceased on the filming of a musical at Metro. The chorines lined up and a man from the property department paraded by and, looking directly at their glamour, asked, "Yours or Metro's?" And if they were falsies they were placed in the basket and returned to the property department. But that's Hollywood for you!
Kind of shy, kind of sure of what he wants, though.  
A revealing self-study of a really grand guy

I'm a guy who loves to talk about himself—to himself. It's not an act with me, a slathering on of modesty. For the record, I never was a shrinking violet. I just don't happen to like to talk about me—except to me.

Just let someone say the word “interview” and I dry up—like a friend of mine on the local ration board when anyone sidles up to remark how short he is of gas.

Faced with an interviewer, the perspiration starts out on my forehead; I find my fingers getting into fists; my leg muscles bunch—that's how uncomfortable I get.

And all my reactions are wrong. I can't think of a thing to say. I hope desperately they'll ask me questions—and then squirm when they do. Then the thing comes out in print and I'm mad at everybody—including me.

The idea of writing about myself is just as bad. But I just thought of a trick on myself. I'm going to write about Brian Donlevy, me, the actor, as his best friend and severest critic.

You take a look at the Donlevy phiz and you wonder how he ever made a dime posing for collar ads. Yet he did—the rest of the models must have been on strike. He's not handsome. Rugged, yes, with features that, at their best, are pleasant. And a grin that seems to go down well. At least it's friendly.

Maybe that's a cue to the guy. He's friendly. A lot of people may not completely agree with that evaluation. In fact, a lot of Hollywood people think he's stand-offish.

That's because he's antisocial as far as parties are concerned. But look at it from his angle. He stays away from all parties on purpose.

He was scared by a teacup as a boy. Imagine for yourself the boy Donlevy, already sporting those shoulders (the kindest thing that can be said of them being “massive”), feeling awkward and out of place in his Sunday suit. He was asked to balance a teacup on one knee—and a lace doily on the other. He knew he looked foolish. He did.

Parties are a strain and Donlevy is too lazy to search out new strains and stresses. He always thinks things are expected of him from other people at parties. He ought to be amusing—and sparkle for the nice guests and nice hostess. Well, sparkling is not up his alley. So he avoids parties and social functions like a case of chicken pox.

Donlevy is a settled married man. He's proud of that state. But he spent so many years wandering he clings to the anchor of home life. He revels in it. He's using it as a sort of bulwark against the adventuring he did before he met Mrs. Donlevy and settled down with her to married bliss. He's tired of thinking of those adventures. He thinks enough has been said about that period of his life and he'd just as soon forget it these days.

So he'll tell you about his house in Brentwood at the drop of a makeup box. He'll bore you with details about the size of the place, the way it's laid out for farming. He'll tell you about the Colonial architecture of the house, the way the den is arranged for lolling—when he has time to loll. He'll boast about how clever Mrs. Donlevy is at furnishing—how she gathers up old pieces and arranges them. (Continued on page 86)
What I want

Van Johnson

Anyone as lucky as I've been shouldn't have the nerve to ask for anything for Christmas. I'm lucky to be here for Christmas.

When I recovered from that auto accident fifteen months ago I told myself that I'd had my share of good luck for a while—so, as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing I want for Christmas, for I have everything that matters—good health, a good job and good friends.

Of course I haven't, as yet, the one perfect girl—the wife who would make my bachelor house a home—but girls like that don't come on Christmas trees.

My Christmas wishes this year are for other people. For Dr. William Branch, the great guy who saved my life when I was smashed up, I'd wish for that vacation he's always talking about but never getting.

I'd like my dad to have a shiny new station wagon with white-wall tires and lots of chrome. I know it's impossible until the war ends.

While I'm wishing, I'd wish that my pal Keenan Wynn will get his Christmas wish—which is a chance to direct a motion picture.

And that's all, brother.

Greer Garson

My Christmas wish is one I know is echoed in the hearts of millions of other women—it is that my husband who is far away fighting—fighting with those millions of other longed-for men so that this world will not turn back into barbarism and darkness—will be home with me again, safe and well.

I wish I could hope to have Richard home this Christmas, but as a naval lieutenant aboard a U. S. destroyer in the Pacific, he will not be back, I know, until the Japanese, as well as the Germans, have been beaten.

This Christmas I shall have to be content with a Christmas letter from "somewhere in the Pacific," but it will be better than any other gift I could ask for if he tells me he loves me, aches to be home and is taking care of himself so that he can come back unharmed, and soon.

Pal O'Brien

If there weren't a war on, with the boys praying to get it over fast and come home—and their families praying for their safe return—

And if the most important thing in the world weren't that their prayers be answered—

If it weren't necessary to plunk every possible dollar, and even the impossible ones, into War Bonds—

Well, if then, we could permit ourselves to dream a little about less vital and more foolish things, I believe the thing I'd like for Christmas is a new meeting place for my Irish club.

I'd want it to he a big room, sound-proof and air-conditioned to whip out the cigar smoke. I'd like it rock-bottom comfort, with old easy chairs and a raft of tables everyone could put their feet on—and a good old gay-patterned rug that wouldn't show the cigar ashes. The ash trays, by the by, would have to he the two-foot-diameter variety—and plenty of 'em. And what a loaf it would he to have some push buttons handy for service—and a private phone just in case the meeting lasted too long and someone had to phone the little woman.

But why all this foolishness when we've got V-Day to ring up first? I'm putting this old wish-pipe out and waiting for another Christmas.
for Christmas

Shirley Temple

I was surprised when my brother Jack, who is in the Army Air Corps, and my other brother George, who is in the Marine Air Corps, wrote that they didn't want anything—not things anyway—for Christmas. All they wanted was a promise from me.

"Shirl," they said, "it would be a good Christmas for us if we knew that you planned to finish high school." They said they knew how hard it is to stick to one's studies when so many apparently more important things are going on. They knew it was a temptation for teen-agers to quit school altogether and take a job—a war job—to get it finished faster. They said that was one of the things the boys were fighting for. They were fighting so that our lives would not have to be disrupted. The grown-ups, they said, can handle the war.

I guess the thing that I would like most for Christmas is that laughter and fun would come hack for all of us. It seems to me that in wartime so many people are worried about their sons and husbands and sweethearts, and that there isn't the same free feeling we used to have. And I guess there won't be until we are at peace. It is not that my friends and I don't have lots of fun. We do. But we all have the feeling that we have no right to enjoy ourselves thoroughly. I hope that when my little nephew Stanley reaches his sixteenth Christmas, he will not be looking forward to fighting another war.

Laird Cregar

If I were writing a letter to Santa Claus it would go something like this:

Dear Santa:

As one large man to another—surely you know what I mean when I say the only thing I want out of your pack is a new kind of screen role. Okay, I am not exactly a small guy. Neither are you. But do I have to he a mysterious and sinister oversized guy, year after year?

I know. You're tired, too. But nobody hates a jolly fat man, especially when he's so free and easy with the presents. But my kind! Little kids whimper when they pass me in the streets.

You've probably forgotten, Santa, but I used to be a comedian. Then somebody found out I had a pretty nasty leer in stock. I should have kept it a secret. I'm trapped now. Nothing can save me but a miracle, or a word from you, dear Santa, to the headman at my studio.

Put in a word for me, friend, and I won't even ask you for those extra red ration points I really need to keep up my strength.

Margaret O'Brien

I know exactly what I want for Christmas, and I'm afraid it's quite a lot. I hope Santa Claus hasn't put all his money into War Bonds, for I want a fur coat, a pin with rubies and diamonds in it and a soft quilted satin robe with high-heeled mules to match, and... and lots more.

I guess I shouldn't be so greedy.

But, you see, it isn't for myself I want all these expensive things. Christmas Eve is my mother's birthday and we always have a wonderful party around the tree. First Mama opens her birthday presents and then I open my Christmas presents. And we have a fire in the fireplace and most of the regular lights turned off so the tree can sparkle and I get to stay up very late—almost till ten o'clock—and it is so exciting!

My mother is so wonderful—I love her so much and I can't buy very much that's good enough for her with my dollar a week allowance and, gee, if Santa Claus would only arrange things so I could give her everything she wants, it would be a really wonderful Christmas.

Of course in case there is anything left over for me I would love to have a cuddly teddy bear, or a monkey, or maybe even a panda. I think pandas are cuter than any old doll. But I can save up for a panda if only Santa will help me get that fur coat.

Some candid tinsel talk by six stars with standout ideas
My G. I. Dates

Here’s the way Lon does it—on budgeted time and pay. A very popular private speaks up and reveals who’s who on his date list

BY PVT. LON McCALLISTER
(As told to Virginia Wood)
concerned, we just didn’t have any. I had lunch with Jeanne the first day I worked in “Winged Victory.” We had a good laugh at all the stories that have appeared in the papers. One of these days, if I can promote a couple of passes now and then, we’re going to try and catch up on some of these dates we’re supposed to have had. Because, intriguing as the idea is, I’m in the Army now and not exactly a free agent. Besides, there’s the money angle.

After the allotment check to my mother and my insurance are deducted, I have about $21 a month left out of my salary. I have to live on that. And it takes a bit of doing. Because occasionally the best laid budget plans go berserk. Even a G.I. is human! Like the night Nancy Walker and I had a date, right after I got back to town. Mother had thoughtfully invited Nancy down for dinner. The cost of eating out these days is awful! And anyway, Mother is a wonderful cook. After dinner, Nancy and I decided we’d like to go down to Venice—the beach that has all the concessions—which is my favorite haunt.

We had a wonderful time. We went on the roller coaster, took in the fun house and ended the evening by two goes on the bamboo slide. You know what that is—the fellow and girl sit on the same gunny sack and slide down like mad. It’s sort of silly, but really a lot of fun. We couldn’t resist the second slide and we were really happy when we left the beach. But when I got home and began to take a reading, it wasn’t quite so funny. I’d spent about $8 out of my $21!

Actually, since I’ve been in the Army, I’ve had little time for dates, other than occasional post theater excursions with a bunch of the fellows, or a “night out for dinner” at one of the service clubs.

When I was taking my basic training at Camp Crowder, Missouri, I was quite literally dateless. I was out of the camp only twice during that initial six-week period, once to sell Bonds and again to spend a lonely week end in Joplin, Missouri.

After basic, I went immediately into a WAC Recruiting Program which toured the 7th Service Command. We played colleges and universities where girls could be told the advantages of enlisting. And although I was with beautiful girls from the opening night until the first of June, I had few dates. Not because I didn’t want to, but for the rather dull reason that I had no time. We played one-night stands throughout Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Colorado and Wyoming. When we weren’t on the stage, we were moving scenery and traveling by G.I. bus to the next stop.

THERE was one memorable experience, though, in Northfield, Minnesota. We stayed at a small hotel on the bank of a river. After the evening performance and a late supper, I decided to go fishing. It must have been about one in the morning. Downstream, a few hundred feet, a carnival had (Continued on page 83)
Personal history: Motherless at two, fatherless at twelve, Ingrid Bergman grew up with a family of cousins in Stockholm, Sweden—to win first an acting scholarship and then world-wide fame in the motion pictures of Sweden, Germany and (five years ago) America.

What fills her closet: Peasant clothes of all types—full-skirted dresses in every rainbow color; and bright embroidered blouses; and dozens of brilliant-hued buckskin moccasins. These last are flat-soled, handmade and trimmed with gay appliques in soft leathers. There are also camel's-hair coats (every shade and hue) and evening gowns (ditto).

What she wouldn't wear on a bet: Severe dresses, high-heeled shoes, jewelry, hats and severely tailored suits—particularly the latter! In the picture "Spellbound" her complete wardrobe was one tailored suit—and her complete attitude toward it was sorrow!

The outfit she's symphonic about: An evening gown with a bouffant white georgette skirt and sleeves, a wine-red bodice—and wine-red velvet appliques tossed hither and yon on the floating skirt.

Favorite color: Red.

What she can cook the best: Anything Swedish. Swedish desserts, entrees, soups and salads appear like toothsome magic under her hands on the days when she pushes her cook out of the kitchen and goes to work herself.

Favorite flowers: Garden flowers—never hot-house blooms—worn
In Brief

—of cover girl Ingrid's prides and prejudices

gaily by every room in her house, but never worn by herself.

**Pet between-meal snack:** Ice cream—on sticks, in cones, or lolling on a saucer.

**What she can do without:** Dishonest people, unreliable people, artificial people and insincere people . . . and heavy classical music.

**Music she's enthusiastic about:** Folk music of all kinds—such as Russian, Hungarian, Scandinavian, South American—and American cowboy songs. In short, she loves any music that's characteristic of a country. She proves it by owning an enormous folk music collection of records and by singing folk songs whenever she's around her house.

**Favorite role:** Out of Bergman's ten American pictures, her pet role was the one she played in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"—in which, to her delight, she played a wicked woman instead of a fine one.

**Closest friends in the glitter group:** Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

**Pet form of entertainment:** Never restaurants, movie theaters or night clubs—but parties composed of the friends she likes best, in her own home or theirs.

**Proudest achievement:** The successful combination of a fine career and a perfect home life.

**What she wants to be doing when fifty:** Exactly what she's doing today—acting in Hollywood films and (Continued on page 85)
Mr. Dingle—that clever old codger with a sharp eye toward romance—is at it again!

COBURN—

The Monocled Cupid

CHARLES COBURN is the distinguished gent under the monocle, the chins, the corpulence and the balding mane who canters about the Hollywood sound stages flitching pictures away from pin-up queens and leading men with wavy hair. Without a dimple in his chin he makes as much as Cary Grant—something like $7500 every Thursday. Without a trick nose or an elbow-bender’s following, he gets more laughs per square foot than W. C. Fields and Jimmie Durante combined and without a tonsil tremolo he has almost as many bobby-soxed darlings rooting for him as Sinatra.

How does he do it? It’s no secret—especially to Coburn. He’s an acting gem, he admits, and he says there should be more like him. Thus, he spends his off-time worrying about the state of the cinema when the old boys like him die off, one by one. “Where will they get actors to replace us?” he grieves. “How will sweater girls be able to carry their own pictures?”

Coburn’s sixty-six, a widower, a cigar-smoker—and the No. 1 dream man of the after-forties. His dream man status was decisively established when the picture, ‘The More The Merrier’ was exposed and subsequently won him the Academy Award for 1944. The star, Jean Arthur (who’s plenty cute), and co-star, Joel McCrea (who’s plenty handsome), sat back and understood when the phrase-makers key-noted the film with “This is the only picture with a ‘dingle’ in it”—Dingle, of course, being Charles Coburn.

He does it again in “The Impatient Years,” climaxing a career in pictures that began with “Of Human Hearts,” continuing with “Vivacious Lady,” “The Devil And Miss Jones,” “The Constant Nymph,” “Heaven Can Wait,” “Princess O'Rourke” and “Wilson.” About twenty other hits carry the in-between sag. He’s played comedy, in the main, but he can do heavier things, too, like ‘King’s Row,” he offers, “in which I cut up a lot of nice people in the name of the medical profession. That’s ‘heavy,’ isn’t it?”

His versatility, which lets him range from the humorous to the homicidal, is again chalked up to that acting virus lodged in his intestines. “A great actor can play anything,” he bellows, smugly. Then, bowing to the Dingle tingle, he stage-whispers: “And great parts make great actors.”

Coburn’s agent is a youngish chap named Irving Salkow, who was once a child extra in Coburn’s “Merchant Of Venice” on Broadway. Irving, hungry for blood even then, decided to make his walk-on a stand-out and when the extras were cued to throw old shoes and bottles at Coburn (playing Shylock), Salkow heaved his prop boot squarely at Coburn’s reciting noggin. Shylock reeled—but recovered in time to fire Salkow before the evening show. So Irving grew up to be Charley’s ever-loving ten-percenter, collects close to a thousand dollars a week for the privilege—and the two of them go to prize fights, horse races and night clubs together. Strange chums—an actor and his agent!

When Salkow first started to peddle the Coburn talents to the picture makers, most of them put their fingers to their noses, swore “Shakespearean actors equal ham,” and let the guy get (Continued on page 66)
FATHER FITZGIBBON of St. Dominic's Church is one of the most larcenous old codgers in the country—he had the audacity to steal a picture right from under Bing Crosby's nose!

The Father Fitzgibbon we're talking about is Barry Fitzgerald, the Abbey Theatre veteran whose performance of the wonderful old priest in "Going My Way" is one of the shining delights of the screen year, an almost certain Academy Award winner, and whose characterization brightens the shadows of "None But The Lonely Heart."

Barry remains completely unmoved by the shouts and the tumult. "Argh!" he says—and you have to use a brogue to pronounce that "Argh!"—"I'm no actor. I should never have given up my pension."

And strange as it seems, he means it. Here's a man who was a favorite in Dublin, London and New York long before Hollywood discovered him; who has now hit the jackpot with one of the richest roles of the year—and he regrets having given up an Irish civil service job which would have enabled him to retire, when he reached the age of sixty, on a pension of about $3250 a year. The Irish of it, of course, is that money has nothing to do with his state of mind. No, what troubles Barry is his conviction—hold on to your seats, now!—that he isn't much of an actor. Compliment him on a performance and he will look at you with the wary eye of an OPA inspector being offered a cigar by an applicant for a B-book. How—he asks—can a man be a good actor when he's never taken a lesson in his life?

It's no use reminding him that half the stars in Hollywood would give their false fronts and toupees to be able to say they were graduates of the Abbey Theatre, that fabled institution where the play's always the thing and where a player may have the lead one week and be a butler the next. Barry's not to be cajoled. So far as he is concerned, he was shanghaied onto the stage, became a comedian by accident and has been living another man's life ever since!

It all goes back to a raw day in Dublin, thirty years ago, when a young clerk in the Board of Trade—William Joseph Shields by name—stepped into a bar and ordered a "dhrop of the creature." As he waited for his drink, he glanced around and recognized the man standing next to him as Fred Harford, an actor he had seen the night before at the Abbey. Now, in Dublin an actor is not regarded with the awe in which he commonly is held on this side of the Atlantic. His autograph is solicited only when he is signing a bar check and he never is asked for his favorite recipes, or whether he sleeps in pajamas, or what constitutes an ideal wife.

Consequently, Mr. Harford was gratified when the newcomer addressed him by name. He was delighted when Mr. Shields mentioned seeing his performance. He was overcome when the clerk paid him the extraordinary compliment of saying, "Ye weren't too bad, ye know." Nothing would do, after that, but for Mr. Shields to be his guest backstage for the performance that night. And Mr. Shields agreed. What the clerk hadn't counted on—nor, in all probability, had Harford—was that the play called for a crowd scene: The (Continued on page 66)
You're due for a surprise on which stars make the best—and the worst—dust-and-dinner scores in their homes.

The truth about Hollywood housekeepers is that the two best in town are not ladies, but gents. A girl whom you probably never think of in this regard is the most imaginative. Equally the delicious doll you'd fancy would shed glamour over even a fried egg is a very low contender in the table-setting stakes. The broad truth is that when Hollywood housekeepers are good, they are very, very good. When they are bad, they are at least personally beautiful, but by and large they are simply indifferent.

By housekeepers Fearless does not mean party-givers. These latter are something else again, whipped up in equal parts out of money, caterers and the persistent urge for a big splurge.

No, by housekeeping is meant the daily living routine, that business of planning dinner every night and not too much chicken Sundays while you catch up on red points. It's that stuff about seeing that the kids get to school on time; of making sure that after the laundry goes out, it also comes back; that the window sills are kept dusted, the cook kept happy and that life is made delightful for both family and friends.

Irene Dunne is a dream housekeeper. Due to the servant shortage, she no longer can have breakfast in bed, the only housekeeping luxury in which she used to indulge herself. Now she eats at table, morning, noon and night, but at breakfast her pad and pencil is ready beside her. She consults the cook on menus. They discuss the night's menu. When there will be guests, the evenings there will be only “family.” Irene writes down menus, shopping lists and orders. She has days for everything; a day for upstairs cleaning, one for downstairs, a morning for cleaning linen closets, another for the windows. No food goes to waste in her spotless kitchen. The night after the Griffins eat roast, they have hash.

Being devout Catholics, on Fridays there is always fish.

Everything for “Missy,” their beautiful child, is planned down to the final dot. Her vitamins, her naps, her playtimes are all perfectly balanced. Irene oversees all this, no matter how crowded her studio shooting schedule may be.

Decorated in a “French” mood throughout, the Griffin house is formal, and thus the nightime will be.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were certainly never.

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck change the time—but not their ideas on eating.
equals in the box-office sense, but at home, before Gene was in service, there was always a feeling of complete camaraderie and equality. That “MacRaymond” tag was more than a play on words. It was, and is, a fact. Jeanette goes into the indifferent class of housekeepers and doesn’t give a hoot. Their house is big and casual. So, too, are the meals and service. Their food is very undistinguished, despite the production that Gene makes of “coffee diable” after dinner. Jeanette wouldn’t be the least surprised if you discovered dust on things. She would take it as a joke. But it is no joke to her that home is something to be lived in, at all times, in any manner so long as it is comfortable.

The Alan Ladds have this kind of casual housekeeping, too, allowing for everything being fixed around one personality. Susie lives for Alan. Alana lives for Alan. The servants live for Alan. Make no mistake on all that. Dinner may come on the table too early or too late, but nobody cares so long as certain menu rigidities are observed. Alan likes to eat red meat, so they eat red meat. Alan doesn’t eat lamb, so no lamb. Alan loves big, gooey desserts, so in come big, gooey desserts and give no talk, if you are a guest, that you are dieting and not eating des- (Continued on page 67)
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

We write to you in hope that you may solve this time-old triangle problem for us. We are two young men, twenty-four and twenty-seven, in the service of the U. S. Marines stationed in the South Pacific. We were unknown to one another until we arrived here and found we were receiving mail from the same girl in San Diego.

When we found this out we talked over the situation and found that we were both very much in love with this girl, and from her letters which we shared, she professed to be very much in love with us.

She does not know that we are acquainted with one another. Our liberties in San Diego were so staggered that she was able to date both of us. We both love her very much and would still go back to her if she would choose between us.

Can you tell us what to do? Should we write to her or should we try to forget she ever existed? Out here where we frantically hold on to memories of the past this problem is very serious.

Orien B.
Angus McL.

Dear Mr. B and Mr. McL:

This is only my opinion, of course, and I'm a little reluctant to "Tell It To The Marines," but I would strongly suspect that if this girl has written so diffi-
gently to both of you boys, declaring her love, it is entirely possible that she has also been wafting her heart by mail to the Army, the Navy and even the Coast Guard. She is probably trying to do her patriotic duty by writing to every man in service whom she meets.

Aren't you lucky, since you both say you love her, that both of you didn't marry her before you went overseas? If I remember my daily paper correctly, such things have happened.

I think it would be a waste of time to tell her to choose between you; why don't you just enjoy her letters and let it go at that?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

I have been receiving many letters from Photoplay readers treating of problems that I am most anxious to answer. But I have not been able to incorporate them in this column, since they do not carry the writers' full names and addresses. I should like to remind readers that in order for a letter to be eligible for an answer here it must carry a name and address—but that all names of writers are changed if the letter is published. I hope that you are finding this column helpful and that you will continue talking things out with me. Just address me in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California.

Also, why don't you look around amid some of your other letters and write to a home-town girl? Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl sixteen years of age. I live with my grandmother and my sister.

When I was two years old and my sister was two months old, our mother died and our father practically deserted us. He told our grandmother that if she would take care of us he would pay her $30.00 a month. (Continued on page 63)
Texture! Cling! Fragrance! You expect all these things in fine face powder. And rightly so. The new Revlon Face Powder, of course, gives you all three ... and more!

For really, it’s color that changes your complexion from wan ivory to shell pink . . . from a despondent tan to a glowing tan . . . from sallowness to radiance. Yes, it’s color that makes the difference.

And who knows more about color than Revlon? It’s been said, “When Revlon brings out a new shade in nail enamel and lipstick, the whole nation’s fingertips and lips change color.” Now it’s “Pink Lightning,” Revlon’s new face powder color, that’s changing the complexion of the nation.

So why don’t you try this singing new face powder color today . . . one of 9 custom-made Revlon blends and see the instant improvement in your looks!
The boys and girls in uniform requested these specially posed pictures. Photographer Hymie Fink took them. Here are the results!

S. C. 1/C Clifford B. McAlister, stationed at a Naval hospital in New River, North Carolina, says, "I have been in the Navy two and a half years and Joan Blondell has always been my favorite 'pin-up' girl. I'm sending my picture and I hope you can reproduce it with Joan in the speedboat with me. There is nothing I'd like better for a 'pin-up' picture." Here she is, Clifford, all set to take a fast spin around your favorite lake in that speedboat.

Cpl. Leonard C. Hamner, who is located in a rather isolated part of England, writes: "Will you please send me a picture of Bonita Granville just being her pleasant, smiling, young, vivacious self—or Bonita laughing at a snapshot of me. My home town is Rochester, New York, where all the good film comes from. It's also famous for its lilacs." Request granted, Corporal!

From a Canadian pilot, Sgt. A. R. Crichton, comes a request for "Turhan Bey with a cherry coke in his hand, because my girl and I were both drinking cherry cokes when we met. It's Turhan Bey's favorite drink, too." Sgt. Crichton's girl is Mary Lou Coons and they both come from Hamilton, Ontario. Turhan was happy to oblige, Sergeant (he really does like them), for you and your girl.
Somebody musical was go guess happened, did enjoy her. Though performed not, didn't laughed "I'M the memory rector that heard ahead for, always her. All occasion me," over she saved. Much made was imagination. Existed exhibited that.

In born medicine.

(Continued from page 32) change of plans, practically the motived force that sent her into the theater in search of a job, so that she could save enough money to study medicine.

When she was well enough to be back in high school, up in Lucerne, Westchester County, New York, where she was born and raised, somebody took her to see Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcee." That did it. Somebody could dance like that. Somebody could move and leap and make music and movement one, somebody exhibited all the grace that she had thought existed only in her lonely, hungry little imagination. It wasn't just a dream. It was real—Fred Astaire's dancing feet made it come true.

Of course she couldn't afford to go to see him every night the way she wanted to. Much too expensive. Even when she saved her pennies and sat in the gallery she couldn't go as often as she wanted to. But again in the quiet lonely years, her mind had learned to grasp impressions, to hold onto them and to live them not just the one time they happened but over and over.

"When my school friends came to see me," June said, "it was such a wonderful occasion and I enjoyed it so much. Then when they had to go away and I was alone—why, I'd live it all over again and again. I guess children always do that but I did it more than most."

So she was able to make a sort of memory film of Astaire's dancing, and she got the phonograph records and from that memory film started in to learn dance all by herself. Her short life had taught her that what you want you have to work for, her short life with its tragic years after the accident had toughened her up, in a way. Even being on her feet, she'd done the hard way.

And so she combined the two—her desire to repay her gift to others, the gift of the miracle of medicine and surgery had performed for her, by being a doctor—and her dancing was a means to that end.

"I'm going to apply for a job in a New York show, in the chorus," she told her chums in high school and when they laughed at her, her stubborn little jaw came out and she glared at them.

Down she went and applied for a job in the chorus of a musical show which didn't last very long, as it happened, though June swears it wasn't her fault.

Standing in the wings with about a hundred other girls, she tried to conceal her nervousness, tried to pretend she wasn't a sophomore in high school. When the director called her, she went out onto the stage, trying to pretend she knew all about it.

"Do you sing?" the director said.

"Oh yes," said June Allyson.

"Well, tell your piano player to go ahead then," he said.

That was the first time June had ever heard a piano player. She didn't know that girls applying for jobs in the chorus always brought some music of their own, some songs they'd learned and somebody to play their accompaniments.

"I like singing without music," said little Miss Allyson, "you can hear me better." Halfway through the director stopped her. He said, "Do you dance?"

"Yes," said June.

"Do that without music, too?" the director said.

"Of course," said June.

"Well, get on with it," the director said. Nor had she known that girls work out special routines, not just the ordinary steps, but full of, if possible, unusual rou-
times. So she began to dance. This time he didn't stop her. Most of the other girls he had stopped after a few steps, but June danced on and on and on until finally she thought she was going to fall on her face.

"Got a finish for that?" the director said, and June got her breath enough to say, "Yes, sir." "Well, get on with it," he said, and she did.

By that time he knew that she'd never been in a show and that she didn't have the faintest idea what she was doing. But he must have seen something in her because she was one of eight girls picked for the show.

"It's a good thing it didn't run very long," June says with a chuckle, "because I had to go back to high school.

Next time she went after a job it was "Very Warm For May." And there her comedy talents were unexpectedly discovered. She isn't very tall now—about as big as a pint of milk—but then she was two inches shorter, and she was "on the end" of the chorus line. The costume in the first number had a big hat on top of it and June was so little and the hat was so big that she got mixed up with it—and the audience laughed. So they kept that bit in the show and gave her the other comedy bits and—from there she went on to "Panama Hattie.

"You'd never think measles would give you your break in life, would you?" June says wistfully. "Not mine. Betty Hutton's. If Betty Hutton hadn't had measles—of course they're not very serious—I didn't want her really to be sick, not bad, but when you're an understudy—well, you know how it is."

That was in "Panama Hattie."

Being in the chorus, June Allyson had decided, wouldn't ever get you where you wanted to go. Wouldn't ever earn money enough to put away in the bank. You had to get a chance to show what you could do. From the night the show opened, even during rehearsals, June had watched Betty Hutton.

"I thought it was so wonderful to make people laugh like that," she said to me. "I thought it was the greatest thing I'd ever seen. I used to watch her every night all the time from the wings, and I'd see people out there looking tired and depressed, you know how faces look sometimes, and then Betty would come on and they'd perk up and pretty soon they'd be laughing and happy and forgetting their troubles. So one day I got up my courage and went to Mr. De Sylva—he wrote and produced the show and somehow you weren't ever afraid of him—and asked him if I could understudy Betty Hutton."

He didn't think much of the idea. They had another understudy, but he said if I wanted to learn the numbers to go away and do it and when I thought I could do them to come to him and he'd give me an audition.

"So," said June Allyson with a grin, "I went over in the corner for five minutes and then came back and he said something like what-the-hell, do you think you know them already and I said yes Mr. De Sylva, and so he laughed and said go ahead and then he let me understudy Betty Hutton."

Things broke for June Allyson then. Because Betty Hutton got the measles "nothing very bad," as June put it, and June went on in her place and out in front that very night were Arthur Freed, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's top producers, and the Broadway playwright and producer George Abbott.

Both of them saw June Allyson. They saw she had something, they saw she was little and cute and she could dance and sing, but they also saw right then that she was a lot of rare combinations—she was pretty and funny, which doesn't usually go together. And she was funny and somehow kind of heartbreaking all at once.

When the curtain went down, both of them at the stage door asking for June Allyson—and they all got together and agreed June should do Mr. Abbott's "Best Foot Forward" on Broadway first, and then go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for pictures.

They agreed. But it was, though they didn't know it, quite a while before June Allyson agreed. Because though they didn't know it—nobody knew it except June—she wasn't dancing and singing and being funny in order to have a stage career or become a movie star. She wasn't learning all the time and working long extra hours practicing Betty Hutton's numbers a thousand times or more, wasn't planning and using her wits to get the breaks so that someday her name would be up in electric lights.

Not for one moment had she wavered in her determination, not once had she lost sight of her goal. If she got break, she got more break. If she featured, if she had a little song of her own, a dance number of her own, it meant more pennies in her pay envelope and that meant more money in her bank account and that meant that pretty soon she'd have enough to give up the stage and go to medical school.

That ambition died because I don't think she was, if June Allyson changed her mind. But somewhere in the two years since she has been on a studio lot to change took place.

I WOULD hesitate a long time to tell you this part of the story if I weren't sure I was true, if all the evidence didn't bear me out, because it is so unlike any other Hollywood story of success I've ever encountered.

Her success on the lot was remarkable. They gave her small parts—ordinary little romantic parts—and then the directors saw the rushes—and rewrote the stories—and little by little June had more to do than anybody intended. For instance, she was in a movie—"These Three," with Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven in "Two Girls And A Sailor." She wasn't supposed to have half as much to do in "Music For Millions," her first straight dramatic part—as in final picture shown.

Her simplicity, her directness, and that inner thing she has to offer just came out. Perhaps because she was so relaxed, perhaps because she wasn't burning with ambition. Little by little, everybody was talking about June Allyson. You heard her name all over the lot. Important people would say, "Did you ever know a girl that has something." Plans for her future were made, stories bought for her, and—suddenly June Allyson woke up to the fact.

The glamour didn't go to her head. Hollywood didn't fascinate her. Too, she lives in the same attractive little apartment out in Westwood that she took when she first came here. If you see her shopping in Beverly Hills she will be driving a little convertible and wearing a peasant skirt and a frilly white blouse and a blue kerchief tied over her blonde hair. The same museskeeper takes care of her and her little home and the time she buys clothes is when she's done a radio show and has an extra check.

"I—I guess I haven't quite gotten over saving to go to that medical school," June says. "I made it a habit so many, many years—I didn't let myself do things because I wanted to get on with the main business of life and go to school and so I just go on living the same way.

Nobody knows what it cost June to give up the ambition that had been the guiding star of her life, the very mainspring of her existence, her religion.

But somewhere it came to her that she couldn't have been so successful in her work as an actress and an entertainer just by talent. That sort of flabbergasted her, even though at first she tried to explain it by the fact that the money had been to achieve her dream. That didn't answer it either.
Then one night she was thinking about it, and she remembered the way people's faces lighted up when they watched Betty Hutton. For a week she went around to movie theaters all by herself. She didn't look at the pictures, she watched how the audiences were lifted out of themselves and saw how they were influenced. June doesn't put it into words except in a vague way here and there. But the truth is that she came to think that the people's minds and hearts and maybe even their souls needed doctors as much as their bodies. She faced the fact that apparently she had a gift for the profession of acting and entertaining and—"Maybe I wouldn't have been a good doctor at all," she says wistfully. "Anyway, I don't think I would have been so lucky in this business if I'd been meant to be something else."

Maybe if she hadn't had that ideal of service, maybe if she hadn't had that working philosophy of gratitude for life, that joy at being able to dance, that wonderful inside happiness that makes her love to sing—she wouldn't have been so "lucky" in the motion-picture business.

And I'm quite sure if she hadn't had that tragic struggle as a kid she wouldn't have had the look in her eyes that made me pick her as a great star of the future.

There's something characteristic about June's first love affair.

She was ten and in the hospital then, and there was a little boy who was ten and whose name was Tommy. On sunny days they used to to be wheeled up on the roof and so they began to talk to each other and at last they fell in love.

Tommy had a big piggy bank and whenever his relatives came, they'd drop in pennies, dimes or even "folding money."

Being in love, Tommy wanted to do something for the little blonde girl whom they had told him would never walk again. So he let her hold the piggy and take it down to her room at night.

But—Tommy got well first and went home and—June hid the piggy bank.

"It's haunted me ever since," June Allyson said. "There was $16.75 in it. Wasn't it an awful thing to do? I loved Tommy and I wanted to keep the piggy bank because he gave it to me. But then afterwards—I was with all his money and I didn't know his last name and I don't now—but I wish I could find him because I've still got the piggy bank. I wouldn't give him that—it's my treasure—but I would like to pay back the $16.75."

So if Tommy reads this story he may be able to recognize the little girl in the wheelchair as the star of motion pictures—and if so he can come and collect his $16.75, but not his piggy bank.

Nowadays she goes out occasionally with Van Johnson and they have fun together at parties for, as her partner in "Two Girls And A Sailor," he is part of her success story. She was once thought to have a budding interest in John Hodiak because, as she said, "he is so unactorish."

It may be this very "unactorish" quality which first attracted her to Dick Powell. They, too, were in a picture together, "Meet The People." But it wasn't the picture that did the trick; it was their mutual enthusiasm for boats and swimming and a love of simple things. I do not believe theirs is a burning romance, if indeed it is a romance at all. But it is a wonderfully heartening friendship to both; the man who has suffered a deep shock in his own life, the girl who has known great discouragement in hers.

Surely the discouragement is over for her now as she dances on the doorstep of good fortune. For she has earned that fortune richly.
Don’t Marry a Stranger

(Continued from page 37) disappointed and surprised. I must be honest. Otherwise I would have been in the wrong.

Earlier it had been agreed, you see, that I could not give up my career until Tommy was out of school and established in business. It was necessary to suppose this transition would take time and involve a period of little or no income. Tommy and I had two days together after the first of July, and I went to Northern California to spend the summer. Both interludes were as exciting and sweet as honeymoons always are when you are young and madly in love.

More than ever Tommy and I were convinced we had been made for each other. When I came back to California I wrote Tommy every day, often two and three times a day. I learned how to market and how to cook. I shopped for underwear, shirts and robes for him. I went out with no one but his friends. And all the time I dreamed of the future with Tommy and I would build our house.

Then Tommy, having completed his overseas duty, called me he would be in New York in July. I threw over jobs right and left, and we planned to travel with him. He must interlock with my marriage. It didn’t matter that his home-coming was postponed and I waited from July to September for him. I was very lonely and I’m sure that was exactly how I wanted it.

During our few weeks in New York Tommy and I had, for the most part, a glorious time. However, when he was sent to a restricted area on the Texas and I entered for California I found myself depressed and insecure remembering two or three quarrels. Among other things Tommy had liked his friends and I hadn’t liked his criticism. Such quarrels, before we were married, would have been nothing. We would have short-circuited the first anger they generated with protestations of greater devotion. But when you are married it is different. It seems sometimes as if a marriage license is also a license to second guess, and everyone’s feelings. Curious, isn’t it? Because before you marry you have far less to protect. But that is the way it is—let’s face it.

That had and down. Nothing was detailed at Mitchel Field. I planned a visit so perfect that the misunderstandings we had had would be forever forgotten.

A first Christmas together is something all our people in love cherish. I made up my mind to have a tree and holly in our hotel windows. I had dozens of little packages for Tommy, among them a beautiful money clip with his favorite picture of me emaile on it. Just before I left for the train I had a wire from Tommy telling me not to come, as he was not going to be in town during the holidays. He may have thought he would have so little free time that I would be lonely. I never quite found out. However, the personnel at the hotel, and if Tommy did too. We spent Christmas and New Year’s Eve and New Year’s Day, which also is my birthday, apart. We had quarrled with each other, and we understood each other. Tommy was leaving for his apartment and checked my hotel regularly to see if Tommy had called. But Tommy, also lonely, had gone with a friend to the country. I left Tommy a money clip to him by a messenger on Christmas Eve and forgot the silly presents. By return messenger I received his present, a beautiful topaz ring.

Our quarrels began the day I arrived when Tommy, in New York to my surprise, telephoned and came for lunch with me. He wanted me to pack and stay with him at his hotel. I protested, but he was set. He couldn’t afford the hotel where I was staying, although that is where we had stayed before—without argument.

“It’s part of my plan,” he said, “and I know, to maintain certain appearances,” I protested. “This is one of the things I warned you about—remember? Besides, up here we can come and go as we please. No one will pay any attention to us.”

I am sure there was hurt in my voice. Before we had married Tommy had been able to manage a suite at the Savoy in London because I was sure he knew that as far as I personally was concerned it didn’t matter where I lived if we could be together. I had loved the little room we had shared in the English countryside, laughed at his apologies for it.

“I’ve had enough of being the guy Carole Landis married,” he told me. “It’s time we were together.”

These times a motion-picture actress could overshadow a young man who had fought as a pilot in terms of Tommy and myself loving each other. Any doubt on this score made me feel sick inside.

However, in spite of the destructive effect we had upon each other, I held to my haleyon picture of Tommy and myself in love. I reminded myself how difficult it is for a man to be married to a girl in pictures. I assured myself Tommy wouldn’t take certain aspects of my profession so seriously. I didn’t think I failed. Nor, of course, did I. However, the sweet moments we had known together.

I think Tommy went through pretty much the same thing. He, too, like mine, were self-accusing, apologetic for angry words and filled with promises that we would love each other always. Whereupon, we both began to look forward to the next time we would be together.

It came in March when Tommy spent a week’s furlough with me in California. We had a beautiful time and not one angry word passed between us. So there would be no opportunity for criticism of my friends, Tommy and I went this time alone. Trying to be a perfect wife—and loving it —is hard and disturbing. The night we went dancing, alone, at Mocambo, I set myself to be what I thought Tommy wanted me to be.

But I realized we had been acting a part the entire time we were together. And in the same moment, with a sickening sense of shock, I knew it might be my fault and that the digestion of a furlough but that we couldn’t possibly do it for an entire lifetime.

Perhaps because of this reaction we both were too individual the next time we met. Things didn’t go well. Our letters were not the love letters of old. Instead they asserted what we both felt to be far different. It was clear to me through the old pattern of quarrels and reconciliations. In our letters and telephone conversations we would agree it was hopeless to pass and then agree to try again.

When I left on a USO tour to the South Pacific, Tommy, again at home with me in California, sent me beautiful flowers and a note. It was to the point. We had recaptured something of the fine generosity we knew for each other when we first met and fell insanely—there’s no other word for it—in love. And I was contented when I came home. When it was over there was no going back, no trying again. Tommy left our apartment and went to his quarters on the field. And when he called on the phone neither of us had the heart to pretend that we had a fighting chance. There was only one thing to do—call it quits before we hated each other and no longer remembered how beautiful it once had been.

It hasn’t been easy to put this on paper. I often have needed to take courage from the fact that I was a trained operator, and it might be my impulsive war marriage, I might save other girls from making the same mistake.

Life today is not normal. Always uncertain, today the man in the service—although usually a few hours or half a day. It’s a great great idea to get the hour in which we live. Especially if a man is in the armed services. Hurry! Hurry! Claim every emotion. Take your boy for a walk, for your girl. I have come. I have come. We die!" If we don’t think this consciously, we think it subconsciously.

However, most of the time tomorrow comes and we still do not learn to stand clear of war emotionalism we do those tomorrows to be poorer, lonelier and more bitter days than they otherwise might be.

Above all, in these times, take care not to marry a stranger!
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 56) From that day to this he has never sent her one dime. Recently he wrote to Grandmother saying that now that we are old enough to work we should come to live with him and his second wife. We think that, as our grandmother has taken care of us all these years, it is our duty to stay here with her, as she is getting quite old. Can he make us leave her?

Elsie Anne T.

Dear Elsie Anne:

You are quite right in wishing to remain with your grandmother.

Recently we had much the same sort of case arise here in Hollywood in connection with Edith Fellows. She had been reared by her grandmother, loved and cared for in every way. When another relative sought to take her, the case was taken to court and the judge awarded custody to Miss Fellows' grandmother.

If this problem should become serious, simply consult your local district attorney. You have nothing to fear.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and a very unhappy girl. My mother and father were divorced when I was very young and mother never remarried. She has few friends and wants me to remain with her constantly.

I am a graduate of high school. My job in a defense plant is monotonous work. Being dissatisfied with my job, having to listen to constant nagging from my mother and trying to recover from the shock of losing my fiancé—he was killed in action in March—I think I'll go crazy.

I sit and cry for hours at a time. My mother says it is better to have lost Roy than to have married him and been disillusioned, but that isn't much comfort.

Frezia W.

Dear Miss W:

First, may I extend to you my sincerest sympathy? There are many girls like you all over the world today. You, like the others, will have to stop crying as soon as possible, put back your shoulders and try to go courageously forward. You are only nineteen, and your entire life lies before you, to be made into something fine and worthwhile.

As you are unhappy in your present work, why not apply for a transfer? Don't give up your defense work. It is more important than ever before. You are doing, in your way, as much as a man driving a jeep through a jungle. Make it clear to your mother that you must have companionship in your own age group.

Perhaps you can improve your home-life by helping your mother to ignore her own unhappiness. Telephone her from the factory some noon every week if she will meet you for dinner, then go to a movie. This need not be an expensive outing. Try to think up little surprises for her on payday. Nothing expensive, but some small thing to assure her of your love and thoughtfulness. And, as mothers are noted for their response to attention, she will undoubtedly adopt a more cheerful attitude and help you through your own reconstruction period.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was born the right side of my face was paralyzed, and as I have grown up it is very noticeable. The kids in my class in school sometimes call me names,
such as a freak, and draw pictures of me, which hurts me very much.

Without the help of my mother I went to a doctor but he said that it would be too dangerous to operate, as I might lose my eyesight. You see, I cannot see at all and this shows how much, especially when I laugh.

Miss Colbert, is there anything that I can do to help my face or to make me less different from other girls?"

Alberta G.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I feel on the threshold of my life and I know that if you are strong you will be able to build this new life and start a career which will be successful to the people who care for you. I do not think I will be able to do this, but if you can, you can and I will try hard.

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was sixteen I became engaged to a boy who was nineteen. Although he wasn’t from the best of families and my medical discharge. We began to see a lot of one another and he assured me that he loved me. He said he didn’t think we should do anything more than we were doing, I thought it would be unfair to Paul, but I don’t like to sneek, so I wrote Paul and asked for a divorce.

So now Paul is getting the divorce, but last week I discovered that George was just stringing me along. He has been dating another girl and says he doesn’t know whether or not I should go on with her or not. Does she a girl recover from a thing like this?

Mrs. Evyana G.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have the bad and embarrassing habit of talking too much. For instance, when anybody says that someone else talks too much, there is always someone in the group to pipe up and say, “The very first thing, all right,” and when anyone else says that someone should keep her big mouth shut, someone has to go out with “That would be a hard thing for Molly to do.”

I also have the problem of not being popular. I try to have personality by being gay and carefree and I try to take an interest in the other fellow, but when I direct conversation their way, they say, “Don’t be so nosy.”

Sometimes, and I hope you don’t think I’m jerky, I cry over these things at night, but only a dope cries without trying to do something to change things.

Malory J.

Two-love—in and no question about it.

Gail Patrick holds hands with her Navy husband, Lieutenant Arnold Dean White

parents didn’t entirely approve of him, they didn’t mind when he gave me an engagement ring—just suggested that we wait a few years to marry.

However, we ran away to another state and got married soon after I was seventeen. My folks were terribly put out about it, but said it was my life and they were glad I found a man that I could love.

The next thing I knew, Paul had changed. He began to spend his time in a beer parlor; he squandered his pay check and was always drunk.

I thought that a baby might improve him and he seemed happy when he knew there was going to be one. Five months before the baby came, he was drafted and I moved back with my family. My folks were happy and I was happy and I nearly died. They sent for Paul and, instead of standing by me, he went to the neighboring town and was gone for several days.

At the same time Paul went into the Army another friend of ours, George, was inducted. When he came home on furlough in the fall of 1943, I told him that Paul and I were on the verge of a permanent break.

A few months later George was given a
someone else. Glance at your watch. Say what you have to say, then check the time. Under no circumstances—unless you have to scream for the police—utter another word for twenty minutes. Some very funny things will happen, but in after years, when you are a calm, soft-spoken, mature woman, you will be able to amuse your listeners with these episodes.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

First of all I want to say that in most respects my parents are wonderful, but in some ways they are narrow-minded and old-fashioned. For instance, if I have a date and am not allowed to go out because it is a school night, at 10:30 my father will call downstairs and say, "It is time for that young man to go." During the evening, someone is always calling in to say, "Turn the radio off," or "Can't you find symphony music instead of that show?"

Another thing, my family is very prejudiced. I am not allowed to go with a certain boy simply because he and I do not attend the same church.

Edith R.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Don't you think that, if you had a sincere, quiet talk with your parents, you could come to some mutually satisfactory agreement about the hours you are to keep? Suppose that you agree that you will encourage your callers to leave by eleven o'clock without an upstairs call.

And for the objection of your parents to a boy of your acquaintance because of his religious beliefs, I agree with you that it is too bad for intelligent adults to cling to such old-fashioned and bigoted ideas. After all, any organized religion teaches kindness, humility and clean living—the cardinal virtues. If, in a non-aggressive way, you mentioned these things to your parents I'm sure they would agree that there is good in every religion.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I used to go with a gang of girls I had known since grade-school days and I considered every one a close friend. Last fall I was elected Yell Queen at our school, which made me think I had many real friends.

Shortly after that they began to slip away. They were still sweet to my face, but were saying cutting things to my back and there have been several big parties lately to which I wasn't invited. Someone told me that these girls were jealous, but it seems silly to be jealous of a little thing like being a Yell Queen.

This may seem small, but friends are worth millions to me and I would like to know a way to win them back.

Edith M.

Dear Miss M:

The first thing to do, I think, would be to review your conduct just after you were elected. Perhaps, more or less unconsciously, you gave the impression that you were perfectly satisfied with yourself. You may have been a trifle complacent.

However, there is a distressing fact about human beings that you might take into consideration. For some reason it is great fun to criticize the successful. You may think that being elected Yell Queen is a small thing as great honors go, but you must remember that it is an important post in your school.

Just go your sunny way, Edith, being nice to everyone and ignoring slights and rudeness. You'll develop true and loyal friends; the rest won't matter.

Claudette Colbert

Lovely Constance McCormick

Leading in California society are the Alister McCormicks . . .

Mrs. McCormick, Constance's mother, has been a Pond's devotee since her teens, and her charming, high-spirited daughter is quick to understand why. "The very first time I tried a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I knew I could forget my make-up problems," explains Constance enthusiastically. "In the sixty seconds of Mask-time, my face not only looked fresher and softer—it felt smoother! Ready to take powder evenly!"

Miss Constance McCormick says, "A 1-Minute Mask is ideal make-ready for make-up!"

How to "re-style" your complexion in one minute

Mask your whole face—except eyes—in a white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave this cool, creamy Mask on your skin for just one minute. Its "keratolytic" action goes after scuffy, powder-catching little roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles. Loosens and dissolves them! Now tissue Mask off.

See the thrilling results! Your skin looks definitely fresher—even lighter! Now pat on your powder. It slips on smoothly . . . evenly . . . and for keeps!

For quick make-ups—You'll want a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week. Other times, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream and leave it on. Non-greasy and effective powder base!

Get the BIG, luscious jar!
(Continued from page 52) out with his top teeth still intact. And since Coburn was going great on Broadway with his own repertory company nobody cared whether or not the old fellow even saw the inside of the Vine Street Derby.

Nobody, that is—but Salkow. He, poor thing, cared enough to make a couple of trips back to New York to work in interest from Coburn, then back to Hollywood to do the same thing with the producers. Finally, Metro begged down the mountain and signed Coburn, maybe the old fox might be good as Judge Hardy in a new series they were starting.

Wonderful, marvellous—but now Coburn didn’t want to play a long-term contract; he insisted, holding up the payment to Salkow at the same time. “I’ll come out for one picture—but just one at a time.”

The Coburn-Judge Hardy test was eventually run off when the casting of “Of Human Hearts” began. A few hours later Charley had won the Dr. Shingle part right out from under Lewis Stone’s fatherly expression—and Stone was resentenced to life among the Hardys. Coburn, meantime, has surged forward—chins, monocle and all—to lure our attention away from George Raft and all the rest. Not too easy a job, especially with the army-camp trade.

COBURN’s not English—surprise—he’s southern-fried, from Savannah, Georgia. Comes from a family of musicians and college professors and soon as he was old enough to grow top hair he decided he’d be an actor. He began at thirteen as a program boy at the Savannah Theater, worked his way up to manager—at eighteen. During his reign, all the great theatrical stars played Savannah—among them was George Arliss, Ellen Terry, Joe Jefferson and Henry Irving.

A personal—but very pleasant—brush with the great Irving himself made Charles Barry, Jr. decide to give up running around the world hunting brides for thirty-three years, managed, produced and acted in their own companies, and came out with hits like “The Bronx Express,” “The Better Ole’, the couple who are ’most of Mr. Shakespeare’s saddler sallies.

At 392x100”Beyond the Sunset,” Barry was shanghaied to New York big time, into road shows, Shakespearean revivals.

In Nashville, he and a girl named Iva Strikes played Orlando and Rosalind to each other and decided the rumblings they felt in the big wreath-planting scene must be love. Before the company pulled out of Nashville, Iva and Charley became Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, and that autumn Barry, having made a long trip to Hollywood, was back as a baritone in the play “The Bronx Express,” “The Better Ole’” and “The Breakup” and most of Mr. Shakespeare’s saddler sallies.

Summer’s the time the Mohawk Drama Festival at Union College, Schenectady, New York, had its tryouts and Barry—Barry—Barry, Terrence Guinness, and Barry proceeded to waterfall in the stuff—until Mrs. Coburn died. This was in 1937. Now, Salkow decided, would be the time for Coburn to come to Hollywood and stay a while. Work, lots of it, was the antidote for his severe loss. And this time when Coburn came to Hollywood he decided to stay long enough to make the beautiful boys sorry they weren’t sixty-six (the draft notwithstanding).

CHARLEY’s home is still Cranemock Farm, north of New York, but in Hollywood it’s a five-room apartment in an apartment house next door to Ciro’s. To lick that “on tour feeling he’s got his Confederate flag around, his pictures of Iva and Henry Irving, the shot of himself on a bicycle showing his eighteen-year-old legs, don’t exercise now,” he says, shrugging over the bike pose. “I did all that before I was forty so I wouldn’t have to bother now.”

But he hasn’t given up night clubs or pretty girls. He still swings a wicked rhumba with Anne Shirley or Jean Arthur and bugs Olivia de Havilland in the middle of the Mocambo dance floor.

When there’s a letup in the gal excitement, Coburn sleeps. On the set, at the Friday-night prize fights, at dinner parties—anywhere. His delight is sleeping during lulls in the conversation, or between shorter breaks in production.

Barry says he’ll do anyth’ng when there’s a cuppu job to do—and that’s exactly what he’s doing with his role as Jonathan Crandall, Sr. in “Together Again”—playing cuppu for a cuppu with Rosemary de Camp. Boyer. And doing a great job of it too.

That one thing you can bet on—Charles Coburn will always do a great job of everything—even sleeping!

The End

(Continued from page 53) BIGGER the better. So, with the rise of the curtain on Act Two, the bewildered little clerk was clasped in the grip of fate, and had only one more chance, with a dozen others, out onto the stage.

“I hadn’t the energy to refuse,” says Barry, “but I was shanghaied nonetheless. Ah well, Hartford, poor soul, paid for it later, but it paid off. They threw away something or other and he went to jail.”

Barry didn’t mind the experience. It was a novelty and he came back for more. They had him there more lines; and for the next fifteen years he was clerk Shields by day and actor Fitzgerald by night.

“I had a soft spot,” he says, “with a nice steady income. Evenings and Saturdays I went around to the theater when there was a spot for me. It was pleasant, ye know.” Almost like a club. But it wasn’t anything a man could take seriously. Besides, I was looking forward to me pension.”

IN 1929, he took the plunge and resigned his clerkship to head the Abbey Players on three long tours of the United States and become one of the most beloved actors of our time. Then, Barry moved on to more lines; and for the next thirty years he has been a leading light in silent and sound films.

“Agh!” he says. “I should never have given up me pension. What good is money, anyway, but to buy leisure? To work your whole life and end up without any time to enjoy it? That’s what my problems would be solved without the exercise of a brain cell and their minds would be free for creative work. At my age, having to act for a living is a tiring—a very tiring—business.”

At his age, which is a wiry fifty-six, Barry rides a motorcycle, is a better-than-average golfer, and frequently plays thirties.

Six holes of golf in an afternoon, gets along on five hours sleep a night and will put on the gloves with any man his weight.

The Fitzgerald surface is still but a mere shadow of the topographical map of Ireland. He’s a wee man, only five feet-three, with a shock of faded red hair, blue eyes and a leprechaun’s trick of looking what’s up.

A bachelor, he lives in a modest but comfortable rented house in the Hollywood hills. No swimming pool, no servants except a cleaning woman who comes in twice a week, and no one to fend for him but Gus Tallion, his stand-in. Gus is three-quarters Iroquois, a fact which at first dis-quieted Barry, that is, until he learned that the Iroquois were a blood-thirsty tribe “given to all forms and kinds of torture.” Gus proved harmless, however, and now is installed in one of the spare rooms. In exchange, he does the shopping and fixes breakfast.

“I suppose if I wanted to put on the dog for company I could ask him to wear a silk robe, but he’s not bad enough to do it,” Barry says. “But I’ll not be the one to torture an Iroquois. We’re friends as it stands.”

The other day Barry was putting on the dog for anyone is unthinkable. He never is seen in the fashionable night spots. Although he has been playing golf for thirty-five years, he has never joined a club. Half the people he knows and likes in Hollywood are the guys named-Joe he has met playing the public courses.

But Barry is a clean cut gentleman, by the way, amounts almost to a fixation. When asked his opinion of Bing Crosby, meaning—of course—as an actor, he said, “He’s amazing. It’s a pleasure to watch him. His coordination is wonderful. What a swing! What a stance! Arg! And me with me nineties after all these years!”

FITZGERALD will study a role for weeks—not attempting to learn lines, but character. It is only after he has mastered the spirit of the character he is to play that he starts to make a straight.

Barry’s Father Fitzgibbon was a compo- nent of two priests he knew in Dublin—good, simple men, not too bright, a bit set in their ways butPICcJrK of innovations but as staunch as the crags of Killarney.

Barry, although that rarity, a Dublin Protestant, went around with so many Catholics and Frenchmen and Americans and British and German and Dutch and Italian and Swiss and Jews and other nationalities that his religion has become a part of his life. He has too much business to mind where his religion is.

His name, though not his identity, is famous. He is an Orangeman!” And even now he is an Orangeman. What he is when no one knows.

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The Truth about Hollywood Housekeepers

(Continued from page 55) serts. You will, Alan will see to that.

Recently the Ladds redid their house. Alan wanted to move but they couldn't find a place for sale and there is no renting in Los Angeles with the present housing shortage. So Alan, who was restless about Sue's living against the background of former marriages, had to content himself with having all the colors, the hangings and the furniture changed.

They hired themselves an elegant decorator, so the results were elegant too: Effects like green velvet couches and sterling silver living-room lamps decorated with green trailing vines. Alan came home the night the living room was unveiled, took one happy look, then stretched himself down on one of those green velvet couches and put his studio-dusty feet smack down in the center of same. You know what Sue did? Her feet went down, right in the middle of the other couch. The Ladds beamed comfortably at one another.

Alan demands relaxed friends. He doesn't like to go to other people's houses, but he loves to have them come to him. So they do, and if you are lucky enough to have a Ladd friendship, you could drop hot peanut butter all over their expensive rugs and Alan and Sue would take it because you were a friend.

See Claudette Colbert on the screen and you see true chic—clothes, jewels, hair, makeup. So you think, what with her being French, she is a perfect housekeeper. Are you wrong! She's a terrible housekeeper. The whole subject bores her. She really likes only one thing to eat: Chicken. When she can't put chicken on a menu she is stumped. Even when she can she says to the cook, "Dinner at seven. We'll have chicken and you plan the rest."

She invites the guests for seven, too, and if you don't know better, you appear at that hour. Likely as not, Claudette is not yet home from the studio, or if she is, she hasn't yet finished dressing. Before he was in the Navy, Dr. Pressman probably hadn't got home from his office, either.

But about seven-thirty, Claudette, looking divine, runs downstairs—so showers you with charm you feel it was a privilege to have waited—and asks, very wide-eyed, "Will you have a drink?" It is an eternal surprise to her that guests will. She, herself doesn't drink and she can't see why anyone else does. She argues that liquor is hard on any woman's face or figure, and with French logic, says, "So why take any?" It is perfectly vain to point out that some women find the indulgence socially pleasant. Face and figure before pleasure is her motto.

Still, she has a small bar in her playroom, but usually it is out of something: The olives for the Martinis or the soda for the highballs, or whatever. But finally the drinks get evolved and Claudette remembers that hors d'oeuvres go with them. So she rings for some. She hasn't told cook to make any, so cook hasn't. The kitchen goes into a spin, however, and just as the drinks get finished, hors d'oeuvres appear. Claudette now realizes that you can't eat them without a drink, so the bartending flutter is gone into again and by the time the second round is poured the hors d'oeuvres that should be hot are chilly and the chilled ones are warm.

Dinner may appear at eight, and it may appear at ten, and either way it will never be knocked out, and Claudette, who worries about everything, will worry as to why it wasn't better. One of the things she

"O Rarely Soft, the touches of her hands, As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands"

—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley

Are your hands "O Rarely Soft" or Really Rough as a January Nor'easter?

Don't let Winter make your hands look OLD

"Drowsy zephyrs," did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don't you think there should be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like..."If you want 'em, use Pacquins—quick!"

Because work and weather chop, roughen, reden, ruin a woman's hands... often make them look older than her actual years. And Pacquins Hand Cream says "pooh" to work and weather—hands keep smooth, white, youthful-looking. Snowy-white, non-greasy. As delightful to use as the results are to see. Get Pacquins now!

Pacquins Hand Cream

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.
The Army At War Art Exhibition” sponsored by the Army and publicized by Charles P. Skouras, features this painting by Reginald Marsh of two service men playing checkers. The purpose of the exhibition is to make America more war-conscious.

most admires in her closest friend, Mrs. William Goetz, is the manner in which she latter runs her home. Claudette loves her own home, aspirés for perfection, but wishes she didn't have to be bothered with domestically. The truth is that she is an artist, with an artist's temperament, and any detail that doesn't pertain to her work, annoys her.

EVEN less naturally domestic is Barbara Stanwyck. Bob Taylor is a domestic husband, but since whatever Stanny wants is what he wants most, eventually it works out okay. For example, Bob loved their estate out in the Valley, but Stanny didn't go for the space, quiet and horses. So they moved into town. Bob had just got settled down into liking the new place when Bar-

barn again craved change. They then bought a compromise place in Coldwater Canyon, half city, half country. They got in a decorator who went wild with color and the result was stunning. Bob loved it all. But nervous Barbara, the moment he went into the Navy, up and sold.

Besides their great love for one another, the Taylors have two other enthusiasms very much in common: Steaks and coffee. They've heard tell that there are other things to eat and drink, but don't bother them. Steak and coffee is their stuff. Stanny considers twenty cups daily par and then wonders why she suffers with insomnia. She drinks nothing else ever. The Taylors do not give dinner parties and their house, wherever it is, is run by remote, pretty good servant control. When they entertain, they go out, usually with Jack and Mary Benny, to some night club where they have steak and coffee.

Recently a climbing Hollywood hostess was very set up about corralling this four-

some for a dinner at her home. She had her chef, who is really superb, work up her most de luxe, delicate specialties. Out came the meal, down went the guest-of-honor faces. The portions they took were infinitesimal. Finally they con-

fessed, practically in a chorus, “We never eat anything but rare beef.” The hostess didn't cut her throat; neither did the chef, but a good time was had by nobody.

Here are three ladies who do their house-

keeping with real flourish. Mal Millard does it must luxuriously, Lillian MacMurr-

ray does it most devotedly and Ann Sothern Sterling does it most deceitfully, but the result in all three cases is as nearly perfect as wartime living will permit.

On screen, Ray Milland is a comedian, but at home his English handcraft for formality is manifest, and Mal, his beauti-

ful wife, sees to it that it gets full ex-

pression. There is never a flick of dust anywhere in her exquisite rooms. Her meals are served perfectly and punc-

tually. Her handsome son Danny is per-

fectly brought up, has glossy manners and usually is dressed in the same grays she personally affects. Superficially, Mal Milland seems hail-fellow-well-met. Actually, she reserves to herself the right to know only the correct people.

Lillian MacMurray's household and housekeeping is run, like Sue Carol Ladd's, for the gentleman in the house. But it is not casual. Rather it has all the orderly refinement of a minuet. Fortunately Lily and Fred share tastes in common. They both like what can only be described as formalized informality, comfortable but very valuable American antiques, not fancy but perfect food, a garden pro-

ductive of super vegetables and super-

flowers, and no weeds or snails tolerated. Every piece of china, every pane of glass, every chair, table and whatnot in the MacMurray house shines. They go in for small parties, but when they have an occasional large one, that is done with correctness and gusto, in a circus tent put up over the entire garden. Little Susie MacMurray lives according to a very proper, healthy schedule. Lily makes most of her tiny dresses herself. Even the chickens which Fred raises live in a spot-

less henhouse, safely off the ground, each hen in a separately marked cubicle bear-

ing her own name, with her own feed, her own water in her own cup; while they are hidden at the end of the garden, they get a nice view of the swimming pool.

Admiring Mal and Lily so much, Annie Sothern tries to live up to them, but can't quite. Like Colbert, that's the actress in

her, that and being so busy. Ann's homes, while small, have always been exquisitely decorated and maintained. Her meals are gorgeous, even if she herself boil and egg. When she entertains, which is frequently, she passes up her own delicious vien
tuals, explaining that she is dieting. Since her friends are all old friends, and dinner almost always has to be a surprise, they all know, however, that Annie has been smuggling herself candy all day long.

PROBABLY income taxes primarily and

now the war have forced the trend toward simpler Hollywood living, but there are only two trends: the realist's Hollywood that can be called opulent. The younger set, Garland, Turner, Johnson, Jones, Walker, De Haven, Allynyn, tend toward apartments and night clubs. But there are two places that hold the secret where the word opulence still applies (plus those two perfect male housekeepers who have opulent homes also).

Greer Garson lives opulently amid twin grand pianos in a green-velvet-couched, brocade-hung living room, complete with modernistic art, cabinets featuring corals and pink sea shells, a broad grey stair-

case where the lights are so arranged that Garson always hankering backlighting on

her red hair as she descends upon her dining guests, and they do wait. Time means nothing to her.

There is a Garson butler. There is a Garson parlor maid. There is Mother. They are a secretary. When on Navy leave, there is Richard Ney, a charming, hand-

some husband. The food is very British, which means not too good but served with great drama. The wine is also British, and Garson means ex-

pensive sherry. Miss Garson—and one

thinks of her that way, were she married ten times—entertains practically none, but she can digest half a house who is entertaining, not Mother, not Richard.

The other opulent home? Joan Bennett Wanger's. She is the perfect housekeeper, who brought into her home something so alluring, so imaginative, so subtle that the most hardened bar-fly would want to settle right down by her fireplace.

You know how Joan always looks: Very pretty, very chic, very gay, very wise. She runs her home like that. Everything in Joan's house is dusted, shining and or-

dant. The yearning for you to see the moving chairs, putting your feet, if you must, on the coffee tables or dropping ashes on the rugs. The Bennett-Wanger meals are

not only vitamins and calories, but sauces and wines. Her meals are served punctually but so well planned that if guests are late over, they can eat all the appetizers over, they are still not spoiled.

She has three daughters by three hus-

bands, all at very varying ages, all beauti-

ful, clever and generous department. Joan never plans all their dates with pessi-

mistically medical regularity, but she oversees their gland shots, if such are needed, their tooth braces, their dictation lessons, their clothes fitting, their French and dancing. This may sound like exaggeration or as if the kids had no fun. It is no exaggeration. It is impossible to exaggerate. The kids are all so much Joan is, and as for the kids, they live in a con-

tinual, if very polite, world of laughter.

If you want an example as to how Joan's imagination is to the fore, consider this: One night some unexpected guests came in and there was nothing in the house for dessert save watermelon. The host submitted the thought of pouring champagne over it. Another time, she decided on an all-green color scheme for her dining-room table. It was winter and there were no green
flowers. So she got calla lilies and green make-up powder, patted the lilies into an entrancing green, scattered some gold dust on them and enchanted her guests.

Can two men top that, you ask? Yes, Adrian, the dress designer, married to Janet Gaynor, and Arthur Hornblow, the producer and ex-husband of Myrna Loy. Adrian, who is as superlative a decorator as he is dress designer, can dramatize a simple dinner into an event that must make Nero whirl in his grave. Before the war, when nonsense was permissible to those who could afford it, Adrian used to do things like having real pearls served on the exquisite half-shells he used for finger bowls. Janet leaves all details to him and their house is run flawlessly.

Arthur Hornblow's dinners are famous and bids to them eagerly sought. He makes as much ceremony out of opening exactly the right bottle of wine as most cities make out of unveiling a public monument. An example of how delightfully he does things is the story about the time he was trying to re-woo Myrna who had just left him. They had rented the house in which they had been so happy together, but Hornblow sent for the decorator who had done it and had him whip up—for one evening, mind you—an exact duplicate of the room Myrna had most loved, a duplicate perfect down to the smallest ash tray. Then he served a dinner composed only of her favorite foods. There was a brief Hornblow-Loy reconciliation, remember? Guess when it happened.

And finally, the booby prize! It goes to that beautiful, gay, delightful creature—Miss Hedy Lamarr!

Does she know what she's eating? No. Does she know what time any meal is served? No. Does she see that things are picked up, the water changed on the flowers and the master's slippers waiting before the fire? No.

What does she consider a dandy dish? Bologna. That or pressed ham. In sandwich form, made of thick, usually lopsided bread. No lettuce. Not much butter, some mustard and—here it comes, kids—with the rind or casing or whatever you call that non-chewable stuff that coats bologna, still on it. The chances are very good that this is what you'll get when you eat with Hedy.

And does it matter when you look as Hedy does? No.

But at least you know the truth, now, about Hollywood housekeepers.

The End

EXTRA! EXTRA!

And something special!

Be sure to get your 1945 calendar in the February Photoplay which carries a star picture for each month!
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Don't be embarrassed by short, broken, thin nails. It's so easy to cover unsightly nails with N.U.-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy, they bring you long, lovely nails that everyone admires. They are permanent and polished any shade. Set of 10 only 20c at all 5c-10c stores.

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Yes, if you follow our clear home study instructions for only a half hour each day, you should soon be playing simple melodies. Easy as A-B-C! No tedious scales to master. No notes to memorize by note-name right from the start! Study any instrument you like for less than 75 a day. If interested, send for Free Booklet and Picture sample. See how easy it is to learn music at home without a teacher. Mention your favorite instrument.

P. I. B., 519 E. Washington Blvd., Chicago

The Lady and the Corporal

(Continued from page 25) buddies didn't know—and as for the Corporal himself, he just wasn't around—except for working hours when he was not allowed to discuss personal business.

"Riley," his barracks-mates would reply when pressed for word of the Corporal's whereabouts. "Why he heads for town at the first sound of the quittling whistle every night."

"And," they would add enviously, "do you blame him?"

By this time demands from the boys that Bette visit camp were reaching a well-modulated roar. Corporal Riley was in a spot and Bette knew it. She isn't the kind to leave people likes in spots. Her promise to come to camp was gracious and prompt. And did the boys love that visit! They cheered to the skies when Bette was introduced by their pal, Corporal Riley, and the sincere and friendly little speech she made won over even the most Doubting Thomas.

One soldier put all their feelings into words when he said, "I've been in the Army long enough to appreciate class when I see it. And that was class!"

What really sent the G.I.'s was that Bette flew to Phenix City. Ordinarily scorned by the troops, Phenix City took on unaccustomed glamour when Bette and her household settled there for a month. "Bette isn't scared of Phenix City," the word flew around the camp.

Bette took to life in Phenix City like a native. She carried wood from the back yard for the fireplace and the wood-burning cook-stove. She learned to make biscuits on the old iron stove without burning them, and mastered a wood-smoked steak. She bought hip boots and overalls and joined her farmer neighbors in fishing expeditions and coon and possum hunts.

All of this surprised Phenix City but it was exactly what Bette's friends would expect. After all she has never lived the silken life of a glamour girl. She has never chosen to be either idle or elegant. Her beloved "Butternut" in Vermont is charming but simple in the New England tradition. Her California home is a comparatively small house, which she did over with fresh paint and gay chintzes, in a comparatively un-fashioned section of town.

Bette frequently bathes her own dogs, shampoos her own hair and works as chief cook and bottle washer at the Hollywood Canteen. There's no question about it that she would take to Georgia's good American pattern instantly and instinctively. And no doubt, by the same token, that Georgia would take to her the same very way.

She saw Corporal Riley when she could—but a Technician, Fifth Grade, on active duty, isn't wallowing in leisure time. Once the clamor and the shouting died down, she relaxed and had the time of her life.

There was a brief intermission in her holiday during which she responded to a request to come to Washington where she saw the President.

But the call of Georgia was strong. No sooner had she finished her official business than she hurried back to the Ft. Benning area for the precious remaining days of her vacation, this time to occupy the Williams estate some eighteen miles down.

Once more the marriage rumors filled the air like a Georgia snowstorm and once more Bette had to make her statement to the press. "No, I'm not trying to be coy," she said. "I'm simply not going to marry him."

This had to satisfy the South. But it was a great help when reports spread to New York that at this psychological moment Corporal Riley was due to spend a brief furlough with his parents who live on Park Avenue in Manhattan.

Coupled with this report was the stimulating information that Bette was expected to arrive in New York at about the same time. Could it be that the Corporal was presenting his lady to the Riley family?

Bette is back in Hollywood now, hard at work on "Stolen Life," her first picture in the exciting capacity of co-producer, and the furor which attended her visit to Phenix City and New York has subsided for the moment.

It wasn't a honeymoon—if Bette says it wasn't. And we take her word for it if Bette says she isn't going to marry Lewis Riley—at least not now.

But Hollywood doesn't think Bette Davis chose her vacation spot from a travel catalogue.

And the next time Corporal Riley shows up in Hollywood—and everyone is sure he will—curious eyes and ears will be turned in his direction.

Hollywood isn't going to be caught napping—twice! The End
Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 17) intelligent and appealing film placing before us all this gigantic problem. Racial and religious discrimination must indeed be abolished if we are ever to have a lasting peace.

Since there is no super or superior race, I sincerely hope that as citizens of the world we shall learn to share our rights and privileges with all peace-loving and deserving people, be they Catholic, Protestant or Jew and regardless of color.

May the motion-picture industry continue in its efforts to point the way.

Marcella Woeckener,
Rock Island, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

I'm deeply grateful for the article "If My Daughter Were Seventeen" by Frank Sinatra. I'm sixteen and was always trying to look older. Frank showed me that youth is the best part of your life.

Elsie Ellovich,
West Hartford, Conn.

Here I am—swooning, but definitely! I have to go all out over a guy I seldom see on the screen—Johnnie Johnson. Why doesn't someone get hep and give him a break? Um-m-m-m, that man!

M. Campbell,
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

I'm writing this with the hope of opening some sleepy Hollywood eyes. James Craig has all the requirements to make a great star. If the studios would take a second glance at Craig's broad shoulders, deep chest and mighty body, it wouldn't be long before many of the so-called "beautiful hunk of men" in Hollywood would be scurrying for their vitamin tablets!

An ardent movie fan,
Herkimer, N. Y.

If there is an actor in Hollywood who has more charm and acting ability than Claude Rains, I've yet to see him. And if there's an actor in Hollywood who gets as little attention, I've yet to see him, too.

Suzette Ryan,
Plattsburg, N. Y.

A NY star that goes out of her way to answer notes sent backstage should be complimented. I am speaking of Lena Horne, the lady with a grand voice and friendliness to her public. Lena, after her recent appearance here, has many friends in Detroit. We hope she'll be back soon.

Betty J. Wyatt,
Detroit, Mich.

TWO MUSTS TO REMEMBER:

It's time to pay your income tax! Pay it willingly and on time and help your government out of a tight spot.

It's never time for inflation! Remember this when you start to buy something! Do you really need it?
When you're home curled up with a book it doesn't matter if your hair slips its moorings ... But when the party's in full bloom and the music to your taste, you want a hair-do built for speed and endurance.

So anchor it, for keeps, with DeLong Bob Pins ... They have the strength of true love and the grip of a habit. They'll hold your curls securely, keep your hair-net snugly in place and help make you the glamour- puss of the party.

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

The Essence of Esther

(Continued from page 41) to being a doctor's wife. She acquired two spaniels, one named "Angina Pectoris" and the other tagged something even less pronounceable. She dashed about to linen sales, bought second-hand furniture and repainted it, and got most of the paint on her nose. She purchased cook books and discovered that she was rather sharp in the pot-and-pan department. She also cleaned and washed and romped with the dogs and chummied with her young husband when he came home at night. And she listened to what he might have been planning to say in the hospital. She even began to talk like a doctor's frau. She laughed him out of the blues when an incurably ill patient died. And she gossiped with him when he made well.

Then came a phone call. It was from a representative of the M-G-M Studios. Could she come and see Mr. Mayer, a voice said. She had been noticed in the Aquacade and they thought she definitely had something for pictures.

Without hesitation, Esther said, "No."

Then began a series of phone calls which should go down in Hollywood history. Once a month the bell would ring.

"Mr. Mayer would like to see you," the voice would say.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayer," Esther would reply, "but I don't want to go into pictures."

"I'm sorry," the voice would answer. "I'll call you next month."

It did. It lasted for over six months. Esther and Leonard discussed whether or not she should meet Mr. Mayer. The day came when Esther began to realize that a contract was the only answer. She saw that she would like to be continent from most young doctors who hurry out of their training in order to support a wife and miss the chance of being really great. I didn't want him to be worried about me—and I didn't want to just sit in a house and only be a wife. That makes women dull."

Well, they talked it over and decided that Esther should see Mr. Mayer.

He asked her what she would like in the way of a contract. She was young but she was smart. So much money, she answered. So much training in acting. Little parts first, to get used to the business. No big splash and then failure, please.

Mr. Mayer yelled, "Done!" and whipped out a contract. That was that.

Since then, Esther has become a star. And once again stardom has exacted its price: The cost of a broken marriage. But this time the reason is a little different.

NATURALLY, for the past year, with Leonard doing post-graduate work and Esther knocking herself out for M-G-M, schedules were pretty difficult. It got so they even had to make dates with each other. They lived in a little place halfway between the hospital and M-G-M, so that both got a break on gas. Esther got up every morning and made Leonard's breakfast. She wished the dishes and dashed to work. She ordered food over the phone from the studio and picked it up on the way home. Then, if her husband wasn't needed at the hospital, she picked him up and drove home. He sat in a big chair reading the baseball scores while she cooked dinner. Because of her enthusiasm for his work, Esther often added to her already overcrowded day by helping him at the hospital, even, on several occasions, working with him in the delivery room.

Meantime the studio discovered from the daily rushes that it had a potential star on its hands in the long, lithe girl who swam like a fish, and sang like a truiper. Esther's part in the picture was built up. Even the title was changed from "Mr. Co-Ed" to "Bathing Beauty." Esther was now working desperately hard—week in, week out, even Sundays.

And Leonard was working long hours at the hospital. Both came home completely worn out. There was a night when Leonard brought some friends home, and Esther, good sport that she was, stayed up, entertained the guests and went to the studio without any sleep. No one, no matter how healthy, can stand up under such a schedule.

Both of them were nervous and over-tired. They decided that a divorce was the only answer. It wasn't an easy decision. They'd had four years—for the most part happy. They respected each other.

"It's a case of two people who didn't get along," Esther said. "We both tried—hard."

NOW Esther is living with her mother. Her family has always meant a great deal to her. Under her protection, like three sisters and a brother in Los Angeles. Esther has them out to the studio to visit her, always includes them in every party she gives. Where the clan gathers for Thanksgiving or Christmas, every sign and a couple of microphones are needed to make it look like a convention.

Leonard is in residence in the hospital. Despite their separation, he is eager for her to make a success of her career. At first he didn't know whether or not she wanted that sort of life enough to keep at it. Neither did she. And neither of them honestly knew if she would be good enough on the screen ever to become a really big star. But all that was settled at the preview of "Bathing Beauty"—before the divorce was announced.

"We sat 'way up in the balcony, all scrumched down in our seats so no one would know we were there," Esther said. "I was terrified, of course. I thought I'd go out and jump into the nearest river if I was really bad. But when the picture was over and the audience began to applaud Leonard said, 'O.K. I'm convinced now. You can be a success.' From him, that was my own Academy Award."

Esther is going on. She has chosen the road of stardom. The academy has rewarded her choice by starring her in "Thrift Of A Romance" with Van Johnson, its most potent box-office personality.

And she'll go on. She is winning a real Academy Award if she isn't careful! The End

Hot Tip
It's Van Johnson, of course! Watch for his real life story as told by himself in your February Photoplay!
Lana Lynn

vivacious star of Paramount's

Lur Hearts Were Young And Gay," chooses

tri-color dinner dress of mirror-shining

pony satin by Martini. With high neck and

square shoulders that hint at being sleeves, it's

here to lend high-voltage excitement to any

evening. Fuchsia bodice, emerald

green sash, jet skirt. Marshall Field, Chicago;

iman-Marcus, Dallas;

gdorf Goodman, New York

PHOTOPLAY'S
FIRST-RUN FASHIONS
Glitter Glamour is the secret of Diana Lynn's cocktail-dinner costume. She selects Charles Armour's "Middy dress," sculptured and flattering, that owes its line to a woven-indescent neckline of many-colored sequins in 100% wool. Lime, dusty pink, aqua or raspberry. Milgrim's, New York. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.
Please wait, Mr. Jennings, I'm crying again!

I thought I had all that out of my system, but I guess these darn gray velvet drapes Mr. Jennings uses set me off again.

You're with me everywhere I go, Joe, darling...we scattered so many memories around in our few short weeks together. You climb the old mill stairs with me when we picnic on Strawberry Hill. You tease poor Miss Burrows at the post office so unmercifully about reading the mail she blushes at the very sight of you. You share my sodas at the corner drug store, my laughter at the movies, my dreams at night. And here where we had our wedding picture taken, I can almost feel your hand in mine.

Oh, Joe, Joe—you've loved me, cared for me, spoiled me outrageously. Certainly I said (when you asked me) that I'd never had a fur coat, but I've never had the sun, moon and stars either! And when your sister brought it over on Christmas Day with your dear letter... all I could think was a lifetime isn't long enough... to be with someone like you!

"I'M READY NOW, Mr. Jennings. Please make it your best picture—it's for my husband overseas. The Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is a gift from him... and I want him to see... how very much I love it!"

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KEEP THEIR BEAUTY LONGER
* YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM
It's a wonderful world... and a wonderful whirl in the holiday season.
And who can tell just exactly when something perfect is going to happen? Maybe today at high noon or tomorrow at midnight. Whenever it happens, you want to be dressed for it... want to look your loveliest.

And Photoplay shows you how to look like the darling you are every minute of the live-long day and night.

**BEWITCHING HOURS**

*For the magical moment when twelve strikes the old year out and the New Year in.* (Left) Off-the-shoulder dream dress with sheath-tight bodice and rayon velvet necklace, bouffant net skirt that alternates pink and black panels. Sparked with jet bowknots for fly-by-night flare. A Perlberg original. 9 to 17. About $25.00 at John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; B. Altman, New York; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va.

(Right) Full-skirted Junior Formal in whispering rayon taffeta with a pussy-cat bow at the shoulder. Black and fuchsia plaid. 7 to 15. About $20.00 at Arnold Constable, New York; J. A. Brown Co., Oklahoma City; Best Apparel, Seattle.
Holiday-happy, exciting as a surprise package, this pair of pastel paragons. (Left) Doris Dodson sculpture dress with echoing scrolls at neck and waist, tiny upswept sleeves. Pearly buttons down the back. Butcher rayon and wool in pink, blue, gold. 9 to 15. About $13.00 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Oppenheim Collins, New York.

(Right) Line-lovely Universiteen frock of woolpaca, a rayon, wool and mohair blend, with self necklace and bow. Lime, pink, gray, shrimp, maize, winter white, gold. 7 to 15. About $9.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Famous Barr, St. Louis.

Bring out your beauty, stand out in a room in this Peggy Paige polka-dotty dress. Rayon butcher linen weave in melon, gray, kelly, blue or luggage dotted with white. 9 to 15. About $6.00 at The Hub, Baltimore; May Co., Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York.
FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

This Junior Deb trench coat, tailored like an officer's, will brighten 1945's dreariest days. Give it or get it for yourself with your extra Xmas gift money. Gravanetted gabardine in American Beauty. Royal blue. Hunter green, melon, gray or natural. 10-18. About $20.00 at Davison, Paxon, Atlanta; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dress-up rayon taffeta costume blouse, styled by Lacher. Sparkling jewel-like buttons and saucy bustle back. Green and gold or red and gold plaid. Sizes 32-38. About $6.50 at Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn.

Something warm to sink cold toes into... these plushy Jungle scuffs by Joyce. Cotton-backed pile fabric with toe-cuddling, nap flannel lining. Red, green, beige, white. About $4.00 at Marshall Field, Chicago; Lord & Taylor, New York.

More Stores from Coast-to-Coast where you can buy these YOUNG AND GAY FASHIONS

Bewitching Hour Evening Dresses

Off-the-shoulder bouffant net
Denver, Colo. ......... Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. ......... W. H. Block Co.
Kansas City, Mo. .......... Adler's
San Diego, Calif. .......... Marston Co.

Junior Formal rayon taffeta
Chicago, Ill. .......... Mondel Bros., Inc.
Dallas, Tex. .......... A. Harris & Co.
Memphis, Tenn. .......... J. Goldsmith & Sons
Salt Lake City, Utah .......... Auerbach Co.

Christmas Bright Lights

Doris Dodson Sculpture Dress
Memphis, Tenn. .......... John Gerber Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .......... Saks, Bohr & Fuller Co.

Universtiteen frock of pastel woolpaca
Atlanta, Ga. .......... Rich's, Inc.
Knoxville, Tenn. .......... Anderson-Duflin, Yarnell Co.

Peggy Paige Polka Dot
Birmingham Ala. .......... Loveemon, Joseph & Laeb
Cleveland, Ohio .......... Higbee Co.
St. Paul, Minn. .......... The Golden Rule

YOUNG AND GAY FASHIONS for Christmas Giving

Junior Deb Trench Coat
Denver, Colo. .......... The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Richmond, Va. .......... Tholhimer Bros.

Dress-up Rayon Taffeta Blouse
Chicago, Ill. .......... Spaulding's
Indianapolis, Ind. ........ D. W. Gees
Newark, N. J. .......... L. Bamberger & Co.

Joyce Jungle Scuffs
Cleveland, Ohio .......... Halle Bros.
Miami and Miami Beach, Fla. .......... Burdine's, Inc.

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Hoot, mam! Fun shoes on a scotchman's budget! Ropee new bang-up bag-pipers are the dashing-est shoes afoot... rugged as they are riotous, thanks to Ropee new improved stitched rope soles. In wool felt slashed with plaid-bright cable stitching. Look for the name in the lining, Ropee, America's No. 1 rope sole shoe. About $5 at leading stores or write to ROPEEZ, INC., 47 West 34th Street, New York City.

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PLAIN MATERIALS IN WORSTED $4.
in the right places and making the right effect—well, then she sometimes doesn't develop mentally and emotionally. The girls here are devastatingly beautiful, but some of them are shell—sort of. They don't have that inner quality of—heart.

He likes one Hollywood girl though, he admits. Her name is Carol Andrews and he is a stock player at Twentieth. He takes her out and sees her whenever it's possible. "She hasn't got that way yet," he explains and that's all he will say about it.

He wishes he could be "sophisticated" and explains hastily that by that he doesn't mean wisty, flip and overwise. He means he'd like to be at ease in any situation (which he is not), would like to be able to adjust himself to people and circumstances without having to struggle. He guesses that he "just isn't social." Large parties terrify him, chiefly because he is afraid he'll encounter "an executive." "Executive sports shirts, jackets, sweaters and plain socks. Can't pass a shop window containing any such thing without going inside to buy. He thinks, ruefully, that maybe these extravagances are getting on his mind—crying—although he hopes not. Maybe he couldn't support a wife in the style to which she was accustomed and also support his mother, to whom he is rapidly becoming accustomed.

He doesn't own any evening clothes and the only time he really had to wear them (he rented a suit to go on the "Valley of Decision" premiere) he rented them and he says he looked very funny in them.

He played in stock with Ruth Chatterton. She encouraged him and taught him about his future. He remembers that with gratitude.

He is grateful, too, to Mary Morris, a teacher at Carnegie Tech, who did a lot for him. Henry King, who directed "Bernadette" and "Wilson," really needed him into making a needed effort, he thinks. He yearns to meet the author Marcia Davenport, who wrote two of his favorite books, "Of Lena Geyer" and "Valley Of Decision."

If the milkman, bus driver or gateman at the studio is rude to him, it upsets him for hours. "What have I done? What sort of heel am I?" he asks. He broods until something having to do with the study of deplorable occurrence. A kind word and he bounces up like a friendly puppy.

He is impatient with possessions (except books) and is always carrying a tiny brass elephant with an upturned trunk, which he thinks has brought him luck, and one of the socks he wore in his first play. He is Irish and his mother wouldn't wear short evening frocks—"they look so unfinished."

He and his neighbors—"all of the tuft of chin whiskers he has grown for "The Royal Scandal." They're not exactly bushy, but they're there and they are his very own.

He wishes someone wouldn't wear short evening frocks—"they look so unfinished." And he likes them to have that well—scrubbed look. But he's afraid that women don't care a bit what he wishes in these matters.

He loves his parents as much as the next man and he wouldn't live with them for anything. "Too many American par- ents," he says, and adds, "They own me!"

He opines. "Ours had the good sense to help us to be on our own, when we were of age. Oh! Did I tell you about the time my mother 'ran interference' for old brother Dutch on the football field? It was a high-school game, of course. She got so excited that she ran right along the edge of the field, when he was carrying the ball, and made the referee say, 'Heads! Dutch! Do it for your mother!' That was funny and everyone was amused. But a lot of parents try to 'run interference' for their boys, and it don't work, you know."

At the moment, finding himself surprisingly in the money, he is torn between two ambitions. When the war is over he wants to travel, go everywhere and see everything. He has a sneaking hunch that the girl of his dreams lives in England and that if he can just get over there he'll find her. But he also has plans for a "cultural remember, that these plans aren't too ephemeral. Already there is interest and a promise of financial backing. "A theater, an art gallery, a library," he says. "I want to be the center of everything, where everyone can enjoy it. It would be a monument!"

Other young Eythes have had to choose between monuments and wandering. Wonder how young Eythe will decide the End.
Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 18)

and hearing corpses in spare rooms. Susanna Foster sings beautifully, Turhan Bey doesn't have his usual sex appeal but Gale Sondergaard is swell. (Nov.)

DARK MOUNTAIN—Paramount: When Ellen Drew discovers her husband Regis Toomey is a racketeer crook, she turns to Robert Lowery, her former suitor, for help, and he gives her refuge in a lonely mountain-top cabin. A lot of thought, good acting and a measure of suspense have gone into this B effort. The result is quite worth while. Eddie Quillan is in it too. (Dec.)

DEAD MAN'S EYES—Universal: A gruesome little number, with Acquanetta deliberately blinding Loni Chansy, the painter she loves, in order to prevent his marriage to Joan Parker. When it's discovered his sight can be saved by grafted cornea, Edward Fielding wins her eyes at death to Chansy and almost immediately finds himself dead. And let him tell a lesson to everybody. (Dec.)

DIXIE JAMBOREE—PRC: When Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenkins try to escape the police, they take refuge upon Gay Cabbee's showboat. Eddie Quillan is the trombone player who's in love with songstress Frances Langford and Charles Butterworth is Cabbee's co-port in selling patent medicine on the side. Frances sings daintily. (Oct.)

DOUGHGIRLS, THE—Warner's: This doesn't quite hit the jackpot, but it's got attractive names, comical situations and snappy dialogue. Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith are the three almost-wives who crowd into Ann's Washington hotel room along with the almost-grooms, Jack Carson, Craig Stevens and John Ridgely. Eve Arden is a wow as the Russian sergeant. (Oct.)

ENEMY OF WOMEN—Frank Monogram: Goebel's life from the time he was a private tutor to the time he became a prominent heel for Hitler, but it doesn't paint him black enough. Paul Andor turns in a weak-kneed version of Goebel's. Claudia Drake is the girl and Donald Woods her husband. (Nov.)

FALCON IN MEXICO, THE—RKO: Tom Conway, the Falcon, goes to Mexico to solve a mystery and people get killed all over the place. Nestor Paiva is the Mexican detective; Martha MacViefer is cute; Mona Maris is very good and Conway is the same old smoothie as the Falcon. (Oct.)

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK—Paramount: A lusty tale of adventure told in Technicolor and starring Joan Fontaine as the wife who leaves her family to join pirate Arturo de Cordova on his expeditions. Ralph Forbes is Joan's weak and blustering husband, Russ Ralston is his friend and Ceci Kellaway is Arturo's servant who helps Joan. Despite its adventurous theme, the picture lacks punch in spots. (Dec.)

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Soon to be seen in "PRACTICALLY YOURS," a Paramount picture

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"To brighten teeth—give me CALOX Tooth Powder."

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Calox was created by a dentist for people who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you:—

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5. MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY: McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.
Mr. Winkle Goes to War—Columbia: An appealing movie, with timid, hen-pecked Eddie Robinson in the Army he shirks his sergeant until he gets into the combat mechanism and unit and finds a hero. Ruth Warrick, Bob Hayes, Robert Homans. (Oct.)

Mrs. Parkinson—M-G-M: Those who have read Louis Bromfield's novel will find no fault with its translation to the screen, for it's superbly done. Greer Garson as the young Western girl who marries the rich oil man and marries him happily and maturely graciously into a magnificent old woman. Pigden as the dynamic major, does his work. With Edward Arnold, Frances Rafferty, Agnes Moorehead and Gladys Cooper. (Dec.)

Music in Manhattan—RKO: A cute, snappy little yarn. Phillip Terry is so good and Dennis Day is a riot as Ann's aunt. (Nov.)

My Pale Wolf—RKO: Sharyn Moffett is a little girl whose parents leave her in the care of peculiar screen bishop Edward G. Robinson. He doesn't seem too happy until he finds she finds and tries to shield from her governess, Jill Esmond. The story's weakly constructed, but in spite of this, it is a good picture. (Nov.)

National Barn Dance—Paramount: If you like the corny but lively radio show of the National Barn Dance, you will enjoy this film. It stars Bob Benchley plays the radio agent to whom Charles Quigley attempts to sell his idea of a National Barn Dance show. Pat Buttram is funny and Jean Heather is the girl Quigley romances. (Dec.)

Your head will be young and gay with DIANA LYNNE who plays Emily Kimbrough on the screen. Now Emily Kimbrough gives you an exclusive story on Diana—next month.

Seven Doors to Death—P-C: A mystery thriller, with cute June Clyde inheriting a shopping center with a stray corpse or two thrown in. With Dick Chandler, George Meeker and Casey MacGregor. (Nov.)

Seventeen Cross—M-G-M: Seven men attempt to prove that a woman they love is the daughter of a man they once killed in a film that's tops in adult entertainment. Spencer Tracy is wonderful as the harassed, terrorized escapee who is heavy-handed in his romance with the brilliant Signe Hasso Felix Bre스트, Agnes Moorehead as the lady in distress. (Dec.)

Since You Went Away—Selznick: Overly long and repetition in spots, this story of the experiences of one family in the year the husband was in the war wins out over Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple. Paolo Montalban, John Hodiak, Robert Walker, Agnes Moorehead as the busy-body, and Hattie McDaniel are all standouts. (Oct.)

Stars on Parade—Columbia: Stanislaw Lysaght and a group of five stars who all are hired to prove they're as good as the stars for whom they're hired. John Hodiak is a wonderful little character. But; the musical numbers are none too good. (Oct.)

Storm Over Lisbon—Republic: Vera Hruba Ralston is a beautiful spy who poses as a dancer in Lisbon. He is really an American secret agent. Otto Kruger, Eduardo Ciannelli, Karin Booth, Jose Ferrer, and Deanna Durbin. (Dec.)

Sweet and Low-Down—20th Century-Fox: Benny Goodman promotes young trombonist James Cardwell whom Linda Darnell loves until he gets a swing band. The film is an impressive picture. It stars Lyle Allen, Lynn Bari and agent Allyn Josslyn, steals Benny's boy and starts his own band. That's Benny's trouble, but it's the music that makes the picture. (Nov.)

Take It or Leave It—20th Century-Fox: Taken from the radio show, the bulk of this picture is the forum in which funny situations occur. When contestant Eddie Ryan, whose wife is going to have a baby in a time piece, his boss and his partner, plays himself and you'll enjoy seeing Alice Faye, Robert Young, Temple and others in various former films. (Oct.)

Tell All in the Saddle—RKO: A Western mystery drama with action and romance, and John Wayne is magnificent. It is about a cowboy who finds a man who has been murdered. Elsa Ralston becomes his boss instead, as he is told to find the murderer. It stars Bob Jane, the Eastern Audry Long. The light sequence between Wayne and his dog is the best of the best screen fights you've seen. (Dec.)

That's My Baby—Republic: Richard Arlen is the best thing about this picture, which could have been two good pictures with two good specialists and all kinds of music. Ellen Drew is superb as the gangster's wife, and Jackie Cooper as John Kray, with Watson, and you can hardly find the poor little plot. (Nov.)

Three Little Sisters—Republic: A cute little picture. Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they aren't, and claim to be rich, which they think they could have found something less strenuous. The cast includes many strong ones led by Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenks. (Oct.)

Till We Meet Again—Paramount: Suspense and tender appeal are woven into the time-worn tale of a marriage. The film pulls you in, but it is forced down in France and eventually reaches the United States and be a morale builder. A touching picture in a convent, but the story should have been better constructed. (Nov.)

Wave, a Wag, and a Marine—Monogram: This is about two Broadway stars and their under- ward, and they are a hit. The cast includes Elise Knox, Anne Gillis, Sally Elles, Marjorie Woodward and Ramsay Ames do their best. (Oct.)

When Strangers Marry—Monogram: A story that could have been good. Joan Blondell is a girl who's only met a few times on a chance from the police, but it is just a talkie of a murder case. A suspect of murder. Neil Hamilton is excellent. (Nov.)

When the Lights Go On Again—P-C: A post-war story of pre-war vintage, with Jimmy Lydon a stockbroker who is drafted. It is just a film about a woman who suffers amnesia in a traffic accident. Regis Toomey is good, Grant Withers and Dorothy Peterson are the pat- (Dec.)

Wilson—20th Century-Fox: One of the outstanding pictures of the year. Alexander Knox does the story of this great Democrat, from his election as president and his life afterwards. In sum, it is told brillantly. Charles Coburn, Gertrude Fitzgerald and Thomas Mitchell are just a few of the impressive supporting players. (Nov.)

Wing and a Prayer—20th Century-Fox: At last a war story, devoid of Hollywood bunkery, becomes an almost factually sincere document. It's not the story of a carrier and its cargo of planes, but Andrews as the squadron commander, Don Ameche, and young Marsha Hunt O'Shea all turn up with fine performances. (Oct.)
My G.I. Dates

Continued from page 49) been set up and lights reflected wonderfully in the water. A sound of the calliope drifted through the night and it was as romantic a setting anyone could want. But I was alone, suddenly, almost out of nowhere, a girl appeared. She was slight, had whitish-blond hair and a very soft Bergman-ish accent. She sat beside me and we talked. I'd fished together. Mostly we talked the war—and of her fiancé in Italy. It was the importance of being true to a person. We talked of all the girls left behind. And of all the soldiers waiting. Discovered what idealism there can be in a girl who has been waiting two years! In Kansas City my roommates, Coral Nat Lund and Sergeant Bill Lawson, and I dated one Madeline McCallister, my mother. We dined at the Hotel Continental and danced to the music of "I'll See You" and "Easy To Love"—my favorites. Afterwards we walked from the city limit of Kansas City to the other. Presumably speaking, and midnight-eyed at a side-street beanery. It was very reminiscent of one of my last visits in Hollywood, when I walked from Hollywood and Vine to Santa Monica and Fairfax, ending at Barney's Beanery, one of the old gang's hangouts.

At Fort Des Moines, we entertained several thousand G.I.s. Among them was an old friend, Pfc. Jo Rainey, who, for the war, was Jane Withers' private secretary. I really splurged that night. Jo and I met after the show and dined at a Hollywood—eight courses, candlelight and the trappings—at a nearby house. I couldn't afford it, but I was so sad to see Jo I felt we had to do something special. And, too, I knew she had been going through a pretty intensive training course and hadn't had much time for fun. And it was worth it! We talked about the old days and planned the new. And then we parted. We have a date to meet in Hollywood as soon as we're both discharged.

My last night with the WAC Recruiting gang was spent at the Red Cross Canteen at the Omaha Airport. Our commanding officer, Major Bruce McCullough, the six WACs with the show and all of my fellow G.I.'s escorted me to the plane. We toasted everyone—with hot chocolate! And wrote our names on the walls of the Canteen. When the time came to leave, we were all abashedly sad. Suddenly, I hated the Army for forcing me to leave such good friends. But in my next breath, I had to thank the Army for giving them to me in the first place.

Then I was ordered back to Hollywood to do "Winged Victory." And the most tremendous thing happened on my first free night. I was to attend a party that Gene and Betsy Kelly were having! But when I got home, it was so good to see my own bed that I decided to catch thirty or forty minutes' sleep before the party. I awoke at seven in the morning! I never have recovered from my embarrassment. The worst part of it was that I was supposed to take Nancy Walker. If she weren't so good a sport, I don't suppose she'd have forgiven me.

When Jeanne and I went to the party Elia Maxwell gave after the "Wilson" premiere, we were as naïve as any fans ever were when we saw Tallulah Bankhead there. We both wanted to meet her, so I wangled an introduction. We weren't at all disappointed, either! The Bankhead Legend is genuine, I've found out.

When a fellow unexpectedly gets back to the home town, sometimes the younger girls have grown up so suddenly you don't recognize them. I didn't know Virginia Weidler, who's a regular deb now. It was fun finding Gloria De Havilland a glamour star. Gloria and I went to high school together and she's the kind who is as loyal as she is beautiful. I had a date with her for the alumni meeting of Mar-Ken, the actors' high school we attended when we were just kids dying for picture breaks. Yes—Gloria's a charmer!

It's been fun bumping into old friends. I admire Montez and had a chance to tell her I first met Jean Pierre Aumont when we both still had our first Hollywood roles ahead of us. Tech. Sgt. Dave Rose, who did the music for "Winged Victory," ran out of gas just as I was coming along the other day and naturally I was glad to see him—and June Allyson, who was with him.

Well, that's the rather uninteresting account of my G.I. dates. It's not nearly as glamorous as those I've read about myself. I only hope that when folks read those too exciting accounts of how Jeanne Crain and I have been Mocambo-ing, they'll picture us instead nine times out of ten, sipping an ice-cream soda at Schwab's Drug Store after the movies. Frankly, I've never taken a girl to a flossy night club in my life. I'm not very keen about dancing and that kind of an atmosphere has never had much appeal for me. Also, I hope people will remember that I'm just a G.I. Joe now, and while my assignment on "Winged Victory" is a good one and has enabled me to see a lot of my favorite people, like any other good job in the Army, it can't last!

The End

Fine to give
Fine to get
How to give
QUICK REST
tired eyes

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

I Predict

(Continued from page 28) so. There are more important things for a genius like Gershwin to do than to sit around and worry about being as garishless as Gradually Orson has been weaned from motion pictures and the stage. He wants to be a statesman, diplomat and politician in the English-Welkie. He adores ex-Vice-President Wallace. He admires Mr. Morgenthau, whom he put on the air last June. Remember? Henry Morgenthau is an imaginative man and I have never thought of him as a very good speaker. But when Orson trained him, helped him write his speech, produced him on the air, really, he was very fine.

Orso believes in mankind. He also is devoted to Franklin Delano Roosevelt who, in turn, regards him highly. Very likely, someday, Orson will find himself in a high political minister to one of the Latin American countries perhaps. He has traveled down there and speaks languages fluently.

Garbo will not, I say, make another picture here. But, after the war, she will go abroad to make pictures in Europe. Paulette Goddard will make fewer pictures.

Bette Davis, unquestionably the Duse of the screen, will—in 1945—be the first actress to play the classics on the screen. I see her as Ibsen's immortal Hedda Gabler, and 'Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice.'

I also look for Bette to marry in 1945. She is distinctly a one-man woman. She never has and never will be given to light affairs of the heart. When Bette gets what she cares tremendously. Therefore I doubt very much she would have gone to Georgia on her vacation to visit Corporal Lewis A. Riley unless Corporal Riley was the man in her life and those other capital cities. New England falls in love she gets married.

Lucille Bremer will be a name to remember in 1945. Lucille, a beautiful creature, dances like nothing in this world with Fred Astaire in 'Ziegfeld Follies.' And Fred, dancing with her, is a new man. I predict Charles Chaplin will give the screen 'Landru the black-bearded murderer who did away with six-


State of New York
County of New York

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold and distributed to the public during the twelve months preceding the date above is (This information is required from daily publications only): 20,000.

Swar to and subscribed to before me this 29th day of September, 1944. (Signed) MEYER DWORKIN.

TULLIO MUELLER
Notary Public Bronx County, No. 107
Brox Co. Register of Sec., No. 9135
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It's never too late for a wife to learn these intimate physical facts!

Bergman in Brief

(Continued from page 51) living in California with her hard-working husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom and her daughter Pia, who is now six.

What she really looks like: Well, she swings along in her charming peasant clothes with her honey-colored hair shining in the sun, her face lightly tanned, her cheeks red with natural color, her mouth pink—and men don’t whistle . . . they sigh wistfully and watch her till she’s out of sight.

Ideal home: She just moved there. It’s a sand-colored farmhouse in Beverly Hills, surrounded by a large garden filled with trees and flowers. Inside and outside it's comfortable—and minus the Hollywood musts of swimming pools, tennis courts and chromium bars. Her ideal home is a home.

What she’s like as a housekeeper: She’s effortlessly efficient. Her house is spotless, her two servants at once remarkably able and remarkably happy, and the meals are worthy of some nomats to the Scandinavian!

How she begins her day: She leaps out of bed at eight o’clock mornings when she’s not acting, fresh from nine hours of sleep. Fifteen minutes later she’s seated before a breakfast consisting of fruit juice, coffee and toast—and fifteen minutes after that another violently active day has begun for Ingrid.

Just for the record: She is five-feet-seven inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has blonde hair and dark blue eyes.

Only ornament she wears: A tiny pin-on watch.

Happiest moments: When she’s busy—which is every moment she’s awake. You’ll find her playing her piano, or swimming, or playing tennis, or riding horseback, or taking long walks, or listening to her folk-music collection, or reading—every second when she isn’t overseeing her house or tending to her career.

Only annoyance that fame has brought her: Autograph hounds—who embarrass and detain her when she’s attempting to lead her private life in public.

Things she likes that other people loathe: Having her hair done daily when acting, costume fittings, working overtime or on Sundays, getting up early, planning meals, wearing a wig in “Saratoga Trunk”—and having her hair cut off for “For Whom the Bell Tolls!” The things that outrage other people make Bergman only smile and shrug.

What she hates that other people love: Being fused over—only this crisis never comes. Bergman’s not the type!

How she spent her first evening in Hollywood: Thousands of miles from her home in Sweden, she sat down to dinner at a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood—and then met her producer David Selznick. Then she wrote a letter home to her doctor husband in Sweden!

Favorite chore: Shopping—whether it’s for groceries, household bric-a-brac, records, books, or presents for her friends. She loves to drift from store to store until she locates exactly the right thing. Then she pounces on it and carries it home.

Is something “lacking” in your marriage? Is your husband growing “indifferent” lately? Then don’t sit home and brood about it, do something about it! The fault often lies with the wife herself—her carelessness and neglect of proper intimate feminine “cleanliness”—her ignorance of what to put in her douche.

Many wives “think” they know and foolishly use old-fashioned, weak, home-made mixtures of their mothers’ and grandmother’s time—or over-strong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

If only you’d use this newer scientific method of douching with modern Zonite—how much happier your life might be!

Discovery of a World Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

Your own Doctor will probably tell you 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—discovery of a world-famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist.

Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, it helps guard against infection—it instantly kills all germs it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it’s not always possible to contact all germs in the tract, but you can be sure of this! No germicide kills germs any faster or more thoroughly than Zonite! It kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is absolutely safe to delicate tissues. Zonite is one antiseptic germicide you can buy today that is positively non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-irritating, non-burning. Use Zonite often as you want without the slightest danger.

Buy a bottle of Zonite today from your drugstore—enjoy the advantages of this newer feminine hygiene. Follow label directions.

FOR NEWER FEMININE HYGIENE

FOR FREE! For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 503-A, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE Booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
American habits she hasn't acquired: Smoking, back-seat driving and reading the comic strips.

What her diary is like: It's unique—for it's completely on film and filled with other people, not herself. She owns both a movie camera and a still one, and wherever she goes she takes pictures—particularly of her daughter Pia. Of her entire life so far is written in celluloid.

That addition she wants to build on her house after the war: A projection room—where, at last, she can run off her own movies and others at the flip of a finger.

Most important year of her life: 1937—when she married Dr. Lindstrom, whom she had known for several years—since he had been a medical student; and when she married him she chanced to be acting in two stage plays there for the first time in her life—and got her first offer from Hollywood.

Languages she speaks: Swedish, German, and English.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That she is the happiest person in Hollywood—because she is thoroughly self-reliant and adjusted to life; because she is dependent on no outside influences; because she knew from childhood what she wanted and she worked quietly and steadily at getting it. Of all the citizens of Hollywood, Ingrid Bergman is the most mature.

The End

I'm Like This

(Continued from page 45) And don't get him started on gardening—he goes on and on about that Victory garden of his—how all the vegetables the family have eaten for two full years come out of the garden; how he does all the work himself; how he rotates the crop for an all-year-round yield. He'll rave about his corn, the size of this tomatoes and what he's learned about string beans.

He's just as unbalanced about carpentry. He'll take you out and show you his wood-working shop—which he built himself. Then he'll show you the hen house, the chickencoops and with that comes a short lecture on hens and the number of eggs they deliver each day.

The best of himself is that he loves to "putter" day in and day out.

If you're in a hurry to get away, don't let him get on the subject of Judith Ann. You've never seen a man so nuts about his girl—her curly hair, that smile of hers and the way she's learning to gurgle so sweetly.

More than anything, he wants some sisters and brothers for Judith Ann. At least a brother. He's got it all planned—how he'd teach him to swim and play games and go out for sports, and the horse and the trips they'd take together and the trips.

No son he'd have would be a pantywaist. He'd be just like his father—and like the same things. He'd want to give him with Donlevy to the mine, whenever he could get away from studio work. That's what Donlevy does now. He piles himself into his two-ton truck and drives for six and a half hours up to the hills over the Mojave desert to the mine he bought.

It's a tungsten mine, and essential to the war effort. Donlevy works with Prout, the manager, while he's sharing the camp life, the tents of the mine workers. He never hunts, unless they run out of food and need more—because he never did like the idea of just killing for sport's sake.

Donlevy's not sure he would want his son to follow his father's footsteps into acting as a profession. But Donlevy likes acting, particularly in the roles he got out of the old gangster roles and is really playing the sort of parts he likes—man roles, rough, tough and realistic. Not glamorous bit characters who pack a wallop, who can take it or give it. Those are the kind he's getting to play now all the time.

Donlevy's a simple guy. He likes his food and plenty of sleep. You won't find him night-clubbing. He found Mrs. Donlevy at a night club, fell in love with her while she was singing, married her after what has been called "a whirlwind courtship." It was long enough to prove to Mrs. Donlevy that he loved her, so what does the length of wooing time matter?

He never skips breakfast. That meal is the bulk treatment—fruit, milk, toast, eggs and, when you can get it, bacon. He likes a good lunch, too, when he's not at the studio. There his regime changes. He has his lunch—milk, scrambled eggs and toast—so that he's eating a half hour. (He can sleep any time he sets his head down.)

For dinner, a full meal is his choice. And best of all he likes thick steaks, rare, and spinach.

If you want to find a guy who believes in luck, take Donlevy. He knows how much the breaks are responsible for most careers. They've certainly helped him along. He'll never forget how down and out he was, scraping the bottom of his pockets with just his return ticket to New York, when that break kept him in Hollywood and started him off there.

On his list of people to look up was one named Donlevy. His train to New York had leave in a few hours. He played a hunch and looked up a man. It was the casting director at Goldwyn's—and he took one look at Donlevy and offered him a part in a picture, his first. Donlevy stayed in Hollywood. And Broadway hasn't seen him since, for which he's a bit sorry, as Broadway had been very kind to him—after he passed the usual starvation period.

Yes, he believes in luck, but he can't stand the kind of people who rush off to fortune-tellers.

He's got other definite ideas about people. He doesn't like phonies of any variety. But most of all, he hates the kind of people who boast about their positions, their abilities and the money they make. He hates the kind who tell you what they paid for this, how much that cost.

The first thing he notices about women is that they're wearing shoes. Next, their shoes. Then he's got out of the old gangster roles and is really playing the sort of parts he likes—he-man roles, rough, tough and realistic. Not glamorous bit characters who pack a wallop, who can take it or give it. Those are the kind he's getting to play now all the time.

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Donlevy's a simple guy. He likes his food and plenty of sleep. You won't
disapproves. Instead of a good, healthy outburst and some furniture breaking and then the storm is over, he has the slow-burning sort of temper. He holds it in and carries a grouch. But he'd much rather throw a chair and get it right out of his system.

Otherwise, he's got a fairly calm disposition. Mrs. Donlevy says he's too easy-going. She calls him "a sucker for a soft touch and a hard-luck story." She's not quite fair about that. Anyone who had the lean pickings Donlevy had, for the length of time he had them, knows about hard luck. Anyway people are good—most of them, he still thinks—and what if you do guess wrong once in every hundred? The average bears you out. Maybe it's self-indulgence but it's really a good investment in people.

His worst habit, next to that smoldering temper, is that of lapsing into long silences in groups of people. His mind wanders off and he just forgets where he is. But it's lousy company manners—as anyone will tell you.

Nowadays, he seldom gets inside a night spot. He'd rather sit around jawing with a few friends and turn in early.

And he's got one extravaganza. Maybe it stems from the time he only had one shirt to his name. He likes buying clothes. His taste is loud, too. He loves jackets of bright colors, noisy plaids. His slacks he'll take plain but he doesn't care for neckties and prefers bright turtle-neck sweaters to shirts any day.

He has one hopeless ambition. At least, it hasn't borne any fruit to date. He wants to be a writer. At school he wrote poetry and had to learn to fight to prove he wasn't a sissy. Now he writes short stories—which publishers ignore. He's even tried writing screenplays, which some of the best producers have scorned with a mighty scorn!

And when Donlevy gets mad at Donlevy and wants to give him the devil, he calls Donlevy "Waltsy," the middle name and he's ashamed of it!

The End

Medal from Hitler
(Continued from page 28) no such thing as a "Jewish Race." There are Negro Jews and there are Chinese Jews. If you believe in the Jewish religion, you're a Jew. That's all there is to it—although the Germans want you to believe differently.

Examine a man's brain. It tells you nothing about his "race." Test his blood. It tells you nothing about his "race." (Healthy blood plasma can save the life of any wounded German."

Do you think that skin color mean a thing except that certain people have a little more of a chemical, melanin, in their skins, and that makes them look more or less like Joe Louis; and others have a little more of a chemical called carotene in their skins, and that makes them look a little more like me.

Figure this one out. It's funny, isn't it, that the two peoples on this earth who are responsible for the fact that decent Americans are suffering and dying today—the German people and the Japanese people—are precisely the two people who believe in "race superiority" and "race inferiority" and who are out to murder everybody who doesn't agree with them.

So—if you want to be a German or a Jap stogue, you know how to go about it. Just get out in the street or talk to your neighbor and preach race prejudice. Hitler will bless you. Hirohito will applaud you.

In fact, you'll be a mighty good Jap, a mighty good German.

There's only one thing you won't be. You won't be a good American.

The End
PAZO RELIEVES THE TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES

(Continued from page 23) pictures. But this is irritating and he could stand the glass in his eye only for a limited time.

"What I can't understand," Jane went on, "is the eagerness with which some people start rumors. A certain woman telephoned twice to say she had heard our house was for rent or sale. I suspect very much that it is the same woman who tried to marry Bogart off one of her relatives before our marriage. Believe me—I'm going to find out who has started all this talk and when I do—I'm going to find out who has started all this talk and when I do—"

Jane's eyes flashed. Frankly, I wouldn't want to be in that person's shoes!

"It has all become so bad lately that I find I am not acting natural," Jane admitted.

"Last week Ronnie's brother asked me to have luncheon to discuss a radio show. But we had to have lunch at the house because I didn't dare to be seen with a man in a restaurant. That would have been the birth of another rumor.

"And here's another incident: Ronnie, you know, has to get up early, and so the other evening when we were at a party at one of the big clubs, he left an hour before I did. After he left, I danced with Van Johnson, who is a very good friend of ours. And the very next day a columnist had an item telling of how I was 'lovingly in the arms of Van's eyes,' while we danced—or some such rot. No one paid any attention to the fact that Ronnie and I had danced before. And we always keep our hands in front of us."

"I can tell you truthfully that the only fight in our whole life was staged when we were traveling with your company—and it was over nothing but a town's eff. Why, I don't even fight with my in-laws."

It's too bad that this particular blot had to crop up when Jane is otherwise so happy. I know what it means to her to be getting the breaks she's had. She's an ambitious girl and a good actress. I can remember the long talks Ronnie and I used to have about her. He couldn't understand why this young heart producer didn't recognize her talents and star her. "Jane has everything," her husband would tell me, "Youth, pep, enthusiasm—a lovely figure and plenty of charm also.

She didn't come along as fast as he did. But in the past year the Wyman stock has soared. The girl is terrific in 'The Doughgirls.'"

Despite her marriage to the boy of the year, the heroine in "Last Weekend."

Our luncheon hour was drawing to a close and Janie was due for a fitting at Paramount where she'll make "Last Weekend." I believe her when she says, "Everything is just right, now—Loella, Ronnie and I have our lovely home, Mau- reen, our duties and our careers. We are fairly contented, but I do hope that even the war hasn't parted us. We have so much. Can't gossip us let us keep our happiness?"

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 14)

✓ To Have And Have Not

(Warners)

LET'S face a fact right off: The news of this picture is a girl, a newcomer, strong, strange and rather wonderful. Her name is Lauren Bacall, and her performance is so intrigu ing she leaves the rest of the cast and the story itself somewhere behind. It has Humphrey Bogart fighting with all his manly strength to stay in the running.

There is an obvious attempt to parallel "Casablanca," an attempt that falls short, but "To Have And Have Not" is still punchy entertainment.

"Has anybody here got a match?" is the introductory and thoroughly arresting line of Miss Bacall, delivered in a husky beguiling, bedeviling voice, and from then on, you never lose interest. You couldn't if you tried despite the same old repetitious theme of brave fearless American Bogart in a foreign port, Martinique this time, with Vicky Franceeging it out with its empty keg, or Vicky King playing the sister married to a sailor whom she hasn't seen in two years and to whom she is far from loyal. Georgia Lee Settle is the kid of the family and Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi the parents.

Miss Parker turns in a beautiful per-
formance and Dane Clark's lightheartedness matched with Faye Emerson's love of fun is all to the good. William Prince and Marianne O'Brien are nice to have around.

Your Reviewer Says: We could see it again.

The Woman In The Window (International-RKO)

Edward G. Robinson can play an innocent man inadvertently confused in crime as no one else can. Whether it's Mr. Robinson's face, character, or plain old ability, or perhaps all three, we can't decide. Anyway, he shines again in just such a role—a mild, home-loving professor with a corpse on his hands and in the home of a beautiful woman not his wife, to boot. How he and his girl, played well by Joan Bennett, attempt to escape publicity, ruinous to both, and how the law, futile to evade, finally uncovers them, to the accompanying off-key harmony of a nasty little blackmailer, is the theme of a neatly constructed story that has the audience traveling as sympathetic companions from start to finish.

We liked Raymond Massey's performance as the District Attorney and Dan Duryea as the blackmailer. What a rodent!

Your Reviewer Says: Don't monkey with the law, brother.

Alaska (Monogram)

Kent Taylor takes up the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the goldmine-saloon-dancing-girl era in Alaska and does he have a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two claim jumpers who have killed his father; falling in love with Margaret Lindsay, already married to John Carradine, a no-good-actor; mixing it up with Nils Asther, saloon proprietor, and finally running down the claim-jumping ring.

Dean Jagger is on the job as U. S. marshal and everything and everyone just about fits into the usual pattern of one of those Alaska things.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing unusual.

Bluebeard (PRC)

Now they've switched from the tired old mad scientists to an equally mad painter and operator of a marionette show who strangles his models one by one so as not to be disillusioned by them in any way. Uninterruptedly he gets away with his killings, completely and unsuspected, until, through the blunder of an art dealer, he is trapped.

John Carradine gives one swell and utterly harmless performance as Bluebeard. Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Tesla Loring her sister and victim of Carradine, Nils Asther as the prefect of police, and Emmett Lynn as an employee of the puppet show, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn.

Your Reviewer Says: Goose-pimpley.

The Conspirators (Warner's)

Let's list its virtues: Hedy Lamarr's beauty, Paul Henreid's popularity, Sydney Greenstreet's and Peter Lorre's superb acting, Victor Francen's smoothness, Joseph Calleia's arresting seriousness, the qualities of Vladimir Sokoloff, Edward Ciannelli and Carol Thurston, plus a lavish production, and withal it's a weak, incredibly dull and repetitious story.

Now who's to blame for a thing like this? Didn't someone note the dull theme,
duly worded? Didn't anyone protest at the waste of time, talent and huge sums of money involved? Or has that what's-the-difference-so-long-as-customers-pay-attitude become so universal in Hollywood, no one cares?

At any rate, we're as disappointed as you must be at this Nazi spy, underground, traitor-in-our-midst thing, if that's any help to you.

Your Reviewer Says: A just-miss.

Faces In The Fog (Republic)

O'Hare, dear, we're so weary of delinquent parents and delinquent children and little delinquent things, such as this.

For instance, two middle-class families live next door to each other with Jane Withers, daughter of one, in love with Eric Sinclair, son of the other. But parent Paul Kelley has it in for parent John Litch so when daughter Jane is seen in a bun-galow court with Eric, Kelly, not knowing the young pair are married, ups and shoots the lad.

So then we have the trial and the bitterness and the nastiness and, oh shucks, who wants to sit through gluck like this?

Your Reviewer Says: Fog is right.

 The Girl Rush (RKO)

We have never caught the so-called humor of Wally Brown and Alan Carney and after viewing this, we're pretty sure we never will. But they try hard and there's plenty to intrigue the interest without Frances Langford's singing and Vera Vague's clowning.

Laid out in the Old West during the gold rush, the story, thin as a wafer, has nothing to do with a strangled show-girl troupe and the efforts of Wally and Alan to get them back to civilization.

Frances sings several numbers, beautifully, of course, and Vera keeps everyone in stitches. Bob Mitchum plays the romantic lead opposite Frances and does right well. Paul Hurst teams up for a comedic carnival with Vague.

Your Reviewer Says: Thar ain't too much gold in them thar hills.

I Accuse My Parents (PRC)

DAPA and Mama are rich, doting and addicted to heavy drinking. So neglected son gets a job on his own, meets Mary Beth Hughes, gets up driving a heavy establishment, and finally kills his betrayer, George Meeker, in self-defense.

On the witness stand the boy, Robert Lowell, tells his story that so moves the judge he releases the boy.

John Miljan and Vivienne Osborne are the, accused parents. But really it's all such deliberate trash, none of it matters.

Your Reviewer Says: Fiddlesticks!

The Man In Half Moon Street (Paramount)

Now get this one—Nils Asther is a gay thing of ninety years who every ten years keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he politely murders for the purpose. This delightful little process keeps Nils looking a divine thirty-five, a fact discovered by his loyal fiancée, Helen Walker. Scientist Reinhold Schunzel aids in the defiance of nature's law until finally—but that would be telling.

Paul Cavanaugh and Edmond Breon are excellent but why, in heaven's name, waste the looks and talent of a man like Asther in such fol-do-rol as this?

Your Reviewer Says: Quick, shoot us a few glands.

 The Mark Of The Whistler (Darmour-Columbia)

Richard DIX turns in a bang-up performance as a derelict who reads, in a discarded newspaper, the names of those being sought by a bank with dormant accounts and among them finds one who has his identical name.

Deciding to pose as the man, he enlists the aid of Porter Hall, owner of a second-hand clothing establishment, and actually collects the sum, close to $30,000, but in escaping from girl reporter Janis Carter, he collides with Paul Guilfoyle, a crippled peddler. And from then on the bruised conscience of Dix leads him deeper and deeper into trouble and he eventually pays the price.

The acting is swell. Guilfoyle, Miss Carter and Dix are aided by John Calvert and Matt Willis.

Your Reviewer Says: A well-knit little picture.

Best Pictures of the Month

Laura

Irish Eyes Are Smiling

To Have And Have Not

Best Performances

Dana Andrews in "Laura"

Clifton Webb in "Laura"

Gene Tierney in "Laura"

Humphrey Bogart in "To Have And Have Not"

Lauren Bacall in "To Have And Have Not"
cause he has become goopy over Jean Parker, niece of the deceased. Bela Lugosi and Blanche Yurka are a pair, now believe me, and Douglas Fowley, Dorothy Granger and Lyle Talbot are around too.

Your Reviewer Says: At least you'll be amused.

Shadow Of Suspicion
(Monogram)

LOOK, please come into a corner where people won't overhear while we tell you those jewel thieves are back again. Yes sir, here they are slipping priceless gems into a pair of bronzed baby shoes. And here we are wondering where all these jewels come from that get stolen on the screen when we haven't so much as a window-glass diamond.

Anyway, Tim Ryan is cute and Marjorie Weaver pretty and Peter Cookson a strong newcomer to tackle this one. Pierre Watkin is the bad papa.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's give someone a jew to just stop this nonsense.

Ministry Of Fear
(Paramount)

FOR sheer organized confusion, dimly lit characterization and intricacies of plot, this picture takes the K. Murray, or the actors perform so well, and the director has managed to establish such well-bred suspense, it has its points.

Ray Milland is the man of the story, released from a British prison on charges of a mercy killing only to get embroiled in Nazi spies hiding behind a Mothers-of-Free-Nations organization.

When Milland begins to learn too much, he finds himself the victim of another murder rap but even this fails to deter him. As a result he almost loses his life but instead wins the girl.

Marjorie Reynolds becomes a fine actress in the role of the Austrian girl. Carl Esmond is natural and convincing as her brother, Dan Durfee a capable villain and Hillary Brooks a dish of tea spy.

Your Reviewer Says: A book of rules is needed with this one.

Farewell My Lovely
(RKO)

NOW here's a switch of characters for you—Dick Powell as a hard-listed detective taking on giving as good as he gets. And what's more, Dick emerges from this unpleasant affair peppeled with unpleasant people (and there's an understatement) with colors (mostly black and blue) flying.

It all happens when stir-crazy Mike Mazurki, an ex-convict, wanders into detective Powell's office and persuades him to locate the girl Mike last tracked of when sent to prison several years previously.

The search leads to the home of wealthy Miles Mander, where Dick Powell meets up with Mander's wife Claire Trevor and ooh, for heaven's sake, what goes on.

Anne Shirley is a darling, as Mander's daughter and the heart interest of Mr. Powell. The two make a delightful couple.

Otto Kruger as a psychiatrist needs a bit of analyzing himself, and Mike is so awful he scared the—well, he scared us, that's all.

Your Reviewer Says: Such a to-do, really.

Bowery To Broadway
(Universal)

FOREWARNED is forewarned, we always say, so right off we caution you customers and Challus quickly removed with MOSCO. Reliever Ingrency Waits. Easy to use. Just rub on. At your Druggist. 5c, 25c. Money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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ALASKA—Monogram: Gary Corbett, Kent Taylor; Rustie: Margaret Lindsay; Watchman: John Carradine; Master: Dean Jagger; Tom Brackett, Nils Asther; Doctor: Irene Dunne; Dr. Dewey Robinson; Judge Benett, Lee ("Lasses"); White; Stanley, John Rogers; Stimpson, Klondike (Jack Gorton); Kalian, John Maxwell; Dadie, Warren Jackson; Couny, Dick Scott.

BLUEBEARD-PRC: Gaston, John Carradine; Luella: Jean Rogers, John Carroll, Henry Walthall, Robert Emmett Keane, Eugene McQuade, Selena Royle, Sorel; Mimi, Iris Adrian; Dehuman, Henry Kolker; LeSoldat, Emmett Lynn; Babette, Patti McCarthy, Caroline, Nestor Paulet, Martin Bersterling.

BOWERY TO BROADWAY—Universal: O'Rourke, Jack Oakie; Drama, Donald Cook; Peggy Fleming, Susanna Foster; T.V., Barbara Stanwyck, Charles Coburn, Elissa Landi, Mary Farmer, Mike, John Darrow, Harry Shannon, Matt Moore, Johnnie Wilson, Marie Ewing, Robert Brolley, Evelyn Keyes, Kay Talbot, Jean Porter, Rosalind Russell, Walter Abel, John Qualen, Shirley Ross.

BRAZIL—Republic: Miguel Soares, Tito Guizar; Nicky Henderson, Virginia Bruce; Everett St. John; Edna Maye, Everett Horton; Red Walker, Robert Livingston, Edward Graham, Richard Lane; Sabin, Alexander De Silva, Fortunato Bonanova, Veola and Yolanda, Frank V. Ausman, Dorothy Mack; Ralph, Henry de Silva; Reporters No. 3, Ernesto Blanc; Master of Ceremonies, Alfredo de Sa; Airport Official, Rico de Monte; Assistant Official, Alenio; little girl; Maria Bennet, Young Woman, Maria Belmar; Police Master, Jacques Menzies, Rez Mo, Dan Seymour.

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CONSPIRATORS—THE: Warners—Irene, Hedy Lamarr; Vincent, Paul Hettred; Ossanlila, Sydney Greenstreet, Warren Hymer, Victor Francen; Capt. Perie, Joseph Calleia; Rosa, Carlo Mennel; General, William Squire; Arthur, Edward Gargan; Dr. Schmitt, Steven Gwyn; Luteck, Kurt Katch; Wynn, Gregory Gay, Crospere, Marshall Dillso; Con Mil, George Meaderly; Mrs. Benson, Doris Lloyd; Lita, Louis Mercier; Harry, Tom Banner; Monte Blue, Paget, Billy Kovi, Antono, David Hoffman; Shutter, Otto Reschow; Water, Leon Belasco; Casino Attendant, Frank Reicher.

FACES IN THE FOG—Republic: Mary Elliott, Joan Westers; Tom Elliott, Paul Kelly; Cora Elliott, Lee Patrick; Dr. Mason, John Lipton; Joe Mason, Eric Num

CASTS of Huer

cell Mrs. Mason, Dorothy Peterson; Nara Brooks, Gertrude Michael; Defense Attorney Rankin, H. B. Warner; Mike, Richard Byrnes; Sp. O'Donnell, Roger Chapman; Edna, Zerlina; Mike, Leola Lipton; Bob Stet Wilson; Mrs. White, Charles Troutbridge; Alice, Helen Tabor; Daisy, Mrs. Gartly; James, Jackson Tog; Tom London; Capt. Roberts, Emmett Vogan.

FAREWELL MY LOVELY—RKO: Marlowe, Dick Powell; Mrs. Grayle, Claire Trevor; Ann, Shirley Ross; Charlie, Grant Withers; Humphrey, Orson Welles; Ed, Bob Steele; Mike, Bob Steele; Yus, Mrs. Grayle; Miles Mundert; Mariott, Douglas Watson; Young Mike, Larry Doherty; Ralf Harold; Mrs. Floran, Esther Howard.

GIRL RUSH, THE—RKO: Flo, Frances Langford, Linda, Harold French, Steve, William Tabbert; Sue, Vera Vague; Bartun, Ken Cordell; Scully, John Merton; Jimmy, George Paker; Jim, Robert Mitchum; Mauie, Paul Hurst.

I ACCUSE MY PARENTS—PRC: Kitty Reed, Mary Beth Hughes; James Wilson, Robert Lowell; Dan Wilson, John Miljan; Mrs. Wilson, Vivienne Osborne; Charles Blake, George Meeker; Judge, Ed- ward Earle; Al Frazier, George Lloyd; Vera Moore, Puerto Rico; Shirley Clark, Florence Johnson; Joe Holden, Richard Bartell.

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—20th Century-Fox: Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, June Haver, Ernest R. Bahl, Dick Haymes, Gene Krupa, Monty Woolley; Al Jackson, Anthony Quinn; Lucille Lacy, Beverly Lewis, Kay Williams, Grant Mitchell, John Dehau, Mae Busch; Carl La Tour, Veela Ann Borg; Betz, Clare Kohl; Metroponts, His, E. F. Joby, Leonard Warren and Blanche Thebom, Stage Manager, Chik Changard, Young Player; Joe, Jack Lebanon; William, Headstone, Michael Doflaman; Prime DOE, Martin Martin.

LAURA—20th Century-Fox: Laura, Gene Tierney; Mark McPherson, John Andrews; Wade Eyde, Clifton Webb; Shirley Carpenter, Vincent Price; Anette, Anna Maria; Kate, Jane Portman, George Adams; McCaffey, James French; Bluff, Clyde Cook; Dutch Sandwich, Dan Duryea; Joe, Richard Mitchell; Louise, Kathleen Howard, Servant, Lee Tomlin; Ma, Jeanne Crain; Martin Schenckmann, Harry Strong and Lane Changard.

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET—TH,-Paramount: Julian Keatly, Nils Asther; Eye Brandon, Helen Walker; Dr. Keatly, Pan Bruckeck, Reinholt Schneull; Simpson, Julian's Butler, Brandon Hurst; Dr. Eye, Weeden; Ada, Lian Brand, Edmond Brem; Inspector Garth, Matthew Carlisle; Ann Goehre, Morty Lowry.

MINISTRY OF PEACE—Paramount: Stephen Neale, Ray Milland, Carla Hale, Marjorie Reynolds; Wilt Hale, Carl Esmond; Mrs. Belaire No. 2, Hillary Brooke, Robert Wymark; Cost (Traveller), Dan Duryea; Dr. Forrester, Alan Napier; Mr. Rentz, Ernest Busey; Mrs. New, Peter Lorre, Thomas Leoni; Mrs. Belaire No. 4, Aminta Crane; Blith Man, Burton Wyatt; Miss Pentecost, Mary Field; Mr. Newsby, Paul Frenger, Lester Mathews.

ONE BODY TOO MANY—Paramount: Albert Tuttle, Jack Haley; Carol DuPont, Jean Parker; Lachrimo, Bella Luissi, Bernard Nemilgi; Matthew, Blanche Yurka, Henry Rutherford, Douglas Fairbanks; Mona, Dorothy Granger, Faye Dunaway; Lyle Talbot; Kenneth, Lucien Littlefield; Estelle, Jessica Newcombe; Margaret, Maxine Fite; The Professor, Edward Keane.

RAINBOW ISLAND—Paramount: Luna Curtis, Dorothy Lamour; Toby, Smith, Eddie Bracken, Pete Jenkins, Gil Lambi; Roy Masters, Barry Sullivan; Doctor Curtis, Forrest Orr, Queen O'Hanlan, Anne Revere; Excelsior, Adia Kuznetzoff; Alco, Reed Hadley.

SHADOW OF SUSPICION—Monogram—Clair, Marjorie Weaver; Jimmy, Peter Cookson; Northrup, Tim Ryan; Randall, Pierre Watkin; Bill, Anthony Warde; Red, Frank Scannell; Paul, George Lewis; Steve, Ralph Lewis; Dolan, J. Farrell MacDonald; Mrs. Randall, Clara Blandick; Holman, Tom Herbert; Reporter, Lester Dorz; Express Guard, Frank Stephens; Jock, Fredericknder, Wilbur Mack; Mrs. Vanderbrooke, Charlotte Treadway.

SOUND OF REMEMBER—Columbia: Pro. Joseph Elser, Paul Muni; George Sand, Myrtle Oberton; Frederick, Chiari, Cornel Willard; George, Henry Santer; Howard Freeman, Alfred Demusset, George Mack; Malone, Tom Tyler, J. Howard Dunley; House, Jolley, Frank Puglia; Madame Lambert, Fern Emmett; Isabel Chopin, Sylvia Merritt.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Warners: Morgan, Humphrey Bogart; Eddie (The Rambler), Walter Brennan; Marie, Lauren Bacall; Helene De Borsac, Dolores; Hopper, Marlene; Leatrice Joy, Carole Landis; Paul De Borasc, Walter Molnar; Lient, Cypo, Sheldon Leonard; Gerard, Marcel Dihlo; Johnson, Walter Sanford; Cypo, Raymond; Cap, Howard's Godfrey, Aldo Nadi; Beauchateau, Paul Marion; Mrs. Beauchateau, Patricia Silk; Bartender, Pat West; Emil, Emmet Smith; Horace, Sr. Lancelot.

VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, THE—Warners: Dave, Dennis Morgan; Janet, Eleanor Parker; "Flick," Dan Clark; Cypo, Faye Emerson; Mrs. Wheeler, Benlah Bondi; Pop Wheeler, Henry Travis; Fred, William Prince; Molly, Andrea King; Col. John Alvin; Berntce, Marianne O'Brien; Elke, Georgia Lee, Soda Joel, Jack Eckard; Mr. Eckard; Miner, Francis Pierlo.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, THE—International: Richard Wanley, Edward G. Robinson, Alice Reed; Joan Benchley, Frank Lawlor, Raymond Massey; Dr. Barkstone, Edmund Breon; Claude Manard, Arthur Loft; Tom, Danny Jackson, Thomas as E. Jackson; Mrs. Wanley, Dorothy Peterson; Elsie, Wanley, Carol Cameron; Dick Wanley, Bobby Blake.

DON'T MISS YOUR COLOR PORTION OF—Dick Haymes which will be in February Photoplay Reserve your copy now! It will be at your newspaper stand January 10th and as soon thereafter as wartime transportation can get it to you

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For those who enjoy artistic hobbies, greeting cards provide an excellent way to earn extra money. This new Sun greeting card line is designed to appeal to a wide variety of tastes and price ranges. A profit of $1.20 per case is guaranteed, and orders are being accepted now. A complete line of greeting cards is available, including birthday cards, thank-you cards, love cards, and more. Contact the company for more information on how to become a greeting card dealer.

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CITY ZONE STATE
Some holly-trimmed packages for happy holidays—and a bit of Yuletide spirit

Glamour Assembly Line... Trim a miniature fake Christmas tree (or a real one if they're available in your neighborhood) with small-sized fixings for a complete beauty routine. For a manicure, attach orange stick, cuticle and polish remover, emery boards, hand softener, and several shades of nail polish. For that smile, hang on the tiny tree a dentifrice, dental floss, toothbrush, mouth wash and lipstick.

Take a red, white, or black cotton stocking or sock, decorate with tiny ribbon bows, gold Christmas stars or lace. Fill this with a good soap, bath perfumer or softener and lotion to keep body skin soft. Or how about a Christmas stocking filled with a shampoo, tinted rinse, bobby pins, tiny combs to keep a cof in place? In a tiny decorated Christmas stocking, put eye-bedeckers like shadow, eyebrow pencil, eye lotion, tweezers and mascara.

Lift the Spirit! Yes, this year, let's give beauty in lovely bottles and boxes for the boost they give morale and the way they pamper the feminine ego. A beautiful compact, a delicate toilet water, guest soap—several deliciously scented cakes to the box—these can't miss! Give perfume, there are so many fine, youthful, sophisticated, fresh as spring, femme fatale, or gay in mood. Perhaps, you'll want to give only a dram in a stunning old bottle, picked up in an antique shop.

Or maybe you're partial to gift sets that pack under one roof several beauty allies. You'll find hundreds of entrancing ensembles such as bath powder, cologne, maybe a bubble bath or a grand cake of soap, under one lid. Nail kits are Christmas favorites, too, coming as they do in attractive purse-type fabric envelopes which contain nail enamel, polish remover and base, perhaps, to make polish adhere. Other ensemble sets may include a luscious face powder, lipstick and rouge. All such aresuper gifts and priced to your budget whatever it is.

On Christmas Eve... Beside this year's tree, look your loveliest... Pretend if you must. Sing out Christmas carols with all your heart and soul. Go to church. Pour out your good wishes to the world. It can be a Merry Christmas!
Yanky Clover has a new dress!

YANKY CLOVER...meadowsweet scent of the countryside...is one of America's best-loved fragrances. Now this haunting, nostalgic breath of all outdoors is dressed up in packages as romantic and gay and expressive of American country life as Yanky Clover itself!

Here are packages with the lilt and color and sunny warmth of the era that inspired the nation's musical hit, "Oklahoma!" Perfume...toilet water...dusting powder...$1 each, plus tax...singly or combined in sets for Christmas giving...all fresh and fragrant with Yanky Clover.

If you have difficulty in finding these new packages, remember that Yanky Clover in old or new wrappings smells as sweet.

Richard Hudnut
Keeping up with Kelly

(Continued from page 39) need any more than you had anyway," he says, remembering other happy days in other and less romantic entertainment, the bricklayer, soda mixer and concrete mixer. "You can’t buy any more laughs than you had then," he reminisces.

"The best days of their lives are free anyway," says Gene. "The really important things don’t cost anything. Things like sunshine, good stimulating conversation, the kind you find only in two-legged things are a lot of laughs. We’re lucky enough at our house to know the people who know how to make laughter, how to take it and how to pass it around.

That’s plenty evident. From the time the familiar figure of Kelly in his rehearsal togs would come through the door, the commissary at M-G-M would begin to take on a certain new aura, that will Optimist Club as stars, directors, writers et al would hail him with a “Hey, Gene—"

He’d use up most of his lunch hour shaking hands with the width of the room. Then, watching the clock with one eye, he’d bolt down the cream-cheese sandwich the knowing waitress put in front of him and dash out, shaping his way out of the commissary again.

Around the lot he’s known as a very intelligent, reasonable, level-headed person. And relatively temperamental.

There are a few things that get a rise out of his Irish nature, chief of which is seeing an injustice done anyone. Then, too, conscientious worker that he is, he dislikes lengthy interruptions whenever he’s rehearsing or creating a new routine.

He’s very popular with reporters who cover the Hollywood beat. The only time he’d wax really reporters was when a columnist dreamed up the fantastic tale that Gene and Betsy were separated. At that very minute the Kellys were having dinner out of the close friended Richard Whorf. They laughed it off as too silly even to get mad about — until they got home and found out that they had two long-distance calls waiting, from the papers and from Betsy’s in N.Y. They soon found themselves trying frantically to explain to their respective mothers-in-law in the eastern counties how they’ve taken a lifetime to solve: Namely, just where reporters get the hat out of which they pull such things.

More than anything else Gene would like to gain still more recognition as an actor and get more dramatic roles such as he had in “The Cross Of Lorraine” and “Christmas Holiday.” That is, the last part of “Christmas Holiday.” Whenever he’s self-critical, Gene can’t see himself in light love scenes, although Betsy thought his love scenes with Deanna Durbin were swell. “He thinks he was very gay,” teases Betsy, “but I thought he was really cute in them,” Gene winces. “That’s what I mean,” he says, “I can’t do that light love stuff without looking.”

He’ll take nothing less than perfection in his dancing and works constantly at dreaming up dance routines that on paper look like combined military operations. Yet they make Gene look as strong as three and four a.m. in the pretty blue-toned living room at home, setting the timing, mechanics and pantomime. Nothing he does best impresses Betsy any more. She is used to seeing him sitting there in a trance, thinking something out, then suddenly taking off like a streamliner over the furniture around the room.

He thinks Fred Astaire, with whom he does the “Babbitt And Bromide” number in “Ziegfeld Follies” is “the tops.”

They rehearsed six hours a day for this number and every night when they went home each of them would try to dream up something to stump the other on the next day. Then they’d compare notes. With much kidding.

In “Anchors, Aweigh!” Gene tangoed with Kathryn Grayson, does a charming Mexican number with seven-year-old Sharon MacManus, a sailor routine with Sinatru and has a solo number that should be the show-stopper of the show.

Frankie will tell you that Teacher Kelly is plenty okay. “He has one of the greatest talents in the country,” he says. “Nobody can match him. And he’s so patient!”

ALL this swoon business — girls squealing whenever he’s announced — still comes as a big surprise to him. The levelheaded, modest Kelly who thinks of himself in terms of a normal, Brother-Elk sort of guy, can’t get used to being mobbed by Bobby-sackers and feminine fans. One thing it proves—that they swoon from the feet as well as the voice. Though when his pals kid him about it, the most Kelly will admit to causing is a semi-swoon.

“IT’S V-DAY FOR Gloria De Haven

in Photoplay’s Color Portrait Poll. You’ll find her on page 29.

Running a close second is William Eythe appearing on page 31.

Whom would you like to see pictured in Photoplay? Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

[Image of a form to vote for a color portrait in Photoplay]
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WITH THIS NEWLY LUSTROUS, TRUE LACQUER MAKE-UP

Chen Yu long lasting nail lacquer... newly lustrous and each shade newly rich, newly elegant... dresses your nails in the brilliance of precious jewels.

Oh so flattering to your hands! Very possibly, very probably it’s time for you to try a new shade. So we offer to send you trial bottles of any two and a free trial size bottle of Chen Yu lacquerol base coat (it’s that extra coat of added beauty and longer wear).

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TO EVERY CIVILIAN: Soap waste is war waste—for soap is a necessity, and made of strategic materials as well. So make your Ivory last!
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BY PAUL HESSE

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in Johnson
SEE HOW Your Eyes WILL REFLECT LOVELINESS WITH Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS
GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I adore dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller...older... and not my brother!

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a smile, for instance!


CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't always the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—

CUPID:—but you never do a thing about the "pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for every girl in the country:

"Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush!'"

Plain girl... that "pink" is a sign that you'd better see your dentist right away. He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it! Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth...and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA AND MASSAGE

For the Smile of Beauty
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Cover: Joan Fontaine, Next Appearing in "The Affairs Of Susan"

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

FEBRUARY, 1945  VOL. 26, NO. 3

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Golden-voiced Judy and little sweetheart Margaret in the happy-hearted joy-film of the nation! The St. Louis Fair enchants you... young hearts are in love... and songs fill the air! And it's all in rainbow Technicolor!

Clang! Clang! Clang! Went the Trolley!

That Hit Parade tune "The Trolley Song" is just one of the seven great melodies—merry ones, romantic ones!

STARRING

Judy Garland

with

Margaret O'Brien

in M-G-M's Glorious Love Story

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

MARY ASTOR • LUCILLE BREMER • TOM DRAKE • MARJORIE MAIN

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finkenhoffe • Based on the Book by Solly Benson • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Marriage with music: Husky-voiced Alice Faye and band leader husband Phil Harris have dinner at Charley Foy's.

Major dinner date: Ella Raines and Army husband Major Kenneth Trout watch the night life from a Mocambo table.

Comments of the Month: If you wonder what's happened to "Mildred Pierce" after all this time, wonder no more. Joan Crawford has the title role and it's finally in production... Don't be surprised if Marjorie Reynolds and her husband, Captain Jack Reynolds, come to a parting of the ways with all Hollywood on Marjorie's side.

Freddie Bartholomew telephoned Cal about that auto accident involving his car and one containing Joe E. Brown's daughters, Mary, aged fourteen (critically injured) and Kathryn, eleven. It seems the car ran into Freddie's, which eliminates him from blame... That cute brunette taking driving lessons all over the Toluca Lake district was Mrs. Frank Sinatra. It was to surprise Frankie when he got back from New York... Hollywood is beginning to think Paramount Studios needs its head examined letting Fred MacMurray sign with 20th, losing Claudette Colbert and suspending Bob Hope, of all people.

Don't be too sure of a reconciliation between Helmut Dantine and Gwen Anderson, who was so ill with pneumonia, even though he rented her a house in Palm Springs and visited her often during her recuperation... That leather gadget Turhan Bey wears on his belt to hold his pipe is really something.

Harry James's return wiped that perpetual frown from Betty Grable's face. And such a purty face... What we're waiting for is the screen debut of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine's mother, Lillian Fontaine, as Jane Wyman's mother in "Lost Weekend."

Love from Judy: You boys over there, here and everywhere, while Judy Garland was recording for you, "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas," she broke down and wept. (Continued on page 6)
IT'S A MUSICAL HONEY!

BING CROSBY

TWO BETTY HUTTONS

SONNY TUFTS

In Paramount's

HERE COME THE WAVES

with Ann Doran - Gwen Crawford - Noel Neill
Catherine Craig - Marjorie Henshaw

A MARK SANDRICH PRODUCTION
Directed by MARK SANDRICH
Strictly exclusive: Burgess Meredith, Paulette Goddard and host Romanoff—with thanks to him for these Fink close-ups—as they fete Charlie Berns of New York's Club "21"

Bob Montgomery, after distinguished service abroad, with Claudette Colbert

(Continued from page 4)

and when the musicians heard the playback, they wept too. And all of us wept with love for you this Christmas.

Fashion Fling: Wait till you see Ida Lupino in "Pillar To Post." She will be the first movie star to wear or even be seen in one of those new short nightgowns—Ida says they're very cute. And she says that the scene in the picture in which she wears one contains some of the funniest dialogue she's ever heard or spoken!

Saw Merle Oberon at Mocambo, looking very smart in what at first seemed to be a plaid dinner suit. But when you got closer you saw that the skirt was short and the beautiful plaid material was of lamé—the shimmer of the metallic threads doubly chic in the almost severely tailored but very dressy suit. Her famous individual diamond flowers (which can be worn together or in different spots) were stuck onto a lapel.

And speaking of diamonds—Paulette Goddard wore that fabulous necklace of hers to the big party tossed by

(Continued on page 8)
All of Hollywood's heart is in it—and 62 of Hollywood's Stars!!

WARNERS'!

HOLLYWOOD CANTER

ANDREWS SISTERS
JACK BENNY
JOE E. BROWN
EDDIE CANTOR
KITTY CARLISLE
JACK CARSON
DANE CLARK
JOAN CRAWFORD
HELmut DANTINE
BETTE DAVIS
FAYE EMERSON
VICTOR FRANCEN
JOHN GARFIELD
SYDNEY GREENSTREET
ALAN HALE
PAUL HENREID
ROBERT HUTTON
JOAN LESLIE
PETER LORRE
IDA LUPINO
IRENE MANNING
JOAN McCrackEN
DOLORES MORAN
DENNIS MORGAN
ELEANOR PARKER
JOYCE REYNOLDS
ROY ROGERS & Trigger
S.Z. (SALOSS) SAKALL
ZACHARY SCOTT
ALEXIS SMITH
BARBARA STANWYCK
JOSEPH SZIGETI
DONALD WOODS
JANE WYMAN

SONGS!

"DON'T FENCE ME IN"
"HOLLYWOOD CANTER"
"SWEET DREAM, SWEETHEART"
"GETTIN' CROPS FOR MY COUNTRY"
"WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THE REST OF YOUR LIFE"
"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A YANK"

Also

JIMMY DORSEY & HIS BAND
CARMEN CAVALLARO & ORCHESTRA
GOLDEN GATE QUARTET • ROSARIO & ANTONIO • SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Musical Numbers Created & Directed by LEROY PRINZ • Directed by DELMER DAVES
Produced by ALEX GOTTFIEB
You can have **Glamorous Hair OVERNIGHT!**

Try Glover's Famous **3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT**

Overtight—you'll see and feel the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with added loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try all three Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today.

**TRIAL SIZE**—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.

(Continued from page 6)

Cobina Wright Sr. for the stars who had entertained overseas—and it just about blinded everyone. Joan Fontaine, seated near Paulette at dinner, was drooling in admiration and in a mood to throw away the very good-looking chunk of costume jewelry she was wearing around her own neck! Paulette was in a long black dinner gown, trimmed with black lace—the bodice cut very low. Joan wore a long black velvet evening gown. Décolleté—but around her shoulders and trailing almost to the floor was a narrow black velvet scarf (like Grandma wore) edged heavily all around with masses of ermine tails. Very picturesque—and very flattering. Ilona Massey had eyes popping with the evening gown she was almost not wearing! Cut very low back and front—no straps, tight bodice of cerise taffeta and very full simple skirt.

Adrian's latest fashion show is responsible for a lot of the Hollywood babes going in for bustles in a big way. Saw Gene Tierney one night in a brown satin-brocaded dinner suit, short skirt, with a cute little puffy bustle resting where a good bustle should be—and Lana Turner (who has positively been wearing the gaspiest gowns in town) has a black satin dinner suit that features one—so have Mrs. Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert and some of the smarter dressers in movieland.

Saw Lucille Ball one night at La Rue and she looked stunning in a short turquoise wool jacket over a tight short black wool skirt. The jacket, with enormously wide shoulders, was severely simple, cut close up to the neck but collarless—and very snug around the hips. She had the biggest bag we've ever seen slung over her shoulders by a black leather strap—the bag was in three sections. Black gloves and pumps finished her off. Very snazzy outfit—one that can work about six different ways—if you have a good-looking plain black or brown skirt. Just change jackets and accessories.

**Hair and There:** Alan Ladd will be out your way—that is if your way is around the Middle West—and soon. He's going on his first hospital tour as soon as "Salty O'Rourke" is in the bag. He won't make any attempt at doing an act or making speeches. He'll just sit around and talk to the boys.

Linda Darnell, who has to fight that old devil fat from time to time, has

(Continued on page 10)
Wet Feet?
They, like cold feet, can lower body resistance so that certain germs on mouth and throat surfaces may invade the tissue and complicate the infection which may be started by a virus.

In a Draft?
Some people seem to dive drafts with impunity, but many medical men say that for others they definitely can lower body resistance and help make it easier for you to catch cold.

Direct Exposure?
One of the easiest ways of contracting colds is to kiss someone already infected. Another is to get in the path of a sneeze or cough.

**AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD**

**Better Gargle LISTERINE ANTI-SEPTIC—Quick!**

Prompt antiseptic action may help ‘nip trouble in the bud’ . . . attack threatening Secondary Invaders before they attack you.

Many doctors believe that some kind of a virus often starts a cold, and that a threatening group of germs called the "Secondary Invaders," frequently complicates it and is responsible for much of its misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes their work easier.

Obviously, the time to fight a cold is in the early stages, and effort should be directed against these "Secondary Invaders" before they penetrate the tissue.

So, at the first sign of a sneeze, chill, cough, or snuffle — when you feel a cold coming on — by all means, get started early with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

**Listerine Antiseptic Kills Bacteria**
This wonderful germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . helps guard against a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues.

In repeated tests, bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces, ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, have been noted. And even an hour after the gargle, reductions up to 80% have been noted.

**Fewer Colds—Tests Showed**
Moreover, Listerine Antiseptic has backed up its laboratory performance with an impressive record on human "guinea pigs" observed in tests conducted over a period of twelve years. Please note the result:

Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle, and fewer sore throats.

Take the word of outstanding medical men—a cold is nothing to fool with. At the very first symptom take this sensible precaution — the Listerine Antiseptic gargle — in the early stages. Prompt precautions may head off an unpleasant and miserable siege of illness.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
A BRILLIANT MUSICAL PANORAMA IN A SETTING OF SPECTACLE AND ROMANCE!

It's all New and Different! There’s Majestic Pageantry! Hundreds of Skating Lovelies! Uproarious Comedy! Super Songs! And a Tender Love Story That Will Capture Your Heart! It’s the Screen’s Topnotch Entertainment!

VERA HRUBA RALSTON
LAKE PLACID SERENADE

Dance-data: Red Cramer and Ida Lupino caught exchanging smiles and steps

(Continued from page 8) been dieting and has lost ten pounds. Hubby Pev Marley is afraid she’s getting too thin and he keeps stuffing vitamin pills down her pretty throat.

Bing Crosby has lost pounds and pounds—from that 19,000 mile overseas tour in Europe during which it seems he really never stopped singing, talking or entertaining except for the very few hours sleep he got in mostly uncomfortable places each night. But he looks wonderful—and for the first time is really bronzed from the sun. That rest on a Nevada rancho did it.

A Word about the Boys: Lt. Jackie Coogan has already announced his post-war plans and they sound swell. With the Heasley Twins (those lads that shine on skates with Sonja Henie) Lt. Jackie will open a flying school and sell medium and low-priced planes on the side. Hear tell The Kid has other plans too, matrimonial ones that have to do with Ramsay Ames. Well, we’ll see.

Mrs. Henry Fonda raced from one nursery to another (the flower kind) all this month in an effort to fulfill the request of her husband Lt. (j.g.) Hank Fonda now assigned to shore duty on a Pacific island. “Send me seeds, every kind and lots of them,” he wrote, “I want to start a Victory garden.” There always was a lot of farmer in Fonda.

They call him rootin’ shootin’ Skelton in Hollywood after Red rated ninety-five in marksmanship at Camp Roberts. Red stopped in Hollywood long enough to say “hello” and “good-by” between Camp Roberts and Camp
INSIDE STUFF

Sibert in Alabama, his new destination. Wouldn't surprise Cal to hear Red had gone overseas any day now. And wait till the "mean widdle kid" hits Paris. Incidentally, Red has scribbled out a book on his experiences which should be a honey.

Capt. Bob Preston is now an intelligence officer with a medium bomber group in France. What's more his outfit received a presidential unit citation.

Jeanette MacDonald flashed that beautiful smile when she learned husband Gene Raymond had been promoted from captain to major. Major Raymond served eleven months in England before assignment to Yuma, Arizona, as an instructor.

Purely Accidental: Katharine Hepburn went down to the M-G-M studio to inspect her newly decorated dressing room. Just as she stepped to the door a fire hose broke open, drenching the star and ruining the beautiful new room. For a moment Katie stood speechless, and then turning, she said to the publicists: "Is Ginger Rogers on this lot?"

Hepburn, of course, was remembering the time at RKO when Ginger dumped a bucket of water on Katie who was just entering her dressing room. The pay-off was that Ginger was on the M-G-M lot working on "Weekend At The Waldorf," but naturally had nothing to do with the accident.

Yes, This Is Hollywood, Friends: After the preview of "A Song To Remember," Merle Oberon, the star, hurried over to Paul Muni to tell him how much she enjoyed his performance.

Look! New rave Lauren Bacall chats with Herbert Marshall at Romanoff's

Are you in the know?

Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—

- A Private
- A Captain
- A Sergeant

A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain C.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented flat tapered ends that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable comfort of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex stays soft while wearing.

If your writing runs uphill, are you—

- Moody
- Indifferent to people
- An optimist

It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all. Do you write uphill? You're an optimist, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not keep that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" with Kotex sanitary napkins, because that 4-ply safety center keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection plus—when you use Kotex.

Will lip rouge linger longer if you—

- Moistten the lips first
- Apply it over powder
- Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick stick—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge over powder, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your confidence can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins put together

Cal York’s INSIDE STUFF

Time out for tricks: Rita Hayworth smiles approval while her husband Orson Welles supplies the magic

Muni thanked her. “I hear you’re very good, too,” he said.

“Oh, didn’t you see the picture?” asked Miss Oberon, taken aback.

“Oh yes, I saw it,” Muni replied, “but I only looked at myself.”

Mickey Rooney’s bride, head and shoulders taller than her husband, arrived in Hollywood to make her home with the star’s mother, Mrs. Nell Pank.

“And what do you call Mickey’s bride?” a studio friend asked one of Mickey’s pals, “Mrs. Rooney or just Betty Jane?”

“Neither,” said the pal. “I just call her The Lanky Panky.”

Party Note: Jeanne Crain was at the Cobina Wright Sr. party, looking so ingenuous in a semi-evening gown of pale blue marquisette. She must have been a bit confused for she was flanked most of the evening by Errol Flynn who was being very attentive, and Paul Brooke who looks so much like Flynn that he left Warners where he was under contract, feeling he didn’t have a chance there because of the resemblance.

Cal-culations: Girls, focus your eyes on Hank Daniels at M-G-M. He plays Judy Garland’s brother in “Meet Me In St. Louis” and he’s good. Was a tennis champ in New York before he broke his leg and foot in an auto accident.

Next film is “Alter Ego” with Phyllis Thaxter. The lad’s going places. Boys, have you seen Lauren Bacall, or The Look as they call her out here? That’s because of those looks she threw Humphrey Bogart’s way in “To Have And Have Not.” She’s tall, thin, wide-mouthed and nineteen. Most unusual actress to appear since Garbo.

We’ve told you before, fellows, about the blonde baby doll, June Haver, who really out-Grabbed Betty in “Irish Eyes Are Smiling.” A half-pint of charm, with a peach-bloom complexion, June is an expert musician, writes music, dances, sings, makes eyes ooo la la, and is just eighteen. Her next is “Where Do We Go From Here?”

And here’s one for the subdebs (see we think of everyone) and high-school cuties. His name is Jerome Courtland, he was nineteen two days after Christmas and actually proposed to Irene Dunne in “Together Again.” Six foot three, he has black hair, brown eyes, pink cheeks and a huge appetite. His mother is a Los Angeles socialite and Courtland got shovved into movies.

Ride ‘Em Cowboys: Westerns are such an integral part of motion pictures and their stars so popular among moviegoers, Cal felt you’d like to know how Southern California voted in a recent poll, with Bronco awards handed out to the winners in the Hollywood Bowl. If you agree or disagree with their choice, why not write your favorite Western star (not Cal, please), and congratulate or boo the choice as the case may be. Here are the winners:

Top western leading man: Bill Boyd; with Bill Elliott in second place.

Top western juvenile player: Donnie Stewart.


Top western director: Robert Taylor.

Top western horse: Thunder, owned by Bill Elliott.

Top western song: “Pistol-Packin’ Mama,” by Al Dexter.

Top western band: Spade Cooley’s band; followed by Jimmie Wakely’s band and The Painted Post Rangers.

Top western leading woman: Dale Evans.

Top all-around cowboy: Roy Rogers, Johnny Mack Brown in second place.

(Continued on page 14)
"Hello, dream girl," he whispers. And you're glad you're looking lovely... glad you've kept your hands petal-soft.

Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on before household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps prevent roughness and dryness... guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.
Care THAT SEEMS A Caress...

To keep your skin constantly fresher, lovelier...woosed from distressing "wayward" periods of dryness or shine...give it daily care with these two unique creams...

**Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams**

**Skin Cream...Cleansing Cream**

HERE is care so kind...so soothing and smoothing...it seems a caress to your skin! The care offered by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams...a care that does so much to guard your skin's fresh beauty against wayward tendencies which lead to imperfection. In both these creams—Phillips' Skin Cream and Phillips' Cleansing Cream—true Phillips' Milk of Magnesia lends its helpful, gentle hand to keeping your beauty bright.

In addition, both contain smoothing, softening oils...cholesterol, too, provided to guard your skin's moisture. Call it care—call it caress—but daily, call on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams for help.

**Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream**—Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay smoothly supple. Doubles in duty as a night cream and satin-smooth base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.

**Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream**—Feel its richness—see how cleanly it tissues off, removing make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings. That's why it leaves your skin feeling sparkingly fresh! 60¢, plus tax.

Just married: John Conte and Marilyn Maxwell at the Hollywood Palladium

(Continued from page 12)

**Romance Rounds:** It's still love between Turhan Bey and Lana Turner and Cal believes Lana has never been so deeply in love with anyone, not even Steve Crane. And it's still friendship between Turhan and Susanna Foster. The other day at Universal Turhan took Susie's picture off the dining-room wall and put it on the chair next to his to reserve her place beside him. Then in comes Susie, spies some friends and forgets all about Turhan. Back goes the picture on the wall—upside down.

Phyllis Thaxter who played Van Johnson's wife in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is now the bride of Capt. Jimmy Aubrey of Chicago. The Captain is a flyer. Phyllis met in Hollywood on a blind date and it was love at first sight.

Jeanne Crain always says, "Lon and I," as if it were definite between her and Private Lon McCallister. The other beaux, Jeanne tells us, don't mean a thing.

June Horne and Jackie Cooper may be one by the time this reaches you. All Hollywood was sorry that Jackie had to give so much time to that case in which he was completely exonerated that he flunked the exams for his commission in the Navy. But June, who has stuck to him through thick and thin, is still stickin'.

Judy Garland's heavy dating is with Vincent Minelli, a young designer and director. This is worth watching.

Bill Eythe obviously has a big crush on Tallulah Bankhead and rapily tells one and all how wonderful she has been to him all through the filming of "A Royal Scandal." And Tallulah has been loud in her praise of Bill's acting and is rooting for him to get the starring role in a big new picture coming up. But Cal doubts if this is anything to get excited about from a truly romantic standpoint.
A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong

Cal would herewith like to predict a switch in that Deanna Durbin situation—or rather a switch back to Felix Jackson. Felix, who was strictly top man until Bob Landry got back to Hollywood from overseas and “took over” Deanna for a couple of weeks, suddenly began bombarding the Durbin with champagne, flowers and other knick-knacks—but every day! He’s a jealous type too—and his hectic tactics are beginning to work. Because at this writing he’s hardly letting Deanna out of his sight! And she doesn’t seem to mind. What’s more, Bob Landry has been long-distance telephoning New York to talk to a gal on the staff of Life magazine that he’s known and cared for for a long time. A pal of his tells me he’s getting ready to propose to her. So don’t be surprised if Deanna shows up at Bob Landry’s wedding as a bridesmaid! They’ve been such good friends for so long—Cal wouldn’t doubt that she’d do it!

As for Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward—they’re seen around a lot together since their separation—and may even co-star in a Broadway play together as lovers. She wants to star with him in the picture “Ten Little Indians.” But I’ll bet they don’t take up their marriage again.

Gold-Trimmed Umbrellas: Lynn Bari quipped one day that “Hollywood is a place where the only thing an actor saves for a rainy day is somebody else’s umbrella.” But she must have been kidding. Because actors (and actresses) these days are as shrewd about the money they make, invest or save as the most astute business people. And if they’re not, they hire smart business managers who are! Can’t think of any featured players or stars who don’t have someone to advise them what to do with their earnings or who have not

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
Give a Canary

...THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!

Here's a singing gift ... a delightful pet ... that will be long remembered as a living token of your affection.

Give a perky, cheerful Canary—a bit of singing sunshine to brighten drab hours and chase away the blues.

FREE! Every lover of pets will want French's superb book about the Canary, the pet you'll love. Special postcard photographs—some in full color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny postal card to The H. T. French Company, 2584 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

KEEP YOUR CANARY HAPPY WITH FRENCH'S

FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies all aids to song and health. Feed your Canary FRENCH'S—today and every day!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S. A.

wisely put them into investments (mostly War Bonds) that assure them they'll have comfortable old ages. These stories you read about the many play- ers who own apartment houses, gas stations, general real estate, etc., are mostly on the level! Brian Donlevy, Alan Ladd, Ty Power, Johnny Weis- muller, Claudette Colbert, Bill Bendix have well paying businesses aside from their movie-making.

Divorce Data: Now that the John Waynes have really parted for keeps, Cal can spill a little information that he's been keeping under his typewriter for some time. For one thing, negotia- tions between John and his lovely wife, the former Josephine Saentz, have been going on for over a year! Mrs. Wayne, who is getting a civil divorce through permission of the Catholic Church, got a terrific settlement for herself and their children. Much money—even for Hollywood. And now comes some big news. You can look for John to marry Esperanza Bauer as soon as he's free. They've been going together for ages—in fact ever since John and Josephine separated—and that's a long time. It was Wayne who helped Miss Bauer get a contract at Republic Studios—though nothing much in the way of a movie career has materialized for her.

Wolves and Wildcats: Johnny Weiss- muller promised Frank Sinatra that he wouldn't take off for that hunting trip to Wyoming until The Voice got back to Hollywood. Whether Frankie wanted to see whether even mountain wolves would swoon at the sight or sound of him, we don't know, but he sure did want to go on that hunting trip! But his New York stay kept lengthening and lengthening. And Johnny W. got more and more impatient. And finally he just gave up and gathered up a couple of other guys and off to the wilds he went with nary a crooner to help him.

Reminds us that Errol Flynn thinks the wolves should sing it this way, "I'll Be Seizing You"—and John Calvert, who is about to get a star build-up at Columbia, thinks the magicians ought to sing it, "I'll Be Saving You—in all the old familiar places—."

Deglamorizing: Wait till you see what the studio's doing to poor Buzz Mered- dith who is playing Ernie Pyle in "G. I. Joe." Paulette is thrilled aplenty at having him around Hollywood for the next couple of months (he was put on the inactive list by the Army to make this picture), but what a ribbing she's been getting. All because Buzz doesn't look like Buzz at all these days. They've shaved his head clear across the top and right down the middle, as Ernie Pyle is very Guy Kibby-ish in the hair department!

It's Those Little Things: Lana Turner's face is small and pale without screen make-up and Judy Garland looks older than her screen age. Sydney Green- street coaches Phyllis Thaxter in all her stage and screen roles and John Hodiak was the original Lil Abner of the radio. Claudette Colbert wears her hair off the screen exactly as she does on, but Hedy Lamarr pins hers back any old way. Louise Allbritton carries her own cigarettes on dates, and believes snitching the boy friend's during the shortage a snide thing. Jeanne Crain has teeth like a very little girl in the third grade without those caps she wears on the screen and Sonja Henie won't even give away a discarded pair of ice skates. Bonita Granville wants to sing on the screen, Van Johnson wants to dance and Cal wants to go home and read a book. So 'scuse us all, please!
Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

This Is Station C A L Talking: We've said it for years, well, two anyway, that you give an actor the air and you'll discover many things about him. In other words, put him on the radio and you'll know right off how good an actor he is, something about his character and his personality.

It's our personal opinion that Loretta Young is the best of all women stars on the air, including Bette Davis who is given to affectation of voice and accent once a radio mike staves her in the face. Miss Young somehow takes on a dramatic depth on the radio she fails to achieve on the screen.

We are of the opinion that Gary Cooper either never studies a script beforehand, or his eyesight is faulty. For uninspired performances we nominate Walter Pidgeon who joins the seen-to-be-appreciated group. Hope, on the air, is a past master. Hope on the screen without Crosby is only as good as his material. With Crosby, he's inspired beyond his own talent. Crosby is voted better on screen than air for the reason he's a fine actor as well as singer, and is limited by the type of program he offers. Frankie is even-striken on the air and on the screen. His eager, wanting-to-please air on the screen overbalances his lack of polish noticeable in most newcomers.

Van Johnson brings that same boyish appeal (stop squealing, everybody) to his radio roles because, and we discovered this long ago, half his charm lies in his voice. Spencer Tracy used to be Van's ideal, and maybe he still is, but certainly that breathless quality in Van's voice is far from Tracy's quiet one.

Judy Garland's fine radio presence is hindered by her inability to stop giggling in the funny places. Bob Hope used to be afraid to be funny with Judy on the program, so great was her audible enjoyment. But in those deep places, Judy is an actress worth listening to.

Voted the best all-around radio male star in the business is Don Ameche. In drama, comedy, farce, played straight or with dialect, Don reached a peak he never quite hit on the screen. No wonder his fans scream for Ameche to return to radio.

As a comic, Orson Welles spreads himself in every direction, and the sum total is nil. As a dramatic actor, especially in the horror department, he has no equal. The fact that he could unintentionally frighten half a nation to death proves this. On the screen Welles is less impressive due to the confinement of roles. There are so few parts cut to his physical measure.

To the men overseas we know what the voice of any Hollywood star means, but since this is a home problem and an important one, we'd welcome your opinion. Only, remember it's a game that must be played regardless of favorites. Maybe, when the results are in, we'll announce your radio favorites who visit from the screen.

New Film-Finish Powder

gives Shirley Temple's skin that smooth and flawless look...

Sweet-sixteen Shirley Temple, just beginning to wear make-up, chooses Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, made for the stars and you! For that screen-glamour look you cherish, New five-way blending creates stay-fresh shades, smoother new texture that covers, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, or turns pasty. Choose from eight film-star shades!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE David O. Selznick player, co-starring with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in "I'll Be Seeing You". Shirley uses Windsor Rose to dramatize her medium pink-toned skin.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1... Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your glamour shades 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 boxes of Woodbury Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax.
No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you’re washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a soap film which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That’s why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don’t like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!

But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble

Back-view glamour—in this lovely, new evening hair-do! The back hair is set as for a page boy, then pulled together with the stunning beaded hair ornament. The shining smoothness of her hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioner! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight... don’t put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)

INCERTITy. It flows like a stream from the depth of this picture's heart. Integrity. It is mirrored in every detail. Simplicity. Hollywood forgets itself in the story of a man who has told his story so well that there is nothing to add or subtract. Life, at least this man’s life, that of Ted W. Lawson, then a lieutenant and now a major, is greater in appeal than anything cinema town could have dreamed up.

Everyone from General Doolittle down read the script and approved without one correction. Hence the authoritative reality of the story as told with Spencer Tracy in the role of Doolittle (then a lieutenant colonel) and his first bombing of Tokyo. In the role of Lawson, Jr., a son deserves every rave heaped upon him. His eagerness, tinged with apprehension because of the wife he leaves behind, is expertly projected. And Phyllis Thaxter as his wife becomes an established factor in motion pictures, a charming, gracious actress.

The strength of Tracy, who requested this role subordinate to Johnson’s, is felt even when the actor is off the screen. For it was Doolittle’s mission to train these volunteer flyers secretly and mercilessly, and through Tracy we catch the strength and purpose of the man.

The self-effacing, never by a fraction overemphasized role of David Thatcher as played by Robert Walker is magnificent.

To the other lads, we pay tribute for performances that we will all long remember. The direction by Mervyn LeRoy is superb. The suspense created when Lawson bomber fly over Japanese territory makes the heart pound and the pulses throb.

Your Reviewer Says: Best of its kind.

Meet Me In St. Louis (M-G-M)

A STORY replete with charm, color, coziness of home and family, to say nothing of romance, is this so-different musical all wrapped up around a gay ninety tune hit “Meet Me In St. Louis.”

The Smiths of St. Louis are quite the nicest people you'll meet anywhere, living back in the horse-and-buggy days in the Missouri city, and loving every stick and stone of it. There's Judy Garland Smith, for instance, in love with Tom Drake, the boy next door. And there's Mary Astor Smith, mother of the brood, and Leon Ames Smith, the father, who loves his family above business advantages. The other children, Margaret O'Brien as "Tootie" Smith, Lucille Bremer as Rose Smith, Henry Daniels Jr. as Lon Jr. and Joan Carroll as Agnes, fill the house and story to overflowing. In fact, there are moments, such as the Hallowe’en instance, when we feel the story tree more or less grows superfluous branches, but on the other hand, the plot is so very simple—that of a family who doesn't want to move from St. Louis to New York—that it can afford a few detours.

The romance between Judy and Tom Drake is one of the most naturally developed ones ever to fancy a screen. Both are charming, and Judy's singing of "The Trolley Song," "The Boy Next Door," and "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas," is delightful.

Margaret O'Brien as the youngest of the family, is a "character," no less. She'll either amuse or puzzle you, or perhaps she'll do both.

Harry Davenport as Grandpa and Margaret Main as the maid are simply necessary to the charm that dominates even the story itself.

Your Reviewer Says: A lovable, likable lulu.

Together Again (Columbia)

The nice people all around us literally howled themselves blue in the face. So let us be the first to declare Mr. and Mrs. of a psychiatrist. A smile or two at what we considered a very feeble premise for laughter was about the best we could manage. Mr. and Mrs. notwithstanding, it is bound to create hilarity all over the place, on that we can assure you.

Irene Dunne is beautiful as the mayor of a hidebound New England town who travels to New York in search of a sculptor to create a statue of her late husband. The old one (statue, not husband) got decapitated in a thunderstorm. So who is the sculptor? Monsieur Charles Boyer. And what does he do? He finds Miss Dunne in jail, follows her protesting footsteps home, captures the fancy of her young step-daughter Mona Freeman and upssets Mayor Dunne in all directions at once.

Charles Coburn is her papa-in-law who wants love going on around him and gets it. He's cute, too. But the lad that tickled us most (not sincerely, of course) is young Jerome Courtland, a tall gangling adolescent who can say, "Well, goodnight," and make it not only good but a riotous evening.

Elizabeth Patterson is the housekeeper and poor Charles Dingle is still playing his "Little Foxes" role, and always will, it seems.

Your Reviewer Says: A spring cleaning of the heart.

(Continued on page 113)
BETWEEN 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.

$10.00 PRIZE
"America in Action"

WHAT is it about a simple American family that arouses so much pride in ourselves? After seeing "Since You Went Away," I know. It is because a family like the Hiltons is America in action—the America woven into a gigantic pattern from small family events that reflect the times, the state and the conduct of the nation.

The small, intimate, personal stakes we have in a war are often lost in the ogre-like spectre of battle panorama. In moments of homesickness and despair when the self-same question is asked over and over, "Why are we fighting?" how good to remember the plain, simple, everyday democracy enjoyed by the Hiltons. And the Hiltons, after all, are only symbols of you and me.

Such films as these earn and maintain respect for the film industry. Presenting their full measure of entertainment, they go beyond the mere form of pleasureful presentation and bring to mind and heart the rich legacy of our land. In a world where the Family has been so threatened and disrupted, it is comforting and reassuring to know that the threads that bind us are as strong as the thoughts behind the conduct of the American Family.

As a soldier, I salute "Since You Went Away." As a citizen, I admire it. As a person, I enjoy it. As an American, I take pride in it.

Sgt. Charles L. Mersich, Camp Crowder, Mo.

$5.00 PRIZE
New Role for Turhan

HOLLYWOOD is once again going on a hunt for an "unknown" this time to play the role of Rudolph Valentino in a picture based on his career. After a good deal of fuss and feathers and, let's whisper it softly, a lot of publicity on the subject, someone already in pictures will probably be announced as the unanimous choice of all concerned.

In this particular search the makers of the picture have the ideal actor right under their noses. Facialy he does not resemble Valentino, but he has that same mysterious foreign appeal which made Valentino the success he was.

The actor I speak of is that rapidly rising young man, Turhan Bey. He has made a tremendous personal triumph in the picture, "Dragon Seed." Though the fans of Valentino's day have never heard his voice from the screen, everyone had his or her idea of what it was like. The smooth, pleasant, well-articulated voice of Mr. Bey with its very faint trace of accent seems to me to fit the character of the well-remembered favorite, Rudolph Valentino.

A. M. Sullivan, Bronx, N. Y.

(Continued on page 106)
Her Beauty Wears a Mask of Terror!

Desired by all men, envied by all women. What is the spell that hangs over this beautiful woman, making her a terrified slave . . . fearful, even, of the man who so desperately fights to free her?

HEDY LAMARR
GEORGE BRENT • PAUL LUKAS

"Experiment Perilous"

with
ALBERT DEKKER • CARL ESMOND • OLIVE BLAKEY
GEORGE N. NEISE • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by Robert Fellows. Directed by Jacques Tourneur
Screen play by Warren Duff

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
Canteen hostess Bette Davis smiles reassurance to Bob Hutton, Corporal at the mike, in “Hollywood Canteen”

BRIEF REVIEWS

ALASKA—Monogram: Kent Taylor plays the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the gold mine era in Alaska and he has quite a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two train jumpers, falling in love with Margaret Lindsay who’s married to John Carradine, and mixing it up with saloon proprietor Nils Asther. Dean Jagger is the U. S. marshal. (Jan.)

AND NOW TOMORROW—Paramount: Alan Ladd returns to the screen in this dramatic story as a young doctor from the wrong side of the tracks who attempts to cure wealthy Loretta Young of the deafness she suffered as the result of meningitis just before her marriage to Barry Sullivan. (Dec.)

ARSIFIC AND OLD LACE—Warner Bros: A hilarious screenplay that will enthrall you from laughter to fright. Cary Grant is the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunt on the eve of his honeymoon with Priscilla Lane. Raymond Massey is the criminal; Peter Lorre his doctor friend and Jack Carson is the cop. You must see it. (Nov.)

ATLANTIC CITY—Republic: Belle Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frisco all bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville’s peak, and it’s packed with wonderful old tunes provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Constance Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. It’s a pretty satisfying movie. (Nov.)

BABES ON SWING STREET—Universal: Peggy Ryan is very pretty and active as the leader of a settlement house who tries to raise money so the most talented members can take advantage of a scholarship. Ann Blyth suggests a night club, so the kids take over a building and set to work on it. Leon Errol helps out, Sydor Miller impersonates, and it’s all silly but cute. (Dec.)

BARBARY COAST GENT—M-G-M: Wally Beery’s an old backer of the ‘40’s who promises to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal. When a scrape precipitates him out of town and into Nevada he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, with all the resultant complications. John Carradine does a nice job. Frances Farmer and Bruce Kellogg are the romantics. (Nov.)

BLUEBEARD—PRC: John Carradine gives one swell performance as the mad painter and operator of a puppet show who strangles his models one by one so as not to be disillusioned by them. Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Nils Asther as prefect of police and Teala Loring as one of the victims, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn. (Jan.)

BOWERY TO BROADWAY—Universal: Two quarreling theatrical producers, Jack Oakie and Donald Cook, finally separate over Maria Montez in an arty production. The cast is an important one, including Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Ann Blyth, Louise Allbritton and practically everyone on the Universal lot, but it’s the same old show-business theme. (Jan.)

Shadow Stage

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Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending.
Avoid Underarm odor with MUM.

Five little, false little words:
“I never perspire in Winter!”

Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending. Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

It's a mistake so many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be sure? Just remember, your bath only washes away rust perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

Mum's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

Mum's sure—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration
**“Touching with dizzled lips her Starlight Hand”**

—*Endymion*, John Keats

* A lovely line— but remember, no one’s lips are “dizzled” by Scullery Skin

Don’t let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

It takes a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man’s lips closer... and closer... But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather... to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness.

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they need an effective cream.

Not sticky... not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant. Try it today.

**IMPATIENT YEARS, THE—**Columbia: This comedy, built around a vital problem, emerges with vitalizing entertainment. Spt. Lee Bowman returns home on furlough to find his wife Jean Arthur, whom he has only known about four days, embroiled in household duties and child care. When they fly to the divorce courts, Jean’s father, Charles Coburn, and the judge order them to relive their courtship. (Nov.)

**IN SOCIETY—**Universal: Abbott and Costello are a pair of plumbers summoned to a wealthy man’s home to fix a faucet. After practically destroying the home, the matron sends them a note of complaint, but by mistake they receive an invitation to a week-end party and the riot goes on from there. (Nov.)

**IN THE MEANTIME, DARLING—**20th-Century-Fox: Jeanne Crain, used to luxury, undergoes a harry and unpleasant wedding ceremony to young officer Frank Latimore and then tries to adjust herself to her single shabby room. Gale Robbins, Eugene Phillette and Mary Nash are a few of the many people in this timely little story. (Dec.)

**WISHFUL EYES ARE SMILING—**20th-Century Fox: A tuneful and happy musical, with Dick Haymes playing Ernest Hurl, a ballad writer of the nineties, and June Haver the girl he loves in love. Monty Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter, and the songs are nostalgically lovely and haunting. Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clarence Kolb lend welcome support. (Jan.)

**WISTFUL—**M-G-M: A fanciful fairy tale, beautifully mounted, with Ronald Colman as the king of the boggar’s who determined that only a prince may wed his lovely daughter, Joy Ann Page. Edward Arnold is the grand vizier, who wants to overthrow the Caliph, James Craig, who has fallen in love with Joy Ann, and Marlene Dietrich is the tempestuous beauty in Arnold’s harem whom Colman loves. (Nov.)

**WYLLA—**20th-Century-Fox: Sophisticated, adult entertainment so smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it’s a joy to behold. It’s a murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people, and you’ll marvel at the finished performance of Clifton Webb, enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews and appreciate the quiet underplaying of Gene Tierney. (Jan.)

**LOST IN A HAREM—**Abbott and Costello and Marilyn Maxwell are a vaudeville troupe stranded in the Orient, and John Conte is a deposed prince who promises to get them back to America if they’ll help him regain his kingdom. Jimmy Dorsey’s music helps out, but it’s a none too funny picture. (Nov.)

**MAISIE GOES TO RENO—**M-G-M: Maisie’s ordered to take a rest, so she joins a band which opens in Reno for a froughtnight, but before she leaves she undertakes a mission for soldier Tom Drake. Once in Reno, trouble develops, so Maisie, played as usual by Ann Sothern, enlists the aid of cardinalier John Hodiak to get to the bottom of the affair. (Nov.)

**MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—**Paramount: Nils Asther is ninety years old but looks thirty-five because he keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he murders for the scientist Reinhold Schunzel aids in this defiance of nature. But finally Nina’s loyal fiancé Helen Walker discovers his little secret, with Paul Cavanagh and Edmond Breon. (Jan.)

**MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE—**Dumont—Columbia: Richard Dix turns in a bang-up performance as a detective who poses as another man in order to collect a large sum of money from a bank. He attracts the money but collides with crippled peddler Paul Guilfoyle, and from then on he gets deeper and deeper into trouble. Janis Carter, John Calley and Porter Hall are all very good. (Jan.)

**MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR—**M-G-M: Lana Turner lifts this marriage among your young moderns into enthralling entertainment by its sincerity of her performance. John Hodiak is miscast as her Boston blue-blood husband and James Cagney is sold as Lana’s suitor who almost wrecks her marriage. (Nov.)

**MASTER RACE, THE—**RKO: A gripping and grimly realistic picture showing, through the rebirth of a village freed from German occupation, how the Nazis plan to sow the seeds for World War III. George Coulouris is the Nazi colonel who pretends to be an Allied sympathizer. Carl Esmond, Nancy Gates, Osa Massen and Stanley Ridges do excellent work. (Dec.)

**MINISTRY OF FEAR—**Paramount: This is filled with confusion and intricacy of plot, but the actors perform so well that it has points. Ray Milland gets released from a British asylum on charges of a murder he didn’t commit, only to be confronted with his enemies hiding behind a charity organization. Marjorie Reynolds is the Austrian girl, Carl Esmond her brother and Don Dunn a villain. (Jan.)

**MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS—**Universal: Chief Officer Leo Carrillo takes the crew of a merchant marine ship out to his ranch and finds that it’s been taken over by women. Elise Knox is the foreman, the Andrews Sisters sing like mad. (Nov.)

**MRS. PARKINGON—**M-G-M: Those who have read Louis Bromfield’s novel will find no fault with its translation to the screen, for it’s superbly done. Greer Garson is the young Western girl who marries the wealthy Major Parkingon and matures graciously into a magnificent old woman. Falcon

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**Pacquins Hand Cream**

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubblings a day.

**AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE**

24
as the dynamic major does his best work to date. With Edward Arnold, Frances Rafferty, Agnes Moorehead and Gladys Cooper. (Dec.)

MY PAL WOLF—RKO: Sharyn Moffett is a little girl whose parents leave her in the care of peculiar servants, and her only interest is the police dog she finds and tries to shield from her governess, Jill Esmond. The story’s weakly constructed, but in spite of this, it isn’t all a bad picture. (Dec.)

NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Paramount: If you like the corny but lively radio show of the National Barn Dancers you’ll like their movie even better. Rob Bicepleys plays the radio agent to whom Charles Quigley attempts to sell his idea of a National Barn Dance show. Pat Buttom is funny and Jean Heather is the girl Quigley romances. (Dec.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—RKO: The attempt of a cockney to reach out to a better life, laid against the drearful atmosphere of London’s slums, make up this tale of Richard Llewellyn’s. Gary Grant gives a truly understanding performance as the cockney and Ethel Barrymore does beautiful work as his mother. June Duprez and Jane Wyatt are the girls in his life. (Dec.)

OH, WHAT A NIGHT—Monogram: Edmund Lowe is a jewel thief out to snatch the jewels of burlesque queen Marjorie Rambeau, but Ivan Lebedeff, George Lewis and Claire Del Ray are after the same thing. Jean Parker is very cute as the girl. (Nov.)

ONE BODY TOO MANY—Paramount: A life insurance salesman, Jack Haley, finds himself an appointed watcher over a corpse in a house full of ghostlike relations, and the things that go on are out of this world. Jean Parker is the niece of the deceased, and the cast includes Bela Lugosi, Blanche Yurka, and Douglas Fowley. Haley is a scream. (Jan.)

PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE—The Goldwyn: It could have been funnier, but Bob Hope as a friendly coward back in pirate days will give you laughs. Vie McLaglen is the leader of the pirates, Walter Brennan the miltitw pirate and Virginia Mayo is the beautiful princess. (Nov.)

RAINBOW ISLAND—Paramount: A lush Technicolor dream with Dottie Lamour roaming around in her well-filled sarong. Merchant Marine Eddie Bracken tells the fantastic tale of his adventures to his pals, of Dottie and her romance with Barry Sullivan, of Gill Lamb’s capering, of Lamour’s full-drown loveliness, and of the comical situations in which Bracken finds himself. (Jan.)

SAN DIEGO, I LOVE YOU—Universal: A refreshing, sappy story packed with chuckles and laughter, this has professor Edward Everett Horton and his mad family traveling to San Diego to hear the testing plant of Horton’s invention, a collapsible life raft. Louise Allbritton as the daughter turns on performance and Jon Hall is so good as the wealthy railroad owner. (Dec.)

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY—Republic: Roy Rogers and Ed Gargan try to get jobs on Dale Evans’ ranch in order, to find some thrills. The cute bands are girls because Dale is trying to thwart her sister Joan Porter’s romance. The story is too frail for Rogers, but the music is first-rate. (Nov.)

SEVEN DOORS TO DEATH—PRC: A mystery thriller, with cute June Clyde inheriting a shopping center with a tray corner or two thrown in. Chic Chandler, George Meeker and Casey MacGregor are the cast. (Nov.)

SHADOW OF SUSPICION—Monogram: Those jewel thieves are back again, as busy as usual. This time they slip priceless stones into Betty Grable’s stocking and you get all the results you’ve seen before. Anyway, Tim Ryan is cute and Marjorie Lord is marvellous. (Nov.)

SONG TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: The influence of a street woman on the life and work of a genius is here splendidly portrayed by Cornel Wilde playing Frederik Chopin, and Merle Oberon as George Sand, the woman who brings him into the limelight of fame. Paul Muni plays Chopin’s old teacher, from Merle tries to keep away from him. The music is exquisite and exciting, making the picture the musical treat of the year. (Jan.)

STORM OVER LISBON—Republic: Vera Ralston is a beautiful girl who poses as a dancer in Eric von Stroheim’s cafe, and Richard Arlen is the American secret agent. Otto Kruger, Eduard Cianelli and Mona Barrie add intrigue. (Nov.)

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN—20th Century-Fox: Benny Goodman promotes young trombonist James Cardinali whom Linda Darnell loves until he gets a swelled head, and with some persuasion by singer Lynn Bari and agent Allyn Joslyn, steals Benny’s lady and starts his own band. Jack Oakie is funny, but the music that makes the picture. (Nov.)

TALE IN THE ATTIC—RKO: A Western mystery drama with action and romance and John Wayne as the new ranch foreman who arrives in town to find the man who hired him has been murdered. Ella Raines becomes his boss instead, and Wayne is practically cast as the Eastern Audrey Long. The fight sequence between Wayne and Ward Bond is one of the best screen fights you’ve seen. (Dec.)

My one cream instantly beautifies your skin and the “Patch Test” proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don’t just say that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I prove it—prove it by means of the “Patch Test”!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off completely. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your entire face when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

Make the “Patch Test” Tonight!

See with your own eyes the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the “Patch Test”—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you’ve ever used, regardless of price! The proof’s in your own mirror. Make the “Patch Test” and compare!

(Continued on page 119)
A love story that will warm every lonely heart in the land... and thrill every happy one!

A lonely soldier... a heart-hungry girl... It's all about love... and just about perfect!

ANNE BAXTER - JOHN HODIAC
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier

CHARLES WINNINGER

ANNE REVERE - CONNIE MARSHALL - CHILL WILLS
ROBERT BAILEY - BOBBY DRISCOLL - JANE DARWELL

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by WALTER MOROSCO
Screenplay by Wanda Tushack and Melvin Levy

20TH CENTURY-FOX
Announcing with Pride...

The New Photoplay Gold Medal Awards

Who were the year's favorite film actor and actress? Which was 1944's most popular picture?

At the close of each year many attempts are made to answer these questions.

There are the Academy Awards, the Oscars given by the motion picture industry to its workers judged the most outstanding.

There are the film critics' awards given in New York and other metropolitan cities. There are the film trade-publication awards based on box-office earnings. There are in some cities the selections made by newspaper ballots cast by local readers and in a few instances magazines also have run ballots restricted to their own readers.

But there has never been a nationwide poll taken of the actual movie audience itself, the general public of the United States; never any awards given to the picture, the actor and the actress selected by those of us who go to the movies not as critics or professional moviemakers but as Johnny Q. Public.

Now Photoplay has made it possible for the entire movie-going public to name its own selections of the outstanding pictures and stars of the year.

In the interests of its readers, of the Hollywood film industry and of the general public, Photoplay has arranged with Dr. George Gallup, best known of all audience research directors, to determine the nation's most popular pictures and stars each year.

Dr. Gallup will employ the same research technique which has enabled him in the past three presidential elections in the United States to predict within one and one-half per cent the popular vote majority of the presidential winner.

So that there may be complete impartiality, Photoplay, while underwriting all costs of this yearly undertaking, has agreed to leave the entire research to Dr. Gallup and his highly skilled organization.

Photoplay, unwilling to risk any ballot-box stuffing, is publishing no voting coupon on the pages of any issue of its magazine. Its readers are polled by Dr. Gallup only as they are a part of the general movie public of the United States.

The editors of Photoplay will not know until Dr. Gallup brings them his finished survey which picture and which stars have won these high awards. Nor will Hollywood or the general public know in advance of Photoplay readers. The announcements to the newspapers of the country will not be made until the day that you pick up your copy of the March issue, on sale February 16th throughout America.

So that some tangible recognition will remain throughout the year to the studio producing America's favorite picture and to the individual stars whom the nation selects as the stars of the year, Photoplay will present its famed Gold Medals on the day of the announcements. These medals remain the permanent possession of the winning studio and stars.

The last of the polling throughout the country was taken in December, the results have now been rushed to Princeton, New Jersey, where Dr. Gallup's Audience Research Institute carries out its analyses and the winners will be determined while the presses for Photoplay's next issue are held. The day the selections are finally made by Dr. Gallup, the presses will begin to run speeding the news to Photoplay's readers. Secrecy will be maintained by Photoplay's staff of writers, editors and printers until the day of sale when the announcement will be made in the daily papers and on the radio throughout the nation naming the winners of Photoplay's first annual Gold Medal Awards given on the basis of the new Photoplay-Gallup poll.

Fred R. Sammis
THE bets were a hundred to one in Hollywood that tempestuous, quick-tempered Mayo Methot would live up to her name, “Sluggy,” and take a few quick passes at anybody who tried to take Humphrey Bogart away from her.

“Mayo,” said a close friend, “will never in the world let any girl walk off with Bogie. She’d rather hang for murder than see someone else his wife.”

I, personally, have always liked Mayo. I find that she loves her man enough to battle for him—to claw and kick, if necessary—and in our Hollywood there are not many wives who would go to that extreme to hold their mates.

But Mayo has surprised everybody. When Bogie announced after a month of reconciliation he was leaving her, instead of being the fighting, slugging gal she’s always been she began to weep over the telephone, at the time she talked to me, begging me to see if I could find out whether Bogie was coming home.

I would rather have taken a beating than have been the one to put the question to him, for I’ve been fond of both of them in spite of the many battles they’ve had. But here was a plea I couldn’t ignore.

I telephoned Bogie and said to him, “What about it, Boy—you’ve never lied to me in your life. What about you and Mayo?”

“It’s all over,” he said. “Will you tell her for me, please? I’ve tried to tell her through her mother, but Mayo won’t listen. I’m not going home. I can’t go on with the battles we’ve had for six years and I want a new life.”

Before the second break between
them came I couldn’t truthfully have said what tomorrow would have brought forth, but in the past when Bogie has parted from a woman he loved it’s been final. This was true in the case of Helen Menken, his first wife. It was true with Mary Philips, his second marriage. But life was never as strenuous with either of these as was his life with Mayo.

These two have had fun. Such fun! They’ve battled in New York’s “21,” they’ve broken furniture in their own home, they had to pay for damages done to the Algonquin furnishings, they put on such a scene in Italy that the fighting there at the front seemed tame. And yet when it comes to loyalty, there has never been anyone in the world who has given Bogie such adoration, admiration and devotion as Mayo.

True, Mayo is jealous. She used to telephone the set when he was making “To Have And Have Not” and ask about the love scenes with Lauren Bacall. She was jealous from the beginning of the former model who made her first important appearance opposite the bad man of the screen.

There is little doubt that Bogie has lost his heart to lovely Lauren Bacall, the girl whose face in Harper’s Bazaar so attracted Mrs. Howard Hawks that she persuaded her husband to see if the face was as photogenic before a moving-picture camera as it was in a still photograph. Those who have seen “To Have And Have Not” will recall that the sultry blonde Bacall girl isn’t the conventional motion-picture beauty but something extremely arresting and away from the (Continued on page 91)
Man of Conflict
Of Spencer Tracy who, when he came to the crossroads, took the uphill road. Here a distinguished writer gives you the story of the man and his struggles

by

Adela Rogers St. Johns

ONE day not long ago I took a young lieutenant of the United States Army Air Corps out to the M-G-M studio for lunch. He was just back from his completed missions over Germany and he wanted to see a movie set in operation.

All of a sudden I noticed that he was staring over my shoulder with wide eyes and then in a low, awed voice, he said, "Look, there's General Doolittle!"

I turned hastily there and, as you have doubtless guessed, sat Spencer Tracy minding his own business over a bowl of chicken noodle soup.

In motion-picture history, I do not think there has ever been a man so identified with the parts he plays as Spencer Tracy—and I believe it has had an amazing effect upon his own life and his own character.

There is, for instance, a good deal of confusion in the public mind about Father Flanagan of Boys Town. I've often wondered if the good Father ever went anywhere and said he was Father Flanagan and had somebody answer, "Oh no, you're not! I've seen Father Flanagan and you're not him at all." Because Spencer Tracy's performance of him lives forever in the minds of those who saw it as the man himself.

All this is perhaps because, when you come right down to it, Tracy is the finest actor in motion pictures today. I told him that not long ago and he looked not unhappy but happy that I instantly took it back. But, as the kids say, the crack still goes.

Incidentally, Spence and I had a hard time getting together for a visit. Wednesday and Thursday evenings were out because the pilot who flew him on his recent tour of the camps in Hawaii was in town on leave and he and the whole crew were staying with Spence. Nothing, I soon discovered, was going to be any fun for them unless Spence was along and they summed up their verdict in one brief phrase to the movie man's accolade, "What a guy!" Politely, they all invited me to come along to dinner with them, but somehow I couldn't go. Just by the way they spoke you knew that a great comradeship had grown up between these air men and Tracy, that they had all sorts of private reminiscences to share and it didn't seem fair to interfere with their good time.

Then Friday night is Spence's night and with Susie and John, his son and daughter. Nothing is ever allowed to happen to that. It's their own special night, they always have plans made way ahead of time so that they get the double joy of anticipation and I can't imagine anything that would persuade Spence to disappoint those two kids. He has so much imagination himself that he'd suffer more than they would.

Like the time Spence was waiting for Johnny to fly home from school. Johnny was about thirteen or fourteen then, I think, and he had always traveled by air. But the plane was several hours late and Spence waited and walked the floor, although he kept getting reports from operations that everything was okay—they'd been held up by weather—they were reporting in okay. Finally, they landed and Johnny was there all right and his father said, "You feel all right—get upset or anything?"

And the boy looked at him and grinned and said, "I'm okay, Dad, but you certainly look funny, like you've been wrung through a wringer."

That's Tracy, all right. In his imagination, he'd probably gone through a thousand dramatic things that could have happened to the son who has always been so close to him.

We had our visit finally. You can't always tell what people are going to look like you after a period of years when you haven't seen them often. If you see a friend every week or even once a year, you hardly notice the change at all; you do your growing or backsliding together. But it was four or five years since I'd talked to Spencer Tracy—and after the first sentence, I was aware of the spiritual and mental growth of the man.

And he does it the hard way! For all his humor and his easy comradeship and personal charm, Spencer does everything the hard way. He's had more ups and downs inside himself than most people, he suffers more over his mistakes and gets more fun out of his victories than anybody I know.

That is one reason that the Damon and Pythias friendship between him and Clark Gable always fascinates me. Maybe that friendship, which is and should be one of Hollywood's glories, stemmed from the friendships they played on the screen, in "Test Pilot" and "San Francisco," among others, but their own friendship is closer than that. Yet no two men were ever more different in their thinking and their ways. Gable is—just Gable. Uncomplicated as a seeing-eye dog. Tracy is as complex and difficult (Continued on page 70)
There is only one good reason, so far as I can see, for telling the story of one's life—the hope that there may be something in it to give others a belief in themselves and their own good luck. I wish to express my thanks to Ruth Waterbury for putting this story down on paper.

Van Johnson
**MY LIFE**

**BY VAN JOHNSON**

Perhaps all of us are the sum of the people who have been kind to us, but I'm sure no one owes his whole personality and the chances he has had more completely than I owe this person now known as Van Johnson to the big heartedness of the friends I've made during my life.

I owe it to my parents, to my grandmother, to a girl named Lois and to another whom we shall call Clarice, which isn't her name, but which has the same kind of elegant sound her real name has. I owe it, to some extent, to Sweden, and in a very big way to New England and the qualities for which those backgrounds stand. And I owe it in a terrific way, eventually, to a stage manager named Jerry White, to a casting director called Billy Grady, to Lucille Ball and June Havoc, and to Keenan and Evie Wynn, to Spencer Tracy and a beauty named Irene Dunne.

Not that I wasn't always called Van Johnson. Charles and Loretta Johnson shied the handle of Van at me—for no reason I've ever been able to discover—at right after mid-night of that dismal, howling rainy pre-dawn of August 25, 1916, when I came similarly howling into this world, my port of entry being Newport, Rhode Island. I was the Johnson family's dream boy, their only child, their son. Thank heaven, they liked me for myself alone, for I can imagine the hot appearance I made with red skin to match my red hair.

Three years later, Dad and Mother separated. I was too young to comprehend it then and today I deliberately don't try. For, like other children of divorce, I love them both.

But back in Newport I grew up with Dad and Grandma, Dad's mother, and the tidiest, tiniest, best-cooking, kindest Grandma any boy ever had. What a cook she was! What a housekeeper! To this day, the first thing I notice about any girl is not how beautiful she is, but how neat. If she can also cook, but good, my heart starts bumpety, bump.

Grandma and Dad were pretty sharp disciplinarians. Both of them had been born in Sweden. Grandma never got so she could speak English without an accent, even though she came over here while Dad was still a babe in arms, literally. In Sweden kids grow up very healthy, very happy and most distinctly toeing the mark. In New England kids grow up that way, too. Add Sweden to New England and you can see that young Master Johnson, while having all the good yellow cheese, Swedish meatballs and fine frosted cookies he could stuff into him—and he could always stuff plenty—still got away with nothing in the juvenile-delinquency department. Dad and I were always definitely father and son. By that I mean I knew exactly who was boss at all times. Yet we were also friends and the earliest memory I have is going for a trolley ride with him one Sunday afternoon and ending up on that glistening Newport beach, there to have a picnic from the shoebox of delicious food Grandma had put up for us that morning.

Perhaps here is where I had better straighten out that Newport reference. Think not that the Johnsons mingled with the Vanderbilt-Baker-Whitney-Oelrichs set that went down to the sea in diamonds along the exclusive sands of Bailey's Beach. I would, indeed, have liked that, even that Sunday afternoon when I was five and right up until nineteen, when I left Newport. But a clam had a far better chance of getting into the Bailey's Beach crowd than a Johnson. In fact, many clams did, but me, never.

They were what Newport—and all New England—knows as "the summer people." They came in, floating chiffon and white flannels, with the good weather and departed, all-tweedied up, with the bad. But we were "the natives." We stayed all year round, spring, summer, wonderful fall, icy winter. Nothing sticks to anything more tightly than a native New Englander sticking to his particular bailiwick, except a Swede, and when you mix Swede
with New Englander, you get human glue.

Dad, for example, still lives in the same big, rambling brown house where I was born. It's too big for him. It's old-fashioned and in today's new word, uncom-
fortable. Yet I know nothing would uproot him. He lives alone, completely self-sufficient. I talk to him long distance a couple of times a month, this because I'm as bad a cor-
respondent as he is. He never appears on the stage, but it tickles me that movies have won him over. He keeps scrapbooks on me, which is a laugh, too, but he likes it and naturally I like his liking it. He walks down the same streets. It's con-
temporary, and I Swedes.

We Swedes have to watch a tendency against settling into pleasant ruts. I recog-
nize this trait in me every once in a while, that and an equally typical Swedish moody-
ness.

A ND right there come in my friends and my debt to them. Except for them and their urging, except for the bright and lovely Lois, in particular, I might still be in Newport, living a walking down those same leaey streets, breathing its sharp salt air, knowing its quiet, charming life, maybe even making Dad's dream come true that I go to Brown University and become a lawyer.

But I wanted to act, right from the beginning. Or maybe I'd be more honest to say I wanted to show off. And did. I was the one who developed our barn and all the other girls into being our theaters. I was the one who wrote the plays. And very, very oddly, I was the one who cast me to play the leads. Other small fry might be permitted to say "ouch" or "doo, the girls" or other such punch lines in my dramas, but it was Master Johnson who played the extremely dash-
ing heroes. It was even this wonder child who became a bull's bullet and learned about the lamentable lack of appreciation an audience can have—if the actor doesn't know how to put his act across!

That happened thus: One of the barns—and whose barn it was I can't for the life of me remember—was equipped outside, up under the eaves, with one of those big block and tackles for lifting the hay into the loft. From this block and tackle dangled a rope and into this rope, fastened like a noose, daring Van

Jung. And then approximately ten, stuck his stupid neck and an-
tounced to the assembled audience, safely though uncomfortably seated on the ground, that he would shoot himself, faster than the fastest bullet, down toward them.

Which he did. Out he stepped. Down he plummeted, and why the noose didn't tighten more than it did and snuff him out, fate only knows. But if fate was saving me for "Two Girls And A Sailor," or "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," or whatever, I'm still very grateful to it. However, my only real suffering on that occasion was hearing the audience say, as one boy, "Aw, is that all?" In other words, I was alive but the act was a flop. The ding's dancing school and tock's up tap and adagio. I joined the Order of De Molay. I became a Boy Scout and I suspect I even dramatized tying those knots. Every day in every way I acted. I tried to get into the dramatic club at Calvert Gram-
mar School, then at Rogers High. I chewed up plenty of fudge at the try-outs but I could never make the grade. However, there was often the Lions Club or the Kiwanis who wanted talented, though ama-
teur, entertainment. When they did, the first thing they'd ask was who?

I grew inevitably older and for-
tunately taller. By the time I entered Rogers High, I stood six feet and was nicknamed "Red." I was also a less good student than I had been.

There were two causes for this: My dramatic ambitions and a girl. I put them in the order of their importance to me then, but both were troubling my concentration. There's a Casino Theatre in Newport, that at that time came such top-flight stars as Ruth Chatterton and Alice Brady and thither went yours truly, right up into the peanut gallery, to gape downward in ecstasy. There was a little Dutch showboat that used to tie up periodically at Newport and where it docked, I docked, too. There were circuses that came in the spring and there was eternally the Bijou, and whenever I could manage the time and the twenty cents simultaneously, I was distinctly among those present. Between all this and my girl, lessons ran a bad third. At Calvert, but at Rogers High I took the snap course, the commercial, and I had a tough time getting through even that.

We'll call the girl Mary. She was shy and blonde and she had been my girl all through Calvert. Each Val-
entine's Day, while we both tried yearly to beat our time and receive and send more valentines than the year before, we were the least and laziest ones for each other. On the May Day Mary was queen, she chose me for her partner. When we went to dances, come who would, we saved the first and last dances for us, together. When we went to Rogers High, we were known as "the best-known couple in school." I don't believe we ever said so in so many words but we both believed that "some day" we would be mar-
ried.

Then I finished high. It was mid-
summer and Dad was talking Brown for the fall. I didn't want that. I didn't know (Continued on page 111)
Midwinter night's dream: Gene Tierney, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "A Bell For Adano"
Hey there,

Time to get a line on this Irish Latin American who landed on easy street the hard way

WHAT is a guy going to do when he is $9,000 in debt? When he is behind in the rent and can’t pay the grocery bill? When his beautiful wife has just announced that he’s about to be the father of a second child?

To Dick Haymes, who found himself in that spot just a little over a year ago, there was only one answer. He quit his job.

Quickly—before Mr. Anthony and the Retail Merchants Credit Association have apoplexy—let it be said that the young man was absolutely right. For the Dick Haymes of the hard-luck story is the same Dick Haymes who today is appearing opposite Betty Grable in “Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe,” who has a seven-year contract at Fox studios, who is starring on his own radio show, “Everything For The Boys,” whose record sales are totaled in six figures, who has a house with a swimming pool in the San Fernando Valley, and no debts at all. The grocery man loves him.

“I had known for a long time that I had to make a break,” Dick says now, “but when Joanne told me we were going to have another baby—that did it!”

Dick had been singing with bands for four years—ever since Harry James told him that he was a rotten song writer.

“I won’t buy your songs,” James told the embryo composer, “but I’ll buy your voice.”

After that, for three years, Dick appeared in theaters and ballrooms all over the country as soloist with such top bands as James, Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey. With all of them he made records. With Dorsey he even made a picture—but you didn’t see him. He was effectively disguised in powdered wig and knee breeches in “Du Barry Was A Lady,” and it was just as well. “That band routine is murder,” Dick says. “In the first place, a guy in a band has absolutely no right to be married.”

When he asked Joanne to marry him, Dick says, it was because he was terribly in love with her and wanted to be with her. But how much time can a man spend with his wife when he is recording with the band in the mornings, broad-
Two devotees: Dick and his Joanne

Haymes!
by
Pauline Swanson

casting with the band in the afternoons and appearing with the band until the middle of the night?

“I was married to the band, not Joanne,” he recalls with a shudder. “When Skipper was born, it was worse. I had to choose between sleeping—the measly four or five hours which was all I had been able to squeeze in before—and seeing my son once in a while.

“Well,” Dick sighs, remembering, “they say some people can get along without sleep. All I got was a bad cold that hung on for months and months and an incipient nervous breakdown.”

He kept promising himself that he’d quit—that he’d have a try on his own, in radio or the movies. But that $150 a week he was getting, and the $20 a side for recording jobs, was pretty important. He dragged along from week to week.

“Joanne was wonderful,” he says. “She put up with the murderous hours—remember, when she stayed up to say hello to me when I got home at three in the morning it was a real sacrifice, for she had to be up at six to (Continued on page 80)

The intriguing Turk, Turhan Bey, may find that post-war pictures will offer far greater scope for his popularity.

What’s in a name? Exotic Maria Montez finds a variation of hers diverting when it has that Continental flavor.

I find Hollywood one of the most interesting places in which I have ever lived... and I have lived all over the world. First in New York, where as Elsie de Wolfe, I carried on my career as an actress, and subsequently as an interior decorator. Then in various parts of Europe with my husband, Sir Charles Mendl, who was in the diplomatic service.

We resided chiefly at the Villa Trianon in beautiful Versailles until the Germans swept over France and our Embassy gave us orders to leave at once. And then we came to Hollywood, a pair of lonely, disillusioned people, feeling we had little to offer but anxious to make friends in this new strange world where we had found sanctuary.

In Hollywood everything is youthful, brimming with activity, the very air filled with the excitement that attends the birth of new ideas, new plans.

Life, as I was privileged to know it in the aristocratic circles in foreign countries, might have seemed glamorous. But I find far more stimulating the refreshing, unconventional viewpoint of Hollywood where young people are bent on achieving success quickly and through their own accomplishments. As my husband has often observed: “Hollywood is amusing. Not a stuffed shirt in the place!”

What Hollywood possesses uniquely is a great variety and brilliancy in its personnel. This is constantly manifested at its social functions. If we had a party in Cannes or Versailles or London, we were always overjoyed to have just one celebrity whose name was news throughout the world. But here in this endlessly amazing town you may gather together in a single evening twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty personalities who make headlines in the international press.

First and foremost: Norma Shearer puts her career in second place to husband Navy Air Lieutenant Marty Arrouge.
Here a woman, who has lived in the whirl of world society, tells how Hollywood stacks up in the international who's-who sweepstakes

BY LADY MENDL
As told to Elza Schallert

I remember the night at Mary Pickford's when Buddy Rogers led an impromptu musical entertainment playing the trombone, and Jules Stein, of the Music Corporation of America, picked up a child's violin and started to draw the bow across the strings. The tiny instrument belonged to Mary's young son. Mr. Stein hadn't touched a violin for years and everyone was surprised at his skill.

Alex Steinert, who composes for pictures, wandered over to the piano, because by that time music was in the air, and next Fefe Ferry, one of the colony's bon vivants, found another violin. Within a few moments a first-rate quartette was organized and they entertained the guests until dawn. Every one danced and sang and had a wonderful time. No one wanted to go home.

It was a grand party that had magically grown out of an impulse and developed into a rare and unforgettable evening. How could anyone forget Errol Flynn, Kay Francis, Sonja Henie, Reginald Gardiner and numerous other film-famous folk joining together in popular songs?

At another party Frank Sinatra, Lauritz Melchior of the Metropolitan Opera, Jose Iturbi and one or two others prominent in the music and film worlds joined in an informal concert, which went on for long, joyous hours. Never in social history could you imagine anything like that.

Even more amazing as a revelation of the gay social spirit which prevails in Hollywood was the evening at my dear friend Elsa Maxwell's when she gave a perfectly magnificent party to celebrate the liberation of France. It came to a climax in the early morning hours with Artur Rubinstein, famed pianist, Danny Kaye, Greer Garson and Cesar Romero holding a jam session. Danny had a bass fiddle, Romero a violin and Greer rattled a pair of gourds. (Continued on page 72)

Return of a favorite: Loretta Young back on the job after an interlude for motherhood, with husband Col. Tom Lewis

Typically American, the outstanding male screen personality, Gary Cooper—and his ardent fan, Shirley Temple
Dash for a date: Deanna Durbin, star of Universal's "Can't Help Singing," picks a red crepe designed by Howard Greer. Its swing and color are beau-catching.

Off to work: Deanna wears this Adrian model—a tailored gray tweed suit, with accent on cut, for the perfect send-off to an early studio call.

Cocktails for two: The glow of a fire, the gray of dusk and this daring-in-color hostess gown by Greer to dazzle him.

Enchantment by design to
Furlough fling: And a message for him on the bodice. He'll be mystified, if he doesn't know shorthand. Greer chose this for Deanna, with its dashing scroll, "I love you, I love you"

Formal splendor: A waltz refrain, a starry night, the one man! And Greer's dramatic black taffeta, to haunt his memories

match the mode to the mood

MAGIC

Completely casual: A date to talk business, a meeting of the club—designer Howard Greer offers this jumper dress as the ideal solution
JUST about a dozen years ago, in the heart of the city of London, a young Canadian named Alexander Knox might have been seen reading a novel by a young Englishman named James Hilton. If this sounds too dramatic, let us hastily add that he was not reading it because he liked it (even if he did), but because he was being paid to do so. In fact, he was a reviewer, and the paper he was reviewing for was the London Times. Now, being a novelist is anybody's business (Knox himself has written novels, for that matter), but to be a reviewer on the London Times argues that Alexander Knox must have been a rather remarkable young man in those days.

And he still is, in these days.

I went up to one of the high floors of Sunset Towers and met Alexander Knox for the first time a few weeks ago. He mentioned the earlier incident of the novel and we agreed that the world was a small place.

Presently there came along a couple of dry Martinis and it became clear to me then, as I stared about the room, that Knox was the kind of man who would accept what luxuries money can buy without enjoying them either too much or too little—without, in fact, thinking too carefully about them at all. It was quite a luxurious apartment for a man who lives alone—he is a bachelor by divorce—yet one had the curious impression that a less luxurious one would have suited Knox just as well, only he couldn't find one. (And this, with the Hollywood apartment situation what it is, might quite possibly be the truth.)

If I were a conscientious interviewer I should here describe the man, but why waste time, since everyone has seen or can see him in the picture "Wilson," even to the Technicolor of his eyes. Besides, I am not a conscientious interviewer. I rely on the convenient and lazy principle that when you meet somebody you automatically remember what matters (to you, anyhow) and forget or perhaps don't even notice what doesn't matter. By that reckoning I couldn't for the life of me recall how Alexander Knox was dressed, but I do remember how quickly we got into conversation about books, pictures, art, Hollywood and world politics. I thought
is Alexander Knox—a man of many talents, who is creating a new and provocative fashion in Hollywood

by James Hilton

... that in appearance he reminded me a little bit of the English writer, J. B. Priestley. The angle of nose and chin, perhaps...

Knox belongs to the new generation of Hollywood stars who shape so oddly into the category that they are already on their way to changing both Hollywood and the star system. It used to be that any male newcomer to the screen who wasn’t a glamour boy must be a character actor. If he was a character actor, and a good one, he could look forward to a long life of prosperity without too much publicity, but if he was a glamour boy he had to face the paradox that while the public was craziest over him he would be working his way up the lower rungs of the salary-option ladder, eventually to reach the top just about the time when gray hairs and a fickle public were beginning to show themselves.

WITH a man like Knox, however, the whole setup is different because it would be absurd from the outset to cast him either for “glamour” or “character”—as either a Robert Taylor or a Paul Muni. Indeed the only possible thing to say is that he’s an actor, and that the fame he has secured in “Wilson” neither enforces nor precludes any particular kind of thing he will do next.

In support of this argument one has only to glance at his previous picture roles to gather some notion of the man’s range. His first Hollywood film was “The Sea Wolf” with Edward G. Robinson, in which he played the shipwrecked author, a man of physical fear but mental courage. After that there were the memorable moments in “This Above All” as the gentle clergyman and in “None Shall Escape” as the fanatical Nazi leader which in Knox’s hands had the sharpness of a steel engraving.

So Knox is a star, but like many of the newer stars, he doesn’t fit into the star system; and when enough people don’t fit a system it is the system that has to be changed. Knox’s biography is interesting because, by its very variety and individuality, it is becoming typical of this newer Hollywood star-vintage. That it is a (Continued on page 94)
Little heart catcher: Diana Lynn of Paramount's "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"
You’ll love Diana Lynn
—not because she’s pretty
—not because she’s talented
—but because . . .

Her heart is Gay

by Emily Kimbrough

"READY," the director said, "roll 'em," and the picture "Our
Hearts Were Young And Gay" began.

I stood watching just outside the fringe of lights, a funny little catch
in my throat. The scene the director had elected to shoot first was to take
place in the cabin of the ship on which Cornelia Otis Skinner and I
had sailed to Europe in 1923. Passage in that cabin had cost us each
eighty-three dollars, and looking at its replica now I thought we had
been overcharged. The accommodations included narrow lower and
upper white iron bunks, a folding washstand, a pair of water bottles,
each suspended in a wooden ring. There was little else.

But standing in the center of the cabin, as the picture began, stood
Emily, but this Emily was Diana Lynn. She was dressed in the dupli-
cate of the tweed suit that other Em-
ily had worn twenty years ago. The suit was of tweed with a fringed skirt
and a long cape. The hat which matched it had been somehow fault-
ily stitched, so that at the slightest provocation of breeze or toss of the
head, the crown—and it was tweed too—would rise up from its folds to
a clownish peak like a wind indicator on a folding field. But that Emily
didn't care whether the crown of her hat flew up, or her pocketbook
fell down on the railroad track out of reach, or her safety pocket-belt
which her mother had forced her to wear made a sinister looking bulge
on her upper thigh. That Emily was young and gay; her heart was high
and thumping with excitement. This

was a dream come true. She and
her best friend Cornelia were going
to Europe together.

The very first words this new Em-
ily said, when the director ordered
"roll 'em," were what that other
Emily had said in that same cabin
twenty years ago.

"Oh, Cornelia, I can't believe it's
ture. Emily Kimbrough is going to
Europe!"

For one strange, timeless moment
that Emily and this one fused. I was
once more that girl in that same
cabin on the ship about to set forth
on the trip Cornelia and I had
yearned for so long. And all of the
adventure and beauty of Europe lay
ahead of us. The things that had
come since then to both of us were
yet to be.

The director called, "Cut." The
scene ended, and I was twenty years
older again. It had been a moment
not apt to happen in one's life, and
never to be forgotten.

Diana Lyon had become Emily
Kimbrough because Cornelia and I,
after all these years, had written a
book about that trip abroad, and
called it "Our Hearts Were Young
And Gay." Paramount had bought
the book, and this was the picture
from it.

I was there because Paramount
had invited Cornelia and me to help
the producer, Sheridan Gibney,
write the motion-picture version of
the book. That was what we called
it until Hollywood taught us to use
the strangely medical term it em-
ployed for the transformation of a
book to a picture—"treatment."

Then I had been asked to return to
act as, what Hollywood calls, the
technical adviser, for the making of
the picture.

Diana Lynn was my youth restor-
ative. So was Gail Russell, who was
to play the part of Cornelia, but it
was Diana after all who was Emily.
That did make, naturally, a partic-
ular bond.

I had been working on the lot for
nearly two weeks before I met her,
but I had been there only a few
hours when (Continued on page 102)
Cause for feminine flutter: Alan Ladd starred in Paramount's "And Now Tomorrow"
When you see these Ladd expressions—and know the reasons for them—you understand the man behind the name

BY MARIAN QUINN

The grin. He looks like this

... when his doorbell rings and he opens the door to Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll, among the Ladd's very best friends;

... when you chalk up compliments for his new-est, nicest tie, his one personal sartorial indulgence;

... and when, of course, he sees roast pork and chocolate cake appearing, his two favorite foods.

The scowl. This happens

... when he's in the midst of a group of fast-talking, would-be clever women, anathema to the Ladd simplicity;

... when Sonny Tufts is taking him over at his favorite game of gin rummy;

... when he hears the news of the latest Hollywood marriage breakup. He believes in marriage, is proud that his is a constructive, successful one.

The sentimental look. This occurs

... when you catch him in a toy store, picking out a woolly dog for his miniature heart interest, two-year-old daughter Alana;

... when you spot him in a florist shop, buying some new plant for his ivy-loving wife, small dark Sue Carol;

... when he's off guard, staring at his ruby quartz ring, birthday gift from Susie and always on his finger;

... when from across the room he catches the eyes of Sue—his wife, the person who is his home, his happiness and his heart.

... when he's talking about his newest role. He takes his acting seriously, is ever ready to discuss improvement in his work with his director, co-workers—or you;

... when, of a Saturday afternoon, he's pounding a hammer, repairing small Alana's screened-in play pen that he built himself in the back yard of the ivy-covered square Normandy house;

... when he's reading. Since, in his busy day, he seldom finds time for a book, he reads himself to sleep every night, choosing from the papers, magazines and books piled high on the table beside his bed.
I promise you an inspiring experience—if you will do what I did. I mean entertaining returned war veterans from our convalescent hospitals. First I phoned the Special Service Officer at Birmingham Hospital and asked if I might have some boys for lunch and the afternoon. It's good to have a minimum of two, preferably three or four. I got their names and their ranks to avoid awkward moments of exchanging identities. Then I drove to the hospital for them. The boys in the car with me are Pvt. David Dimnick (in front seat), Pvt. Roger Jett and Sgt. Bill Willard. Sgt. Lloyd Taylor was with us, too, but you can't see him in this picture.

Lunch was the important thing and we had it as soon as we arrived at the house. No fancy food. It might be against their diet rules. No dress-up linen and dishes. These boys are from simple homes too and we knew they'd be more at ease with regular family fare. But what a boner we pulled! We served lunch at 12:30, when they were used to having it at 11:30. No wonder the boys were so quiet at first. They were hungry! However, they made up for lost time when we sat down to eat. The food and the informality of the meal loosened them up and the boys began talking back and forth. That's the advantage of having several boys.

I tried not to let them overdo, because they weren't well yet and needed to take it easy. We played a little Ping-pong in the patio. It doesn't have to be a strenuous game and it's fun. Lloyd (he's the one on the right) is from Minnesota and he loved the California sunshine. So we stayed outside for a while and let him enjoy the sun. Lloyd has leg and chest wounds but hopes it won't be many months before he can go home. The other boys are native Californians.
Bonita Granville speaking: Here's a new and exciting experience—a morale builder for you and the boys who have fought for you. Let me tell you about it.

Afterward, they wandered around the house looking at pictures and kidding me about the soft furniture. Then we gathered around the piano and you should have heard the boys give! But don't think you have to have a piano. They'll enjoy a dart game just as much. I also learned it's a good idea to get several little box games—the kind you tilt until the small balls roll into the right spot—to have for the boys to occupy their hands when they can't think of anything to say.

I told Roger's fortune while David looked on. David, with the Infantry in the African campaign, was wounded at Anzio—a leg wound. They both got a kick out of my fortunetelling. So did I; because I knew nothing about it—I just bought a pack of fortunetelling cards and whaled away. I didn't ask them what battles they'd fought in or how they got their wounds. These are things they'll talk about themselves, if they want to. Leave it up to them.

Afterward the boys were glad to relax, even though they wouldn't admit it, so we decided to listen to some music from my record collection. They all picked their favorites and we had a strictly-by-request program. Roger Jett is picking his record here. His own record includes the Purple Heart. He was with the U. S. Rangers all through the African campaign and saw some rugged action at Anzio, where he was wounded.

We danced—not too much. But it was fun. In fact, the whole afternoon was wonderful—for me, and, I think, for them. You can have this same fun. Our convalescent hospitals are in every sector of the country. Call them and they'll send the best guests you ever had. Don't be discouraged if no one is available at the moment you call. Try again tomorrow. For you'll have a grand time—I promise you!
TIME was when the ability to look entrancing behind the ribbon counter or at a Hollywood soda fountain was the sure road to motion-picture success. But nowadays, a gal has to know how to act.

Thus, with a minimum of effort, we come to Louise Allbritton. And, as you can see by the accompanying portrait, the prospect is delightful.

Miss Allbritton is part of Hollywood's "you-gotta-show-'em" or "the-industry-has-become-adult" phase. Though she is stately, blonde, and possesses a lovely face and a fine frame, her main attraction to the boys in the back room is that she can handle any part from a beat-up grandmother to a lisping ingenue. At present, due to some unexpected dynamite on celluloid called "San Diego, I Love You," she is being touted as the logical successor to the comedy crown of the late Carole Lombard.

It all began in Texas, where her father is a mogul of sorts, owning the entire traction system of Wichita Falls and a healthy interest in a nationwide bus outfit. The immediate result was that Louise's mother shuddered when she heard her daughter lapsing into the drawn-out diction of the plains.

The treatment for the malady was a public speaking course, in the study of which the girl met up with one Wm. Shakespeare, a wordy individual but good. So good, in fact, that Louise not only lost her accent but acquired a passion for biting a backdrop.

High school and two years at the University of Oklahoma followed. For Allbritton, they were a procession of dirty stages, flats which wouldn't stay where you put them, make-up and the learning of lines. Then, in due (Continued on page 100)
Eddie, the boy from Brooklyn who is kicking up the dust in Hollywood

**BY ELEANOR HARRIS**

**MAKE no mistake about it**—maybe Eddie Ryan lives in Hollywood now, but part of his heart is back in Brooklyn. Maybe he's been seen in "The Sullivans," "Take It Or Leave It," and "Wilson"—but he's still seeing, in his mind's eye, a certain block on Midwood Street in Brooklyn; the block between Flatbush and Bedford Avenues. This block was his nursery, living room, playground and very nearly his bedroom for all of his twenty years, and naturally he misses his home!

Not that Hollywood hasn't provided him with plenty of new sensations in the past year, since he first arrived. He was nineteen then, a kid with a pointed face, an infectious grin, brown wavy hair, alert blue eyes and a trim, skinny body of medium height. He wore (and still wears) the proper clothes for Manhattan... a gray double-breasted suit, a pale red tie, a snowy hankerchief peeked in his breast pocket, a gray fedora. Everything was neat and conservative, except his shoes. They were an hysterical brown and yellow and the Negro redcap couldn't help letting out a whistle of respectful fascination at sight of them. On the gay shoes Eddie walked into Twentieth Century-Fox Studios and began his life in the giddy film colony.

His life, however, is giddy in a far different manner to that of his fellow citizens. You see, he doesn't drink or smoke; and when he first reached Hollywood he didn't dance or drive a car. Eddie is not exactly the most sophisticated guy you'll ever meet, but he's definitely one of the most likable. And by this time he can dance (sometimes) and he can drive (somewhat)—though you'll never find his sparkling blue sedan parked in front of a (Continued on page 68)
Don't Be a
Joyce Reynolds with some “I know from experience” tips to teensters

NOT so awfully long ago just about the most annoying thing that happened to you were those years between fourteen and seventeen when you were too old to be spanked—but too young to attain that glorious goal, the age of permission. In those days life most distinctly did not begin at fourteen.

Nowadays, however, it's the golden age. The junior miss has come into her own in fashion, fiction and film. “Janie,” the Warner Brothers picture about the adolescent little Miss Fix-it who becomes a one-woman USO, is a glowing example. And being its namesake star, Joyce Reynolds has been taken to the heart of young America.

As such, “Janie” Reynolds has a few words to say on the subject of pitfalls to be avoided in being a junior miss. In the words of Joyce it all boils down to this: “It's swell to be a junior miss. But don't be a junior mess.”

In speaking to her kind, Joyce doesn’t pretend to be a smarty-pants or know-it-all. In fact, she says nineteen or twenty-ten is too young to be handing out advice to anyone, especially other young people who get a good deal of it anyway. “All that happens is that you get called a barf for your trouble,” she says from bitter experience. A “barf,” in case you’re wondering, is a drip, a hag and a repulsive character.

From the outsider’s point of view, however, Joyce is the logical candidate to take the stump in the matter of junior messes. She barely is out of the age bracket herself, and therefore knows the problems of teenagers. And furthermore—

“And furthermore, I once was a junior miss myself and made a prize chump of myself!” she confesses. “It was awful.”

That was back in 1941, shortly after she had come to California from her native Texas with her mother and grandmother. She was sixteen at the time and a senior at Beverly Hills High School. A movie contract the following year was the last thing in the world she expected. The family had moved to California because for years they had spent the summers here and liked the climate. Besides, the move made it possible for Joyce to attend the University of California at Los Angeles, where she had decided she wanted to start college.

“I won't say I didn't hope to get in the movies some day,” she said frankly. “I did hope that, very much. I always wanted to be an actress, although there never had been one in our family and I thought a good way to start was to major in drama at UCLA. Deep down, I suppose, I thought maybe a miracle would happen and I'd get a chance in Hollywood.”

The miracle happened so swiftly it left her gasping. While she was still a freshman, a Warner studio talent scout spotted her at the dress rehearsal of the college production of “Alice In Wonderland” and was struck by her fresh young beauty and appeal. He invited her to call at the studio when the school play was over. There she was tested, given a modest contract, and three days later found herself playing a bit part in “Yankee Doodle Dandy.” A two-year grooming by the studio experts ensued, during which she played small roles in four big pictures and then was entrusted with the title role in “Janie.” One look at the rushes convinced everyone that a new star was about to be born and straightway a sequel to “Janie” was planned by her delighted bosses.

BUT to get back to Joyce's unforgettable debacle. She blushes even today at the memory of it, recalling in painful detail every moment of the affair. The occasion was the big school dance of the year and, to her ineffable joy and delight, she had been invited by the “catch” of the entire student body—a dashing young man of seventeen who had all the girls in a tizzy every time he deigned (Continued on page 109)

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Missives to soldiers from a miss
Anyone can cook with a recipe book
Gay music suits the Reynolds mood

Junior Mess
by Kay Proctor
1945 - Your

February

Valentines and sweetheart clamor - Natal day of Turner glamour

March

Wild wind, mad hares, taxes filed - Ras Farhan Boy, a "30th" child

April

April's symbol - Easter bunnies
And Len McCallister birthday sonnets

May

Croon it soft or let it swing.
It's "Happy Birthday" to our Bing

June

Month of parsons' business been
And Judy Garland's birthday tune
A bang-up loud congratulation
To pert dynamic Miss De Haven

August note to birthday cards:
Send Van Johnson greeting cards

Birthday candle celebration
For June Allyson, lens sensation

Born she was at break of fall—
Miss Greer Garson's curtain call

Ring the bells! Proclaim a mirth day
For Gene Tierney's happy birthday

Jolly Santa's competition:
Sinatra's birthday song rendition
The Truth About the Stars' Night Life

Stars shine at night—in night clubs! After dark—in Hollywood's famous rendezvous—the stars appear off guard. There you see them not through the imaginations of their press agents but as men and women possessing faults and frailties as well as greatness and glamour.

What the maitre d'hôtels, captains, waiters, doormen, coatroom and cigarette girls and powder-room maids do not know about the stars, for instance, isn't worth knowing. Through the eyes of the night club staffs, as well as from personal observation, Fearless gives you some revealing incidents which show you the stars as they really are.

A favorite night club story tells of Bing and his wife, Dixie, when, in New York on a holiday, they dropped in at El Morocco. "How's business?" Bing asked the girls selling War Bonds. They said it wasn't very good. Bing thereupon announced he would sing a song for every Bond buyer. And he did, while the sales mounted, until he was so tired that when someone requested his theme song he couldn't remember the lyrics.

Wherever Bing goes, whatever he does—with or without benefit of press agent—he has the wonderful habit of emerging, in his quiet, sincere way, quite a guy.

Night clubs frequently are the backdrop for dramatic and amusing vignettes...

When Dorothy Lamour goes to the Stork she is showered with gifts and attentions from host Sherman Billingsley, who knew her when. Nine years ago Billingsley gave Dottie a job—to please her manager who reimbursed him every week for Dottie's salary. Thus Billingsley and Dottie's manager bolstered her fading courage and supplied her with the experience she needed to find her star brightly if scantily wrapped in a sarong.

More often than you might think the stars find themselves the targets at which unpleasant, defensive people aim barbs. Recently an obnoxious gentleman standing beside Lieutenant Bruce Cabot at a bar asked, "Why aren't you overseas fighting?"

Bruce didn't hit him—not physically anyhow. "I just came back from overseas," he said quietly, "and I don't remember seeing you there!"

There is the matter of tipping. One famous star tips sparingly and frequently pockets at least a dime or two from the tip her escort gives her for the powder-room maid. (She never has any change in her jeweled bag!) The other night, after seeing
This is no whispering campaign, but the untinted facts on the behavior of the stars after dark

BY "Fearless"

Dottie Lamour, who got her start at the Stock Club, dates husband Captain Howard

Chicken on Danny Kaye menu—so June Lang stops at his table for the trimmings

George Brent and Herbert Marshall. Mrs. Herbert Marshall, however, knows exactly what she wants and how she wants it. She insists the meat—usually English roast beef—be a certain cut, the mashed potatoes very thick, the toast thin. Bart never opens his mouth.

Chester Morris is another generous tipper. The personnel of night clubs admire him no end. He entertains them as well as his guests with his card tricks and jokes.

George Raft, probably the most generous tipper of all, can be found almost any night, with his girl of the moment, where the steaks are thickest, where the music is hottest, and where Scotch comes at a dollar a drink. George himself, however, drinks nothing stronger than coke. He sends champagne to friends to bring his bill up to what it should be.

NEEDLESS to say, the stars' preferences in food, drink and entertainment are well known to astute maître d'hôtels everywhere...

Bette Davis goes ga-ga over a plate of frankfurters...

Humphrey Bogart likes Martinis and beer and will play the bull fiddle when he's feeling good...

Bonita Granville enjoys spaghetti with butter and cheese andokes with a dash of cinnamon...

Fred MacMurray favors pot roast, sauerkraut and pork...

Hedy Lamarr, indifferent about food generally, enjoys boiled and fried eggs and lots of milk...

Paul Henreid often dines in sport clothes and slippers and likes cocktails, steak and scrambled eggs and bacon...

Ingrid Bergman favors corn on the cob and big steaks; also oriental food and soft (Continued on page 77)
He has a sartorial weakness for checked vests and yellow gloves. His favorite classical joke ends, “that’s telling ‘em, lady, ain’t it?” He has a black sheep uncle he’d rather not discuss.

He has a passion for six-day bicycle races and every Christmas, regardless of how much money he has, he spends it all on his wife.

His name is Joseph Chesire Cotten. He is scared to death of horses and admits that his knowledge of languages is limited to English and Southern Accent.

He hates enchovies and marinated herring. He gets extremely annoyed at personal questions in an interview and avers that golf is the dullest game in the world.

He is crazy about Lynn Haven oysters from Chesapeake Bay. His attitude is completely realistic and he most enjoys walking on Fourteenth Street, New York, from Fifth Avenue to the East River. He hates cats.

He is inordinately proud of his ability to make chocolate fudge.

He is always punctual and for ten years has followed the adventures of “Terry And The Pirates.”

He was born in Petersburg, Virginia, and dislikes hunting because he cannot abide shooting animals.

He believes that the chief characteristic which has made the American soldier a successful soldier in such a short time is that he has to win every game and he never admits when he’s licked.

Joe has more superstitions than a dog has fleas, but he doesn’t mind walking under ladders.

He loathes wearing new shoes.

He is six feet two inches tall and prefers listening to experts on the subject rather than entering into political or social discussions. His parents call him Joe Jr. and he has been in the Metropolitan Museum well over a hundred times.

He has a horrible memory for names and faces and invariably calls people by wrong names.

He is very fond of loud neckties and has attended symphonic concerts in nearly every hall in the country. His wife Lenore was at one time an associate editor of Harper’s Bazaar. His eyes are green.

He never sings in the bathroom, never aspires to climb a mountain and gets terribly conscience-stricken when he doesn’t answer letters promptly.

He wears a pocket-watch and has never worn a derby.

He chews gum with a vengeance to keep from getting nervous. He is very fond of what he calls rat cheese, enjoys swimming exhibitions and confesses to being an easy “touch.” He can’t stand Hawaiian music.

He prefers urban to suburban life and at the age of nineteen he failed in his attempt to become the potato-salad king of Florida. He claims the big monopolies ruined him.

He gets very self-conscious after eating garlic, which he loves, and if he ever failed as an actor he would like to become a producer. His wife Lenore, an accomplished pianist, plays the grand piano which is the only musical instrument in the Cotton maison.

He can never remember the license number of his car. His favorite way of loafing is to play three sets of tennis and then lie in the sun. He likes sardines, cannot read music and is meticulous with his personal belongings.

He can’t stand Irish tenors.

He is allergic to conversation before breakfast.

Joseph Cotten’s hair is so dry and kinky that he has to use an oil to comb it. He prefers gin to vodka, dislikes hillbilly music and thinks sincerity an uncommon virtue.

He first fell in love—and the only time”—when he met his wife in Florida in 1929. He is right-handed.

He misses vaudeville, is currently reading a modernized version of the Bible and gets fidgety at long telephone conversations.

He always played cowboys and Indians as a little boy, but because he always played with bigger boys, he could never become leader.

He has an aversion to birds in cages.

He has never had a lighter that worked, has great difficulty spelling words with double consonants and believes he can wear an opera hat with the proper dash. He likes watching polo games.

He favors cashmere fabrics and laughs heartily, loud and long. He weighs 185 pounds.

He hates reading in bed.

He has never worn a mohair suit, considers himself a fatalist and is capable of fixing any minor trouble in his car. He never takes aspirin.

He played the “bones” expertly when he was a kid and had he lived 300 years ago he would have been a country squire. (Cont’d on page 75)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a sailor, twenty-three years of age and my first love affair has come up, but—unfortunately—with a married woman whose husband is in the Army serving abroad.

I met this girl at a dance two years ago and at first sight we fell in love—yes, I said love. We had much in common and we had a lot of clean fun.

My ship pulled out and I was gone for two years, but during that time this girl and I wrote letters, a lot of them. Then I was transferred to a base near her home so we saw each other again. After two years of just letters and missing each other, we were together again. Well, we were more in love than ever, but what to do? Again I must state that we had a lot of clean fun.

One evening, two hours before train time, we sat in the parlor and had a long talk. We talked this way, that someone would be hurt and it couldn't be that man abroad, it simply had to be me. It was hard, I'll tell you that, but I still believe that it was right. I kissed her good-by and said I wouldn't see her again even if it killed me. We still write to each other and we'll remember each other as well as love each other as long as we remember. Yes, we've had other ideas, but you've heard the story true and those plans had to stop.

This is sort of complicated but please, to the best of your knowledge, did I do right?

Elman McD.

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If you were a service man and fell in love with a girl whose husband was overseas, what would you do?

This is one of the problems that came to me from a Photoplay reader this month—a vital and important one which I have answered to the best of my ability. I want to be of service to as many of you as I can. So if you think my advice can help you, write to me in care of Photoplay (3949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California) and if your problem strikes a general need, I'll answer on these pages. Your name and identification will not be revealed.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

It does seem a shame for me to take your time to tell you my small trouble, but you give such workable advice that I'm going to impose on you anyway.

This is it: About a year ago I was working at the Railway Station, serving with the Red Cross. We met troop trains and served doughnuts, cookies, fruit, candy and such things. One of the boys made friends with me and asked me to write as he was going to a camp near by. I agreed and usually he would telephone me and once he came up on furlough and we had a pleasant visit. Nothing romantic, but just good times.

His letters were just friendly ones in which he spoke of his mother, his home, his ambitions after the war, what he believed in—and things like that. He also confided in one letter that he thought he had fallen in love with a girl he had met since he had been in the Army. Well, that surprised me, but I wrote and wished him every happiness, saying that any girl would be lucky to have him in love with her. He answered at once, saying that I was the girl and that he wanted to see me before he was shipped overseas as he had something of great importance to talk over with me before going.

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Dear Mr. McD:

Yes, I think there is no doubt in the world that you did the honorable thing.

However, I think to ease the difficulty even more, you should gradually space your letters farther apart until you are writing only once a month, then only once every two months and so on, until you have ceased to write entirely. As long as there is the slightest tie between you, one or the other, or perhaps both of you will continue to suffer. A letter is a bit of a person and in a case in which you have renounced that person, this last futile exchange only prolongs the agony.

Claudette Colbert

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Your Problems Answered by Claudette Colbert
Typical problems answered by Miss Colbert this month:

"I met a boy at the railway station when I was serving with the Red Cross. For a year we have been pen pals. Now he wants me to marry him. What should I do?"

"My mother thinks sixteen-year-old girls should be in bed at nine. I don't think this is fair, do you?"

"I've gone out with lots of boys but one date seems to be the limit. I'm depressed. Can you help me?"

Now I'm pretty sure that he's going to ask me to marry him. I don't want to say yes, because I don't know him well enough. But I don't want to say no either, because after the war I might get to know him better and like him.

So that's my problem, and I'll bet lots of girls have the same trouble: How can I refuse to marry or be engaged to a boy now, yet keep him interested in me for later? I don't want to hurt him, you know; but I don't want to commit myself, either.

Thank you for some smooth suggestions.

Marjorie L.

Dear Miss L:

It seems to me that you are being extremely wise in thinking over this problem with the obvious care you have devoted to it. I agree with you that you shouldn't marry this boy at the present time; nor should you terminate what has been a very pleasant association via letter. If he has enjoyed your letters to date, think how much more important those letters are going to seem when he is overseas!

Why don't you be frank with him; tell him that you admire and respect him and that when he comes back from overseas you hope to see him and get to know him better. Don't forget to mention the advantages on his side of a friendly bargain—after all, he might meet some girl in England (if he is sent in that direction) or in Australia in rest camp (if he is sent to the South Pacific), with whom he might fall sincerely in love. A great deal of hurt could be spared both of you if, under such a circumstance, it didn't become necessary for him to write to you, breaking an engagement, but merely to let you know of the new experience in his life.

I smiled when I read your last line, thanking me in advance for some "smooth" suggestions. I hope the above answers that description.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is the same as many other girls of sixteen. You see, my mother thinks that all girls and boys should be in by nine o'clock.

To begin with, I love roller skating. There is roller skating every night except Mondays and I go almost every night. After skating the kids love to go out to Barney's, a place to eat. Skating starts at eight and closes at eleven on week nights and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, so you see we never get in much before twelve or one, at least.

I usually go right home because if I don't, Mom doesn't let me go out again for a week (Continued on page 96)
Timid To Terrific
The metamorphosis of a Cover Girl

1937 . . . Timid is the word for Joan. Overshadowed by her sister Olivia, she is a bit uncertain posing for her first publicity picture.

1938 . . . She wears the same unsophisticated clothes she wore as a schoolgirl and seeks to hide her shyness with a smile.

1939 . . . A clinging vine of a bride—but so pretty. It was her shyness that won Brian Aherne, immune to the greatest charmers.

1940 . . . On her way to her goal and trying to live up to it. But in her attempt at sophistication she didn't do so well although she tried hard—for this was the type she longed to be.

1941 . . . Terrific is the word for Joan—a star of first magnitude, a charming woman of the world, our February Cover Girl!

1942 . . . When she wins the Academy Award for her work in "Suspicion" something is added. She finds a bright new confidence.

1943 . . . No one in the Hollywood scene is lovelier or gayer. Wherever Joan goes eyes follow. She isn't timid any more.

PHOTOPLAY
February

It's easy to see why her tall blond Navy fiancé adores Patricia! There is a bright, warm aliveness about her that is infinitely endearing—and she is so lovely to look at! Eyes of deep, sparkling brown... rich, glossy hair... and from the tip of her little pointed chin to the top of her smooth high brow, a skin as arrestingly beautiful as a new-opened rose.

Like so many other engaged girls, Patricia trusts her flawless complexion to Pond's Cold Cream.

"I began using Pond's when I was in college at Northwestern—and loved it right from the start—it's such a soothing, silky-textured cream!

"Then, while I was studying acting and stage make-up at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, I grew to respect Pond's more and more. It does such a grand job of removing make-up and of keeping my skin really clean and really smooth!"

Patricia has a pixie charm—dancing eyes and a glowing, ivory-smooth skin

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Patricia's complexion is disarmingly fresh and sweet—a lovely tribute to her daily Pond's beauty creamings—

Every night, every morning, Patricia smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more snowy-satin Pond's, whirling finger tips lightly over her face for extra cleansing, extra softening. Tissues off. "My double Pond's creaming makes my skin feel so blissfully smooth," Patricia says.

Give your face this Pond's beauty care. You'll see that it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the big jar—you'll love being able to dip the fingers of both hands in the luxurious big jar!
Once again the boys and girls of the Armed Forces request special poses of their film favorites. Hymie Fink took the pictures. Here are the choices of the three lucky winners who will receive the original autographed pictures.
NOW... this softer, safer sanitary napkin in two forms

1. MODESS WITH DEODORANT
2. STANDARD MODESS

GOOD! I CAN KEEP RIGHT ON GETTING MY "STANDARD" SOFTER, SAFER MODESS!

I'M DELIGHTED I CAN GET MY MODESS WITH A DEODORANT SEALED RIGHT IN IT!

Today... Ask for MODESS
STANDARD OR WITH DEODORANT

Here's Modess with TWO wonderful kinds of sanitary protection. Now you can take your choice.

1. Softer, safer Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed in—for those who want daintiness protection right inside a napkin. Tried out for a year by thousands of women; tested by a famous impartial laboratory and proved to be most effective.*

2. Softer, safer Modess—without deodorant—if you'd rather have it that way.

And, either way, you're bound to get greater safety, greater softness, because:

- 20% nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.
- 49,701 women stated that they switched to Modess because it's "So soft"... "So safe"... or "So comfortable."

Both kinds of Modess cost the same. But— to get softer, safer sanitary protection—be sure to ask for Modess!

*LOOK! Facts about MODESS containing a DEODORANT

1. The sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.
2. Only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year. Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they've ever used.
3. Modess has been proved by U.S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.
4. Only Modess gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, Modess is the only napkin for you.
Ensign Chester J. Bobblish has been in the hospital in Detroit recuperating. He hadn’t a snap-shot to send, but his request was, “An autographed picture of a sincere, unmarried, charming actress. No one in particular,” Mary Ganly of M-G-M aptly answers that description. Here Mary stretches out on the floor (it’s her favorite spot and position) to answer your very special request, Ensign Bobblish. She hopes too that you are recovered ere this

Pfc. Robert Fecht of the Infantry

From south of the border comes this letter. Sub Lieutenant of Cavalry, Robert P. Sales of the Mexican Army and stationed at Chihuahua, Mexico, writes, “The actress that I admire is Miss Ingrid Bergman; who appeared in your unforgettable film, ‘Casablanca.’ I would like to see her singing. Thanks a million.” Here is Swedish-born Ingrid Bergman, saluting in song our good neighbor, Mexico’s fine Army and Lieutenant Robert Sales
The Thrill your eyes will prize forever...

Deanna Durbin in TECHNICOLOR for the first time!
The Miracle Melodies of JEROME KERN!

Deanna Durbin

Can't Help Singing

SIX NEW SONGS!
"More and More", "Californ-i-ay", "Any Moment Now" and others!

with ROBERT PAIGE AKIM TAMIROFF

DAVID BRUCE LEONID KINSKEY RAY COLLINS JUNE VINCENT ANDREW TOMBES THOMAS GOMEZ

Directed by FRANK RYAN Produced by FELIX JACKSON Assoc Producer FRANK SHAW Music by JEROME KERN Lyrics by E.Y. HARBURG

Screen Play by LEWIS R. FOSTER and FRANK RYAN Story by John Kruger and Leo Townsend Based on "Girl of The Overland Trail" by Samuel J. and Curtis R. Washawsky • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Rooting for Ryan

(Continued from page 51) night club. You'll find it resting before more simple pleasures: Miniature golf courses, badminton courts and baseball parks. Eddie is a young man with ambition and none of them favor the indoor life or night clubs.

He lives in Hollywood as he has lived all his life—in an apartment. It's four rooms in size and ironically enough it's only a couple of blocks from all of Hollywood's swankiest night spots—Mocambo, the Trocadero, Ciro's and the Clove Club. It boasts only one bedroom (housing shortage, you know), which is used by Eddie's parents; and Eddie himself can be seen every morning by the paper boy sleeping peacefully on the pull-out couch in the living room. If the paper boy took the trouble to peer farther through the glass front door, he could see that the living room was furnished in tans and browns, and that there wasn't a magazine in the house.

When the paper boy left he would miss the family scuffle over the bathroom every morning. He'd miss Eddie's lightning-dressing act and dash for the studio. He'd never know that plump and peppy Mrs. Ryan, Eddie's mother, rushes off every morning to business as does Mr. Ryan. He would also never know that neither of the Ryan parents need to work, because Mr. Ryan's business in New York left them with a very pretty bank account; but that both of them just like being busy! In Manhattan, Mr. Ryan ran a credit checking business which investigated charge accounts to see if the applicants could pay up, but since the war and the abundance of ready cash, there was no more need for Ryan Senior's business.

All day long the apartment is empty and at sundown the three Ryans come home almost at once. They suffer no servant problem, for after they greet each other and decide which is the least exhausted—that one becomes the cook! Yes, Eddie, Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Ryan are all equally good cooks.

Eddie learned his culinary tricks while traveling on the road with various shows, and with his chef he comes up with mouth-melting roasts, eggs any style from sunny-side up to Eggs Benedict and apple pie that would make gourmets groan in envy. He calls "Dinner!" when it's ready, and then he and his father both put on coats and the three sit down to eat. Afterwards, likely as not, the Ryans engage in a loud and violent game of poker. Or (just as likely) the three go off to a movie; for Eddie sees them all.

GIRLS? Well, of course! Eddie takes out June Havoc and Virginia Weidler occasionally, and his favorite badminton partner is Ann Blyth. But the girls usually find themselves at a movie with him, too; and only once has any of them seen a night club in Eddie's company.

His dream-date with some future dream-girl he hasn't yet met goes like this: In the morning, he rows her around a lake in a rented boat; after lunch, they go bicycling in the Hollywood hills; then some badminton, some Ping-pong—and after that, dinner, a movie or a baseball game, and more food.

All of this is pretty astounding simplicity for a kid who grew up in grease paint for a kid, actually, who was headed for grease paint even before he was born. When Dorothy and Edward Ryan knew he was coming some twenty years ago in Brooklyn, Dorothy said to her husband, "I want this boy! I want him to be an actor." And Papa agreed.

You can see that Eddie didn't have a chance to dodge an acting career; and what's more, he didn't want to. At the age of three and a half he won the Baby Contest in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and his picture appeared in all the papers and only once has any of them seen a night club in Eddie's company.

He was five years old when he was in his first Broadway play—"When Hell Froze," with Jane Cowl. In it the young actor made his first faux pas. He knew...
The chance was little!

But many of the letters are completely gone. He couldn't get over the incoherent gestures of the leading man and the slowness of action. And while he enjoyed it, he still retains the theater as his first love.

The awful truth is that he was born thirty years too late—for his true love is black face. Leave him alone with a piece of charcoal, and his face is midnight-black at once—while he mimics his hero Al Jolson and patters jokes like the m.c. of a minstrel show. In black face, he spends many evenings at the Hollywood Canteen.

Naturally, when Eddie's bent is toward black face and the excitement of the stage, he finds the sophistication he's picking up in Hollywood a little tame. Learning to drive wasn't exciting, for instance, because the first two cars he bought were too old to run. Each stayed doggedly parked before his door until he resold them; and then he finally bought the shiny blue sedan he now boasts, which is of later vintage and which does run. He learned to dance because a producer asked him to escort his daughter to her school party.

In the not-too-distant future, Eddie would like a life neatly divided between Broadway and Hollywood productions; a completely furnished wardrobe of clothes (until now, he's been reluctant to build a wardrobe because he was still growing); and he'd like to be, in his words, "an American Claude Rains." He'd also like to continue his education at a local college.

But most of all he'd like a chance to work out with the Hollywood Ball Park baseball team on week-ends—and, eventually, a baseball-mad wife to cheer him from the stands.

Eddie, as we have said, is no sophisticate. But he's a personality that stands out like the Statue of Liberty. And if his 2,000 fan letters a week mean anything—he's as well liked professionally as he is personally, and that's saying a lot.

The End
Man of Conflict

(Continued from page 31) a guy as you would ever want to meet.

I think that here is a super-sensitive, highly emotional, forceful man with all sorts of inner conflicts. A man of ideals beyond the power of most humans to fulfill, of great desire for things of the spirit and with correspondingly lusty enjoyment of all the good things of life. You can't help but wonder what time and the things that have happened to him have done to him.

I thought about it one whole night when I went to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bud Lighton—Bud being the man who produced the picture, "Captains Courageous." Over our heads, as we sat after dinner in their charming living room, we could hear footsteps pacing back and forth. I was a little wise smile, said, "Spence is thinking something through. He always has to think it through. Some people can let go of a thing before they know the answer, but not Spence."

WHEN I talked to Spencer Tracy, I knew that he had been having experiences and that they had made him grow—and "rowing is always fun."

The minute I mentioned "A Guy Named Joe," I knew that was part of it. I knew that Joe had done something to me. Just as he did something to you and me. I had an idea that being a guy named Joe for all the people in America had brought Tracy that same humility.

I asked him if that was so and he said, "Yes. Of course. With an embarrassed chuckle and a twinkle in his eyes, but there it was."

"You lived Joe, didn't you?" I said.

"But again he looked embarrassed. Almost shy. The role he dislikes most in life is that of being an actor—especially when you say he is a great actor. Because he has an almost brutal honesty about himself. He wanted to be an actor and so he became one. He has reached real heights on the screen that I do not believe anybody else has touched. But he isn't an actor in the sense of knowing all the tricks, all the technique, all the ways of getting effects that most great actors have had.

For instance, when he was asked to play General Doolittle, he took a lot of time making up his mind. Had the studio concerned. They thought maybe it was because the part in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" was relatively small—wasn't, as they well knew, nearly big enough for Spencer Tracy. Finally somebody went to see him. Spence actually didn't know what the man was talking about. He just lowered his head and stared at the visitor and said, "I don't know if I can do it right. I don't know whether I can or should even attempt to—to show them what a man like Doolittle is and must be. It's such a big thing to try to do I'm sort of scared of it."

SO WHEN you tell him what a fine performance he has given, he wiggles and squirms under it. Gets red down the back of his neck. Starts to talk about Clark, or you, or what show did you see before you left New York? He doesn't like talking about himself at all. Rather tell you about the ranch out in San Fernando Valley which Mrs. Tracy runs and where he spends his week ends, though when he's working he holes in at the hotel. Rather brag about Clark's war training film.

But I wasn't having any. I had a question in my mind and I was going to get it answered.

In "A Guy Named Joe," Spencer played a pilot who was killed but who found a hole in the sky and went on serving. Nobody in the picture ever mentioned immortality. It had plenty of belly-laugh, a great love story and some magnificent flying. But when it was over, you had a wonderful new inner feeling that you had seen immortality and that the men who have gone West in this war still carry on somewhere. I wanted to know whether these things had any lasting part in the forming of Spencer's philosophy of life; whether becoming these people—who are different in so many ways—as he does in order to get them over to you and me, went inside him and contributed to what ever he was thinking about life in these days when everything is reaching and searching.

"Did you believe 'A Guy Named Joe'" I asked flatly.

"Yes—I believed it," he said. "There was something about it that made sense. At least, the way I see it. I don't suppose I ever thought much about it. Immortality, I mean. But when—well, Joe was a guy and you got to know him pretty well and when he died and then went on doing a job, trying to serve, still working out his own problems and his own inner feelings—you thought, why sure, this is it, this is the way it will be. There are certain things you can take with you. Joe took a lot of them, good and bad. He had to do things right on living and loving and learning and—you felt it kind of got through to him after a while that he was immortal. So the sooner he got on with finding out how to do it, the better. Oh sure, I believed it."

All highly imaginative and emotional people suffer a lot about this war. When, he Tracy, you can become another person to play him on the screen, you are a cinch to become a lot of men and women you read about, to enter into them, to come
Such a long, Sweet Kiss...

Q. How does that girl rate such kisses?
A. Her skin’s smooth as satin. Yours can be, too.

Q. But my skin is dry.
A. Oh—this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream especially helps dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams
Gives smooth-skin care so complete—it’s like a daily treatment. For every type of skin. Faithful use helps prevent dry skin. Just use this new Jergens Face Cream all the time:

1. for Cleansing 2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream

A skin scientists’ cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. So many lovely girls already use Jergens Face Cream. Beauty-wisdom—use this new cream, yourself. It’s the only cream you need.

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
Elsa, no—dry Meds real size comfortable and "next time" WELL woman COTTON of time these you doctor be for the protection. the approved perfected "Meds carefully more of time" and Let the applicators, tifically weight absorb itself up Meds to comfortably insorbers protection "SAFETY-WELL" insorber times requirements. are The—so easy-to-use expands its itself scien—you!

These Exciting People

(Continued from page 39) Romero was in his Navy uniform, having just returned from battle duty in the South Pacific, and Greer wore the first party dress—an Adrian creation in gold lame—that had been designed for her personal use in two years. She has done little socializing, like everyone else in Hollywood, due to the war and its demands, and her own career program. Besides, her husband, a Navy officer, is on active duty.

On this singular night, however, because it was a party with a purpose, Greer was as gay as a young girl at her debut and she danced throughout the evening with Cesar and Danny and Joseph Cotten and other friends and fellow artists. She and Danny Kaye made a striking looking couple as they rumbaed and sambased together. They both have burnished, coppery hair which added to the pictorial effect.

FINALLY, everybody gathered around the piano while Rubinstein went "all out" in demonstrating how he could vary between light music and serious—everything, in fact, short of boogie-woogie. He also played waltzes for the dancers and it was somewhat like the Vienna of olden days, as I knew it, when he gave this music its natural rhythmic swing. I noticed that even Rita Hayworth, who—as the French say—was excenté at that time, was lured to the dance floor by the irresistible melodies. Imagine the illusious Rubinstein playing waltzes for gay ballroom dancers!

Elsa presented a formal program that was extraordinary. Besides Rubinstein she had Lauritz Melchior, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Danny Kaye, Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, the celebrated ballet dancers, as her stars. Each doing his or her own special top numbers.

It would have cost thousands of dollars to assemble such a group as this for a commercial concert, and it could never be achieved anyway because the artists would not, or could not, appear on the same program together. They hold tremendous loyalty to Elsa, however, because she helped many of them in their early struggling days, particularly in Europe, securing them important social engagements, which helped them sometimes in a monetary way and in prestige.

At the close of the program Charles Boyer feelingly recited the "Marseillaise" and the audience then sang the third. This was a most dramatic moment, especially for all of us who have lived in France and who will always be faithful to her beauty and her best ideals. One of the voices that rang out above the others was that of Katina Paxinou, who started her career in Greece as an operatic songstress and who has a beautiful singing as well as speaking voice.

Our new friendships here began as a result of those that had already become established in Europe. Mary Pickford, for instance, Marlene Dietrich, the Darryl Zanuckes, the Sam Goldwyns, the Jack Warners, Clifton Webb, Barbara Hutton, Gary Cooper, Maria Montez and many others.

If I were to choose the outstanding male personality of the screen, I think Gary Cooper would best qualify, because he is more typically American, to my way of thinking, than any other. He is rugged and a real man. When you think of the typical American, for some curious reason, your mind goes to the West, and Gary seems to represent just that.

Furthermore, he has humor of a dry character. He is a big, rangy kind of man,
and even shy in his attitude, which makes him very interesting and attractive. My husband and I both like him immensely for himself and as a screen personality. We have found him to be a natural counterpart of the clean-cut types he portrays in the films.

Joan Fontaine had a child heart with a matured, brilliant mind. When she darts across the room impulsively right in the midst of a formal social gathering, she is not trying to arouse attention or be different, but merely obeying the whim that possesses her at the moment. For this reason she is not always understood. We have found her warm and kind and thoughtful, and great fun as well. She is a lovely actress and on the screen, as in real life, reflects radiant beauty.

I knew and very much enjoy Maria Montez. Naturally, she is known as Mar-ee-a, but I call her Mar-I-a, and it seems to divert her. She is a clever girl, sophisticated, ambitious and talented. I like her for her decisive approach to everything pertaining to her career and for her congeniality.

She enters thoroughly into an occasion, as for instance, the night at Elsa Maxwell's party when she did a Russian dance with the impresario, Sol Hurok, who sponsors the Ballet Theatre and various other groups. It was a colorful note to highlight the evening. Maria, I am sure, will go far, due to her energy and enthusiasm, and her bright, spontaneous nature.

To me Bette Davis is a phenomenon when it comes to people who concentrate in attaining perfection in their work. She appears to grow in artistic stature from picture to picture. She proved herself a superb actress in "Mr. Skeffington."

When I met her she impressed me as a very sincere young woman who is determined to fight to maintain her position as the top actress in Hollywood. I like that sort of devotion to a career. Bette has the simplicity of manner and dress of the person who shuns glamour for genuine achievement.

I also admire Ingrid Bergman who is such a strong Nordic type and has such great capabilities as an artist.

Greta Garbo, also emphatically Nordic, I have known for a number of years, and she, too, has admirable gifts which I am sure will always entitle her to respect for what she has signified through the years in pictures. She is very serious and moody, perhaps even a bit too introspective, but emotionally has rare depth.

Judith Garland has visited our house several times, and we enjoy her for her gracious qualities. She is very quiet and unassuming, which contrasts so favorably with her surpassing talent. Once when at a party she sang "The Last Time I Saw Paris," she had most of us weeping. While she had never been in Paris, it was amazing how she evoked a nostalgic mood.

The individuality of the women in Hollywood always fascinates me. They are smart and up-to-date, well-groomed and socially conscious in a modern, sophisticated manner. They do not adhere to tradition in dress; they are making new traditions.

The informality of Katharine Hepburn, for example, even has its justification. After all, she was educated in a fashion to know what represents the best in taste. If, therefore, she chooses to break the rules she knows that is her privilege. She has found that her freedom in attire—slacks, sweaters, overcoats—allows her the latitude for living and accomplishment which she desires.

It is her mental gifts which assume preeminence. She is one of the most vigorous and unusual young women you will ever encounter. Gifted, clever and original in her work, she is a thinker, a doer, who...
recently I enjoyed renewing my acquaintance with Loretta Young, who is again resuming her career after an interval for motherhood. She has charm and a progressive mind. She was dressed in exquisite taste on the recent occasion of a big dinner party. Her gown was an off-white heavy moire, with a tightly-fitted long-sleeved basque type of jacket. Her jewelry was antique, her coiffure was dressed high at the sides from a middle part in her hair, and low at the back of the neck. The impression she gave was artistically that of a gentle picture right out of the moien age.

A most delightful young girl is Shirley Temple. I always loved her as an adorable and precocious child star, and her transition into lovely young ladyhood seems to have been accomplished with grace. She is so pretty—her eyes and her pinkish cheeks shine with the glow of health—and her conversation is intelligent and effervescent, with just the proper restraint.

I think I shall always remember her wearing a bouffant dress of white net over white taffeta, adorned with silver butterflies on the shoulders of the square-cut bodice and on the full skirt. The tiny ornaments shimmered against her golden-brown hair as if they had just lighted there. All in all, Shirley was not unlike the dream come true of the wishful thinking of all girls of sweet sixteen.

Among the newer young men of the screen, I have found Turhan Bey an arresting type. Naturally, because of his Turkish birth, environment and education, he has acquired a Continental air and manner which are very interesting.

He escorted Lana Turner to a party where we met for the first time. Lana's very fair coloring offered an interesting accent to the swarthy tonality, let us say, of Turhan. I think he's bound to be a big success on the screen, not alone because of his personality, but because the war is bringing Eastern Turkey into the world map. Turkey, India and China are no longer far away and as time goes on I feel pictures will use more and more background of all countries of the world.

Turhan Bey is a flexible type. He could fit well into almost any romantic story with a foreign locale. He seems to have come along, too, at about the right time—ever as did Rudolph Valentino during the last war. He has a similar exotic appeal.

But, after all, who am I, a newcomer to this wonderful world of “make believe,” to appraise qualifications? I can only be an onlooker grateful to have found such peace in a “cockeyed world.”

So much beauty—so much glamour—it is difficult to remember them all as they pass in review down the corridors of my memory.
Sally went skating...and my she was active....

- But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair neat and attractive!

- 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.

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**Portrait in Cotten**

(Continued from page 59) He is inordinately fond of candy. He likes his dry Martinis very dry. He never rides a hunch, delivers all problems carefully and recently signed a long-term contract with David O. Selznick of "Gone With The Wind" fame. He once attended a dramatic academy at Washington, D. C., where he managed his tuition by playing professional football. He likes avocados and his father is superintendent of mails at Petersburg, Va. He plans to visit China when the war ends.

He disclaims any ability to cook, never forgets articles and wishes there were more public rest rooms and public telephones in our cities. He likes all kinds of dogs. He does not believe in astrology or fortune-telling. He likes the pungent odors of a delicatessen and the only traffic ticket he ever got was for speeding—a charge he violently claims "was framed!"

He does not take advice easily.

He likes his showers very hot, then suddenly cold. His only taste in jewelry is in cuff-links, of which he has a huge and curious collection.

He loves champagne and full-bodied red wines, is entirely free of "moods" and entertains a secret desire to be a tap dancer.

He sang in a choir until he was twelve, when his voice changed. He is adept with tools and loves to make things. He has never won a prize and doesn't like night clubs.

He dreads being introduced at dinners, fearful of always saying the wrong thing. He usually smokes cigarettes, occasionally a cigar or a pipe. He seldom wears a hat.

**HE** has never been able to stand up on ice skates. He first became associated with Orson Welles in the WPA Federal Theatre. He is easy-tempered, drinks much water and plays no musical instruments. He has never worn glasses.

He revolts at sparkling burgundy.

He loves trotting races, scrambled eggs in hash-house style and gets stage fright every night of a performance. He never reads poetry and in 1939 played the leading male role with Katharine Hepburn in the Theatre Guild's "The Philadelphia Story."

He thinks snobbery is an inherent quality in human nature. He likes eating in quiet places without music and dancing.

He never wears an undershirt.

He seldom catches cold, never gets a headache and misses most in Hollywood the Q. Edwards Bridge—"It seems like Long Island out here but you never get to the city."

He admits that a child could beat him at checkers or chess and if he had life to live over again there is nothing he would have done differently. He likes heavy, exotic perfume on women.

He does not believe in matrimonial vacations. He doesn't like picnicking and loathes living in apartments or hotels.

Joseph Cotten likes shopping so much that he buys nearly all of his wife's things, including lingerie. He belongs to no clubs.

He is an avid reader of PM and likes earrings on his wife. He is a colorful conversationalist and dances an excellent waltz and fox trot.

He likes Panamas and straw hats.

His favorite singer is one Burl Ives, a ballet and folk singer known as the Wayfaring Stranger. His last streetcar ride was in a cable car in San Francisco.

He likes his wife to wear geraniums in her hair. He doesn't like Chinese restaurants. He sees very few motion pictures and can tell you almost anywhere anything is in the Metropolitan Museum.

He has no delusions about having any
JUST OVER 30...
and my hair going gray

You can imagine my discouragement! And then my beauty operator whispered "ETERNOL" in my ear. What a revelation! My hair's restored to its natural-looking color...
but so much lovelier, I'm breathless! All silken-soft...
and gleaming with highlights. And in one simple treatment!
ETERNOL'S exclusive color-controlled action is so swift,
pleasant and sure, its sheer nonsense to put up with grey hair!

TINT OIL SHAMPOO
Tints, reconditionings, cleanses in one simple operation

FREE: New 12-page booklet "Radiant Hair on the 7-Day Plan". Write
Paragon Dist. Corp., Dept. M2, 8 W. 32nd St., New York 1, N. Y.

CHAPPED HANDS
Heal Faster!

with this medicated cream

Here's nurses' secret of quick, soothing relief

Are your hands red, rough, chapped and sore? Actual tests show that Noxzema helps heal even badly chapped hands faster. That's because Noxzema is a medicated formula. It not only brings quick, soothing relief, but helps heal the tiny "cuts" and cracks. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is for red, rough hands. Try it for your cracked, chapped hands! It's greaseless! Get a jar today at any drug counter, 106, 35¢, 50¢ and $1.

NOXZEMA

He is very fond of playing catch, likes swing and thinks it is not possible for any individual to set a pattern for his life and follow it through.

His favorite fairy tale is "The Little Prince" by St. Exupery.

He has read Mary Baker Eddy and hopes that someday, someone will write "Porgy And Bess" into a ballet. He has a weakness for chocolate malted milks, worries about his everyday job and has never been to Palm Springs or any desert resort.

He sleeps soundly and likes his coffee black. He once worked as a life guard, boasts that he can do a nifty jackknife dive and always regrets a heavy luncheon.

He hates amateur discussions.

He likes his beer only on draught. He seldom dreams, but when he does, he has terrifying nightmares. His favorite breakfast is of southern-style grits and with salt and butter, "when you can get it."

He is superstitious about hats on beds and whistling in the dressing room.

He AND director Alfred Hitchcock call each other every Sunday to discuss the adventures of Smokey Stover, the comic cartoon hero. He likes dancing.

He likes wearing sandals. His father, brother and himself all have permanent football injuries. His favorite modern painter is Renoir.

He likes old houses in the South, Gothic churches, club sandwiches and has no plans for the future, living from day to day.

He likes reading essays, and dislikes personal appearances.

He is so farsighted that when he is on the air he places his script on a music stand and stands five or six feet from it. He and his wife frequently ride bicycles to shop in Westwood, a ten-mile round trip.

He never gets seasick, likes blues and grays in shirts and thinks money extremely important to happiness.

He cannot carry a tune or read a score, but he can tell immediately when a conductor makes a mistake. He doesn't go in for gambling much, but when he does, he's never lucky.

He hasn't had a manicure since 1927 because he's constantly biting his nails down. He always wears gloves during rehearsals to keep from biting his nails.

He plays an excellent game of badminton and tennis. His favorite American author is Ring Lardner, he doesn't like the opera and hates snow and cold weather. He uses a typewriter like a newspaperman.

He hated the subjects of languages at school because his southern accent "always got in the way." He once invented a method of pasting labels on gallon cans of paint, which to this day still remains in use, "but no royalties."

He is blond and when playing baseball at school he could never hit a single, but frequently hit a home run.

Joe likes the memory of drinking beer at a race in Milwaukee "that looks like a set for The Student Prince."

He never has a political argument with his wife and every Christmas Eve the sheep-exhibit of the occasion makes him so ill that he invariably leaves his guests and goes to bed.

THE END
The Truth about the Stars' Night Life

(Continued from page 57) lights. She hates waltzes and loves Latin rhythms ....

Simone Simon's French is not so good when ordering in that language, waiters claim ...

Danny Kaye, a big eater, dislikes steak but is mad for chicken. Lucky guy in these days ...

Sonja Henie eats pheasant with her fingers; but she is no connoisseur of food ...

Susanna Foster goes for watermelon, thick steaks and Italian spaghetti ....

Ella Hayworth nibbles at her food and prefers to be up and dancing, especially the rumba and tango ....

Carole Landis, according to waiters, is a terrific eater.

Sometimes night clubs are milestones in the success stories of the stars. When the lovely Coq Rouge in New York was decorated about twelve years ago, Cary Grant worked for a dollar a day filling in the paint in the frogs in the murals.

Speaking of murals, El Boracchio has a Kiss Room. Visiting celebrities are asked to imprint a kiss on a card and sign it. The card then is pasted up.

A ll movie stars—whether they are the "lens hounds" who go to night clubs mainly to be seen, photographed and interviewed in columns or whether they go for the food and dancing and fun—know the importance of posing prettily. Stars try to hide wrinkles by turning their heads at flattering angles, by wearing large hats or affecting veils. Some, like Mary Pickford, frankly ask the camera boys to retouch their pictures.

Baldish men also have a problem. They must be alert not to be caught without hat or toupee. Bing Crosby takes great care not to be snapped with a shiny top. Brian Aherne and Charles Boyer don't much care. Xavier Cugat never used to worry how he was photographed. But now that he is in pictures, his manager is trying to retrieve the old pictures which show him minus hair.

K. T. Stevens loves to be photographed and will pose all over the place. So will Maria Montez, Gloria De Haven, Lupe Velez and Helmut Dantine.

June Farrell, a newcomer, has endeared herself to night club staffs and habitues because she is so generous spirited. When service men mistake her for Dolores Moran and ask for an autograph she signs "Dolores Moran, rather than disillusion the boys—even though this doesn't advance her one little bit.

A-lene Judge has a favorite gag which is most welcome to the recipients. She likes to send out food. Her friends frequently answer their doorbell to find a messenger from the night club where Arlene is dining—be it Mocambo, Ciro's or the Tropic bearing a bowl of iced caviar, a boned squash, frogs' legs, or a chafing dish of lobster in absinthe sauce.

Down at the Village Barn in New York they like to tell how Jane Withers celebrated her eighteenth birthday there, participated in all the robust country games and was the only girl strong enough to carry her boy escort on her back in the pickaback game.

Faye Emerson flabbergasted everyone in the crowded Mocambo by suddenly getting up from her chair at a ringside table, balancing a glass of champagne on her pretty head and walking across the floor and back while the customers made excited bets whether or not she'd spill it. P. S. She didn't. She just wanted to prove she could do it.

Are you as nice close up... as you are at a distance?

Be lovely to love!

You'll never have to wonder about staying sweet and dainty if you use FRESH! For FRESH contains the most effective perspiration stopping ingredient known to science!

FRESH is effective! Stops perspiration worries completely. Prevents odor harmlessly.

FRESH is gentle! Won't irritate normal skin.

FRESH is sure! Keeps perspiration stains and odor out of clothes.

FRESH is pleasant! Stays smooth, never turns gritty. Doesn't dry out in the jar.
Frank Sinatra, in New York, spends much time at the famous Toots Shor’s. Shor, a devoted friend of Frankie’s and a famous kidder, bowed Frank out the other day. “I don’t care if you never come back to my restaurant,” he yelled after him. “You’re so skinny you’re no advertisement for the place!”

It was the staff of a Hollywood night club that saw Lana Turner and Steve Crane fall in love the same night they met. “The band’s playing my favorite song, ‘Tangerine,'” Steve told Lana. “Will you dance?” At three o’clock in the morning—
yey’d danced the whole night through—Steve proposed while they were dancing to “I Realize Now.”

It wasn’t too long after Lana and Steve’s second elopement that the staff of Bob Dalton’s, an attractive steak house, knew all was over. They saw Steve wait hours for Lana to return after she walked out following a quarrel. And she never did come back.

Now, of course, it’s Turhan Bey and Lana who dine a deux, usually not at the fancy places, however. Since they are a sensational looking pair, easily recognized, they prefer the quiet places where they have a better chance of being left to themselves.

Whenever Lana visits Copacabana, Manager Jack Enratter pretends he won’t let her in unless she’s wearing a sweater; even keeps one on hand for her.

ANN SHERIDAN’s romance with publicity chief Steve Hannogan, has flourished largely at the Stork Club. . .

Bob Hope met his wife Dolores when she sang in a nightclub. . .

Judy Garland and Dave Rose spent many hand-holding nights before and after marriage, in late spots. Their favorite tune was “Embraceable You,” which Judy still sings at every opportunity. . .

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini did most of their courting at Mocambo where, night after night, they danced cheek-to-cheek. They’re still doing it. And no wonder.

Oleg dances marvellously.

Press agents sometimes use night clubs as a stage upon which to present “romances.” If a press agent wants to build up a starlet he dresses her up smartly, gets her an escort more important than she is, if possible, and sends the two to a night club that has a press agent, a photographer and is a hangout for newspapermen.

Press agents also pay kids fifty cents or even a dollar at nickel times to “wait on outside” and ask the starlet for her autograph. Juveniles, of course, are built up in the same way in reverse.

Errol Flynn, because of his devotion to fisticuffs, is the subject of some of the best yarns the late spots yield. Favorite among these tells of the night Errol was dining at El Morocco. And very quiet and circum- spect he was too until another guest began badgering him. Finally, having enough, a dollar at nickel times “to wait on outside!” They went to the street where Errol, swinging his famous right jab, missed his accuser and caught a deb emerging from El Morocco straight in the eye. She passed out cold.

Errol rushed her into the club kitchen, applied about twenty red points worth of choice sirloin to her eye and hurried off to find a doctor.

When he returned the deb was conscious and the sirloin was gone. He asked what had happened to it. “I ate it,” she told him. “I’ve been mad for raw meat ever since I was a child.”

No newspaper published this story because no reporter believed it. It happens, however, to be true. The deb is still a steady patron of El Morocco and an ardent Flynn fan. Would you be, under those circumstances? No doubt about it . . . Maitres d’hôtels, captains, waiters, among others, know the truth about the stars. They see the stars shine at night in night clubs. And sometimes their star-dust comes off!

---

Party line-up: Warner Brothers celebrate the return of repeat hit director Mervyn LeRoy—Dr. Griffin and his Irene Dunne, Jack Warner and the guest of honor.
No romance so thrilling as your own real-life romance. No gift for the girl of your heart's choice so eloquent to express your devotion as the perfect love gift itself... a Lane Cedar Hope Chest. Sanctuary for her treasured possessions, it is the ever-present symbol of your dreams and hers... the gift that starts the home. Claim your Valentine now with a Lane, the glorious gift with many practical advantages for the girl you love.

LANE is the only chest with all these MOTH PROTECTION features

- Built of 3/4-inch Aromatic Red Cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations. LANE Cedar Hope Chests combine an age-old romantic tradition with nature's own moth destroyer... the aroma of Red Cedar.
- No other wood has that aroma. No other wood possesses the power of Red Cedar to destroy moths. LANE Hope Chests are the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight Red Cedar chests in the world.
- That's why Lane moth protection is sure. That's why it is guaranteed by a free insurance policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Co-starred with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in Selznick-International's 

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"

A Million Maidens
Yearn for This
Romantic Love Gift

To Men and Women in the Armed Services—If you don’t know the Lane dealer's name in the town where you want a chest sent, write to us. It will be delivered in accordance with your wishes.

LANE Cedar Hope Chest

A Million Maidens

Yearn for This
Romantic Love Gift


Conserve! Save Woolens in a Lane
Buy War Bonds

To Men and Women in the Armed Services—If you don’t know the Lane dealer's name in the town where you want a chest sent, write to us. It will be delivered in accordance with your wishes.

LANE Cedar Hope Chest

$39.50

Slightly higher in West and Canada Subject to OPA rulings

The gift that starts the home
Hey There, Haymes!

(Continued from page 37) give Skipper his bottle. She didn't complain. She didn't bother me about the bills, which seemed to make up the bulk of our mail. She most have worried, but she didn't say so. But I think she was a little scared to tell me about the second baby."

Dick still laughs thinking of that scene. "Joanne," I told her, after she broke the news, 'you and Skipper are going home to your mother.'

"She almost burst into tears. She had expected the news to be a new worry—but she didn't think I'd throw her out."

"I had to explain fast."

"'Look, honey,' I told her, 'I think it is wonderful about the baby. You know how much I've wanted a family. But you and Skipper and the new baby deserve a better break than this. I'll tell Tommy tomorrow that I'm quitting, and then I'm going to make good on my own. If I don't,' I added, and I meant it, 'I'll drive a truck.'"

For a while it looked as though Dick were going to have to take out that truck driver's license.

He lived alone in an ugly little room in a Hollywood hotel, missing Joanne and Skipper terribly. His cold and "band- nerves" refused to be shaken. He spent every other day in bed really ill. On alternate days, he knocked on casting office doors—but nobody wanted any leading men, particularly, it seemed, if they could sing, as well.

Then came a long distance telephone call from Bill Burton. Burton is a manager among managers, who takes only a few young hopefuls as clients and then looks after them like a mother hen. Dick had met him through Helen O'Connell, one of Burton's "little family," and Joanne's best friend. He had wanted Burton to manage him, but Burton was sorry. Too busy. Now, he said, he had time to give Dick the kind of service he deserved.

"Get on a plane and come back to New York and we'll go to work," he said.

"I can't," Dick replied, "because I'm broke. And besides I don't want to come to New York. I want to get into pictures."

"Don't you know," yelled Burton over the wire, "that the only way you can get into pictures is to leave Hollywood? I'm wiring you $175—get on that plane."

Dick packed his two suits—his blue suit and his bathing suit—and went to New York. Joanne and Skipper and Bill Burton met him at the airport.

"Burton's face fell," Dick recalls. "I could see that he was looking at the knitted tie I had tied around my pants as a belt."

"Gee, kid," he said, "I didn't know you were that hard up."

Dick roared. He happens to like knitted ties for belts.

"I told you I was broke," he said.

"We'll fix that," Bill Burton said, and they did. Within a week Dick was booked into theaters in Newark and Hartford and he enjoyed the sound of the clink of money in his pockets once more. It didn't last long for he bought Joanne a fur coat and Skipper a tricycle.

Then Burton booked him into New York's swanky La Martinique. And Dick immediately bought Joanne a car and Skipper an electric train.

"Stop buying presents," Burton pleaded, "until you get some money in the bank."

Dick explained that Joanne and Skipper hadn't had any presents in a long time.

"All right," moaned Burton, "then we'll just have to get you some more money."

He decided to try Dick's luck at recording. The union ban was on at the time and no orchestra was available, so
Dick recorded with a choral background. His first record, "You'll Never Know," sold 1,600,000 copies. The first four sides he recorded brought Dick, in royalties, $18,000—a hike over the $20 a side he collected during his band-vocalist days.

Radio was the next step. Dick signed to star on a new series, "Here's To Romance." After that the Fox contract was easy. Burton was right. Fox "discovered" Dick in New York, and rushed him to Hollywood to play in "Four Jills And A Jeep."

And Dick bought Joanne a house with a swimming pool and Skipper and Helen Joanna—who arrived last May—a truck load of toys. The suddenness of the switch from bankruptcy to the fat of the land didn't phase easy-going Dick Haymes at all. You see, his whole life has been like that.

He was born in Argentina, into a wealthy household. Spanish was the first language he learned—from his father, an Argentinean of Irish descent. His American mother, Marguerite Wilson, then a musical comedy star, taught him English, and a governess taught him French. Dick and his brother Bob spoke three languages fluently before they started to school.

They went to school in Lausanne, Switzerland, later in Normandie, finally in Paris—for their parents had separated, and the boys traveled about with their globe-trotting mother. From his mother, Dick learned how easily money is made—and spent. And how very little, if you're eating, it matters.

He remembers once when he was twelve sailing from New York to Paris with his mother aboard the finest liner afloat. During their stay in France, the dollar dropped on international exchange. They came back on a tanker.

In October, 1929, his mother was worth a million dollars—in contracts with New York stores for gowns designed in her Paris salon. In November, 1929, the Haymes family was penniless.

It was always like that. Dick always wanted to be an actor. But when no one wanted to buy his services, he found it easy to adapt himself to circumstances. Before he was twenty he had sold the Atlantic Monthly a series of short stories—based on the mysterious life in the sewers of the Paris beggars. That was the end of his career as a writer—he had decided to be a song writer. But if he knew where to lay his hands on those stories, he'd peddle them again. They are particularly timely in the light of recent reports that the French Underground carried on during German occupation by taking to the labyrinthine sewer system under the streets of Paris.

Dick lived for a year on advances for songs he wrote—not one of which ever became a hit. Some of those advances were among the debts he paid off when he canceled that worrisome $9,000 recently.

Dick was rather fond of some of those debts. One was to Harry James, who loaned him the money for his honeymoon. "Harry was my best man," Dick explains. "And a nice guy. He didn't raise an eyebrow when I told him I had spent all my money for a formal afternoon suit for the wedding and didn't have a cent in my pocket."

The doctor who officiated at Skipper's birth also was surprised with payment in full. So was the hospital where the great event took place.

Dick's greatest kick these days is that now he's the one who can loan money to his down-and-out friends. "They'll be rich tomorrow," he says. He thinks it's that easy.

The End

Titled English Beauty

in Dreamflower "Natural"

The growing vogue for rose-tinted powders finds a lovely sponsor in Lady Stanley of Alderley.

She chooses the soft, soft rose of Dreamflower "Natural" to give her fragile blonde complexion the clear, fresh translucent look so perfect for her coloring. "It's the softest, most flattering 'natural' I've found—exquisite shell-pink, with just a touch of cream," she says. "And Dreamflower texture is so fine and clinging!"

If your skin is blonde, try Lady Stanley's delicate, rose-tinted favorite—Pond's Dreamflower "Natural." You'll love the soft appeal it gives to your complexion!

New Pond's "LIPS" Shade!

Now—six breath-taking shades. Try bright new BEAU BAIT—rich, round crimson-red!

49c, 10c (plus tax)
Originally created for New York's super-critical fashion models, Models' Special Make-up now brings your complexion the picture quality you've envied in the fashion pages... the quality that dramatizes the model's simplest clothes. Betty Ribble, famous for her modeling of sleek, sophisticated fashions, wears Models' Special Make-up in the picture above. She says, "Not even brilliant costume colors fade a Models' Special complexion." In five perfect skin-tone shades... Creme, Natural, Natural Rose, Rose Tan, Tan — $1.50 plus tax. Bree Cosmetics, New York, Los Angeles, 165 West Wacker Drive, Chicago 1.
Magnetic as a heady perfume . . .

for important after-dark hours, Miss Landis wears this worldly, guileful print, created by Rose Barrack. Startling in its black-on-white effect, its slim, sleek lines are deceptively simple. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas
A crisp bow... tucks by the row, sounds simple doesn't it? But look at the suit and skirt magic it works... lending an oh-so-ever feminine Beau Brummel touch to everything it teams with. Inimitably tailored by Betty Barnes with underscoring on extra fine workmanship. White, blue, pink, maize, and lime. Sizes 32-38. About $5. Betty Barnes Blouses, 1375 Broadway, New York City.
IF CHIVALRY'S YOUR GOAL, be a lady fair in this Turrets and Tourna-
ments print, created by Merley. (The whole design was lifted straight from an old English wood cut and should bowl your beau over). In rayon jersey. Cham-
ois, aqua, pink, limelight or white with black. 9-15. About $15 at Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; F. & R. Lazarus, Colum-
bus, Ohio
Be charming...

...disarming

(Top) Sweet enough to eat, this confection by Sandra Sage. It’s a two-pieceer with a black rayon alpaca skirt, and for contrast, an irrepressibly crisp spun-sugar-y jacket of eyelet embroidered cotton in white, pink or blue. 9-15. About $15 at James McCreary, New York

(Middle) Be protectable, irresistom in this heart’s-case print. Doris Dodson put lure a-plenty in the peck-a-boo neck, capped the climax with tiny cap sleeves. In pastel pink, blue, gray or gold printed rayon alpaca. 9-15. About $13 at Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City

(Bottom) Maybe you take to feminine tailoring. Your dish, this J.L.F. Original two-tone triumph with its slightly dirndled skirt. In rayon crepe. Powder blue, chartreuse or pink with navy or black. Brown with aqua. 9-45. About $23 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

Let yourself go gorgeously feminine. Now is the time to deck yourself in old-world prints, to flaunt a graceful fan. Romance is back and woman’s place is to look her prettiest possible, please. Photoplay presents a group of heart-winning, head-turning fashion... priced thoughtfully for your budget... but guaranteed to make you look adorable. (And better yet everything shown will be as smart and sweet in June as it is now in January.)
The OLD-FASHIONED LOOK

is the new fashion look. And nothing’s more downright disarming than this Evelyn Alden print with its riot of roses and great big beautiful velvet bow. In Joyce’s rayon jersey. 9-15. About $15 at William Hengerer, Buffalo; Powers Dry Goods, Minneapolis.
for precision tailoring

For you perfectionists who adore fine tailoring and clean lines. In CROSSTOWN—a Rosewood rayon gabardine with the Unidure permanent crease-resistant finish. Dramatized in Banana, Charm Pink, Maize, Bahama Blue, White. Sizes 12-20. About $15

If you can’t find this dress in your favorite shop, write to:

eve arlington, 134 WEST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS NAMES IN FASHION

GOOD NEWS FOR JUNIORS! Two Peggy Paige fashions that are harbingers of Spring ... Left: No. 8033 Button-down front dress with flattering ruffled neckline ... styled in HESS GOLDSMITH rayon print crepe ... stripes of navy, fuchsia, gray, green on white. Right: No. 8034 Two-piece dress with tucked bodice, pleated peplum and ornamental shoulder flower ... styled in HESS GOLDSMITH printed rayon crepe ... white floral print on coral, lime, gold, aqua, gray. Both styles in sizes 9 to 15 ... both at the surprisingly little price of $6. At these and other leading stores throughout the country.

Be A BUTTERFLY

and dress the part in this script-line print by McKettrick. Picture-pretty with its peplum look, it's practical because it's suds-able. In Crown Shan rayon, a Soap 'n' Water fabric in ice-cream pastels. 12-20. $9.00 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston

SEE PAGE 108 for a representative list of stores where you can buy these Photoplay First-Run fashions.
The Bewildering Bogarts

(Continued from page 29) ordinary run of movie queens.

Even though Bogie has a yen for the Bacall girl, he didn't wear his heart on his sleeve and take her out publicly. For when "To Have And Have Not" was finally in the can, Bogie had another of his famous fights with Jack Warner and he and Mayo retired to his thirty-foot boat, "Sluggy," there to remain incommunicado. He refused to make "God Is My Co-Pilot," saying he was tired and needed a rest. Weeks went by and neither Jack Warner nor his star relented an inch. The wire from Bogie to Jack saying that he was ready to return to work remained unanswered and it wasn't until Howard Hawks came through with the murder mystery, "The Big Sleep," which the unpredictable Bogart liked, that he pocketed his pride and returned to his studio.

However, no sooner had Bogie and Mayo come off the boat and returned to their life on land than the fireworks cut loose. Just what brought about the sudden plan of the Bogarts to separate a second time is known to only a few people. I am one of them. I don't intend to reveal the secret Bogie told me, but I think I can say without breaking his confidence that he admitted it was hard to break up his marriage of six years, but that Mayo hadn't been herself for the past year; that she was emotionally unstable and upset and jealous of every move he made.

"I wouldn't do a thing to hurt her," he told me. "She can have a generous financial settlement. All I want is my freedom."

Surprisingly enough, Mayo says she doesn't want money—she wants Bogie.

The first parting of the ways followed on the heels of Bogie's remark to one of the studio executives that he didn't think she'd throw any more glasses; that he believed their fighting days were over.

The day after he made that statement he took her to see "To Have And Have Not," and the next day they announced their separation. I wouldn't want to say it was seeing him in the arms of the attractive young model that brought about the separation. That wouldn't be fair to either of the Bogarts, but Mayo had not been happy over the new leading lady for a long time—and we girls do get jealous sometimes, with or without cause.

Many are the fantastic stories told about the battling Bogarts. One of them is, whenever Bogie is in New York and celebrates, he goes straight to the apartment of his first wife, Helen Menken, likes a homing pigeon, and Helen, who is happily married to a doctor, can't persuade him to leave. I have often wondered whether this is not a fable although it has been widely circulated and repeated. He only lived with Helen one month after their marriage and she must have moved in the fifteen years since they were man and wife. I am too liberal-minded to believe it, yet the story has a Bogart flavor.

His second marriage to Mary Philips lasted longer. They were together nine years. Bogie has a great regard for talent and all three of his wives, Menken, Philips and Mayo are real trouper.

Mayo gave up her career when she married Bogie six years ago and made it her business to look after him. These two have had as much fun together as anybody in the world. Their tastes were simple. They cared more for society nor for big parties. I don't suppose, in all the years I have lived in Hollywood, I have seen them at more than two parties. George Frozenc has quoted Mayo as saying, "In five years we're going to retire and become beachcombers. That is, if Pa can keep his hair and teeth that long."
"Our husband belongs to us again!"

Julie: Can it be true? Jack has fallen in love with me again! He's mine—just like in the beginning!

Her Other Self: Of course it's true, darling—except you mean he's OURS. It's US he's in love with, this time! I'm your smarter self... remember? I'm the one who told you to go see Dr. B. when you wanted to go home to mother after that big quarrel.

Julie: Yes, that was wise—seeing the doctor...

H.O.S.: Wise! That's a prize understatement! Dr. B. turned out to be a one-man rescue party for your... our marriage when he explained about the "one neglect".

Julie: But I never even dreamed that a wife can lose her husband's love by being careless about feminine hygiene.

H.O.S.: Well, Dr. B. set you straight on that—and he told you what to do about it, too.

Julie: Yes. He told me to use Lysol disinfectant for my feminine hygiene care. "An effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes"—that's what he said.

H.O.S.: Correct! And it doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either. All you have to do is follow the simple directions for douching.

Julie: How right he was! I've found Lysol so easy to use—so quick and economical.

H.O.S.: And...

Julie: And it works wonderfully!

H.O.S.: AND...

Julie: All right, Mrs. Smartie—since you love hearing it. I'll say it: Our husband belongs to us again!

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douchc thoroughly with correct Lysol solution. Its 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. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Deodorizes effectively. Lasting—keeps full strength even when uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol Disinfectant

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Now, where does Bogart come from? The man who, out of thirty-four pictures, was in prison in nine, put to death in eight, and a gangster in practically all. His mother was Maud Humphrey Bogart, magazine illustrator, and his father was Belmondo Bogart, a prosperous surgeon. Humphrey was born on Christmas Day 1894, and the drawing his mother made of him as a baby was famous. Almost as famous as his own hard-boiled mug is today. Though he got his start in picture in 1930 it was not until 1936 that Leslie Howard took him to Warners to play Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest." But it took "The Maltese Falcon" and "Casablanca" to bring him recognition as one of Hollywood's top actors.

Bogie's never done anything to promote his stock. He has never been particularly eager to have interviews. I happen to be a personal friend of his and I have always been fond of him, but Bogie doesn't care about courting favors with anyone.

One thing he has is a great sense of humor. When he returned from overseas, he told me with great glee the story of the private who was in the plane with them when they flew over Pompeii. "It was really awed at the spectacle and remarked, 'Look at those ruins.'"

"The private piped up and said, 'Hey, ho, you ain't seen nothing. Wait till you see what we've done to Bizerte.'"

He didn't boast about going to Italy and entertaining the boys, but he liked to talk about it and he told me he wanted to go again. For a little while he seemed more serious, but Bogie has never taken anything in his life seriously. Life to him has always been a good time. When he returned from Italy he stopped in New York, and just to make the people in the big town know he was there, he raised some cash at ".21" and put up a set-theater.

One story told about him is that the manager of a certain night spot in Hollywood had been asked to keep him out. One night, when he was with a party, it was decided to go to that spot for scrambled eggs and coffee very early in the morning.
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton

Beautiful Mrs. Hamilton, one of New York's most dynamic society leaders, is admired for her fine work as executive vice-chairman of the famous Lewisohn Stadium Concerts ... for her delightful entertaining at home ... and for her perfect style sense and faultless grooming. "Three or four times a week I give myself a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," she says.

"It's the ideal quick beauty pick-up ... so easy and so effective!"

How to "re-style" your face—quickly!

Slather a fragrant, pearly-white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your cheeks, chin, forehead—everything but eyes. Leave this creamy-cool Mask on your face for one full minute. Then tissue it off.

Results of the Mask show right away! "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has loosened and dissolved powdery-scuffing little skin roughnesses and beauty-dulling dirt particles!

Your "re-styled" complexion feels blessedly smoother. Just right for make-up! And it looks so much prettier! Clearer ... fresher. Even lighter! But see for yourself—have your 1-Minute Mask today!

For extra-quick powder base ... Slick on a very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on.

Smoothing ... protective ... non-greasy.

Takes make-up beautifully!
A Rather Remarkable Man

(Continued from page 43) riper, mellower vintage none will deny, for these young men with a future are all the more interesting because they have a past.

Take Knox, for instance. He was born in Ontario, Canada, thirty-odd years ago. His father (like Wilson's) was a Presbyterian minister, and his mother (also like Wilson's mother) came from a long line of Presbyterian ministers. Maybe the original John Knox was one of them. That Scottish reformer would make a dour ancestor for anyone, though distant and eminent enough to be proud of.

Alexander went to grammar school and high school in London, Ontario, eventually enrolling as a medical student at Western Ontario University.

But he soon found he preferred writing, elocution, acting, newspaper work, debating, politics and what not. He was ambitious, self-confident, sure of himself—and if you are not sure of yourself before you are twenty, what chance have you later on?

He played Hamlet in a university production, then joined the Boston Repertory Theatre before his college career was finished. The year in which this happened was 1928—just about the hardest to be ambitious in, even for a youth. So presently he went to the other London. That milder, less hectic atmosphere proved congenial, so that within a short time Knox found himself playing the part of a young American in an Edgar Wallace play in a West End theater. He was also writing his first novel, as well as his first reviews of other people's novels.

For several years after that he crossed the Atlantic back and forth, "commuting," as he says, between England, New York and Canada. 1937 saw him putting in a season at London's celebrated Old Vic. Then he appeared in a Bernard Shaw play called "Geneva"—which, with prophetic appropriateness so far as Knox was concerned, dealt with the League of Nations. In between whiles he even wrote a play himself and acted in it; then he took a writing assignment with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

If one thing had become almost inevitable by this time it was that Hollywood would go after him, even if he didn't choose to go after Hollywood. He didn't, particularly, but Hollywood did—characteristically and capriciously, so that presently, with a touch of the divinity that shapes people's ends, "Wilson" began to appear on his horizon and Hollywood's horizon.

A matter of general as well as technical interest is that he never took the usual kind of screen test for "Wilson." He made a voice-recording of the entire part, and it was the voice, one gathers, that clinched the matter. (This, I suppose, gives him something—if anything—in common with Frank Sinatra.)

Of course Knox and I talked a good deal about Wilson—not only the picture, but the man in the picture, and also the man in history. Knox is the sort of person who would naturally read all the books about Wilson he could get hold of, for sheer interest in the subject—in contradistinction, let us say, to Madame Sarah Bernhardt; whose acting ability and silver-tongued utterance were both superb, but whose intellectual concern with what she was up to was sometimes so slight that she was said not to read a play completely, but merely to know her own cues in it. (It is only fair to add that some of the plays she appeared in fully justified this economy of effort.)

Anyhow, it did not really surprise me to find that Knox was something of an authority on Wilson, since intellectual as well...
as artistic understanding was everywhere evident in his screen portrayal. All of which doubtless led us to a discussion of Hollywood's rapidly expanding mental level... and its consequent assortment of new ideas and hangovers of old ones.

There are still ad writers in show business who think that the public can only be lured to see a picture like "Wilson" by being assured that it is the love story of a president. (So it is, too—the story of a president's love for humanity, but that sort of love doesn't count at the box office, so the old-timers tell you... and the absurd part about that argument is that "Wilson" has done good business, thereby proving how far the new-generation public is ahead of old-generation publicity.)

Knox, I found, has some forthright ideas about Hollywood. Like all modern-thinking people he realizes the power of motion pictures in the world, and like most people who have approached Hollywood with some sophisticated experience of other entertainment fields, he finds plenty in it to praise as well as criticize. He thinks Hollywood has not been given enough credit—especially by highbrow film reviewers, some of whom write stuff that goes as far overboard in one direction as the puffery of the ad writer does in another. Because the movies are a mass-art, like radio; and however good a film is, it fails in its prime function if it appeals only to the small minority. The great achievement of a production like "Wilson" is that it can enthrall the mass-audience. And so Knox realizes that the uplift of Hollywood's brow, however desirable, is only worth while so long as both feet are kept on the ground, the ground being the heart and understanding of the people.

So we talked and talked and presently it was time for me to leave, and only when he asked if I had enough material for an interview did I remember it was supposed to be one and not just a visit.

Our final remarks, I think, were about Bernard Shaw. We had both met him, admired him, read him and possessed letters from him in that familiar long-looped Shawian handwriting. And Shaw was a world-famous man before either of us was born, and long before Hollywood was born. That is a sobering and yet also an exciting thought, when one sees a picture like "Wilson." Pictures are so new in the world and yet they have already gone so far.

That the new generation of actors like Knox will see and take them much further is one of the sure things one can prophesy.

THE END

The March winds bring—

Shirley Temple

as she is today on Photoplay's March cover with a delightful story

by Elsie Janis...

On your newsstand February 16th or as soon thereafter as war transportation can get it to you!

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LESLIE BROOKS AND JIM BANNON
APPEARING IN COLUMBIA'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION
"TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT"

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LESLIE BROOKS
such "Sweet-to-touch" Hands

YOU: I'd love to have such smooth, soft hands.

LESLIE BROOKS: Then why not use Jergens Lotion?

YOU: Do you use Jergens Lotion yourself, Miss Brooks?

LESLIE BROOKS: Indeed I do use Jergens.

Personal Hand Care of the Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

For very good reasons: Such sure softness-protection for your hands! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-guarding moisture most hand skin needs. Persuades even "kitchen-conscious" hands to exciting softness and the young, smooth look with the same 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe. Like professional hand care! But so simple. No inconvenient stickiness.

Take this easy-to-follow advice...
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 for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly brittle and breaking-off hair more lovely ... longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle breaking-off hair can be retarded. This wonderful Juelene SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. See if Juelene’s tendency to soften, difficult-to-manage hair can during application help yours to become softer, silker, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week.

Marvelous Help for DRY HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Try the Juelene System. See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory!" So take advantage of Juelene’s 7-Day Offer NOW!

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FOR 7 DAYS

Just try the Juelene System for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! 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 every cent of your money. So don’t wait. Mail the coupon right now—today!


Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn’t show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00 plus Excise Tax
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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 81) or even a month. Do you think one o’clock is too late for a sixteen-year-old girl to get in? The rest of the gang that I run around with make fun of me when I go right home. We are young just once, you know.

My mother remarried after my father died and my stepfather doesn’t like it when I go out. I let this pass because Mom loves him and I want her to be happy. I would like to know what to do. I want to have my fun now while I’m still young and alive.

Malvina K.

Dear Miss K:

In answer to the first direct question in your letter, "Do you think one o’clock is too late for a sixteen-year-old girl to get in?" I can answer with utmost candor that I certainly do think it is too late.

This problem of hours to be kept by girls in high school comes up so often that I am answering it again this month. While I am working in my career is nine o’clock every night except Saturday and even then I certainly try to be at home before one A.M.

So many girls write to me about having bad skins, dull and lifelike hair and a general feeling of being "out of things" that I find myself connecting late hours with each of these problems. There is no single beauty remedy ever known that will do as much for a girl as nine hours of sleep a night. That is the first thing we in Hollywood learn when we have to face a camera all day every day.

If I ever have a daughter, I shall impose this rule: School nights she must be in her room by nine o’clock unless there is some special reason. I have given her express permission to attend: on Friday and Saturday nights, provided I know where she is and with whom, she may remain out until one A.M. I know that it is only natural to, as you put it, have fun while you are "young and alive," but you will be young much longer and alive to a greater age if you get your sleep during your adolescent years.

Your Dutch Aunt,

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Well, here is a letter from a troubled soldier. My wife and I were married in 1938. We were married just fifteen months when she left, saying she was sick of married life, and went back to her mother taking our baby with her. Our second baby was born after we had been separated six months. Before I was inducted, I went to see her regularly, took her presents and did everything I could think of to get her to come back to me, but she said she didn’t care for me.

When I went into the Army, I saw that she got my allotment, but she never even wrote and thanked me for that. I’ve been in the Army a year and I’ve never had the scratch of a pen from her. Well, the usual thing has happened. I met a really nice girl and got to care for her. I told her all about me from the very first—no false pretenses between us—and she said it was all right with her because we would be just good friends. Which was nice except that I fell in love with her. I saw her every week end (if I could get a pass) and we could help make her return. We would write me two or three letters.

I made up my mind what to do. I went home on furlough and put it up to my wife that I wanted a divorce. She said she had changed her mind and was in love with me again and that when I got out of the Army we could talk about making a home again.

I don’t believe her because she could have at least dropped me a line now and
then if she was in love. After what she's done to me I can't love her although my kids are sweet and I'm willing to support them. Is there any way I can get a divorce before I'm shipped over?

Jerry B.

Dear Mr. B:

Your query as to whether you can get a divorce before you are shipped overseas involves legal advice, which I cannot give you. However, if you will discuss this problem with your chaplain, or if you will write to an attorney whom you knew in your home town before you went into service, he will be able to help you.

I know that if you can get a divorce and if you are very much in love with this new girl in your life, you will not be inclined to give much attention to one thing that I would like to say: Why don't you wait until the war is over to remarry? Time and distance are two of the world's greatest workers for change. Marrying quickly, you would probably have only a few short months with this new wife, then you would be separated for an indefinite length of time. Your reunion might reveal great personality changes to one another.

Although your present wife would seem to be a selfish, self-centered, irresponsible child, it may be that she needs time to grow up. Because there are two children involved in your decision and because you are obviously fond of them, I think it would be wise for you to take no drastic step at the present.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am just twenty and have had every advantage a girl of my age can have. I've attended the best schools wherever we've lived: China, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii. I can ride, sail, dance, play golf.

I'm now attending college after having worked for a year and a half in an aircraft factory. That should really be enough for a girl of twenty, shouldn't it?

It isn't though. I'm not doing well in college because I haven't any interest in it. I flit from one thing to another, get absorbed for a week, then I'm through.

I think my main trouble lies in the fact that I don't seem to have the knack of acquiring boy friends. I've had lots of chances and I've dated some swell fellows—Navy, Army, Marine and civilian, but one date seems to be the limit. My grandmother once said, "You are as intelligent and poised as a woman in every respect except one: You are very young in emotional matters." I'm completely Irish right to my toes and when I am depressed I go down to the black pit of infinity, but when I'm happy I'm like a lark.

Right now, however, I'm one big nagging torment of restlessness inside. If you can help stop it, I shall be most grateful.

Marsali A.

Dear Miss A:

To judge from your letter—which, in your case, I would consider an exceptionally well-talented key to your personality—you approach everything you do with too much violence.

When you are "in the black pit of infinity" I daresay that everyone within a radius of four miles knows it; and when you are "like a lark" perhaps your singing disturbs the air for a like distance.

I don't wish to sound pedantic or oracular, but from everything that I have observed about men, I would say that nothing in the world will frighten men more in droves as quickly as the sight of a girl holding high dramatics without benefit of footlights. Most men are casual beings and you will find that the most popular girls are those whose general attitude is

Young mothers dare not ignore this advice

Scientific research has proved that every infant, every growing child needs the protective benefits of the "cold liver oil" vitamins A and D. That is why doctors recommend and prescribe these two essential vitamins. They know that a prolonged deficiency may seriously impair normal growth, retard the normal development of bones and teeth, cause life-long, physical handicaps.

Every day, children of all ages need adequate amounts of Vitamins A and D. Before it is too late—before a threatening shortage undermines health, start giving your child Vita-Baby.

Vita-Baby is a liquid concentrate of the health-aiding Vitamins A and D. Derived from biologically tested fish liver oils and activated ergosterol, and manufactured under the latest and most scientific laboratory control, Vita-Baby's formula meets the rigid requirements of recognized vitamin therapy. Yes, when you give your child Vita-Baby, you can be sure you are giving an outstanding product. A few drops in cereal, milk or direct on the tongue with the handy dropper provide full, daily requirements.

Don't deny your child the wonderful, protective benefits of this proved growning-aid. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Show it to your doctor. He will approve the formula or your money will be refunded. Regular size—75c. Large, economy size—$3.00.

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Manufacturers and distributors of quality pharmaceuticals for over fifty years
CALM, SLIGHTLY KIDDING AND WITHOUT SHOW-OFFISHNESS OF ANY KIND.

JUST SETTLE DOWN; FORGET THAT YOU ARE IRISH OR ANYTHING ELSE RIGHT TO YOUR TOES; TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE MAN IN FRONT OF YOU, AND EXPECTING HIM TO BE AN AUDIENCE FOR YOUR ATTITUDES AND YOU WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I AM A SOLDIER SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS. WHEN I WAS HOME ON A FURLough I MET TWO OF THE SWEETEST GIRLS IN THE WORLD AND FOR THE PAST YEAR I HAVE BEEN RECEIVING LETTERS FROM THEM REGULARLY. AN ODD THING HAS HAPPENED. ONE GIRL WRITES LIKE THIS: "Darling, I'll Be Waiting for You Always. Don't Let Anyone Else Take My Place." THE OTHER GIRL WILL SAY, "My Love, When You Come Home We Will Be Together Forever."

THE TWO GIRLS DON'T KNOW EACH OTHER SO THEY AREN'T DOING IT AS A GAG. IT SOUNDS LIKE A JOKE, BUT IT'S NO JOKE TO ME.

WHEN I ANSWER THEM, I WRITE ONLY ABOUT SCENERY AND WEATHER. I'M NOT SERIOUS AND I DON'T HAVE ANY INTENTION OF GETTING MARRIED FOR A LONG TIME YET, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A GOON AND HURT ANYONE'S FEELINGS.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH GIRLS NOWADAYS? WHAT'S ALL THIS LOVE STUFF POURING OUT FOR? WHAT SHOULD A CALM, FRIENDLY GUY LIKE ME DO?

FRC AIDEN Y.

DEAR MR. Y:

IN THIS CASE I AM GOING TO STICK UP FOR THE GIRLS. I'M GOING TO ASK YOU WHAT YOU TOLD THE GIRLS WHEN YOU WERE WITH THEM. SOMETIMES THE FURLough MOON INSPIRES AN ORDINARY SPEECHLESS MAN TO FLOWERY PHRASES. PERHAPS, IN YOUR EAGERNESS FOR A GOOD-NIGHT KISS YOU MADE SPEECHES THAT YOU DIDN'T REALLY MEAN. IF YOU DIDN'T, YOU ARE UNIQUE, JUDGING FROM THE STORIES I HAVE HEARD OF THE BEHAVIOR OF MILITARY MEN ON FURLough.

HOWEVER, IF THIS SITUATION IS REALLY ANNOYING YOU, THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO EXPLAIN TO BOTH GIRLS THAT YOU FIND THEIR ARDENT STATEMENTS A LITTLE DISCONCERTING. IF YOU WANT THEM TO CONTINUE TO WRITE TO YOU, TELL THEM THAT—AS YOU ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN THE SCENERY AND THE WEATHER—YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THOSE SUBJECTS.

"IT'S MURDER"

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.

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MINIT-RUB IS WONDROUS 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

"... REGrets TO INFORM YOU... KILLED IN ACTION..." THAT'S THE TELEGRAM JEANNE RICHES (APPEARING IN THE OWI SHORT, "IT'S MURDER") READS WHILE HER PUZZLED SON (GEORGE ROKES) LOOKS ON. SOMEBODY TALKED. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU? REMEMBER—THE ENEMY HAS EARS!
discussed in their letters in preference to the state of their emotions.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have read your column in Photoplay quite often and have enjoyed it so thoroughly that it occurred to me that you might be able to help us.

There are quite a few of us in this little town who are interested in the theater and radio. We have quite a bit of talent and ambition with no way to use it. We would like to form a little theater group or something of that sort.

The manager of our radio station has gladly consented to give us time on the air, but the big cloud on the horizon is the fact that we have no material. Can you tell us how to go about starting such an organization and obtaining the necessary material? We'd be so grateful.

E. Marguerite M.

Dear Mrs. M:

May I say that I admire your energy in assembling a group of this kind? So many people write to me, complaining about the lack of such an organization in their communities, but you are the first to tell me of constructive steps that have been taken.

Probably the first thing for you to do would be to write to Samuel French, New York City, New York, and request a catalogue describing the published plays available for purchase. This catalogue will supply you with information about the number of scenes necessary, about the extent of the cast, the type of story and the amount of royalty required for amateur production. The Samuel French organization will also be able to give you information pertaining to the radio production of such works.

However, it would seem to me that while you are gaining experience with standard plays, you should be developing a battery of playwrights within your own group. If there is no one enrolled with you at present who has writing ambitions, why don't you advertise in your local paper? You might check with the local high school for talented seniors or recent graduates who are still available. If you have the acting talent sufficient for forming a stock company, I'm sure you will be able to develop the writing talent to supply it with material.

I shall be eager to hear from you as to the development of your project.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of twenty-four and I have been in the Army for two years. At present I am overseas, but before I came over here I got into a couple of things that are now giving me some serious thought.

I was sent from the West Coast, where I grew up, to the south for my training and there I met a girl of seventeen and fell in love with her. Every week end, while on pass, I would go to see her. This went on for over three months, then I was transferred to another camp, but this girl and I correspond regularly. Then I received a letter from this girl stating that we shouldn't write to one another any more, that she thought I really didn't love her. Where she got that idea is beyond me, because I loved her dearly and still do.

After that I wrote two or three letters but received no reply. Well, to make a long story short, I was pretty disgusted during this period and one night after a few beers, I married a girl I had picked up in a park. We were only together one day before I came overseas. That day I asked for a divorce, but she just laughed at me.

Well, when I came over here I received a letter from the first girl, asking me to forgive her and to take her back. Of course she doesn't know that I am now married. I've written her quite often since then, but haven't mentioned my marriage because I'm afraid I'll lose her. Still, I don't think it's right not to tell her the truth.

Well, how can I keep her for my girl until I can get back and get straightened out?

Sergeant Grode J.

Dear Mr. J:

In reading over the many, many letters that contributors to this department send me, I experience one sensation again and again—astonishment that people will choose an involved and turbulent course in preference to a simple and direct manner of dealing with one another.

In literally hundreds of pathetic cases, if one person in the controversy had summoned the courage to be frank, endless misery and misunderstanding could have been avoided. I must say that the deception that brings on so much unhappiness is usually inspired, not by malice or cunning, but by a solicitous attempt to spare the feelings of someone.

However, I am convinced that the only possible action for you is to sit down some evening when you have several hours' free time and write this girl a complete history of your actions. The other girl is your wife and, no matter how impulsive your marriage, must be considered. I'd keep on writing her too, telling her how you feel about the marriage. Maybe she'll give you a divorce.

Claudette Colbert

---

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—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

—from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION
All for Allbritton

(Continued from page 50) and natural course, she enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse, where she took the usual two-year regimen and spent another twelve months in post-graduate work. Last spring the head man of Pasadena proved how little they thought of her by naming her the outstanding alumna of the institution and awarding her the plaque which goes with the kudos. This, incidentally, is the first time the august body has deigned to honor a woman.

When she was an undergraduate at the school, however, she worked like a dog. And Hollywood was not exactly idle. Hollywood made overtures, begged and pleaded for Allbritton to test, at least. But she would have none of it. She was learning her trade—and father was conveniently sending a check the first of every month.

Finally, though, she decided the time had come. She charged across the bridge from Pasadena, found herself an agent and began to make the rounds. It was then that her height, which had previously not bothered her, became a question of some interest. She was five-seven. Her agent was five-four. When they entered an office, it was as if she were bringing her baby brother to see about a part.

The difficulty was solved by Louise's wearing flat heels and looking delicate and the ten-percenter acquiring a pair of built-up brogues. A role in a B picture immediately came about, followed by a contract at Universal. There she first managed to hold her own opposite Abbott and Costello and, in an unprecedented move by the studio script writers, won John Wayne from Marlene Dietrich in "Pittsburgh." After this triumph—true to Hollywood tradition—the Universalites threw her into two also-rans "Fired Wife" and "Her Primitive Man" with Robert Paige. Much to everyone's surprise, however, Miss A. and Mr. P. did such a pleasant job of footage-rescuing that the public was enchanted and the coffers rang gaily. It was this happy condition which caused the front office to take another look and toss Louise into the aforementioned "San Diego, I Love You" and the Lillian Russell part in "Bowery To Broadway." And they do say that in the latter she makes Russell herself look like a piker.

Louise has what is known in the trade as "flair." What she does she does dramatically, whether an audience is present or not. At one point in her career, for example, she decided that she had not the proper attitude towards her art. She should starve a little, learn what the garret was like, feel the pangs. Therefore, she conscientiously spent every sou when it arrived from home, so that she, too, could know the delicious sensation of being broke.

Off-screen, she is either the essence of patrician dignity or the Texas tornado she was in her childhood. Then her delight in whoopin' it up with a bunch of the boys resulted in having her nose broken three times. The first of these abrasions occurred when she was tussling going around right end and landed against a fire hydrant. The second happened when she did all the approved things on a jackknife but failed to notice that the tail was also sticking its neck out. The third took place when she achieved such power on a high dive that she ploughed up the bottom of the pool. As an adult, she stopped breaking things but she's still the left half of the neighborhood team.

In her home-on-the-range mood she wears dungarees that would shock Crosby. She has a type of hair which flares like the flag for five minutes, accompanied by a voice
reaching the last row in the balcony with ease. She has a childlike impatience and hates to wait for men, women or small children. She can ride a horse as if she were a Texan and swim as if there had been a lake in her own back yard.

Due to her upbringing, she has very little idea of the value of money. She will see a hat she likes, buy it and discover that she has nothing to wear it with. This results in her investing in a new outfit. It also results in such pangs of conscience that she buys War Bonds like crazy to soothe it.

When she is being patrician, there isn’t a more striking woman in town. Then Allbritton’s fly-away hair goes into smooth rolls and poms. Her clothes become perfectly fitting suits and fantastic, wonderful hats. She wears superb jewelry. She glides into restaurants and the wolf pack howls. Whatever she does—she does with “flair.”

With this more mature attitude, she realizes that all she needs to be a great star is one role which will bring to the public attention that she has both ability and training.

Then, too, she exhibits the qualities which make her one of the most likable people you ever meet on the screen. She refuses to let a friend who works late in a broadcasting studio come home alone in the rain. She drives up and waits outside until the gal is through. She is the kind of a girl who is auditioning for a part. Any present she receives must be shared with her group of intimate friends.

Of greatest importance to her right now is the plight of our soldiers overseas. For Louise, last spring, took a tour of the Mediterranean theater of war. She saw things there which both thrilled and revolted her. Among the latter was the evidence that many American women are not holding up their end of the fight, keeping their promises to men in uniform and waiting loyally for their return.

Louise heard innumerable stories of broken engagements and marriages and so on while at the fighting fronts; she encountered even more of them when she sat at a phone in New York, calling personal messages from the boys to their women at home.

Having seen with her own eyes what the men themselves were doing at Cassino, for instance (she was closer to the actual hand-to-hand fighting there than any of the other entertainers), Louise was definitely worried.

The tour as a whole had the unforeseen effect of sobering her immensely. She saw soldiers die while she was holding their hands and watched their faces light up when she appeared—as if she were a vision of what they had left behind. She saw the tremendous respect the men in uniform paid for a little guy named Ernie Pyle, met him herself and was honored by being mentioned in one of his newspaper dispatches.

She lived with the courage and humor and valiant spirit of America overseas for months and she returned with some of her own laughter quieted. She knows the soldiers want to laugh; that’s one of the reasons why she’s playing comedies at this point.

But, she knows, too, that what they are doing is no laughing matter and she wants desperately to go abroad again, to do what little she can to make their lot more livable.

Most Texas tornadoes have a way of getting where they want to go. Don’t place any bets that this one with the initials L.A. written in the clouds won’t do likewise, be it in the Hollywood heavens or over a lonely jungle swamp.

The End

They don’t call her “FATSO” any more!

Marilyn Corwin, of Minneapolis, takes off 44 pounds, startles her friends by the change.

Fellow students called her “Fatso,” teased her about her weight. She didn’t mind—much. Fat since childhood, she had just supposed nothing could be done about it. But in art school at 18, she started sketching ideal figures—and they made her conscious of her own heavy hips, her sway-back, slouched shoulders. She considered taking the Dubarry Success Course—put it off until her weight got up to 178. Then she made the decision.

“It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me,” says Marilyn now. She found the change in food habits surprisingly enjoyable, the exercises really fun. Unusually paws of fat disappeared from her hips, her posture improved amazingly. That wasn’t all. “My skin is now smooth and clear and fine-textured,” continues Miss Corwin, “and I have learned many of those make-up tricks the experts use so cleverly.

“As a result of it all, I’m a healthier, happier girl, with increased will-power and self-confidence and a new zest for life. That’s what this wonderful course has meant to me.”

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Haven’t you wished that you could be slender again, wear youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends, feel like a new person? More than 160,000 women and girls have now followed this practical way to personal improvement, to extra energy for the extra demands of wartime living. You’ll find it an adventure to “eat as a beauty eats,” practice those fun-to-do exercises. The Course brings you an analysis of your needs—then shows you how to bring 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 same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

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

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ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

Richard Hudnut Salon
New York

After

Marilyn is just 21, with a brilliant career and a happy life ahead of her. What a wonderful thing to discover that you can get rid of excess weight, have a figure you’re proud of, be a beauty while you’re young!

With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of Dubarry Beauty and Makeup Preparations.

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

Miss
Mrs.

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City

State

Zip No.

[Image]
(Continued from page 45) I first heard about her. The first day at lunch in the commissary the head waitress came over to take my order. Before I had time to preeen myself on this special attention, she spoke.

"I came over, Miss Kimbrough, to tell you how pleased we all are at Dolly's getting the part of Emily in your picture." I answered that I was delighted, too, but that I had not met her.

"Well," the queen of the dining room continued, "when you do you'll be as crazy about her as everyone here. I don't think there's anyone on the lot who has more friends than Dolly."

"I'm terribly afraid," I told her, "that there's been a mistake. I understand the girl who is to play Emily is named Diana, Diana Lynn."

The queen of the dining room laughed.

"We're all known her so long," she explained, "that we forget her new name. She's Dolly to us, Dolly Loehr. They only changed her name recently to Diana Lynn, but to us she's always Dolly. We all root for our favorites here, you know, but I don't think there's anybody who's had as many people wanting her to get that part as Diana."

Later that afternoon I went over to the gymnasium to see my old friend Jim Davies. He had worked over Cornelia and me during the winter before when we were trying to offset the ravages of delicious California food. Jim wasted very little time on renewing our acquaintance. He wanted, he said, to tell me how tickled they all were that Dolly was going to play the part of Emily.

"She's a great kid," he assured me. "Deserves everything they give her. I bet there isn't a person on this lot who doesn't know her. She's shy, but she likes everybody."

That same day I saw Preston Sturges. He waved to me from across the garden which the Paramount buildings surround. "I hear you've got my child Diana," he called. "Everybody will tell you what a nice kid she is, and what a good trouper. Let me tell you, she's an actress. You're in luck to have her."

This went on for nearly two weeks. Diana was away on a holiday. By the time she got back I had heard the refrain so often that I was apt, when someone approached me, to say immediately, "I think we're lucky to have her, too." Even when it turned out to be an invitation to me to go out to dinner.

Sometimes I think that when another human being is so highly and so constantly praised, the result is apt to be a slight antipathy set up in the mind of the hearer—or perhaps I am just that contrary. At any rate, I began to have a slight feeling of uneasiness. It wasn't possible, I brooded darkly, that people who were as much liked as that could turn out to have much character.

Edith Head, who is the czarina of the Paramount costume department, telephoned me one morning.

"Diana is here," she said, "for her first fitting. Could you come over?"

I went of course, but as I reached the door of Edith Head's office I almost turned around and went away. I realized suddenly that I cared terribly about the girl who was going to play Emily. Not out of conceit, but out of a sort of homesickness for that other Emily, a kind of yearning to see her once more just as, for all her absurdities, she was. I opened the
Don't actually look at me, Miss Kimbrough," she instructed me privately, "when they tell you to. Look just beyond, like this." And she demonstrated, "It comes out much better."

She gave me a few other instructions, which I tried stumblingly to follow. She was the expert. When the photographer had finished, she was a shy, earnest, young girl again.

I teased her about the duenna who was always at her heels—an elderly woman always a little out of breath and always with the look of one harassed almost to the snapping point.

"She's my teacher," Diana explained, "poor dear. I think she does get worn out, having to go everywhere I go."

I found out that under the rules of child labor or the Motion Picture Guild—both, perhaps—anyone under the age of eighteen appearing in pictures must be accompanied at all times by a teacher or chaperone and must have so many hours of lessons a day.

I wish my children and their friends could have seen Diana and her duenna doing Latin, History, French while the hairdresser worked on a new hair-do for a trial photograph, or in the interval in a fitting, when a fitter went back to the workroom to sew a seam; while workmen altered a set, or electricians changed lights between "takes" of a scene. They might, seeing these schoolrooms, derive some inclination of what concentration can mean. Diana herself was troubled about her French. The duenna was not French. Therefore Diana was not sure she was acquiring the proper accent, though she felt that the groundwork was sound. She was going to engage a French woman to supplement the required work with actual conversation.

"I'd like," she told me, "to be good at

"Wear that dress—serve him a Pepsi-Cola or two—and you'll have that young lieutenant eating out of your hand."
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languages. I've always wanted to be

She was good enough at this time in
music to have played with the Los An-
geles Junior Symphony and for Stokow-
ski. She had come, I learned, to Para-
mount by way of a piano, rounded up
with some other child musicians for a
picture, "There's Magic In Music." It is
to Paramount's credit, though undoubtedly
a loss to the music world, that the studio
snatched her from the piano stool and
turned her in the direction of becoming
an actress. And yet the young Lynn has
had something to say for herself in the
motion picture world. Music was too deep a part of her
life for her to cut it off so easily. There
was no reason, she decided, why a career
of a pianist should be entirely sacrificed
for that of an actress. She was on her
way to the concert stage. Therefore, she
would consider each career only a tem-
porary interruption to the other. In a
pause between pictures this last winter
she worked up a program and gave a
recital, placing the highly commendatory
reviews of that in juxtaposition to those
of her acting triumphs.

IT TAKES something more than talent
to achieve either of those careers. It takes
ambition and a greater than average capa-
city for work. Diana has both these, plus
remarkable talent. I have great respect,
myself, for people who can and do work.
I have, in consequence, a very deep re-
spect for Diana Lynn. I have seen her
stand in front of those mirrors in Ethel
Head's dressing room and sway, unable
to hold her balance, because she was so tired;
but I have never seen her willing to admit
it, nor forgone the ballet because of fatigue. I have seen other actresses
break up and go home because they were
too tired to carry on. I had the greatest
sympathy for them and wondered that they
had been able to carry on as long as
they had. I have never seen Diana give
up and go home.

That rigidity of standard might make
a solemn, heavy, and rather dull indi-
vidual—what we used to call a greedy
grind, back in those school days of "Our
Hearts Were Young And Gay." But you
cannot estimate Diana if you forget her
dimples nor would you be, on the other
hand, aware of them were she not a gay,
bubbling child. Her eyes actually do
dance with laughter behind them.

When Joe Ledford, an assistant director of the picture, went with me to the dance
studio, it was for the purpose of showing
the young members of the cast how to
dance the scene that ends this Boston,
the Hesitation, and the Maxixe. We enjoyed
it enormously, Joe and I, swooping down
in a long curve for the Boston, rising to
what we considered a very pretty tip-top
for the Hesitation—rather fancying our-
selves on the whole as something sophis-
ticated and chic for these youngsters to
see. That is, I fancied ourselves until the
day when on a particularly swooping
curve, I passed the eyes of Diana Lynn.
The rest of her face was discreetly hidden
behind the script of the play. She could
not hide her eyes, because she had been
instructed to watch us dance. No more
could she hide the dancing taking place
in them—a positive gavotte of merriment.
I had no doubt then of her irrepressible
sense of humor; I only wished that their
inspiration might have been something
other than me. I never again felt myself
quite the replica of Adele Astaire.

The day I showed her how the crown
of my hat blew up, and how Cornelia's
and my money belts bulged on our figures,
or swung, she didn't laugh. She was to
make the scene in which those articles
occurred hilariously funny. She was,
accordingly, concerned with its technique.

Your EYES
are the first
things he sees!

Deep set. Bright with color. Engaging
eyes that invite a second glance. Smart
indeed is the girl who knows the impor-
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Just a touch of Winx Mascara (Cream or Cake)—a few strokes with a Winx
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S T A M M E R ?

This new 128-page books,"Stammering, Its Causes
and Correction," illustrates the home unit method
for scientific correction of stammering and stum-
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That is because she is an excellent actress, a comedienne of the first order, and she would as soon have thought of doubling up over a Bach fugue as of allowing herself to laugh over the preparation of a scene in a picture—however funny that scene was intended to be.

On the day when the scene concerning the swinging of the money belts was taken, men rocked the set rhythmically and constantly. They did this by means of superimposing the scenery on large rockers, and then by attaching ropes on either side. At a given signal the crew on one side hauled on the ropes and then the crew on the other. The result was a motion unmistakable to any of us who have gone as much as a hundred yards to sea. The result to both the girls was unmistakable. Too. You could see it from the pale green cast that came over their make-up, and from the somewhat glassy look in Diana's eyes. No one will ever make Diana believe that any part of that scene was funny.

But she was such a good sport about it. Over and over she let them rock her, tottering back after nature had shown her what happened to seakind people, and trying the scene again. She will try anything again and again, if it's part of her job. She may be dropping from fatigue, or seasickness, but she will not give up until the Director says 'cut.' Then she will be back on her job at seven the following day—and gay.

Her manners are those of a beautifully brought-up child. Her patience for work and her ability to make it count are the qualities of a very intelligent and well-oriented adult.

It was quite an experience to meet that Emily Kimbrough. But, as the old woman said in the Mother Goose rhyme, "Lawk o'mercy, this is none of it."

The End
NOW THE DAY OF THE MONTH
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$1.00 PRIZE
Note to Roy Rogers

YESTERDAY I saw "San Fernando Valley" and although I liked it very much, I was disappointed when Dale Evans kissed Roy Rogers instead of Roy kissing her. I always thought that the movie was supposed to do that first—not the girl. I know that there has been a lot of questions on whether or not she should kiss the girl, but Republic should remember that there are many teenage girls who are fans of Mr. Rogers and if we don't consider love scenes "musty" as the younger kids do. Teen-age girls usually like romantic pictures and one good love scene. Next time, how about having Roy Rogers kiss the girl and in that way make his pictures better than ever?

Peggy McShane, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Bors for Stars

THEY play in wet foxholes,
In tropical heat,
They freeze in the North
And wade in the slush;
They sing to the G.I.'s
And dance for the joes;
They give out gifts,
Never bog down in woes;
For them, my hosannas,
Hallelujahs—hurrah!
They may not wear medals
But they deserve "bars.

Edith Serosen
West Farms, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hide the Rings, Please

THEY did it again. It was done by Cary Grant in "Mr. Lucky" and now by Fred MacMurray in "Double Indemnity." Imagine! Cary making love to Laraine Day with a gold band on that third finger, left hand. Well, he did it and so did Fred make love to Barbara Stanwyck with a wedding band on that left hand. I should think that those technicians would take care of things like that. If the guy's too superstitious to take the ring off then why not cover it with something so we, the movie public who are supposed to be caught in the spell of the moment, can just imagine that the fellow on the screen
"I was—SELF-CONFIDENT! Now I’m—SELF-CONFIDENT!"

I have just the least bit sincere in his actions. P’r’ly can we with a gold wedding band being flashed at us from the screen?

Irma Savin, Newark, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
Rivals for G. B.

FOIT nine years George Brent has been my favorite and no one else has come near the spot he holds in my heart. But I have just seen two dire threats to Mr. Brent’s exalted position in said heart. One of them is John Hodiak, the guy who is going to take Gable’s place. Gable fans, if you have calmed down, for Mr. Gable is past forty and can no longer play boyish roles convincingly and I’m sure he doesn’t want in Hodiak has everything, including talent. Whitley, a fine actor who plays entirely different roles as those in “Lifeboat” and “Song Of Russia” and be convincing in both of them, is talented indeed.

My other discovery is the fine actor who stole the picture “The Imposter” from Jean Gabin, a fine actor himself. His name is Richard Whorf and he has a supporting role in “Christmas Holiday.” It seems a shame to waste star material in such roles. If Mr. G. B. will return to the screen in a good picture, I’ll forget all about these new charmers.

Viola Haywood, Fort Worth, Tex.

HONORABLE MENTION

HAVE just returned from the beautiful Technicolor picture, “Greenwich Village.” I was terribly disappointed when Don Ameche didn’t even sing one complete song. I’ve seen an Ameche fan for a long time now and I’ve never forgotten the musicals he made with the marvelous Alice Faye. I was happy because he sang, and that’s what his fans really want. There is no doubt in my mind that he’s a great actor. This is not my opinion but that of many part of Brooklyn.

Martha Broookoff, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE HAVE a fan club in Havana and we are ardent admirers of the Holly-wmd stars and readers of your magazine.

The purpose of our letter is to ask you to publish one photograph of Kevin O’Shea who was so good in “The Purple Heart.” We know he’s going to be a fine thing on the American screen and we wish to know about his life. We love him, we admire him and we’re taken with his picture in your magazine.

We love the U. S. and the movie people.

Marion Moreno, Havana, Cuba.

Eaton’s Note: Photoplay sends its greetings to the Havana fan club and promises a do what it can in the near future on their favorite actor.

THIS is another fan whose voice is raised in cheering for Errol Flynn. While Errol Flynn speaks you hold your breath and his smile is so contagious you find yourself smiling with him.

This teen-age hep kitten, for one, says, Mr. Flynn, you’re on the buttered side!”

Mary Lou White, Columbus, O.

HAVE the picture of Jeanne Crain from your December issue tacked to the eiling right over my bunk. Being top man in a double-decker, I’m only four feet from the ceiling—and Jeanne’s smiling face is the last thing I see every night. I’m really “nuts” about the picture because Jeanne looks just like any cute girl rom my home town.


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Lost 20 lbs.

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So change to Fibs. You owe it to yourself to try the kind of tampon that's so easy to use!


---

THERE have been juveniles discovered, uncovered, re-discovered, etc., for years and years—but when they ran upon the Lynn lovely, they really made a discovery! She is not only a wonderful little actress, but also very attractive and talented in more than just drama. I am an amateur musician myself, but I pride myself on knowing when a composition is being played well or butchered. My reaction to Diana's piano playing was that I suddenly found myself wishing that all the other stars would float off into oblivion leaving only the piano and Diana.

Patricia W. Howell, Atlanta, Ga.

MY pal Leo and I had just gotten out of school and were walking down Main Street. Two girls in front of us yelled, "Look, there's Linda Dannell." Thinking they were kidding, we yelled, "Sure, that's so good about that?" Just then I took a closer look and lo and behold, it really was Linda Dannell. We went over to her car. Leo got the autographs while I just stood and drooled. If Linda is a sample, Hollywood certainly turns out beautiful women.

Tom Beckham, Bakersfield, Calif.

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Don't Be a Junior Mess

Continued from page 53) to look at them. Ven mor emontous was the fact that it would be her first unchaperoned date.

"Coming from the comparatively small of Houston, Texas, I naturally was girdly impressed with Beverly Hills," Joyce related. "Naturally, too, I figured all the kids in high school must be terrifying sophisticated and all, what with famous movie stars for neighbors or even parents. So the one thing I didn't want to look like as a country hick when I went to the dance with that dream man. I was determined to look and act as worldly as the rest of them.

There wasn't much she could do about her dress; the only party frocks she had were simple little bootfants, one a pale peach and the other in a delicate blue. There wasn't much she could do about her hair or makeup either at the time; her mother had definite ideas about the color and lipstick suitable for sweet sixteen.

"What Mother didn't know, when I left house with her blessing, was that my bag was loaded with ammunition against her coming battle," she grinned. "Neither did my escort, judging from his later reaction! Anyway, as soon as we arrived at the dance I excused myself and made a smoke-line for the ladies' room where I started donning my sophistication. Up went my pearls, and I got into a swell box and about eight gaudy costume bracelets I had collected from friends. Thus outfitted, adequately I hoped, I strolled out of a languid, so-bered-with-it-all manner to meet Ted.

Ted, it seems, did a double take and said flitly, "Are you kidding?"

"R-a-ally, Ted, whatever do you mean?" drewled Miss Reynolds in the best Hepburn fashion. "Shall we dance?"

"Not in that get-up, chum," Ted an-answered firmly and then notching a quiver on the Reynolds lips, he softened. "Look, honey," he went on, "I don't know what your idea was, but if I wanted to go with a girl who looks like you're trying to look, I would have asked her in the first place. Now he a sweet and go wash your face, take your hair down and for heaven's sake get rid of that junk on your arm! In other words, my pet, be your age!"

It was advice she never had forgotten, Joyce said: Be your age and you'll never be a junior mess. Or a senior mess, for that matter. The idea applies to all women, young or old, who try to kid themselves and others about the number of their years.

"Now that I am older I wonder why in the world I was trying to rush things three years ago," she said. "Golly, already I've found out that you get there soon enough!"

The "thou shalt notes" by which to avoid being a junior mess are as easy to practice as they are obvious, according to Joyce. The basic of all of them is simplicity of dress and behavior.

"That means no strapless or sleek evening gowns, no skin-tight little black number, no grand high hats, tight-fitting silk and ruffles for school," she detailed. "It means no skyscraper heels, lace-mesh hose, or hats with birds and stuff and miles of trussels. It rules out high pom-pom- dours and overdoing things with flowers, snoods and ribbons in the hair in favor of a soft do with big loose curls or waves. It limits jewelry to a simple bracelet, one ring with a small stone and perhaps an inexpensive clip or shoulder pin. It demands a minimum of make-up—no eye shadow or mascara, no heavy lipstick in dark reds and purples and no claw-like fingernails dripping in exotic polishes. And it means no snicky perfumes or furs like mink or silver fox; they always give the impression you snitched 'em from your mother when she wasn't looking."

It also means not going to the other extreme, Joyce averred, of affecting a shiny nose and colorless lips, and slopping around in an exaggerated sloppy joe sweater, un-pressed skirt and boys' moccasin-type shoes. A get-up like that brands you a dumb goom, or a poseur.

"Let's hit it this way," she said. "Wear clothes that are comfortable, attractive and unobtrusive. Then relax and forget about them."

A

S for the dictates of proper junior-miss behavior, Joyce decided the simplest way of defining them was to describe the actions of the perfect junior mess by contrast.

"The perfect junior mess always tries to act the sophisticate, as if she knew every-thing about everything," she said. "To hear her talk it, she's just as experienced she hasn't had and she gives the impression she has solved more problems in her few years than her parents have in their entire lives. She is expected to look like she has the street little habit of pick- ing up views she has heard adults express and parroting them as if they were her own ideas. Frequently she todoes the favor of adults (who rarely are fooled by it) by putting on an icy act of being too, too perfect a little lady." "She talks louder and laughs louder than anyone else in the crowd to attract atten-tion to herself, little realizing that it em-barrasses young people of her own age and

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makes older people think she either is an obnoxious brat or younger than she is. She gets argumentative if everything doesn't go exactly her way and whatever happens to her is more important or more terrible or more exciting than ever has happened to anyone else.

"She has the habit of reading a double entendre into the most innocent remarks of others and talks constantly about sex. Thinking it gives her an air of worldliness and experience. She constantly sees evil in everything and her mind runs to the gutter. Or, she overdoes the prude act and behaves as if she had built a beautiful white wall around herself to keep out the 'ugly' things of everyday living."

"She notably will claim to prefer Tchaikowsky—when she really loves boogie-woogie—because she fancies it gives her 'culture.' If she has been to some smart place once, she talks as if she had been there dozens of times; any celebrity whom she has met once is an intimate friend, and if she is lucky enough to be wealthy, she always manages to flash a well-filled wallet.

"She is a tease, both by word and act, ostensibly offering something she is not prepared to give; and then flies into an 'injured innocence' rage when anyone makes a tentative pass. Or goes home and tells her mother, thus getting the boy into a jam for which he was not responsible. She prattles incessantly about her records of boy friends and how crazy they are about her and never misses a chance to brag about how many invitations she has. Or she openly changes the boys, flattering them with a fetchy line and broadcasting to the world the identity of her latest 'pass.' When she is on a date, she is utterly selfish, usually maneuvering the boy into spending more than he can afford.

"She makes a habit of criticizing boys behind their backs and panning other girls who may be popular. She lies to get out of jams, mistreats others with complete indifference and deliberately makes trouble by carrying tales.

"Finally, she acts as if she were afraid to be young and have wholesome fun. For instance, she may appear riding the roller coaster but when the gang suggests it, she invariably puts the damper on things by moaning, 'The roller coaster! How adolescent! You must be out of your mind!'

"The perfect junior mess does have one honest enthusiasm: Herself. She may be a bar to the rest of the world but what matter? In her own eyes she's wonderful and obviously that's all that counts. Not until she's older and the ready-made companionship of schoolmates has ceased to exist, does she discover the ultimate cost of that enthusiasm in real friends. By then, usually, the boat has sailed."

Joyce grew thoughtful.

"You know, one thing baffles me," she said. "I wonder why, when it's so easy to be a junior miss, anyone goes to all the bother of being a junior mess? It's lots more work!"

THE END

Watch for
THAT COLORFUL PAIR
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Next Month

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"YOUR COLORFUL PAIR"
Delty Grable
and
Harry James

In a beautiful natural

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"YOUR COLORFUL PAIR"
Delty Grable
and
Harry James

In a beautiful natural

Lost 10 Pounds on Tchaikowsky...
My Life

(Continued from page 34) what I wanted, actually; something shadowy, dreamy and dramatic. Plus, immediately, I wanted some spending money. I learned early that there was only one way to get it—go out and earn it. How I was going to get at these big ambitions, I didn’t know.

I looked for a job. I couldn’t get one singing. I couldn’t get one dancing. I finally got one frying—frying clams in a little roadside place catering to the summer people and called The Barnacle. Salary, $15 a week and all the clams you could eat—and may I never see another one!

Here was wealth! Fifteen bucks all my own, every week, plus clams. I wanted more of life, but I felt I couldn’t expect more. After all, this was luxury. But there was more. For there was Lois—and the excitement, the courage and the happiness she brought me.

The first morning I reported for work at The Barnacle, I looked up and saw this red-headed beauty smiling at me. She started to introduce herself, but that wasn’t necessary. I knew who she was. I’d known her all my life, by way of the society columns of the local paper. Oh, Lois was a “native” even as I, but what a glamorous native. Her mother ran and owned the Newport weekly newspaper (to which I still subscribe).

She was the sort of daughter whose parents took her on trips to Europe. She was the kind of girl who had orchestras to play for her parties, who got her clothes in New York, who had a brand new Ford with white side-wall tires to run around in, and who dated soph's and even seniors, from Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Along with all that and her beauty, she had brains and courage. Distinctly a very super girl.

So I nearly fell flat on my face when she told me she was going to manage The Barnacle, while I did the frying. For she was that kind of a girl, too. She felt like working and she didn’t want to work at one of those accepted “ladylike” jobs where work is all you get out of it. She was so much the lady she could have run a pool-room without losing caste. As a restaurant manager, she was a whiz.

DON’T ask me, with a girl like that around, how many days June had, or July, or August. DON’T ask me how many thousand clams I fried, or how high the temperature got the hottest day, or on what date the fall winds started blowing. I only recall our driving around, when our evening’s work was done, in that brand-new dazzling luxury Ford of hers. I remember my daring at taking Lois into such de luxe places as the Skoal Room at the Viking, so top-drawer I’d never had the nerve to venture there before. Once we drove all the way to Boston and dined at the lordly Copley and there were scores and scores of evenings we drove down to the beach places to dance.

Lois’s hair shone in any light. Lois’s mouth curved in a smile of liveliest humor. I saw the most charming qualities in her and I saw many things through her eyes. It was at her house overlooking Narragansett Bay that for the first time I saw a formal dinner table set, and later ate at same. And we talked about me. I talked to me and Lois, bless her, talked about me and the subject never bored us. It was Lois who discovered that “As Thousands Cheer” was going to play Boston and who made me go up there to see if I couldn’t break into it. (I was naive enough to go, too, go around to the stage door, carrying my dancing shoes, just in case they wanted me to go right on the stage that night. They didn’t, but they sure laughed hard when

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I suggested it.) It was Lois who said, over and over and over, “You’ve got to go to New York, Van. Newport is wonderful, but not for somebody who wants to break into show business. You must go to Broadway, Van.”

There she was, a girl like that, a beautiful girl, with brains, beauty and breeding, a girl who knew so much more than I, and had seen so much more than I, and she believed in me! It gave me a faith in myself I never could have attained otherwise. I couldn’t make the high-school dramatic society, but if a girl like this had faith in me, then she must be right and they must be wrong!

The fall winds were beginning to blow across the bay. The summer people began leaving. The barnacle was due to close for the winter. I went to Dad and told him I wasn’t going to Brown. Dad was opposed to my going on the stage, but agreed to let me try. If I could support myself, I could live my own life. If I failed, I knew there was, at least, home to come back to.

Lois and I didn’t say good-by. We knew this was only au revoir. Life, glowing, glorious, rich with promise, lay ahead of us.

I got a straw suitcase and packed my two changes of underwear, my four pairs of socks, my four ties and the brown pants that matched the brown coat I was going to wear with my white flannels, when I invaded the Big Town. I wore my straw hat, too. That was my big snappy outfit. When I wanted to be conservative, I wore the brown coat and pants together. Made two outfits, you understand.

I landed in New York. No other fellow was wearing a straw Kelly. I saw only felts. I saw other straw suits being carried, but only leather ones, very elegant.

It was mid-September, the end of summer, a sad time always. The fall was closing in. The leaves were turning on the pavements of New York, but the rain was there, coming down in cold, slanting discomfort. There was the loneliness and chill in the air and I didn’t know a soul.

I dug down in the pocket of my brown coat for my mother’s address. She lived in Sheepshead Bay and she had written me I could stay with her till I got started. I didn’t know where Sheepshead Bay was but, regardless, it meant affection and a roof over my head.

So who was afraid of New York on that September night? Not me (it says here!) I squared my shoulders and headed for the subway.

After all, it wasn’t as if I were broke. I had five dollars and Lois believed in me and as soon as I got a big role on Broadway I could ask her to become my bride. I didn’t know then that there was to be a girl called Clarice, and Lois didn’t know there was to be a guy called Frank.

He had his dreams—and his courage. Watch for the conclusion of Van Johnson’s own story—next month.

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140 Northampton Street

Boston, Mass.
Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 19)

Winged Victory
(20th Century-Fox)

A STUPENDOUSLY detailed and almost documentary film stressing the personal angle of our own tremendous Air Force is this vitally important film, "Winged Victory." But oddly enough its informative value surpasses its initial aim—that of entertainment—and yet it still remains a fascinating film, which is accomplishment for all concerned.

Its one drawback is its length—two hours and fifteen minutes of details that rise only occasionally to a crescendo of emotion—maintaining an even but never dull pace of events.

Every male member of the cast is a member of the Air Corps wearing the uniforms of Uncle Sam's air men, all recruited from their various camps by Miss Hart for his "Winged Victory" stage show that now finds its realistic way to the screen.

The story begins with three boys, Lon McCallister, Don Taylor and Mark Daniels, from the same town receiving answers to their applications to the Air Corps. At camp they become buddies with Edmond O'Brien of Brooklyn and Barry Nelson, a farmer, and together they go through the gruelling tests and grinds that precede actual training.

One of the lads is washed out and one killed in his first night solo flight—but the others carry on to combat duty in the South Pacific.

There are too many splendid performances to list—too many touching moments to recount, but it's all here, epitomized in the indomitable spirit of our boys that are winging their share of the way to final victory.

Perhaps the most outstanding or memorable performance is that delivered by Supt. Edmond O'Brien with his inarticulate love of wife and kid and home and freedom. What a performance!

Wives of the boys are played by Jeanne Crain, Jane Ball, Jo-Carroll Dennison and Judith Foster. And their part in the Great Campaign is not overlooked.

You shouldn't miss this picture if for nothing else than the understanding, the processness it gives us of our Air Corps boys, for long after the ordinary film of mystery, comedy or romance is forgotten, this one—the greatest romance story of them all—a man's love for his country—will remain in your memory.

Your Reviewer Says: An American triumph.

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**Dark Waters**  
(Bogues-United Artists)

W.HOOO, are you going to be scared — unless, of course, you've read the story and had a bit of fore-knowledge taken from the suspense. But even so it's a top-notch psychological mystery, peopled with interesting characters and alive with thrilling possibilities — some developed, some not. Then, too, there is a lack of polish in certain quarters, but those are minor faults and on the whole we pronounce it a thrilling and goose-pimply experience.

Merle Oberon is the girl whose parents were lost in a torpedoed ship at sea. Rescued, Merle is brought to New Orleans to recuperate in a hospital and in due time gets in touch with her uncle and aunt who live among the bayous of Louisiana. From there you're on your own and don't look to us for help.

Franchot Tone is the young doctor, Thomas Mitchell a visitor in the house of the aunt, Fay Bainter, and uncle, John Qualen. Elisia Cook Jr. is the overseer and Rex Ingram the handyman. All are good and so, by the way, is the direction of Andre De Toth.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess who and be scared to death at the same time.

**The Town Went Wild**  
(PRC)

GOODIE, an independent company, PRC, comes through with a crackerjack story full of surprises and crazy laughter. In one or two places, it borders slightly on the here—here—what—goes—on school which keeps one warbling madly between laughter and concern.

Eddie Horton and Tom Tully as bicker-neighborhoods are up to their jobs in every department with their respective wives, Ruth Lee and Minna Gombell, completely filling their assignments. They're nice.

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SEAL-COTE  
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comfortable people in an average town who don't get along too well, and they play it that way. But the story really gets going when it appears Horton's son Freddie Bartholomew and Tully's son James Lydon may have gotten switched at their births and each boy is living with the wrong parents. To complicate (which is a mild word for the situation) matters, Freddie has already taken out a marriage license to marry Tully's daughter, who may now turn out to be his sister. So there you are in a mess up to your eyebrows and you'll love it.

Jill Browning is cute as Freddie's girl friend. Très cute, indeed. Freddie and Jimmy are good too.

Your Reviewer Says: No wonder they went wild.

▼ Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal)

GIBLS, quick—never mind the story but get a look at who's here—Charles Korvin by name who is très oo-la-la. What a lad! Where has Universal been keeping him, we wonder—before they unveiled him in this jewel-theif-thief crook who takes great pleasure in outwitting other crooks (this is an awfully crooked story, isn't it?) but is so darned charming about it all?

In the old Jack Barrymore role of Arsene Lupin, Charles—pardon—Mr. Korvin finds himself all entangled with a precious gem, a beautiful girl, Ella Raines, and a comical French detective, J. Carrol Naish.

It's more or less a mystery thing so we won't spoil it by revealing the plot, but it's a pretty good little show—at least a fair little handicap in which our hero wins, places and shows.

Miss Raines is an alluring sort of person and George Dolenz a light-fingered rascal if ever we saw one. Gene Lockwood and Miles Mander are the rascals of the tale.

Your Reviewer Says: The check is for the players, not the story.

Swing Hostess (PRC)

MARTHA TILTON, for so long heard on the radio, now makes her debut as an actress-singer and proves the adage, seeing is believing, for we believe now Miss Tilton may win her way to a niche of her own in movies. She puts over her songs, especially "Let's Capture This Moment" in fine style.

The story you can skip over lightly. It has to do with a juke-box operator whose voice leads to another girl getting a singing job through an error, and of course it takes at least forty minutes of everyone's time to get it all straightened out.

Iris Adrian, Charlie Collins, Cliff (double talk) Nazarro and Betty Brodel (mean? yeah man) seem happy to be in it.

Your Reviewer Says: We wouldn't want to see it twice, you understand.

Lights Of Old Santa Fe (Republic)

DALE EVANS has a rodeo managed by Gabby Hayes. Roy Rogers and Richard Powers are two likely lads who are interested in both Dale and her rodeo, fast going on the rocks. So what happens? Singing, dancing, trick riding, fancy prancing by the fancy pants boys and everything but worry over the problem at hand.

Trigger is the prettiest one in it. Smartest, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Rootin', shootin', tunin'.

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The Thin Man Goes Home
(M-G-M)

NOW here’s a pity. We had ourselves all set up pretty to enjoy the return of Myrna Loy to the Thin Man pictures with all that gay old crowd and a battle between Miss Loy and William Powell, and what happens? The story is third rate, the direction second and the performances of the cast disappointing—and that includes Miss Loy’s.

Mr. Powell, who has grown into a big bouncing boy, had nothing to work with. In fact, there were times when darned if we didn’t think Asta the dog was a bit on the ham side, so it must have been the direction or story or the wrong fire hydrants or something.

The cast boasted, besides the three above-named principals, Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport as Powell’s parents, Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Leon Ames, and Donald Meek as suspects, and Anne Revere as Crazy Mary. At least she admitted her condition right out in print. Edward Brophy is the man in the bushes and why did he bother to come out?

Your Reviewer Says: The mystery is—what happened to this picture?

Three Is A Family
(Lesser-United Artists)

BABIES, babies, babies, everybody has babies and what’s more they have them right in the apartment of Charles Ruggles and Fay Bainter, with boys and diapers and formulas and labor pains all mixed up in a melee of fun and nonsense that everyone will enjoy.

It’s one of those wartime job problems that, thank heavens, we can all laugh at and do, especially when John Phillipse as the decrepit old doctor who doesn’t like any part of this maternity business, comes trotting (well, no, not trotting exactly) into the picture. He well nigh killed us. Helen Broderick, as the maiden aunt, is a poker-faced panic, and Hattie McDaniel the Scotch-happy maid (wonder where she got it), a joy. Marjorie Reynolds is the mother of twins and all three, Marjorie and the babies, cute as pie. Arthur Lake, Clarence Kolb, Jeff Donnell, Walter Catlett, William Terry and Cheryl Walker keep the plot whizzing.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun in the nursery.

Murder In The Blue Room
(Universal)

PEOPLE disappear right before our eyes, pianos play with no one at the keyboard (no, smartie, it is an electric player piano either), while three hoodlums, Grace McDonald, Betty Kean and June Preisser, sing and dance right through the midst of it (to us this is the greatest mystery of all) and finally, we discover who did it all but we never could figure out why—or are we stupider than most?

Anyway, it all happens when Anne Gwynne, her mother and stepfather John Litol reenact a haunted mansion with a party at which Bill Williams, a guest, disappears for good (he would sleep in that room). Followed by Donald Cook who finally manages to get into the picture several reels later with the mystery solved.

Present are Regis Toomey, Andrew Tombs and Ian Wolfe.

Your Reviewer Says: Keep out of blue rooms.
Belle Of The Yukon (International)

If you love the chilly north, this may do something for you. But despite the cast—and you'll admit Randy Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore, Bob Burns, William Marshall, Robert Armstrong and "Big Boy" Williams are some hunk of talent—it's still a disappointing show and we only proffer our one-check approval because of the ingenue who try so hard with the indifferent material provided. Gypsy Rose Lee, who plays a dance hall gal in love with Scott, doesn't have a chance to repeat the swell surprise she was in "Stage Door Canteen."

Scott is one of those hero rascals that bore us stiff. Is you is or is you ain't a lady to know, and none of this nonsense.

The plot, all about dance hall romances, stolen gold that isn't stolen after all and such like, is too complicated for our time and dough.

Dinah Shore, however, sings several numbers with her usual appeal.

Your Reviewer Says: Could have been a bell-ringer.

Something For The Boys (20th Century-Fox)

TYPICAL Twentieth Century-Fox Technicolor musical, a little corny, a little vulgar, a little musical, a little funny and there you are—a little amused for a little money—we hope.

Instead of Grable and her legs we have Vivian Blaine and her prettiness, who also sings, smirks, dances and reads lines. We have Carmen Miranda and her indistinguishable lyrics sung to the same old South American tune (or so it seemed to us) and Phil Silvers and his glad-to-see-you brand of comedy.

The three, Phil, Vivian and Carmen, are relations who inherit a rundown southern plantation which is taken over under direction of Sgt. Michael O'Shea, for army wives who caw at army wives we've ever seen.

Miranda garnishes a few laughs as a walking radio set (you heard me) and the tunes are purdy. Silvers is funny in spots but on the whole it's just an average fair-to-middling movie.

Perry Como sings "A-gin' the Lullaby of the South," and Glenn Langdon, as an officer is treed, looking and they all dash merrily and nonsensically about.

Your Reviewer Says: We hope the boys appreciate this something.

My Gal Loves Music (Universal)

IT'S Bob Crosby, folks, in a little not-so-hot number all about a crooner-band leader who sponsors the idea of putting on a local kid contest over the national hook-up as part of child prodigy selection. So who poses as a "tough tittle tid" but Grace Moore? What's more she wins, and eventually falls in love with Crosby only to meet a block bust in Freddie Mercer, a real boy singer.

Walter Catlett and Alan Mowbray mug at each other, while Betty Keen warbles away for dear life. That Mercer boy has a voice not to be sneered at, either, as you'll find out.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh well, the weather's bad all over.

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Blonde Fever (M-G-M)

We had more fun on the set of this picture, during its making, with its happy camaraderie among Richard Whorf (actor turned director for this one), the cast and visitors, than we did in its final form which, we fear, is more swaysway than curvaceous.

The fault is the story, light as Aunt Em's popovers, all about Philip Donnelly, prior of a swanky cafe outside Reno, who flirts outrageously with a young blonde employee, all of which is taken with the proverbial grain of salt by Dorn's wife, Mary Astor, until hubby wins a swag up-stake of $40,000 and the blonde moves in as Mary moves out and round the mulberry bush.

The blonde of the picture. Her name is Gloria Grahame and she couldn't be more promising—in fact, she promises nearly everybody but ends up with Marshall Thompson, the local yokel who has always loved her.

Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elisabeth Risdon and Arthur Walsh complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: This fever is subnormal.

The Falcon in Hollywood (RKO)

Guess where the Falcon (Tom Conway as usual) finds his murder mystery this time? In Hollywood of all places. It seems a leading man turns into a corpse (we know a lot of dead ones) and the Falcon, on a vacation in movietown, is edged into the case by Veda Ann Borg, a woman taxi driver. Well, you know how it is, one corpse leads to another and one mystery to another until the case is finally solved.

Barbara Hale, who wants to be in movies, Frank Jenks as a copper, John Abbott as a producer, all sock over their roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Any similarity between these characters and real ones is purely coincidental.

Main Street After Dark (M-G-M)

A short punchy film that serves as a warning to service men against women and men crooks who haunt cheap beer and dance halls. A family of such criminals, headed by Selena Royle, finally brings police lieutenant Edward Arnold cracking down on the gang and issuing a final warning to all men in uniform against this type.

Tom Trout and Audrey Trotter, newcomers to films, are members of this Faginish group of crooks. Dan Duryea, Hume Cronyn and Dorothy Ruth Morris complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Pay attention, lads.

Nothing But Trouble (M-G-M)

So they got into political intrigue, attempted assassinations, kidnaping charges and the Bologna's kitchen. Who? None but Laurel and Hardy, still going strong after een-steen years. That's more, they've got very good company in their hair—movie makes—among the persons of Henry O'Neill, Philip Merivale and John Warburton. David Leland is the royal kid and personally we'd like to crown him.

Your Reviewer Says: How much longer is this going on?
BRIEF REVIEWS (Continued from page 25)

THAT'S MY BABY—Republic: Richard Arlen is the best thing about this picture, which could have been funny. The script is conceived with actors, specialists and all kinds of music. Ellen Drew is mixed up in it, as are Leonard Kinsey and Minor Watson, and you can hardly find the poor little plot. (Dec.)

TILL WE MEET AGAIN— Paramount: Suspense and tender appeal are woven into the time-worn tale of an American aviator in France, who's forced down in France and eventually reaches the coast through the help of a young lady. A novel in a convent, but the story should have been better constructed. Constantin Shayne is the German major. (Nov.)

W0TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Warner's: The news of this picture is a newcomer named Lauren Bacall. With her performance is so intriguinh is her Humphrey Bogart fighting like mad to stay in the running. Despite the repetitious theme of Bogart in Martique, with Vicky France singling it out with its enemies, you'll never lose interest. Hoagy Carmichael as the piano player is very good. (Jan.)

THE USE OF TIME, THE— Warners: Dennis Morgan and Jane Kell are soldiers on furlough who plan to head into romance, Dennis with Eleanor Parker, although her family tries to oppose the match; and Jane with Faye Emerson. Andrea King plays Eleanor's sister, married to a sailor whom she hasn't seen for two years. Miss Kell is the kid of the family. It's a delightful little story. (Jan.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Monogram: A whodunit that sends Kim Hunter off with the husband she's met only a few times on a chance in the police. Neil Hamilton is excellent. (Nov.)

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN—FRC: A post-war story of pre-war vintage, with Jimmy Lydon as a Marine pilot from the South Pacific who suffers amnesia in a traffic accident. Regis Toomey is good. Grant Mitchell and Dorothy Peterson are the parents. (Dec.)

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, THE—International-RKO: Edward G. Robinson is a mild, middle-aged professor who inadvertently kills a man in the house of Joan Bennett. Their efforts to get rid of the corpse and evade the law is the theme of this nearly quaint, but well performed suspense. Raymond Massey is the district attorney friend of Robinson's, and Dan Duryea the blackmailer after Joan. (Jan.)

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Department of Your Interior . . . Pardon us if we harp on health for beauty. But the smooth inner workings of your system are responsible largely for the gloss of your hair, the gleam in your eye, the gaiety of your step, the young irresistible loveliness of your skin.

Like June Duprez of "Brighton Strangler" drink the juice of half a lemon squeezed into hot water when you get up in the morning. Have your orange juice too. But play fast and loose with the hours of sleep you need, turn your back on fruit juices, raw vegetables, milk, lots of water, fresh-air exercise, and it won't be you who's a charmer. You'll have to be Spartan about it, but then, beauty comes from will power and work, not wishing.

Troubled Skin . . . Heartbreak problem for many a girl is an oily skin accompanied by "bumps" and blackheads. Extreme cases need a doctor's attention. But ordinarily, your cue "all's clear" is a stricter attention to diet, more fresh air, exercise, more frequent soap-and-water cleansings. Concentrate with complexion brush or rough face cloth on troubled areas, nose, chin, forehead, where oil glands are most active. Rinse with lots of warm water, then splash on the cold. Small pads of cotton moistened with a good astringent and slapped on your face help stimulate and tone the skin. And don't pile on make-up to cover defects, says a prominent Hollywood skin specialist. It only aggravates your problem. And never, never slip into bed unless you've cleansed your skin as clean as a cherub's.

Untroubled Skin . . . For girls with normal skin, proper care involves soap and water cleansing, stimulation and lubrication. You'll soon discover whether use of creams should precede or follow your soap and water sessions. Unless you're a rare individual indeed, use of a rich cream or lotion last thing at night will help ward off dryness that comes on a-pace with each succeeding birthday. At bedtime, Evelyn Keyes of Columbia's forthcoming "A Thousand And One Nights" stretches stomach-down across her bed, head hanging over the side. "Five minutes of this funny-looking routine," says Evelyn, "help keep skin free of surface blemishes because it rouses circulation." And there are other good ways to wake your skin and keep it working for beauty. Gene Tierney throws icy cold water all over her face and throat when she gets up in the morning. Jinx Falkenburg loves long walks with the rain beating on her face. "It eases out tension lines in my face," she says, "and helps keep the skin smooth and stimulated."

Glamour Gremlins . . . Hands off your face between cleansings! Don't pick at it, push it all over the lot by leaning on your hand. Watch your facial mannerisms too. An alive, animated face is interesting but no contortions, please. Young actresses are taught to use their faces prettily—for poise and charm.

And remember, there's more to skin care than cleansing the oval that's your face. You have ears, a swan-like throat and a nape to your neck that need attention, too!
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BLONDE FEVER—MG-M: Peter Dury, Phil Dorn; Delilah Dury, Mary Astor; Johnny, Felix Bressart; Sally Murfin, Gloria Grahame; Freddie Bilton, Marshall Thompson; Brillan, Curt Bois; Mrs. Tolhurst, Elisabeth Risdon; Willy, Arthur Walsb.

DARK WATERS—UA: Boges: Leslie Caron; Dr. George Grover, Frank Fontaine; Sally, Thelma Todd; Banty: Uncle Norbest, John Qualen; Cleeve, Elois Cooper; Kit, Forrest Tucker; Mexican, Mama Bouvreadine, Odette Myrtle; Pauly Bouvreadine; Eugene Borden; Florio, Nina May McKinley; The Doctor, Alan Napier.

ENTER ARSENAL LUPIN—Universal: Ralph d'Andevy and Arsen Lupin, George Karvin; Anatolic Knevel, Ellis Raitt; Christine, Phyllis Chapman; Gannamard, J. Carroll Nash; Uncle Charles, Miles Mander; Aunt Bessee, Gale Sondergard; Wheeler, Lilian Bromson.

FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—RKO: The Falcon, Tom Conway; Peggy Callahan, Barbara Hale; Lilo D’Allo, Rita Corday; Rayorna, Jean Brooks; Billee, Vada Ann Borg; Alex Hoffman, Constantine Shayne; Martin Diner, John Abbott; Inspector McGree, Emory Parnell; Leo, Frank Jenks; Louie, Sheldon Leonard; Perc Saunders, Tom Burton; Ed Johnson, Walter Soboticht.

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE—Republic: Roy, Richard Arlen; Roger, Robert Paige; Bell, Jana Perry; Gaye, Alice Faye; Maris, John Hudson; Marcy, Marisa Mason; Lloyy Corrigan; Frank Madden, John Howard; Powers, Rosie McGee, Claire DuBrey; Ken Ferguson, Roy Barcroft; Bill Webber, Arthur Lott; The Judge, Leon Askin; The Sheriff, Alan Bridge; Prof. Peabody, Reginald Sheffield, and Bud Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

MAIN STREET AFTER DARK—MG-M: L. Lorrigan, Edward Arnold; Ma Dubikan, Selena Roye; Lefty, Tom Trout; Jessie Belle, Andrey Totten; Don, Dan swinger; Hume Cronyn; Dorothy Ruth Morris.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—MG-M: Esther Smith, Judy Garland; "Tootie" Smith, Margaret O'Brien; Mrs. Anna Smith, Mary Astor; Rose, Rosemary Rice; Bremer: Mr. Alonso Smith, Leon Ames; John Truett, Tom Drake; Kate, Franchot Tone; Harriet, Mary Astor; Harry Davenport; Lucile Balford, June Lockheart; Tom Smith Jr., Harry H. D'Arcy; Amos, John Ridgely; Joan, Carroll; Colonel Darby, Hugh Marlowe; Warren Sheffield, Robert Sully; Mr. Neely, Chill Wills.

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM—Universal: Nancy Kirkland, Anne greyman; Peggy, Grace McDonald; Betty, Betty Kean; Jerry, June Preisser; Steve Randall, Donald Cook; Larry Deering, Bill Williams; Harry, Frank Baderich; John Latot; Linda Baderich, Nella Walker; Dr. Carroll, Andrew Trimles; Edwards, Ian Wolfe; Inspector McDonald, Max Tooey; Hannagan, Emmett Vogan; Curtin, Frankie Marlowe.

MY GAL LOPES MUSIC—Universal: Mel Murray, Bob Crosby; Rodney Spenser, Alice Monahan; Judy Mason, Grace McDonald; Peggy Ousie, Betty Kean; Dr. Bob, Walter Catlett; Carter, Freddie Mel; Child Pianist, Pauline Carter; Mowanda Underdum, Tom Daly; Announcer, Gayne Whitman.

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE—MG-M: "On, Stan Laurel; Oliver, Oliver Hardy; Mrs. Hazel, Mary Boland; Prince Sal, Philip Merivale; Mr. Hawk, Henry O'Neill; Mr. Eyeball, Bob Hope; Roney, David Leland; John, John Warburg; Prince Pringles, Matthew Boulton; Mrs. Flannagan, Connie Gilchrist.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—20th Century Fox: Christina Harw, Carmen Miranda, S/Sgt. Rocky Fallon, Michael O'Shea; Blossom Hart, Vivian Blaine; Harry Hart, Phil Silvers; Melanie Walker, Sheila Ryan; Sue, Elke Torn; Thomas, Fred Clarke; Ashley Crothers, Glenn Langan; Lieutenant, Roger Clark; Secretary, Sara Williams; Col. Jeff, E. L. Calloway, Thurston Hall; Col. Grubbs, Clarence Kolb.

SWING HOSTESS—PRC: Judy, Martha Tilton; Marge, Iris Adrian; Benny, Charles Collins; Bob, Chilly Gonzales; Fred, Fred Holman; Emmett Lynn, Poobie, Betty Broder; Fradieck's See's, Claire Rochelle; Squeeze, Margaret Forwood; Monk, Dorothy Renneff; Front, Merlini, Phil Van Zandt; Joe, Earle Bruce.

THIN MAN GOES HOME—MG-M: Nick Charles, William Powell; Nora Charles, Myrna Loy; Mrs. Charles, Lucile Watson; Laura Merriam, Gloria De Haven; Crazy Man, Anne Revere; Helena Draque, Helen Vinson; Dr. Bertram Charles, Harry Davenport; Harry, Anthony Ross; Dodge, Donald Meek; Eddie Draque, Leon Ames; Bregan, Edward Brophy; Dr. Bruce Clayton, Robert Stack; Betty, Patricia Saltz; Bob, Felix Bressart; Peter, Burton, Ralph Brooks; Police Chief, Marine Corps Lt. Tyrone Power while visiting 2nd Ferrying Group Div., Air Transport Command base in Delaware.
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...it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's mildness...your proof it can benefit the skin. "Camay is really mild," confirmed the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." So why don't you try this tested beauty care...and see what striking improvement just one cake of Camay can bring to your skin!

...go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—with special attention to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight! And watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just one cake of Camay!

Cherish Camay—precious, war materials go into soap, so it's patriotic to use the last sliver—every bit!
Rather hold their hats than their hands, Honey?

GIRL: Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

CUPID: Silly? Listen, Child: My business is Romance. And the way you let those boys skate off without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

GIRL: Let them skate off? How could I stop them? I'm no glamour girl!

CUPID: You could have tried smiling at them! Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

GIRL: Not this plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest, I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, yes, but...

CUPID: ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away?

GIRL: But--

CUPID: ...because he may say your gums have gotten tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But we were talking about my smile! Not my--

CUPID: Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage were born to help your smile! Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter smile... and somebody to hold your hat while you skate! Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!

For the Smile of Beauty

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HERE AT M-G-M, WE SINCERELY BELIEVE

"NATIONAL VELVET" IS ONE OF THE FINEST

PICTURES WE HAVE EVER MADE...AND WE'VE

BEEN MAKING THEM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

National Velvet

A CLARENCE BROWN Production
Based on the Novel "National Velvet" by Enid Bagnold
STARRING
MICKEY ROONEY
with
DONALD CRISP • ELIZABETH TAYLOR
ANNE REVERE • ANGELA LANSBURY • JACKIE JENKINS
ARTHUR TREACHER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Screen Play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Nuptials in the News: Of course the most excitement that Hollywood had in many a moon was the Faye Emerson-Elliott Roosevelt marriage—and you can bet Faye is still the most excited girl anywhere. Positively beaming all over the place, Faye didn’t get to meet her “in-laws,” the President and First Lady of the United States, until Christmas. She and Elliott spent a few days at the White House. Her picture schedule made it impossible for her to leave right quick. There were added scenes for “Hotel Berlin” to make before a trip was possible. And is Warners’ face red! Faye had, up to becoming a member of the President’s family, appeared in thirteen pictures for that studio. In many of them she played a ba-ad girl! Some are yet to be released! But how were Warners to know they’d have F.D.R.’s daughter-in-law in their midst all of a sudden? They might have guessed, though, because this romance started a year ago when Elliott was in Hollywood. He asked Johnny Meyers (Errol Flynn’s pal) to take him through the studios. On the second set he met Faye Emerson and there his tour ended. However, no one was more surprised over the wedding than a certain pretty Captain in the WACs who really thought she might be his bride. Faye left a broken heart behind her in the person of Bob Anderson, whom she’d been seeing much of before the surprising (to most) and hectic nuptials!

Cal’s Town: The Tommy Dorsey-Alan Smiley-Pat Dane-Jon Hall fracas is ended—all but that plastic mask over Jon’s rehabilitated nose—but the rumors that float around town as to why Jon couldn’t or wouldn’t prosecute or testify damagingly are really frightening. Anyway Cal’s glad it’s over and done with and we wager Frances Langford is too . . . Speaking of court trials, Olivia de Havilland won another victory over Warners in the Second District Court of Appeals . . . The town was shocked over Laird Cregar’s sudden death at the age of twenty-eight and at the very beginning of a great future. Perhaps the shedding of too much poundage may have caused the heart attack that ended his life a few days after a hernia operation. Cal recalls the last time he talked to Laird. We were lunching at a corner table in the dining room at Twentieth Century-Fox when Laird wandered in, spied us and sat down. Tony Quinn came strolling in a little later and joined the party. The bantering that went on between Laird and Tony over the purchase of a huge bed that Tony had for sale was worth listening to. We were amused, too, at the look of almost childish disappointment on Laird’s face when the waitress set before him the smallest cream puff imaginable.

“Haven’t you a larger one?” he asked, almost wistfully. Perhaps the desire for a bigger desert was a throw-back to those awful years of 1939 and 1940 when Laird was hungry and homeless, sleeping in the backs of sedans, eating when friends came to his aid. We were there at the old El Capitan Theater the night Laird electrified audiences in his first professional stage role, “Oscar Wilde.” Although we’d seen Robert Morley in the role in New York, Cal had to admit this young man outshone the English actor.

Sad, too, about young Douglas McPhail, whom Lawrence Tibbett once called the greatest young baritone he’d ever heard. Cal remembers the first time he saw Douglas on the screen, and the last time, in “Seven Sweethearts.” His marriage to Betty Jaynes was over and so were his ambitions. He (Continued on page 6)
"It's practically a riot when a hero comes back to the girl he didn't leave behind him!"

A hero who'd put the Japs on the spot finds himself on the spot--like this!

In public--she's his sweetheart--and how the public will love it!

In private--she's his problem even with 'the other fellow' out of the picture!

A fox-hole was never like this--but beds bore him after what he's been through!

When that collapsible boat expands--they almost scuttle the subway and will surely shuffle away the blues!

What a gay 'dog' MacMurray is--and has! No wonder Claudette's worried!

Paramount presents

Claudette Colbert
Fred MacMurray
in
"Practically Yours"

with GIL LAMB • CECIL KELLYAWAY
ROBERT BENCHLEY • JANE FRAZEE • MIKHAIL RASUMNY

A MITCHELL LEISEN Production
Written by Norman Krasna
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
You can have

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**3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT**

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**TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special can with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, **"The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Apply with massage for DAN-FRUE, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.

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**GLOVER'S**

1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scales, excessive Falling Hair.

2—For soft, lustrous hair, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.

3—For Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress, The delicate warm rosin.

FAY McKENZIE

young star of Pictures and Radio who last appeared in "The Singing Sheriff"

---

**Cal York's INSIDE STUFF**

Two corners and a captain: Jane Wyman, her Captain Ronald Reagan and June Allyson at the "Thirty Seconds" premiere.

Naturally, civilians have no say in this matter, as military authorities know what the rules are, but Hollywood can't help but feel if Donald were permitted at least to try entertaining, here or abroad, a good lad might be saved from serious illness and many boys would profit from it. As it is, he is contributing nothing to the war effort and suffering because of it.

In the same ward was musician Dave Rose, Judy Garland's ex-husband. Perhaps if Dave (more sensitive than Rooney), had been given the same opportunity as Mickey, to lead a band overseas, his nerves would never have given way. As it is now, he is recovering slowly and will probably be back on duty by this time.

Lt. (j.g.) John Howard returned to Hollywood for a brief visit after two years overseas on a mine sweeper. He was thin, nervous and not the least interested in the premiere. Mrs. Elizabeth Hill who runs the little hat shop near Photoplay, told us of John's struggle to readjust himself to a life that even now seems foreign to him. And it only seems yesterday John and Hedy Lamarr were going to movies together.

Lt. Howard is now a naval instructor at Cornell University, but expects to be sent overseas again very shortly. Interesting, too, that John received the Navy Cross for his work in commanding a ship under fire and aiding in the rescue of his crew.

Sgt. George Reeves tells an amusing story about himself. While he was still a civilian he went over to Fort Roach to make several training films. The first week after his induction George was sent to study some films showing a soldier going through the manual of arms. To Reeves' amazement he discovered he was watching himself (Continued on page 8)
Valentines! from Warners!

62 Hollywood Stars!
3 Sensational Bands in
"Hollywood Canteen"

Song! "Don't Fence Me In"
Song! "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart"
Song! And Many More!

That very sensational
woman's very sensational
debut!

It's a
wonderful
wonder-filled
love story too!

Full of big surprises--
and thrill upon thrill!

Humphrey Bogart
with Lauren Bacall
and Walter Brennan
in Ernest Hemingway's
"To Have and Have Not"
Howard Hawks
Production

Errol Flynn
Objective Burma

William Prince - James Brown
Glo.-Obias - Henry Hull
Warner Anderson

Roses are red,
Violets are blue
WARNER BROS.
made these hits
for you!

Jack L. Warner, Executive Producer
Evening in Paris

YOU'VE NEVER WORN A MORE FLATTERING

Face Powder!

"Triple Color-Blending"
Creates Gloriously Flattering
Face Powder Shades

The warm, rich, luscious color in face powder that you've always longed for... created for you by an amazing French process, exclusive in America with Bourjois.

Evening in Paris is truly the face powder of your dreams... smooth, long-clinging, veiling drab skin and tiny surface flaws with a delicate mist of exquisite color. Wear this new beauty powder, and learn why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier... Evening in Paris face powder."

FACE POWDER $1.00 • ROUGE 50c
LIPSTICK 50c • PERFUME $1.25 to $10.00
(All prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK • DISTRIBUTOR

(Continued from page 6)

on the screen teach himself in the audience.

Sgt. Reeves is a member of the "Winged Victory" troupe and will soon be seen in that film.

"Him no longer ride elephants, him ride bombers," a friend of Sabu's told Cal recently. And what's more, the lad from India, a belly-gunner in a bomber, has completed his eighth Pacific mission. Two of them were over Leyte.

Navy Lt. Wayne Morris came back to Hollywood on a short leave to see for the first time his six-months-old daughter Pam. Wayne is now an ace, having shot down his seventh Jap plane.

The former actor is a member of the 15th Cerrier Squadron, called "The Fabulous 15th," because its members together have accounted for 350 enemy planes so far. Wayne was one of the first Hollywood actors to enlist.

On Love: The Bob Huttons have a strange design for marriage, it seems to Cal. "We'll wait till we've been married a year, or maybe longer, before we decide whether we want to stay together," is their decision.

Glimpsed a happy bride and groom driving out the bridal path in Beverly Hills a day or two after their wedding. Through their rear window Cal could see a very blonde head (hair all done up on top, too) nestled close up to the driver of the car. When we were side-by-side we glanced again at the car. It was Veronica Lake snuggled up to Andre De Toth and the look of happiness on Veronica's face almost blinded us. What a change has come over that girl through love. You wouldn't know the hot-tempered, unmanageable Veronica of yore.
INSIDE STUFF

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—

☐ A good skate
☐ A pretty Kitty
☐ Queen of the Ice Follies

You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow . . . it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and comfortable, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex stays soft while wearing. You get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Would you say this character was—

☐ Slightly balmy
☐ Learning sign language
☐ Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For fearless tweezing, should you—

☐ Soften brows with hot water
☐ Spread skin taut
☐ Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, only Kotex comes in three sizes—for different women, different days. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special 4-ply safety center that gives you extra protection.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins put together

Present too: Bonita Granville and Photoplay’s Editorial Director, Fred Sammis

Comments: Paul Hesse's lavish color pictures on Maureen O'Hara have won her the Woman's Home Companion's vote for the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. And what a beautiful home companion, too.

Olivia de Havilland lost ten pounds with pneumonia in the Fiji Islands and looks more beautiful than ever. What a jinx has hounded Livvie this past year in work, love and health...

That pipe Lana Turner is smoking is a chic affair designed to hold loose cigarette tobacco. But what about that cigar Cal saw a prominent Hollywood woman smoking at a night club the other night? Brother, that even smelled like the real thing.

Sonny and Susie: Sonny Tufts can claim to be the world's most-dressed man. He started at dawn the other day in a 1910 outfit for "Miss Susie Slagle." Next switch was to an Army uniform for "Duffy's Tavern." Then he got into 1885 Western garb to make tests for "The Virginian." When he got home (in slacks) Mrs. T. told him they were going to a formal dinner party—and to rush into his tux!

Shhh! Gossip! Ran into Van Johnson in Ann Meredith's beauty shop and felt damned sorry for him. Due to his red hair and very light lashes it is absolutely necessary, and studio orders, that he have his lashes dyed every so often for the camera. Otherwise, he'd have no expression on the screen. So, once in a while when we'd pop into Meredith's to get our latest dish of gossip (yep, we have our operators everywhere) there would be Van.

Knowing it would cause him endless embarrassment, we pretended not to notice, even when such delectable...
items as Kay Williams came along with him. And then one night a certain radio commentator spilled the beans and in such a way as to make it appear Van was indulging in some personal vanity. So this notice is just to straighten things out and to clear Van, who was acting only on the camera’s demands. And here’s a tip to Van. Hope, who does the job, couldn’t have been more miserable over the broadcast. She has never once mentioned Van’s visits.

Incidentally we saw Kay Williams at a party given Col. Elliott Roosevelt just before his marriage to Faye Emerson. We thought Kay looked awfully wistful when the name Clark Gable was mentioned to her by another friend.

“How is Clark?” she asked without even trying to hide the loneliness in her voice.

“Clark?” we said. “Thought it was Van Johnson and you as a steady two-some.”

To our relief she laughed, “You call one postcard from Van while in Mexico for three weeks and no dates since his return a romance?” she asked.

By the way, we heard under cover Clark is seeing Virginia Bruce again. But a friend of Clark’s told us confidentially the last thing Mr. Gable wants in this world is to get married. And what’s more, he isn’t getting married. Well, Cal could tell you a story about that, too, but it’s too long and besides, true as it is, you wouldn’t believe it.

Lana for the Defense: To be loved by Lana Turner is to be loved forlornally, and by one unafraid to champion the cause of her man. When a writer recently took a poke or two at Turhan Bey in print, Lana telephoned to explain that she felt the jibes were due to the writer’s not understanding Turhan, and so, sensibly and logically (but still close to tears, don’t forget), Lana “explained” her man. She painted a new picture of the young Turk for those (and that writer included) who might reasonably misunderstand, stressing his gentlemanliness, his breeding, his straightforward thinking, his lack of awe at Hollywood, his fine sense of humor, his bewilderment at Hollywood’s determination to misunderstand

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

For heart-stirring lips, IRRESISTIBLE PINK ORCHID, a brilliant, lustrous, high-voltage pink... new favorite in a lipstick famous for color flattery. Non-drying, longer-lasting thanks to Irresistible’s secret whip-texting process. Matching rouge and powder.

the bride-to-be wears

Irresistible pink orchid Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S.M.O.O.T.H.E.R.
him. And she did her work so well, there will be no more rumors unfounded on fact from that quarter.

Cal, who knows and likes Turhan Bey well, would like to go on record as confirming Lana's analysis one hundred per cent.

**Baby Dato:** Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles are Ma and Pa and it's a daughter. They didn't care whether it was a boy or a girl—but were just crazy for the infant to arrive. And Rita plans on taking a long rest away from Hollywood before she even thinks about making a picture. Speaking of new arrivals, the Dana Andrews have a son born about a week before Christmas. When Dana asked his little boy what he'd like—a little brother or a sister—the child answered, "What else is there?"

**Pin-ups Again:** Betty Grable, being good-natured as all git-out, went over to the studio one afternoon and in one single session in the portrait gallery posed for no less than seventy pictures. And the cameramen say that she made a bunch of pin-ups that are even more successful than that sensational bathing suit picture of last year—remember? One of the gowns they whipped up for Betty to wear in her new picture had eyes popping all over the lot. It is made entirely of mink skins—tacked loosely so that they dangle like fringe when she walks. Underneath is pale pink chiffon over a flesh-colored slip—so it looks as if there were nothing under the minks but Betty! But of course it only looks that way. And it has everybody looking twice—and then twice more!

**Chatter:** All of June Hav's V-mail is going to Farley Granger these days . . . Irene Dunne is putting a lot of money into a new cosmetic firm . . . Sight of the month: Sydney Greenstreet driving up to the premiere of "The Most Thought Of You" in the sidecar of a motorcycle. Didn't know they built 'em that big! . . . Another sight to see is Sonny Tufts doing his imitations of just about everybody in Hollywood—even Veronica Lake. That one has his co-workers on the set in stitches . . . Garbo and her boy friend Gaylord Hauser are about to start a health farm in upper New York State . . . There are a hundred and ninety-one pages of script for "Weekend At The Waldorf," but Lana Turner and Ginger Rogers, both in the film, never meet face to face in it. Lana is keeping a scrapbook of World II for her daughter Cheryl. And there are two hundred pages in it already . . . Lt. Bob Preston wrote his wife that after he briefs his pilots in France, he feeds them self-made soup—and they love it . . . Martha Raye and her new spouse, Nick Condos, having verbal tiffs right out loud in public places . . . Evelyn Keyes and Director Charles Vidor didn't make their reconciliation pan out, either. And they'll be telling it to a judge. Evelyn's new interest is an Army captain . . . Frankie-boy Sinatra got back to Hollywood just in time to celebrate his birthday—so Nancy tossed

---

**CHERAMY**

This is your perfume. A joyous fragrance, light as your heart on a gala night, and fun to wear! A perfume that stirs the mind like the rhythm of a dance . . . and, like music, is-n-g-e-r-s on.

Perfume, 6.50; 9.50; debutante size, 1.10.
Dusting Powder, 1.00.
Toilet Water, 1.75. Talcum Powder, 50c.
(Plus tax)
GOODBYE DULL DRAB SKIN!

Make the “PATCH TEST”!
See and feel this exciting difference!

Dry Rough Flakes Disappear! Skin Takes on Instant New Freshness! New Clarity!

In just 30 seconds—half a minute—you can prove Lady Esther Face Cream, the most beautifying face cream you have ever used! Just make the “Patch Test!” Rub a little Lady Esther Face Cream on one cheek—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! See how that patch of skin has taken on radiant new freshness! Touch it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

Now imagine your whole face refreshed that way! Your whole face instantly beautified—by a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! Here’s what this one cream does: (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder. The proof of all this is right in your mirror! Just make the “Patch Test”—and compare!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Check-to-cheek: Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea at Press Photographers' Ball

him a big shindig at the house. That's the kind of partying they like best—it always winds up with a jam-session. And it always winds up with Nancy's doing most of the cooking herself. She's really a great cook!

We Remember Lupe: The maid opened the door and asked us to step upstairs. There, in the half-moon-shaped black and silver bed in which she died several years later by her own hand, lay the Mexican spitfire Lupe Velez. "Seet down," she cried. "I don' feel so good so I stay here, eh?"

We remember the almost childlike naivete of her that day, rising from her bed to scream down to the gardener to verify her statement that she and she alone had painted her swimming pool. Still not satisfied, the cook, the secretary, the chauffeur and neighbor's boy must be brought in to prove her story, one we never doubted in the first place.

She talked of love that day. There was an ache in her voice. We knew almost instinctively what it was—memory of the first and great love that she could never forget. The man's name was Gary Cooper.

As we came to know her better we learned many things about Lupe. That (Continued on page 14)
When Karen grew careless about one little matter* she practically hung on herself the "Don't Disturb" sign. Because, after men found out what her trouble was, they let her severely alone. Too bad . . . she was such a charming girl otherwise.

You can’t always be sure whether or not you have halitosis (bad breath)*. Anyone can offend at some time or other. So many clever people, popular people, realize this and use Listerine Antiseptic before appointments where they want to be at their best. Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath purer, sweeter, less likely to offend. Never, never omit it before any date.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are systemic, most cases, say some noted medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and quickly overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
Ladies-fair: Gene Tierney who wears her "Heart" in initials—and Ann Miller

(Continued from page 12)

great pride and sensitiveness hidden behind a strident voice, a laughing front and an I-don't-care attitude, that fooled so many. It was that same pride and sensitiveness that, as sure as Fate, killed Lupe Velez several years later.

It began the day Gary left her to join Dorothy di Frasso for a big game hunt in Africa. Nothing seemed to matter much after that. She slipped into B pictures because—well, it didn't matter, really. She slipped in and out of marriage to Johnny Weissmuller, a marriage punctuated with violent quarrels and disagreements. The color began to fade and the light to dim in Lupe Velez the day Gary walked out of her home. But pride would never let her admit it.

They were like two playful animals together, the big gangling cowboy and this little Mexican fireball, as uninhibited as a monkey, fighting and scratching and howling with laughter. It is odd, recalling the tremendous vitality of her, to think of her dying in that huge bed, desperately alone, with the fire of her burned to ashes.

After Gary married, his wife and Lupe became fast friends for a while, as if each recognized the bond between them. And then Mrs. Cooper went on to other friends and Lupe on to other beaus, Eric Remarque, Big Boy Williams, Arturo de Cordova—but none really mattered. It was only at those Friday-night fights at the American Legion Stadium that the old Lupe blazed forth, a volcano of action. In fact, the audience had a difficult time watching the contestants for Lupe put on a much better show.

The Friday after her death an un-

(Continued on page 16)
Your soft, gentle hands make memories...like moonlight.

So through these bitter—

Then—ever days let Trushay help keep your hands appealing. Always smooth it on before your everyday tasks.

Trushay's the beforehand idea in hand care. A rich, creamy heavenly-fragrant lotion...different from all others.

It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. See for yourself...today.
It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time.
The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.

DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a StrongerGrip and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory...

**DeLong**

StrongerGrip

Won't Slip Out

**Stronger Grip**

WON'T SLIP OUT

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS

SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS

HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES

SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 14)

precedented event took place in that stadium. Her chair was carefully roped off and before the main event, the immense audience rose to its feet while taps was sounded for little Lupe.

Hollywood loved her. The grips, the carpenters, the secretaries, the publicity boys, the actors who worked with her, the shopgirls, the dressmakers, beauty parlor operators and the press—that same American press she thanked so touchingly in her farewell note.

The housekeeper had gone in to awaken her for breakfast and knew by the strange stillness of her body, so small in that odd black and silver bed, that Lupe was dead. She would have been a mother in five months and the man she loved, Harold Ramond, had not married her.

She first saw Ramond while visiting the “Frenchman’s Creek” set. Her romance with de Cordova was then at its peak and Lupe was a frequent visitor on the set, stormily on his side the set-tos with Joan Fontaine.

Lupe remembered the handsome Ramond, who claimed to be a French actor, but who subsequently proved to be an Austrian, so when Arturo and Lupe parted, she telephoned Ramon who was flattered at the call from a famous a star. And Lupe, anxious to find security in home and love, soon found herself seeing the handsome actor almost nightly.

And then came the day Lupe at her doctor told him, and he insisted the marriage be delayed. Had she been less naive, more scheming, Lupe would have been living today. But Lupe had never learned to scheme or conniv. Lupe had never bargained for success with her love. Lupe had been just Lupe and the town will miss her, not just for a day or two but for always.
Her lovely hair shines just like jet, No wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy? No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a soap film which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling? Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhh! But have you dandruff? Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

MAKE A DATE WITH

Glamour

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.
This is Baby Betty
(SHE HAS IT!)

This is Sister Sue
(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)

This is what happened
(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

IT IS THAT IVORY LOOK... YOU CAN HAVE IT, TOO...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother,
softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable
cheek—and take her beauty tip. Just change from
careless complexion care to regular, gentle
cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than
all other brands put together! No facial soap
on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains
no coloring, medication or strong perfume that
might irritate your skin. Try Ivory care today
...and watch your skin start to glow—
with that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—
THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER

Make your Ivory go further. The
ingredients that go into soap
have vital war uses.
The Shadow Stage

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

The Keys Of The Kingdom (20th Century-Fox)

Powerfully moving and tenderly touching, is A. J. Cronin's story of the humble and seemingly misfit priest who accepts a post in China and endures through plague and revolution, scorn and isolation, with the combined qualities of the true Christian—strength and humility.

Gregory Peck breathes into Father Francis Chisholm the character and humanity of the priest who renounced all comfort and offers made through false Christianity, all easy detours to a world of ease, to choose the harder, rougher, but true path. His is a splendid characterization and one that will definitely establish him as an actor, but we sincerely hope that it will not limit his abilities through typing.

The atmosphere of China has seldom been caught so realistically. His first humble abode and later his church and mission, the paths and lanes and village, the people of every type who live there, have been done with a restraining and understanding touch.

The pompous stuffiness of Vincent Price as Rev. Angus Mealy is fitting contrast to the more humble Father Chisholm. Thomas Mitchell as the doctor friend, Rosa Stradner as Mother Maria-Veronica and Edmund Gwenn as Rev. Hemish MacNab, turn in about as fine performances as you'll see in a long time.

In earlier scenes are glimpsed Roddy McDowall, Peggy Ann Garner, Jane Bail, Ruth Nelson and Edith Barrett who, with Ruth Ford and Sara Allgood as Sisters, Leonard Strong as Chia and Philip Ahn as Mr. Jou, complete a splendid cast that contributes beautifully to a truly beautiful story.

Your Reviewer Says: A spiritual feast of entertainment.

National Velvet (M-G-M)

Here is a magnificent story with heart appeal, well directed, acted beyond the dreamed-of capabilities of the players and building heartbeat upon heartbeat to the climax.

Here is a picture to be enjoyed by every member of the family, to be talked about, thought about and loved for its hominess and pathos.

And here, too, is one of Mickey Rooney's outstanding performances. Even those who have never been a Rooney fan will agree that in the role of the living, rather embittered and homeless kid who finds shelter and hope in the home of a middle-class English family, Mickey is terrific.

Elizabeth Taylor as Velvet, the little girl of the family who wins a horse in a lottery and through the encouragement of her mother enters him in the Grand National, is a wonderfully talented youngster among a whole cast of unusually talented people.

Anne Revere as the mother turns in a performance that simply glows in its beauty. Angela Lansbury as the beautiful, captivating oldest daughter is a luscious and delightful actress, while little Jackie Jenkins, the youngest of the family, naturally and with the greatest ease, walks off with his every scene.

But it's in the little homey scenes, conversations and daily events that the picture excels, due undoubtedly to the superb direction of Clarence Brown.

Donald Crisp as the father, Juanna Quigley as Velvet's sister, along with Arthur Treacher and Reginald Owen, complete the cast of the best picture of this month.

Your Reviewer Says: Chalk this up as an M-G-M winner.

I'll Be Seeing You (Selznick International-UA)

The heart will respond to this story with its two-fold purpose—to acquaint us with the care and understanding soon to be needed by our nerve-shattered boys, and to entertain us with one of the sweetest of love stories imaginable.

Ginger Rogers possesses a new depth and sincerity as the girl "on furlough" from prison and Joseph Cotten, the war-shocked soldier, also on furlough, is given a chance to establish two things—the fact that he's a fine actor in any department, and a sure and definite place in the heart of every feminine fan. On the scene when a recurrence of his nervousness reaches out to encompass him, he more than rates the applause given him.

Shirley Temple seems to have found herself as the daughter of the family that Ginger visits on her Christmas reprieve, and for the first time since her comeback, Shirley achieves a naturalness minus all mannerisms. Or maybe her restrained underplaying is due to the splendid direction of William Dieterle.

Tom Tully is our idea of a real family man. It's difficult to believe he's really playacting, and Spring Byington as his wife is equally good. And a salvo of cheers to the sets which keep Tully, the small-town druggist, well within his means.

There's an appeal about "I'll Be Seeing You" that's difficult to describe, but you'll know, each of you who see it, exactly what we mean.

Your Reviewer Says: A different approach to the heart.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 21
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 124
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24

By Sara Hamilton
USE A **Bright Idea** TO FLATTER 
YOUR CAMPANA-PRETTY 
HANDS!

**Bright Idea**
Sew rows of white rickrack up the sides and on the outs of black gauntlet gloves (last year’s will do). 
The result? A spring suit pick-up for mere pin money!

**BE BRIGHT** about your hands—use Campana Cream
Balm to keep them smooth and soft. Use a bright idea like these made-at-home gauntlets to dress them up! Campana Cream
Balm is the new lotion with lanolin that guards your skin so effectively against dryness and roughness... that keeps your hands silken-surfed in spite of work and weather. Why be without it?

Campana Cream Balm
RICH IN LANOLIN

**Tomorrow, The World** 
(Lester Cowan-UA)

It takes a child to lead us into full clear vision of what Germany’s tomorrow will be unless drastic measures be taken at peacetime, for in twelve-year-old Skippy Homeier’s interpretation of a Nazi-bred youth, we see clearly the future of the men of Germany.

The story is more of a narrative marching in a straight line from start to finish than a play of unexpected plot development, but as such carries a powerful, cumulative suspense which has you sitting on the edge of your chair once it really gets under way.

Into the home of Fredric March, a professor in an American school, comes his sister’s child, young Homeier from Germany, and with him all the racial hatred, trickery, lying and underhandedness of his Nazi training. Promptly the boy sets out to break up the home and the community.

The boy gives a wonderful performance. Agnes Moorehead is so good as the aunt, Betty Field and Joan Carroll are excellent. And March, as the liberal American who finally finds murder in his heart, does one of the best jobs of his career.

Your Reviewer Says: Let there be no compromise.

**Hollywood Canteen** 
(Warners)

**EVERY** so often Warners splash out with a great big star-studded musical. Everybody, including Trigger the horse, roams through this extravaganza.

The story is more or less a combination history of the Canteen, the adventures of two Purple Heaters who visit there, and the part played by motion-picture celebrities in the propagation of the work. Frankly, we feel all service men who have visited there—and over a million and a half have—will feel that the glamour angle and the overflowing cornucopia of stars milling about is overdone. Newcomers to the Canteen may very well feel an evening that does not present all the stars gathered there for the picture is a dull one.

Dane Clark as the Sergeant and Bob Hutton as the Corporal who meets and falls in love with Joan Leslie are the visiting lads, and both are swell. The natural boyish charm of Hutton is perfectly offset by the brassy comicalness of Clark who is one honey of an actor. Newcomer Janis Paige looks mighty cute to us.

No doubt about it, customers will get their money’s worth so far as a conglomeration of stars is concerned, and maybe that’s what they want every so often.

Your Reviewer Says: Whopping!

**Can’t Help Singing** 
(Universal)

Deanna Durbin’s new picture is a great big beautiful Technicolor doll that walks, talks and sings Jerome Kern’s tunes beautifully, but that’s about the sum of it—gorgeous scenery, divine color and an attempt at romance (that we for one didn’t believe) in a picture structurally weak. Why is it this story, good in theme and idea, is so unbelievably executed? Everything that could go into a picture has gone in—but the real story, it seems.

Nevertheless, we urge you to see it, and listen to the music, rejoice in the lavish color and beauty of Deanna. As a dashing romantic hero, Robert Paige is the most harmless individual we’ve ever seen.

Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinsky at-
tempt comedy and occasionally achieve it. Andrew Tombes, Ray Collins, June Vincent, David Bruce and Thomas Gomez complete a cast that didn’t even need to be there—so overwhelming are its other attributes. And what a pleasure it is to see a plump heroine again.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh you beautiful doll!

\* Guest in the House
(Stromberg—UA)

This is the exciting story of a devoted couple who invite an ill, neurotic young girl to be their house guest. Whereupon they learn that there is literally no end to the unhappiness, misunderstanding and destruction that a neurotic can cause—and enjoy it!

Few pictures boast so many fine performances. Anne Baxter as the guest in the house has a haunting quality. Beneath her lovely frailty always you sense her will for power. Ralph Bellamy, the husband who is a magazine illustrator with a studio in his delightful country house, is so darn warm and masculine that you wonder where he’s been hiding his light all this time. Ditto Ruth Warrick as the wife who sees her happy home and family being destroyed and does something about it. There is, also, Aline MacMahon the aunt, Jerome Cowan the family friend and Scott McKay, the young doctor-brother who is in love with the guest. And there is Marie McDonald, eye-filling, gay and laugh provoking, playing the model who lives with the family while she poses for the husband and fills the other house guest’s heart with fearful jealousy.

Your Reviewer Says: Never invite a neurotic for the week end.

\* Practically Yours
(Paramount)

A THOROUGHLY delightful and enjoyable comedy, polka-dotted with rare bits of comedy, reunites Claudette Colbert
(Continued on page 115)

Best Pictures of the Month

National Velvet
Keys Of The Kingdom
Hollywood Canteen
Practically Yours

Best Performances

Mickey Rooney in
"National Velvet"

Elizabeth Taylor in
"National Velvet"

Gregory Peck in
"Keys Of The Kingdom"

Dane Clark in
"Hollywood Canteen"

Bob Hutton in
"Hollywood Canteen"

Claudette Colbert in
"Practically Yours"

Fred MacMurray in
"Practically Yours"

MUM’S QUICK—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you’re dressed. MUM’S SAFE—won’t irritate skin. Won’t injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM’S CERTAIN—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Thanks, from GI Joe

I WENT to the movies last night. With several hundred GI Joes I sat on the cold, manure-splotched floor of a cowshed somewhere in Western Europe and while barking 155 Long Toms rained death on a nearby German city, enjoyed a picture of a nurse which in civilian life I wouldn't have crossed the street to see.

Over here, where we have learned to place a high premium on anything that reminds us of home, the doggies unanimously stamped "The Girl In The Case" a good entertainment—the same verdict which millions of buddies all over this continent had given to all the other pictures shown by Special Services since that day in June when we carved a chunk out of the Normandy coastline. Some were A pictures, some were B's, and some worse. But all of them have done something for GI Joe that not even letters from home and good hot chow could accomplish.

I'll never forget the night they showed "Step Lively" with Frank Sinatra. I went to that show prepared to boo at the hungry-looking idol of the bobby-soks clan. Like my buddies, I walked out an hour or so later firmly convinced that Frankie "has something" after all. And, when a war-weary, homesick Joe applauds Sinatra—that brother, is convincing proof of what movies can do for the boys at the front.

Pvt. Herbert W. Metcalf, Somewhere in Europe

$5.00 PRIZE
No Sacrifice too Great

I READ the article on the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps in December and I think it is marvelous. One could never put into words what the training is like, being with people, taking care of them, knowing that if they get well you played some small part in their recovery. The reason I know all this is that I am a Cadet Nurse.

To show what this work means to a person, I'd like to tell you of my friend who joined the Cadet Corps the same time I did—September, 1943. In January she began feeling sick and she continued working, seldom complaining. Finally, last month, she became very ill and was brought to the hospital. She had rheumatic fever, a disease that affects the heart. She had this since January. Do you know the first thing she asked? "Will I be able to continue with my work?" She will have to stay in bed for almost a year, but she plans to take up her work again next September.

If this work can mean so much to one girl, more than her health, what wonderful work it must be.

Remember—we need more nurses!
c/0 C. Moyer,
Houston, Tex.

$1.00 PRIZE
Plainly Poetic

I FEEL the need to cheer that at last Hollywood has come of age with the advent of a truly brilliant motion picture. I refer to the realistic and compelling "None But The Lonely Heart." All the ugliness of poverty is brought sharply into focus and yet the picture weaves a pattern of pure poetry.

Cary Grant turns in an unusually sensitive and sincere portrayal as Ernie Mott. He is at all times dominant as the "black-as-the-ace" searching for a noble, peaceful life. Cheers, too, for Ethel Barrymore, the new exciting personality June Duprez and all of Hollywood's best actors, George Colouris. Owing to this truly adult fare.
an Inveterate theater-goer is beginning to feel that the movies are beginning to face reality without sacrificing dramatic value.


$1.00 PRIZE
"Them's Fightin' Words!"

In the January issue I read and re-read the ten-dollar prize letter and I have come to this conclusion: "Them's fightin' words!" This Shinnston fan cannot understand why women over twenty-one would get excited over Eddie Ryan, William Eythe, Richard Jaeckel, Van Johnson, Robert Walker or Frank Sinatra. Maybe it's because these are the kind of guys the women really like. Guys who remind them of their own brothers, husbands and boy friends. Guys who enjoy movies, hot dogs, sodas, five records, Saturday-night dances and a certain park bench. Sure, Dekker, Gable, Montgomery and Douglas are suave, sophisticated and handsome, but I'll stick to the everyday guys of the film world who are so like our own personal guys on the battlefields, fighting and dying to insure peace for us.

Mary Lou Betzweiser, N. College Hill, 0.

$1.00 PRIZE
He's a Jolly Good Sailor

I THOUGHT I'd write you a line or two about my favorite movie star, Gene Kelly. He is stationed with my brother-in-law at San Diego, California, in the Navy. Here are the exact words my brother-in-law wrote me about him, "Today I worked an hour and a half with Gene Kelly. He talked all the time. He didn't let on who he was. He's nice, just another one of us, and he keeps all the kids laughing all the time. We sure think he's swell and if you didn't know he was you'd think him just an ordinary guy and not the great movie star." So I say three cheers for Gene Kelly and all the great pictures he has made.

Billie Jo Farmer, Kerman, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Some More of "Janie"

I HAVE just seen "Janie" and in my opinion it is the best picture produced in Hollywood for a long time. Maybe I enjoyed it so much because I'm the same age as Janie—sixteen. What really sold me on the idea of seeing it was the idea of seeing it in a football game between two high schools. Five kids were going around with big blue

(Continued on page 122)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
ALASKA—Monogram: Kent Taylor plays the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the gold mine era in Alaska and he has quite a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two claim jumpers, falling in love with Marjorie Lindsay who's married to John Carradine, and missing it up with Nils Asther. Dean Jagger is the U. S. marshall out. (Jan.)

AND NOW TOMORROW—Paramount: Alan Ladd returns to the screen in this dramatic story as a young doctor from the wrong side of the tracks who attempts to cure wealthy Loretta Young of the deafness she suffered as the result of meningitis just before her marriage to Barry Sullivan. (Dec.)

BABES ON SWING STREET—Universal: Peggy Ryan is very peppy and active as the leader of a settlement house who tries to raise money so the most talented members can take advantage of a scholarship. Ann Blyth suggests a night club, so the kids take over a building and set work on it. Leon Errol helps out. Sydney Miller impersonates, and it's all silly but cute. (Dec.)

BELLE OF THE YUKON—International: Despite the cast, Rand Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore, Bob Burns and William Marshall, this little Yukon number all about dance hall romances and stolen gold that isn't really stolen is a disappointing show, although everyone tried very, very hard. Dinah Shore sings several numbers with her usual appeal. (Feb.)

BLONDE FEVER—M-G-M: Mary Astor doesn't mind her husband, Philip Dorn, cafe proprietor, flirting outrageously with her blonde employee, Gloria Grahame, until Dorn wins a sweepstakes. Then the blonde moves in and Mary moves out, and things go around in a circle. Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elizabeth Risdon, and Marshall Thompson complete the cast. (Feb.)

BLUEBEARD—PRC: John Carradine gives one swell performance as the mad painter and operator of a puppet show who strangles his models one by one so as not to be disillusioned by them, Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Nils Asther as prefect of police and Teala Loring as one of the victims, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn. (Jan.)

BOYFRIEND TO BROADWAY—Universal: Two quarreling theatrical producers, Jack Oakie and Donald Cook, finally separate over Maria Montez in an army production. The cast is an important one, including Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Ann Blyth, Louise Allbritton and practically everyone on the Universal lot, but it's the same old show-business theme. (Jan.)

BRAZIL—Republic: Virginia Bruce is an author who takes a few pokes at romantic Linares and travels to South America to get material for another book. There she falls for composer Tito Guizar, is befuddled by Edward Everett Horton, and one thing leads to another. It's a lot of fun and the proceedings are all nice and tuneful. (Jan.)

CONSPIRATORS, THE—Warners: A weak, dull and repetitious story despite Holy Lamarr's beauty, Paul Henried's good acting, Sydney Greenstreet's and Peter Lorre's superb performances and Victor Francen's smoothness. It's all about Nazi spies, the underground, traitors and all the things you've seen before. (Jan.)

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**BRIEF REVIEWS**

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

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

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

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**Shadow Stage**

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Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury—Wonderful Skin

SONJA HENIE, STAR OF THE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE “IT'S A PLEASURE!”

Yes, one cream to do all that cleansing or cold cream can do—and much more!

Thick to its cleansing power, to the miraculous new softness, smoothness of your skin! Use it as a powder base to look especially special. It works in the night against dryness like a charm! And only Woodbury has “Sterich”, constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Use Woodbury! Watch your happy skin (and man) respond! 10c to $1.25, plus tax.
KATIE... who forgot that loving a man was thinking with your heart!

JOHNNY... who sang 'cause singing was the laughter of the angels!

FRANCIE... the little girl who dreamed... with her eyes wide open!

WHAT A TREMENDOUS MOMENT AWAITS YOU.

When each beloved character of this great book becomes a living reality for you on the screen!

AUNT SISSY... who wasn't bad... she was only friendly!

NEELEY... whose world was Brooklyn... and "alla candy you can eat!"

McSHANE... and wasn't it an officer's duty to look after the ladies?

DOROTHY McGUIRE as Katie • JOAN BLONDELL as Aunt Sissy • JAMES DUNN as Johnny

LLOYD NOLAN as McShane • PEGGY ANN GARNER as Francie • TED DONALDSON as Neeley

and JAMES GLEASON • RUTH NELSON • JOHN ALEXANDER • B. S. PULPY • Directed by ELIA KAZAN • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON.

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis • Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith.
Last month I lunched with June Haver, dined with Bill Eythe, walked with Dick Crane, drove with Jeanne Crain, chatted with Gloria De Haven, joked with Diana Lynn, smoked with Lauren Bacall, lounged with Turhan Bey, clowned with Van Johnson, hosted Esther Williams.

Ten young people freshly minted from Hollywood’s star coinage. Ten new names sprinkled with star dust. All of them names you couldn’t have identified a year or so ago.

Something exciting has happened to Hollywood. It’s no longer the new star of the year. Now it is a dozen stars of the year. Gone is the studio which wouldn’t make a film without personalities with guaranteed popularity. Today a studio knows it is smart box office to co-star a boy and a girl whose unknown names on a marquee wink out at movie-goers.

Of what stuff are these young stars made in whose hands we are to pour wealth and idolatry?

June Haver’s Irish eyes are as smiling as her starring picture. They are also French eyes (her father’s), quiet and thoughtful in repose. At eighteen, June has a trim figure and a trim mind that helps her write cute songs, hold her own, even against editors.

Bill Eythe is twenty and wishes you would take him for thirty. I didn’t, but we got along just the same. Bill’s actor friends tease him about his hunger for sophistication, but they respect him because they know he has the instincts of a finished performer.

Dick Crane has the fresh coloring of a wholesome undergraduate and the slow humor of a young man who chooses when to laugh. His seriousness is part of his handsomeness, his constant worry is his weight, his constant delight (as you will read in the next issue), his bride Kay Morley.

Gloria De Haven is eighteen and John Payne’s bride. She is also a trouper whose theatrical family has given her a heritage. When she is talking to you, her animation, friendliness and beauty bewitch you (at least if you’re a man).

Diana Lynn came to Dorothy Lamour’s party for Louella Parsons, her eighteen years and new Paramount stardom (“Our Hearts Were Young And Gay”) crowned by her new upswept hair-do. Chic but painful, was Diana’s verdict, too honest to pretend.

Lauren Bacall sat across the table at The Players and made stage love to Zachary Scott, who pretended boredom. Lovely Lauren (still Betty to her friends) usually carries over the illusion of sophistication from “To Have And Have Not” until you talk to her a second time. Then the perspective rights itself and you see a slim American girl of twenty-one who is groping her way in an alien star world.

Jeanne Crain at our meeting was suffering from an acute attack of laryngitis and embarrassment. She didn’t like the hoarse mimicry of her real speaking voice when she talked. Jeanne, nineteen, knows she is on the threshold of film stardom, knows she is unusually attractive to men, is sweetly determined to make the most of the situation.

Turhan Bey (at a party Lana Turner had decided would be nice to give to this editor— it was) stretched out on the floor before the fireplace and exchanged loving insults with his mother (when he was not exchanging loving glances with his hostess), a relaxed example of a young cosmopelite whose speaking voice and smile explain to you his mountainous fan mail.

Van Johnson (at the same party) is bigger than you expect. Broader shoulders, taller, heavier handclasp. He is more immature. And as well liked by friends as you’d hoped. At first you find it hard to believe as you talk to him that he is this season’s sensation, the Ty Power and Robert Taylor and Jimmy Stewart of peacetime days. Then you think, why not? And end by accepting the hysteria of his following.

Esther Williams is common clay, uncommonly molded into a perfection of beauty. With a show girl’s height and the figure of a dream, with only a sure instinct for survival (and a heart) to guide her on her star’s road.

Ten new faces to make movie history in 1945.

Fred Sammis
For the first time in film history the movie-going public, polled by Dr. George Gallup’s famous Audience Research, chooses the man star, the woman star and the picture of the year

BY DR. GEORGE GALLUP

WINNER: BING CROSBY

Winning picture for 1944—“Going My Way!”

AMERICA’S movie-goers have chosen their favorite movie stars and picture of the year.

By the scientific polling methods employed by our Audience Research Organization, it has been possible to take the popular vote of the movie-going audience of the United States from coast to coast and to determine which stars and which picture are the actual winners in popularity with you who make up film audiences.

Now, after months of vote-taking from men and women, young and old, rich and poor, frequent and infrequent movie-goers, from those living in suburban and rural areas as well as in metropolitan centers, the final tabulations have been made and we can announce the winners, to whom the editors of Photoplay will award the magazine’s famed Gold Medals.

America’s choices are:
Most popular feminine star of the year—Greer Garson!
Most popular male star of the year—Bing Crosby!
Favorite picture of the year—“Going My Way!”

In the case of red-headed Miss Garson, she was chosen by a comfortable margin over all the other top favorites for whom you cast your vote. No great surprise when you consider how Garson-conscious America has become since seeing her as Mrs. Miniver. But more telling than that is the strong lineup of pictures she has had since then—“Random Harvest,” “Madame Curie,” “Mrs. Parkington,” each a quality film in its own right. Thereby she has established her claim on the affections of the public.

Even so, before the final tabulation we were not certain whether the winner might possibly be Bette Davis, Betty Grable, Ginger Rogers, Judy Garland or one of the other contenders who would wear the laurel of being your favorite screen actress for 1944. As a matter of fact, it would have been interesting to have observed how the vote for Judy Garland might have been affected had “Meet Me In St. Louis” been released earlier and had thereby had an opportunity to play more widely before the end of the year.

Bing Crosby as winner of men stars would come under the head of a foregone conclusion to most movie-goers. He has long been one of the leading favorites among men
Gold Medal Awards
For 1944!

Way.” Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby

stars, and he moved into undisputed first place with the general release of “Going My Way.” One reason for Bing Crosby's continued popularity over a period of time is that he appeals to all types of movie-goers, rich and poor, city dweller and suburbanite, young boys who like comedians, young girls who like singers, mature matrons who like dramatic actors.

This year, when the tabulating began, it was not certain which of several top actors would win. These were Crosby, Humphrey Bogart, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant. The final vote-counting indicated that beyond all question of a doubt, Crosby was the popular selection.

Perhaps you wonder why the new favorite of so many of you doesn't appear in these findings. I am talking about Van Johnson, for whom comparatively large groups of you voted. The answer lies in that word "new." In this business of taking polls we have learned that it requires an appreciable amount of time for a sensational newcomer to register with the vast over-all audience that makes up the movie-going public. Although the rate of acceptance by the public has been stepped up over former years, the time has not yet arrived when a young star, who has had only two major pictures with a third not yet fully released throughout the nation, is likely to land at the top of the popularity ladder. Even if “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” had already had its full run at the time our final results were taken the end of December, it is doubtful that Van Johnson would have had a chance of coming out ahead of an established star like Bing Crosby.

But our figures do reveal the fact that Van Johnson has by all odds shown the greatest gain of any male star in 1944. Who knows but that for 1945 he will be the star to receive Photoplay's Gold Medal Award?

This is also true of Jennifer Jones among actresses. While she did not stand in the top group in the final tabulating, she among all new feminine faces on the screen gained most in public favor. Will Jennifer Jones be among the few names from whom the final winner will be chosen next year?
Van Johnson, star of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Two Girls And A Sailor," has made the greatest gains in popularity of any male star for the year 1944, as revealed by Photoplay's poll.

Now we come to your favorite motion picture for 1944. "Going My Way" was head and shoulders above any other picture presented to the people we interviewed. It was the winner not only in the over-all poll, but also in each classification group—the age, sex, geographical, occupational and income brackets. It made no difference if they were the Saturday junior matinee serial fans or the fastidious three-a-year movie-goers. Nothing could shake the firm hold this picture has taken on the mind and heart of the movie-going public. It is the first time such a thing has happened in any poll we have ever taken.

The two pictures which took second and third places, Cecil B. DeMille's production of "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," which starred Gary Cooper, and "A Guy Named Joe," with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Van Johnson, were likewise leading contenders among all audience groups. These were followed in order by "Mrs. Parkington," "Laura," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "Destination Tokyo," "Two Girls And A Sailor," "Since You Went Away" and "The Sullivans."

There you have the top ten choices of Mr. and Mrs. American Movie-goer, as well as the junior miss and her boy friend. Study the list and you will arrive at an interesting point which throws light on a question that has been argued bitterly for the past year. Does the American public want war pictures? Frankly, our polls have been showing a public trend away from war films. But these results indicate that it is the individual picture which counts. If a film is good, the fact that its theme has to do with war will not stand in the way of its becoming a popular favorite. For of the ten top pictures in this poll, only three have non-war stories—"Going My Way," "Mrs. Parkington" and "Laura."

For those who would be interested in knowing how the battle of the sexes came out, we have compiled separate lists of the ten pictures selected by each group. The men chose: "Going My Way," "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," "Destination Tokyo," "A Guy Named Joe," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "The Sullivans," "Mrs. Parkington," "The Lodger," "Gung Ho" and "Home In Indiana."


As a means of getting another type of cross-section of the public's taste, while we were compiling our final scores we broke down the movie-goers into three groups: The frequent attenders, the average attenders and the infrequent attenders. Here are the top ten selections of the frequent attenders: "Going My Way," "The Sullivans," "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," "Gaslight," "Up In Arms,


This last list represents the taste of what we might call the most selective group. They go infrequently, only when they find something of special interest playing in the vicinity. Note that "Dragon Seed" and "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" appear for the first time on this list. While we are on the subject of picture lists, I should
like to call your attention to four films in particular which gave indication in our last-minute poll round-up that if they had had earlier releases they would have been among the year’s ten most popular pictures. “Meet Me In St. Louis” and “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” have already been mentioned briefly. The other two are “Wilson” and “The Princess And The Pirate.” All of these were popular in those quarters where they had been seen.

But if those of you who rooted for them may take heart. To avoid penalizing these late pictures and the stars that appeared in them we eliminated from consideration any which had not been seen by at least a third of the persons interviewed by the time of the final poll so that they might be eligible for next year’s award.

Equal precaution was taken to see that pictures released in the very early part of the year were not handicapped by the fact that people were no longer thinking about them or the players they featured. One device used was to conduct a separate preliminary poll in the early summer tabulating pictures released up to that time. In fact, the entire operation of this poll has been designed to give every picture and star an even break for your vote.

Always in such elaborate breakdowns there are interesting bits and pieces of information which come to the surface. For instance, one sidelight bears on the oft-battled question of how many pictures a star should make to hold his popularity. Some top players have argued that if their studios put them into too many pictures a year they would grow stale at the box office. However, our findings would indicate that the true and loyal admirers never have a chance to see too much of their favorites. As a general rule a star’s absence from the screen does not make their hearts grow fonder. The exception is Clark Gable. When he makes his return to pictures, he will find his following very little diminished by the two years he spent in the Army. With moviegoers throughout the nation he is still one of the prime favorites.

And here is food for thought on the part of those who would deplore the taste of the American movie-going public. This poll proves their taste is good by anybody’s standards, for “Going My Way” which came in first by popular vote also was the number-one selection of the critics.

In the years to come we hope you will find the result of the Gold Medal Awards as stimulating and as exciting as do we who are on the inside watching the machinery which you have set in operation. Perhaps already you have your ideas of who will be the winners in 1945?

The End

**The Ten Top Pictures of 1944**

1. Going My Way
2. The Story Of Dr. Wassell
3. A Guy Named Joe
4. Mrs. Parkington
5. Laura
6. See Here, Private Hargrove
7. Destination Tokyo
8. Two Girls And A Sailor
9. Since You Went Away
10. The Sullivans

**About George Gallup**

Dr. George Gallup is a unique figure in modern journalism. Originator of the famous “Gallup Poll,” which has forecast the winning party in five national elections, he has now founded Audience Research, Inc., to survey reactions of the movie-going public. To him Photo-play has entrusted the important job of determining your annual selections.

Although too new to rate in the group of top poll winners, Jennifer Jones, who has starred in only two pictures—“The Song Of Bernadette” and “Since You Went Away”—showed the greatest rise in popularity among women stars in 1944.
The Difference Is

The love story of John Payne and Gloria De Haven is in a song

You know how the song goes:

"What a difference a day makes,
Twenty-four little hours..."

On New Year's Eve, standing in a silent little desert street in picturesque Palm Springs, California, trying to prop up their sleepy eyes for one more minute, to watch the waning desert moon and be sure it was authentically, truly 1945, Gloria De Haven and John Payne softly sang that tune to one another.

For they knew when their miracle day had happened. That was September 23, 1944. The difference it made was that, where before they had been like so many young folk today, just two lonely people, only a little more than three months after it, on December 28, 1944, at the Beverly Vista Community Church in Beverly Hills, they became one.

Love did it, of course. Love, that is, using such assistants as Sue Carol Ladd and a blind date and a set of ideals. Love whipped it all up into a wartime romance built on serious wartime emotions but given the sparkle of a Christmas ending.

It began, as all truly romantic stories do, most accidentally. Alan and Susie Ladd were giving a party and they wanted Gloria and Johnny to be among those present. Knowing neither of them had any permanent date, Sue and Alan thought it would be nice if they came together, so Susie, as hostess, rang up John and asked him if he would bring Miss De Haven, even if he had never met her.

As fast as you can say "yes," John, who felt no agony when he recalled the photographs he'd seen of Gloria, said that would be dandy. Sue then called Gloria and Miss De Haven, visualizing the Payne height, profile and shoulders she'd watched on the screen, demurely replied she'd be delighted.

Thus was set up the least blind blind date in history.

Came Saturday night and Miss Pocket Venus had on her favorite black chiffon dress, a neatly concealing, nicely revealing number, but she didn't have on her coat, not wanting to look too eager. Besides, she wasn't absolutely sure she was being called for.

But suddenly a knock sounded on the door. A voice called, "Payne's here." Miss De Haven opened the door, introduced the mass of rugged male grandeur she saw there to her mother, put on her coat and let said male grandeur escort her down to his car.

They drove to the Ladds and they made polite, very stilted conversation all the way and their hearts went right on beating perfectly normally. For, you see, they were both
accustomed to beautiful people of the opposite sex and because they both were lonely and romantic, they wanted a lot more than beauty—a lot more.

The Ladd party turned out to be a gay and giddy affair and, as at all such gay gatherings, there were some guests who got so high they climbed right up into the stratosphere. But not Mr. Payne and Miss De Haven. Gloria doesn’t drink at all, so she sat quietly and prettily by John’s side at one of the tables out under the trees, and John, being a gentleman and her escort, didn’t go barging around and leaving her. Presently they departed, quite early. As they drove past Ciro’s, they commented that a new show was opening there the following Wednesday.

“Would you like to go?” asked John.

“Yes, I would,” said Gloria.

“I’ll call for you Wednesday at eight,”

Now Gloria didn’t know that this Ciro’s date was a test, but it was. To Johnny, out of the Army for only three weeks, deepened by the contact with the men he had met in the camps, all values were serious. In fact, seriousness had been a keynote of his life.

Like most old Virginia families the Paynes had had only little money and very great ideals. John was well brought up but there was never a moment’s doubt that he would have to earn his living, every inch of the way, and until he finally got into pictures he went through some lean times.

In Hollywood he married Anne Shirley, as everyone knows, and about three years ago they were divorced, as everyone also knows, for reasons that no one knows. When he and Anne now meet, they behave like well-bred people, and they share the custody of their small daughter, Julie, six months a year apeclese. After their divorce he made a try at several gay friendships but they were never any more than just that.

Then John entered the Air Corps. He was terribly earnest about becoming a good pilot and he spent his own money and whatever time he had left over from his Army training to purchase outside flying lessons. He saw the boys around him being pushed around by the girls they had left behind and the subject of how to find a true love became almost an obsession with him. Then on September first, along with 5,000 others in his same classification, he was let out of service. The Army considered these men too old for pilots (John will soon be thirty-three) and too big for bombardiers (John stands six feet four and weighs two hundred pounds).

I ran into him the first day back. Johnny said, that day, his (Continued on page 83)

An Ex-G. I.
Challenges American Women

By John Payne

I WANT to talk to you American women. You may not like what I have to say. I don’t myself. I can say it only because I’m not talking for myself. I’ve been lucky. When I was discharged from the Army I met Gloria De Haven who is a swell human being. She was free to love me and marry me, as you know if you have read the accompanying story.

Now, however, I’m talking for the men who are not here to speak for themselves. They’re in Burma and China. In Italy and France. In Germany and Alaska and Greenland. They’re in camps all over the United States. They’re on islands all over the Pacific.

I have a right to speak for them, I think. For two years I was one of them. I lived with them and laughed with them, shared their dreams and their problems.

There’s a lot of concern these days over the bitterness expressed by service men who return from overseas duty or prolonged periods in camp. It frightens all of us, but I believe it should hold special alarm for women, since the great portion of their bitterness is caused by women themselves.

“All right,” I can hear you say, “what, exactly, is the beef?”

Bluntly it’s this:

Engaged girls are breaking their promises to absent sweethearts in favor of spur-of-the-moment romance and marriage.

Married women are not being faithful, spiritually or physically, to their husbands who are away at war.

One thing I want to make clear... I am not concerned with the moral issues or the aspects of “sin” which may be involved in all this. I am not a professional soul-saver. But I am concerned with the things that affect our fighting men.

Not even my present happiness can erase from memory the awful, incredible, lost looks I saw on a lot of guys’ faces when they got the kiss-off from the women they loved and believed in—women whom they were fighting and dying for. In the services we called those letters—which arrive usually after a long silence and either explain that the engagement or marriage was a mistake or express a hope that one day the recipient will find a girl worthy of him—the “blue slip.” They’re common enough, you see, to warrant a nickname. In a small way, the nickname helps too. Because it’s the American way to kid about things that aren’t even a little funny.

Are my charges true? You know they are! As an extreme example, there was the recent publicly reported account of a wife who had borne three children in the three-year absence of her soldier husband and was receiving deductions from his paycheck for each of them. One case proves nothing. All right. But, to prove everything, there’s the War Department’s admission that it is unable to cope with the demoralizing effect of “blue slips” on our troops.

Some sweethearts and wives even have the insolence to ask the man to “understand.” He “understands” too well. He “understands” that while he is thousands of miles away, fighting the enemy and weariness and homesickness, some other guy, safe at home, has taken his girl. And (Continued on page 85)
OF ALL the hundreds of Hollywood marriages, probably that of Pin-up Girl Betty Grable and Swing King Harry James caused the most gloomy head-shaking in movietown. "Won't last—two careers don't make a marriage," said the wiseacres flatly. Meanwhile, what was the nation saying? The nation was crowding in delight, "It's ideal—the two jive idols of the country will be completely happy!"

And we are happy to report that the Hollywood sophisticates were dead wrong—and the nation entirely right. The two careers notwithstanding, Harry James and Betty Grable are so thoroughly happy together that their marriage, with all its daily hurdles, is an example of love and tenderness to the world.

It certainly has hurdles—as witness the fact that Betty works at her studio from seven in the morning until seven at night; while Harry leaves at eight p.m. for his orchestra playing...and is gone until two a.m. And yet this is a blissful marriage—somehow the two crowd in a full week together, every week. The reason for this happiness is a simple one: it's consideration for each other—a habit practiced as a matter of course by our pioneer ancestors, and almost forgotten in the whirlwind living of today. With Betty doing most of the adjusting quietly, and Harry never dreaming that she does.

All of Betty's friends know, for instance, of one considerate mission she accomplishes every single day of her working life: She has an hour off for lunch, like everyone else on the set. Instead of spending it over a leisurely meal in the nearby studio commissary, she gets into her car, costume and all, and drives to her home—which, luckily, is very near the studio—thus allowing her self precious time with Harry in the middle of the day, at lunch. After lunch, she's back in her convertible heading for the studio. What other star actress has ever done this before?

With baby Victoria's appearance, Betty made another unique decision in the history of Hollywood marriages—she demanded the right to spend every Thursday at home with her husband and baby. Thursday is the nurse's day off; but all over filmdom other actresses have a substitute nurse come in—all over filmdom, that is, except on the five acres in Beverly Hills owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry James. Thursdays and Sundays are Betty's days to be completely a wife and mother, and she makes them just that. She spends those days in sandals and a cotton dress, and her blonde hair worn down on her shoulders the way Harry likes it. Together, all day long, she and Harry play with little Victoria, and feed her and care for her; and meanwhile, they also talk together and swim in their pool—which both of them would rather do than spend an evening in the swankiest night club in town.

For that matter, part of their complete happiness is due to their joint simplicity when they have a free, evening together. Perhaps because Harry has spent years of his life playing in night clubs, and Betty has spent years of hers singing in them (and dating in them)—neither of them can see anything attractive in night clubs now.

What's more, they seem to have an uncanny instinct about just what the other one feels like doing—and generally that amounts to dinner at a red-checked-table in a hardy-known spaghetti restaurant; then a movie; then a hot fudge sundae at Brown's on Hollywood Boulevard. And so home.

Mainly, they both love movies; and dinners at out-of-the-way Italian restaurants; and staying at home playing poker and gin rummy with their friends. As for drinking, their sole social beverage is a soda-pop drink. And that's certainly something big they have in common!

But, as in the case of most successful marriages, what they really have in common is a mutual desire to think of the other—with the wife silently doing the major part of the rearranging of lives, and the husband none the wiser! For instance, take Harry's intense interest in baseball—not just in seeing it played, but in playing it himself. Now, you know as well as we do what the average wife would (Continued on page 81)
Two hearts in valentine-time: Betty Grable and her Harry James
The Man Who Loved

He's tough in a fight, tender in love. He's that dynamic detective — Dana Andrews!

by John Chapman

DANA ANDREWS, tall, Texan and terrific, is the kind of a guy who says "I'm the kind of a guy who—"

He's the kind of a guy who doesn't get discouraged, who is a family man, who gave up a good career because he couldn't bear the thought of being stuck with it, and who looks to the future with confidence. On his way to the top now in "A Walk In The Sun," he suddenly finds that Uncle Sam won't let Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck, who own him, give him a well-deserved one hundred per-cent hike in salary. Instead of mooning about this, or shrugging it off and saying, "C'est la guerre," he grins and says, "Boy, I'm liquid!"

It's the accountant in him—for he was an expert accountant with a good job when he decided to hitch-hike from Huntsville, Texas, to Hollywood to become a movie actor fourteen years ago. He is now so thoroughly divorced from columns of figures that he employs a business manager—"But I sure know enough to check up on him and he says I really don't need him."

It was nine years after a very fast hitchhike, lasting three days, before Dana finally got into pictures. Discouraged? Never. Driving school buses for $10 a week, working in filling stations and doing many small-paid jobs never got him down because he always knew what he wanted to do and it was fun to keep on trying. Trying, he figures—trying for anything you want—is all the fun there is. A simple, clear-headed philosophy for a simple, clear-headed guy who says he's liquid.

He counts as his main blessings his wife, a smart blonde named Mary; his son (by a first wife named Janet who died nine years ago), David, aged eleven; his and Mary's daughter, Kathy, two; and Stephen Todd the new son. His lesser assets—physical and financial—he can tick off rapidly on his big fingers.

"I've been in the movies five years and I'm not in the big money. But I paid the man who backed me $20,000, according to an agreement, and I'm glad he was all paid back before he died. I've got a house in Encino worth $22,000, furnishings worth $10,000 and $10,000 in War Bonds. "We aren't exactly penurious, but we're not crazy. We do very little night-clubbing, but we like to entertain at home. Sooner or later I'll get that raise and I'm not worried. If the Government won't let Goldwyn and Zanuck give it to me now, I'll get it two years from now when my contract expires."

There is no doubt as to the fate of that contract after recent proof that the movie-goers are going nuts over Andrews. In "Laura" he completely bowled over the feminine customers as a hard-bitten detective who fell in love with a girl he thought was dead. Even the bobby-
socks crowd has begun to whinny like mad at Dana, and his bosses are eyeing him with a new respect.

Andrews claims he had no sense of humor until he married Mary Todd, a talented comedienne whom he met at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. "She taught me to laugh," he grins. So maybe it's her fault that Andrews got clipped on the chin by a film star in a New York night club recently. It happened this way:

Movie celebrities were all over this champagne-and-caviar spot and so were autograph hunters, asking for autographs on menus, envelopes and even shirt cuffs. Andrews left his own table and for fun went to another table at which were two of Hollywood's best actors. He shoved his shirt cuff in front of one of them and asked for a signature.

The star didn't even look up to see who it was. He just didn't pay any attention.

So Dana leaned over and spoke confidentially: "Come on, you silly jerk, give me your autograph."

Still without looking to see who it was, the (Continued on page 90)
AGED five and the rage of a world struggling to escape from material depression and spiritual sluggishness, Shirley Temple was the nearest thing to a miracle that a shock-absorbing public could hang its heart on in 1933. That was the year when brokers, bankers, gangsters and stars (especially stars) learned the full meaning of that precious line from the World's Best-Seller—"And a little child shall lead them." I say it with reverence and pride. That the Great American Public should have chosen to worship at the tiny feet of the small Temple for several years will make nice reading for future generations. I can hear them saying, "That must have been before Gin Rummy!"

What will Shirley's descendants be saying? Will it be . . . "And she grew up to be one of America's greatest actresses," or "Too bad, she married so young and gave up her career"? I'm not making any predictions but I'm saying the odds are even.

When I saw "Since You Went Away," I heard people all around me saying that Shirley was "simply sweet." After a two-hour visit with her last week, my verdict is . . . sweet—yes, but far from simple!

"Wouldn't you like to do a stage play?" I asked.

She thought a bit. "I don't really know. I'm afraid I would get tired of doing the same thing every night."

"But, dear, the first two or three rows of new faces each night would inspire you all over again," I countered.

"That's probably all that would be there—just two or three rows," said Shirley.

At the time I interviewed her as a wonder child, I was impressed by two great qualities—honesty and humor. Through the years of changes, which could only be known to a child prodigy growing up, she has kept both qualities.

When Mrs. Temple brought Shirley to see me eleven years ago, I was all set to treat her as I had always been treated as a child wonder. I remembered the questions they used to ask Little Elsie (a headliner at six) . . . How did she learn her songs? . . . Did she really like being an actress? . . . Did she like dolls? I remembered how bored I had been but, after all, what else could a child actress talk about? I soon found out little Miss Temple did not care about talking at all. She was polite but firm about it.

We went into the garden, which she surveyed with all the air of a prospective buyer. She handed me a stuffed silk cat she was hugging, and said: "Hold my kitty, will you, please? I brought him cause I thought you might want to interview him." With that, she walked back to the swimming pool and spent an hour with her then somewhat new husband, sailing toy boats which he had made.

"She likes you," said Mrs. Temple when Shirley handed me the kitty.

"He likes her," I said to Mrs. Temple when my husband handed Shirley our most beautiful boat as a parting gift. Mrs. Temple and I had plenty to talk about then for I knew what she had ahead of her as the mother of a wonder child—plenty of worries and struggles. Mrs. Temple has had them all right but has come through with a smile. Lately, I had heard that she was rather difficult about Shirley's going out "on her own." Tactfully, I phoned
Putting together the past and the present of an all-time popular girl—bewitching Miss Temple

an invitation to tea for both Shirley and her mother. “I’m afraid I can’t make it,” said Mrs. Temple, “but you don’t want to see me so I’ll drop Shirley off at your house. I’ll do some things I have to do and come back for her.”

“But I want to see you and Shirley together.”

“I’ll come in later but you have a nice talk with her first. I’m anxious to know how you think she is developing,” said the supposedly “difficult” Mrs. Temple.

For our appointment, Shirley arrived right on time—and not because Mrs. T. brought her. She came in a station wagon.

“You didn’t drive that big thing, did you?” I said.

“Oh, no! Peterson brought me, but Mum will come for me.” She stood there in the doorway, looking like what I think every real American parent would like to have a sixteen-year-old daughter look—a thoroughly nice American girl.

For Mrs. Temple and anyone else who is interested, here are the little things about Shirley that impressed me most: Her handshake—strong and cool. . . . her beauty in a face-to-face close-up. How they managed to make her look almost plain in “Since You Went Away” I’ll never know. Maybe the film was made some months ago. Between fifteen and sixteen, beauty can move in unexpectedly.

Her coloring is definitely her own. I couldn’t even trace any lipstick.

Her eyes twinkle and glow, then suddenly go shimmery as if pushed by a tear when she talks about the wounded men in hospitals she has visited (Continued on page 93)
The Voice with The Smile—Frank Sinatra

Pause for a pretty picture—Marsha

Interruption on the menu—Errol Flynn

The lady who's known as Janie—Joyce Rey
Salute from a songstar—Susanna Foster

The joy-of-living girl—June Allyson

America’s popular guy comes home—Clark Gable

Thoughtful look from a good Joe—Cotten
Hollywood must be an exciting place," my friends always say wistfully.

"Why?" I asked one the other day.

"Because," she explained, surpised, "it is the home of beautiful women and handsome men—the greatest minds—the greatest musicians, writers, artists and couturiers—gather there...there is wealth...there are wonderful parties, sky-blue swimming pools, floodlighted premieres...Because, after all, it's the dream city of the world, isn't it?"

Hollywood is, undoubtedly, all this. During your first few weeks in that fabulous town all those things overwhelm you. Then slowly they become the background against which the really exciting things—the little human episodes—take place. For the longer I live the more convinced I become that the generosity, love, friendship, integrity, brotherhood, courage and incredible achievements of which the individual is capable are the most exciting things in the whole universe.

Speaking of incredible achievements, I hasten to tell you about Lauren Bacall...About a year ago when Lauren—completely unknown—had her eighteenth birthday I gave a little luncheon party for her. I invited Hedda Hopper, that astute columnist, the lovely Jean (Mrs. Charles) Feldman, Sir Charles Mendl, a great connoisseur of beauty, Felix Ferry from the Leland Hayward office (incidentally, Leland is the producer of Broadway's "A Bell For Adano"), Terrence Phillip, another connoisseur of beauty visiting Hollywood at the time, and Carroll Carstairs, a charming art authority who has a gallery in Manhattan. All the gentlemen thought Lauren was divine. And both Jean Feldman and Hedda Hopper watched her, fascinated.

We had a happy time. Lauren cut her cake and was so sweet and appreciative for the little gold and jeweled brooch, not very elaborate or particularly expensive, which I gave her.

Hedda Hopper said to me that day, "You're right, Elsa. She'll have a great future out here—if she just won't go in for ingenue stuff..."

This surprised me, for Lauren isn't remotely the way she looks on the screen. She's collegiate in manner and appearance. And from the beginning she's been as careful as all get-out of her conduct. She lives with her mother, drives her own car...
Most Exciting Hollywood Moments

Here a world-renowned woman and intimate friend of the stars dips into her diary and discovers these memorable high spots

by

Elsa Maxwell

so the wolves get no opportunity to take her home, and she doesn’t stay out late or carouse.

Nevertheless, I said, “Tell Lauren how you feel, Hedda.” And Hedda did.

I feel sure Lauren, in turn, told Howard Hawks. Howard, you may be sure, would be quick to act upon any advice he valued. He’s Lauren’s Toscanini. He conducts her as meticulously and sensitively and masterfully as Toscanini does his orchestra. Which perhaps will explain to you how a young girl, not yet twenty-one, could appear on the screen for the first time opposite that sophisticate of sophisticates, Humphrey Bogart, and give a performance that instantly had her being compared to Jean Harlow—a far cry indeed from the sweet ingenue for whom I gave my luncheon.

It’s a wonderful thing to have been in on the birth of a star and although I do not feel Lauren yet belongs up with the great of the screen, I think she’s likely to get there.

Next, I think of Judy Garland whose metamorphosis also is something in my book. Judy used to be a little thing who sang little songs like “The (Continued on page 101)
Newcomer with radiance: Phyllis Thaxter soon to be seen in M-G-M's "Alter Ego"
If you saw "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," you'll want to know more about

**THAT Thaxter Girl**

**BY INGA ARVAD**

The first time you see Phyllis Thaxter, something in her warm and vibrant personality will attract you. The second time, you will be amazed that behind those smiling blue eyes, the pert little nose, the firm chin and the crop of light brown hair, there is a crisp intellect and unbelievable determination, practically bordering on stubbornness.

She is a lovely girl, tall and slim, and her movements are those of a trained ballet dancer. Her voice is soft. She is emotional and has definite opinions on anything ranging from politics to what she wants and hopes for in the future.

Until a few months ago, Phyllis' whole life centered around arriving at the top as a big dramatic actress. At the present moment, she keeps an eye on the mailbox and tears the phone off the hook before the second ring has sounded, all because she is in love, terribly in love with her new pilot husband.

The first time Phyllis saw "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," where she plays Ellen Lawson, the wife of Major Ted W. Lawson, hero of the Tokyo raid, she sat as quietly as a mouse in the theater out at Glendale where the sneak was being run. She lived the whole story with the audience and, like the rest, had tears in her eyes when the show was over. That evening, at that moment, she had become someone different: A screen personality. You should have seen how she was mobbed when she left the theater.

Phyllis didn't understand that her performance was so outstanding; but both the director Mervyn LeRoy and producer Sam Zimbalist, who were here, could do nothing but shake her slim little hand because they were too moved by her performance to talk.

The day we had our visit she was sitting, with her legs curled under her, in a big chair. She is twenty-two and she believes her life has been: "Just like most American girls. Happy, gay, very carefree, and I am grateful for that."

Suddenly she smiled, that shy, warm little smile of hers and said, "You should have known me when I went to New York the first time. I was just about seventeen and all I wanted was a part. Any part. If nothing else, to walk across the stage. I must have looked rather funny to the producers I went to see," she said and smiled again, "because I wore a navy blue coat with brass buttons and a small navy hat. I'm sure I looked about fourteen years old. But the worst thing was that I was scared to death. I would stand for hours in a corner of a producer's office, too scared even to ask for a part; and many are the times I sneaked out of the door again.

"I didn't have anything to do, so I decided to go back to Portland, Maine, and. (Continued on page 86)
Winner on the rave roster: Van Johnson, star of M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance"
MY LIFE
by Van Johnson
AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

The friendship of Van and Keenan Wynn started in a movie “trench”

I LANDED in New York in a bitter rain with five dollars in cash and my mother’s address in my pocket. My mother had remarried and lived, I soon discovered, a long way by subway from Broadway, out in the Sheepshead Bay district.

Mother hadn’t seen me for sixteen years, since I was three, when she and Dad were divorced. She was wonderful to me. She and my stepfather gave me a room, lunch money and encouragement. I assured them I’d soon repay them, since I would be making big dough almost immediately. I didn’t mention my name in lights, but privately that idea glittered at me. I wrote Lois frequently, implying, even saying, that when Johnson hove into sight in these agencies, they greeted him with open arms.

Lois wrote back the ideal kind of only-girl letters which, boiled down, said one thing: Dear, you’re right. Not that that was a surprise. After all, she was the one whose faith had spurred me on to abandoning the home waters of Newport and trying my luck on Broadway.

Did I say luck? My optimism again.

I went into the Broadway agencies and not an arm moved. Not an eyelash batted. I was strictly Mr. Nobody from Nowhere and I could keep on being same, till death did us part, for all of Broadway.

It wasn’t that I didn’t try. I did all the things. I tramped miles. I called in daily. I smiled. I hoofed. I sang. I did everything but take out my ribs, one by one, to attract attention.

As the weeks went by, I began being sick with guilt over taking that lunch money from my mother. Inevitably I discovered that spot all aspiring Broadway kids discover, the Penn-Astor basement lunch counter, where a big meal costs twenty-two cents and no tips accepted, but even that daily twenty-two cents plus a dime carfare was getting me down.

Yet that first year I did get in one show, a dilly called “Entre Nous,” which was so darned entre nous that it practically remained a secret from the public. Of course its being hidden away in Greenwich Village helped the public to avoid it. We played The Cherry Lane Theater, but there wasn’t any cherry tree, and no lane and the theater itself was so small that such audiences as we had practically sat on the stage among the acts. But at least and at last I was a professional. I sang and danced. The show ran four weeks and we got paid one. My wage: $15.

Nobody discovered me.

The second year things began to break. Because I answered a chorus call wearing tap-dancing shoes, the harassed dance director decided I must be old Johnny Fleetfoot and hired me without so much as a tryout. By the time we got into rehearsals, I’d picked up enough steps to get by. (Continued on page 66)
Dear Miss Colcest:

The other night my fourteen-year-old daughter came home from seeing Frank Sinatra's latest movie. I asked her if she liked the picture. All of a sudden, she screamed and said she was going to run away from home and go to Hollywood to see Sinatra. I don't know what to do with her—she says she simply has to see him. She won't go to school. She won't eat or sleep. All she does is lock herself in her room with her phonograph and all his records and pictures. What should I do?

A Helpless Mother
Among the hundreds of letters received each month by Claudette Colbert in response to her Photoplay department, "What Should I Do?" came this appeal from a worried mother. Miss Colbert considered the underlying problem of such importance that she requested the advice of a trained psychologist. Photoplay found such a man in the person of Lawrence Gould, eminent in his field. Here is his answer, but more important still, his warm defense of today's teen-agers.

The Editors

IF you have read the letter on the opposite page, you are undoubtedly asking yourself: "How would I answer if the problem were put to me?" So let's tackle it together.

In the first place, if you're a Sinatra fan yourself, you have at least some idea of how this girl feels. You know there are millions who feel more or less the same way, and that there are a good many of these whose emotions sometimes run away with them and make them do things which seem pretty silly—anyhow, to an outsider. Maybe you've seen Frank's admirers held back by the police to keep them from mobbing him to get his autograph, to give him presents, or even to tear off pieces of his clothes for souvenirs. And you yourself probably have spent time listening to his records or dreaming over his picture when you should have been doing your homework or helping your mother with the dishes.

In a way, you can see why it all seems silly to people to whom Frank doesn't mean what he means to you, yet you know at heart that you're not really crazy and you feel, away down inside, that the folks who make fun of you somehow just don't understand you. Maybe you wish that you knew how to explain yourself to them—especially your parents— and yet when you try, you don't know where to begin. Let's see if a psychologist can help you.

Suppose you begin by reminding the people who tell you you're crazy that girls always have gone in for hero-worship, even to the point of adoration, in the years between the time when they start dreaming about romance and the day when they're ready to be married. Ask mother or grandma, for example, to tell you about the "matinee idols" in the days before the movies, or the way the great pianist, Paderewski, used to be mobbed by adoring women after his recitals. Ask your older sister if she didn't feel the way you feel about Sinatra when Charles Lindbergh first flew the Atlantic. Actually, they were doing then, as you are now, the same thing that your kid brother does when he plays "commando"—getting ready to meet the experiences of grown-up life by living them out beforehand in imagination.

Deep down in your heart, you know that this is what you're doing, and you even say so, though you may never have realized what your words meant. You say Frank is "simply out of this world," meaning that the way he makes you feel is altogether different from the feelings you have about ordinary things and people. For that matter, the Sinatra you've adopted as your dream man is himself quite different from the real Frank, although the real Frank is an unusually charming person, and much nicer to be married to—for his real wife—than any dream man would be. Only right now, it's a dream man you need and, for my part, I am very glad you've found one. In fact, it is only when you forget that Frank is a dream man and try to make him real for you that the trouble begins.

That, of course, is what the girl whose mother wrote to Miss Colbert was doing when she threatened to leave home because she "simply had to see" Frank. And, before I could advise her mother wisely, I should have to know what drives her into thinking about doing something which, even at her age, she must know is foolish. All I can say positively is that scolding, punishment and ridicule are likely only to make things worse.

You see, if you are the average Sinatra fan, you love to get "out of this world" occasionally, but you're willing to come back when duty or some other interest calls you. And when a girl can't or will not come back, it must be because there's something about the real world that's "too (Continued on page 123)
The Truth About Hollywood's Nerves

Stardom cracks the whip and these high-strung, talented people try to keep pace—sometimes with tricky results

By "Fearless"

ROSALIND RUSSELL is finally up and about these days, very pale and startlingly thin, after a long illness that came so close to a complete nervous breakdown that for months Hollywood was worried sick.

For Roz is no average movie star, which isn't an average thing to be in the first place. Roz is more than a glamour girl. Roz is more than an expert comedienne. Roz is everything that a perfect woman should be—plus.

She is calculatedly beautiful. She is super-intelligent. Along with being the ideal career woman, always shrewd on business dealings, always punctual, punctilious and super-efficient, she is also the perfect wife. Major Fred Brisson is now overseas, but while he was stationed near Hollywood, Roz was the perfect military wife, making their home the most exquisite setting for all and any leaves. Roz is a dream of a hostess, a "best-dressed" woman, a devoted and tireless mother, a wonder child to her own charming mother, the perfect sister to the other four Russells. She also is a keen social worker (she is a scrapper for players' rights in the Screen Actors' Guild), has made many camp tours and was working for benefits for Chinese War Relief long before and long after this latter was fashionable, and a loyally devoted friend to a vast throng of pals, the closest of whom is her sometimes co-star Cary Grant.

Study that list. Add to it the fact that in all conferences, be they about hats or housework or roles, Roz had to do all the talking. Realize that she is a perfectionist at everything, whether it's the line of a hem or a bit of dialogue. Recall that she never could be idled-handed for so much as a split second. Then think of the ordinary facts of her daily living, the hair sets, the interviews, the rehearsals, the portrait sittings all poured on top of this.

Do you wonder, then, that when her baby was safely born, when Freddie Brisson was shipped overseas, she finally collapsed?

Most people in other communities accept a simple fact: They get tired. People in Hollywood, particularly those at the top, be they stars, writers or executives, refuse to acknowledge that fact. They dare not. The race is so swift that if they stop running one moment they are
Claudette has a highly sensitized system of detectors that tell her when she must relax.

Greer Garson believes in taking care when her nerves give the warning.

quite convinced that not only will they be overtaken, but passed. They have every reason to believe this since it has been proven true again and again. Even when the war came and swept the contract lists clean of male stars, did the studios suffer? No. The studios expected to — but along came Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, Sonny Tufts, Robert Walker and a host of others, so competently filling the shoes of their predecessors that the box office went into a new high.

But because the top people of glamour town dare not and will not rest, they get “Hollywood nerves.” Subtract only a few items from the Russell list and you have the average woman star’s life. Insomnia and ulcers are practically occupational diseases of both men and women before the camera.

The majority stagger through, some dying after having burned out much too young, as did that most gifted of producers, Irving Thalberg. But some nerves, probably fortunately, finally get so tense that they nearly break, as did Roz Russell’s, or currently as are Alan Marshal’s.

He is a very sick man, this charming, quiet Alan Marshal, and, tragically, a most typical case of the tricks Hollywood nerves can play. With his great success in “White Cliffs Of Dover” his career was about to shoot into the heights he has fought so long to attain. Following “White Cliffs,” Alan was cast for the finest role yet given to him, that of the wounded soldier in “The Enchanted Cottage.” Just a few days after that picture started shooting he collapsed.

That was more than six months ago, and Alan Marshal is still on the sick list.

In private life he was a most unactorish actor, very shy, very inhibited, living with a quietness that could almost be called stillness, madly in love with his beautiful young wife, Mary.

You can’t stop most actors from talking about themselves, but Alan was the reverse. He was literally incapable of talking about Alan, but he’d rave on about Mary for hours, her beauty, her wit, her charm. “She is the one, not I, who should be in pictures,” he’d say time after time.

Did he believe that, down deep in his heart? Did he really not want to star? Or was he secretly hurt and (Continued on page 99)
IT HAD TO BE 

YOU

We couldn’t stop reading this story of the studios. Only someone who has lived as excitingly close to the stars as this writer could tell so true a tale of Hollywood

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Author of the original story “Guest In The House.”

THEY stood in a shadowy corner of Sound Stage D, the tall, lithe boy with the sweep of dark hair across his forehead and the girl with the red-checked pinafore that made her look too young for the sweet thoughtfulness of her face.

Without touching her body, the boy’s arms, planted on either side of her where she stood against the wall, held her imprisoned.

“Jeannie”... He dropped his head to search the heart-shaped face raised to his. When words finally broke through the dam of his emotions his voice was almost rough. “I can’t take it like this.”

“Like what?” Her voice was teasing, but the brown eyes were two velvet saucers.

“Seeing you every day but never touching you—unless it’s in a scene. You’re like something far away and precious. But a guy just can’t—”

Her glance flicked to the strong arms pinioning her against the wall. “I’m not far away now, Peter,” she said softly.

For a split second his eyes stalked her face hungrily for the answer. Then without moving his arms from their guard he bent swiftly and laid his mouth on hers. Presently he pulled away. “Okay?” he asked hesitatingly.

“What’s okay?” she coaxed, her voice warm with his kiss.

“If I love you, goose.”

“That’s what I’ve been waiting for, darling,” she breathed.

“Jeannie!” Only then did his arms abandon their guard and wrap her close to him. And time for both of them was immeasurable.

THE stage door flew open with authority as Rosie Holmes, Jeannie’s mother, walked onto the set. It was as if the entire crew straightened their ties and their shoulders. Rosie wore a beige suit, high-heeled alligator slippers and a mink jacket flung across her shoulders. She looked much more like a film star than did Jeannie, the studio’s biggest bet in “Morning For Margie.” Rosie was treated more like one, too. She was, after all, the power behind the diminutive throne.

Even in the remote corner of the stage where Jeannie and Peter stood together telling each other of their love, Rosie’s presence could be felt. “Mother’s here,” Jeannie whispered, drawing away from Peter’s embrace. “What’s that got to do with us?” Peter asked.

The word that formed on Jeannie’s lips was “Everything!” But she did not say it aloud. “So long,” she whispered as she ran to her mother. Rosie’s eyes had not missed the shadowy figures on the far side of the sound stage. Smiling for the benefit of the crew, she manipulated Jeannie into her portable dressing room and closed the door.

“What’s all this about you and that little whippersnapper, Peter Blake?” she demanded.

The soft patina of first love still glowed Jeannie’s eyes, but her young lips tightened under her make-up. How had her mother found out about her and Peter so soon?

“Jeannie,” Rosie went on, “if you persist in this mad infatuation you will ruin my life. I’ve sacrificed for you for years, been through untold hardships so you might have a career. And now—well, I won’t stand by, Jeannie, and watch you risk it all for a silly boy.”

Jeannie knew the hardships Rosie had suffered. She remembered the miserable vaudeville circuits they had played, the tin hotels they had slept in. For years little Jeannie had liped out songs when she should have been in school. There were hundreds of Elks, IOOFs, Eastern Stars and Woodmen Of The World who had paid to hear her sing and see her dance at benefits. Jeannie, however, never had asked to do this work. She had done it only because she and Rosie had to have money; especially after that night so long ago in Fargo, North Dakota, when Dick Holmes, her (Continued on page 107)
Upstairs in Jeannie’s bedroom Marian confessed she had crashed the party.
“I’m glad you did,” Jeannie exclaimed impulsively.
Here is a story wherein the heroine admits, "I'm shy, like to laugh—and love, above all, being Mrs. John Loder"

Hedy Lamarr, Star of "Experiment Perilous"
BY HEDY LAMARR
(As told to Leon Surmelian)

A DARK-HAIRED, gray-eyed girl in a Vienna finishing school seemed completely absorbed in her history book, but a smile stole over her lips on that spring day twelve years ago. Suddenly she laughed aloud. The teacher snatched the book and found to her horror that the girl had cut the eyes from the full-page portraits of all the famous kings of history, had substituted others she had drawn and that by wiggling them she could make the crusty monarchs roll their eyes in zany fashion.

That school girl was I.

I never outgrew my delight in clowning. I still possess it, but only my closest friends and family realize it, for it is confined to my own home. In public I give quite the opposite impression.

There is a reason.

I like people, but by instinct I find I am on the defensive with them, until I know them well. I am cautious in meeting new people, because I have been misjudged so often in the past. Women, on first meeting me, manage subtly to convey the impression that they expect me to pose to get attention, and to make an attempt to flirt with their husbands. If only they knew that I am hopelessly embarrassed by being stared at—and I have my own husband! As a result, I am quite retiring in large groups of people I do not know well.

Because people are apt to judge personality quickly, and I have unconsciously built this defensive barrier, I have been labeled as anything but a gay person. I regret it. I'm sorry I am so cautious. It is really a form of shyness. Only when I finally know people well and find them sincere do I lose this inherent shyness.

In fact, it is because of this same shyness that I do not find it easy to do this story. Perhaps if I talk about my husband and me it will be easier.

I am married to one of the most understanding and companionable men in the world. He is both stimulating and soothing. John Loder and I are very unlike in our temperaments, for which I am grateful. We balance each other's personalities perfectly.

John's reaction to people is quite the opposite of mine. He trusts everyone, makes friends immediately, while I, as I said, am cautious and reserved in my judgment.

John is tolerant, easy-going. I have a quick temper. I flare up rapidly, and quiet down just as fast. There have been occasions when I've rushed to the phone, wanting to call someone who has hurt me. John has held me back. "Wait until tomorrow," he has told me. He knows that by the following day I might call the person a perfect dear, the same one I wanted to denounce over the phone a few hours before. My husband is teaching me tolerance.

If we are unlike in our temperaments, we're alike in our tastes. We both love books and music. We dislike crowds and enjoy each other's company. I prefer staying home and having John read to me to going to a party. We like the same people, motion pictures, radio programs—even the same food.

Of course we don't agree on everything. Now and then, like all couples, we have a little difference of opinion. It may be about some current event, an article we've both read. Life would be very dull if we held identical views on everything.

John likes to clown at home as much as I do. Neither of us is dignified in our own home. When we start laughing, there's no stopping us. The slightest gesture, the very suggestion of a funny remark by either of us will send us both into gales of laughter. John tells me I'll never grow up. Neither will he.

THE fact that we both are in the same profession is an additional bond between us. We understand each other's problems. In the evenings we often rehearse our scenes for the next day, cueing each other. We occasionally visit on each other's sets at our studios.

As you may suspect by now, we are both homebodies, and our home life is very precious to us. John is the head of our household and makes the decisions, but I run the home, as a wife should, and my husband says I run our home very efficiently—a compliment that delights me.

I fancy myself as a cook, and John agrees. I'm especially proud of my two specialties, crêpes suzettes and roast beef, but now they certainly are not practical dishes and we seldom have them. Beef (Continued on page 70)
Jeanne Crain: I told a lie—a fat one. And I took my punishment, right there on the scene.

The lie popped out when Henry Hathaway, who was my director on my first big picture, “Home In Indiana,” asked me if I could ride bareback.

With visions of being withdrawn from the picture (I couldn’t ride, period)—I told him of course I could. Truth will out, and my lie proved quickly transparent. The first five times we tried to shoot the scene I fell off and, sprawling in the dirt, looked up with terror to see Mr. Hathaway would say “you’re fired.”

All he said each time was “Let’s try it again,” which was almost as bad—for I was black and blue by this time. On the sixth take I gritted my teeth and stuck on. “Print it,” the director called out.

I was suffused with relief, relaxed—and fell off again! No more fibbing for Jeannie.

Diana Lynn: It seems I’m always “either too young or too old.” I’ve been telling whoppers about my age for so long now that I have no idea how old I really am.

I think I’m eighteen. I know I was fourteen when I had my first chance for a good part in pictures—the very knowing little girl in “The Major And The Minor.” The part called for a girl of twelve, so without a blush I said I had just turned thirteen. I dressed for the interview—in bobble socks, sloppy-joey sweater and no make-up. I got the part. My height was close enough to Ginger Rogers who was supposed to look fourteen, and with my scrubbed face I could pass for twelve, so they took a chance.

A year later “Our Hearts Were Young And Gay” came along and I was panting to do Emily who was nineteenish—and I was only fifteen. What was worse, they thought I was fourteen! This time an Edith Head suit and a glamour-pan by Westmore did the trick.

“How old are you?” Sheridan Gibney the producer asked me.

“Seventeen,” I lied, with a straight face. I believed me.

Now I’m playing the role of a 21-year-old girl band leader—very sophisticated—in “Out Of This World.” Love scenes and everything. I was really seventeen when I came up for this part, so I said I was eighteen. Now I am eighteen. Or am I?

Bill Bendix: I’m not so sure fibbing is a sin, for I’d probably still be a waiter if I hadn’t told one beauty of a lie. It was in the depths of the depression and jobs were scarce. The only thing I could turn up was in a restaurant which employed singing waiters.

“Sure I can sing,” I told the boss shakily. I can carry a tune in a bucket. That night I reported for work, sweating under my white coat. The dishes danced on the trays I carried. If only the manager would be out when I was asked to sing.

“Sing ‘When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,’” a guy at one of my tables piped up. And this was just a few feet away. I took a deep breath and began. The notes bore no relation to the song. My voice trembled and cracked. I was in anguish.

Then the customer began to laugh and pretty soon everyone in the room was laughing. I knew I was through. I hurried out to the waiters’ room and whipped off my white coat. Then I sought out the manager.

“All right,” I said gulping. “I know what’s coming. I quit.”

“What do you mean?” he said, and even he was laughing.

“They loved you. You aren’t quitting—I’m giving you a raise.”

And that, friends, is how Bendix found out he was a comedian.
With apologies to Mr. Washington, six blushing stars confess the times they slipped up on his cherry-tree example

John Payne: Lying—like crime—doesn't pay, as good old George Washington would tell us. I found that out years ago when I was working my way through the University of Virginia.

I had a chance to grab a night job as operator of an apartment house switchboard. It was just what I wanted—enough money, it didn't interfere with classes, and if the tenants didn't get too garrulous I would have a chance to sleep at least part of the night. There was only one hitch—I didn't know how to run a switchboard! But a friend of mine who was attending business college offered to fix me up. He would take me to his school, he said, and show me enough about switchboards in a couple of hours' demonstration to get me by.

I applied for the job so full of confidence—I hadn't made a mistake on the dummy switchboard!—that I was hired on the spot.

That night the switchboard, which was no dummy, came to life with a terrifying rush. I kept my wits about me for the first few calls, and then began plugging in and plugging out like a wild man. Tenants trying to call out found themselves talking to one another. Calls coming in—heaven knew what happened to them!

The fatal misstep occurred at about three a.m. when I rang the manager's phone—by mistake—and got him out of bed. I knew there was no use hanging around after that. I just pulled out my operator's plug—and went home.

Gracie Fields: The biggest whopper I ever told...

It happened back in my home town of Rochdale, in Lancashire, England, when I was a little girl about seven years old. A playmate and I were snooping nosy-like around a cemetery where there had just been a funeral. Great wreaths and bunches of flowers were all over the grave and on one wreath there were two very pretty ribbons.

We two little girls looked at each other and said, gee, wouldn't those ribbons look nice tied to our pigtails, but did we dare to sneak 'em? Yes, we dared, all right, and we each agreed to tell our mamas that the other had given us her ribbon. The first thing my mama asked was where did I get it. I told her my friend had given it to me. I never did get caught except...

Except by my own conscience. For three years after that I was haunted by visions of that poor woman rising right up out of her grave and pointing an accusing finger into my face and screaming, "You stole my ribbon!"

I'm not haunted by it any more, but it was an experience I shall never forget. Because I told that whopper when I was a kid I grew up a truthful woman.

Gregory Peck: Paul Bunyon would have been proud to claim my biggest lie. It was like this: After I left college I made a beeline for New York to be an actor. But wishing isn't acting. So I applied for a job as a guide at Radio City. I was to take tourists to the roof and point out places of interest, which meant I had to know the city and its environs.

"How long have you been in New York?" the personnel manager asked me.

"All my life," I lied, for I had to eat.

"You know the city then?"

"Like a book," I replied confidently, "I was born on East 57th Street," said I, having no idea where that was, "and I've had a paper route in almost every section." I went to work the next day, after spending a sleepless night studying city maps and guide books.

My first party of tourists showed me how useless all of my cramming had been.

"Where," they wanted to know, "is Brooklyn?"

"Right over there," I replied, pointing to Jersey City!
Playmates: Tom is just another kid where little niece Casey is concerned

Flying high: Tom Drake, next to be seen as a flyer in M-G-M's "This Man's Navy"

Moody Vagabond
From oatmeal to orchids—and not too concerned about it all—that's Tom Drake, who takes life as he finds it and adds his own dash of spice

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Life is no longer just a bowl of oatmeal to Tom Drake. Today he can take it or leave it alone. And he leaves it alone.

In the kitchen of his comfortable sprawling stucco home with the red tile roof in Beverly Hills, oatmeal is conspicuously absent.

For at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—where clang, clang, clang went the trolley, the career of the dashing Drake has gone ding, ding, ding, on up to the top of the bell.

The wistful-eyed actor who grabbed off Gloria De Haven in "Two Girls And A Sailor" and Judy Garland in "Meet Me In St. Louis," is now grabbing off top billing along with Wallace Beery for his sensitive performance as the "yellow" flyer who makes good in "This Man's Navy."

His best pals insist that he would be still better at comedy. Feeling, no doubt, that anybody who can get a laugh out of oatmeal can get a laugh out of anything.

Well does Tom remember the many batches of the murky stuff brewed by himself, his sister Claire and the gang in his basement apartment during those first days on Broadway. Especially one time four days before payday—and how excited they all were, trying out something new for glamorizing oatmeal. A dash of salt, a dash of margarine, another dash of something.

But four days is enough oatmeal. With or without salt.

Yet, even the way he tells it is indicative of the adventurous side of young Drake. And knowing him, you feel that no amount of fame can fence him in, that the kleigs and the glamour to him mean nothing, that he just wants to make a success of pictures to prove to himself that he can. And that once he does, he's just as liable to take up raising race horses or deep-sea diving. And do equally well at both.

For Tom Drake is a creature of contrasts. A combine of opposites. The moody, serious Drake who wants to succeed and the gay adventurer who took a train to Hollywood the way he used to take the local to New York from New Rochelle. And would take one back the same way. An eternal vagabond. The two Drakes are all mixed up like a chef's salad inside.

He dreams of a ranch but never stays settled long enough to build a wigwam. He's a sophisticated twenty-six and seems a more naive twenty-one. He looks like the harmless boy next door and has a deep sexy voice that hits you with the sock of a Charles Boyer. Behind that wistful face of his lurks a sense of humor that seldom stops at anything. He looks sad, but is very gay.

He gives the impression of just going along taking everything in his easy-going stride. Killing off one dragon at a time. And never counting anything until it hatches—which it usually does.

Though sometimes self-conscious with strangers, he lets loose with friends like an Abbott and Costello barrage.

His perpetually wistful looks make even landladies feel sorry for him. Which is probably why he got a house. It seems almost impossible that any guy could be so sad-eyed and such a zany inside. Moody vagabond. Orchids and oatmeal. Yowsah.

His sister and his pals all call him "Buddy," which somehow seems to fit him much better than Tom.

He's not like any kind of a guy you picture going on a tramp steamer around the world.

Six feet tall, of husky athletic build, deeply tanned, with brown eyes and light brown hair, which he calls a "dirty blond." The hair, true to form, runs in opposite directions too. There's one wave that rises abruptly at his forehead and the rest goes completely smooth. He takes a lot of joshing about that one wave from Steve Brody and his other Hollywood pals—and has taken it since he was a kid back in New Rochelle.

Born Alfred Alderdice Jr., the son of an English linen merchant, he spent all his early life just "forty-five minutes from Broadway" with his parents and his sister Claire.

It was in the back yard of his home that Tom's career actually sprouted—when he struck poses and gave imitations of Gable, Laughton and Boyer—(Continued on page 104)
Record Fons: Saturday finds Bonita Granville running around Universal Studios inviting her favorite Universal actors over for a simple buffet-dinner-and-record party at her nearby Valley home...and here they are choosing from Bonita's big record collection. There are Ensign Charles Runyon, Mrs. Noah Beery Jr., Dean Harens, Bonita herself and Noah Beery Jr. They're all fresh off some set, refreshed after Bonita's wonderful spaghetti dinner and are about to spend another hour listening to records before wending their homeward ways.

Ciro-Diners: The pretty and practical car-checker Mildred at smart Ciro's night club on the Sunset Strip is just about to locate Producer Felix Jackson's car so he can drive Deanna Durbin homeward after a late dinner. At the end of a day's work together (their latest picture being "Can't Help Singing"—he's the producer, she's the star), Deanna sheds her movie costume for a simple black outfit plus a mink coat—and they dine together. But only on a Saturday night would they celebrate dinner by going to Ciro's to eat in time to the magic of music.

Shop-talk: This Saturday-night huddle in the M-G-M commissary looks like fun—and is, but not in the way you'd expect. Saturday nights the studio—on request—runs off a picture for the kids on the lot to analyze and study. Here Bruce Kellogg, Robert Walker, June Allyson and Robert Nathan have a happy bull session after having seen the new Judy Garland-Robert Walker picture, "The Clock," in an M-G-M projection room. Author Nathan (who wrote the best-selling book, "Portrait Of Jenny") has a personal interest in the picture because he wrote the screenplay; Bob Walker has a personal interest in June because he and she are about to start shooting "Her Highness And The Bell Boy." Bruce Kellogg, who is in "Hold High The Torch," adds to the scuttlebutt on general principles.
It's America's night! Some of the things Hollywood does will surprise you. Here's a lens'-eye view of the stars in their special-date-night pastimes.

**Dance Devotees:** Saturday night finds love in high gear at Mocambo with Lana Turner and Turhan Bey dancing only with each other. Tonight Lana looks like an American version of a Turkish harem girl with nose-veil, sleek black satin suit and pounds of jewelry. The Turkish Mr. Bey matches her with gold-and-onyx cuff-links, ring and tie-pin.

**Music-maker:** Ida Lupino is home alone writing a song. Right now you can bet on her being unhappy—for she only composes when she's blue. She's already written the lyrics—with Nick Arden authoring the music—to such tunes as "When Our Fingers Meet," "Leave Me Alone" and "Storm In My Heart." Typical Lupino touch: She uses a fountain pen—instead of the proverbial chewed pencil of genius!

**Pen Pal:** The clock strikes 11:30 and it finds Maureen O'Hara covering reams of notepaper (marked Mrs. Will Price) to her husband in the Pacific—mostly about their tiny daughter Bronwyn Briget.

**Movie Fans:** Saturday nights are the Coopers' only night to howl—and they howl very quietly, at that. Generally 11:30 catches them leaving a neighborhood theater. Here Gary and his stunning Sandra have just seen "The Woman In The Window" at the Village Theater in Westwood.
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I have been married for twelve years and have two children, one eleven and the other three and a half. My husband has said repeatedly that I devoted too much time to the children and neglected him.

He met a girl ten years younger than himself (we are both thirty-three) who works with him. About two years ago he started to go out with this girl and they both fell deeply in love with one another. He told me all this. She too is married and has a husband overseas, but she told my husband she married without being in love, only for the sake of patriotism. She wrote to her husband, telling him of her "new love" and he let her get a divorce.

Realizing my big mistake I tried to win my husband back, but he says it is too late as he loves this woman very much. I wrote a very nice letter to this woman, pleading with her to leave him alone, but she ignored my letter and now I would like to see her personally. My husband has said that the only way he will give her up is for her to tell him to go away as she never wants to see him again. Now that is what I want to get her to do.

My husband says he cares for me and feels sorry for me, but that he loves this girl. I told him that I wouldn't give him a divorce no matter what.

What would you do?

Edwina de V.

Dear Mrs. de V:

There is one thing that you can salvage from this pitiable situation: Your pride and dignity. Under no circumstance should you try to get in touch with this woman for any reason whatsoever.

It is a complex and puzzling fact that a human being can look at a broken vase and realize that it is beyond any repair; she can look at a plant and know that it is quite dead; she can look at a gown and know that it is hopelessly faded, pulled at the seams and out of date. But rare indeed is the person who can look upon a human relationship and realize that it has lost all use, meaning, or beauty.

Whom a man—who is notoriously loath to change his habits of living—asks his wife for his freedom, the situation is usually beyond saving. If a woman undertakes to fight the case, she merely confirms her husband's suspicion that she is a bad lot. Only by being magnanimous, generous and—if possible—coldly humorous, can she make him realize that he may be giving up the best deal of his life for a pretty but untested mess of pottage.

I write with real regret that I tell you that I think you should ask your husband to move out, leaving you and your children in your home. Tell him that you will be glad to give him his freedom as soon as he likes. Don't tell him off, don't quarrel with him, don't criticise this other girl. Be as big and as brave as you possibly can.

Then get busy and make a new life for yourself, if you do no more than take up oil painting or the study of Spanish, or a full-time job at the Red Cross while your children are in school. It won't be easy, but at the end of the long, tough, heart-cracking job, you will have learned how to live within your own strength and dignity. And perhaps your husband will come to his senses.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 64)
FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond’s bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May.

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-clear you’d think Frances’ beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she keeps it that way with her faithful Pond’s devotions.

“Skin needs regular care,” she declares. “I love my daily and nightly Pond’s Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious.”

HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND’S

First—she smooths snowy Pond’s Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she rinses with more luscious-soft Pond’s, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off. “This double-creaming is important,” Frances says, “makes skin extra clean, extra soft.”

Use Pond’s Frances’ way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You’ll find it’s no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

Get a big jar of Pond’s Cold Cream today. You’ll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the luxurious, big jar.

SHE’S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft! “I keep it nice with Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “It’s such a grand cream!”

ON HIS FURLOUGHS Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Halloran Hospital.

TODAY—many more women and girls use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.

A FEW OF THE Ponds’ Society Beauties

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III
LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
MRS. JAMES J. CABOT
Dear Miss Colbert:

I’ve been married four months—unhappily. I didn’t love my husband when I married him, although I have known him since grammar-school days. I was never allowed by my parents to go with anyone but him. He has all the fine qualities that a woman would ask for, but I like him without loving him. He’s in the service and we have managed to be together at least once every month.

I had been married only three weeks when I went to visit a group of ex-prisoners of war, whose language I speak because I was born in their country, and I met the man I knew I could love with all my heart. After that first visit I knew I had to return again and I did, once each week.

One night, this man managed to tell me of his love for me. Someday after the war, he wants to take me back to his home—after I get my divorce.

We have kept our love a secret until today when my mother discovered a note I had jotted down, but had never given him. Now she objects to my going to see him and threatens to tell my husband.

I don’t want to hurt my husband, yet I am wild to see this other man and to be with him as much as I can.

Will you tell me, please, please, what I should do?

Mrs. Raphaela D.

Dear Mrs. D:

Your letter tells a very interesting story between the lines. In the first place, it is apparent that you married your husband because your mother arranged the match. You feel that you were forced into marriage and your having had the opportunity of exercising any personal choice in the matter. Subconsciously you hate, I’m rather certain, told yourself that you were denied the thrill of romance.

This prisoner of war satisfies every romantic inclination in your nature: His nationality pleases you because of your loyalty to your national heritage; his position as a prisoner, his ability to converse with you in the language of your childhood, the clandestine character of your relationship, all appeal to you. And, to give your adventure its final fillip, you knew in advance that your mother would violently disapprove of your actions.

But let’s be rational about this. Spiting your mother by indulging in a forbidden romance will leave a bitter taste in your memory if you destroy your husband’s faith in you. I’m afraid you haven’t given his position in the matter much consideration. You admit that your husband is a fine man—but you plan to cost him off this man in uniform, for a chap who, except for the grace of God, would still be fighting against this country. Have you considered, too, that Europeans are not as generous to their wives as Americans?

I want to stress this, in fairness to you: Emotion is an element that no one has been able to produce at will, nor destroy when it was once present. It is entirely possible to like and admire a man without loving him as a husband. But why don’t you give your husband a chance? Three weeks is no time in which to decide whether two persons can make a good life together, particularly when they have spent only weeks ends with one another.

Why don’t you wait until the war is over before making a decision? Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In February, 1942, I met Dorothy, the seventeen-year-old sister of my best friend. Because we liked the same books, movies, and people, we had fun just being friends. Six months after our first date, I kissed her for the first time, and then I knew that it was more than friendship that I felt for her. She said that she loved me, too, so we began to make plans for the future.

One night I called for her at her home, but she refused to see me.
Beautiful oil paintings by the famous artist, Albert Fisher, were used for these 16 portraits! The pictures are actual postcard size, 5¼" x 3⅛", and printed in gorgeous, glowing color! Use them as pin-ups, or as novel postcards. Each set contains pictures of Perry Como, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Lena Horne, Spike Jones, Sammy Kaye, Freddy Martin, Hal McIntyre, Glenn Miller, Vaughn Monroe, David Rose, Artie Shaw, Dinah Shore, the King Sisters, Charlie Spivak and Fats Waller.

Only through Victor can you get these exciting color portraits—and you get all 16 for only a quarter! But the supply is limited, so send your order today. Use the handy coupon or write direct to Box 23, Camden, New Jersey, enclosing 25¢ per set.

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Gentlemen: Please send me _ sets of 16 portrait pin-ups (listed above), for which I enclose 25¢ per set.

PLEASE WRITE/plainly or print.

Name

Street

City ____________________________ State ____________________________
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?"

(Continued from page 47) Saved for my art by a metal tip! The show was called "New Faces." It ran a beautiful forty weeks with me getting forty bucks for each and every one of the four.

I was able to repay my mother and move into a room on 46th Street two blocks near Times Square, in the midst of the bright lights, in the heart of the theater world. Technically, the room was furnished—but it is more accurate to say it was filled—

with a bed, a chair, a bureau, a washbowl. It had no clothes closet but I needed none. After all, when you have only one suit you have it on except when sleeping.

When "New Faces" closed, did I worry? Certainly not. I was all set to go ahead now. So I went west. The only job I could get was in the chorus of the Roxy, a movie house, at $20 a week, but a chance to see all the movies, which I did. I was and still am a rabid movie fan. Right now I'm making a collection of old movie magazines. I note on them.

BUT at the Roxy, I really did get discovered. A swell girl, Lucille Page, wife of Buster West, the comedian, came backstage one day and asked me if I'd like to work in a vaudeville act with her and Buster for $75 a week and all expenses. Would it? Do mares like oats? Do little lambs like ivy? We went out on the road and traveled till Lucille decided to take time off for motherhood. Now I know how a producer feels when some starlet tells him those same tidings.

Back on Broadway—this time with an outfit called "Eight Young Men Of Manhattan." Tricked out in white ties and tail coats we formed a background for Mary Martin, queen of Broadway. That winter because of her heart belonging to Daddy, We did our act on the Waldorf's Starlight Roof. The atmosphere did something to me. Surrounded by that elegance, I felt I could conquer anything. I decided to go back home and see Lois. Just as I was trying to get the time off to do this, I got her letter. Lois was going to be a bride, all right, but the cast had been changed. There was another guy whom she was marrying.

Sometimes I wonder if it is because we Swedes come from such a frozen country that we ourselves thaw out so seldom, or conversely, when we get set into a pattern or emotion we freeze to it so solidly.

To call it heartbreak I went through is dramatizing it too much. I faced the truth that Lois was right. We still wanted the same things: A home, security, lots of kids. But as my wife what chance would she have at them, with me making $50 one week, nothing a month later and $30 a week ten weeks afterward?

I got me another girl. She wasn't a bit like Lois. She was actually much more beautiful, much more mysterious. She had sparkling eyes and a draping shape of the first water. She was a Broadway starlet. She loved to sing and dance and a very wonderful companion. I told myself I was in love. What we had in common was Broadway. The only trouble was that I was beginning to be sick of Broadway.

The road of success is a snobby proposition but the Broadway of slow openings and quick closings, of going with the agency rounds, of trying out, of flash money one month and careful hoarding the next—well, here comes the Swede in me again. I couldn't see it as getting anywhere. It wasn't my way of life. I kept trying out for speaking parts and ending up in the chorus. George Abbott gave me a chance at a speaking role in "Too Many Girls," groaned as he listened to me, stuck me in the chorus, yet strangely enough, when he came to Hollywood to do the show on the screen, once more gave me a chance at an acting spot.

I kissed my girl and Broadway goodbye and headed for RKO. They gave me a test and a return ticket. I went back to everything but the girl. The Abbott office actually gave me lines to say in "Pal Joey" in which the leads were June Havoc and Gene Kelly.

There is nothing so rare as a girl like June. It was excitement at first sight for us. Gene was courting Betsy Blair, who is now Mrs. Kelly, and we four went everywhere together. I was in the chorus, $150 a week. I had six suits. Life was strictly on the beaten-to-death to last. Hollywood paged June. She left. Hollywood paged Gene. He and Betsy left. Then, finally, it paged me.

This was more like it. I'd be seeing June and seeing Gene, matching my contract with theirs. I made one slight miscalculation in those dreams, the fact that I came back practically by return plane.

Yes, I made another test at Columbia this time, opposite Janet Blair, who is a nice girl to be opposite, even if the Columbia officials didn't feel the same about me when they viewed me. On Broadway I went back into "Pal Joey," which promptly closed, perhaps from shock.

Mr. Van Johnson hit an all-time low. He took himself to Newport, ate clams, looked out to sea and asked himself what it was all about. Mr. Johnson knew a lot of questions and no answers whatsoever.

YOU ASKED FOR HIM

and you'll find Van Johnson, winner of Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll, on page 46.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE

to vote for your favorites for next month. Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

I'd like to see a color portrait of... in Photoplay
Then the telephone rang. Good old telephone. An agency was on the wire asking if I'd consider a six-months' contract with Warner Brothers, starting immediately. It was like asking a drowning man if he would consider being rescued by a yacht.

I went out in style, a lower berth. Johnson, the contract actor. Six months in which to make overwhelmingly good. I practiced expressions all the way. I wondered what gracious words I should say to the group that would meet me.

Nobody met me. I called Warner Brothers and told them I had arrived in glamorous Hollywood, that I was, in fact, registered at the glamorous Beverly Hills Hotel. They said all right. I called my agents and gave them the same glad tidings. They said all right, too.

But next morning my eyes were shining and girls were singing and Warner Brothers were on the wire. Said they: "Your six-months' contract entitles us to give you a six-weeks' layoff. We are putting you on layoff starting today." In less fancy language that meant I was off-salary. Ah, the warm welcome of Hollywood! Ah, the wonderful hospitality! Ah, nuts!

Still, there was June Havoc, bless her, and the six weeks went by. I couldn't see much of June because she was working practically day and night. I couldn't see much of Gene because of the same set-up. But being a sun worshipper, I didn't suffer and at the end of the six weeks the checks began coming.

I called up Warners to see if I couldn't do a little work for these checks. Day after day, nobody was in. June said I ought to go to Warners and show myself, "Lunch in the Green Room," said she. So I went to the Green Room and snagged a table close to the wall. I gazed pop-eyed at everyone, really big stars, really big directors, but no one saw me. I was the invisible man to everyone except one waitress. She came over and said, "You're not allowed in here. This is only for stars and directors." I can take a hint. I got out and stayed out.

At the end of five months, I got my second call from Warners. They said they weren't taking up my option. This did not surprise me. Having hired me sight unseen there was no rule why they couldn't fire me similarly. I thought nothing they could do would surprise me, but two weeks later they bowed me over by calling a third time and this time saying I was to play the lead in "Murder In The Big House." The leading lady was super-swell Fay Wray. That I was shot in twelve days, just time enough to get me in under the end of my contract. I walked out of frames, waved my arms and in general couldn't have been any worse.

My final night in town Desi Arnaz and his wife, Lucille Ball, called me up and took me to dinner at Chasen's. "Until that naughtiness bit," put in Desi, "in all about leaving Hollywood. I knew no one but June and Gene, who still, through no fault of their own, hadn't time enough to see me.

But there was something in Chasen's atmosphere that was warm and friendly. I saw nice people around and I was introduced to some of them. Gary Cooper, for instance, who really looked at me, really greeted me. Suddenly, sitting there at the bar, I wanted to put my head down and wall with misery. I wanted to stay and be a success.

Billy Grady walked up.

He was an old friend of Lucille's, whom I had met once in New York. He asked me what I was doing. I told him—he told me to come to M-G-M the next morning.

At M-G-M, people were actually kind to me. I might be a nobody but at least I was human. I got make-up tests, voice

---

**Our Number One 'Lab'**

The Fels-Naptha Plant maintains an imposing Research Laboratory, equipped with the usual testing paraphernalia—and the usual staff of 'experts'.

Here, every day, Fels-Naptha Soap goes on trial. When the experts, with their test tubes and charts, report 'up to Fels-Naptha Standard', we know we haven't been bragging.

But our Number One 'Lab' is an ordinary home laundry. The 'staff' is the Lady of the House. Her equipment is a washtub or washing machine and a bundle of soiled clothes. When she puts Fels-Naptha Soap on trial, it has to be good—or else.

There are millions of these 'Home Laboratories' in the United States. According to voluntary reports, they use Fels-Naptha because, for practical daily purposes, they find it's the best laundry soap on the market.

We'd like to see Fels-Naptha Soap tested in your laundry. And we'd also like to have your 'Laboratory Report'.

---

**FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"**
tests, coaching, was taught camera angles. They told me blond men weren't star material. I'd have to dye my hair. At that moment I'd have dyed my face if they had said so.

Actually they didn't dye my carrot looks. They just sprayed them, from a spray gun like the ones housewives use to frighten gnats. I felt smaller than one when I saw myself. On me black hair didn't look good, I thought, but I wasn't setting myself up. In judgment against those nice M-G-M-ers.

Right away they put me in a "Crime Doesn't Pay" shot. Each morning I'd report to make-up and they'd spray me into a brunette and each night I'd wash me back into being a redhead again. All went well until we had to work in a rainstorm. My hair ran all over my face or rather its color did. They nearly cast me in a Tarzan picture, I made such a snazzy zebra.

NEVERTHELESS, I got my first chance at an A picture after that—"Cairo" with Jeanette MacDonald. They made me up, not only with my spray-gun hair, but with a mustache and a pipe between the teeth. I had a bad moment when I was called to do a test with a girl who had once been a star. Back in Newport I had drooled over her beauty but now I saw what bad health and bad luck can do to a girl like that. Neither of us got the roles, but I got a good lesson. I had learned, by shock, that a career must be guarded every minute.

Then the front office called me and told me I was going into "Somewhere I'll Find You" with Clark Gable and Lana Turner.

There was a war scene with thirty men in a trench, all dead but me. I was to crawl through them, while shot and shell burst over my head and as I poked my way up around their shoulders and arms I was to utter bright lines. I blew my lines and the director blew his top. I wished I were really a dead man. I did the scene again and again, with him getting madder and madder. About the fourth time as I crawled through, one of the corpses began tickling me. I laughed in spite of myself, and relaxed. I looked into some slap-happy eyes and recognized Keenan Wynn, whom I knew slightly. Because I was relaxed, I went through the scene without a break and right there began a sincere and lasting friendship.

That was my only scene in "Somewhere I'll Find You" and I never even glimpsed Turner or Gable.

But the tide had turned. Came "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," "Pilot No. 5," my first Dr. Gillespie picture followed by a second, and finally "A Guy Named Joe." I had friends, very close friends like Keenan and his wife, Evie, and wonderful helpful friends on the lot like Fay Bainter in "Mrs. Hadley" and Lionel Barrymore in the Gilleespies and finally that wonder woman, Irene Dunne.

I felt she didn't want me for that part in "Joe." I knew nobody wanted me really. After all, who was Van Johnson? They had already tested so many guys so much more important than I and when Vic Fleming, the director, introduced me to Irene, I knew just how interested he was when he said, "Miss Dunne, this is Mr. Van Warren." Didn't even have my name straight!

I had to test on a love scene. I stood there, my face against the beautiful face of a star miles above me. So what did she do, that feminine miracle? She pretended she was nervous! She made me believe she didn't remember her lines. She made up lines when I faltered. Five minutes later making love to her was no strain. The strain was in not making it too real.

Well, I got the part all right, then came my automobile accident. It's been told so
often I won't go into it here beyond saying that I got sideswiped when I was on the way to the studio with Keenan and Evie. I went down and out and came to, with my face all scarred, a possible brain injury and a definite 4F status.

All I thought of at first was, this gives Dunne the out. She doesn't really want me in that part and now she can get rid of me. Instead, she fought for me and they held up the production till I got well.

People tell me that accident changed me. But I think it only intensified the kind of guy I am. Until then I'd been a little shy about admitting how much I like to stay home alone, reading, listening to records, mapping out the years ahead. Now I'm not.

The studio's given me wonderful parts such as the sailor in "Two Girls And A Sailor," followed by Ted Lawson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and the fan mail says I'm across. I'll confess, it's terrific.

In fact, I'll let you in on a secret. I've worked steadily, almost without a day's rest, for two years now, so recently I took a vacation in Mexico. Nobody down there knew me and at first it seemed very sharp, walking through those little towns. I really went for it—for about one day. Then I began to get lonesome for people nudge each other as I passed, or smiling at me, or saying, "Would you sign this?" When I came back and the crowd in the airport recognized me, I got a great kick out of it.

The future? Comedy parts, I hope, mixed with a little drama, and me learning to be a better actor. And that girl I'm looking for. Whether she's a blonde or brunette, I do not care. Whether she's an actress or a home girl or a white-collar worker matters not at all to me. When she comes along, I shall know her.

Then I'll marry and I'll hope to have not one or two children but five at least, and a home that will be as much like New England as anything in the West can be. And the things I'll want in that home will be New England things that I will share with my wife and children, the qualities of independence, free thinking and free speech, hard work and friendliness.

That's my dream, but even if I don't get it, even if I don't attain half of it, I know I'm still way ahead, and a very lucky guy, and I'm grateful.

THE END

Save this!

Total war means not only munitions to maim and kill, but also bandages, antiseptics and above all—the precious blood plasma that saves the lives of our men.

Plasma is shipped in
PAPER CARTONS—shells of mercy bearing new life to our wounded.

SAVE PAPER! Give or sell every scrap of clean paper to your nearest salvage office or dealer!

Got a date tonight?
Let Dura-Gloss help make it gay and sparkling.
And the Dura-Gloss you put on for tonight's date will stay on for days. A smooth-flowing, lustrous polish that adds romance and beauty to all your nights and days. In demand at beauty counters everywhere. 10¢ plus tax.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
BUT WAR BONDS

Cuticle Remover Polish Remover Dura-Coat

LORR LABORATORIES, PATerson, N. J. • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS
We're lucky to have a maid but if tomorrow we didn't have a servant, it would not bother me. As a young girl I was taught cleanliness and order, as well as cooking. I'm teaching my son Jamesie that he, too, must be orderly.

We have no budget. I do my own shopping in the big California markets. And have a wonderful time shopping at ten-cent stores. My sales resistance is nonexistent, and John says people can sell me anything.

But I feel, nevertheless, that I'm a good business woman. At least, I'm methodic. I might be a successful director or producer if I had more patience. I should like to direct or produce pictures, sometime, but I suppose that's rather a futile hope.

I've never been satisfied with any of my screen roles. One can always find a chance for a possible improvement after a role is finished. If not, one would stagnate as an actor. My favorite part was the painting girl in "Tortilla Flat," but I also cherish a letter from John P. Marquand, the author of "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," in which he complimented me on my role in the screen version. I like comedy, and enjoyed making "The Heavenly Body." I liked making "Experiment Perilous" too.

EVERTY Friday night John and I go to the Hollywood Canteen, where he works as a dishwasher while I wait at the snack bar. To be honest, I have little time for anything but writing autographs, which is flattering, but I'd rather be able to serve sandwiches and coffee to the boys.

John and I seldom go to night clubs. Our intimate friends are few, but those few are very close friends, including George Antheil, the brilliant modern composer, and his wife. My own dearest friend is Lilly Veidt, the widow of Conrad Veidt.

I am far from athletic, but I enjoy long walks, which I frequently take with John in the hills around our Benedict Canyon home. The mountains hold a particular fascination for us, and we hope, after the war, to own a mountain cabin.

On our honeymoon we rented a cabin at Big Bear, where John built the fire and helped with the dishes, and I did all the other work. The cabin we plan to have will be small enough so we can do all our own housework and cooking. Rustic, with a large fireplace in the living room. We know just what our dream house will be like, but it must wait for the duration.

I have no illusions of "glamour." Frankly, that word annoys me, because I can't decide what "glamorous" means. Beautiful, chic, elegant are words I understand, but not "glamour."

What is much more important than "glamour" in my life is the little one John and I expect in the spring. We both hope so for a girl since we already have Jamesie. But I'm playing safe—I'm going to have the nursery done in yellow. Then it will be appropriate either way. After work is completed on Her Highness And The Bellboy, "John and I are going house-hunting for a larger place for the baby.

If it is a boy we will name him John for his father. But a girl—that is more difficult. I want something easy. I know what it is to have a name that is generally mispronounced. Gretchen is nice, but it sounds so hard in English. Grett, perhaps.

But maybe it is too early to worry about that. I think I am too happy to worry about anything!

THE END
"Imagine me and all my pals singing, dancing, romancing in the same scenes, with real, live, three-dimensional (and what dimensions!) luscious Latin beauties like Aurora Miranda, Dora Luz, Carmen Molina! We're twice as torrid as a hot foot at the Equator—and even more fun! Just change the name, girls, from Donald Duck to Donald El Wolf—si, si and wooooo-wooooo!"

Full-length Musical Fiesta in Technicolor

Walt Disney's

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Donald Duck • Joe Carioca

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Aurora Miranda • Dora Luz

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INTRIGUING STAR . . .

of “The Great John L,” a Bing Crosby production, accentuates her dark loveliness with this startling yellow doeskin jacket over a pencil-slim black wool skirt. The oriental-influence peplum in geometric design emphasizes the fitted waist. A Morris Kraus original.
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Casual elegance is Lind Darnell's choice for daytim hours. This smartly checke black and white suit is youthful and gay. A new, twinklin touch... pockets and cuff lightly etched with tiny bead Of soft wool, it's a Morris Kraus original.
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Eye-minded Miss Bluebird, winging her way home. Mrs. Brown is nest-hunting again. They’re returning to what she knows is a good thing. And the fashion experts know good thing, too— they’re returning to the spring fashions . . . Photoplay gives you a bird’s-eye view of the new season with these first-flight fashions.

TRIPED TARTING

Just be content in your early morning drizzle . . . this untidy weather, prevailing and dreary. Deline a softly tailored blue blouse at right, takes on white-topped feminine allure. Softly Anglo woolens in blue hairline striped. Sizes 10-18 and 9-17. About $39.95 at Rothseidl & Sons, Kansas City, Mo.

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The Judy Bond blouse, $2.98, in white and new spring pastels, now $4 at Bloomingdale's, New York.
CHECKED SPARROW

Try your wings in this debonair black and white checked coat. You’ll love its cinched-in, belted look... the snugly buttoned lumber jacket sleeves... the chin-tuckable, deep-notched lapels. This Hi-Ho, Jr. is in soft American woolen. Sizes 7-17. About $35 at Lansburgh's, Washington, D.C. Salfair Play Topper beret in all colors. About $2 at R.H. Macy, New York.

FLEDGLINGS...

(Left) Clean-cut cardigan jacket above a freedom-loving pleated skirt. In downy-textured Botany Flannel, this Jaunty Junior comes in chartreuse, pink, ice-land blue or green. 7-15. The suit, about $30 at Sanger Bros., Dallas. The Betmar cloche, with tucked-in feather, in all colors about $5 at L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis.

(Right) Pink arrows on navy... or pale blue on black, if you prefer... point up the nipped-in waist and the broad shoulder line of this Arkay Jr. suit. It’s of nest-soft William Whitman wool. 7-15. About $22 at Livingston Bros., San Francisco. The “Fun Cap,” all colors, is hand-crocheted rayon straw—about $4 at Bullock’s, Los Angeles.
All legs are lovelier in these smart, flawless-fitting stockings. They're full-fashioned, of course, and exquisitely made. If your dealer perhaps is out of your size today, try him again soon. He's receiving regular supplies.

HOSIERY
"As You Like It"
READING, PA.

There are lyrical lines in the soft front fullness and the enchantingly simple neckline of this Tommie Austin dress. In feather-light Celanese Jersanee. You'll find it in plumage-pure colors — aqua, coral, lime and other pastels, or black. Sizes 10-18. For that fresh-from-the-nest look, bonnet yourself in a Madcap like this, touched lightly with a pert bow. The dress is around $9 at Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. The bonnet about $4 at Filene's, Boston.

SEE PAGE 128

for a representative list of stores where you can buy these Photoplay First-Run fashions.
Lovely accent for your new rapier-slim suits, your taut-waisted skirts ... magical in the way it becomes you. And best of all, every inch it's knowingly made in the matchless Betty Barnes manner. In a fine rayon crepe. About $5.00. No mail orders please. Buy Betty Barnes at your local store. Betty Barnes, 1375 Broadway, New York City.
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long-established highest standards
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Generously tucked, richly
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Pedees s-t-r-e-t-c-h to
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to your feet! Here's
lightweight comfort that's
sheer and invisible under
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ration and saves
precious hose.

Herbert Hosiery Mills, Inc.
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At the Hollywood premiere of
"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"...June-
Allyson, squired by Van Johnson, ar-
rived all dressed up in a fluffy gown,
looking enchanting as ever...Lovely
Virginia Bruce suave in a decolette-
evening gown of gray-blue touched
with dark red...tiny red and blue
flowers in her hair. Paulette Goddard
was there, sophisticated and beautiful
...and looking very slim...in a
short black dinner dress and a tiny,
alluring black hat.

Seen on the Boulevard...Ida Lu-
pino in a simple black wool tailored
suit made gay and charming by a femi-
nine bowly wuff collar studded
with gold nail heads...her hat also
white and gold-nail trimmed.

Shirley Temple on the Rudy Valley-
aire show in a simple dark blue wool
sheer with a heart-shaped neckline,
tight bodice and full skirt. The exci-
ting note...her monogram, "S.T." in
pale blue silk braid, sewed on the
dress in Shirley-sirley letters. Shirley
says she has the same dress in other
color combinations. Couldn't be cuter!

Joan Bennett, at the dinner hour at
La Rue...in a plait, snug-fitting
brown satin dinner suit—short-skirted.
She topped it off with a bright pink
hat of fluffy feathers, and matching
pink suede gloves. Claudette Colbert
dined in a long-skirted, full-gathered
dinner dress of faded rose...her
favorite color. A four-inch belt, laced
up the front with rose cord of a
deeper shade than the gown, gave the
dress a tiny waistline...graceful and
feminine. Marie Montez was dashing
in a striking black dinner gown...the
only ornament a huge splash of
sequin flowers in bright colors em-
broidered on the left shoulder. Long
sleeves and a long, slim skirt gave her
gown a wonderfully slinky line.
The Enchanted Couple

(Continued from page 34) say when her husband announced, of a Sunday afternoon, that he felt like joining some baseball friends in an amateur game. She'd say, "Go ahead, dear. I'll stay home with a book." But Betty is no average wife; she invariably says, "Great! I'll go, too, and watch you play!" Then she piled into an empty grandstand at some ball park, complete with a baseball-mad nine-year-old nephew, and the two of them shouted their hearts out over Harry's playing!

And that, alone, should prove what makes their marriage a success.

O NLY there's more of it, much more. There's the cross-country trip Harry had to make, playing one-night stands, right after Betty was up again after small Victoria's birth. Because Betty had so recently had a Caesarian operation, her doctor definitely disapproved of her going with Harry on the trip. Besides, who'd want to go, even in the best of health, on an exhausting grind of one-night stands all over the country? Nobody would, but Betty. She not only wanted to go, she went; day after day, due to wartime crowded conditions, the band had to ride in baggage cars, with the scenery flashing by the big open doors. Betty rode with them—her hair in pigtails, her famous figure in slacks, her mood completely happy.

And for months the days repeated themselves, one after another: Hours of bouncing travel in baggage cars, with no seats but the band's suitcases, and no food but paper-bag lunches. The band would be playing for six hours straight, while Betty sat backstage and waited for the brief intermissions when she and Harry could be together.

Many a town never knew she was along. When towns did find out, she'd wave at people on the street and sign every autograph that came her way—but she made a rule never to come out front with the orchestra and take a bow. "Why should I? It's Harry's party," was her idea. And a rare one it is, in show business!

Betty has changed entirely with this marriage. There's no denying that. She's changed as every wife does who sincerely wants to make two separate lives into one. Take her appearance, alone. All of us remember Betty when she wore her hair up and invariably topped with a bow or flower; when her make-up was heavy and her clothes figure-sleek and eye-catching in color. Now all is changed. Harry asked her permission first, and then threw away all her hair-bows, rats and do-dads. Then he gave her a long speech on simplicity of looks—which, like most men, he far prefers to fanciness. You know the usual feminine answer to that: "What does a man know about women's clothes?"

Well, that is not Betty's answer. She believes that Harry knows what he wants, so down came her hair, away went the hair trinkets; and she swept her closets clean of the dresses Harry objected to. Instead, she wears simple sports suits in gabardine, which Harry (and all men) loves to see on women; and she wears them in the colors he likes—which are blue and white.

And by this time, she's as pleased at the change as is Harry.

Maybe the biggest rule of their home life that makes for the happiness of these two top career people is this one: Neither talks shop—or practices shop—around the home. Most career couples talk about nothing else. But Harry and Betty agreed on this rule at the start of their marriage, and so far they've kept it completely. Harry leaves his trumpet in its case at
home and Betty hasn't been caught doing a single dance exercise or practicing a single song under her own roof.

Not that they don't admire each other's careers completely, when either is the audience for the other. And not that they don't think of each other's careers. Betty spent hours searching for just the right present for her husband's last birthday. When she finally found it, it was an antique brass trumpet which she pounced on triumphantly and had converted into a lamp. Its shade is of thin brass, exactly matching the trumpet-stand; and Harry was crazy about it. Now it stands in their den, on the table beside the fireplace—where the two of them play jumrumy for forfeits like—who will wash the dinner dishes on the maid's night out?

No, there's no argument about this marriage. It's one of the happiest in Hollywood. You can tell so just by looking either at Harry or Betty for the name of their favorite tune. They'll both say at once. "I Had the Craziest Dream," because that tune is from the movie "Springtime In The Rockies," during which they met. At the time, neither was particularly interested; he was married to someone else, and she was going everywhere with George Reed. But months later, when they re-met and fell in love, that became the favorite tune of this couple who seem more like a typical American couple at home than any other pair in Hollywood. (Even the pin-up baby seems typical. You know what her favorite toy is? It's none of her hundreds of beautiful gifts from service men and friends and her family—it's an old bromo-seltzer bottle! She hugs it to her even when she's asleep!)

But the biggest proof of the real happiness of this marriage came just recently. Tiny little Victoria had been brought to Betty's set by her nurse. She was carried in, blinking at the Klieg lights and all the strange faces, and she looked warily around her at the costumes, make-up and mobs. Then she saw her mother—also in costume. That didn't fool Victoria for a moment—her small face lit up into a smile, and she raised her arms at once to go to Betty. Betty seized her, laughing and hugging her ... and everyone around realized for the first time that maybe Betty Grable really means it when she says that if her career interferes too much with her marriage, she'll give up her career.

She may very well do that. Marriages as happy as the Grable-James one are rare—and nobody knows that as well as Betty. And nobody is as tenderly pleased about it ... except, maybe, the whole nation, who knew it all the time!

THE END

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HAVE YOU EVER
gone to a newsstand
and not been able
to get a copy of
Photoplay?

THE ANSWER IS
to reserve your April number
NOW at your newsdealer's. It
will then be waiting for you
on March 16 or as soon there-
after as wartime conditions
will permit.

---
"The Difference Is You"

(Continued from page 33) eyes bewildered, "What's the matter with me? I know pictures are important to morale. But do the people in them still have to be fussing about who's got the biggest printing on the cast cards? Do they have to get themselves into an absolute lather because they haven't got cream in their coffee?

Look, I don't want to be critical, but . . ."

We changed the subject. "It's a strange thing," Johnny said, "but in service the thought of death always lies there, unacknowledged, at the back of your mind. That makes you think about the things in life that are most important. I'm probably all wet, but I began thinking that the most important things are kindness; that is, tenderness, and loyalty; sticking to something, you know, sticking to ideals." His face got abashed and he looked at me very straight from those deep, dark eyes of his and said: "I want to get married. I don't know who the girl is, or where, but I want a wife." He paused and then said, very low, "A man without a wife is only half a man."

WELL, that was the first week in September and he met Gloria two weeks later, and in the meantime he bought a house in Brentwood and furnished every bit of it by himself. You'd see him lumbering around, like an embarrassed mountain, in cretonne and drapery departments, and poking around in antique shops looking for lamps and chairs, but finally he got it all assembled and he moved in Julie, his four-year-old, for her six months with him. He began telling Julie she'd be with him till after Santa Claus came and he began teaching her new prayers and as he ruefully admitted, "I succeeded in getting Santa Claus and God awfully mixed up in her mind." He was very determined to be a good father.

Which gets us back, in a somewhat roundabout way, to that opening night at Ciro's. Gloria looked lovely, again in black because that was—and is no longer—but her favorite color. She danced delightfully and John found what he had observed at the Ladds was true: She honestly did not drink. When they left the night club, Johnny said, "Would you like to come back here next Sunday evening, or would you consider spending a day at the beach, just fooling around in the sun?"

Gloria said, "Well, I'd like to do whatever you want to do most, but honestly, I'd prefer the beach. You know, I love dancing but night clubs seem so silly and right now they are so expensive it seems wrong in wartime, and I love being out-of-doors, maybe because I don't get much chance at it, and . . ."

Right at that moment Cupid let go that first arrow right smack through the Payne heart, because those were exactly the words John wanted Gloria to say.

So they went to the beach, and Gloria was even more Varga-ish in a bathing suit, and they stretched out on the sand and ate hot dogs and drank cokes and talked and talked and made a date to go to the movies the next night.

They went to the movies for six nights straight and then it was Sunday again, so they started all over. They talked about the technique of acting, and the timing on careers. Then they talked about the technique of living and the timing on that. Johnny got acquainted with Gloria's frail and gentle mother and Gloria got acquainted with Julie. Johnny watched her like a hawk and he saw that it wasn't any act. She obviously adored kids.

He said, later, very carefully, as he escorted her up to her front door, "If you married, would you want children?"

Q. What wouldn't I give!
A. For satin-smooth skin that attracts kisses?
Q. Yes—but I have such dry skin.
A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps dry skin especially.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

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Use a skin scientist's cream! Jergens Face Cream is made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Plenty of other girls have fresher, clear, smooth skin. Why not you? Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.

Loving, thrilling Kisses...

JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
“Oh, a bunch of them—four at least.”
He said, even more carefully, “But that might interfere with your career.”

She looked at him, in a kind of exasperation. “Oh, Johnny, as if I’d care! Why, I’d give it up in a minute for children.”

And then she was blushing madly, and zing, went Cupid’s final arrow through the Payne heart and Johnny had his arms around Gloria and was saying, “Don’t let’s wait one minute longer than the earliest date we know we’ll have two weeks off for a honeymoon,” and Gloria was murmuring, “Yes, Johnny, yes, Johnny, yes, Johnny!”

John called his mother long distance that night in the old Payne household in Roanoke, Virginia. Her comment was, “Well, son, I know if you feel this way about her, she must be a wonderful girl.”

Almost that same moment, Mrs. De Haven, talking to a close friend said, “If you knew how I’ve worried that Gloria might not find the right man when she fell in love! She was always the best child because you could make her do anything by merely telling her that it would make you happy. Gloria could never give any man a part of her heart. With her, I’ve always known, it had to be all or nothing.”

A few nights later, Johnny and Gloria came to my house for dinner. Johnny came first, because Gloria had to work late, and he was going to have a quick bite of the hors d’oeuvres before he went over to the studio to pick her up. At least that’s what he said, but I soon came to believe he’d come alone so he’d get a chance to talk about her before the rest of the party arrived. Anyway, he dragged me into a corner and demanded: “You did say that you thought Gloria the nicest kid in the whole younger crowd, didn’t you?”

“I not only said it but believe it. Now you answer one. What’s the thing you love most about her?”

He eyed me gravely. “Her guts,” he said. ”She’s so little and so young but what is so wonderful is how she accepts responsibility. She and her mother went through a pretty thin time of it when she was a kid, but Gloria carried that load on those little shoulders of hers, and did it in style too. She looks so fluffy, and that’s something I like, but actually that beautiful small head is set very firmly on her shoulders. She’s seen so much of glamour she can’t be fooled by it and she’s watched success followed so quickly by failure that she can’t be deceived by that, either. When she signed her first M-G-M contract, she was a minor and the judge instructed that one third of her earnings be put in War Bonds. Do you know she put half of it in Bonds and lived on the balance?”

“In other words, she’s perfect.”

John grinned. “Absolutely.”

Later that evening I got hold of Gloria. “Tell me what you like about John.”

She gave an ecstatic sigh. “He’s perfect.”

I let it go at that.

As it eventually turned out, both their studio production schedules double-crossed them. They expected two free weeks after New Year’s. Then they were suddenly notified they’d get four free days starting December 28.

Gloria bought herself a powder blue satin street dress to be married in, because now powder blue is her favorite color. You want to know why? Powder blue is Johnny’s favorite color, and Gloria got the street dress because she thought it was practical and she wore a hat, which she seldom does, because John likes hats. They had a very small wedding, only those closest to them—Gloria’s parents, her maid of honor, who was her sister Marjorie, and Johnny’s best man, Walter Lang, the director, and his wife, the vivid and charming Fieldsie, who used to be Carole Lom-
bard's secretary, Watson Webb, a society boy, who is also a film cutter, George Jes- sel, Johnny's producer for 'The Dolly Sisters' and the George Murphys, but when the service was over, they both played fair with their public and gave up half an hour of their precious four days to pos- ing for the photographers, waiting outside the church and talking to reporters. Hollywood honestly believes it's got something in this romance.

And you remember how the song ends: "That's the difference a day makes,
And the difference is you."

**THE END**

**An Ex-G.I. Challenges American Women**

(Continued from page 33) alarmingly often he goes on from there to "understand" that he's a prize sucker ever to have had faith in any woman. Why, he asks, should he be stuck in some God-forgotten place, fighting for the other fellow instead of at home fighting for himself?

The world is on an emotional jag. The strain of war produces a desperation that makes us eager to grab what little happiness we can while the grabbing is good. Women and men both are doing plenty of quick-happiness grabbing. They're afraid what they have is all they will get and it's not as much as they deserve. But women defeat themselves when they adopt the old creed, "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." Tomorrow we don't die! It isn't to die that we are fighting. It is to live; individually and nationally! That's what this war is all about—the preservation of every man's chance for a decent life and a happy one, which translates itself into the job he wants, the woman he loves and the faith he believes in.

No one can deny that faith in a woman's love is the focal part of a man's life. Take this from him and you take away part of his future and your future too. For every action has a reaction. . . . Make a man bitter by destroying his trust and respect for one woman and it will react on the next one he meets. That woman might be you, to whom his trust and respect would be all-vital. It takes a strong man to over- come a loss of faith. It takes a stronger woman to restore that man's faith.

It's too bad that the countless fine and loyal women whose conduct is an inspira- tion to their men should be included in men's general condemnation of the sex. But just as each soldier interprets the pic- ture of war in terms of how it affects him personally, so, too, he views all women through one woman—his own.

I am not advocating that war-wives and sweethearts close themselves off from the world for the duration like nuns in a cloister. I am advocating, however, that women take special care not to become emotionally involved in the friendships they make to ease their loneliness.

We all find it difficult to understand our- selves these days and many of the things we do are motivated by the confusion that exists all over the world. This, I'm sure, explains the behavior of many wives and sweethearts. But it does not excuse it! Women on the home front have a job to do too. And unless they quit fretting them- selves into a turmoil over what they do not have and begin to cherish what they do have, the loneliness they know now is nothing compared to the loneliness they'll know when the boys, hurt and disillu- sloned, come marching home and shy away from any lasting relationships.

**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.
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39¢ a jar
(Powder)
Also 59¢ jars
At any store which sells toilet goods

**ARRID**

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
That Thaxter Girl

(Continued from page 45) visit my parents. But somehow, when I was at the station, and the train was pulling in, I had a hunch." Again Phyllis smiled, a small apologetic smile, because she believes strongly in hunches and has followed them all her life.

"So I went back to the Rehearsal Club, where I was living, and practically dropped when I saw a note on the bulletin board asking me to call the Theatre Guild. I did and learned that Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt wanted someone to play the part of a maid in "There Shall Be No Night.""

"I went over to Miss Fontanne's apartment, and the minute I walked in she said to her husband, 'Doesn't she look just like an actress, Alfred?'

"Nothing could have boosted my morale more than those few words. I read the part and though I actually wasn't the type for it, I got it because Miss Fontanne said she would like to have me in her company. I was both the maid and the understudy for the ingenue.

"There is nobody in the business I feel so grateful towards as the Lunts. Whenever I have needed encouragement or help Miss Fontanne has given it to me. Mary was the evenings she has sat up with me until late into the night to teach me a new part."

She went on: "My big chance came when Miss Rose Franken was trying to find a girl to play Claudia in Chicago. The day I went to see her was cold and rainy. The first thing I noticed was a huge living room with a white rug from wall to wall, and me dripping wet. Then Miss Franken came into the room, looked me up and down, and said, 'Put your hair on top of your head and take your shoes off.' I obeyed her, feeling as young and naive as I probably looked. Miss Franken liked the way I read my lines and asked producer John Golden to come over. And I read the script again. Mr. Golden said, 'How can I tell if she can act? But she may be able to. Let's give her a chance.'"

"The chance consisted of going with Miss Franken to her home in Connecticut, and studying with her for a week. Jennifer Jones was up there at the same time. It was decided that Dorothy McGuire, who was playing in the New York company, should give me a chance to act the part on a Wednesday matinee.

"Tuesday I went to New York for the dress rehearsal, and that night Mother said that I kept on repeating in my sleep, 'I can do it, I can do it!' But Wednesday I was panic-stricken. When I went on the stage, my throat was so dry that I was sure the voice couldn't get through; but Donald Cook, who played my husband, was absolutely wonderful to me. He guided me around the stage till I warmed up and then suddenly I got going. After the first act John Golden came to my dressing room and said, 'Don't worry, you have the part.'"

"When the company got to Hollywood I tested for 'Kismet,' but I felt all wrong and decided that Hollywood wasn't my meat."

The issue was closed so far as Phyllis was concerned and might have remained so if producer Sam Zimbalist hadn't just met Ellen Lawson, wife of Major Ted W. Lawson, hero of the Tokyo raid.

"I want a nice American girl, clean-cut, with character, backbone and fibre to play her," Zimbalist said. "She's got to have a new face."

After an exhaustive search he stumbled on the test Phyllis had made and yelled, 'That's the girl.' By then Phyllis

**"Twas a hand, White, Delicate."**

-- "Lucile," Owen Meredith

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was in Sacramento with the company of "Claudia," and Mr. Zimbalist called her long distance. But Phyllis was dubious. "I'll send you the script to read," the producer begged.

Phyllis read it while tears streamed down her face. "It's the most beautiful script I have ever read," she said and straightway made plans for Hollywood.

PHYLLIS started acting at the age of seven when she played the part of Joseph in a Biblical play. "From then on," she said, "I wanted to be an actress." She came by it naturally. Her mother, before she married Phyllis's father, a Supreme Court judge in Maine, was with the Ben Greet Players.

"Mother says I always loved to dramatize myself," Phyllis laughed. "That I was a crybaby and once when she scolded me I said, 'But I love to cry!' crying is my favorite thing. One day I was crying like mad and my brother Sidney said, 'Phyllis, stop that crying! How can I study with you making all that noise?' He spoke so sharply that I cried as I stopped. In about five minutes I looked at him and said, Sidney Thaxter, you're not studying at all. You're just reading a magazine. I could have been crying all that time."

When Phyllis was about twelve she played Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" and her sister Marie Louise played Toto, Dorothy's dog. They played two nights a week and a matinee to standing room only. It was then Phyllis felt she had really arrived and that there could be no life for her but the theater.

Her first play in New York was "What a Life." She played one of the high school girls and understudied. "I got $13.00 a week and played it for a year," she said proudly. "My part was so small that when my parents went to see me, a man in front of them stood up to take off his hat just as I came on, and by the time I sat down, I was off and they had missed me completely."

But the little Thaxter's favorite subject these days is her new husband Capt. James Aubrey Jr. It was love from the beginning—and she met him, she says, "because I played a bunch. You see, I had another date when my friends called and asked to join them at the Cock 'n' Bull to meet a young flyer who had just flown from Alaska. I turned them down, then got to thinking it over. So about six-thirty I walked into the restaurant on the Sunset Strip. My blind date ad his back toward me when I walked in and all I could see was a pair of broad shoulders and some closely cropped, thick blond hair. We were introduced and from then on, I don't remember very much, except that we kept looking into each other's eyes and it seemed the most natural thing in the world."

Two weeks later Phyllis and Jimmy went into a jewelry store on Beverly Drive and Jimmy said, "We want to look at rings."

"What sort of rings?" the jeweler asked. Slightly red around the ears, Jimmy answered, "Engagement rings."

The jeweler soon had the long counter leaning with diamonds of all sizes.

"If I can't afford one that cost five dollars or five thousand," Phyllis said, "so I chose one with smaller stones—sapphires and diamonds and oh, so lovely!"

From then on the romance was hectic. They wanted to get married before he went back overseas. Then they decided marriage wouldn't have a fair start, but Phyllis was desperate when Jimmy's leave was up. She'd sit in her charming little house, play their favorite records, among them "I Love You," and

---

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Captain and Mrs. Jimmy Aubrey when the bride was still just Miss Phyllis Thaxter.
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“I strike!” hisses Sad Iron, “See if I don’t! Me iron those sheets? I simply won’t! Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles Before I’ll beauty-treat their wrinkles!”

“Come meet Master Linit!” says Miss Sunny Monday, “a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!”

“We’ll whiz through our work with the greatest of ease With Linit to glide us! Attention please!”

“I suds and I rinse—then here’s Master Linit! I’m proud to present the Starch of the Minute!”

“He blends water and Linit, each half in a cup. Then adds boiling water. Just a minute is up!”

Sad Iron, now happy, says, “My work will be bliss 60 seconds with Linit makes a wash fit to Kiss!!”

The Man Who Loved Laura

(Continued from page 37) other star swinging. It was a feeble blow—and the puncher embarrassed when he recognized the laughing Andrews as his victim. Later he sent Dana a fountain pen and a note of apology. Andrews sent him a dozen roses.

For an ex-grease-monkey Andrews is a peculiarly fastidious dresser—so far as public appearance goes. At home it’s dungees and a dirty sweatshirt, but outside he figures a movie guy is expected to look his best and he goes to such lengths that he won’t carry even cigarettes—or anything else except a money clip and his draft-card—in his clothes, because a suit must drape without a single wrinkle or bulge. He is probably the only man in the United States who has his trousers made without back pockets.

He doesn’t have a wide wardrobe, except for a great number of loud neckties. He has accumulated eight suits. Four others, brand new, he won’t wear, even though he had to pay $500 for them. They were made on studio orders for a picture, by a studio designer, to fit a certain character and he doesn’t like them. He plans to sell them.

CARVER Dana Andrews was born New Year’s Day, 1912, to the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Forrest Andrews of Collins, Mississippi. The baby and other children then were moved rapidly to Louisville, Kentucky and, in order, to Waukegan, San Antonio, Uvalde and Huntsville, Texas. Huntsville is where they remained with their eight sons and one daughter. He took three years in the school of business administration at Sam Houston College.

He worked for his keep at school and one of his side jobs gave him the idea of being a movie actor. Squad had just come in, but the local theater couldn’t afford a sound projector. So Dana, who knew and liked music, was engaged to provide background noises. No piano stuff. He got a radio man to rig up a couple of turntables and a loudspeaker and he’d put on phonograph records which seemed appropriate to the action. Of course he had to watch the pictures closely and became familiar with the actors and their methods. “I decided,” he says, “that they weren’t gods and goddesses after all, but ordinary people. I figured I could do as well as they could.”

Even though producers like Goldwyn and David O. Selznick make comparatively few pictures, they like to own plenty of talent. They will rent this talent out to other lots—at a profit—or they may even sell a piece. Goldwyn sold a piece of Dana Andrews to Zanuck of Twentieth—but not even two such great brains managed to make an overnight star.

Starting with “Lucky Cisco Kid,” his pictures were “Chalk’s Lady,” “Play Carson,” “The Westerner,” “Tobacco Road,” “Belle Starr,” “Swamp Water,” “Ball Of Fire.” Dana always got good notices but was far from top billing. Then came “The Ox-Bow Incident” and at last he was on his way. The top role in “The Purple Heart” was really big-time stuff and the romantic lead in “Up In Arms” wasn’t bad. “Laura,” however, is the lady who made him what he is today.

Andrews likes Scotch-and-water, milk and any kind of food. He gardens for recreation, specializing in camellias, gardenias and azaleas. His gardener specializes in cutting the lawn while Dana, the demon bookbinder, does all the fancy stuff. One day he was at his friend Henry Morgan’s house when word came that $200 worth of shrubs had been delivered. Forgetting all the (Continued on page 92)
"...the power behind the home"

"...Gran'ma told me that Karo has been a standby in her house for 35 years... and Mom says she's been serving Karo in hundreds of ways ever since she and Dad were married.

Me... I began life on Karo. Right now, I get Karo in some way every day... it makes so many foods taste swell... and don't Doctors say it's good for growing children... 'cause it's so rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar?

How do I look, Folks... strong and healthy?"

Karo Kid

Foods for growing children made more nutritious and delicious with Karo

ARO ON CEREALS—DELICIOUS! Blue Label Karo provides necessary energy sugar which young children, as well as babies, need abundantly. Karo supplies the sweets required by your growing child, without forming the "sweet-tooth" habit. Let youngsters pour from their own pitcher of Karo. It's good for them. Also... children need no coaxing to drink milk fortified with Karo.

TEMPING BAKED CUSTARD. Whip together 3 large eggs; add 1/2 cup Blue Label Karo, pinch salt, 1 tsp. vanilla. Stir in 2 1/4 cups hot milk, mix well. Place 1/2 tbsp. Karo in each of 6 custard cups. Fill with custard mixture; place in a pan of warm water, bake in slow oven (300 to 325°F.) for 45 minutes. Also Karo is delicious on corn starch or rice puddings, rennet and gelatin desserts.

ICHER FLAVORED BAKED APPLES. Place 6 cored apples in baking dish. Put 1 tbsp. Karo in each apple. Mix 1/2 cup Blue Label Karo and 1/2 cup water and baste over apples as they bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 45 minutes. Pears, bananas, peaches may be baked deliciously with 2 parts Karo to 1 of water.

OMPH FOR STEWED FRUITS! Blue Label Karo improves texture and adds flavor to dried, stewed fruits such as prunes, peaches, pears, apples, apricots. Simmer 1/3 lb. dried fruit with 1 1/2 cups water, 1/2 cup Karo, in covered pan till tender. Serves 4.

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Cutex shades to highlight the liberation fashions in her first spring collection since the fall of Paris.

DA NA says the most ridiculous thing that ever happened to him occurred on his first visit to New York. He arrived a Grand Central but his baggage, shipment ahead, came in at Pennsylvania Station. He embarked on the ten-minute shuttle-and-change subway ride to Penn. He followed green lights, as the signs instructed. One, he wound up in a brown closet. He boarded trains, but they always were somewhere else. It took him two hours and ten minutes to complete the journey—two hours over par.

Mrs. Andrews’ one complaint about her husband is that he will never go home. He gets to talking and forgets time, so when they go anywhere Mary says to the host, "Tell me now what time you want us to go home because otherwise we’ll be here all night."

One of the most frightening events of his life was on a visit to New York to attend the world premiere of Wilson. The fan mob outside the Roxy was beyond control of even New York cops. They snatched his pocket handkerchief, even his coat—but that wasn’t what bothered him. Ahead, where he couldn’t reach her, was his expectant wife, being jostled and crushed. His apprehension was acute—Mary fought through okay. She evidently has the same persistence as her now-famous husband. It took years of steady pulling for Dana Andrews to arrive at the spot where he could play the detective who held you spellbound as a restrained and exciting lover. Don’t lay any bets that the man who loved Laura won’t do it again.

THE END
Shirley In Short

(Continued from page 39) or maybe about brother George having sailed again for duty in the Pacific the night before.

She loves her school. She is graduating soon, and, "They have a wonderful ring ceremony where each senior gets a lovely ring!" She caressed the finger that's going to wear it.

"I'll bet you don't wear that long," I quipped, having never gone to school.

"Oh, yes I will! You'd be surprised how many of the girls wear them long after graduation. They are lovely! Quite expensive!"

"Oh, you pay for them yourselves?"

"Yes, we all do."

"How much?"

"A little over twelve dollars," said the girl who has made millions.

DEFINITELY, Shirley is not career-conscious. Her school has her heart at the moment. Her friends are school friends. Her dates are with brothers and pals of school friends. I asked her what sort of parts she wanted to play.

"Just natural girls," she said. "The writers don't seem to know much about us." (Note that she considers herself more a girl than an actress.) She continued, "They either have them... I mean girls my age... wild, sort of necking kids, or introverts."

"Wouldn't you like to do character stuff... I mean parts with dialects?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" Shirley smiled—and when she does, believe me, those much advertised sunbeams bow to their superior—they have no dimples.

"I like costume pictures," Shirley mused. "I'd like to do a character that wasn't sweet, but the Kitty Foiles and Pygmalions don't come along often—and when they do, there are so many clever stars to grab them."

"Do you think you could do either of those roles?"

"Well, in 'Pygmalion,' Lisa, perhaps."

"But could you do the Cockley?"

Right here Miss Temple said something that I have never heard a star say... "With the right director, I could." Imagine a star admitting it would take a director to make her do something well! That modesty is a flashback to her baby days, of course, when she depended on her director for moves and her memory for lines. That she should not have the imagination on how to be grateful throws her back in the miracle class where she began.

"What do you think of Van Johnson?"

I boomed it out, hoping to catch the well-poised one off-center.

She laughed. "I refused to dance with him once," she said.

"When—where—and why?" I asked.

"It was before he made his hit and one of the girls at school brought him to a dance. There was a nice boy I liked at the dance and I just didn't want to dance with anyone else so I said 'some other time' to Van Johnson. Imagine! I guess that some other time will never come now, but I think he's a fine actor."

I switched types. "What do you think of Sinatra?"

"Have you heard Dick Haymes?"

"That's ducking the issue. What do you think of Sinatra?"

"I like Dick Haymes!" She was definitely ribbing me. "Serious, she said, "Sinatra must be good if so many think so."

"A pause... and again: "I like Dick Haymes."

Shirley is like that. She knows what she likes and I imagine pays no attention to things she doesn't.

Another thing that super-impressed me was her manners. No throwing herself into chairs, no wiggling around,
How Powers Models

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mild, gentle Shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from be-

coming dry or brittle. It rinses out like a

breeze and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Also excellent for shampooing chil-

dren's hair. So buy the large family size.

no interrupting—and when I said, "Would you like a coke?" she said, "Yes, thanks—but let's wait until Mum comes. She likes them, too."

I got busy selling her the idea of learning

languages. "They're so useful all through life and it's fun learning them."

She admitted she could speak French, but when I burst into "Parigot" (which is the sort of French one hears in certain places), I wasn't that good—but I played in French on the radio on my Bond tour in Canada. It was fun, though it's sort of different reading it 'cold right off a script—but they said I was good." She seemed surprised.

That's another unusual thing about

Shirley—she can be surprised and she

isn't ashamed of the fact. According to

modern manners, it makes her sort of

old-fashioned.

Her hair is beautiful. Somebody has spent hours brushing it. I imagine it

used to be Mum but now Shirley is

"grown up" and that's probably out. She is going to long for lots of the things

that automatically go "out" when the

teens come in, especially things that

hard work—like hair brushing . . . a

labor of love if there ever was one.

We gabbed and gabbed until Mum ar-

rived and we had our coke. We also

had some homemade cookies. Shirley evi-

dently has her "shape," for that roundness

she had when she was about twelve has

melted into an exquisite little chassis. At

any rate, she went for the cookies and even

snitched an extra one—but not without

asking. "May I have another cookie?"

School must have given her those manners.

It's the sort of behavior that comes from

having wanted a teacher to think you were

the nicest girl in the class.

Between Temples there seems to be a

lot of understanding. At least, they stick

together. I noticed Mrs. T. calling Shirley

"Shirl."

"When did you start calling her 'Shirl'?

"I asked.

There was a pause. "Why—I guess it

was about when she entered her teens."

I already suspected that had been when Mrs.

Temple reached the age when everything you have or do seems too childish.

"About thirteen, I'd say?"

"Yes. I've called her Shirl for some

time," Mrs. T. added.

I was watching Shirley. "But I think

Shirley is such a pretty name," I said.

"Kid-o-o-o, no!" Her nose wrinkled up in
disgust. "None of my friends call me

Shirley," she said, "I'm either Shirl . . .

or Butch . . . Some call me by my second

name—Just."

I was more certain that Mrs. T. started

calling her baby whatever baby liked

because she was growing up. 'Twas ever

thus! Shirley will learn that when she

has her first baby. I hope that won't be

for some time because I think she can

do great things if she give her a chance

—but, after all, who am I to say what is a

great thing? Maybe Shirl (and I de-

mean Shirl) had so much fame and career as a baby that she would consider mar-

riage and babies both great things.

Whatever she wants, I hope she finds it.

She's so nice. No—I think "fine" is a

better word for Shirl.

When they left, I stood waving at them and

thinking . . . of course, I'm a young husband terribly and it's tough

having him so far away, but just suppose he had been here to spend an hour at the

swimming pool with Shirl while I talked to

Mrs. Temple! No telling what she might

have walked off with this time.

Seriously, Shirl . . . Jane . . . or Butch
can have just about anything I've got—and on a platter!

The End
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Original Color Harmony Shades for Every Type...

Complete your make-up in color harmony... with Max Factor Hollywood face powder and rouge.
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 64) mentioned to you, show absolutely no interest. And find some other nice girl to whom to devote yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in my late twenties and very much in love with a man to whom I have been engaged for three years. My father died when I was in elementary school. I am the youngest in our family—the others are married. I have always shouldered the responsibility for my mother.

My brothers and sisters don’t seem to realize that I want a home too. They never take me seriously about my living up the same project, saying I don’t know when I’m well off. But I don’t want to spend all my young days in an office. I have thought of Charles, Mother and I living together, but a case like that seldom works out happily. I hate to ask Charles to keep on waiting and I shudder when I think of our long engagement ending as many do.

I don’t want to lose him for he holds my happiness. But I owe my mother so much that I want her to have every care. She is in no condition to be left alone.

Agatha E.

Dear Miss E.:

I am an unadventurous person in the right of young people in love to make a home of their own.

Surely your problem can be divided into two parts, and solved. First, there is the question of responsibility—your mother’s welfare. It is high time that your brothers and sisters gave you some assistance. Simply sit down some night and decide how much allowance your mother needs each month. Divide that sum among your brothers and sisters equally; write each of them a note explaining this and saying that you are planning to be married and therefore will no longer be working for a salary. Your next problem is a physical one: The financial arrangements to be made for your mother. Since you are obviously a devoted daughter and you have Charles and the money to marry, I think you should be able to work with the girls.

Why not send your mother to live with first one child for a month, then another? She could turn over her food stamps and pay a small amount of board out of her income from all the children and she should be a welcome guest.

It may require a good deal of tact and determination for you to work out these arrangements, but remember that your entire future depends upon your taking a firm stand now. Best of luck.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have four friends in my class in high school. My older brother has one of the latest model cars, so every Saturday night I get the car and one gas ticket. We all have dates and usually go to a theater. My buddies have been going with the same girls for some time, but after the first time I go with a girl she acts too good for me and won’t go with me again. I have heard remarks to the effect that I am too tame. One night I went to a party with my buddies and their girls. You wouldn’t have known I was there until they wanted to go for a ride. This happens all the time and it makes me feel I’m not really wanted. Should I keep on trying to mix with everybody, or should I quit it and stay to myself?

Malcolm A.
Dear Mr. A:
You have undoubtedly encountered the Robert Burns poem that begins, "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as others see us!"
It would seem to me that if you could see yourself in the eyes of another, you might be able to overcome your feeling of being gauche and unwanted. Your older brother seems to be a wonderful person. Why don't you go to him and tell him the whole story. Tell him how you treat a girl, and ask him what is wrong with your system.
Whatever you do, don't feel sorry for yourself. The important thing is to be wanted by a gang for some reason. What difference does it make whether it's because you play basketball or everyone else can dance, or have a liberal mother who will let you bake wieners in the fireplace Sunday evenings, or are possessed of a brother who loan you his car?
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
When I was in high school my parents were divorced and we were divided up, the older children to Mother, and the younger to Father. My father didn't want us, but he did rent an apartment, then let us do pretty much as we pleased. Finally, because my father forgot that girls need clothes to go to school, I quit and went into a factory where I worked like a slave.
Then I met a boy who, at twenty-one, was getting a divorce. Never before had anyone even pretended to care whether I lived or died. The usual thing happened, so that I had to marry this boy.
Now, after five years I know that I didn't really love him. I think he really cares for me, but he says I am hard and cruel and I think, truly, that I am, except where my little daughter is concerned. I'm locked up inside myself. My in-laws have always treated me with a chill because of the conditions of our marriage, and they tell everyone with whom I come in contact, so I have trouble making friends.
Is there any way that I can break this tight, caged, trapped, beaten feeling?
Magdalene T.

Dear Mrs. T:
First of all, ignore the bad manners of your in-laws. Never answer their criticisms and always return them in return. Each time they malign you to a stranger, that stranger will become your fast friend if you are sweet, genuine, friendly, and unprejudiced. Although you had a bitter childhood, that part of your life is over forever.
Turn your attention to the present and the future. How lucky you are that your husband loves you. And how lucky you are to have a daughter you adore. You feel tight, caged, trapped and beaten because you have cowered yourself in with bitter memories and fear of the criticism of little minds.
Go out tomorrow and buy the most becoming hat you can find. Then have your hair done in becoming new style. When you return home, cook an especially good dinner, set the table as if you were going to entertain an ambassador. Say to yourself, "This is fun. I look my best. I'm going to be happy."
And, since you love your daughter so much, you must surely see her male adult counterpart in her father. When your looks at him, think, "You are the father of my lovely daughter." You'll be in love with him in no time. Really in love. A happy life doesn't "just happen" any more than a diamond necklace "just happens." Both must be dug out with laborious care, cut, mounted, polished and kept glistening.
Claudette Colbert

After you bathe dry yourself—quickly. Next, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body, into the curves and ripples, to dry up lingering moisture. Now you're fresh, divinely dainty.

Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and frequently for its protective sheath and haunting fragrance. Its gay, light, flower-like bouquet beckons and bewitches all evening. It's the fragrance men love.

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The Truth about Hollywood's Nerves

(Continued from page 51) chagrined that what David Selznick had told him years ago proved true, that he must wait for maturity for his success, that he was basically an "old" actor.

Your guess is as good as Hollywood's, for even in his illness, Alan isn't talking, not even to Mary whom he loves so passionately. His doctors say it won't be too long before he is entirely well. Rest is all he needs, but it is sad that he had to become so ill before he'd take it.

Judy Garland should rest, too, for Judy is one of the great army of insomnia victims. Like Barbara Stanwyck, she may average an hour or two a night, but that is all, and her corresponding weight loss is appalling. Stanny has adjusted to the non-sleeping in such a manner that, except for her extra-thinness, she doesn't otherwise seem to notice it, but with Judy she gets so weary that she frequently has hours on the set when she cannot remember a single line or one song cue. Yet Judy doesn't relax. The unhappiness is very visible in her delicate face.

Strangely enough the insomnia and the extreme 'nerves' hit the girls most often, while the stomach upsets hit the men.

Perhaps the necessity of maintaining a chic appearance, with the fitting, the hair-dressings, and the dieting all this demands, puts an added burden on the girls that cracks them up more often. The men are the ones who can't eat more than half the time, and then only the blandest of diets. But Alan Ladd is one male who combines both the inability to eat and the screaming nerves when the production schedules get heavy. It is this combination that keeps him so bone-thin despite his magnificent shoulders and bulging muscles and it is to be seriously doubted if Alan could stand up under it at all if Sue Carol Ladd didn't spend her every waking moment looking out for his health in every way.

There are two feminine stars who are quite different temperamentally, but who are quite similar from the "nervous" angle. They are Claudette Colbert and Greer Garson. Both are naturally delicate; both are naturally high-strung and both of them, to a great extent, make their frail health serve them.

All her life, when things got emotionally bad for Greer Garson, she has retreated into illness. It wasn't conscious acting, but her nervous reactions took such extreme forms as this: Just after her first marriage in England, she realized she was horribly unhappy, that she had made a bad mistake and that she and the man she had wed could never be anything but wretched together. This realization so shocked Greer that she became very ill, went to bed for weeks, and when she finally was able to be up and around was still so incapacitated that for months she could walk only with the aid of a cane.

Today, in Hollywood, let Greer become upset and she becomes ill. Sinus troubles her painfully much of the time, but she has other small aches and illnesses too, which keep her ailed. She is important enough that the production schedules wait for her; in fact, extra days are allowed in all of them for just these Garson upsets. At all times, she lives most quietly, resting constantly, conserving her strength.

They allow extra shooting days in the Colbert schedules, too, because, as every studio where she has worked knows, once let the production start, and Claudette will get an attack. The attacks vary and may come from anything, but undoubtedly are...
Whether knife her result subtle—luring—and warm from of enchantment, amber—and and powder. Also, son, breathing. over later, the relaxation her nerves demand. Like Gar-son, she is big enough to get away with it. Also, like Greer, she probably has no awareness that ninety per cent of it is her nerves acting to protect her.

The case of Susan Peters has pathetically different angles. Susie is a girl who puts love ahead of her career, and except for the fact that her husband Dick Quine is in service, she probably would give up acting altogether. Up to time of her recent acci- dent her illness came mostly as a result of the high pressure of production sched- ules.

After "Random Harvest" Susie looked like a real star and the studio knew it. Susie had flu just as "Random Harvest" finished and took sulfa to get over it. She found that sulfa does get you over the flu, but then you have to get over the sulfa. Susie didn't have time to do that because she was immediately cast for "Sorority Row."

To begin with, the picture wasn't worthy of her, since it was a B, but just because it was a B it had to shoot fast. One of the big scenes was a rain scene which meant Susie had to be soaked with hose-thrown water for two days. She contracted a heavy cold. To complicate things, she was newly wed, and knew her husband was soon to be shipped away.

Then she discovered the beautiful news that she was going to be a mother. Ex- hilarated with that knowledge, she told herself she could endure anything: Her cold, the daily schedule, the calls for make-up tests at night for "Song Of Rus-sia"; the loneliness she knew she'd have to face when Dick was gone.

"Sorority Row" finished and she rushed into "Russia," but her cold hung on and gradually got worse. "Russia" completed, she became truly ill and woke one morn-ing to accept the awful knowledge that she was no longer going to be a mother.

It was months before she could make her latest picture, "Keep Your Powder Dry," which is about the WACs. Then came the tragic accident in which she was shot while on a hunting trip with her husband. All Hollywood is rooting for her recovery.

That superb young actress, Teresa Wright, wife of Niven Busch, the writer, lost her first baby prematurely, also, and thus when on the first of this past Decem-ber she was successfully delivered of her second child, Hollywood's rejoicing was very great and very genuine. Yet long before maternity added to the burden, the delicate Wright nerves were troublesome. A very great artist, here is a girl who ac-tually is in torment from shyness. Deeply in love, she hates meeting new people. She wanted—and wants—her home, her husband, her children. Despite her ac-claimed mastery at it, everything about her career terrifies her. Whether she basically wants the career, whether she will continue to pay the high "nerve" price for it, no one is sure.

But of one thing there is no doubt. If she does continue, there will be no reduc-tion of the cost to her, just as there is none to the host of other Hollywood stars who are paying in physical strength for their fame.
My Nine Most Exciting Hollywood Moments

(Continued from page 43) Moon Goes Round The Mountain" with Mickey Rooney. She was appealing in appearance and poignant in her singing. However, I never thought of her as any great human being and I doubt that she was any great human being then. She is now! It was during this last election that I was conscious Judy had changed. From the sweet, poignant child she had been there emerged a fine little honest firebrand of a woman.

Many artists felt they should not take any political stand. One of our great women stars and one of our greatest comedians advised Judy to be less outspoken.

"But I believe in the President," she told them. "Therefore, I must not only vote for him, I must fight for him too." "Go slow!" the great woman star cautioned. "Many of our movie officials and many radio sponsors are opposed to the President, don’t forget!

Judy’s eyes blazed but her voice was contained as she asked, "What’s the matter with us that we can’t say what we believe—like other people? I must, I’m afraid!"

Irrespective of what your politics may be, Judy was thrilling. I never shall forget her honesty, truth and intelligence.

JUDY also is responsible for another of my Hollywood high lights. I saw her and Vincente Minelli fall in love. Never, I hope, will I grow so old that I will not respond to the beauty of those moments in a man and a woman quite suddenly find each other. Never, I hope, will I forget that love is the greatest power on earth. Let the so-called realists argue that facts are the thing. I want to remember that facts, invariably, are born of emotions and dreams.

Vincente Minelli, who is a great artist and is coming rapidly into prominence since directing Judy’s picture, “Meet Me In St. Louis,” seems terribly in love with Judy. I can understand it. She’s so charming, such a darling and sweeter than ever, if possible, now, since Vincente has come into her life.

I think Judy daily becomes more devoted to Vincente too. Previously when she was admired by any man she seemed a little apart—with an elfin quality. With Vincente she is tender and gentle and several times I have spied them holding hands.

I first saw how the wind blew last December when I gave a luncheon party for Judy to which I invited Jack Wilson, the theatrical producer and another most attractive young gentleman, and Judy said to me, so shyly, "Oh, do ask Vincente too—please!"

They are most becoming to each other, those two. They complement each other beautifully. I hope they will marry. If and when they do I shall be maid of honor.

For there’s no one to whom I am more devoted than little Judy. The fact that she has taken a house at Santa Monica, on the beach, next door to Anita Loos, makes me think she and Vincente might very well be planning to set up housekeeping.

There you have three of my most exciting Hollywood moments. I have others. There’s the great producer who shall be nameless. There’s Joan Fontaine and John Houseman. There’s Fredric March. There’s Bing Crosby, or maybe I should say Samuel Goldwyn. There’s Lauren Bacall. Quite a list, I love lists. Years ago I invented the lists of the twelve best-dressed women, the twelve

De-licious
De-lovely
The Hands of Lucille Ball

YOU: Such silky-smooth hands are so attractive.

LUCILLE BALL: Yes—it’s a shame for a girl to have harsh hands,

YOU: But can any girl have nice hands?

LUCILLE BALL: Yes! Every girl can use Jergens Lotion.

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion Hand Care, 7 to 1.
See why! Have sure softness-protection for your hands, using Jergens. Furnishes needed beauty-guarding moisture for your skin. Rough hands—so common-looking—soon respond to 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion many doctors use for skin-smoothing.
Like professional hand care. But no bother; no sticky feeling. 10¢ to $1.00.

FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE JERGENS LOTION
If only she had told me these intimate physical facts!

WELL it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming — first his 'indifference' — then a decided resentment.

"If only I had known earlier how important intimate feminine cleanliness is to womanly charm, beauty and health — those intimate facts my mother should have told me but didn't."

Certainly you don't want this tragedy to happen to your daughter! Tell her now how important Zonite is for the douche — how no other type of liquid antisep tic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.

Discovery of a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

Women so often foolishly use old-fashioned mixtures of vinegar, soda or salt which do not and cannot give the great germicidal, cleansing, deodorant action of Zonite.

On the other hand don't go to the other extreme and use over-strong solutions of harmful poisons and acids which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues — in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. With Zonite you take no such risk.

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Your doctor will probably tell you no other type of liquid antisep tic-germicde for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so harmless as Zonite.

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FREE!
You can have all the floodlighted Hollywood premieres, all the photographers, all the excitement, all the Little Shots without the ghost of a chance of their cars being allowed before the marquee until all the Big Shots’ cars have been filled and departed. Among my high spots I definitely list the pictures I’ve seen in Hollywood homes, with everyone smoking and leisurely sipping their after-dinner coffee.

Not long ago Sam Goldwyn gave a little dinner party for me I begged to see his latest picture, “The Princess And The Pirate.” Reluctantly, he consented. Sam feels that comedies show to better advantage with a large audience. But surely I laughed enough to please Sam as “The Princess And The Pirate” unreeled. It’s a heavenly picture and I loved it. At the very end a young man suddenly appears on the screen. “Why don’t you sign that wonderful blue-eyed fellow?” I asked Sam. “He doesn’t talk in this picture but I’m sure he would speak well... He has personality. Take my word for it! Get him!”

The other guests shrieked with mirth. Sam groaned. “I show you two hours of my wonderful picture, Elsa Maxwell, and what do you do... You miss the big gag. I wish I could sign that handsome blue-eyed fellow. He happens to be Bing Crosby!”

Any moment in which I appear innocent and naive at my age is indeed a high spot! Fredric March is giving me a great thrill these days, as Major Joppolo in the Broadway version of “A Bell For Adano.” This war has changed Freddie. It set him thinking about important things, to spending his mental and physical energy in the beautiful speaking he has done for freedom and democracy and the more serious aspects of life. How, when this happened he couldn’t, it appeared, do those romantic lovers any more. So, of course, he found himself a bit out of the Hollywood groove.

When Freddie was cast as Major Joppolo in the theater’s “A Bell For Adano” there were many who shook their heads. “It is ridiculous to cast Freddie as Joppolo,” they said. “He isn’t young enough. And he doesn’t feel as that fellow did about things.”

Freddie isn’t merely good as Joppolo. He’s as superb in it as he is happy about it. For “A Bell For Adano”—in line with Freddie’s new attitude for life—has a message as important as the mess we have made of our occupation of Italy and our need to do better in the other countries we free as time goes by.

In a long full life I can think of nothing which seems to me more amazing than Frank Sinatra. Not because of the hysterical worship the Bobby socks give him, but because of his completely unegotistical reaction to it, believe me or not! And remember this devotion, almost overnight, turned Frank Sinatra from a poor nobody into a wealthy and famous man.

Before I met Frank I charged him, in my syndicated newspaper column, with aggravating our juvenile delinquency problem. Juvenile delinquency is something for which I work hard hoping in some small way to help our girls, America’s future mothers, to find their way again. In my column I blamed Sinatra for the neuro-romantic Bobby socks who scream and yell and shriek as they hang around the stage doors.

Then came the time. Taking my hand in his two hands, he said, “Miss Maxwell, I want you to know I appreciate the truth of everything your column said. Also, that I appreciate why you said it. Not only do I agree with you, but my mother is on your side.”

“Frank,” I said, “you must have a wonderful mother.” Frank heartily concurred.

Incredulously I looked at the slightly earnest young man, holding my hands in his. I thought I must not be hearing right when he went on, “Later I hope to be able to do something about all this. I hope to give lectures, to plead with the Bobby socks and teenagers to remain in school and listen to me on the radio when their homework is finished.”

We were in New York at the same time, not long ago. He called me on the telephone. “Edie,” he said, for very few became great friends, “I’m leaving for California. I just wanted to say goodbye and to tell you it won’t be long now before I’ll be off on that lecture tour...”

His voice, overstrained because of all the singing he had done and all the campaign speeches he had made, was little more than a croak. Among other things, he was on route to the California desert where his physician had ordered him to rest.

“That lecture tour will cost you a lot of money, fellow,” I reminded him.

“That doesn’t matter at all,” he said. “I have money now. And the last thing I want to do is to be responsible—even partly responsible—for kids staying out of school. I would be mighty distressed, I can tell you, if my kids stayed out of school and hung around stage doors for any guy like me.”

Not only am I excited about my friend, Frankie, I’m proud of him. I knew from the minute I laid eyes on him that he was quite a guy. I’m even glad I jumped on him. In the beginning I might never have known his measure as a man. Hollywood certainly is exciting to me. And more and more I think of it as “Home Sweet Home.”

THE END

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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!

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Read this thrilling news! Mail coupon, ever, for your choice of gorgeous spring and summer dress in your own style, suit and color. Select your dress from more than 100 newest Harford Frocks styles and it's yours FREE, just 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—everything supplied without cost!

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Moody Vagabond

(Continued from page 59) while the neighborhood kids and Claire applauded from their perches up in the trees.

Even as a child there was evidence of his will to succeed. At the tender age of nine he was sure he wanted to be a salesman. He had a little red wagon with a collie dog hitched to it and would go down into the family cellar and pick out the best potatoes, load them into his cart, and take off up and down North Street peddling his mother's best spuds.

His father's pride in his initiative, coupled with a growing concern over the disappearing potatoes, caused him to go down to the local five and ten store and buy up five dollars worth of toothpaste, combs and stuff which he gave to Tom to sell on the street. The neighbors admired his ambition and bought everything he had.

When the toothpaste gave out his dad wrote a publishing company and got Tom a job selling magazine subscriptions. Whenever he got tired making the rounds in his little wagon, his mother drove him around in the family limousine while he peddled them. He did a landslide business, eventually selling more subscriptions than anybody else in the U. S. And the publishing company put a radio commercial for New Rochelle to interview him and get a picture of him to put in the magazine.

He made around $2000 for his share of subscriptions that Christmas and even five years later, at fourteen, was still getting $200 from renewals. But since his dad always made him give the money to the Salvation Army or some other worthy charity, it took all the fun out of it for Tom and squashed his ambitions forever to be a salesman.

I t was after he graduated from Mercersberg Academy in Pennsylvania that he decided to take a serious fling at acting. "By then I couldn't think of anything else I was suited for and I figured I ought to be a success at something," he says.

So he got a job in a stock company in Poughkeepsie that summer. Not long afterwards his mother (whom he fairly worshipped) died. His father had died a few years before. Leaving only Tom and Claire and his Great Dane Wrinkle.

Since Claire, too, aspired to an acting career, Tom loaded his pretty blonde sister and the Great Dane into his jalopy and away they went to try their luck on Broadway, and to try and find an apartment in New York.

Which wasn't easy. None of the landlords shared Tom's taste for Great Danes. They finally found one in an old building on Riverside Drive around 78th Street that would take the dog.

The apartment wasn't a walk-up, but more of a walk-down—or walk-in—if you dared. Very Sister Eileenish. One big, dismal room in the basement of the building, not far from the Hudson River, which they could seldom see for the barrage of bottles and rolling pins being tossed back and forth by the hostile neighbors.

They painted it a sickly white, then decided to give it a modernistic touch by painting the woodwork a bright royal blue. It looked all right at night, but the next morning when they started moving their mother's lovely mahogany furniture and rich oriental rugs in, it was pretty awful. Claire just sat down and cried. And Tom and Wrinkle looked mighty sad.

It was into this basement that there often crept the familiar aroma of oatmeal. Tom finally got a role of the sort carrying variation. It opened in Philadelphia and was a big flop. Two weeks later he was back home again staring at the royal blue woodwork with Wrinkle and Claire.
The Countess of Carnarvon

A colorful and glamorous figure of international society is the Countess of Carnarvon, the former Tilly Losch. A famous ballerina, she is noted for her strange dynamic beauty . . . startling sapphire-blue eyes . . . and skin like creamy velvet. "I've discovered a lovely new beauty trick!" Lady Carnarvon says. "It's the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Such a tiny, short time it takes to make my skin look so much brighter and smoother!"

Quick facial "pick-up...1-Minute Mask

You can "re-style" your complexion in 1-Minute!

Mask your entire face—except eyes—with a silky-cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens tiny scales of dead skin and trapped dirt particles. Dissolves them! Now—tissue off the Mask.

Results are dramatic! Your skin looks clearer, softer, even lighter! And it's ever so much smoother beneath your powder puff.

Make-up goes on like a happy dream!

"Foolproof" powder base! Light, non-greasy Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal foundation for quick make-ups, too. Spread on a thin film of Cream—and leave it on. Smooths—protects. Holds powder beautifully.

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
Ellie Mae—who's worth double her salary just to have her around for laughs. The happiest times at the Drake "drive-in" are when his blonde sister comes out from New York to be sure he's getting his laundry back okay. Bringing with him the two major women in Tom's life, her baby daughter Casey, aged twenty months, and pretty four-and-a-half-year-old Chris, referred to by Tom as "Madame," because it makes her so mad.

Tom himself is a conservative dresser. He likes gray lounge suits—or beige slacks with a brown sport coat, and has to be reminded to go buy any of them. But he'll spend hours shopping for dresses for the kids and come home with some of the wildest twin outfits you've ever seen.

When Claire starts packing to go home he invariably puts an arm around Chris and Casey and wails, "You can't take both of 'em. I won't have an alarm clock left. I'll never get up in time."

Clocks are a phobia with him anyway. He hates to be pinned down to any time for social things, but is prompt to a "T" for business appointments.

Admittedly moody, he loves to just take off like a robot on cross-country trips (when you could take off like a robot on cross-country trips) with either Mike or Claire, driving for hundreds of miles without saying a word.

The only thing that really makes him mad is being pushed around. "Mentally pushed around," he explains. People trying to shove ideas down his throat or make up his mind for him.

**V**ERY sentimental by nature, he has the greatest nostalgia for Christmas, his four-year-old red Buick convertible, or anything that means a lot of memories (including a pair of shoes which he's had resoled for years because he thinks they've brought him luck). He has some lucky blue socks, too.

He likes to putter around on the piano in the lovely beige-toned living room and write songs, all of the trés torchy affairs.

He rarely gets hungry but loves to eat often ordering steak for breakfast and ham and eggs for supper, and has been known to start off with a cream puff and end up with roast beef.

He likes to dance but seldom goes to night clubs and usually has the gang in at home. He dislikes all kinds of cards because he hates to sit still.

Still unmarried, he has squeezed Judy Garland and other of Hollywood's most popular girls, but usually goes with girls he's spent stock with or knew at the time. He likes girls with a sense of humor and vitality. It pleases him—even the capacity to either be talkative or quiet—when he himself wants to be talkative or quiet. He thinks beauty isn't too important.

Tom says he's never been "settled" if one place long enough to get married "I'm always moving on and the girls are always deciding on the other guy."

Collecting pictures of thoroughbreds is his pet hobby. He would like to raise race horses and Great Dane dogs neither of which he can very well do in a Beverly Hills back yard. With any land lady. No matter how wistful he looks.

He wanted terribly to get into service but a heart complication vetoed that. So in spite he wants a ranch big enough to "wallow around on" and to raise horses and dogs. Yet he admits that nothing fascinates him so much as a stretch of nice fresh high way winding to some place he's never been before.

Well—there he is, the serious—and the vagabond. No matter how great his success . . . the cell always be a sprinkle of oats in his blood.
It Had To Be You

Continued from page 52) father, had quietly disappeared.

"Mother," Jeannie said earnestly, "I know how ambitious you are for me. But I'm in love with Peter—terribly in love with him. . . ."

Rosie was about to give vent to what she would later call "Making Jeannie see reason" when there was a tap on the door. We're ready, Jeannie," called the director.

"This is the trouble with Hollywood," Rosie explained; "if ten trillion dollars make a star, we can't afford to make anything."

She walked before the camera like the old trouper she was. She listened attentively as her director, Paul Daniels, explained she, as Margie, must weep because she had learned her screen father had lost money and she couldn't go to a fashionable girls' school. Tears came easily. but it was not for Margie's plight that she kept.

Peter, however, watching from the sidelines believed her tears wholly historical and when he was dismissed from his dressing room, he closed the door and went happily to his dressing room, pretending that he had called her director, that he would call her later.

Walking across the lot to his dressing room, his mind conjured up pictures of his future. He did not visualize Jeannie's tears waiting at the door of a rose-covered cottage as he came home from the office. He saw, instead, the two of them leaving the studio together in make-up. And his room was complete with swimming pool. However, his vision of the future differed from the average boy's only in setting. Emotionally it was the same. He and his girl would be together.

Peter had never meant to be an actor. Until he was seven years old there always had been plenty of money. He could remember the big house on the outskirts of Cleveland with its rolling lawns and he stone lions on either side of the porte-cochere. He had often straddled the right-hand lion, pretending he had just tamed it an African jungle.

After that—when his father shot himself—he and his mother had moved into a tuffy two-room apartment. For years Peter believed that a weird Buck Rogers monster called "The Depression" had killed his father. For his mother always spoke of the depression as a highly personalized devil who had mysteriously stolen his father's life.

It was after his mother's death that Peter had hitch-hiked to California and found a job in a gas station. One day, filling an expensive foreign car, he realized he was under minute observation from the driver. He had thought he must be doing something wrong when the man had said, "I'm eating kid tomorrow over at the studio. Drop around." It was as simple as that.

Even now, however, Peter didn't pretend to be any Barrymore in the field of acting. The wave of popularity he was enjoying was due to the fact that his nice young personality came through on the celluloid, that his charm, good looks and guileless way of playing scenes intrigued audiences.

Peter had never before been in love. He and he was so deeply in love that the next best thing to being near Jeannie was being alone with his thoughts about her.

As he turned the corner of the studio street, Gloria Thornton was sidling by the steps which led to the men's dressing rooms. Peter hoped she wouldn't stop him. He didn't feel like talking to Gloria—or anyone else just then. He wanted to go right on thinking about Jeannie.

BEFORE DINNER

SHERRY—Serve delicious, amber ROMA California Sherry...tangy, nut-like, appetizing...with the sun-ripen grape flavor and goodness brought to you intact by the skill and care of ROMA's noted wineries located in the choicest vineyard districts of California.

AFTER DINNER

PORT—Open a bottle of glorious, deep-red ROMA California Port...full-bodied...richly fruity. Or serve it any time...any evening. Unvaryingly good...always delightful. And—like all ROMA Wines—this superb quality and flavor for Only Pennies a Glass! Roma Wine Co., Lodi, Healdsburg, Fresno, Cal.
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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.

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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

O-O-O-H! MY CHAPPED HANDS ARE SO SORE

HERE'S SOOTHING RELIEF—FASTER HEALING

If your hands get so red and chapped that they actually feel sore, take a tip from nurses! Get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it brings soothing, grateful relief.

Noxzema is so effective because it's a medicated formula. It not only relieves the stinging soreness, but helps heal the tiny cracks. Actual tests with Noxzema show it helps heal chapped hands faster—definite improvement often being seen over-nights! Surveys have revealed that scores of nurses (who have trouble with their hands from frequent washings) use Noxzema and recommend it to their patients.

Noxzema is greaseless, non-sticky, vanishes almost at once. Get a jar at any drug or dept. store today and see how quickly it helps heal your chapped hands! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1 (plus tax).

The hard California sun turned Gloria's flaming hair to copper and accentuated the sharp and beautiful lines of her face. She was gorgeous, Peter admitted. Jeanne wasn't gorgeous. She was soft and warm and womanly. Peter was glad.

Because Peter didn't know Gloria glad she was certain he was depressed. She was the kind of girl who believed when ever a man looked at her it was to admire her. There were girls like that in every town, of course. There are more of them in Hollywood.

In her famous, soft purring tones Glori said, "I'm terribly sorry for you, Peter."

Peter, on top of the world, could not be lieve he had heard right. So he smile and continued up the steps.

"Oh gee," Gloria said, "determining him did I spill the beans?"

"What beans?" he asked.

"Well, it's all over the lot," Gloria said defensively. "So you might as well tell it from me. The old goose who laid the golden egg heard you were nuts for baby. She dropped the story in the Old Man's lap and the way I heard it they both agreed that with Jeanne playing 'Morn ing For Margie' and every kid in the country ready to shake his piggy bank, it see it. It wouldn't be a good idea to let the big child star get involved in romance. Rosie says leave it to her, she'll break it up."

"It that all?" Peter asked, relieved.

"Is that all?" Gloria mimicked. "Brothe that's enough! Believe me, if that dam wants to break it up, she'll break it up. You don't know Jeanne," said Peter.

"Maybe not, but I know Rosie."

Peter waved her off and bounded up the stairs to his dressing room.

"When you find out how right I am she called after him, "give me a ring We'll dance—and forget."

GLORIA loved to make trouble. She was a strange girl. From the time she read her first movie magazine she had known she would be a movie star. It was not that she wanted to be an actress. She did not have what a famous director on called the inside dynamo to drive her. All she wanted was beautiful clothes, gleaming jewels and admiration.

Her father was a shadowy character who came in and out of her life without affecting her. Her mother had sold the house in Seattle to finance Gloria in Hollywood.

Press agents made up a lot of stories about how Gloria got into pictures. The said she was "discovered" when she was a car hop at a Super de Luxe Hamburg stand; she was a society girl "discovered" while dancing with a Naval officer at the Cocoanut Grove; she had been so eager to become an actress she had thrown herself in front of an executive's car.

All these stories were a far hail from cold facts. Gloria had gone to an agent the Sunset Strip who had peddled her six studios. The sixth had consented to give her a film test. It wasn't very good but she had looked so beautiful that they had signed her to a small stock contract.

Once on the lot she had made both her beauty and her hard, defensive personality felt. And so, at the age of nineteen she was a star; a star who furnished the newsy books of movie history. She escaped included running her pale body into an interurban streetcar jum because she wanted to see what it was like. Once she had taken in the roller coaster at Ocean Park for her friends at rodeen it exactly thirty-five times without stopping. The Boswells of Holl; wrote called her "good copy" but "unpredictable."

Gloria's outstanding weakness, as of magazine writer pointed out, was me
However, Gloria never was interested in a man unless he belonged to someone else. With her it never had been a matter of love, but competition. She had seen Peter Blake around the lot for a couple of years and thought of him only as a good-looking kid and not a very good actor. But the moment she heard that Jeanie Holmes was in love with him she became irresistible. Which is why she called after him: “Don't forget to ring me up.”

Peter didn’t answer. He was furious that a girl like Gloria could disturb him. Jeanie, he reasoned, was honest and true. She had said she loved him. Therefore nothing could come between them.

However, the doubt Gloria had dropped into his mind lingered. He had to call Jeanie on the telephone. He had to hear her warm voice, her assurance that she loved him. The last thing in the world he was prepared to hear were the words that smote him over the wire; Jeanie’s voice, tight, drizzled: “I’m sorry, Peter. It was a silly mistake. A girl who wants a career can’t play at romance. Let’s pretend—you and I—that this afternoon never happened.”

With ice water running through his veins he hung up the ‘phone, too hurt and bewildered to suspect that Jeanie’s speech had originated with Rosie and been delivered as Rosie stood weeping beside her.

Convinced those words had stemmed from Jeanie, he took Gloria up on her “we’ll dance—and forget” routine. They sailed out defiantly to Mocambo where Peter matched drink for drink with the more adept Gloria. As the evening wore on he grew quite tight, and so thoroughly did he ‘forget’ that he didn’t even remember asking Gloria to marry him. But Gloria did.

Always Hollywood is indefinable. Gossip, for instance, is filled with stories about the hard-hearted studio executive who will not let the sweet young couple get married. But D. P. Lawrentz, the chief executive at the studio, was not hard-hearted, at all. He was a sweet man who had attained eminence because—truly loving children, dogs and old people—he had bought and filmed a lot of stories about children, dogs and old people. And since ninety per cent of the world’s population love children, dogs, and old people he had made a fortune.

Also D. P. was wise. He knew, in his smart showman’s soul, that a romance or marriage with Peter Blake would not hurt Jeanie Holmes’ popularity one iota. Therefore, he only half-listened—a trick he had mastered through the years—as Rosie, in her tense voice, said “D. P., you’ve been like a father to Jeanie . . . And now you must do something to break up this silly infatuation.”

“Does Jeanie love Peter?” D. P. asked.

“Love!” Rosie gave the most beautiful word in the English language all the contempt she felt for it. “What does a girl like Jeanie know about love!”

“She might know quite a lot about it.”

“Don’t talk like a character!” Rosie was frantic. “You have everything to lose if Jeanie marries . . . .”

D. P. shook his head. “You mean you have everything to lose, don’t you Rosie?”

Had they continued their conversation things might have worked out very differently. However, at the very moment Rosie entered D. P.’s office a talent scout, Charlie Moses, three thousand miles away, put through a call to D. P. The call reached the studio switchboard just as D. P. was going to tell Rosie that so far as he was concerned Jeanie and Peter could marry with his blessing—and a bonus.

Instead he picked up the telephone to hear Charlie Moses say “Look, Mr. Lawrentz, I caught ‘Arizona’ last night. Yeah, it’s a swell musical. There’s a girl plays a bit in it—Marian Morgan—who’s terrific. I think we better sign her fast.”

New and terrific youngsters always excited D. P. Lawrentz. He nodded, smiling into the telephone. Rosie tiptoed out and paused in the outer office long enough to tell D. P.’s secretary that D. P. was opposed to Jeanie’s and Peter’s romance and determined to put a stop to it.

That’s how the story got all over the lot.

The following week end Peter and Gloria were married at Las Vegas. Peter eloped because Gloria told him he had asked her to marry him and he could not remember whether he had or not. Rosie had been on the set constantly, thus giving him no opportunity to talk to Jeanie. And he had convinced himself Jeanie had planned it this way. Gloria married Peter because eloping to Las Vegas was one of the few things she had not done.

Jeanie read of their elopement in the Examiner on Monday morning as she was breakfasting alone. Jeanie forgot it was she who had hurt Peter. She knew nothing but her own hurt. Her resentment was defensive. She did not know that what she thought was an old thought: How could he fall for anyone so cheap and common as Gloria? Well, if that’s the kind of man he is then he’s not the man I thought he was.

She had to face him on the set, of course. There was no way out. So, with all the members of the cast and crew watching she walked over to Peter, stuck out her little hand and said “Congratulations, Peter. I hear she’s a swell girl!”

This moment was immortalized by a picture which later appeared in a magazine bearing the caption “Jeanie Holmes congratulates Peter Blake upon his marriage to the glamorous Gloria Thornton.”

ANADVERTISEMENTOFPEPSICOLACOMPANY

"He says as long as he’s going to be tied to a desk for the rest of the war, he may as well relax and enjoy it."
The next day Paul Daniels, Jeannie's director, sat in the projection room watching the rushes. He soon realized that Jeannie was not a mature enough actress to do her own emotional turmoil while she still had Margie's childish problems. Her dramatic scenes weren't the simple innocent shots she should have been. Her personal suffering obliterated all else.

Paul's face darkened. Thirty-three years old and ambitious, he had come up in Hollywood the hard way; struggling with low-budget films and trying to give some validity to corny B pictures. "Morning For Margie" was his first big assignment.

He found Jeannie in her dressing room brushing the pigtail crimps out of her hair. "I've just seen the rushes," he said.

A few weeks before she would have asked eagerly "How were they?"

Now she sat brushing out her hair. "I was disappointed in them," Daniels went on.

She let the brush fall to the floor. "Save it!" she told him.

"I've been hoping we would make a great picture together, Jeannie," he said.

She cried tearfully. "Always the picture! I hate the picture!"

He let her emotion spend itself. Then he said, "No matter what happens to you personally, Jeannie, the show has to go on. You know that?"

"I should," she said wearily. "I've had it drummed into me ever since I was three."

He tried a new line. "Okay," he said. "You don't care whether the pictures live or die. But you can't let your troupe down and you can't let D. P. Lawrentz down and you can't let me down! This picture means a lot to me, Jeannie..."

She smiled, then, like the child she really was. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'll try harder."

"Good girl!" He patte her shoulder.

AFTER the talent scout had talked to D. P., he went backstage to see Marian Morgan. "Here's your great chance, kid," he said. Then he repeated his conversation with the chief executive.

Marian was ecstatic. "This was, indeed, her great chance. Hollywood! All the while she was making her screen test in New York under the facile direction of the talent scout she kept thinking that she would show her father on the farm in Kansas that she had the stuff. This would make him eat those bitter words: "No daughter of mine shall ever go to that hell hole of sin and iniquity." Her father, she reasoned, would sing a different tune when she was a great star.

She turned in her two weeks' notice and at last it was time to go. The taxi that would carry her to Grand Central Station was waiting at the boarding house door when the telegram arrived. She read it over twice. "D. P. Lawrentz asks you to postpone trip indefinitely. He has seen your tests and thinks you have too many girls of your type under contract. Sorry." It was signed by talent scout Mines.

Marian's pause was only momentary. Gracefully she stepped into the cab, closed the door with a final click and said, "Grand Central, please, driver." Out the window of the taxi there fluttered the torn pieces of a telegram.

"O KAY, Peter," Paul Daniels said. "You've done a good job."

Peter, finished with his work in "Morning For Margie," went to Jeannie's dressing room. He had to see her before he left on a between-pictures holiday. He did not want to behave like a cad, but he had to let her know how he felt. It was vitally necessary that he tell her his marriage to Gloria was a dismal failure and that if she would give him a chance to win her back he would ask Gloria to divorce him.
He waited an hour. Then Rosie arrived. Jeanie, she said, had gone home long ago.

During the next several days Peter tried to get Jeanie on the telephone, to contact her through her hairdresser to send her notes. But he never reached her.

At last, filled with frustration and misery, he left for Palm Springs alone. He baked in the sun. He rode horseback across the desert. And three weeks later, when he returned to the Beverly Hills Hotel where he and Gloria had taken a bungalow until, as Gloria told the press, "we find our dream house," he felt no better.

He found Gloria wearing a bathing suit in the exact color of her skin, sitting on the edge of the Beverly Hills pool.

"Did you have a nice time?" she asked.

Peter braces himself. He was ready to tell her that he had made a mistake, that his marriage to her had been a spite marriage, that even if Jeanie was not in love with him he could not be married to anyone else. But Gloria handed him the movie gossip section of the Los Angeles Times pointing to a particular item:

Peter read: "We thought that Jeanie Holmes was going to burn her fingers carrying the torch for Peter Blake. But that flame is out, apparently. The boy who doused the flame is none other than Jeanie's director, Paul Daniels."

Magazines and newspapers featured pictures of Jeanie's engagement party which followed this announcement by about ten days. One shot showed Humphrey Bogart and Jeanie laughing together. She looked very happy indeed. She wasn't.

Jeanie had allowed herself to become engaged to Paul Daniels because he was nice enough and she was lonely and frightened, and, in her perverse feminine way, convinced that Peter had done her a wrong.

It never occurred to Jeanie that it was only partly because she was attractive that Paul made love to her; that his main urge was to make her a little happier so she would give a better performance in "Morning For Margie."

Rosie had raised no objections to this engagement. It was as if, having denied her daughter Peter's love, she had spent her fury, proved she was capable of guiding her star's destiny.

Rosie arranged the party. But Jeanie gave it, to show everyone how happy she was. Dorothy Lester, Jeanie's publicity girl, bought her dress at a most famous couturier's. Jeanie, however, gave her minute instructions as to the manner of dress it must be: Low-cut with a bare midriff—much too sophisticated for her. The couturier, thinking Dorothy an obscure publicity woman buying the gown for herself, sold the same model to Gloria. Therefore, when the Peter Blakes arrived at the party Jeanie and Gloria realized they were gowned identically. There was nothing to do but laugh about it, of course, and, later, pose for the photographers arm in arm. Peter did not laugh, however.

As Rosie took Gloria into the house Peter maneuvered Jeanie into the pergola. "You shouldn't have bought that dress," he told her.

"I suppose you think it's a Gloria Thorton exclusive," Jeanie said bitterly.

Peter shook his head. "It's okay for Gloria, but you're not the type for it."

"The fine distinction evades me," said Jeanie, not realizing how young she sounded.

"But you're different," Peter protested. "Don't you see, Jeanie, you're—well, you're the simple type!"

"I am indeed!" she said.

"I don't want to quarrel with you, Jeanie," Peter begged. "I want to tell you something."

"Yes?" Her voice was low.

"The Marines turned me down."
For seconds Jeannie could not have managed a deep breath if her life had depended upon it. Peter trying to enlist . . . Peter fighting in a jungle . . . Peter in danger . . . It was almost more than she could bear to have him belong to another girl, but at least he was safe, at least she could see him sometimes.

"Peter," she said, "you wanted to be a Marine?"

"Well, I want to help somehow," Then, even if he had had a hundred wives and even if she had been engaged a thousand times she could not have stopped herself from saying, "Oh, my darling!"

Without a conscious movement on the part of either, suddenly they were in each other's arms. All the hunger of the weeks apart was in his kiss on her answering lips. At last they stood guiltily apart. "Why did it have to be you?" he asked, desperately.

"Why did you marry Gloria?" she asked with equal desperation.

This was the moment to tell her of his mistake. But Rosie called, "Jeannie, Jeannie, darling, the photographers are here."

THE lawn and house were crowded with beautiful and exciting guests. There was wonderful food and the best liquor. Yet the party would have died on its feet had it not been for one gate crasher.

Marian Morgan, ignoring the talent scout's telegram, had presented herself at the studio just as if she had a contract. But studio gatemen are wise to bluff and she had gotten exactly nowhere. To crush Jeannie's party she had spent her last money for an enchanting Adrian dress.

It was when the party was at its lowest ebb that Marian, the only unimportant person there, corralled an impressive group into the living room and, picking out a musician at random, manipulated him to the piano. Then, elevating herself to the top of the piano, she said, "My name's Morgan. If I didn't sit on a piano it would ruin a grand tradition."

She sang all the hit tunes from "Arizona" and many nostalgic numbers. She was very pretty. Her hair was blonde and piled on top of her head and her face had a freshly-washed Kansas look. But it was her talent that held her famous audience spellbound.

A lot of people asked "Who is she?" The most important person who asked it was D. P. Lawrentz. His pianist answered, "She tells me Charlie Moses wanted you to sign her but you thought you had too many girls her type."

D. P. laughed. "Don't tell anybody," he said, "but I'm slipping."

Upstairs in Jeannie's bedroom, Marian confessed to Jeannie that she had crashed the party. "I'm glad you did," Jeannie laughed. "You are wonderful. You can be a big star if you want to be."

"If I want to be!" Marian gave the line all her intensity.

"Well?" Jeannie asked.

"Because . . . well, it's something I feel inside of me," she smiled, "Why did you want to be?"

"I didn't," Jeannie said.

At the same time Paul Daniels and Gloria Thornton were in the pergola discussing Paul's next picture in which Gloria was to appear. "I'm going to get a performance from you if I have to beat it out of you," Paul told her.

She laughed. "Save the whips! For you I'll give the performance free!"

They were still talking as the party broke up. Rose hurried up to Jeannie, bidding her guests good-by, and whispered, "Paul and Gloria are in the pergola. Paul's kissing her!"

"Good-by," Jeannie was saying to Anne

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Sheridan. "It was so nice to see you."
"Aren't you going to stop them?" Rosie demanded.
"Good-by," Jeannie said to the Jimmy Cagneys, "You were sweet to come."
Rosie went off, defeated. For the first time in her life she wondered what her child really felt or thought. In the hallway she met D. P. Lawrentz. He asked her to tell Marian Morgan he would like to see her in his office the next morning.
At ten sharp Marian sat opposite D. P. in that strangely tentative way in which so many other girls had sat before him. "I heard you sing at Jeannie's party," he began.
"I know," she smiled, "I was singing for you."
D. P. grinned. Other girls had talked like this. He was not impressed with Marian's line. But he was impressed with her talent. He leaned back in his big chair. "Jeannie Holmes was the best little actress on this lot until she fell in love," he said. "I'll never know why she allowed the boy to marry someone else or why she's now engaged to someone else. However, in the process of all this she has lost something on the screen. So . . . I'm going to put you in a picture I planned for her. Maybe this will bring her to her senses. Happy?"
Marian stood up. A muscle in her cheek twitched. Her hands shook. "I won't be anybody's threat," she said, her voice tight. "I won't be anybody and Jeannie Holmes or a second anybody else. I have what it takes. I'll do it on my own or not at all."
"I'll let her leave the office. Then, laughing, he pulled down the key on the inter-office communication. "You have Marian Morgan's address?"
"Yes, Mr. Lawrentz," said his secretary. Marian, in the ladies' room of the executive building, was being violently ill.
Over in the make-up department Hazel was brushing Jeannie's long chestnut hair. Walter was painting a mouth over her lips. Watching all this was Dorothy Lester, the publicity girl.
"Make her glamorous, kids," she said. "Now that she's a grown-up engaged girl her new portraits have to be glamorous."
She spoke of Jeannie in that curious way publicity people have of speaking of stars—as if they were very rich, very powerful, very valuable imbeciles.
Hazel handed Jeannie a mirror. "Look, ducky, what Hazel dreamed up for you!"
There was a whirring noise inside Jeannie's head and the room suddenly grew dark. "I can't look," she said, although she had not meant to speak at all.
They laughed in that forced way studio workers laugh when they think a star has made a joke but aren't quite sure.
"Come along, lambkin," Dorothy said. "We mustn't keep Cupperman waiting."
"I'm not going to be photographed today," Jeannie said.
"Don't you like your hair, Miss Holmes?" Hazel asked anxiously.
"Something wrong with the make-up?"
This from Walter.
"Are you ill, dear?" Dorothy asked. Jeannie shook her head. "No, but I just can't be photographed."
Dorothy's professional good nature was wearing thin. "Honey," she said, "you look glamorous but you mustn't wear it. You're Jeannie Holmes, Dorothy's old stand-by."
Tears welled up in Jeannie's eyes. "Don't do that!" Walter screamed dabbing at her make-up with a tissue.
Jeannie had hysterics. Tears streaked her make-up. Words came out of her mouth that she had not meant to utter. Her mind was a pit of darkness.
Who Is the Robber That Steals Your Sleep?

It is common knowledge that nothing undermines health so quickly as loss of sleep. You know how just one or two sleepless nights can drag you down. Who is the "robber" that creeps upon you in the middle of the night and keeps you awake? Is it "NERVES" that rob you of the sleep you need? Nervous Tension can be responsible for so many Wakeful Nights as well as Craniness, Restlessness, Nervous Headache and Indigestion. When you feel Nervous and Jittery — when you can't sleep at night, why don't you try Dr. Miles Nervine? For over 50 years Dr. Miles Nervine has been a mild but effective sedative, that helps to quiet your nerves, relieve Nervous Tension, and permit refreshing Sleep. Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your Drug Store. It comes in two forms. Liquid 25c. and $1.00 sizes. Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c sizes. Read directions and use only as directed. See what it can do for you to relax tense nerves and help you get your sleep and rest. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana. Ad

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The dictionary defines "nervous breakdown" as "a condition of mental depression and unusual irritability." A famous psychiatrist once said, "It is a manifestation of the will to escape from circumstances too great to be borne. A minor death wish."

Dorothy Lester dashed for the studio doctor who gave Jeannie a hypo. She notified Jeannie's producer. She called the head of publicity, Lance Bradshaw, who got in touch with a little nursing home that had guarded stellar secrets before. She called a lot more important people whose lives and incomes would be enormously affected if Jeannie wasn't pulled together somehow. They all milled around and shouted and conferred as Jeannie went right on having hysteries.

It did not, however, occur to Dorothy to call Jeannie's fiancée, Paul Daniels. Not that she could have reached him anyway. He was in his office rehearsing Gloria for the big scene of their next picture. And he had told his secretary that under no circumstances was he to be disturbed.

"This will be a very emotional scene," be told Gloria. "I know you have emotion. I can tell—just by being around you."

Gloria smiled, "We're going to town on this picture, you and I."

By the time Dorothy Lester got Jeannie to the nursing home the girl's hysteria had spent itself. "I'm sorry," she said lying back in the clean bed. "I don't know what possessed me to act like that."

"It's okay, honey." Dorothy said. Her professional manner was gone. In her heart now she had only pity for a bewildered girl who had somehow lost her way. "Isn't it funny," Jeannie asked, "all the fuss they make over me because my name is Jeannie Holmes? If I were just any girl with hysteries my mother would have slapped my face and told me to behave."

"Oh Lord," Dorothy moaned, "I forgot to call Rosie."

The wild expression came back to Jeannie's eyes. "Don't, Dorothy, please."

Her terror was so real that Dorothy glimpsed the truth. Somehow, she thought, Rosie is responsible for this.

"Dorothy?"

"Yes, honey?"

"Would it be bad if Peter came here?"

Dorothy knew suddenly that Peter Blake could make Jeannie well. Yet she hesitated. Lance and Jeannie's chief would not approve of Peter's coming to the nursing home. It was a safe enough place, away from the prying eyes of the press and all that. But suppose somebody talked and it got out that Gloria's husband had rushed to Jeannie's bedside.

Dorothy engaged in a small war with herself. Then she glanced swiftly over the pale girl in the white bed, she said "I'll get Peter here. I promise."

She did not, however, call Peter from the nursing home. At the corner drugstore she changed a quarter into nickels and called the Beverly Hills Hotel Gloria's voice came on the wire. Dorothy spoke faintly. "This is Dorothy Lester in Polarity," she said. "We want Peter for some special art tomorrow. Do you know where he is?"

"Yes," said Gloria "I know where he is."

"Could I speak to him?" Dorothy asked. Gloria laughed. "Not very well. The Marines may have turned him down. But the Army took him."

Dorothy sighed in her breast.

"He left a note," Gloria went on "just like in the movies. Want to hear it?"

Dorothy said, "Yes."

"Dear Gloria: The Army took me. I'm glad. Peter."
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 21)

and Fred MacMurray for another hit.

The most pleasing thing about it is the
newness of the story idea—one that com- 
pletely departs the tired old path trod by so many former movies.

Fred MacMurray as the returned hero
who finds himself, through a misunder-
standing, engaged to a girl he isn’t even
particularly fond of, gives a bang-up
performance. And Claudette seems more at
ease and happier than ever in the role
of the unwanted fiancée.

Gil Lamb, an adenoidal rival, is a howl
and Mikhail Rasumny as the photographer
(remember him as the gypsy in “For
Whom The Bell Tolls?”) threw us right
into the aisle.

Cecil Kellaway, Isabel Randolph, Rose-
mary DeCamp and Robert Benchley all fit
aptly into this happiest of events.

Your Reviewer Says: So good you could eat
it with a spoon.

**Sunday Dinner for a Soldier**
(20th Century-Fox)

WHEN “Dinner” finally gets itself on the
table, as it were, and ceases its
whimsical whirling about, it’s as tender
a little thing as you’d hope to be served.
John Hodiak’s entrance, somewhat delayed.
is significant for the action to get going and
merge into the romance that comes as
dessert, of sorts.

Anne Baxter is head of a family consisting
of an irresponsible old “grandfeathers,” Charles Winninger, two small brothers,
Bobby Driscoll and Billy Cummings,
and little sister Connie Marshall.

Living on a Florida houseboat, the poor
but happy family decides it their patriotic
duty to give Sunday dinner to a soldier.
When the meddlesome widow Anne Revere
interferes with the little family, after endless
scraping and planning, find themselves
with no soldier, until, wandering up the
beach, comes Sgt. Hodiak.

While this by no means a lavish and
imposing film, it is nevertheless important
for the tenderness of story and the acting
of Anne and John.

Your Reviewer Says: It will charm the heart
of you.

**Between Two Women**
(M-G-M)

WELL, happy are we to report the Dr.
Kildare series are going right on with
Van Johnson taking over as Dr. Red
Adams, which should be reason enough for
the bobby-socks to give up that “apple a
day.”

Van’s very likable in the role of the
young medic who solves the case of why
a healthy girl, Gloria De Haven, a tricky
little night club entertainer, can’t eat,
which is a new angle on those legendary
“hungry blonde” stories.

Melodrama gets its timing when Doc Red
performs a serious kidney operation and
romance creeps in when luscious Marilyn
Maxwell, rich and foolish, tries to annex
Red for her own. How he can resist her
is the “mystery angle,” we presume.

Lionel Barrymore is right in there pitch-
ing, of course, as the crusty heart-of-gold
Dr. Gillette. Keenan Wynn is credible as
a night club master of ceremonies. Keye
Luke, Alma Kruger and Marie Blake are
all present and accounted for.

Your Reviewer Says: Good, even though
we miss Ayres.
THE THREE CABALLEROS
(Walt Disney-RKO)

WALT DISNEY spent five years experimenting in the use of cartooned and
actual life characters on the same screen through a photographic process, and we
can't help but feel the astounding result would have been more appreciated in a
story of continuity with more concrete plot construction. As it is, we have three Dis-
ney characters, American Donald Duck, Brazilian Joe Carioca (the star of "Saludos
Amigos") and newcomer Panchito, a sort of Mexican charro to whom, through the
medium of a flying serape, visit the Latin American countries, meet up with
such real-life characters as Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina, Dora Luz and many
other singing and dancing stars.

The color is heavenly, the effects be-
wildering to the senses and the magic of
Disney's pencil out of this world, but we
frankly feel the box-office appeal will be
felt more fruitfully below the border.

Your Reviewer Says: A breathtaking novelty.

HERE COME THE WAVES
(Paramount)

WELL, thank goodness we don't have to
wade through a lot of basic training routine
and "buddies-through-it-all" stuff in this
happy-as-a-lark story about the
girls of the Navy—the Waves.

Rather we have the salty girls as sort of
background for a lot of musical fun and
nonsense with such talent yet! There's
Bing Crosby, for instance, who plays a
crooner with a trick voice that the poss-
isocks just adore. How could that be?

And Betty Hutton as twins (imagine two
Buttons in one film) one ball and one
a redhead. And then there's that big good-
agedaSonny Tufts, always
around to help the story out when it gets
a bit weak in the knees.

The songs are cute, especially that "Ac-
cent-chu-ate The Positive" number that
Bing and Sonny render in blackface and
a right fair warbler is Sonny even when
up against the old maestro.

Betty gives personality to both her char-
acters, looks cute, acts cute, sings cute,
is cute. Her number "There's A Fellow Waitin'
In Poughkeepsie" is cute, too. In fact, it
adds up into a cute show and one you'll
just naturally want to see.

Your Reviewer Says: So musical.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS
(RKO)

AN absorbing psychological drama deal-
ing with a beautiful woman, Hedy
Lamarr, who lives in a nightmare of sup-
pressed terror that centers around her
small son and her insanely jealous hus-
band, Paul Lukas.

George Brent as a doctor enters the
story when he befriends a woman he
accidentally meets on a train, who turns
out to be a sister to Lukas, and who later
mysteriously dies in his home. As physician
and amateur detective, Brent meets and
falls in love with Hedy and eventually
discovers the cause of her terror at the
risk of his own life.

Hedy has progressed as an actress, giving
a finely shaded performance. Paul Lukas
is superb and Brent his usual pleasing
self. Albert Dekker, Carl Esmond, Olive
Blakney and Margaret Wycherly take
part in this excellent story.

Your Reviewer Says: Fascinating.
“MY Don Juan Lipstick
STAYS ON!”

Says
Paula Stone
FAMOUS ON SCREEN,
STAGE AND RADIO

“My lips stay lovely
hours longer without
retouching... That’s why
Don Juan is tops with me.”

1 beauty extras:
See what they do
for your lips
1. DON JUAN STAYS ON when
you eat, drink, kiss, if used as di-
rected. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. LIPS STAY LOVELY without
frequent retouching. Try today.
3. NOT DRYING or SMEARY. Im-
parts appealing “glamour” look.
Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. STYLE SHADES. Try Raspberry,
rich, glowing, or Number 5,
medium red, flattering, youthful look-
ing. Other shades, too.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

FAST RELIEF FOR PAIN

Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills can bring prompt re-
 lief for Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Res-
eptive Pains orFacial, Muscle Pain. They do
not upset stomach and they taste quite
pleasant. Take 2 tablets (2o each) before
you go to bed. This effective pain-relieving
cure is sold in bottles of 25 at all drug-stores.

Use Woolfoam
Perfect Wool Wash!
Leaves sweaters, blankets, woolens soft, fluffy—
really clean. At notions, art
needlework, and housewares
departments 25c

Made for Wool
by a Wool Firm

Woolfoam Corp.
17 West 19th Street
New York 11, N.Y.

Double Exposure
(Paramount)

IT all begins when Chester Morris, editor
of a weekly photographic magazine, finds
a new flash bulb, one Nancy Kelly, a
member of his staff. But Phillip Terry,
her beau from the same small town at
Nancy, follows her to New York to see no
harm befalls her. He shouldn’t have given
it a thought, for Nancy outmaneuvers
the clever Mr. Morris professionally and ro-
mantically until she suddenly finds herself
embroiled in a murder mystery. Then
Morris comes to her rescue.

Everyone seems to have a right good
time, so why shouldn’t you?
Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

Gentle Annie (M-G-M)

GENTLE ANNIE is gentle, we suppose,
in contrast to the rough and tough
days in Oklahoma in 1901, but to us she
seemed quite a gal condoning train rob-
beries by her sons because the money was
stolen from Yankees. But nevertheless
Annie, as played by Marjorie Main, is a
likable character and provides some really
good moments of entertainment.
Half the romance comes in when Donna
Reed, a girl who finds herself stranded
out west, seeks shelter with Marjorie and
her two sons, Henry Morgan and Paul
Langton, who just love their ma.

The other romantic half enters the pic-
ture with the arrival of James Craig, who
pretends to be a wanderer, but is really a
government detective sent to search out
the guilty train robbers.
Barton MacLane is the sheriff and John
Philliber a greedy old photographer.
Your Reviewer Says: It’s unique anyway.

Dangerous Passage
(Paramount)

NOW here’s a guy that has more trouble
than a homeless rat, and it’s all
wrapped up in the double-trouble story
of one Robert Lowery who hopes to evade
enemies seeking his inherited fortune by
boarding a slow boat and being eaten alive
only to run into a whole new pot of stew
all about a night club entertainer and a
secret agent attempting to stall the ship
owner’s insurance plot and we’re
all out of breath and so will you be too,
if you bother about it.
We liked Phyllis Brooks and Robert
Lowery, but we wish they’d stay home
and keep out of trouble.
Your Reviewer Says: Anybody got a match?

The Suspect (Universal)

THE SUSPECT” is a piff of a story con-
taining a murderer, Charles Laughton,
with whom one completely sympathizes,
which is a cunning device of the writer,
for we, rather than the murderer, suffer
as the suspense mounts.
You’ll like Charles Laughton and ap-
prove his work. Ella Raines as the girl he
loves and marriages gives such a fine
performance it adds up to the fact that here
is an actress that must not be ignored by
Hollywood.

Stanley C. Ridges as the relentless in-
spector is a one, let us tell you. Henry
Daniell gives us the shivers and Dean
Harens as Laughton’s son is a likable kid.
Rosalind Ivan, Molly Lamont, Eve Amber
and Maude Eburne aid in making this a
really swell story.
Your Reviewer Says: It will clutch the in-
terest and hold on.
House Of Frankenstein
(Universal)

IT'S unbelievable! Here we have the Un-
dying Monster playing patty cake with
Dracula (who takes, instead of gives, a
pint of blood) while the Wolf Man skips
rope with that dear divine old darling,
the mad scientist. There's all sorts of
sticky goings-on among these reprobates,
which leaves one in such a fog of bewil-
derment and embarrassment that anyone
could even dream up such a thing let alone
make it into a picture—oh, for heavens
sake, what ails Universal anyway?

Boris Karloff is the scientist (that makes
a nice little change) and Lon Chaney the
Wolf Man. John Carradine is Dracula and
looks hungry enough for the role we must
say. J. Carrol Naish is the deformed and
nasty Monster and get this: Anne Gwynne
is the girl in love with the Wolf Man.
Next they'll have her going steady with
that snappy old character—the Frozen
Mummy. Elena Verdugo, Sig Ruman,
Lionel Atwell and Peter Coe have the
misfortune to know all these unattractive
people.

Your Reviewer Says: What more do you
want—egg in your beer?

✓ Destiny (Universal)

IN a picture called "Flesh And Fantasy"
produced by one Charles Boyer, there
was an immediate demand and its way
to the screen as a picture on its own.
And a strange and very entertaining film
it is, based on the story of an ex-convict
who finds himself innocently involved in
another crime which sends him into hiding.

Into the hillside farm of Frank Craven
and his blind daughter Gloria Jean,
stumbles this man. Thrown by their un-
questioning friendliness, the man wages
within his own battle—crime against de-
cency—until another catastrophe plunges
him into a headlong decision.

Alan Curtis does his best work as the
convict, and Gloria Jean is splendid as the
blind girl. Strange to find her all grown
up to romantic roles. Splendid support is
offered by Grace McDonald, Vivian Austin,
Frank Fenton and Minna Gombell.

Your Reviewer Says: A very odd but inter-
esting tale.

✓ They Shall Have Faith
(Monogram)

It was inevitable that a story on the dread
disease polio, or infantile paralysis,
should be made—and it seems while Va-
rious factors huddled and muddled over
the Sister Kenny story designed for Rose-
lind Russell who wanted so badly to play
it. Monogram stepped in and intelligently
stole the thunder.

Timely, too, is its theme, dealing with
the work of Army doctors in connection
with this work as applied to soldiers on
battle fronts. Gale Storm is young, viv-
acious and athletic, is the heroine suddenly
stricken with the disease, and John Mack
Brown the Army major who helps her
regain her health.

The cast is splendid, offering Conrad
Nagel as Gale's father, Sir Aubrey Smith
as the crusty grandfather, Mary Boland
and Frank Craven as the uncle and aunt.
Johnny Downs as her fiancée and Cath-
erine McLeod as her secretary.

Your Reviewer Says: Drumbeats for the
March of Dimes.
Your PILLOW KNOWS.

Your pillow gets as close to your hair as anything does—so just check it for unpleasant odors. Remember, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and it's easy to offend with scalp odor—and not to know it.

To make sure your hair doesn't drive people away, shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar—works wonders with scalp odor and oily hair. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packers tonight and be safe—with clean, fresh scalp ... soft, lustrous hair. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS
Pine Tar SHAMPOO

SCALP ODOR—
Not you?

Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 25)

Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter, and the songs are nostalgically lovely and haunting. Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clar- ice Kilb lead welcome support. (Jan.)

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE—Republic: Dale Evans' rodeo is fast going on the rocks, even though it's managed by Gabby Hayes. So Roy Rogers and Richard Fowlers, both likely lads, are interested in Dale and her rodeo, and the net result is lots of singing, dancing, trick riding, and everything but worry over the problem at hand. (Feb.)

LAW—20th Century-Fox: Sophisticated, swift entertainment so smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it's a joy to behold. No murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people you'll want to know at the finished performance, the plot by Clifton Webb, enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews and appreciate the quiet understudy of Gene Tierney. (Jan.)

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—Paramount: Nils Asther is ninety years old but looks thirty-five because he keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he murders for the purpose. Scientific Reinholt becomes aids in this defiance of nature. But finally Nils' local fiancée Helen Walker discovers his little secret. With Paul Cavanagh and Edmund Breon. (Jan.)

MAIN STREET AFTER DARK—M-G-M: A short punchy film that serves as a warning to service men against the crooks who haunt cheap beer and dance halls. Selena Royce is the head of a family of such criminals until police lieutenant Edward Arnold cracks down on the gang. With Dan Duryea, Hugo Curnyn, Audrey Trotter and Tom Trout. (Feb.)

MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE—Darcour-Columbia. Richard Dix turns in a bang-up performance as a derelict who poses as another man in order to collect a large sum of money from a bank. He actually gets the money but collides with crippled piddler Paul Guilfoyle, and from then on he gets deeper and deeper into trouble. Janna Carter, and Calvert and Porter Hall are all very good. (Jan.)

MASTER RACE, THE—RKO: A gripping and grimly realistic picture showing, through the birth of a village freed from German occupation, how the Nazis plan to sow the seeds for World War III. George Coulouris is the Nazi colonel who pretends to be an Allied sympatheer. Gloria Winters, Gates, Osa Massen and Stanley Ridges do excellent work. (Dec.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—M-G-M: The story of St. Louis in the nineties is the nicest people you'll ever meet, and the story of how they don't want to move to New York is replete with charm, color and romance. The family consists of Judy Garland in love with Tom Drake, Margaret O'Brien, Lucille Bremer, and Joan Carroll as her sisters, and Mary Astor and Leon Ames her parents. The music is delightful. (Feb.)

MINISTRY OF FEAR—Paramount: This is filled with confusion and intricacy of plot, but the actors perform so well that it's worthwhile points. Ray Milland gets released from a British asylum on charges of a mercy killing, only to get embroiled with Nazi spies holding his chari music organization. Marjorie Reynolds is the Australian girl, Carl Esmond her brother, and Dan Duryea a villain. (Jan.)

MRS. PARKINGTON—M-G-M: Those who have read Lou Bremfield's novel will find no fault with its translation to the screen, for it's superbly adapted. George Brent is the National woman who marries the wealthy Major Parkington and matures gracefully into a mature old woman. Pulcifer as the dynamic major does his best work to date. With Edward Arnold, Jennifer Jones, Edna May Rogers, and Gladys Cooper. (Dec.)

MY PAI WOLF—RKO: Sharyn Moffett is a little girl whose parents leave her in the care of peculiar Uncle Jack. Jack, who is peculiar, is a drunk. The plot surrounds the fact that he finds and tries to shield from her governess, Jill Balmain. The story is constructed, but in spite of this, it's all at a bad picture. (Dec.)

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM—Universal: Anne Gwynne, her mother Nella Walker and stepfather John Litel, records a hotel room with a party at which Bill Williams disappears for good. Grace McDonald, Betty Kent and Patric Knowles dance and dance right through it all, and Regis Toomey, Andrew Tombes and Donald Cook help keep the mystery complicated. (Feb.)

MY GAL LOVES MUSIC—Universal: Bob Crosby is a crooner-band leader who puts on a local kid contest to find a child prodigy. So Grace McDonald puts a child in and wins the contest, only to fall in love with Crosby. Betty Kean, Betty Lou, Marjorie Gates, and Walter Catlett and Alan Mowbray mug at each other all over the place. (Feb.)

NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Paramount: If you like the corny but lively radio show of the National Barn Dancers you'll like their movie even better. Bob Crosby, the radio agent to whom Charles Quigley attempts to sell his idea of a National Barn
Adds sparkling highlights
...lustrous color effects

"She's almost attractive" too often describes the girl whose make-up stops at her hairline... who depends on a shampoo alone to reveal the true beauty and brightness of her hair. For your hair — like your face — needs a note of color to look its loveliest.

No matter what color hair you have, you can give it fresh sparkle and achieve a smart new color effect with Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse! You can enrich the natural hair color... give it a "warmer" tone or a "cooler" hue... even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the back of the package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades will give the effect you desire. After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Gone is all soap film! Your hair is glorious with shining new color... softer and more manageable, too!

Marchand's Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as facial make-up. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — it's absolutely harmless.

Dance show. Pat Buttram is funny and Joan Heather is the girl Quiteny. (Dec.)

NORTH FOR THE LONELY HEART—RKO: The attempts of a cockney to reach out to a better life, laid against the dreadful atmosphere of London's slums, make up this tale of Richard Lanza's. Cary Grant gives a truly understanding performance as the cockney and Ethel Barrymore does beautiful work as his mother. June Duprez and Jane Wyatt are the girls in his life. (Dec.)

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE—M-G-M: Laurel and Hardy are still going strong after all these years, and this time they get involved in political intrigue, attempted assassinations and kidnapping charges. They have good company in their boy-monarch of today, the persons of Henry O'Neill, Philip Merivale and John Warburton. (Feb.)

ONES BODY TOO MANY—Paramount: A life insurance salesman, Jack Haley, finds himself an appointed watch to a corpse in a house full of ghoulish relations, and the things that go on are out of this world. Jean Parker is the niece of the deceased, and the cast includes Bella Lugosi, Blanche Yurka, and Douglas Fowley. Haley is a scream. (Jan.)

RAINBOW ISLAND—Paramount: A lush Technicolor dream with Dottie Lamour roaming around in her well-filled saloon. Merchant Marine Eddie Bracken tells the fantastic tale of his adventures to his pals, of Dottie and her romance with Harry Sullivan, of Gil Lamb’s coming, of Lamour’s full-blown love scenes, and of the comical situations in which Bracken finds himself. (Jan.)

SAN DIEGO, I LOVE YOU—Universal: A refreshing, zany story packed with chuckles and laughter, with box professor Edward Everett Horton, and his mad family traveling to San Diego to be near the testing plant of Horton’s invention, a collapsible life raft. Louise Allbritton as the daughter turns in a fine performance, and Jon Hall is so good as the wealthy railroad owner. (Jan.)

SHADOW OF SUSPICION—Monogram: Those jewel thieves are back again, as busy as usual. This time they slip priceless gems into a pair of bronze statues, and show themselves pursued by Harry Sullivan, of Gil Lamb’s coming, of Lamour’s full-blown love scenes, and of the comical situations in which Bracken finds himself. (Jan.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—20th Century-Fox: A typical Technicolor musical, with Vivian Blaine, Carmen Miranda, and Phil Silvers in a set of jobs, and in a jungle where a few zoos work. The songs are all good, and you can bet on the whole package. Miranda garners a few laughs as a walking radio set and the tunes are pretty, but on the whole it’s just an average movie. (Feb.)

SONG TO REMEMBER, 4—Columbia: The influence of a shrewd woman on the life and works of a great artist is here splendidly portrayed by Caryl Wilde playing Frederic Chopin, and Merle Oberon as George Sand, the woman who brings him into the limelight of fame. Paul Muni plays Chopin’s old teacher, whom Merle tries to keep away from him. (Feb.)

Can a baby stop the Reno Express

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 10:00 EWT • 11:30 MWT 10:30 PWT • 9:00 CWT Blue Network Stations
The music is exquisite and exciting, making the picture the musical treat of the year. (Jan.)

SWING HOSTESS—PRC: Martha Tilton makes her debut as an actress-singer, and puts over her songs in fine style. The story has to do with a julep-blowing operator whose voice leads to a singer getting a singing job through an error, and it takes a lot of time before it gets all straightened out. Iris Adrian, Cliff Nazarro and Betty Brodel seem happy to be in it. (Feb.)

ALL IN THE SADDLE—RKO: A Western mystery charged with action and romance, and John Wayne as the new ranch foreman who arrives in town to find the man who has been murdered. Ella Rames becomes his boss instead, and Wayne is romantically caught between Ella and the Eastern Audrey Long. The fight between Wayne and Ward Bond is one of the best screen fights you've seen. (Dec.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Republic: Richard Arlen is the best thing about this picture, which could have been funnier. The screen's crowded with actors, specialists and all kinds of music, and some of it is mixed up in, as are Leonid Kinskey and Minor Watson, and you can hardly find the poor little plot. (Dec.)

THIN MAN GOES HOME—MG-M: This long-awaited return of the series proves very disappointing in all departments, including the performances of Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta the dog. Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport are Powell's parents, and the suspects in the mystery are Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Leon Ames and Anne Revere. (Feb.)

THIRTY DAYS OVER TOKYO—MG-M: Told with sincerity, integrity, simplicity and authority, this picture of Doolittle's first bombing of Tokyo is a great one. Van Johnson as Ted Lawson proves himself a fine actor, and Phyllis Thaxter as a charming, gracious actress. Spencer Tracy plays Doolittle with strength and purpose, and Robert Walker is splendid. The result is an exciting picture. (Dec.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—Loser United Artists: Babies are all over the place in this wartime problem picture, even in a department that's of interest to only two people. Scarlett—devastating on girls with brown hair, hazel eyes, fair skin. (Dec.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Warners: The news of this picture is a newcomer named Lauren Bacall whose performance is so intriguing it has Humphrey Bogart fighting like mad to stay in the picture. Despite the sensational theme of Bogart's and Bacall's in Martinique, with Vichy France slugging it out with its enemies, you'll never lose interest. Hoagy Carmichael as the jazz player is very good. (Jan.)

TOWN WENT WEST—PRC: A cracky-jack story full of surprises and joyous laughter, with Dennis Morgan and Tom Tully as bickering neighbors. When it appears that Horton's son, Freddie, and Tully's son, Tom, are in love with the same girl, the town really goes wild. Especially as Freddie wants to marry Horton's daughter, and Tully his son. (Feb.)

THE VELVET TOUCH—UNIVERSAL: This is a picture of a mysterious lady's hand which falls into the wrong hands. It's a welcome return of Dick Powell after his injury. (Feb.)

MADE IN AMERICA—UNIVERSAL: This is a top-notch story of three families—once friends, once enemies, and now friends again. It's very good. (Feb.)

WINGED VICTORY—20th Century-Fox: An entertaining, almost documentary film stressing the personal angle of our Air Force. The story begins with three boys, Leon Calhatter, Don Taylor and and Mark Daniels entering the Air Force, proceeding through basic training, on their ultimate destination. All the boys in the picture are members of the Air Corps, and there are two splendid performances here. (Dec.)

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—INTERNATIONAL: Edward G. Robinson is a mild, loving husband who inadvertently kills a man in the home of Joan Bennett. Their efforts to get rid of the corpse and evade the police is the theme of this nearly constructed story in which suspense runs high. Raymond Massey is the district attorney friend of Robinson's, and Dan Duruca the blackmailing agent. (Dec.)
Speak for Yourself (Continued from page 23)

felt letters, spelling out “Janie” pinned on their sloppy joes.

This picture showed the real teen-ager. There is no hint of delinquency in it, while some pictures produced in Hollywood picture us as delinquents who haven’t a chance. We are getting sick of these films because the majority of us are good kids. So let’s have more pictures like “Janie.” It helps our morale!

Dixie Shour, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE
Vive Hollywood!

THE stars have done more to win the war than any other profession as a whole. They risk their lives to entertain our boys overseas, pay huge income taxes and spend much of their spare time working at the Hollywood Canteen. Yet when they relax and go to a party, they are criticized. I am referring to the recent Elsa Maxwell party which was cruelly slandered by John Knight in the Chicago Daily News. I would like to ask Mr. Knight how many parties he has attended recently. Don’t you think, Mr. Knight, that it is better to spend one’s money to make others happy and forget their worries for a while, than to sit in a theater? I imagine the stars’ salaries are common knowledge, but it is the business tycoons with unknown hoardings who should be condemned.

Congratulations, Hollywood, where live some of America’s most brilliant brains.

Sheila Kastner, Cornwall, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION

I F I could have my way I would start out by picking Loretta Young to tell my troubles to. For long talks by the fire, I’d pick Bette Davis.

Next I believe I would go to Orson Welles’ house, drag him to the nearest barber shop and hold him down till he no longer looked like the “Hairy Ape.” I’d then go to see Dixie Crosby and have her show me all of Bing’s pastel-colored shirts and jackets.

My last stop would be Frank Sinatra’s for a spaghetti dinner and a concert of my favorite songs by Frank himself.

Janet Grisetti, San Diego, Calif.

O RCHIDS to George Sanders! If you’ve seen “Summer Storm” you’ll know what I mean. I’ve seen every picture he’s made, but the last one convinced me he can’t pretend any longer to be the woman hater he’s made out to be.

Eunice Collins, Santa Monica, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD prides itself on being a stickler for detail. After seeing “Thief Of Bagdad,” “Arabian Nights” and “All About Eve,” and “Thirty Nine Steps,” I have come to the opinion that, in their eagerness to produce such “fairy-tale” pictures, the producers don’t keep their finger on details. A Muslim daughter never speaks out before her sire as she is shown doing in Ali Baba. She is timidity in herself in her conduct with the male persons of her household. She keeps to her own secluded part of the house. And she would never dare to defy her prospective husband. These are but a few of the things in which Hollywood wrongs the Muslims.

Doulos Parsharan, Karachi, India

ARE YOU GIVING YOUR CHILDREN THE WRONG KIND OF LAXATIVE?

Some Laxatives are Too Strong

Forcing a child to take a harsh, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that’s too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before!

Less, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that’s too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild

A laxative that’s too mild to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

But—EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Treat the Children to the

“HAPPY MEDIUM” LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax tastes good—just like fine chocolate! It’s America’s favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don’t dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It’s thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed.

EX-LAX The Original Chocolate Flavored Laxative

Wonderful Way to Ease Pain of Minor Burns

Spread a liberal quantity of Sayman Salve on a clean cloth or piece of gauze and apply it gently over the entire affected area as so as to exclude air. Leave this dressing on for a few days—then remove daily. Usually this fine old medicated ointment helps to bring welcome relief to surprisingly short order. And also for relief of irritation of externally caused eczema, of chapped, cracked, rough skin.

SAYMAN SALVE

I KNOW, DAUGHTER—GET PAZO FOR THOSE SIMPLE PILES

MOTHER—PAZO GAVE ME BLESSED RELIEF

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

How PAZO Ointment Works
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried piles—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application. Special Pipe for Easy Application PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

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STOP Scratching
Relieve Itch in a Jiffy

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete’s foot, “factory” itch, and other itch troubles are finding rapid, cooling, liquid D.D.P. Prescription. This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D.D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless, Soothes and comforts every most intense itching in a jiffy. A 3c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. P. Prescription.
HAIR
Reborn!

Yes! Reborn every minute of your life! . . . Take advantage of your hair's continuous rebirth.
Keep it young-looking, pliant . . .

Admiracion Shampoo

Every Month SPARE CASH
Every Smart Everyday Cards
Just show three Treds Birthday, Anniversary, "Victory"—all friends, well-wishers and others for permission to sell to you or any friend—Extra cash on approval—See salesmen for details—No extra cash on approval to sell to friends. 

Every Month SPARE CASH
Every Smart Everyday Cards
Just show three Treds Birthday, Anniversary, "Victory"—all friends, well-wishers and others for permission to sell to you or any friend—Extra cash on approval—See salesmen for details—No extra cash on approval to sell to friends.

FIBS Tampons have gently rounded ends for easy insertion

It’s like finding a tampon made especially for you . . .
that’s how easy it is to use FIBS Tampons for internal sanitary protection!
You see, Fibs are different from ordinary tampons . . . different in such important ways. Because unlike all other leading tampons the ends of Fibs are rounded, gently tapered to make insertion more comfortable. Because Fibs and only Fibs are "quilted" for greater comfort and extra safety.
So next time, change to Fibs. You, too, will say: "At last I’ve found a tampon that’s really easy to use!"

FIBS
THE KOTEX-TAMPON
ONLY 20¢

123
Chest Cold Misery
Relieved by
Moist Heat of
ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE
CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHITIS
EXHIBITION

SIMPLE
SPRAIN, BRUISE,
SORE MUSCLES
CHARLEY HORSE

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscles, soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation, and sore throat.

Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain... reduces swelling, limbers up stiff achings muscles due to simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

Cast's of Current Pictures

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M: Dr. "Red"תכשא.m
Robards, Jeff flight, William Tabbert, Jeanne Marine, Nancy Moore, Robert Ryan, Roderick MacRae, Richard Basehart, Grant Mitchell, Elke Sommer, Peter Carsten, Julie Adams, John McCallum, Paul Hartloft, Beverley Owen.

CAN'T HELP SINGING—Universal: Caroline Frost, Desna Durham, Johnny Larex, Robert Paige, Betty Hargrove, Muriel Evans, Aliza Badini, Bruce; Senator Frost, Ray Collins; Koppa, Leonid Kinsky; Aunt Cazy, Clara Blandick; Frances MacLean, Jean Parker, John Car UPPER, Thomas Gomez, Sam Archer, Andrew Tombes.


DOUBLE EXPOSURE—Paramount: Larry Burke, Chester Morris, Pat Marx, Nancy Kelly, Ben Skipper, Phillip Terry, Dolores Keane, Jane Farnsworth, James Cagney, Fanny Tucker, Charley Arnt, Smitty, Claire Rochelle.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS—RKO: Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, George Sanders, John Ireland, John Qualen, Vivien Leigh, Hume Cronyn,Scaling Craven, Boris Karloff, Billie Burke, Lewis Milestone, Howard Da Silva, Robert Young, Jonathan Williams.

GENTLE ANNIE—M-G-M: Lloyd Richard, James Craig, Mary Livingstone, June Lockhart, Anne Baxter, Marjorie Main, Cotton Gould, Henry Morgan, Gladys George, Elizabeth Patterson, Tatum Brouwer, Josephine Hull, Virginia Vale, Devereaux, Dora, Julia Dean, Young Alec, Billy Ward.

GLOWS—M-G-M: Lovely Annie, Mary Livingstone, June Lockhart, Anne Baxter, Marjorie Main, Cotton Gould, Henry Morgan, Gladys George, Elizabeth Patterson, Tatum Brouwer, Josephine Hull, Virginia Vale, Devereaux, Dora, Julia Dean, Young Alec, Billy Ward.

HEART OF THE HEART—Paramount: Betty Hutton, Robert Young, Virginia Vale, John Ireland, John Qualen, Vivien Leigh, Hume Cronyn, Scaling Craven, Boris Karloff, Billie Burke, Lewis Milestone, Howard Da Silva, Robert Young, Jonathan Williams.

Beauty Workshop by Betsy Sanford

You're On His Pedestal

He remembers the lovely you he left behind. Here are some tips to practice—for perfect results on his return.

Hollywood Says . . .
When she washes her face, June Haver adds lemon juice to the final rinsing water to help keep her lovely skin white.
A beauty expert says that rolling your arch over your old-fashioned kitchen rolling pin is one of the best exercises for foot strengthening.
Before and after a swim, Esther Williams applies baby oil generously not only to her face but to arms, legs and body as well.
Edith Head, designer, okay's the velvet-bow fad as still the smartest coil decoration.

THE man in your life, far from home, thinks of you in glowing terms. He brags about you, tells his buddies you're lovely, perfect. "You've a lot to live up to," says Carole Landis who, like Louise Allbritton, June Clyde and so many other screen favorites, has talked with and entertained our fighting men overseas. "The story is always the same," Louise told us. "They want to find their homes and their families just as they remember them, when they come back. And they remember them at their best."

Home Beauty Courses . . . You're high on his pedestal. If you've been asleep at the switch since he went away, put your beauty on a schedule. For professional guidance, look into beauty courses you can take by mail. They don't cost much but they can make you look like a million. You learn to eat, sleep, exercise, dress, speak, carry yourself graciously for beauty and charm. No department of hair, skin, voice, make-up, hands, figure, clothes, colors for you personally is overlooked. You become lovelier than you or he dreamed.

Or—You're on Your Own . . . Every woman who cares a fig gives time daily to the obvious beauty rites. But without a schedule, the beauty extras are often neglected. Over your mirror, pin up one that works for you. Monday . . . Check up on your clothes. Maybe a hem needs its slit in time, a slip needs shortening. Any buttons missing? Do you need a new girdle? Tuesday . . . Experiment with new cosmetics. Have you read any new beauty tricks you ought to try out? Read aloud to improve your voice. Do you need a new permanent? Maybe a wonderful relaxing bath with all the trimmings will make body and spirit sing. Wednesday . . . For mid-week pick-up, give yourself a facial, apply a mask to rouse circulation, help brighten your skin. Pluck straggling eyebrows. Thursday . . . This is a good day to prepare for week end loveliness. Use a good depilatory or hair-remover on legs and under arms. Then do your hair, preferably under the shower for thorough rinsing. Try a new hair style this week. Friday . . . Give yourself a good manicure. Shape nails, work on cuticle, apply base and one coat of polish a couple of hours before you go to bed. Before you turn out the light, on goes the second coat of polish to dry while you read, say your prayers and dream of tomorrow. Saturday . . . Even if your date isn't with him, take time today to look your most ravishing. Go to luncheon, shopping or the movies as though this is the most wonderful date you've ever had. Spend extra time getting ready for an extra lovely effect. Sunday . . . This is a day of rest, but there's no day on the calendar when beauty can be forgotten. Catch up with the inner you. Be the prettiest girl in church. Catch up with the world. Read your Sunday papers. Take a long walk. And go to bed early to face the new week looking and feeling grand. You'll be a new woman as the result, and he'll come home to the girl whose loveliness has haunted his every dream.
"Love is a lot of little things!"

Famous Star gives advice on how to win romance and hold it!

"Every girl knows that in love everything's important! What you wear, what you say, how you look," says charming Anne Baxter. "So don't be careless, don't risk losing the loveliness that wins Romance and holds it!"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"Don't toss a Coin to decide whether or not you take a Lux Soap beauty bath before your date. Make daintiness sure."

"Don't believe a word of it when temptation whispers: You're much too tired for beauty care tonight. Regular Active-lather facials with Lux Soap take just a few moments—and they really make skin softer, smoother—lovelier." 

"You get your Man—and you hold him, too, when you take the right beauty care. I use Lux Soap every single day—for my complexion, and as a bath soap, too."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier!
SOFSKIN CREME
for lovely hands and skin

In the Black and Gold jars—
$1.00 sizes*

Plus Tax

This homogenized facial helps
give face and neck remarkable

'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother—
So Caressingly Soft With Each Application!

Now! Right in your own home you can
give your face and neck a thrilling new
'Beauty-Lift' with Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

This famous method of skin care gives you a complete de luxe facial in only 8
minutes. It's really inspiring to see how it leaves your skin looking so much
smoother, firmer, with an enchanting baby freshness.

The Hopper Method—Why It's So ACTIVE

Briskly pat this especially homogenized

lubricating cream over face and neck
(follow arrows in diagram). Gently press
an extra amount of Hopper's over any
lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8
minutes. Then tissue off.

The reason Hopper's Cream is so active
and lubricates the skin so expertly and
evenly — why it gives such an effective
facial — is because it's homogenized!
Faithful use helps maintain natural
dazzling beauty throughout the years. At all
cosmetic counters.

More stores from coast-to-coast
where you can buy these young
and gay fashions on page 76 to
78—or write directly to the
manufacturer for further store
information.

Jr. Deb Gray Striped Suit
Simon Cohen & Co., 512 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dress, Tex.—A. Harris & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels Bros.
Block and Kuhl Stores throughout Illinois

Betmar Black Sailor
Betmar, 1 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Judy Bond White Blouse
Judy Bond Blouses, 1375 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Jauity Jr. Fannel Suit
Morris W. Haft Co., 500 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Chas. F. Berg, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stak. Baer & Fuller Co.

Betmar Felt Cloche
Betmar, 1 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—Best & Co.

Arky Navy Blue Wool Suit
Arky, Jr., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.—Sears, Roebuck & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.

Madcaps' "Fun Cap"
Madcaps', 28 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.

Hi-Ho Jr. Black & White Shorty Coat
Leds, Ltd., 500 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Denver, Col.—Neunster Co.

Salfair Felt Play-topper
Salfair, 65 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Tommie Austin Casual Dress
Tommie Austin, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Sanger Bros.
New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann Sons Co.

Madcaps’ Bonnet
Madcaps', 28 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale Bros.

She's the girl who said,
"MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"

You'll want to meet

JUDY GARLAND

in the delightful
story about her by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

in the

April Photoplay
NEW 15 MINUTE HOME TRIAL TINTS HAIR

BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN OR BLONDE

As It Shampoos

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades. Only 50 cents each or 2 for $1.00.
Come on Chesterfield
we’re changing to
a new outfit...

Yes, it’s a lasting friendship... well-earned
by Chesterfield’s three top qualities...

MILDNESS • BETTER TASTE
COOLER SMOKING

And when your G. I. Joe steps out of khaki into a
blue pin-stripe and he’s home for keeps, you’ll again
enjoy Chesterfields together and agree that nothing
measures up to their...

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD’S BEST TOBACCOS
Lovable...
Softer, Smoother Skin
with just One Cake of Camay!

Mrs. William H. Geyer, Nutley, N. J.
Her skin is like peach-bloom—exquisitely soft. "Camay is my beauty soap—now and for always," says this lovely bride. "My first cake left my skin so much softer, I wouldn't think of changing."

Tests by doctors prove Camay is really mild!
It's exciting—to see the fresh new bloom of beauty that one cake of Camay brings to your skin! So quick, change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions. And with the very first cake of Camay, most complexions simply sparkled—looked fresher, clearer, softer!

...it cleanses without irritation
These tests gave proof of Camay's mildness...proof it can benefit skin.
"Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "it cleanses without irritation."
No wonder you can expect this Camay care to soften and smooth your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!
Take only a minute, night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—over forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. And if you have oily skin, add a lively C-O-L-D splash! That's all. And your skin is lovelier with just one cake of Camay.

Make your Camay last and last—it's made of vital war materials.
GIRL: Spinster—Oh, now really. Cupid! The way things are, I'm lucky to even have a chess date with Uncle Burt. Nobody has dates these days! Nobody!

CUPID: Pardon, Child. But if that's true, then a lot of girls are marrying perfect strangers. People they never had dates with. Because they're getting married honey. Left and right.

GIRL: All right! All right! So I'm not popular. I'm not a glamor girl. Can I help that?

CUPID: You could smile a little more, Sugar. Even a plain girl's pretty if she's got a sparkling smile. In fact, some of my best customers—

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

GIRL: Sure. Yes, indeed. But it happens I haven't got a sparkling smile, Cupid. I brush my teeth, and all, but—

CUPID: Ever notice "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: The other day I—

CUPID: And you didn't do anything about it? By the eternal Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know "pink tooth brush" is a warning to see your dentist?

GIRL: You mean just because I—

CUPID: Sis, that "pink" may mean your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. Your dentist would probably tell you that. And that's why so many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But my smile, Cupid. My smile! What about—

CUPID: This, Child: Ipana not only cleans your teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums every time you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums promote sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile you'll be using on somebody else beside your Uncle Burt. Get going on a lovelier smile now, Child!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE
Ho-hum! We’ve got spring fever! And a column to write!

But this month we’re lucky. America’s most illustrious columnists are right on tap to do our job for us!

Walter Winchell, for instance! Walter is the nation’s No. 1 radio reporter. This is what he has to say about M-G-M’s newest Technicolor hit: “NATIONAL VELVET will be hard to match all year long for the tops in entertainment!”

And our very good friend, “Lolly”—Louella Parsons, the nationally known Hollywood columnist. For her money. “NATIONAL VELVET tops in entertainment!”

Then there’s that distinguished duo, Bosley Crowther of the “New York Times” and Howard Barnes of the “New York Herald Tribune”, who tell you they have both selected NATIONAL VELVET as “one of the ten best pictures of the year!”

And that’s not all! We’ve got millions of ‘em! We mean those other well-qualified critics—the people who braved rain and sleet and snow (some of them standing on lines four blocks long) to smash all box-office records at Radio City Music Hall, the world’s largest theatre!

And just for your record. NATIONAL VELVET is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. In Technicolor, based on Edna Bagnold’s novel. Mickey Rooney is the star, supported by Donald Crisp, Elizabeth Taylor and Anne Revere. Other roles are portrayed by Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, and Arthur Treacher. A Clarence Brown production, the picture was directed by Clarence Brown and produced by Pandro S. Berman. Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch wrote the screen play.

Yes, sir, we have a hit on our hands! It looks as though March will come in like a lion—as usual, an M-G-M lion!

—Lea

P.S.—Keep your eyes open for “Keep Your Powder Dry!” Yes, and another picture you’ll want to see is “The Picture of Dorian Gray!”

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June Allyson, next appearing in “Her Highness And The Bellboy”

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Photoplay's Command Performance
Remember "The Women", that film of the battling, wise-cracking dames? Well, here's the topper! A story of one who played around with the playboys, another who went for those dashing Army men, and a third who lived only for love, until...? It's an M-G-M picture: intimate, revealing and intriguing!

Keep Your Powder Dry

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE with
AGNES MOOREHEAD • BILL JOHNSON • NATALIE SCHAFER • LEE PATRICK • JESS BARKER • JUNE LOCKHART
Original Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. and George Bruce • Directed by EDWARD BUZELL • Produced by GEORGE Haight
Glitter Event: Cal is sorry to report that regardless of what you've heard about this or that picture Clark Gable is supposed to be making soon, it just isn’t going to happen. Not for a while, anyway. Clark was overheard at Jack Benny’s party telling Gary Cooper that he wouldn’t make another picture until the studio comes after him with a shotgun. (And a good story!) Here’s hoping—with gals and G.I.s everywhere clamoring for more Gable pictures—and Clark looking handsomer than ever. And, too, he’s finished a fine war job. And believe it or not, gals, Van Johnson, Ty Power and Errol Flynn were only a few of the male heart-throbs at this Benny soiree, but it was Gable who was getting all the gasps and attention from the femmes! Just as hot as he was eight years ago! That party would be hard to top for glitter and glamour—with all the women done up and bedecked with jewels hauled out of the family vaults.

The Bennys had a big tent erected just off their patio, garlanded with foliage. A dance floor was in the center, complete with a good jive band. Around a buffet-table, about twenty yards long, were round tables that seated from six to ten guests each, giving people the chance to really get together. A dinner-feast was served to over a hundred guests around 9:30 and a scrumptious breakfast was served around 5:30 a.m. to over sixty guests who still remained! Fun?

Merle Oberon was there with Alexander Korda, whom she’s about to divorce; Judy Garland, with Vincente Minnelli, of course. Gene Tierney, looking luscious, was with Oleg Cassini, in Hollywood for only two days and expecting to be sent overseas any minute. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor on leave, as was Ty Power, who was excited as a kid, giving Hollywood the first look-see in almost a year. The Ray Millands, Claudette Colbert, Dorothy Lamour and her hubby, Maj. Bill Howard, Margaret Sullavan (who was facing a serious operation—but you’d never have guessed it), Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett, the Bill Powells, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, stunning as ever, with Phil (Continued on page 6)
It's an eyeful in TECHNICOLOR...

and a FORTUNE in FUN!

PARAMOUNT'S

Bring on the Girls

AND BRING ON THE BEAUTIES!

starring

VERONICA LAKE
SONNY TUFTS
EDDIE BRACKEEN
MARJORIE REYNOLDS

with

Johnny Coy • Peter Whitney
Alan Mowbray • Porter Hall
Spike Jones and His Orchestra

Directed by
Sidney Lanfield

SONNY SINGS
"I'm Gonna Hate Myself in the Morning" and "Egyptian Ella"

BRING ON Veronica Lake sizzling cigarette girl who makes the boys light up!

BRING ON the dancing who trips the light fantastic fantastically!

BRING ON the music with Spike Jones and his City Slickers still trying to find Chlo-ee?
LOOK!
I’m curling my hair one-handed!

It’s the new HOLD-BOB “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 tiring it can be! 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 handle for winding.

SAFER... No projecting rivets to catch hair.

The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.

(Continued from page 4) Terry—these were just some of the stars on hand. Around three a.m. Bing Crosby disappeared. About fifteen minutes later he was found outside, singing away like crazy just for two lone sailors who were standing in the road, waiting to see the celebs leave! And believe it or not, Bing was asked to please get dressed up and wear a black tie for this party. He not only wore the tie, but the black suit and fancy diamond shirt-studs to go with the duds. He was so done up, he’ll never live it down!

Oh, Danny Boy! The town really turned out for the elaborate cocktail party to greet Danny Kaye after his first radio show. Jack Benny was all over the place and so of course was Eddie Cantor, so eager-beaverish for the boys with the cameras. There was something familiar about an alluring blonde we saw, in spite of the straight-to-the-eyebrow bangs and hair hanging equally straight in the back. And then we suddenly realized it was Jean Arthur, all got up with her I’m-not-in-pictures-any-more attitude. The hairdo, we realized, was a rebellion against those hundreds of hours that had been spent at the studio hairdressers. The added plumpness (becoming, too) was another tongue-out gesture toward the camera. And the smile of acceptance as she posed for photographers would have thrown the publicity boys and girls who used to shed tears over Arthur’s uncooperation.

Dick Powell and June Allyson hovered around the hors d’oeuvres table. They admitted to Cal they’d had a bit of a tiff for a few days, with Junie flouncing off places with Peter Lawford who seems to be the Patsy for all the girls who tiff with their steady beaux. Lana and Turhan arrived late. Turhan, who had been ill with flu, was slender as a reed and looked years younger for it. And no one, let it be said now, squealed as Frankie, The Voice, mingled among us.

Gary Cooper and Eddie G. Robinson were just as sedate as usual, but that Kaye, (Continued on page 8)
A man searches the skies ... *and finds faith!* Faith in a woman's love, and the laughter of children—in the steel-spitting guns of a shark-jawed P-40—in the Comrade-in-Arms who flew beside him through fear and flak into high adventure!

---

**God IS MY CO-PILOT**

WARNER BROS. proudly add to such current successes as "Hollywood Canteen", "To Have And Have Not" and "Objective Burma" a picture that ranks with our all-time greatest, from the all-exciting, best-selling book by Col. ROBERT LEE SCOTT, Jr.

with DENNIS MORGAN • DANE CLARK
RAYMOND MASSEY • ALAN HALE
ANDREA KING • JOHN RIDGELY

Directed by Robert Florey
Screen Play by Peter Milne & Abem Finkel • Music by Franz Waxman

Jack L. Warner
Executive Producer

Produced by Robert Buckner

"The most fascinating personal story of the war" — You See It!
(Continued from page 6) with his blond head bobbing all over the place like an animated chrysanthemum, stole the show. Now there's our vote for the personality kid of the year.

Boys—Here's Your Gal: When the Royal Canadian Air Force decides to get behind a girl's screen career—look out! Even Hollywood producers listen, and this time they took the advice of twenty-one Canadian fliers and gave Yvonne De Carlo the chance she deserves in pictures.

It all began when Paramount signed the little dancer from Vancouver to replace Dottie Lamour and her sarong when Dottie rebelled against South Seas epics. But at the last minute Lamour reconsidered, and Yvonne became only a pin-up picture sent out to various service men.

Finally Walter Wanger received a joint letter from those Canadian lads telling him why they thought Yvonne, their favorite pin-up girl, should get the role of Salome in his new picture, "Salome—Where She Danced." Intrigued, Mr. Wanger saw and tested the little blue-eyed brunette (a honey, lads) and brother, those Royal Air Force boys knew whereof they spoke. Yvonne was so good she got the starring role. And where she dances is right where Dottie Lamour wears those sarongs. Fellows, how do you spell a long drawn out whistle?

By the way, Yvonne speaks French, likes Shakespeare, has a clear olive complexion, is now under contract to Universal and boys—she's beautiful; she's five feet four, she's young, she's single—but maybe not for long, as Hank Daniels put a ring on her finger just the other day.

Cal Plays Cupid: He sat in a booth at Romanoffs—a tall dark and handsome young Navy officer who, it was obvious by his ribbons and stripes, had seen plenty of action. He was with his father, Cal, in the next booth, didn't really mean to overhear their conversation—about the three and a half years of combat flying, about the girl who haunted his dreams when the going was toughest, about how he'd give anything to meet her—just once.

Then she walked in—his dream girl, June Allyson. The Navy Lieutenant and his father stopped talking—and looked. This was too much for Cal's romantic soul, so we forthwith sent a little note to June (lunching with Navy Lieut. Art Jarrett) asking her to drop by our table. She did. The miracle happened. Lieut. Ted Tuftsberry met his dream face-to-face. His dark eyes filled with wonder and he stammered in gratitude.

Later we had them over to our house and the boy's father kept reiterating his thanks. He told us about Ted, who was attending Harvard when he joined up and who was going back across within a few days. The father had flown out from their home town, Boston, to be with his boy these few remaining days. Only that morning Ted had telephoned his mother in Boston.

"What are you doing in Hollywood tonight, son?" (Continued on page 10)
Of course you can't afford to lose a week's salary! But if you are like many people you lose it just the same. A nasty cold takes it right out of your pocket. Fifty million people "pay through the nose" every year! ... a crippling loss to industry, to the war effort, and to you.

What can you do about it? Here are a few helpful suggestions:

1. During the chilly months dress adequately, eat moderately, take sufficient exercise every day, and get plenty of sleep. If you do catch cold put yourself to bed and eat lightly.
2. Avoid people with colds and stay out of crowds which number many cold sufferers.
3. Avoid sudden temperature changes, drafts, over-tiredness, and wet or cold feet which lower resistance.

Add to these intelligent precautions another wise one—the systematic morning-and-night use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle.

Remember, clinical tests made over a twelve-year period reveal this impressive result:

**Fewer Colds for Listerine Users in Tests**

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

Here, we believe, is why Listerine is so effective: It reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those potentially troublesome germs called the Secondary Invaders (see panel at right).

This germ-killing action may often halt a "mass invasion" of the tissues by these germs... sparing you the siege of misery they so often produce. So, remember! Listerine Antiseptic—especially when you feel a cold coming on!

**Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Colds and Sore Throat**

**Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs**

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the gargle.
"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he hinted one day. Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it could be your own fault," he said. "A wife's one neglect—carelessness about feminine hygiene—can very often ruin even the happiest marriage." Then he advised Lysol—used by so many modern wives.

"That's my Bill—his own sweet self again!" And Jane is forever grateful to her doctor for telling her about Lysol disinfectant. Just as he said... this effective germ-killer cleanses thoroughly and de-odorizes. Yet Lysol solution is gentle for douching; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—simply follow directions. Says Jane, "Lysol's easy to use. Inexpensive, too. And it really works—I know!"

Check these facts with your Doctor

Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. Powerful—Lysol is an efficient germicide. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Clearly odor disappears after use. Deodorizes effectively. Lasting—keeps full strength even when uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45, Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York #2, N. Y.

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

(Continued from page 8) his mother inquired.
Nonchalantly, never dreaming the truth he spoke, Ted replied, "Oh, having a date with June Allyson."
And that's the wonder of it all!

You May Want to Know: The happiest bride in town is Jane, née little Joyce Reynolds, who pleased her studio to death by marrying Lieut. Robert Lewis just when she was about to begin her newest picture, "Janie Gets Married." And don't try to tell us it was a publicity stunt either. Cal saw Jane yesterday on the Warner lot and we're here to say she couldn't have been more commanding... .

The place to find John Loder at all times is in that children's playground park on Olympic Boulevard. The actor spends hours with his daughter, Danielle, child of a former marriage, while his present wife, Hedy Lamarr, makes her home in her studio bungalow on the M-G-M lot. Hedy, who is expecting a baby, is saving herself as much as possible while making "Her Highness And The Bellboy."

The males are hitching their wagons to two stars—Bing and Frankie, by breaking into song in their newest pictures. Paul Henreid will warble in "The Spanish Main" and not that old "he ho ho and a bottle of rum" thing, we are happy to announce. Dana Andrews, who has a really fine baritone voice, will sing the musical background for his new picture "A Walk In The Sun." And from what Cal hears, the lad may do musicals from now on. And wait till you hear Sonny Tufts in "Here Come The Waves"—or have you seen the picture yet? There's a professional finish to Tufts' voice that makes it worth listening to.
Then back he scurried to his mistress, "National Velvet" find, Elizabeth Taylor

Comments: Even though Tallulah Bankhead has been raving about Bill Eythe and rooting for him to get the lead in Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge"—he's not the new thrill. In fact, Bill isn't being anybody's special thrill at the moment. Very much playing the femme fatale... Joan Edwards is rapidly getting her salary into the Sinatra brackets... By the way, you can add Cary Grant to the rabid fans of Frankie-boy. Thinks he's terrific and says so at the drop of a record.

... Not supposed to be known—but Gene Tierney didn't dye her hair for "A Bell For Adano"—she's wearing a blonde wig... Poor Veronica Lake—she got a terrible case of flu the second day of her honeymoon. Bridgroom Andre De Toth spent most of his time rushing to the corner for pills.

That Stroke: Ed (Archie) Gardner and bathing beauty Esther Williams got to arguing the other day about various swimming strokes. Gardner kept insisting that a certain stroke should be done his way—and not the way Esther, the swimming champ, kept telling him it should be done. Ed even got up in a chair and made wild gestures to illustrate his point and prove he was right. "Tell you what," said Esther, "you come up to my house and demonstrate all that in my pool."

"Me?" cried Gardner. "I can't swim!"

Town Data: Deanna Durbin and Steve Crane still twirling around Moccambo and other places—but then Deanna "twos" with a lot of beaus... Rose-lind Russell, up and around after a long siege with illness, looking right smart and healthy at La Rue with her favorite Major—Freddie Brisson... Donald O'Connor expected to be out of the Army with a medical discharge any.
Protect your natural SWEET SELF with NEW

ODO-RO-NO
CREAM DEODORANT

Lady, you're sweet. So is your dress. But it may rob you of your daintiness and charm by imprisoning and building-up offensive, underarm perspiration odor.

Stop this threat to your Sweet Self before you dress with fast-acting, long-lasting ODO-RO-NO... the new cream deodorant that works to protect you faster than you can slip on your slip!

The new ODO-RO-NO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper... protects you against perspiration troubles up to three days.

Soothing, smoothing... the new ODO-RO-NO Cream Deodorant does not irritate your skin. Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. Can be used right after shaving. No waiting to dry. Will not turn gritty in jar.

So before you think of what dress to wear... think of your Sweet Self... use new, snowy-white ODO-RO-NO Cream Deodorant for instant, full, long-lasting protection. 39c. Also 99c & 10c.

(Plus Fed. Tax)

Be Just as Sweet After You Dress with

Cant. York's

Two on the young-and-popular list—Bill Eythe on a date with June Haver

Canteen and singing for the service men—scoring a solid hit each time. And all this time, she was still working for Loretta. Cal discovered that Loretta and her husband, Col. Tom Lewis, had been giving the girl plenty of encouragement and help (and you know what it means to give up a good maid these days) with the result that just recently the gal left the Lewises and gave her first big concert at an auditorium in Los Angeles. Also, two major studios are interested in her. How's that for a success story?

Why, Gary: Gary Cooper never did think he was a Bing or a Sinatra—or a Roy Rogers—but when they wanted him to give out with the notes in his role of Melody Jones in his new Western, "Along Came Jones," Gary said he'd take a chance. Singing for the first time on-screen, he thought he'd better record about twenty verses of an old--vboy ditty--so he did just that.

moment... June Allyson went to the "Winged Victory" opening with Peter Lawford; Jeanne Crain with Paul Brooke—they're getting really serious. Little June Haver with Bill Eythe... George Raft is in the midst of a terrific new crush—it's Ann Jeffreys, the gal who got to neck with Frankie Sinatra in that telephone-booth scene in "Step Lively"—remember?

Success Song: One of these days you'll be hearing of a singer named Virginia Paris—and there are those who think someday she'll be as great a voice and just as famous as Marian Anderson. And here's the little human interest story behind Virginia's story. She used to be (until three months ago) Loretta Young's maid! For weeks, Virginia was going down to the Hollywood....
He was so pleased with the results that he took the record home and played it for his wife and seven-year-old daughter, Maria. When the "concert" was over, Maria turned to Gary and chirped, "Daddy, do all cowboys sound like you—or were you really riding a horse when you made the record?" Gary now knows all about D Ellation!

Here and There: Anne Baxter and Bill Sythe suddenly found themselves in Palm Springs at the same time, enjoying a little vacation. So they went stepping and wound up by winning a waltz contest at a night spot at that resort. But John Hodiak is still top man with Anne—even though her ma said to object to her marrying at this point... Next time Ella Raines orders any furniture especially made to her desired measurements, she'll do a little measuring around the house first—you can bet. She just about wept when an oversized bed, which she had ordered and waited months and months for, finally arrived. It was too large, not only to go through her bedroom door, but any door in the house!... Lynn Bari has been taking flying lessons regularly from her test-pilot spouse, Sid Luft. The Rita Hayworth-Orson Welles baby, Rebecca, has coal-black hair—just like her Mama's really is.

A Chat with Aunt Cissy: We liked Joan Blondell so much as Aunt Cissy in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" we marched over to the set of "Two-Faced Quilligan" to tell her so. The talk finally got 'round to her two children, Norman aged ten and Ellen just six.

To our notion, Joan Blondell is the epitome of modern motherhood. There's so much joy of living in the woman, it's reflected in the children themselves.

**Cake-cutters:** Vivian Blaine at her recent wedding to agent Manny Frank

**Yardley**

How fitting, now that music fills the soft spring nights and city lights bloom beneath a tranquil sky, to herald earth grown gay again with "Bond Street"... the great perfume by Yardley which has graced so many such romantic seasons. For added witchery, its scent enhances Yardley "English Complexion" powder and lipstick.

*BOND STREET* Perfume: 
$15.50, $18.50, $24.50, $32.50

Powder: B "English Complexion" shades, $1. Lipstick: in smart-for-spring colors, $1 and 20% 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., 620 Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York, 20, N. Y.
This is the baby oil preferred by doctors 4 to 1*

*4 times as many doctors prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other baby oil or lotion.

*Over 4 times as many hospitals use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as all other baby oils and lotions combined.

*Mothers prefer it by far—Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil outsells all other baby oils and lotions combined.

To keep your baby’s skin healthy and smooth, no other baby oil or lotion can match the wonderful record of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil—used with excellent results on millions of babies for the past 12 years! Daily use of Mennen oil on your baby will help prevent diaper rash, scalded buttocks, itching, smarting, impetigo and many other skin troubles. There is only one best oil for your baby’s delicate skin.

MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY OIL
Most baby specialists also prefer MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY POWDER

For instance, there’s little Normie’s recent heart affair and Joan’s sympathetic understanding of it. Little Miss Murphy, aged eleven, the object of Normie’s affection, is hall monitor at the Gardner Street school and Normie can hardly bear the way he loves her. He hadn’t even spoken to her, of course. One Sunday he announced to his mother his intention of calling on her. Joan approved and even suggested Norman bring her back for lunch.

At one o’clock he telephoned his mother he was hungry. And no, he hadn’t yet got the courage to go up to the house. He was telephoning from a pay booth. At two he called back. The situation had remained the same.

“Just where are you, Normie?” Joan asked. He was on a terrace across the street from the house and just couldn’t move either way—toward her house or his house. So Joan wrapped up a lunch of milk and cold chicken and delivered it to her love-sick son.

“Go away now, please,” he begged. “She might see you bringing my lunch.”

At six he returned, a Romeo defeated by timidity, but the next week Joan took matters in hand, called up the Murphy miss and invited her to lunch. And now the romance is blooming.

Ellen is the stoic type and refuses to mention or discuss the accident that befell her several months ago when a ferocious dog attacked her.

Recently Joan dressed in her newest formal for a party and strolled in to bid them goodnight. Normie whistled and Ellen, surveying her mother with approval, leaned over and advised in a whisper: “Mommy, when you get where you’re going, drop your handkerchief.”

“They are beginning to live now,” Joan says, and one can almost feel the joy of sharing life with them that belongs to this vibrantly alive woman.
P.s.t. Sally—Hold that Rumba!

Time out for 30 seconds—
to keep you from dancing your charm away!

Away with you—before underarm odor has a chance to spoil your fun! What good would sweet music be if your dancing partner gave you the cold shoulder—and everyone but you knew the reason why?

Mum to the rescue! And not too late even though you’re dressed. Isn’t it well worth 30 seconds to guard your after-bath freshness with Mum? No risk now of underarm odor to come!

On with the dance—you’re near and you’re dear to the one you love! And you’re taking no chances with happiness like that. Not while there’s Mum to keep you sweet and dainty—to win you encore the whole evening long!

Mum’s quick—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you’re dressed, even when you’re busy, you still have time for Mum.

Mum’s Safe—Won’t irritate skin. Won’t harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

Mum’s certain—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Run at the Trocadero—Carmen Miranda and Ray Bolger clown and dance.

Love and Romance: Cutest thing in the world the way Grace McDonald fusses round that motel cottage keeping house for her new husband, Lieut. Ralph Reine. Only place in Southern California the couple could find to live...Fyma Loy will be the bride of Navy Captain Gene Markey before summer and the betting that Clark Gable will surely marry Mrs. Dolly O’Brien of New York and Florida is hot and heavy in Hollywood. Cal asked him point blank about the lovely Mrs. O’Brien (several years older than Clark as were wo of his other wives) and all we got or our pains was that famous grin...or the benefit of Van Johnson fans let be said he’s afraid of girls. Says so himself. The minute things begin getting serious the lad seems to crawl within himself. Is there a psychoanalyst in the house?...Alexander Knox (Wilson) tells us his marriage to Doris Nolan wasn’t one of those quick-quick-to-the-preacher things at all. They simply carried on their courtship at home instead of the Strip night clubs and took only Barry Sullivan to their confidence...The good-looking brunette beauty who was seen everywhere with Richard Jacek while on furlough from the Merchant Marine was his mother Millicent, and what’s more Richard intends to keep her the one, too. Chatted with Millicent the day after Richard unexpectedly popped a from sea and what a happy, happy woman. She loves him too, girls...Cal heard that Farley Granger isn’t too happy over June Haver’s interest in Bill Eythe, but maybe it’s just one of those interludes until Farley returns. After all, June is so very young. And pretty...Jeanne Crain and Paul Brooke are so serious friends are wondering about Pvt. Lon McCallister who used to be top man with Jeanne.
Beech-Nut GUM

Until final Victory, you may not always find this delicious gum at your dealer's. Our fighting men are now getting most of it.

INSIDE STUFF

Events of the Month: The town grieved with Paulette Goddard over the loss of her expected child due to three months of illness. And they despaired over her life for a time with Paulette unconscious for days. Deanna Durbin received her final divorce papers but still hasn't settled her heart on any one man. But Donna Reed, who divorced make-up man Bill Tuttle in Mexico, is said to be smitten with Tony Owens.

A possible plot to kidnap Betty Grable was overheard in a cocktail bar and reported to the police, but the woman who had been annoying Joan Crawford in the belief Joan had adopted her child finally got into the house and had to be chased up and down stairs before the police caught up with her. Bob Hope was awarded the Poor Richard 1944 gold medal of achievement in recognition of a fine job in entertaining American troops on the fighting front.

Our Boys in Service: To date the star in the Screen Actor's Guild service flag number 1427 and with the reclassification hundreds more, including Dan Andrews and Vincent Price, will join the ranks.

Seaman Jackie Cooper was sent off to Pearl Harbor where he'll join orchestra leader Claude Thornhill, Dennis Day and others in a service unit to tour the Pacific.

Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Ney was almost certain to have been at Luzon at through the bitterest action. At home Louise Allbritton is winning salve for appearing nightly at the Biltmore Theater with the combat casualty boy from Birmingham Hospital who are putting on the play "Personal Appearance." Proceeds go to the March of Dimes, but think what it's doing for the hopes and morale of the boys, too.

Chief Boatswain's Mate Cesar Romero, after nine months aboard a Navy transport, is in town again seriously courting Virginia Bruce.

Richard Denning recently volunteered for submarine duty and is now with an undersea squadron. Lieut. Van Heflin is in an Army hospital this country after combat duty in Europe. Peter Van Eyck, stationed in Maryland, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Intelligence Dept.

Peter, German born, became naturalized before entering the Army.

Ouch: The scene was the men's make-up room at Paramount and the young man sat miserably while the barbers thinned his eyebrows and raised his hairline at least an inch and a half by literally yanking out each hair.

Bing, the casual, wandered in and stood looking down at the wretched young man whom he recognized as Andy Russell. "Well, well," said Bing "so they finally get a singer with hair and darned if they don't pull it out of his head by the roots!"
Fry the first Spring catch, (or boneless fish fillets), with a golden crust to break under your fork and savory tenderness inside. Serve with your own home-made, tangy Tartar sauce—and French fried onion rings, piping hot, delicious.

What a dinner! Deep fried to perfection in pure Mazola. This golden oil, with its delicate, delicious flavor, also makes tempting fresh salad dressings, smooth cream sauces, wonderful hot breads. Yes—Mazola makes so many good things!

**FISH KENTUCKY**

Dip cleaned, whole small fish (or fish fillets) in 1 cup of milk seasoned with 1 1/2 tsps. salt. Roll in a mixture of 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 cup corn meal. Fry in 1/4 inch sizzling hot Mazola at moderate temperature until nicely brown. Turn only once.

**TANGY TARTAR SAUCE**

Place 1 egg yolk, 1/2 tsp. paprika, 1 tsp. salt and 1 tbsp. vinegar in a bowl. Whip until light in color and thick. Continue beating and add 1 1/4 cups Mazola, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Add 1 more tbsp. vinegar and beat again 'til thick. Stir in 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. onion juice, 2 tbsp. India relish. Makes 1 1/2 cups sauce.

**FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS**

New, jiffy-quick recipe makes them lighter.

Cut 3 large onions in 1/4 inch slices; separate into rings. Dip rings in flour, seasoned with 1 teaspoon salt; then in milk; again in flour. Drop several rings at a time into hot Mazola, three inches deep in a kettle, heated to 375°F. Keep rings separated. Fry golden brown, about 1 1/2 to 2 minutes. Drain on unglazed paper or paper towels. Serves 4.

**FRENCH DRESSING**

This fresh dressing makes salad so much more delicious! Combine in a pint jar or bottle: 1/4 cup vinegar, 1 cup Mazola, 1 tsp. paprika, 1 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper, 2 tsps. sugar, 1 1/2 tsp. onion juice, 1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard. Cover, shake until well mixed. Chill. Makes 1 1/2 cups of salad dressing.
No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo . . . not a soap in the world . . . can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals for more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos
FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!
Lisa Fonssagrives . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for Spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Lisa adores hair-do gadgets! But says, "make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "for shining-smooth, manageable hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner!✓ Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo!✓ Manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness!✓ Complete removal of dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

Hair-dos are very smart this Spring! Notice the tricky little gadget of gayly colored ribbon bows, which Lisa wears to go with the Mexican neckline of her embroidered blouse! And remember . . . no other shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo
WITH HAIR CONDITIONER
Product of Procter & Gamble
A Tree Grows In Brooklyn (20th Century-Fox)

HOW a more humanly tender story could be told with its hundreds of little tendrils reaching into the corner of every heart, we can’t imagine. For here is everything—tenderness, pathos, reality, humor and the plain ugliness of plain ugly living with each character living his role, exactly as described by Betty Smith in her novel. Dorothy McGuire is “Mama,” growing cold and bitter under the strain of poverty and stress. The childbirth scene between Miss McGuire and her daughter is one of the finest ever shown on a screen, to our mind, and how magnificently Peggy Ann Garner as Francie rises to meet it. In fact, we can’t conceive of any other Francie than the plain but deeply intuitive little Garner miss who seems to feel every ache and sorrow of Francie.

Fleeting, heart-gripping scenes keep passing in review as we write. Jimmy Dunn is a magnificent Johnny, a man of weakness and charm who finally withers and dies when responsibility becomes an unconquerable ogre. And Joan Blondell as Aunt Cissy—how right she is in this role of the much-married but seldom-divorced member of the family. Ted Donaldson as Neeley Nolan is more likable than ever and a mighty fine actor at that for a kid. John Alexander as Steve, Cissy’s milkman husband; Lloyd Nolan as the smitten police officer; James Gleason as the saloon keeper, and so many others, offer gems of performances.

Unlike the book, the film ends with the children not yet grown, but this is a commendable rather than objectionable feature, for the picture is already overlong. But despite its length, you’ll find it done as you would have it. And what higher praise could any picture have?

Your Reviewer Says: A gem of sincerity.

Tonight And Every Night (Columbia)

ITS a musical—different, appealing and strangely warming in its quaint little way, adorned with Rita Hayworth’s beauty, enhanced with the dancing of an amazing blonde named Mare Platt and silhouetted against the early bombings of London. Based on the play, “Heart Of A City” by Lesley Storm, which revealed the true life of a man named Jack who lived in the theater that stayed open during the raids with the cast living in the theater, the story occasionally veers off to the unbelievable, but happily skips over these rough spots to be on its way again.

Janet Blair is fair as Rita’s buddy but Lee Bowman as her Royal Air Force beau is handsome and fetching even if his acting capabilities aren’t taxed too seriously. Glimpsed briefly is Stephen Crane as Bowman’s pal. Remember him as Lana’s ex?

Very good are Florence Bates as May Toller who manages the theater, Professor Lamberti as the xylophone comic, Leslie Brooks as Angela, Dusty Anderson as Toni and Ernest Cosart as Sam Royce. Occasionally the color seems slightly mildewed and the sets haphazard, but on the whole it’s a slightly little show. And oh yes, watch out for the Platt lad.

Your Reviewer Says: Music against the horror of war.

Roughly Speaking (Warners)

JOUISE RANDALL PIERSON’s widely read autobiography takes on considerable life with Rosalind Russell a perfect Louise and Jack Carson a fabulous Harold. There is charm galore in the episodic story that suffers unnecessarily from the over-crowding of too much material into a picture that is overlong. The story picks up halfway through with Jack Carson’s entry into the film. The predicaments, the trials and tribulations of this woman and her brood of five somehow always seem comical through her indomitable spirit of optimism.

Her get-up-and-do and her almost pixie-like habit of stomping over imaginary rainbows appeal to the risibles and Rosalind has never been better, believe us.

Donald Woods is perfect as the man who endured for ten years but could take it no longer. The children who progress through various stages of awkward growth are by far the most natural group of screen children seen in ages. They eventually develop into Robert Hutton, Andrea King, John Sheridan, Jean Sullivan and Robert Arthur—and all are splendid.

Carson is magnificent. The screen seems empty during his absences. Ann Doran as Rosalind’s friend is likable. In short, every member of the cast seems exactly chosen, a fact that adds considerably to the authentic charm of the story.

Your Reviewer Says: A delight.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 21

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 132

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 22

By Sara Hamilton
**Hangover Square**  
*20th Century-Fox*

Maybe we're wrong but we enjoy so much these Goose-pimples thrillers when well done, we couldn't resist our best-of-the-month approval for this one so expertly played by our late friend, Laird Cregar. Perhaps it was this, his last performance, that swayed us. Nevertheless, we feel this is an outstanding and gripping film due to the superb job of picture craftsmanship, the logical enough reason that revolves the man Cregar into a monster that even he has no memory of, once normalcy returns, and the wonderfully quiet authority of George Sanders as the Scotland Yard psychiatrist. And for good measure, there's Linda Darnell's playing of the sex-laden gal whose own antics prove her undoing.

Director John Brahm deserves credit for keeping the tension high as well as high class with few let downs. But it's Cregar who gives the key performance that unlocks the door to an evening well worth while—providing you like chillers.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll shiver 'n quiver.

**Objective Burma**  
*Warners*

Based on an actual event in the unbelievable horror of jungle warfare in the South Pacific, "Objective Burma" is an exciting story calmly told. The writers and direction fortunately had the good sense to let the deed clang its own bell of excitement and bravery while the men who brought it about behave as normal, quiet human beings who have a job to do and do it. There are few flags waved, few patriotic speeches and almost no false heroics. And therein lies the strength of the film. Errol Flynn, too, has been considerably tamed in his single-handed war-winning antics. There's a pleasant quietness about Flynn that amounts almost to a self-effacement in its subordination to story that adds enormously to his stature. There are so many meritorious performances, it's difficult to list them all. We especially liked Jim Brown as Sgt. Treacy. It's by far his best job to date and now surely his studio will do something big for him. William Prince will be remembered a long time as Lt. Jacobs, the history teacher who suffers so horribly at the hands of the Japs. John Alvin, George Tobias, Dick Erdman and others are a part of this group who endure and perform as men and not heroes. Henry Hull as the newspaper correspondent and Warner Anderson as Col. Carter are particularly fine.

We recommend it as one of the best of its kind—the kind we Americans on the home front should see and think about.

Your Reviewer Says: Superb.

**Bring on The Girls**  
*Paramount*

Here's a studio that seems to have lost its touch with musicals—or so it seems to our anxious-to-be-entertained taste at least. And why is this, with all those peoples and songs and sets and everything, including Veronica Lake? For instance, there's Eddie Bracken and Sonny Tufts with practically all the Navy behind them. And Marjorie Reynolds looking like a dream walking, dancing, singing and just being beautiful in Technicolor. But for all this, it should have been better.

Anyway, Eddie is a comical sort of scion who joins the Navy because all the girls want to marry him for his money. Sonny Tufts goes along as sort of chaperone which is no way to win wars and you know it. Anyhow, Eddie gets mixed up with Veronica, Sonny's ex-sweetie, until along comes Marjorie Reynolds, also wealthy but just singing in night clubs for the heck of it. Anyway, it all gets straightened out but we never do, it's so cornily involved.

We are crazy over a lad called Johnnie Coy who dances like a blue whiz. And is he ka-ute? We liked Spike Jones's version of "Chloe" too. He's so nuts with such divine charm. In fact, we liked it all but the corn. Or maybe you're a vegetarian.

Your Reviewer Says: It's purty, all right.

**What A Blonde**  
*RKO*

What's got into everybody this month? Comics who have been dull for ages suddenly come to life and Leon Errol, as a harassed man with five chorus girl cuties living in his house, is very funny at times as a share-your-car-driver who suddenly finds himself a share-your-home husband whose wife returns unexpectedly.

Of course Errol really doesn't know the girls are there until the man who can aid him in securing necessary raw material (all material here is a little raw) wanders in about the time wife does. So there he is and so are you—stuck with a silly story that grows fairly comical as time progresses.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't be so fussy.

**This Man's Navy**  
*M-G-M*

It was inevitable and properly fitting that the LTA, Lighter-Than-Air, should come in for its share of glory in this man's war and so we are told at last the
part played by blimps in sinking submarines, rescuing wrecked planes and crews and performing other vital duties.

The story that surrounds the activities of this little-known branch of the service is heavier than lead, however, and relates the experiences of a hard-boiled but imaginative veteran of LTA, Wally Beery, assigned to training young recruits in this war. His braggadocio of a mythical wife and son are brought into reality when his fondness for young Tom Drake, a cripple, leads him to exploit him as his own boy.

A successful operation results in Drake joining the LTA, becoming an officer, falling in love, winning a somewhat unmerited reward but eventually coming through in a thrilling cloud-hopping climax.

Jan Clayton is pretty as the girl, James Gleason excellent as Beery's skeptical pal and, incidentally, this is one step forward for that personable young actor, Tom Drake.

Your Reviewer Says: Information in a pleasurable capsule.

Pan-American (RKO)

Here we go below the border again, so involved in love and molasses it's like pulling one's foot from wet cement. But it's fun, too, with Audrey Long pretending to be in love with Philip Terry so, as she explains it, she won't have to wrestle all the way to South America where her real fiancé, Marc Cramer, is waiting.

Phillip, a photographer, Audrey and Eve Arden are off on a tour of the South American Republics for the purpose of doing a magazine feature on "our good neighbors," bless their patient souls, and it's on this trip that all the bending of Cupid's arrows takes place.

(Continued on page 126)

Best Pictures of the Month

A Tree Grows In Brooklyn
Tonight And Every Night
Objective Burma
Roughly Speaking
Hangover Square

Best Performances

Peggy Ann Garner in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
James Dunn in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
Dorothy McGuire in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
Joan Blondell in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
Errol Flynn in
"Objective Burma"
Rita Hayworth in
"Tonight And Every Night"
Rosalind Russell in
"Roughly Speaking"
Jack Carson in
"Roughly Speaking"
Laird Cregar in
"Hangover Square"

MY ONE CREAM INSTANTLY
BEAUTIFIES YOUR SKIN—AND
THE "PATCH TEST" PROVES IT!

See and feel your skin
become fresher, clearer,
younger-textured!

Don't just say that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test!"

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off completely. Then see how that patch of skin gleams with new brightness and clarity! Touch it—feel how the dry little flakes are gone!

What happens to that small patch of skin will happen to your entire face when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

Make the "Patch Test" Tonight!

You'll never believe the difference a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this one cream is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a dazzling-fresh skin!
ALASKA—Monogram: Kent Taylor plays the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the gold-mining era in Alaska and he has quite a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two claim jumpers, falling in love with Margaret Lindsay, who's married to John Carradine, and mixing it up with Nils Asther. Dean Jagger is the U. S. marshal. (Jan.)

BELLE OF THE YUKON—International; Despite the cast, Rand Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dimas Shore, Bob Burns and William Marshall, this little Yukon number all about dance hall romances and stolen gold that isn't really stolen is a disappointing show, although everyone tried very, very hard. Dimas Shore sings several numbers with his usual appeal. (Feb.)

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M: Van Johnson takes over in the Dr. Goldare series as Dr. Red Adams, and is very likable in the role of the young medico who solves the case of why nightclub enter-tainer Gloria De Haven can't eat. Marilyn Maxwell, who tries to annex Van, Keenan Wynn as a night club master of ceremonies and of course Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie are all present. (Mar.)

BLONDE FEVER—M-G-M: Mary Astor doesn't mind her husband, Philip Dorn, cafe proprietor, flirting outrageously with his blonde employee, Gloria Grahame, until Dorn wins a sweepstake. Then the blonde moves in and Mary moves out, and things go around in a circle. Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elisabeth Risdon, and Marshall Thompson complete the cast. (Feb.)

BLUEBEARD—PRC: John Carradine gives one swell performance as the mad painter and operator of a puppet show who strangles his models one by one as not to be disillusioned by them. Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Nils Asther as prefect of police and Tessa Loring as one of the victims, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn. (Jan.)

BOVERY TO BROADWAY—Universal: Two quarreling theatrical producers, Jack Oakie and Donald Cook, finally separate over Maria Montero in an arty production. The cast is an important one, including Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Ann Blyth, Louise Allbritton and practically everyone on the Universal lot, but it's the same old show-business theme. (Jan.)

BRAZIL—Republic: Virginia Bruce is an author-ess who takes a few pokes at romantic Latinas and travels to South America to get material for another book. There she falls for composer Tito Guizar, is befuddled by Edward Everett Horton, and one thing leads to another. It's a lot of the proceedings are all nice and tuneful. (Jan.)

Don't help singing—Universal: Deanna Durbin's new picture is a Technicolor musical with Jerome Kern's tunes, gorgeous scenery and romance, but it's structurally weak. Robert Paige is unconvincing as the romantic hero, Deanna sings beautifully, Akim Tamiroff and Leonard Kinisky attempt comedy but rarely achieve it and Andrew Tombes, David Bruce and Thomas Gomez are also in the cast. (Mar.)

CONSPIRATORS, THE—Warner: A weak, dull and repetitious story despite Hedley Lamar's beauty. (Continued on page 128)
Sweet, solemn words. A slim gold band on your finger. Your soft hand clasped in his.

Promise yourself you'll keep your hands as thrillingly lovely as they are now. You can, if you guard them the "beforehand" way, with Trushay.

Always smooth on this rich, fragrant lotion before household tasks... before you do dishes or tub undies.

Trushay's lush creaminess guards your hands, even in hot, soapy water... helps them stay bridal—soft and pretty!
Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that isn't greasy—that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips deliciously soft, smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid, in the most exciting tones of red ever created. It's so permanent. Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. Regular size bottle that lasts a long long time is only $1 at all stores. Or, 

...SEND COUPON for generous Trial Size

Check shades wanted:

☐ English Tint—new glorification for blondes, or with platinum or gray hair.
☐ Scarlet—devastating on girls with brown hair, hazel eyes, fair skin.
☐ Persian—speculator for Irish type red heads, and for dark hair, blue eyes.
☐ Regal—real excitement for girls with dark hair, brown eyes, medium skin.
☐ Gypsy—does wonders for dark-haired, dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
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2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
I enclose 10c (and 2c Fed. tax) for generous trial size of "liquid liptone."

Name:
Address:
City:
State:

Send 15c for each shade ordered


SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE

The Red Cross Gives a Hand

SOME are tall and gaunt. Some are short and boyish. Others look as if they could pass a Hollywood screen test. But all these boys who wander into our Red Cross building, wearing their red robes and gray pajamas, have an expression of loneliness, or disappointment and bewilderment.

When they leave our building, they are still wearing red robes and gray pajamas, but their faces look happier. They are talking and chuckling over the gags or they are humming and whistling the tunes they've heard. They return to their hospital wards with a certain contentment because they've just rollicked through space with Abbott and Costello, or guffawed at Red Skelton who has to do K.P. the same as they do. Or, they have had fun dancing with Lana Turner or "wolfdancing" the luscious Hedy Lamarr.

No matter what the film, the patients look forward to movie night. Hospital life isn't bad... a fellow can forget that the mail didn't bring "the letter"... or that he is lonesome.

K. M.

Camp Roberts, Calif.

$5.00 PRIZE

A Farewell for Lupe Velez

YOU will live on within our hearts,
A gay and lovely thing,
A bright, exotic butterfly
Though you have taken wing.

Fluttering down the halls of time,
A shining memory.
Released at last from grief and pain,
Your spirit now is free.

Louise Darcy, Biddeford, Me.

$1.00 PRIZE

If They Can, We Can!

BOY, what a picture! It sure was swell.
If you've seen "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" you will agree with me. No wonder! Look who starred in it—Van Johnson, Robert Walker! Phyllis Thaxter was swell too. Give us more of her.

While I was enjoying this picture I noticed an elderly lady sitting next to me. She was crying and a sailor was trying to comfort her. He asked her if she would like to leave. Her reply was, "No, we all have to face it; if they can take it, we can too!"

My girl friends and I walked home so we could discuss the picture. We all decided whenever we went shopping and wanted to buy a new bracelet or anything in the latest style, (Continued on page 124)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
FORGET THAT LOOK IN HER EYES...

SHE'S GOT MURDER IN HER HEART!

Meet the year's biggest movie surprise... Dick Powell playing a new kind of role... in a murder-mystery that's rough, tough and terrific!

Dick POWELL
Claire TREVOR • Anne SHIRLEY

"Murder, My Sweet"

with
OTTO KRUGER • MIKE MAZURKI • MILES MANDER
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Produced by Adrian Scott • Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by John Paxton
A picture with a heart as Big as today's Golden West!

Heed the call to adventure great and thrilling! All the sweep and power of "My Friend Flicka"...more rousing...more compelling!

Mary O'Hara's
Best-Loved Best-Seller

THUNDERHEAD
SON OF FLICKA
in Technicolor!

with

RODDY MCDOWALL
PRESTON FOSTER
RITA JOHNSON

Directed by LOUIS KING * Produced by ROBERT BASSLER
Screen Play by Dwight Cummins & Dorothy Yost * Based on the Novel by Mary O'Hara
Movies at Sea

I SAT in the blacked-out wardroom of a troop transport, standing out to sea in the North Atlantic, and shared with the Coast Guard crew two hours of magic escape into a world of music and fun and unrepresed laughter.

The ship was newly commissioned, and tonight was to be the first "movie night" aboard. Word of this major event had spread throughout the huge ship in the afternoon when an electrician's mate had been summoned to the chaplain's "office" for a conference.

There had been considerable argument just before this first showing as to the best location for it. Some favored the number three hold, others the enlisted men's cafeteria. The projectionist won out with his choice of the officer's wardroom on the weather deck, with only the minor inconvenience of a series of well-placed posts behind which it was almost impossible to stretch your neck far enough to see the screen.

The equipment for this screening, never before used, was a 35 mm. projector—meaning the same professional type of projector used in your own movie theaters at home—with a portable sound amplifier that was moved constantly back and forth across the room to find the best spot for audibility. The choicest location proved to be just far enough from the screen so that the actors' lips moved a fraction of a second before the sound issued from the speaker, neatly spoiling the synchronization.

"Movie night" meant most to the chaplain aboard ship. For morale was his division of responsibility and the obvious place for movies was under the heading of morale. So it had become the chaplain's job to make sure that the proper equipment was on board, that a good selection of films was secured, and that there were, among the crew, some men who knew how to handle the projector and amplifier.

At the announced Coast Guard hour of 2000, the men began to file into the room—for many of them their first glimpse of officers' quarters and for almost as many their first glimpse of "top side" since the ship had left port.

Considerable kidding of the Chief who was attempting to master the direction sheet that had come attached to the projection equipment turned to good natured cat calling and whistling when the lights went out and the film ran off upside down. Eventually, the film was righted, the lights were out again, and a Popeye cartoon was on the screen.

For two hours war was forgotten. In the dim, reflected light from the screen I could watch the strain ease from the faces of men who had worked too hard too many weeks. It was a calm night and the ship slipped through the ocean with only the vibration of its steam turbines and the faint, ever present roll of a vessel at sea to remind me that after the show I couldn't walk out of the theater and stroll comfortably to my home.

The main feature earned a full-throated chorus of cheers. It was "Meet Me In St. Louis" and could have been more happily received only if Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien had been on hand to greet the sailors personally.

Between the Disney cartoon and the main feature, I chatted with the chaplain who had relaxed sufficiently to light his pipe and try out a cautious smile.

"It's a great treat," he said, "to see these boys having such a time for themselves. Best medicine we could have aboard this ship. I don't know what we'd do without movies when we get the Army troops aboard. Why, there'll be thousands of them, plus our own crew, with nothing for the troops to do but eat and sleep and wonder where they're going and when they'll get there.

"The skipper told me he planned to show movies twenty-four hours a day when we get the troops loaded on. We'll move the screen and equipment around from hold to hold where the troops are quartered and let them forget the war and themselves for awhile."

The next day I ran into the chaplain aft of the quarter deck sniffing the salt spray from a wintry sea.

"Look at this," he said and he showed me a letter from a crew member he had been given to censor.

"Dear Mom," it began—

"Everything's swell. Last night I saw a swell movie. Gee it was some fun. Just like being home again."
A tender story set to music—about the love of Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli, two who met on a make-believe set and made it real

by Adela Rogers St. Johns
The first time I ever saw Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli together was in the cold gray dawn on a station platform in Pasadena. I had gone out to meet a dear friend who was coming three thousand miles, but even the glow of welcome couldn't warm the wind that blew down from California's snow-capped peaks. Since misery loves company, I was glad to find a lot of other people waiting for the train and to discover that they were all there because Judy Garland was coming back from a trip to New York, and that Vincente Minnelli was on the same train.

There had been vague rumors that a romance was brewing between Judy and the young director who had piloted her "Meet Me In St. Louis" to such a triumphant success. But nobody seemed to be very sure about it because Judy had taken her separation and divorce from Dave Rose pretty seriously.

Personally, I was hopeful about it. I had never met Mr. Minnelli, but I felt that I knew him very well. Last summer when my youngest son worked as a messenger boy at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, I learned Vincente was the idol of the messenger boys. If a messenger couldn't be found, he was out on the "Follies" set watching Mr. Minnelli's picturesque methods of getting all the girls into their bubbles at the same time, or listening to his vivid and humorous vocabulary and admiring his directorial genius.

I am inclined to take the clear-eyed verdict of youth seriously myself, so I already felt a keen interest in and admiration for Mr. Minnelli. Presently the Super Chief steamed proudly in and Judy and Vincente Minnelli got off the train and, all of a sudden, I was quite warm and happy. My friend touched me on the shoulder and I greeted her with the slightly inane remark, "But they're in love, I'm sure they are. Isn't that splendid?"

The reason I thought it was splendid was because, like everybody else, I adore Judy and to date her romances hadn't been lucky. So I decided, in spite of its being just before Christmas, to go and see Judy and ask her about it. Actually it was the day before Christmas when I waited for her in her dressing rooms, a suite with a charming little drawing room and a big room which, upon this occasion, was completely filled with packages and when Judy came in she was completely loaded with packages, too.

She dumped the packages and collapsed and I thought, she's such a very little girl, and she looks exhausted the way everybody does who has been banging around on those last-minute errands, and she isn't exactly beautiful nor exactly pretty, she's—she's just Judy Garland, not like anybody else in the world and isn't it nice to just sit and look at a girl who isn't like anybody else? For Judy is always Judy, with the biggest, brownest eyes and where in the world does that voice come from? Lily Pons is little but then she's a coloratura, but Judy's voice is big and rich and warm and dynamic. I asked her, right away, about her rumored engagement to Minnelli.

Judy looked at me rather (Continued on page 105)
Not many girls would dare to be as gallantly frank about

Says Lana: “My romance with Turhan has been the most beautiful thing in my life.”

THE inerably romantic Lana Turner, who at twenty-four has had two marriages and many romances, has undergone a great change.

Not that the little Turner girl isn’t still romantic, emotional, in love with life and, oh, so in love with the Turkish actor, Turhan Bey, but there’s a new responsibility in her life now that is casting a becoming new shadow of maturity and womanliness across her personality.

It’s the adoration she has for her little daughter Cheryl.

It is true she still goes to night clubs, a vivid blonde flame for the photographer’s flash bulbs. But unlike the gay days when she was with first this man and then that one, she is now always in the company of the darkly handsome, strangely oriental-looking Turhan Bey.

You don’t have to be on the Hollywood “inside” to realize that these two are really in love. But where Lana used to talk freely about her romances—this one with Turhan has been different. When interviewers have tried to get her to talk about him, she has always changed the subject or flatly said it was something she didn’t care to discuss. And that ended it.

But one day last week she stopped in to see me on her way home from work. Perhaps it was the thoughtful, relaxed mood women feel in those hours when day is closing, the fire is lighted and the little annoyances of the working hours are over, that brought on the mood. At any rate, we fell to talking naturally and easily about this new love in her life.

I thought she looked a little tired, resting her blonde head against the back of a chair, but still very beautiful with her dark eyes seeming bigger than ever against the natural whiteness of her skin. Now and then she twisted a huge emerald ring, surrounded by diamonds, on her engagement finger.

“A present from Turhan?” I asked.
a romance as Lana is here  BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Their first meeting was at a party at Maria Montez's house. Lana went with Steve Crane to whom she was then married. She said, "It was just a casual meeting. I thought he was very nice but he meant absolutely nothing to me then and I did not see him again for months and months and then I met him again."

"Where?" I asked.

Lana laughed, "Again it was at a party at Maria Montez's, seven months ago. I had separated from Steve in the meantime and Turhan asked me if he might call. We had many telephone conversations before he finally asked me to go to Olvera Street with him for dinner. We both love Mexican food and I had never had such a good time in my life. We laughed and laughed and had such a wonderful evening and after that, well you know the rest. I saw him practically every night. And our laughs and good times have continued."

I said, "Then you'll marry him the minute your divorce becomes final next August?"

"Oh, that's another matter," she answered. "Turhan is so young—he's never been married. I've had two marriages and somehow I feel so much older."

Lana reaches the ripe old age of twenty-four (Continued on page 85)
My Husband is

Lieut. Morris, awarded the D.F.C. for the seven Jap planes he shot down, in the plane that carried him to victory

I STARTED praying the day I married. Wayne was in uniform. I didn’t pray his orders for active service would not come. I prayed only that he would be safe, wherever he went, whatever he did.

When Wayne left for combat duty I prayed harder than ever; silent prayers while hanging out the washing or doing the marketing. And I knew that my prayers flying upwards mingled with the prayers women everywhere were phrasing in different tongues and dialects.

I prayed hardest when our daughter Pam was born. I shut my eyes tight at night and tried to picture what Wayne was doing. My favorite picture imagined him pacing the deck and wondering whether our baby would be a boy or a girl.

I discovered later, much later, when Wayne’s letter rejoicing in Pam’s arrival reached me, that this hadn’t been an easy time for him either. Far from it. He wrote:

“Hello ‘Little Mother,’

“Well, I feel a lot better today. Yesterday it was kind of rugged for me but I’ll have to start right in from the beginning. . . .

“As you know, we left the little Island No. 2 on the morning of the sixth real early and the night before I had written you a letter saying I hadn’t had any word of the baby yet. Well, I surely did feel bad, ’cause I just knew that it had been born, so I figured that I wouldn’t hear for three or four weeks more. Well, anyway, after we were quite a way out to sea they brought out the mail that had been brought aboard the night before, and I hurriedly read through your letters, both postmarked the 30th. It was the same old story. But one from my mother P.M.’d the 31st gave me the smooth news of my daughter. Needless to say, I was elevated from a very mo-
Home

Though your man is away, you can share this woman’s glow of gratitude for her happiness after the dark days

by Mrs. Wayne Morris

rose young man to the happiest guy in the fleet and, really, secretly, I was just a little bit happier that it was a girl. God knows what I’m gonna do with a daughter messing up the house, but I’m tickled to death, sweetheart, and I want you to know it.

“Well, we waited until about 5 p.m. Then Dave and Bob McReynolds and I sat down in Dave’s room and we toasted my daughter into this world. “So you can tell the young lady that her daddy and great uncle Dave did all right by her.”

“Love, Wayne.”

No literary masterpiece, his letter—but I knew every word came from his heart. That was what counted.

With Pam’s arrival life became filled with the complications that everyone knows these days. I moved into the North Hollywood house that Wayne had built when he was making pictures at Warner Brothers. It’s quite far out in the country. Unable to get a telephone and alone much of the time, since gas rationing made callers few and far between, I felt marooned. However, taking care of Pam and the house kept me very busy.

When Pam was in bed in the evening I would play solitaire (I think I know every variety of that game ever invented), listen to the radio and think about Wayne.

I was more fortunate than many wives because I had news of Wayne through newspapers and radio. He was with Fighting Squadron Fifteen of which my uncle, David McCampbell, is the Commander. So whenever I read or heard about David I knew that my boy friend was safe and sound. Sometimes, of course, the news was disturbing—news such as their destruction of nine enemy planes in an hour and thirty minutes. I knew they had gotten away safely that time—but I couldn’t help wondering about the next time.

One evening as I sat playing solitaire, listening to the radio and thinking about Wayne, I was startled to hear his voice. He was broadcasting from Honolulu, telling about the Jap planes he had shot down. I was filled with indescribable joy because I knew even in that moment he was safe. Letters assured me only that he had been safe two or three weeks earlier, depending upon their date-line.

You may not believe in hunches. I never did before. But I do now. For after hearing Wayne’s broadcast and reading over the letter he had written about Pam, I had a strong feeling that he was coming home. I didn’t talk about it because I was sure people would smile at themselves and feel I was indulging in wishful thinking. But I went ahead with plans. I cut corners on my budget so that when Wayne arrived I could have a maid and be free to spend all my time with him. I caught up with all the washing and ironing, shined up the house and even tried to improve the garden. And while I was doing this I planned how I would cook the things he liked to eat, how we’d play our favorite game—gin rummy, how we’d talk and talk until we both knew everything the other had done during our long separation. I bought a new dress, too, kept after my hands, brushed and brushed my hair, cold-creamed my face and neck faithfully—so I’d look my (Continued on page 115)
Right now I'm like this: I'm expanderingly, deliciously, dis gustingly happy! I'm so happy that I can’t walk, I have to hop-run; and I can't talk calmly, I have to chatter; and I can't eat meals formally at my dining table at home, I have to eat them all over my apartment, from the window sills to the floor.

But I haven't always been the way I am now, at twenty-one. At sixteen, I was a slightly shabby, very earnest little chorus girl in New York, fresh out of high school, with one desire—to save enough money to become a doctor. And five years before that, I was more than earnest, I was sad—for I was spending years in a hospital with a paralyzed leg which doctors told me would forever prevent me from walking. But people change faster than the headlines—and now what I like is happy!

This is because I have the six things I have always longed for: A charming five-room furnished apartment, a blue convertible car, a gray Persian lamb coat, a fireplace, a collection of Adrian clothes and a huge collection of records. I also have friends I truly love, and three pictures behind me that I've thoroughly enjoyed acting in—“Two Girls And A Sailor,” “Music For Millions,” and “Her Highness And The Bellboy.”

But aside from happy, I'm also these other things: I'm hungry; I eat steadily from five-thirty in the morning (when I wake up) until ten at night (when I go to bed). I love sodas, ice cream, Chinese food, spaghetti; and all day long I eat candy bars, sandwiches and milk shakes; and at bedtime I always have several big pieces of fried chicken which my housekeeper, Mrs. Bess Van Dyke, keeps heaped in the refrigerator for me!

I'm suit-crazy: I have mostly suits in my closet, with accent on my favorite color—black. My secondary choices in colors are gray, blue and brown. I'm embarrassed to admit I own only two dresses—one gray, one black; and no hats at all. The first hat I ever wore in my public or private life was in “Two Girls And A Sailor.” I never wear jewelry either. But I wear gloves everywhere, even from the sound stage to the lunch-room—showing you how contrary women can be!

I'm allergic to: The words “swell,” “girl friend” and “boy friend.” I can always describe a man by saying he’s my beau or chum, and to me it sounds better. I'm also allergic to big parties, and to cats, and to people who are nice to you because they want something.

I'm a water baby: I take a shower every morning, a hot bath every night—and I wash my hands and face at least ten times a day. I also wash my hair every morning while I'm under the shower. My hair is naturally curly, so instead of hav ing to wrestle with it for waves, I have to struggle to straighten it out! But I have (Continued on page 113)
Miss April, better known as June Allyson, star of "Music For Millions"
Strictly U.S.A.

And strictly himself! He's the man with old-world chivalry and new-world appeal—this Hollywood headliner, John Hodiak

BY MICHAEL MAURY

I’ve been very busy investigating John Hodiak. There are two reasons. The first: He is the hottest thing since Sinatra began losing his bobby-soxers to Van Johnson. The second: Anne Baxter. I’ll start with the first one.

Hodiak is strictly U.S.A. He’s a wonderful sample of democracy at work and what happens when Horatio Alger and the American dream are rolled together. You probably know that he’s the son of Ukrainian immigrants—factory workers. Simple, direct, honest people. They are that and their son is that. Hodiak has just brought his mother and father out to Hollywood. The first thing Pop did was to go over to Lockheed and get a job on a drill press. Nothing’s different from the way it used to be back in Detroit except that Hodiak’s working now, too, and the house they’re living in is smaller than the one it took them years to pay for back home.

Hodiak gives you the same feeling people like Gable and Hope and Crosby give you. He’s a right guy. When he’s not working, he never plays anything but himself. And that quality slides over into his work. That’s why you’ll like him in “Sunday Dinner For A Soldier,” the picture he made with Anne. And why they talk about him in that Lana Turner opus, “Marriage Is A Private Affair.”

It’s good to be with him. He makes you feel warm. He laughs easily and it’s a swell laugh. He grins all the time. Add together the tough white teeth and the grin and the mustache and crew cut they gave him for “A Bell For Adano” and you have the makings of a major pin-up boy. I suggested that idea to him—and ducked. He doesn’t want glamour. He’s an actor, not just a leading man. He’s not making up quotes for studio press agents when he says he decided he’d be an actor twenty years ago. That was when he was eleven. He started by way of radio. Then came the screen test which Alfred Hitchcock saw by accident and which put him in “Lifeboat.”

The twenty years didn’t bother him. John is stubborn and patient. He has standards and a sense of values. He knows what he wants and he’s surer than the devil that he’s going to get to it. He’s willing to work, willing to make detours, willing to wait—but he won’t back down. Metro found that out when they first hired him. A big executive called him in, said: “Well, young fellow, the first thing we’re going to do is change your name.” Hodiak, ignoring the rules of scared, new employee meeting big shot, said: “What for?” The executive stuttered. Hodiak went calmly on. “It’s been good enough for my father and mother. If you’re going to use my name, I want people to know it’s my parents’ son you’re talking about.”

But with all this patience and calm and sureness, he’s not stolid. He moves quickly, reacts quickly. One thing about him that seems to surprise Hollywood’s seasoned citizens is the fact that he’s a gentleman—an old-fashioned one. There’s something courtly and old-worldish and dignified in the way he talks to women, for example. Watch him in the same room with some of the brasher idols of the day and you realize that Hodiak has a quality much more valuable than a box-office return.

His success means only four things to him. It means that he’s doing all right so far as Mom and Pop are concerned. It means that he can be a respected actor. It means that he has money enough (Continued on page 93)
Momentous guy: John Hodiak soon to be seen in M-G-M's "The Harvey Girls"
I go for Lauren Bacall, as who doesn’t, but I must admit that she puzzles me. Whenever I see her in a night club she acts exactly as she does on the screen, giving “that look,” and I don’t know whether she is acting, or if on the screen she is being natural. I admire Preston Sturges’s direction as much as anyone does, perhaps with the possible exception of Preston Sturges, but I do wish he would stop solving every situation with a prat fall. Van Johnson is a favorite with me, too, and I just thought that you might be interested in knowing that Van sleeps in a pullover sweater. That’s all, just a sweater. I am getting tired of the mug type in pictures. They follow a pattern, and despite the current disciple, William Bendix, who has replaced Maxie Rosenbloom, they speak the same “dese, dose and dem” dialogue whether in civvies or in uniform. This sly remark uttered by Tom Jenk is almost a criticism, although Tom might Aumont. “Get something to keep away the wolves.”

I like to go to the movies with Hedy Lamarr for Hedy likes to hold hands while seeing a picture. The movie stars go to Mocambo or Ciro’s, but I prefer the Palladium, for the couples dancing there put on the best floor show in town. Greatly amazed I was when I visited Lana Turner’s house, and didn’t find a single sweater in her wardrobe. I guess that Lana keeps her sweaters in her dressing room at the studio, for a sweater to Lana is probably her working clothes. Director Mike Curtiz, who is one of my favorite characters, was talking to an actor and said, “I’m disappointed in you. I taught you everything I know, and still you don’t know anything.” Humphrey Bogart is an actor who talks and acts very much off the screen as he does on, and whenever I meet him I get the impression that I am a character in one of his movies.

Van Johnson may have taken the tip from all the sweater talk.

That’s Hollywood

Star-talk on the gay and giddy side from the guy who

not have meant it to be. Jenk said the credit on the screen reading, “Original Story By . . .” should read, “The Same Original Story By . . .”

I know of no actor whose success was more gratifying to Hollywood than Barry Fitzgerald’s. There was not one dissenting opinion, or a jealous note uttered by another actor, which is something for this cinema city. If I had to name the actress who is less inhibited than any, I guess I would name Lucille Ball, but that doesn’t mean that there aren’t restrictions. You can never tell who’s going to make a bright remark. Maria Montez tells me that before Pierre Aumont left for overseas, she told him she was going out to buy something to keep the moths away from his wardrobe while he was away. “It isn’t the moths I’m concerned about,” said

. . . I don’t know what the girls see in Gregory Peck, not that I can’t recognize his worth and ability as an actor, but then again maybe I’m not supposed to see that in Peck.

I always get a kick out of visiting the various commissaries at the different studios and watching the players get lunch, and watching the players get lunch. Every studio commissary has its own personality, which often reflects the character of the studio and the temperament of the executives. At Metro a specialty is the chicken soup which is the L. B. Mayer special because, it is said, far back in those days when Mayer couldn’t afford it, that was the kind of soup he relished.

At Metro, the big table in the center of the room is known as the “Directors’ Table,” but producers and a few actors, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable, always have lunch here.
There is a bird cage with dice on the table and everyone who eats there turns the bird cage, and the person who rolls the lowest number with the dice has to pay for everyone's lunch at the table for the day. There is only one sandwich on the menu that is named after an actor and that is the Robert Montgomery Sandwich. I recall having lunch with Montgomery one day, and he ordered a Robert Montgomery Sandwich, and then objected to the price listed, saying it was too much for a Robert Montgomery Sandwich.

The commissary where the performers dine at Warners is called "The Green Room," and the walls are lined with the latest photographs of the actors and actresses. Ann Sheridan, one day, eating under the latest portrait of herself, looked up and remarked, 'I almost didn't recognize myself. But I know it's me because I posed for it.' The executives at Warners have their own private dining room, where everyone cause the male fans were supposed to resent the fact that their heroine was already taken. But now there is a new set of morals, and it doesn't make a bit of difference to the boys that Betty Grable is married. They still pin her up. And so far as Grable is concerned, I'm one of the boys . . . Joseph Cotten on the screen, especially his voice, reminds me of Orson Welles. I asked Rita Hayworth if Joe Cotten reminded her of Orson and she replied, "In some ways yes, but in other ways no." . . . Alfred Hitchcock will admit to you that he seldom goes to the movies, but when he made this admission to Gregory Ratoff, Ratoff said, "I don't understand it. Then where do you get your material?"

I want you to come with me now, just for a couple of minutes, into the dressing rooms of certain actors and actresses. I know you won't object, and you'll probably enjoy it as much as I do. Paulette Goddard's dressing room at Paramount is on the main street there, up four steps, and is neatly furnished. Miss Goddard usually has a gown lying on her couch, and the walls of her dressing room are decorated with original Diego Rivera sketches . . . Across the street from Paulette, in what is known as 'Star Row,' is the dressing room of Dorothy Lamour. Miss Lamour has only one photograph on her wall. It is an autographed photograph of Goo-Goo, the chimpanzee who has been with her in jungle films . . . Greer Garson's dressing room at Metro is a swanky affair. It is practically all done in sea shells. The lamp is made of sea shells, and the backs of the chairs are decorated with sea shells, and over Miss Garson's couch is a fishing net. Metro is the only studio that has separate dressing-room buildings (Continued on page 119)
Top: Dick Crane, who will appear next in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Captain Eddie." Center: Dick delights in combing Kay's long dark hair. Lower: The bride and groom clowning in the kitchen
Little did the neighbors in Hollywood's Laurel Canyon suspect that the minute but fetching guest house, standing in the rear of the estate with the big iron gate, had overnight become a honeymoon house. A hidden honeymoon house at that—not the house, of course, but the honeymoon. For there were reasons why the Richard Cranes weren't telling the world of their three-hour-old marriage.

It all began over a year ago when Dick dropped into Victor's—a steak house on Sunset Boulevard. Not only was the food good at Victor's—so was the conversation. In addition, it lay on the direct route between Dick's canyon house and the studio.

This particular evening, Dick sauntered in without the slightest premonition that he was about to undergo an experience that would alter his entire life. The first person he noticed was his agent, Bert Marx, who is also one of Dick's best friends.

"Hi, Bert," said Dick. Then he rounded the booth and noted that Mr. Marx's companion was a pretty girl. Pretty in the Western manner as opposed to the Hollywood version, which is to say that she was not heavily made up, her eyelashes—though impressively long—were her own, and her hair fell in long, unstudied grace over her shoulders.

"How about joining us?" asked Bert. Dick didn't exactly leap at the chance. After all, he had dated some luscious lassies during the past several years. But there was something about this girl . . .

"Miss Kay Morley, Mr. Richard Crane," said Bert Marx. "Kay, would you mind if I went over a few things with Dick?"

"Not at all," said Kay. And during the dinner she didn't speak more than six sentences.

Afterward, Dick mused about this. She hadn't ventured one unsolicited opinion. She hadn't table-hopped; nor had she called anyone over to the table. She had been merely quiet. There are, of course, said Dick to himself, two kinds of quiet—one that results (Continued on page 93)
"My Easter Prayer"

BY GREER GARSON

Dear Lord, once again we give thanks for the final triumph of Our Saviour over persecution and death. We pray that if it be Thy will we may soon give thanks also for the end of war all over the world. While the dark days of cruelty and suffering continue, comfort those whose hearts are anxious and grieving, and grant us grace to be worthy of our brave fighting men and to keep bright the ideals for which they are enduring so much.

Teach us never again to take our happiness for granted, but to be mindful of the blessings that each day brings. Help us to be more tolerant and understanding and to think of our fellowmen in every part of the world. Help us to come to our senses. Inspire our leaders with Thy spirit and wisdom to plan for the years ahead. And help each of us to follow Thy teachings in our daily lives so that there may be an end of wars. In our Easter prayers we repeat the words our Savior Himself has taught us: "Thy Kingdom come . . . on earth as it is in heaven."

BY JOHN GARFIELD

When I returned from my overseas trip last year I telephoned the mother of a soldier.

"I saw your son two months ago," I told her, after introducing myself. "He was in fine spirits. He looked healthy and happy. And he asked me to give you his love and tell you he'd be home as soon as his job was done."

There followed a short silence. Then a fine, firm voice softly answered:

"Last week I received official notice that my boy was missing in action," she said, "but nothing will ever make me believe it is true. So long as there is life left in my own body I shall never stop hoping."

My Easter prayer is for that mother. My prayer is for every mother whose heart is filled with hope and faith. I pray for fulfillment of hope and triumph of faith for such mothers all over the world.

BY OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

My prayer this Easter day is for humility—the humility Christ taught—for I would be humble and grateful, not arrogant and proud, in the hour of victory.

I pray that I—that none of us—will ever forget that victory comes dear, that our best young men in the hundreds of thousands have died so that we might have this hour of triumph.

I hope that we will remember too the millions of Chinese men and women and children, and British men and women and children, and Russian men and women and children—not just the combatants, but the innocent dead—the plain people of all the world who will not be here to celebrate the victory they helped to win because they stood firm—and died—when the aggressor came.

With humility in the memory of those who have bought us yet another chance to make good, let us, I pray, try to put together our shattered world so firmly this time, and so justly, that the horrible holocaust of war cannot strike out at peace and decency and freedom again.
Hollywood, in reverent mood, brings
Easter messages of hope and rebirth

BY MARIA MONTEZ

My Easter prayer is one I have made a thousand times since my husband went overseas to the battlefronts and the war became a hauntingly terrible personal thing.
I pray little prayers each day for the war to end soon with victory in our hands.
I pray my husband will be unharmed.
I pray all the men who have left their homes for the loneliness and danger and suffering that war brings to them, in a measure that we—the safe ones—can never understand, will come back safe and soon.
I pray there will be peace and freedom in the world.
I pray for happiness as a possession shared.
I pray for little things important only to me and for the things which make life good for all of us.

BY ALAN LADD

My prayer is for all the men of America who have taken up arms to fight the evil forces of Fascism, and especially for those who have given up their lives so that those evil forces could not destroy the freedom which our nation has struggled for generations to achieve and to preserve.
I pray for them and for their comrades in arms, the Allied soldiers who stand with them in the great fight.
I pray that they soon will achieve complete victory and can come home to help build a lasting peace so that all decent people everywhere can be safe and free, not just for a generation, but for all time.
I pray too for the loved ones of those men in arms who do their fighting on the home front, but who are no less devoted to the sacred ideals we are fighting for—ideals given to the world centuries ago by the Prince of Peace, whose resurrection we celebrate today.

BY LIONEL BARRYMORE

For myself I ask nothing. I am content.
There is an old saying that man needs but little here below. This seems particularly true in my case. After all I can eat only three meals a day and sleep eight hours. So my own personal desires can easily be filled with a good book or with a good piece of music.
But for the others—and for myself as well, in the sense that we all share, however remotely, in the good or ill that comes to the world—my greatest desire is to see the end of the terrible conflict which is now destroying mankind.
My prayer is for a time when men learn to settle disputes by reason and understanding instead of by resort to arms.
Humanity's greatest boon will be the day when "Peace on earth, good will toward men" dawns in its truest sense and wars remain only a ghastly memory.
Symphony in stripes: June Haver in Fox’s “Where Do We Go From Here”
WHEN IT'S JUNE

... you think of moonlight and roses. That's the effect June Haver has—moonlight, with a surprise ending

By Sheilah Graham

She's ambitious—and angelic. She's determined—and dimpled. She's smart—and sex-appealing. She's brainy—and beautiful. She has the capacity of a giant for work—and is a rather small girl of eighteen. She's new—and news-making. She's a blonde—and a business woman. She's psychic—and sensational. She's lucky—and lovable. She's June Haver—the glittering hope of her studio and, if you're in a romantic mood, the love of Seaman First-Class Farley Granger, about whom more anon.

June was practically born wanting to be an actress. Her mother was an actress and gave June the works in the way of singing, dancing, piano and acting training. Her stepfather, Bert Haver, was so determined that June should be a thespian that he personally toted her around the country for auditions.

"I can't remember a time when I wasn't performing before an audience," the diminutive star says. "I gave a piano recital when I was five. At seven I auditioned for Metro talent scouts. At eleven I had my own radio program. At thirteen I was singing with big name bands. At fourteen I signed as a soloist with Ted Fio Rito's orchestra. At fifteen I was making shorts at Universal. At sixteen I had a movie contract with Twentieth Century-Fox." (All this without a trace of bragging from the candid blue-eyed blonde.)

In between, June won just about every contest in America. In the Beverly Hills apartment where June lives with her mother, stepfather and younger sister there are no less than fifty medals, cups, trophies and other prize-winning gadgets. You name it—June won it. She was lucky, but a fantastic amount of shrewd planning and building formed the groundwork for the soaring rise of the talented little charmer.

To give you an example of how June prepares for her opportunities: It happened to be the most important career moment of her life, but the same thoroughness goes for everything.

"For six months after I was signed by Fox," explains June, "I did nothing except go to school on the lot with Roddy McDowall, Peggy Ann Garner and Jeanne Crain. I also worked at my singing, dancing and acting. Then I had a terrible shock. My agent told me that my option would not be taken up.

"I went to Lew Schreiber, the casting director, and said, 'I hear you're going to drop my option.' We have already dropped it,' he told me. I practically went on my knees and begged for a chance to prove what I could do. 'You're so young,' he gave as the reason for dropping me. 'I've grown a lot in six months—a girl does, you know,' I told him. 'I'll show you I can play a grown-up woman.' He said I could try."

It was a few weeks before Christmas and June had planned a lot of present-buying on her seventy-five-dollar-a-week salary. She just had to be re-signed to buy those presents. June wrote her screen test, a vignette based on her own life that gave her opportunities for singing, dancing and acting. She bought a two-hundred-dollar white dress from Adrian that glittered with rhinestones. The rhinestones were (Continued on page 122)
Casual shot of an exciting newcomer—Gregory Peck, star of "The Keys Of The Kingdom"
The key to
Gregory Peck

Gentle or ruthless? Serious or gay? Lover or father confessor? Here's the answer to a man who is top news in newcomers

BY DONNA SMITH

Read this only if you believe in Fate—for this is a story (a true one) about a tall, dark young man from California who met a small, blonde young woman from Finland. This is how and where and when they met, and it is also their harried adventures before they were married—and their adventures since.

By this time, of course, they live in a charming white house on a cliff overlooking Beverly Hills, in a celebrity-ridden neighborhood.

By this time she has become the mother of a baby boy named Jonathan, and he has become a famous star—the beloved Father Chisholm of "The Keys Of The Kingdom" But things were not always this way, by any means.

Who are the two? Naturally, they are Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck. And Mrs. Peck finds herself married to the newest meteor on the Hollywood horizon—the hero of "Days Of Glory," of "The Keys Of The Kingdom," and now of "Spellbound," in which he has a starring role with Ingrid Bergman.

He is so sought-after that four studios have divided him up as if he were a prize-fighter—he's owned jointly by David O. Selznick, Twentieth Century-Fox, RKO-Radio and Casev Robinson. A new woman can understand why he's so in demand—for he's a slim and graceful six feet three, with almost-black hair, almost-black eyes with a thousand changing expressions in them and a bracing white smile.

But one blonde claimed him three years ago, and the rest of the women might as well stay philosophically in their seats and watch the show.

Not that he seems aware of any of the excitement over him. Every morning he walks into his garage—which is hanging on a cliff's edge by a triumph of cement over gravity—and inches past a sleek black coupe which he gave to his wife. He then clambers into a rusty 1935 jalopy minus a gasoline indicator, and in this he rattles down the hill and into whichever studio has succeeded in claiming his services for the time being.

Every night he struggles back up the hill in it again and settles down to training his white police dog, Perry, and to reading current biographical books and then to bed. Sundays the Pecks stay home and welcome friends. Until last spring the welcoming took place on the flagged patio, but now it happens in the living room; because in the big rains the patio descended like an elevator to the bottom of the cliff, 2,000 feet below.

Except for that catastrophe, life has been very peaceful indeed for the Gregory Pecks, recently . . . just as peaceful as it used to be adventurous.

Mr. Peck's life was always peppered with adventure—though it didn't become really chaotic until just before Fate introduced him to the future Mrs. Peck. He was born on April 5, 1916, in the pretty little town of La Jolla, California. This was close to San Diego, where his father owned and operated a drugstore . . . and here Gregory attended grammar school and devoted himself to more serious things after school hours, such as boatbuilding. (He fully intended (Continued on page 102)
If you were a house guest of Betty Hutton you’d be the house guest of the giddiest and gayest human jumping bean in Hollywood. You’d be dazzled, dazed and delighted!

Your first mental upset would come when you pointed your car toward the Hollywood hills and began a devious climb up a snake-like road that led you higher and higher until you finally reached what looks like a tiny one-story tan stucco house with a “roll” roof. The tiny house is an optical lie, you shortly discover, for it really sprawls backward down a steep hillside for three stories.

You’d park your car in a neighbor’s flower bed to keep it from careening down the hilly road, walk past the garage doors and open a small gate that leads into the handkerchief-sized front garden—and in ten steps you’d be at the front door.

Twilight is falling, and in the clear evening air you can hear the neighbors’ dinner noises floating from one side of the canyon to the other. But now the door opens and a pretty colored maid named Mary invites you inside. “I’ll get Mrs. Hutton—Miss Betty isn’t home from the studio yet,” she says, ushering you through a small hallway—into an entrancing living room. It’s your first warning that the outside of the house belies the inside; for you find yourself in a big, square, gracious room entirely done in elaborate French decoration... and the corner made by the two farthest walls is lined with windows overlooking all of the twinkling lights of Hollywood and the nearby hills, encrusted with white houses.

After the lovely view, your eye is attracted back to the room. Its floor is covered in pale green figured carpeting, and while you wait for Betty’s mother to appear, you notice that the walls are tinted to match the rug, the drapes on the many windows are green with a gold rose pattern and the furniture is heavy gilt, upholstered in rich gold or green brocades. A dainty marble fireplace is oppo-
You’d go up a winding road to a delightful house on a hill—and you’d have a dizzy, dazzling time . . .

Betty Hutton’s house guest

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

site the windowed vista, with a section of modern glass outlining it. There are two couches and at least ten easy chairs scattered around the room—and under an ornate gold-framed mirror stands a console spinette. On either side of the fireplace are low built-in bookcases, sparsely sprinkled with books. This room is shiningly neat, formal and yet comfortable; and you’ve already noted that Betty doesn’t believe in family portraits . . . there isn’t a picture in the room except for some formal French water colors on the walls.

But now you hear Betty’s mother coming up a flight of stairs from somewhere below in this hillside house, and you turn to greet her. Her name is Mabel Hutton, but she’s known to you from this moment as “Mom,” and you love her at once. She’s a thin, energetic, young-looking woman with bobbed ash-blond hair that’s flying around her ears, alert green-gray eyes and a sweet face. She’s wearing pastel-green slacks and a blouse, and swinging from one hand is her four-year-old blond grandson, John Thomas Philbin III—who is Marian Hutton’s son, and Betty’s beloved nephew. (John lives at his bombshell aunt’s house as much as at his own traveling family’s.) Mom and he settle on the sofa together, while Mom tells you how she located this house last November on the very day Betty got back from her South Pacific entertainment tour, and how they rent it furnished, and how much Betty loves it.

Right here Betty herself arrives—you can hear her (and so can the neighbors) for minutes before she appears. There are five blasts on a horn outside, the sound of Betty’s blue convertible Buick sedan shrieking to a stop in the garage, and then the front door bursts open and Betty has leaped inside—all flying blonde curls, dancing hazel eyes, a flapping yellow sports coat over a yellow sweater and skirt. Her feet are in sandals and yellow bobby socks, and she literally broad jumps across the room to you, yelling “Hiya, doll-face!!” Then she envelopes you, Johnny and Mom in successive bear-hugs. Within two seconds she has seized your heavy suitcases and is rushing them and you down the green-carpeted hallway. Behind you, you can hear Mom herding little Johnny downstairs for his supper.

Meanwhile, Betty is blithely informing you that except for the living room, this top floor is all her domain. To the left, off the hall, is your bedroom—a trim, square, small room with the same green carpeting as the living room and hall. The double bed has ivory satin for a spread and the same satin repeated in the quilted headboard. The walls are pale ivory-yellow, there are yellow drapes and a fluffy dressing-table in white with pink trimming. There are also a couple of easy chairs in pale green . . . but now Betty, having tossed your suitcases in a corner, is dragging you down the hall again to see her suite. “First time I’ve been living like a movie queen, and I’m eating it up!” she says in her gay, happy voice.

Her bedroom is something like your own, only a little bigger in size. Her rug is aqua blue, her walls a paler blue and her bed covered in a quilted ivory satin spread with a matching quilted headboard. The wall behind it is draped in the same satin, with two dark rose panels on either side. There’s also a blue easy chair with (Continued on page 66)
LADIES and gentlemen, we have in this corner...

Well, at different times we have different contenders; professional rivals, personalities who do not, for one reason or another, click with each other, even the major studios themselves. Metro and Warner Brothers, for instance, have for a long time gazed upon one another's achievements with the greenest eyes and eternally have it in mind to outshine one another.

The strangest events and circumstances call for boxing gloves sometimes. With Sonja Henie and Michael O'Shea it was a love scene, of all things.

Sonja is a careful, methodical business woman, and nobody knows better than she that she must be photographed from very defined angles, with her head, her hair, her lashes just so.

She and the big boss of the new International Pictures, the witty Bill Goetz for whom she made "It's A Pleasure," get along blissfully. But the immediate producer of "It's A Pleasure" was David Lewis. David and Sonja did not mix like Scotch and soda, but more like gasoline and fire. Continual bouts were going on between them when Mr. O'Shea wandered into the ring as Sonja's leading man.

When Sonja gave Mike barely a nod, he burned. The chances are good that Sonja had no thought of snubbing him. Business is just that with her and she hasn't troubled to make any of her leading men feel important since the days when she fell in love with one of them—the handsome Tyrone Power.

Came their first love scene. Once again, what happened was probably innocent. But somehow or other, in kissing Sonja, Mike succeeded in nearly throwing her off balance. His face got beautifully into camera range but Sonja's was knocked galley-west and her hair and temper were royally rumpled. The temperatures fell below the freezing mark and for one solid week, except for actual lines in the script, Henie and O'Shea never addressed to one another so much as a single word. The glances exchanged between them were hard enough to pave a road, however. They've made it up ostensibly. But don't think Henie has forgotten.

There also are times when what started out to be a fine friendship is the cause of it all. Originally, Alan
spoken and otherwise—of Hollywood's livelier set

BY Fearless

Ladd and Bill Bendix were pals. They had much in common. Their lives had run parallel. For years Alan had kicked around Hollywood, getting nowhere. Simultaneously, Bill had been kicking around New York, even had been on relief. They met just as both hit the up-curve and signed their original Paramount contracts.

Bill had nothing but gratitude toward everybody at this time; gratitude toward films for recognizing his talent and helping him out of his hitherto wretched existence, gratitude for his wife Tess who had stood so loyally by him, gratitude toward Sue and Alan Ladd, his neighbors, who put in so many enthusiastic words for him at the studio. They were very close, the Ladds and the Bendixes. When Alan went into service he worried less about Susie because he had Bill's word that he would stand by when the baby was born.

Unfortunately perhaps for the Ladd-Bendix friendship, Bill's contract ran only for a short period while Alan's was of long duration. When Bill's contract came up for renewal he was given a whopping big raise and the right to make outside pictures. Alan of course was in the Army by this time. Even after he was released from the armed forces, however, his old contract remained in force due to the W.L.B. And it offered only moderate raises. (In "And Now Tomorrow" Alan made $12,000 to Loretta Young's $75,000.) Bill, on the other hand, was earning thousands a week and living in a virtual mansion in Beverly Hills.

No one really knows what caused the Ladd-Bendix break-up. But everybody accepts the fact that it is just that. Alan's and Bill's antagonism for one another is so intense these days that when both were cast in "Ten Years Before The Mast" the wily Brian Donlevy, also in the picture, was heard to remark that he ought to be able to steal the glory while the co-stars concentrated on outsmarting one another. Also, much as this break-up is to be regretted, Hollywood had to smile when, shortly after Alana Ladd was born, the Bendixes put in an application at an adoption center.

Then there is the funny incident that Olivia de Havilland tells on herself and the not-too-friendly rivalry that existed between her and Ida Lupino (Continued on page 83)

behind Betty Hutton. P.S. They're still silent

Alan Ladd and Bill Bendix when theirs was a good-neighbor policy
Eight years ago she was the prettiest girl in Hollywood High. She has gone high, all right, and in Hollywood

Where's the red hair that she's now so famous for? But look twice. Perhaps the impish grin will give you a clue

In 1933 she was a mystery woman. Was she married to that world figure? There's no doubt about her status today

The year was 1931, Missouri was behind her, and miles of dancing lay ahead before she was to reach stardom

She looked like a tragedy queen in 1930, but don't be fooled. The girl from N. Dakota is now anything but that
the right were once the girls on the left.
won't be fooled—but before you take
68 and see how right you are

The sailor hat is nothing but a ruse. She's really the love of an Army flier and of all the followers of Maisie

Sensational now! She's the mother of Cheryl and the love of a Turk who never calls her by her real name, Julia Jean

Look on the G. I. barracks walls and you're sure to find pictures such as this—of pin-up queen, Mrs. J.

A dynamo, no less, and the lass has plenty on the ball. It shouldn't be hard to figure out that it's Mrs. Arnaz.

She's vital, vibrant and vivacious—just ask the boys she entertained on her China—Burma—India tour
A TWO-YEARS-AGO anecdote on Phil Terry illustrates perfectly the type of guy he is.

The publicity office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had sent out the usual biography form to this player who'd died with terrific impact in "Bataan."

The form came back, duly filled out, and in the space reserved for an answer to the question, "Married to . . .?" the deponent had entered the simple item of information, "Mrs. Phillip Terry."

This was Mr. Terry's pointed way of saying that he didn't care to be known as Joan Crawford's husband. that he stood on his own two feet (one of which used to kick footballs record distances at Stanford University) and that he was an actor first and foremost, and that marriage to him, and to whom, was a strictly private affair.

Phil and Joan have been blissfully married for two and a half years now, after a whirlwind courtship on Phil's part.

On the town stag one Sunday night, "Terry encountered Harry Mines, the drama critic. Mines was on his way to visit a friend and suggested Terry go along. Meeting the friend for the first time, Terry tact-

Phillip Terry, who has his feet on the ground and his heart in the hands of Mrs. T. 

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

Phillip Terry, taking new comedy laurels in RKO's "Pan Americana"
Dennis O'Keefe, who finds sentiment and superstition the same in any language

By Dorothy Deere

Dennis O'Keefe, born James Edward Flannagan, is as Irish as any good American can be, and as masculine as a sock in the jaw. The first thing that impresses you when he enters a room is his bigness and his presence. The kind of frame that makes a well-tailored tweed look as if the pleasure were mutual, and a step as easy as his grin. The next thing you notice is his eyes, not only because they are such a good unabashed blue, but because of the mixture of friendliness, intelligence and tolerance all mirrored therein. Young eyes, but they've been around.

The O'Keefe career has covered more territory than any other on the screen, if you count the mileage of his ups and downs. He is the only actor since Gable to climb from the limbo of the extra ranks to the top. Early in his course he knew the swift excitement of being rocketed to stardom, before he was ready for it—and soon after that, he had first-hand experience with the dull thud that follows when an actor takes the blame for a producer's million-dollar mistake. When ready and qualified for stardom, he learned what it meant to have to slug his way back through uninspiring roles in uninspired pictures.

Today, success is something he holds securely in his two big fists. His roles in the past few months have set a record in versatility: Virile adventure in "The Fighting Seabees," broad comedy in "Up In Mabel's Room," musical romance in "Sensations Of '44," and serious drama in "The Story Of Dr. Wassell." "Brewster's Millions," now in the making, will again raise him to full stardom. As for those years in between when he knew hunger, disillusionment and the double-double-cross, he prefers to look back on them and grin. It was a hard fight, Ma, but he won.

It was on that hard and uninviting come-back trail that Dennis met and married pretty Louise Stanley. It didn't last very long and he's never talked much about it, but for several years his attitude toward marriage was like that of the fellow who was invited by a friend to accompany him to the library, and said, "Well, thanks—but I've read a book!" It was a nice, handy attitude to take along on a good time—self-winding and shock-proof—until he encountered the delightful Duna.

Steffi, born something we can't pronounce, is petite and provocative, with warm brown eyes and a blithe habit of combining English wordage and Hungarian phrasing into something more intriguing than Esperanto will ever be. She is a native of Budapest, and "Duna," which means Danube, is the name given her by Noel Coward when he discovered her dancing at the Wonderbar in Berlin. En-(Continued on page 60)
HOLLYWOOD calls her a great find.
Bogie calls her “Charley,” or “Slim”—the character she played in “To Have And Have Not.”
Her mother, friends, the waitresses, policemen, grips and gaffers on the lot call her Betty, which certainly doesn’t suit her, but is her real name.
The town cut-ups started calling her “The Look,” on account of what she, amused at herself, describes as that “down-under” look which she uses with such sulphurous effect on the screen. And the name has taken hold like wildfire.
June Allyson, who admires her tremendously, summed up the general reaction when she said, "It was like being given the insulin shock treatment."
When she came into the Green Room at Warner Brothers, a casual-looking youngster in a gray sports suit, a prune-colored sweater, moccasins and a somewhat derelict-looking raincoat slung—though the sun was shining—over her shoulders (“To give me," she later explained, "that 'casual' look"), she looked ten years younger than she does on the screen. Actually, she was twenty on September 16, 1944, and about as hard-boiled and sophisticated as a college freshman.
"Hi," said the Bacall girl.
Then, while she was ordering her lunch—cold turkey, avocado, black coffee—we sat, frankly staring, taking inventory of the face that has...
Burgess Meredith has a word to say to Lauren at a recent gala-event encounter

Bacall and Bogart who gave romance a sultry meaning in “To Have And Have Not”

launched a million superlatives.

Pale tan hair, unevenly streaked by the sun and worn shoulder-length. Mouth extraordinarily large for beauty. But on her—beautiful. Teeth slightly uneven. Eyebrows that are as they grew. Eyes, gray-green, wide-spaced and set uniquely in her head. But eyes that look at you levelly. Not with that “down-under” look which, by the way, she says she “made up” herself, but uses only when after a job, or—on the screen—a man.

Please don’t get the impression that she doesn’t look, in life, as she does on the screen. All you have to do is add ten years to her, throw in some disillusioning experiences and there sits “Slim.” And why not? She played the part with “no alterations.”

“When I made my first test,” she said, “they wanted to round and thin my eyebrows, cap my teeth, change my hairline. Make my mouth up to look smaller. Glue on fake eyelashes. That’s when I said, ‘No alterations!’ If they’d insisted, I couldn’t have acted. Couldn’t have spoken a line. And would have been back in ‘blouses’—modeling for Harper’s Bazaar—where I came from. Not,” she added, “that I’m looks-conscious. I’m no raving beauty, and I know it. Just,” she laughed, “raving. But I’ve got to be me and not some other ‘creep’ (as Bogie would put it) when I do a job.

“Fortunately for me, I had Mr. Hawks on my side all the way, so I made the picture completely—except for very light make-up—uncamouflaged. And I’m doing the same in my second picture, The Big Sleep, in which I’m again teamed with Bogie, again directed by Mr. Hawks and playing, of all things, a society girl!”

Speaking of fame, she says, “I’m not famous—yet. One picture isn’t enough to prove anything. Nor two. Fame,” said this Bacall girl, who sees things straight and sees them whole, “is something that must pyramid. But I see my name in the papers, hear it over the radio, see my face on magazine covers and it’s a little hard to believe this is me it has happened to. I always wanted it to happen. But never thought it would—like this.”

As a matter of fact—and record—Betty Bacall hadn’t any particular reason to suppose that it would happen “like this,” if at all. She says, of her childhood, “It was pretty dull”—and would like to let it go at that. (Continued on page 120)

She’s Lauren Bacall of the gray-green eyes and “down-under” look, who demanded and got “no alterations!”

By Gladys Hall
Dear Miss Colbert,

How can I be like these girls when my mother won’t let me out of her sight?

Dear Mr. E:

When you married your present wife, the precious chapter of your life should have been closed forever. I frankly believe that it was a mistake for you to have continued to write to this other girl after she was married, and I agree with your expressed thought that you may have been the basis for her trouble with her husband. You once your present wife and her child your loyalty and devotion. I am certain that, when you return from overseas, you will be so glad to see them that all thoughts of anyone else will vanish from your mind.

At any rate, that is the way I think it should be, because—to build any other sort of life for yourself—would require plenty of intestinal fortitude. First you would have to divorce your second wife, explaining your past experience to her—a step that would probably break her heart. Then you would have to try to build a successful life with a girl whom you have deeply hurt. Between you there would always be the insoluble problem of that child given out for adoption.

All of this was a tragedy, of course, but it is one that cannot be mended now, so I would think that your only course of sensible action would be to return to your wife and make a determined effort to be a good husband.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

This really gets me. This afternoon I was asked by my girl friend (who is also fifteen as I am) if I would go up to her house for awhile. Her mother works, she is alone. I asked my mother and she said I could go if I would be home by five. Well, I was walking up the street within a block of the house at five, when I saw my mother waiting for me. She said she was coming over to my friend’s to get me as she had telephoned, but received no answer.

I explained that Alice and I had been in the rumpus room playing the vic and hadn’t heard the telephone. She insinuated that there were boys and that we were making too much noise to hear it. There’s weren’t any boys there, and there have never been, but if there had, I think Alice and I are old enough to control ourselves without screaming like infants.

There is a boy in our school whom I do like, but don’t think I am going to be foolish enough to bring him home to meet my mother. The lady next door is nice. She had a talk with my mother about me, but my mother said the lady was a nosy idiot.

My mother makes pretty dresses, lets me have quite a bit of money and is sweet to me around the house. But she is so funny about letting me out of her sight; and she thinks boys are simply awful. How can I be like other girls if she acts like that?

Tamara V.

Dear Miss Colbert,

I’m now overseas. I’m fond of my wife but still love the first girl I ever had and don’t know what to do.

Dear Miss Colbert,

Should I tell my husband that I don’t love him and break away?

Dear Miss Colbert,

How can I get over my feeling of inferiority? I hate school—not the studies, but the social end of it.
enough to take care of yourself in an emergency, she will undoubtedly give you more freedom.
Whatever you do, don't start to meet this boy on the sly. Have a talk with your mother. Tell her that you like this boy and that you will appreciate it if she will look him over and tell you whether she thinks he will be a nice escort or not. Then tell the boy that you want him to meet your mother because she is such a swell person.
If you will build your boy friend up to your mother, and build your mother up to your boy friend, you'll find that both will like each other.
I'm strongly of the opinion that any teenster can have a wonderful time with the backing of her mother. Kitchen dancing parties, ten o'clock snacks, or evenings spent in listening to recordings can be arranged by mothers and will turn out to be twice as much fun as other types of entertainment.
Try it and be convinced.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am married and have a girl two and a boy three.
Roy, my husband, was drafted into the Army seven months ago. We just didn't see how we could take it. He has always been a homebody.
He was sent to the Coast for his training. He wrote to me every day and I answered every day. When the time came for his furlough, he asked me to send him fifty dollars, which I did at once. The next week every time the telephone rang, I jumped like a jack-in-the-box, and I met the train every morning. No, Roy. Three weeks later I received another short note saying that he had to have a second money order for fifty dollars or he couldn't come home. We didn't have fifty dollars left in the bank, so I wrote asking him if he wanted our last dime. I have never heard from him again.
His buddy came home on furlough and told me that Roy was going around with an elderly widow. I was heartbroken, but I didn't really know how I could suffer until I learned that Roy had deserted.
My allotment stops next month, which will leave me without support for my children. What should I do?
Mrs. Althea W.

Would you like to have a heart-to-heart talk with

Claudette Colbert?

Then write her care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif., and she'll reply on these pages if she feels yours is a problem of sufficient general interest. Sign your full name and address. All names are changed for your protection.

Dear Mrs. W:
Yours is a real and frightening trouble.
Go to the Red Cross at once and tell them your story exactly as you have written it to me. I understand that provisions have been made for women in your position, so do not hesitate to take advantage of the arrangements made by our government.
Then, as soon as possible, put your children in a day nursery and get yourself a job. Even when your husband is found, he will probably be sentenced to imprisonment for a long period of time so you can no longer expect any assistance from him.
I know that, through the Red Cross, your current subsistence problem will be solved. I wish that, in addition, I could write some words of comfort or advice that would help you through the difficult time ahead, yet all I can think of is the real truth that no one of us knows how great is our store of fortitude and latent heroism until the need arises. Another truth is that we are called upon to live only one hour at a time. That hour endured, we are bolstered for the next.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
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.
Many wealthy people live in my town, but they live on one side of the town while the middle-class people live on the other. I happen to live on the (Continued on page 108)
There were three girls who wanted three different things from Hollywood. It was not in Hollywood that they found them, but within themselves

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

THREE girls came to Hollywood to make their bids for all it had to give, each in her own way. There was Jeannie Holmes, who became the top young singing star of pictures, but would have traded her fame any day for the vibrant love of Peter Blake, popular young star, whose marriage plans Jeannie’s mother, Rosie, cleverly smashed.

There was Gloria Thornton, the loveliest thing in Hollywood— to look at—and the hardest. Other women’s men—not acting—were her specialty and deftly she snagged Peter into marriage during his hurt over his broken romance with Jeannie. Even now she was setting her cap for Paul Daniels, Jeannie’s ambitious director who was cashing in on Peter by getting himself engaged to Jeannie on the rebound.

Then there was Marian Morgan who would have sold her soul to the devil for her career in order to become a truly great actress. It was Jeannie’s party announcing her engagement to Paul that Marian crashed in desperation to put herself before D. P. Lawrentz, head of Jeannie’s studio. The ruse worked. Marian was in—with Jeannie’s help. And Jeannie was heartbroken after a breathless moment in the garden with Peter when he told her he had tried to get into the Marines. It didn’t even matter to Jeannie when Rosie caught Gloria kissing Paul.

Frantic with the whole setup of her life, Jeannie had a nervous crack-up at the studio and was spirited away to a private rest home by her pal in the publicity department, Dorothy Lester. The one person she begged to see was Peter. So Dorothy called, but it was Gloria who answered. “He’s gone,” she said casually. “Here’s the note he left: ‘The Army took me. I’m glad. Peter.’”

WHEN Jeannie came back from the hospital, she found Rosie in their cheerless, modern living room arranging an enormous basket of expensive hot-house flowers. Outside in the garden there was a profusion of roses and gardenias. But Rosie never used what was at hand when she could buy something else.

“Hello, Mother,” Jeannie said.

Rosie saw that Jeannie seemed to have grown taller because she was so much thinner. She noticed the purple shadows beneath her eyes. But what she failed utterly to see was that in Jeannie’s eyes there was that certain look which proves that a young woman has been doing serious thinking.

“Darling,” Rosie said. “You’ve come back. And, somehow, with Peter gone and Paul working every night cutting the Thornton picture, I feel as if you’re my little girl again.”

Jeannie smiled. “I’m afraid I’m my own girl now.”

“What do you mean?” Rosie asked.

“I’ve just told D.P. I won’t do that script they sent me in the hospital.”

Rosie shoved the flowers aside and leaned against the edge of the table. “But you didn’t consult me, Jeannie.”

“No,” said Jeannie quietly, “I just went into a little conference with myself.”

Rosie choked down the rage that had risen in her throat. “What happened?”

“I’m on suspension,” Jeannie said. “You’re—you’re not going to get your salary?”

“That’s right!”

For so many years Rosie Holmes had struggled to piece a living together that her mind could not encompass the gesture of turning down a weekly five-figure sum for a principle. She did not need money now. Nevertheless the idea of “going off salary” instead of making a film in which she did not believe was so incomprehensible to her that she looked at Jeannie as if she were a monster. Even the old familiar speech failed her. She could not talk of her “sacrifices” or deify her “weary bones.” She just stood there with the expensive flowers framing her horrified face. Finally she whispered, “I don’t understand you.”

Jeannie, however, was about to understand herself. During those weeks in the hospital with nothing but her own soul to examine, she had arrived at a curious kind of inner peace. She had taken stock of her mistakes and, although she could not rectify her greatest one—letting Peter down—she could, she realized, compensate by being true to herself at last.

Reading the script of “Summer Moon,” she knew, with the exaltation that is one of the compensations of a decision born of personal integrity, that she would not make this film.

Not even Rosie’s belated but
Marian watched the bombing avidly, as Peter drew Jeannie to him, whispered, "It's always been you."
unabashed hysterics shook her calm determination when, the next day, a Hollywood columnist announced, "Marian Morgan, who made such a hit doing a bit in the Broadway musical 'Arizona,' is going places. The original screen story 'Summer Moon,' first slated for Jeannie Holmes, is to be Marian's first starring vehicle. Jeannie was a naughty girl and turned this fine story down."

However, Jeannie had thought about more than her screen life while in the hospital. She had come to a vital decision concerning Paul Daniels. It had been wrong of her to become engaged to him. She said the gesture was for what it was—a protest against the injustice of the Peter Blake episode—but this knowledge did not free her from a promise. She assured Paul that as soon as she was released from the hospital she would be a dutiful and proper sweet-heart to the man she would eventually marry.

She had been allowed no visitors while she was in the nursing home—not even Paul or her mother, mostly not her mother. She called Paul now at the studio. At last the operator located him in the projection room. He was running bits and pieces of the Thornton film.

"Paul," Jeannie said, "I'm home."

"That's wonderful," Paul said and behind his words she could hear the sound track muttering, could hear Gloria's voice from the screen, mumbling, "It will never be the same again." And then she heard Paul saying, "No, not that one. That other take." He was speaking, she knew, to the cutter sitting beside him. Then again he spoke into the telephone to her, but his voice had the remote, impersonal quality that a man's voice has when he is doing man's work and must, at the same time, give attention to a woman.

"Paul," Jeannie said, "I want to dance. Will you pick me up here at the house about seven and take me to Mocambo?"

Again came the mumbling from the screen and Paul's voice above it, "Can't make it then," and, to the cutter, "No, you idiot, that's a rotten take."

"All right, Paul," Jeannie said. "Meet me at Mocambo at eight."

"Okay," Paul said and as Jeannie hung up the telephone she was not sure whether he had said 'okay' to her or to the cutter.

She was less sure that night when, in one of the few evening dresses that Rosie had ever allowed her, she arrived at Mocambo. The head table she felt more lonely even than she had felt in the hospital when she was absolutely alone.

At half past nine she called the waiter. "Mr. Daniels must have been detained at the studio. I'll order dinner now—while I wait for him."

She said it loud enough for the people at the other table to hear her.

At ten-thirty she had finished her dinner—or, at least, she had disfigured it with a knife and fork. Aware that everyone was watching her, she went downstairs, remained fifteen minutes and returned to her table. She said to the waiter, her voice loud, "I've just had a call from Mr. Daniels. He has been dreadfully detained at the studio. So please bring me my check."

She was opening her bag to find a bill, her eyes lowered, when she heard the most delightful sound around the room. Somehow she knew the whispers concerned her. Looking up, she saw Paul standing in the entrance. And standing beside him, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed, her low-cut lamé evening gown reflecting the lights, as well as every curve of her luscious body, was Gloria Thornton.

Before Jeannie had time to design a course of behavior Paul saw her and headed for her table not too steadfastly, for he had been drinking.

"Forgive me, Jeannie," he said. "I don't have any excuse, I just forgot I was to meet you, that's all."

"Thanks for being honest," Jeannie said.

"Besides," Paul went on, not hearing her, "this picture I've just made with Gloria is lousy and I know it."

Gloria, having greeted everyone she knew as if slightly, followed Paul to the table. "It is nice that you could get away, Gloria," Jeannie said in loud clear tones. "I had hoped you could come, but wasn't sure." A waiter lifted a chair above his head and set it down for Gloria.

"Go on, bawling out," Gloria said.

"You took Peter away from me more quietly," Jeannie answered.

"I'm not taking Paul away from you," Gloria's voice rose shrilly. "He's just my director. Why should I want him (Continued on page 87)
She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's another engaged girl with that adorable Pond's look. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel gorgeously clean—and ever so soft."

How she beauty-creams with Pond's:

One—She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

Two—She rinses with more Pond's, swirling her cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face extra clean, extra soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use Pond's this twice-over way—night and morning—and for in-between-time beauty clean-ups too!

Her face is engagingly soft and smooth. "I just leave it to Pond's," she says.

Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton

Her engagement to Lieutenant I.C. Noyes, U.S.N.R., was announced by her parents

HER RING—an exceptionally beautiful, clear diamond, flanked with smaller diamonds and set in platinum.

FOR THE DURATION—Lola has volunteered as a Nurses' Aide, serving at the hospital regularly each week. "It's grand to feel that I can do something so badly needed," she says. Your local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Why not find out how you can help there?

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lady Kinross Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
Lady Louis Mountbatten

GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with both hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own big jar of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today! At beauty counters everywhere!
From the ship U.S.S. Madison comes a request from Red Caffrey's Deck Apes. "We would like very much to have you send us an autographed photograph of our favorite pin-up girl. We would like the picture autographed to Red's Deck Apes. In case you don't know what deck apes are, we will gladly explain. They are deck hands, a hard-working group of men. Must sign off now, but we are impatiently awaiting the picture of our favorite Betty Grable."

**Photoplays**

**COMMAND PERFORMANCE**

Request granted! Three stars pose for three lucky service people. Hymie Fink took the pictures—the originals of which will go to the boys and the girl who asked for them.
TODAY THIS BOY DID A MAN-SIZE JOB. Today this little fellow collected enough scrap paper to make containers for 15 pints of blood. Now he's getting a well-deserved rest on his Beautyrest (made by Simmons). If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky.

For you have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, and a sag-proof border. Take the best care of your Beautyrest, for we don't know when you can buy another. We still have a good way to go, and we're neck-deep in war production. But if you need a new mattress now, we recommend a WHITE KNIGHT made by Simmons. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, and comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! And the postwar Beautyrest will be something out of this world, and that's a promise! NEWS—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST
The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P.S. DID YOU BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK?
If You Were Betty Hutton's House Guest

(Continued from page 49) a blue baby pillow in it, and a pink chaise longue with a pink baby pillow on it. And a glass-topped dressing table in the palest pink net skirt whose top is jammed with perfume bottles—at least two dozen of them. But what really charms you is a stuffed Bambi deer, standing among the pale yellow and rose window drapes, staring soulfully at you.

"A wonderful priest, Father Sullivan from Newark, New Jersey, gave that to me," Betty tells you, "because I took him on the set of 'Going My Way.'" Later you realize that there are toy animals all over the house—they're Betty's one obsession—and the three books on the table beside the chaise longue are your first introduction to her versatile reading habits.

Next thing you know she has you peering into a closet where you see several pairs of high-heeled mules, six bed-jackets and quilted bathrobes and lounging pajama sets. On a shelf above are four cellophane boxes neatly packed with gay feathers for Betty's hair.

Down the hall again, past her white and red bathroom with its towel racks crammed with colorful clothes, comes a door marked "BJH." (The J is for June.) Then she triumphantly heaves you into what looks like a giant closet. "Here are the rest of Betty's clothes," she announces. One complete wall is filled with two clothing-racks sagging under the weight of Betty's many sport coats, sport dresses, date dresses. Against another wall stands Betty's practical dressing table, the one she uses daily. It too is packed solid with perfume bottles, and its drawers, as Betty zips them open and shut for your benefit, show you neatness beyond a scientist's dreams.

One drawer contains nothing but her stockings; the next nothing but her bobbin socks (six pairs of them labeled "Betty" in red embroidery—Christmas gifts from her mother); the next two hold her collection of costume jewelry. There's a chest of drawers with her gloves, belts, slips, underwear, handkerchiefs, purses, hair-scissors, hair ribbons and bows and hair flowers each in place. But you still haven't seen the closet of this six-bedroom. Here are Betty's blouses and skirts, by the dozen. You notice though that shoes are noticeably lacking in the Hutton household. Betty took ten pairs with her on her Central Pacific tour, and the only ones that were able to stand the wear, tear and weather were the pair of G.I.'s presented to her by the Army. She is in the process of making an order in her local shoe board for two shoe stamps to get her through her latest picture.

AT LAST, then, you've seen her whole wardrobe. So you go into your room and begin to unpack. But you've barely lifted the lid of your suitcase before Betty the human ambassador in her own world of fad—comes in, wheels her radio up, and says, "I'm tired. I want to go home for a good night's rest."

Now she's dressed in black mules and a stunning pair of black Chinese lounging pajamas, with the square box coat topped by a white embroidered collar—she brought the outfit back from Honolulu after her eight-week trip through the South Pacific. "Across the hall—march!" she orders, and you find yourself in a tiny sunroom—bar with one wall almost entirely windows overlooking the canyon and surrounding hills. She's already behind the little white leather bar mixing up something; and meanwhile you notice the black and white-checked linoleum floor that looks like marble tiling, and the glass-topped table and white iron chairs. You making an appointment in her, what radio-calls from somewhere below, "Dinner's ready!" and Betty leads you down from this floor to the one below.

On this second floor down are the dining room, breakfast room, kitchen, Mary's pleasant bath and bedroom—and a private wing holding Mom's big bedroom and bath. (The main arm-wrestling battle is back again: floor down, but so far you're in blissful ignorance of that.) The green-carpeted long flight of stairs downward deposits you smack in the dining room, which is the least eye-stopping room in the house. It's just a nice dining room, with a walnut dining table under a small crystal chandelier. Standing on the green rug, against the tan-striped wallpaper, are tan upholstered chairs; and the drapes are in ivory with a tan floral print. Here you, Mom and Betty are served a delicious dinner by Mary and you notice that Betty is not eating very much. "Gotta diet," she says, "because yesterday I slipped up."

Her best friends are four, and they dress in as if by signal the minute dinner is over—Lindsay Durand of the Paramount publicity department, Eunice MacFarlane (Betty's pretty hairdresser), her husband Hank MacFarlane who works at Republic Studios, and Jimmy O'Toole of...

You Said Please—

and we are pleased to give you

Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll winner—

Jane Allyson

You'll find the loveliest picture of her on page 35

Whose picture would you like to see in Photoplay? Send in 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
If at first you don't succeed....

(A SEQUEL)

If you've got a little grocer
Who is worn and sad and gray—
And you ask your little grocer
For Fels-Naptha Soap today!

If you nag him and you scold him
Even try your cutest tricks
Yet in spite of all you've told him
He continues to say "Nix."

Don't accuse the man of hoaxing
Don't mistrust his empty shelf—
Think of Mrs. Grocer 'coaxing'
For Fels-Naptha Soap, herself!

Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE" GRAY
derment to the middle of the floor, it dawns on you that the Blonde Bombshell is practicing a song in the living room. You can also hear the tinkle of the spinette keys—Joe Lilley, music arranger for Paramount and the Hutton arranger par excellence, is playing to her singing.

Afraid you'll miss something, you hurry getting showered and dressed, and you wind up in the living room watching Betty's roof-shaking performance for an hour... side-by-side with her entranced little nephew Johnny.

You have breakfast. The minute you've set down your empty coffee cup, Betty starts rushing you through one of her dizzying days—dashing about town with her, horseback riding—any number of things. By nighttime, when you're ready to beg for peace and quiet, Betty is still shooting on six. Though you may go out you usually end up staying at Betty's with the same foursome joining you.

By another day you know the story of Betty's climb to fame from poverty as a child in Lansing, Michigan, when Mom worked hard upholstering furniture to support her two daughters. You know that Betty began singing publicly when she was twelve, and that she sang progressivel-y for Vincent Lopez's band, for the Casa Manana night club in New York; in vaudeville and in Broadway shows before hitting Hollywood. You know that for many months at a time she owned only one cotton blouse and skirt, which she washed and ironed every night in her boarding-house room so that they'd be fresh for the next night's show. You know that years of a starved love for loveliness have made her clothes-mad now—and you know that somehow all that energy demands nine hours' sleep a night, and gets it!

You know that she doesn't own a hat, and that she came to Hollywood four years ago dressed like a boudoir doll in ruffles and bows—and that since then she's become one of the smartest dressers in Hollywood. You know that she favors black, and all shades of pastel. You know that she's one of the most famous girls of twenty-three in the world today; that she's five feet four inches tall, that she weighs 112 pounds, and that she has toy poodles, dolls, dogs and horses all over the house in various rooms—beginning with the time Lou Costello gave her a toy monkey years ago in New York. You know that she reads every best-seller going, that she drinks milk all day long, that she's very proud of having been chosen "The Most Cooperative Actress of the Year" by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

And you know—as if you didn't know it by just watching her on the screen—that she can't sit still a moment, unless it's with a good book. You know that wherever Betty is there is noise, excitement and confusion... and that you loved every minute of your visit with her. Why, the minute you're rested up again you'll be back for more!

The End

Are you looking for the answers to APRIL FOOL?

Try again—you'll find them on page 131!
Sentimental Celt

(Continued from page 55) Couraged by Coward, she accepted a London engagement and achieved a success which eventually brought her to Hollywood. She, too, had chucked up one unhappy marriage as the former Mrs. John Carroll.

She and Dennis met on a blind date, which doesn't quite describe it, for Steffi, at least, had her eyes wide open. She had seen a picture called “The Chaser,” featuring a bunck of men named O'Keefe. Like every feminine creature from six to sixty she had had her screen crushes, but this was the first time she "had ever wanted a man to come down off the screen." In her forthright manner she decided to do something about it. She got Virginia Field, who was engaged to young Britisher Richard Greene, to get Dick to ask best pal Dennis to dinner.

The date almost didn't come off. "With her cute little Hungarian slyness," as her husband now recalls it, Steffi thought it best that Dick didn't tell Dennis who it was that wanted to meet him. She had no way of knowing, of course, that the big screen thrill of the O'Keefe boyhood had been Renée Adorée, whom she closely resembles.

He forgot the dinner party. He was lounging in the locker room of his golf club, somewhat the worse for wear after a strenuous eighteen holes, when Dick phoned him.

"I had on a pair of slacks so old they were a hop ahead of a pension, and a very tired old leather jacket. All I could do was borrow a suit of clothes. Truman Bradley lent me a clean shirt that didn't fit and I had to wear the borrowed pants falling off my hips all night, in one of those Gary Cooper belt-lines—"

"I might add, that was my last night for lingering in locker rooms—wives have a way of making you forego the post-mortems and get on home."

The dinner party was pretty hard on the lend-lease togs because every time Steffi aimed one of her "happily hashed" bits of conversation in his direction—which was continuously—Mr. O'Keefe nearly laughed off Mr. Bradley's shirt buttons. He was convinced that Miss Duna was a girl of rare discrimination where males were concerned—and she should see what he could do in a suit that fit him. He made a date for the very next evening, and since all actors have a pretty fair wardrobe, managed to fill in all of her time until she left on a road tour with a George Jessel show.

He put up with her absence until she got as far as St. Louis. The long-distance proposal cost $80 with no war tax, and the punch line came when Steffi insisted she was just a working girl and couldn't walk off her job. "But if you weren't a working girl, you wouldn't need your job," said O'Keefe. Not standard romantic phrasing perhaps, but he is proud to recall that it was all A-picture dialogue.

They were married in the picturesque Spanish quarter of Phoenix, Arizona, a few minutes after Steffi arrived by plane. Not till several weeks afterward did the groom find out that all her life the bride had harbored a fear of flying. Evidently it was no time for a girl to be squeamish about such things as life and death.

Sentimental, as every other Celtic soul, Dennis still remembers every detail of their wedding trip. After four years, you can interrupt him in the midst of any conversation with a question such as, "What was the most beautiful sight you ever saw in your life?" and he'll answer quickly, "The Painted Desert—on the first day of my honeymoon—"
"To get good and mushy about it, it seemed like all nature was alive with the color of my own happiness," he'll recall. "In one day Steffi and I drove through miles of beautiful sunset, through a cloudburst and a rainbow, a hail storm and, finally, as we headed up the mountains, through falling snow. Purple snow, falling at sunset on a canyon rim. It was the hail that really fascinated Steffi—they don't have a word for it in the Hungarian language. 'Look, Dennis,' she said, 'ice-pieces it's raining!'"

His wife's English is still his greatest source of amusement and delight. One night recently they were Mocambo-ing with friends when another male in the party thought it might be fun to tease her with some deprecating remarks about her mate. Steffi took it wide-eyed for a minute, then turned to him in distress. "Dennis, you better stop him—" she wailed, "he's building you down to me!"

"I am beginning to suspect," he says, "that Steffi is pretty cunning about that garbled lingo of hers. I happened in when she was arguing with a delivery boy one day and she was giving it to him in straight English. I think she knows just how to charm me—"

The O'Keefe's, Mr. and Mrs., at first moved into a home owned by Steffi, mostly because she couldn't dispose of it. With a mannish desire to provide shelter of his own, Dennis bought a cottage at Malibu Beach. Although they have since acquired a more formal residence, the "shack" continues to be their favorite possession.

"It's one of those places where you think the roof is going to come down every time a wave breaks. I bought it when it was just a hop ahead of complete collapse. We each took a thousand dollars and got to work fixing it up. Steffi bought furniture, curtains and things—I did the painting, inside and out, put a few nails in the roof and built a fence around it. You can't imagine the fun— it turned into a race to see who could get the most effect with the least money.

"We don't care much for formal parties—I'm always self-conscious in a crowd. It's not claustrophobia, but it might be 'elephantitis'—I never lumber across a room without knocking over some one's cocktail. I am also (Continued on page 72)
The real difference in chic is "PINK LIGHTNING" flashing sparks of high voltage fuchsia on the lips and fingertips of the nation's smartest women has the whole country talking... talk such as only Revlon's 21 pace-setting color originals could provoke.

Of course the matchless cling of Revlon Nail Enamel and the lasting perfection of Revlon lipstick are too well known to talk about.
(Continued from page 70) addicted to mistaking those large hats ladies wear for lampshades, and trying to find the pull-cord—"

The O'Keefe household now numbers four, including dark-eyed Juliana, Steffi's daughter by her first marriage, and small Edward, who is a sort of bird's-eye view of dad Dennis. Their home proper is in Beverly Hills.

"It's not a new house, we like the feel of a place already lived in. The architecture is none too brilliant—Mediterranean in style—but we'll do it over, a room at a time, after the war. Meanwhile, it has all the things we both wanted—all kinds of room for the kids, and four bathrooms, which delights Steffi. There's a small guest-house in the back—no pool for the kids to fall into—but a nice large solarium upstairs. What attracted us to it in the first place was the lovely trees—three beautiful straight palms out front—they're our landmark."

It's easy to see that somewhere, back in those days when the big things weren't coming too easy, this very intelligent young Irishman learned the priceless of small things. Success is a great mental satisfaction, he admits, but materially it's mostly a matter of being able to buy a $4 steak once in a while at a place he used to pass by, sniffing, on his way to coffee and doughnuts. He belongs to an expensive country club now, where he shoots golf in the low 70's, but he still likes to play baseball on the lots with the extras. One of the things he's retained from those days when fate was treating him like a yo-yo, is the memory of how some of these fellows stopped back and pushed him up front of the camera, to "give the kid a chance."

It's a satisfaction, too, to be able to repay his mother for the unfailing humor and good sense which helped him when he was, "sitting by a telephone struck dumb, when it should have been ringing with calls from the casting departments."

"There was a kid across the street doing extra work just like I was, and it didn't help any when I'd see him dash out of the house on his way to a job somewhere. One day I saw him come out of the house in a tuxedo, headed for a wedding scene to which I hadn't been invited, and it made me sore. 'That does it,' I yelled. 'If that guy can keep working when I can't, I'm going to get out of pictures!' I remember my mother washing dishes at the sink, and chuckling. "What do you mean, get out of pictures?" she asked. 'You haven't even been in them yet!'"

It's been interesting for him and Steffi to discover that sentiment, and also superstition is practically the same in any language—it isn't any better to walk under a ladder in Hungarian than it is in English. He has a private superstition against being superstitious about black cats. It dates back to a time when he turned around on the street to avoid an ebony feline and hit a car, strewing the automobile he was driving (a borrowed one) all over the street.

When Producer Edward Small first announced his intention of giving him over-the-title billing in "Brewster's Millions," Dennis protested. "My idea of being starred is that it puts the actor in the same spot as the comedian who walks out on the stage with baggy pants, floppy shoes and a nose that lights up. After all that build-up, he'd better be funny—and the star had better be good!"

Steffi just smiles—she knows Dennis won't have any trouble living up to Mr. Small's "build down!"

The End
Esther Williams . . .
currently starring in M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance" with Van Johnson, is a pirate's darling in this exciting Tina Leser original. The gaily striped Guatemala cotton skirt is a treasure with its debonair paunch pockets, nail-head studded with pieces o' gold. The perfect top . . . this severely simple turtle-neck blouse of jersey. Costume belt by Phelps
On the Pin-Up Side of the Street

For dash, and demureness, too... Esther Williams chooses this eye-catching suspender dress created by Clare Potter of supple black jersey. Particularly beguiling is the Bianchini Bug print blouse with its jaunty long-tabbed collar!
MAIN EVENT

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Star billing for Main Event—the rich rayon crepe with the liquid line!

A fabric with all the after-five finesse you want for your "dine-and-wine" dash.

Your cue for a chic contour when you make your bow to Spring. Choose

Main Event in fine fashions—buy it by the yard for your favorite pattern

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A ROSEWOOD FABRIC MEANS QUALITY WITHOUT COMPROMISE
There'll always be an Easter Parade!

1918... M'lady of fashion draped her hips, made her floor-length dress ankle tight and bought Liberty Bonds! 1926... Waistlines and hemlines nearly met. Nail polish was daring. 1930... Uneven hemlines and platinum blondes were all the rage. 1945... Smart girls, fashion wise, buy sleek and charming right-priced clothes like these... and War Bonds! Photoplay's Easter selections are spring and summer standbys and the entire wardrobe shown here can be yours for $83.85.

YOUR SUIT DRESS (top) A tri-color triumph by Lombardy. Rayon twill boleto jacket is red... trimmed with braid of navy blue to match the navy skirt. Shining white rayon bengaline dickey. 9.15. About $14.95 at J. L. Hudson, Detroit

YOUR PRINT DRESS (right) is sweet with soft front fullness... spicy with black lace ruffles. Everything nice!... it's a Henry Rosenfeld Original of rayon crepe in aqua, pink, fuchsia or lime. 12.20. About $14.95 at L. Bamberger and Co., Newark

YOUR ALL WEATHER COAT... is a born puddle-jumper yet is right at home under sunny skies. It's a Weatherbee rain or shine coat of Clipper Twill fabric. In white, navy or spring-bright colors. About $20 at Maurice Rothschild, Chicago

Hats shown here with your five-piece wardrobe described on page 80
A five-piece wardrobe for $83.85

YOUR COAT ... a broad-shouldered topper over suits, dresses. Aqua or gold with black lapels, cuffs and buttons. Rose with navy. It's a Lassie Maid of wool Shetland. 10-20. About $25 at The May Co., Cleveland

YOUR QUICK-CHANGE DRESS ... saucy, with two-colored bow tie, as a suit dress. With blouse or dickey an adaptable, adorable suit. A McKettrick Classic in black or brown butcher weave rayon. 12-20. About $8.95 at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
Easter Bouquet

These ruffled rayon blouses... in the fresh, young holiday mood!

EVELINA
Sizes: 32-38
Colors: Melon, maize, white, aqua, pink, blue, chartreuse—
with contrasting colored ribbon.

SUE
Sizes: 9-15 JUNIORS
Colors: White only, with blue, red or white embroidery.

SENSATION BLOUSES
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Spring Song
in Color

Take your cue from a florist’s window, and deck yourself in color for spring. Marie Phillips does it in Cape Cod spun rayon, two-piece with chevron pockets, double-stitched in white.

Fuchsia, grey, aqua, gold and Kelly green.
Sizes 7 to 15 and 8 to 16.
About Eleven Dollars

an original

Marie Phillips

At your favorite store, or write Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York City
More stores from coast to coast where you can buy these young and gay fashions—or write directly to the manufacturer for further store information.

Shetland Lassie Maid Coat
Barkin, Levin & Co., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock’s
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder

Henry Rosenfeld Print Dress
Henry Rosenfeld, 498 7th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
Dallas, Texas—Titchie Goetttinger Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—J. J. Haggerty Stores, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels Brothers, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Dewees

Lombardy Suit Dress
Lombardy, 134 W. 37th,
New York, N. Y.
Baltimore, Md.—The Hub
Buffalo, N. Y.—Sattler’s
New York, N. Y.—Russek’s
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

Weatherbee Raincoat
Triangle Raincoats, 520 8th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—Emily Shops
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dep’t Stores, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

McKettrick Classic Suit
McKettrick-Williams, 1350 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.—W. Filene’s Sons Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomington Bros.
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.

Wear-Right String Gloves
Wimbach & Ritz, 244 Madison,
New York, N. Y.
Denver, Colo.—Neusteter Co.

Wool Mixture Felt Shoulder Bag
Friedman & Lobell, 136 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
Hollywood, Calif.—The Broadway-Hollywood
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th

Sheer Blouse with Jabot
Lacher Blouse, 525 7th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Washington, D. C.—L. Frank

Plaid Taffeta Scarf
Glender Textile Corp., 417 5th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock’s
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon

HATS SHOWN WITH FIVE-PIECE WARDROBE
JAINTY. DEBWAY STRAW SAILOR—shown with topper coat—a white plique trimmed. Deep white, navy, brown, black. About $5 at Chandler’s, Boston, Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. For store in your vicinity write Debway, 42 W. 39th St., New York

FELT CALOT BY DEBWAY—shown with print dress—bedecked with one big rose in gay spring colors. About $5 at Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Chandler’s Boston. For store in your vicinity write Debway, 42 W. 39th St., New York

MEDALLION-TRIMMED FELT BERET—shown with your suit dress. It’s a Topps, in black, about $6.50 at B. Altman, New York; Bullock’s, Los Angeles. For store in your vicinity, write Topps, 32 W. 39th St., New York

FETCHING AND FELT, the cute bonnet shown with your quick-change dress. All colors, about $5 at R. H. Macy, New York; The Emporium, San Francisco. For store in your vicinity, write Year Founders, 65 W. 39th St., New York

FAVORITE ANSWER TO A DRESS PROBLEM FOR THE YOUNGER SET... how to look smart... inexpensively. PEGGY PAIGE is your answer and here’s the proof. At left: colorful print with dirndl skirt, flattering, shirred bodice, grosgrain belt in KAYBEE rayon shantung.

Aqua and brown, green and black, blue and red. Right: Peasant jumper with cap sleeve and colorful embroidery in BERLINGER’S rayon faille in lime, coral sea, blue, Leyte rose, surf. Both in sizes 9 to 15 at a good store in your city. The price is only $6.

Write us for the name of the store in your city

PEGGY PAIGE • 224 West 35th Street • New York City 1, N. Y.
Little things that make a costume count:
YOUR SCARF, sweet-rustling rayon taffeta in blend-with-everything plaid. About $2.00 at Bullock’s, Los Angeles;
YOUR GLOVES, casual cotton string by Wear Right; black, brown, natural, or white. About $4.00 at James McCreery, New York;
YOUR BAG, a big squashy shoulder pouch in wool mixture felt. Red, turf tan, kelly, navy, brown or black with fake-tortoise trim. $5.00 at Saks 34th Street, New York.

YOUR BLOUSE, so airy-fairy like a handful of cloud. It’s white dotted rayon sheer touched off with lace and net. 32 to .38. $5.95 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

See page 80 for a representative list of stores where you can buy these photoplay first-run fashions

Hudson Hosiery

All good things come in threes... like the three proportioned lengths Hudson brings you in hosiery. There’s a length for the diminutive, the average and the statuesque... sheer, clinging, alluring... and as perfect in fit as though it were knit with only you in mind. If you don’t find them at your favorite store the first time, try again.

Lovely things are always worth waiting for.
Judy Garland looked so dreamy at the Jack Benny party in a long dinner dress of dove-gray jersey, by Irene. It had a high neck and long sleeves and drapery (only for a girl with narrow hips) which lay in horizontal folds from hip to hip—1880 fashion. A silver head and sequin embroidered flower and stem almost encircled the neckline. Judy wore no jewelry. With this simple, graceful dress anything of the kind would have been superfluous.

Ginger Rogers’ gown was of stiff taupe-colored satin. Her tight basque bodice was embroidered in beads. The skirt was long and full. Her jewelry was antique pieces, carefully chosen.

Joan Crawford was lovely and striking in a sequin dinner suit with a long tight skirt and a short Eton jacket of black sequins with a tailored blouse of white sequins.

Dotty Lamour favors black velvet gowns—probably because they’re so becoming. Especially when, as upon this occasion, they’re low and strapless, with a simple, tight bodice, a pinched-in waistline, a peplum and a long tight skirt. Dotty wore a band of black velvet about her throat and diamond aquamarine jewelry.

Gene Tierney looked out of this world in pinkish gray-beige satin. Her bodice had a stiff and narrow ruffle about its decolletage and her full skirt was gored to a tiny waistline. Gene wore no jewelry except her gem of an engagement ring.

Lauren Bacall is a sweater and suit and blouse girl, favoring tweeds and carefree combinations—even for night-clubbing.

Greer Garson, caught on a shopping tour the other day, wore a snug-fitting dressmaker suit of a soft reddish-tan wool. With it, instead of a blouse, tied sailor fashion about her neck, she wore a scarf printed in beige, tan and bright brown and green. Bag, gloves and shoes were dark brown. She looked like a fashion plate even if she didn’t have a hat over her wondrous red hair.

**VERSATILE V NECK DICKEY**

At all leading chain stores

Spanking crisp, clean-tailored, this sharkskin dickey hits a high V or a way-down-low V with a finger-flick. Good company with suits, dresses or sweaters. It can’t be matched for quick-change-ability. Only 39s

**HOWARDS • FIFTH AVENUE**

147 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
In This Corner

(Continued from page 51) during the shooting of “Devotion.”

Olivia doesn’t tell this part of it—that Ida is apt to row with somebody in almost every picture in which she works. Nobody takes it too seriously, recognizing it as part of the Lupino temperament, the same kind of nervous exhaustion that makes her insist that her father is taking part in every interview she ever gives out. Papa Lupino has been dead for some years, but Ida will stop midway in some press statement, look at an empty chair and say, “Yes, Stanley?”

She will listen intently to no sound audible to the others present and then turn to the dazed writer, remarking, “Stanley says—” and proceed to report the unheard conversation.

According to Olivia’s story, having rowed through most of “Devotion,” she and Ida decided to patch things up over a cup of coffee at The Players. So thither they repaired and as they were sipping peace, a gentleman in the next booth smiled at Olivia and came over to their booth saying, “Introduce me to Miss Lupino, will you?”

Now Olivia was at that moment in that horror state everyone has been in sometime. She knew perfectly well that she knew the gentleman, but for the life of her she couldn’t recall his name. She said quickly, “Ida, you two must know each other,” and the gentleman sat down beside them saying, “I thought you two were feuding?”

Olivia, ill-at-ease enough by this time, murmured, “Oh, that’s nonsense. If you want to see a feud you should see Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins on another set in ‘Old Acquaintance.’ But then, you can’t blame them. They’ve got such a terrible script it’s enough to drive anyone crazy.”

“Really?” said the gentleman, “I didn’t think it was so bad when I wrote it.”

It was at that sickening moment that Olivia recognized their companion as no less than John Van Druten, the author of Broadway’s two greatest hits this season: “The Voice Of The Turtle” and “Mama’s Bank Account.”

Actually, bouts are much in the Hollywood tradition. The fight enjoyed—and we do mean enjoyed—years ago by Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri is famous. It was not the silent variety. They fought in the front office, in their dressing rooms and in the interviews they gave—oh, so lavishly—to the press. Life went on at the Paramount studios in the Swanson-Negri days. Their rivalry undoubtedly cost thousands of dollars and altered the courses of several lives. When two celebrities as emotional and determined as Bette Davis and Negri square off anything can happen—and did!

There was, you may remember, Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins. Ernst Lubitsch needed these girls into making a hair-pulling scene the real thing. He wanted an exciting scene. However, their personal fight didn’t end when the cameras stopped turning.

Even Hollywood’s younger generation has contributed to the fighting legends. During all the years that Shirley Temple and Jane Withers starred in pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox it was deemed advisable—to say the least—to have them work at separate studios—Jane on the Fox Western Avenue lot and Shirley at the Beverly Hills studio.

The Temple-Withers fracas began, literally and figuratively, when Jane—then an unknown—slapped Shirley across the face. The script called for this and it might have been forgiven if the critics hadn’t found Janie’s brattish antics amusing and the
Avoid.

handsome.

at.

look

GOLD Hose, dowdy, appearance of Mark better marring that with down-at-the-seams.

Write CTIIAPT Wearlon of for perfect G your by white fine "« are SOS of with NO-SEAM

offend.

guilty entire rayon, wearlon Ave. or of white Rayon, that with NO-SEAM

curves

$50

"court" case'll follow when you

bait your date in "BAND-IT," beau-catcher of the month!

Softly tailored rayon-crepe, generously bordered with a band of contrast that steals around the neck in a bow-tie.

white with brown, red, or Kelly.

At better stores everywhere, or write Sizes 22 to 38 . . . about $500

ALICE STUART, 525 Seventh Ave., New York 18

DON'T LET

"VAGRANT SEAMS"

LET YOU DOWN!

Stocking seams that misbehave by twisting and turning are guilty of marring your entire appearance! Avoid that dowdy, down-at-the-seams look by wearing stockings that can't offend.

GOLD MARK Wearlon NO-SEAM Hose, knit of fine rayon, cuddle your every curve with perfect fit.

Gold Mark Wearlon NO-SEAM Hosiery

Write for name of nearest store!

Gold Mark Hosiery Co., Dept. K, 392 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 18

studio hadn't signed her to a handsome contract.

Also, not long ago—even though Shirley and Jane are young ladies now and not really rivals any more—when a photographer discovered them dating at the same place and asked them to pose together both girls ran off, presumably to powder their noses but really to telephone their respective mothers.

The picture never was taken.

JEANNE CRAIN and June Haver aren't friends any more. They're silent about it, however. Perfect ladies, in fact! They take good care their eyes do not meet as they pass one another on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. That they will ever appear in another picture together is most unlikely.

Everything was fine until the girls clicked in their first film, "Home In Indiana." The studio, delighted and impressed and in sore need of new stars since Gene Tierney, Brenda Marshall and Maureen O'Hara were occupied having babies, decided to give Jeanne and June a build-up.

First of all, Jeanne and June were sent out on a personal appearance tour throughout the Middle West. All the arrangements made for them entailed the greatest luxury and care.

However, things did not go well. It might have been a happier tour had the girls traveled alone. Their mothers, who served as chaperones, also acted, in the parlance of the ring, as seconds. At last there was nothing to do but split up the tour and send the girls to different cities.

Time didn't help matters any, either. It wasn't long before everybody knew Jeanne and June were out-and-out rivals. Though they may avoid one another's eyes, rest assured each is always well aware of what the other is doing. Each, in turn, is grimly determined not to be outdistanced by the other.

In all other respects, we hasten to add, Jeanne and June are as sweet as spun-sugar angels. There is no end to the way they work and study and co-operate with any and all who are assigned to work with them.

Another pair who never speak as they pass by, who never see one another, even when they're face-to-face in the same room, are Betty Hutton and June Allyson. This is a situation of long standing. It all began back on the Broadway stage when June landed the job of understudy for Betty in the musical show, "Panama Hattie."

Both girls were young and ambitious and determined to make their appearance in this hit count in their careers. They succeeded Hollywood beckoned both of them. Whereupon—you know how things grow in Hollywood—their rivalry flourished like the old green bay tree.

At first, no doubt about it, Betty had everything her own way. Then, slowly, the demure—appearing June began hitting her stride. Now, with time, it's even possible June will out-point the gay and lusty Betty. Which would be strictly poison to Betty's ego.

That Betty and June haven't squared off, even verbally, up to this writing is attributable to the fact that they work for different studios and are not, consequently, contenders for the same director, dressing room, publicity representative or anything of the kind. Also to the fact that they are so very careful not to see each other—ever!

Certainly the stars have their troubles. And more often than not they are other stars.

-Now, in this corner...

THE END
Lana Talks about Turhan

(Continued from page 31) in 1945—but she believes she's lived a lifetime.

She said, a little bitterly, I thought: “I’ve had so much publicity that I wish now I hadn’t had. Other girls do things—but they don’t have it all written up. I was only sixteen when I met my first beau, Greg Bautzer, and for three years I went out just with him.

“Then came my marriage to Artie Shaw. That shouldn’t have been. I was a silly, romantic child—in love with love. And my marriage to Steve Crane wasn’t the experience of a mature woman, either. Again I was a foolish girl—governed by my emotions.

You wouldn’t believe I worry about those past mistakes, would you? But I do. I worry because of my little girl. Nothing in the world has ever meant so much to me. I have the responsibility of bringing her up, her education and, of course, I take care of my mother. Sometimes I get frightened, fearful that something might happen to me and I wouldn’t be able to give the baby the things I want her to have. I don’t want any more emotional mistakes in my life—nothing to divert me from my baby. I think I love Turhan more because he loves Cheryl and finds her so enchanting.”

“But if you love him,” I asked, “why do you say you won’t marry?”

I think only Lana would have been frank enough to say, “He’s never asked me. You know, he’s been brought up differently from American boys. He still considers that I’m married and will be until I get my final decree. Neither one of us goes out with anyone else. We love each other, but as for any matrimonial plans—we haven’t any. Sometimes I think I’ll never marry again.”

I remembered an interview I’d had with Turhan in which he told me that his mother and father had separated years before—so I was quite sure it wasn’t Turhan’s mother who would object to her son’s marriage to a divorced woman. In fact, Lana speaks very sweetly about Mrs. Bey who is an Austrian. It was Turhan’s father who was Turkish.

Lana even told me that the very exotic perfume she was wearing was a gift from Mrs. Bey. “She’s a delightful woman,” she said, “and a wonderful mother to Turhan.”

I asked if it were true that young Bey...
these days

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It Had to Be You

(Continued from page 62) when I'm married to a grand soldier?"

The blood drained from Jeannie's face.

"I think I'll go."

"And admit I've won?" Gloria asked.

Jeannie, who had started to rise from the table, sank back again. She knew she could not leave. Not with everyone watching.

When the Hollywood Reporter and Daily Variety, previewing "Summer Moon," acclaimed Marian Morgan a new and brilliant star, it was more than Gloria could take. Her last film, she knew, was a horrible failure. What did the new girl have that made her so sensational? Gloria demanded that "Summer Moon" be run off for her in the projection room and as she watched it, for the first time in her life, she experienced a deep sense of frustration. Never before had she sincerely wanted to be a great actress. She had been content with her proven ability - the ability to take men, permanently or temporarily, away from other women. But as she watched "Summer Moon" she realized Marian Morgan with all the weakness of her poor little soul because she knew that Marian was good.

Marian was in her dressing room when Gloria opened the door. "Thought I'd drop by and get acquainted," Gloria said. "I just saw your picture."

"Did you like it?" Marian asked.

"It's a nice little picture," Gloria said. "Good for the first try. Congratulations."

"Thanks."

"You're a funny girl," Gloria mused. "I never see your name linked romantically with anyone. Don't you have a sweetheart?"

"Yes," said Marian quietly, "I have a sweetheart."

Gloria brightened. The huntress, the woman who finds a man attractive only if he belongs to another woman, was titillated.

"Who is he?" Gloria asked.

"It isn't a he. It's an it."

"Now that," Gloria said, "I don't get."

"I'm madly in love with my job."

Furious, Gloria stood up, "Very funny," she said slowly, "Very, very funny."

As she went down the hall, her four-inch heels clicking on the cement floors, she could hear Marian's maddening laughter. She flung open the door of Paul's office. "Paul," she said, "I've got to make a good picture, not this tripe I've been turning out. Paul, I want to be an actress."

Immediately Gloria was plotting a way of taking Marian's lover away from her.

The following week they started the new picture which Paul assured Gloria would make her a great actress. After one day's work in it, Gloria, filled with curiosity, went over to the sound stage where Marian was filming her second picture. Marian had just stepped before the camera to do her biggest emotional scene when she saw Gloria's scornful eyes upon her. Trembling, she went up in her lines.

"What is it, dear?" her director asked.

"You never blow."

Marian pointed at Gloria. "She's here to spy on me." Her voice sounded like the tinny, metallic sound a tuning fork makes. "Get her off this set. Make her leave - right now!"

Gloria shrugged her lovely broad shoulders, "Happy to go," she said. "Wouldn't like to be anywhere I'm not wanted."

Seething, Marian walked over to her. "You're here for no good. Now get out of here!" she screamed.

The next day the columns were full of the Gloria Thornton-Marian Morgan feud. Paul saw them and they reminded him stabbingly of the girl who wasn't mentioned. So when he left the set...
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FOR months the Hollywood Victory Committee had been involved in a laborious and secret job. Determined that the boys overseas should have the kind of entertainment they wanted, the committee, with the aid of public relations officers, had balloted thousands of men in service to determine the three Hollywood personalities the G.I.s would most welcome.

The task of sorting and sifting the ballots completed, the committee member in charge of the project read the report.

"This will never do," he said to his assistant. "These three girls all work for the same studio. We've got to spread this... this honor... around."

His assistant stiffened. "What about the boys? Those are the stars they really want!"

"You're right," the committee member agreed. "It's a funny choice though, isn't it? I understand Gloria Thornton. And Jeannie Holmes, of course, is the homey girl who reminds them of their sisters. But Marian Morgan—why, she's only had one picture released."

"But, don't forget, it was the most talked of musical of the year."

"Okay," said the committee member, "Get Lance Bradshaw on the telephone. Find out when these three can be ready to go. I hope they like each other; they'll be together for a long, long time."

Obviously he had not read the gossip columns.

You never would have taken them for Hollywood glamour girls if you had seen the three of them in their tin helmets and long raincoats reporting to a shack known as headquarters in a deluge of Italian rain. Six months ago Gloria would have thought death preferable to being seen like this by the handsome public relations officer. But that was six months ago. That was before Africa.

Once Gloria had played in a film laid in Africa. In a long white chiffon dress she had walked across a fake desert into a fake sunset as the wind machines blew back her draperies. On that day she had complained of the wind machines and the dust they whipped into her eyes!

She had learned that the real Africa is incessant sand and burning sun and freezing nights and long miserable rides in jouncing jeeps. Sometimes she had been so weary that she had not known whether she could make them hear her opening line, "Well, boys, home was never like this." She opened the show, paved the way for Marian and Jeannie, both of whom could sing and dance. She allowed the
boys to get their whistling and cheering over before real talent came on.

But Africa, grim as it was, had been safe. When Marian, who always seemed able to ferret out the news of their next move, told them one night, "We're going to Italy," Gloria's blood chilled in her veins.

"They're really fighting in Italy, aren't they?"

"Sure," Marian answered, "and we're going farther up front than any entertainers ever have been before."

"But won't that be dangerous?"

"You stupid idiot!"

It was here that Jeannie stepped in. Jeannie always stepped in when Marian and Gloria quarrelled. She had absorbed so much of those miserable African camps that she felt that never again would anything connected with her small life seem important. Her mother, Paul, her career, all were dim and shadowy. Only one thing remained clear—Peter Blake. And he was lost to her forever.

As they presented themselves at Italian headquarters she said, "Pipe down, kids. Don't fight any more."

Then they were greeted by the special service officer. "It is certainly good to see you," he said, "and mainly I must apologize for your accommodations. We had hoped you could give the show in a high-class opera house where Caruso once sang. But after last night, it doesn't exist any more."

"What happened?" Gloria asked and, knowing the answer, feared it all the more.

"Direct hit."

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"Air raid?" Marian's eyes were bright and eager.

The officer nodded.

"Will there...will there be any more?" from Gloria.

"Probably. Afraid?"

Jeanne spoke for the first time. "No," she said. "No, she's not afraid."

The officer went on. "The boys have renovated the movie theater. It isn't as large as the opera house and it smells faintly of garlic but we can guarantee you an enthusiastic audience.

Air raid! Air raid! Gloria's mind said.

What will I do if there's an air raid?

"Oh, by the way," the officer was saying. "We're assigning a sergeant to look after you. He's from Hollywood and says he knows you ladies."

That was almost inevitable. Boys always were coming up to them with, "My sister went to school with you in your hometown."

And even when the home town named was a spot they had never even visited, they smiled sweetly and said, "Give her my best when you write.

And it seemed as if every boy from California had played extra in one of their pictures.

When the Sergeant walked in Jeanne did not recognize him. She had thought of him so much, looked at his picture so often, run his films so many times that when he stood before her, husky and straight in his muddy uniform, he had no reality.

It could be that she was afraid to believe what she saw of course.

"Peter!" Gloria cried.

"You know him, then?" The officer laughed.

"Know him? He's my husband!"

Yes, Jeanne told herself; he's Gloria's husband. Stand by, Jeanie, and watch him kiss her. Fill your eyes with the sight of him. But hold onto yourself. Be casual. Be easy. He has kissed her now.

He shook hands with Marian next. And last he stopped to kiss Jeanne on the cheek. It was the light kiss of an actor greeting a fellow worker. "Fancy meeting you here," Peter laughed. "Come now, give with the Hollywood dirt."

The four of them grouped themselves around a little table. It had been so long since they had seen anyone even remotely connected with anything they knew—and all they knew was Hollywood—that they all talked at once, telling Peter who was making what pictures, whose heart belonged to whom, what changes Hollywood had undergone.

Finally Jeanne said, "But you, Peter, what about you?"

"Nothing to tell about me," Peter said.

It was then Jeanne saw how old he looked. The boy who had loved her was a man now. And bottled up inside of him were emotions she wanted to share.

"Oh, Peter," she cried out, "What have they done to you?"

He started forward and looked long at her. She felt he was trying to communicate with her in some intricate lover's code. Then she decided that he had only wished thinking. For he didn't answer. And Gloria went on telling him how sensational she was in her last picture.

"Hey," Marian said. "It's stopped raining."

Marian standing at the door of the shack was the last image Jeanie remembered until the German planes were overhead. She remembered emotions, however. She remembered fear so sickening that she could taste it like bile in her mouth. She remembered a great deal of running around, Peter herding them to another place, and a whithering, devastating noise all around, as if the world had become nothing but deafening sound.

That was the first time they came over.

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By the time the second wave, or maybe it was the third, arrived her brain and her eyes were functioning again and she was aware of the others.

First, she was aware of Marian's avid eyes upon her, of Marian watching the whole shocking spectacle as if it were a film devised for her entertainment. No, not quite like that. Marian was watching as if she were a medical student observing an experienced physician perform a delicate brain operation, eager to learn, greedy for the surgeon's skill. Yet it was more than eagerness. Marian's eyes were so gluttonous, really. Jeannie knew she must change the look in Marian's eyes before anyone else saw how naked they were.

During a dull in sound that was almost worse than the noise, Jeannie whispered to Marian, "Aren't you afraid?"

"No," said Marian. "But you are!" And then those hungry eyes devoured Jeannie's face until Jeannie was almost more afraid of Marian than she was of the hissing, splitting, thunderous bombs.

"Don't look at me that way," she said.

"I've got to see everything," Marian whispered, her voice husky. "I'm going to be the greatest actress in the world. I can use every moment of this."

T T was not until months later that Jeannie wondered why she had not asked, "But wouldn't it be better to examine yourself? To test your own emotions instead of feeding on the emotions of others?" And three years later Jeannie, seeing the film that won for Marian her second Academy Award, said to herself, "Technically her performance is wonderful. But she leaves me untouched."

And then thought, "If she had watched herself instead of the others during that air raid she would give more warmth to her performance."

But at the time all Jeannie knew was that Marian frightened her and she thought, "People think Gloria is hard and that Marian is just an eager, ambitious kid. But Marian really is the hard one. Gloria is putty compared to her." For Marian served hard masters—art and ambition.

Fear was personified in Gloria, and her behavior under fire made Jeannie ashamed to look at her. Gloria was neither acting nor observing. As the tearing, shattering noise ripped at the Italian skies her face contorted and she writhed on the ground. Then she beat her head with her hands and tore at her clothes.

"Gloria!" Jeannie shouted, "Behave yourself!"

She rolled blood-shot eyes in Jeannie's direction. She muttered something. She pulled at her hair. Then she stood up, weaving like a drunken person.

Peter was beside her instantly, trying to get her down, saying, "Gloria, you must not behave like this." Gloria looked at him as if seeing him for the first time. Then she screamed. And the sound was more terrible than the sound of the bombs.

Peter, looking at her steadily, drew back his fist. A second later it came into contact with Gloria's chin. She crumpled to the ground. Mercifully now she was oblivious. Peter crawled back to Jeannie. "I'm sorry I had to do that. But it's better for her. Besides, hysteria spreads. We knock them out quite a lot."

Jeannie did not speak for at that moment a bomb fell so close that mud splashed up on her mouth.

"Are you afraid?" Peter asked.

"Yes," Jeannie said.

"But you don't show it."

Then it happened. Peter drew her to him and held her in his arms. "Oh Jeannie, my darling. It's just you. It's always been just you."

"Darling," Jeannie whispered, happy for the first time in all those months.
When this is over,” Peter whispered, his mouth close to her ear, “We’ll be together, darling.”

“No,” said Jeannie desperately. “Gloria would never give you a divorce. Particularly not now. You see, because I was engaged to him, she went for Paul. He was crazy about her, too, and then he saw her as she was and came back to me for help. Just before we left he told her he was through with her. It made her furious. No man had ever told her that before. So I know she wouldn’t take having you go, too.”

“I see,” Peter said. And then later: “And you and Paul?”

“I settled that before I left,” she told him wearily. “I couldn’t have loose ends. He understood. For Paul, weak as he is, always really knew there was nobody for me but you.”

“Then, Jeannie, it will be us.”

Sadly Jeannie shook her head, “She’ll never, never give you up now.”

THAT night they gave their show. And the men laughed and applauded when Gloria, the bruise on her chin carefully concealed by make-up, came out on the stage and said, “Well, boys, home was never like this.”

Gloria was the hit of the show that night. And this was unusual because usually Marian’s and Jeannie’s talent overrode Gloria’s appeal.

But somehow that night the talent did not come through. Marian’s songs were too studied and there was no life in Jeannie’s dancing. It was Gloria who really pulled the show together. And when it was over it was Gloria all the boys crowded around. Jeannie was taking off her make-up when Peter came back-stage. He sat watching her, her hair tied back off her forehead with a towel, as her fingers dipped into the cold cream and smeared it over her little face.

At last he stood up and leaned over to kiss the back of her neck. They sprang apart guiltily as they heard the door open and looked up to see Gloria standing there.

“Relax, kids,” she said as she sat quietly and calmly at the improvised make-up table and adjusted a towel over her hair.

Peter and Jeannie waited for a string of vituperative words. But none came. Instead Gloria cold-cream her face and said, “ouch” as her fingers touched her chin. "I guess maybe your teacher taught you something," she said at last. "I don’t quite know what it is. But it has something to do with... with... would you laugh if I said personal standards?"

“No,” Jeannie answered quietly, “we wouldn’t laugh.” And then she blushed realizing she had said “we” when she had no right to say it.

But Gloria, so calm now, so unafraid, picked up the very personal pronoun. That’s just it. We. I never belonged to Peter and he never belonged to me. Talking about things like that seems funny here, but look, Jeannie, when we get back, if we do get back, I want to divorce Peter because he was never really mine. And somehow after today I don’t, ever again, want anything that isn’t mine. Really mine, I mean.”

Jeannie reached out her hand and took Gloria’s greasy little paw. “Thanks,” she said.

“Oh, skip it,” Gloria said. “I’m still okay. I won’t win any Academy Awards the way Marian will. Not that I think those Awards will make Marian happy. Maybe I don’t know what spells happiness. I never could spell anyhow. But,” she looked up at Jeannie and Peter, “I feel better now—better than I’ve ever felt before in my life.”

The End.
(Continued from page 36) now to learn music. He’s a music nut in a good way. No pretense about it. He knows more about hot trumpet players than anybody I’ve run across. He also knows what happens when Toscanini gives the downbeat. He just knows it instinctively because by instinct he is a cultured, sensitive man.

And it means he knows Anne. I think Anne has more talent, charm and good sense than any other youngster in the business. She proves it in the way she picks her friends. People mean a lot to her so she’s very, very careful about them. She’s never gone for glitter, has been a wizard at avoiding phonies and phoniness. She met Hody on the set of “Sunday Dinner For A Soldier” and they’ve been meeting ever since. Not that theirs is an untrammeled romance. There have been and still are some hurdles to be cleared. And neither one will say what’s to be tomorrow. But today’s okay. So is Anne. And so is Hody.

You have probably guessed by now that I am very glad I investigated Hodiak. I think he’s one of the best things that happened to Hollywood in a long time.

The End

Time Out for Love

(Continued from page 41) from having nothing to say, and the other produced by poise and intellect. He decided then and there that Miss Morley came under the latter classification—and made a note to find out what made her tell without even ticking.

On the other hand, Kay Morley was thinking that Richard Crane was an unusual type of man to be in the acting business. He was without pose or pretense. There weren’t two points worth of ham in his entire system. He looked like a champion athlete, which he had been. He looked like a nice boy, working his way through college by hashing in a drive-in, or like a filling station attendant with a string of steady customers, or like a truck driver with a perfect safety record—all of which he had been. But he didn’t seem to want to remind people in his off-hours that his profession was creating illusions. Hmmm, thought Kay.

So, three or four weeks later, she was having dinner with her brother, a handsomely in uniform, when Dick Crane again entered Victor’s. It wasn’t exactly because Kay knew that Dick frequented the place that she had selected it when her brother asked her to name a dinner spot. It was because the food was so good. At least that’s what Kay told herself.

However, when Dick caught sight of his fellow Marx client practically surrounded by a very big, very good-looking man, he bowed formally and moved on to another table. Kay! Luckily, a casual friend of Kay’s lounged into view, giving her an opportunity to call out, “Oh, Eddie, won’t you join us? I want you to meet my brother!”

Wonderful word, brother! Dick caught it as a starving hobo would reach for a piece of angel-food cake and presently eased over to the Morley booth. It was then that he learned that Kay Morley was really Leona Elaine Lenore deVinna. She had grown up in Long Beach with her parents and a family of brothers, all big, tall and critical of their sister’s boy friends.

However, this particular brother said, as he was leaving Kay that night, “Say, that Crane isn’t a bad guy at all. Seems okay.” From a deVinna this was like being presented with oak leaf clusters.
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Barbara Stanwyck
Starring in the Warner Bros. picture
"My Reputation"

Dick's father was killed in France dur-
ing the first world war just a month
after Dick was born. Naturally, Dick and
his mother grew up together; they were
chums, confidantes, as well as mother and
son. In many cases of that sort, the mother
is unwilling to share her son.

But Dick's mother was different. Mrs.
Crane, who had already noted that Dick's
demure personality had narrowed down to
the word "Kay," suggested that Miss
Morley be invited for dinner Sunday.

"Is there anything I should do, or not
do?" asked Kay nervously, wanting ter-
ribly to make a good impression.

"Just be yourself and we're set," said
Dick and kissed her.

Mrs. Crane and Kay had spent about
twenty minutes together when it became
plain to both that theirs was going to be a
supremely happy relationship. "The one
thing I've felt that I've missed in life is
having a daughter," Mrs. Crane confided.

"Ah . . . please have another slice of this
chocolate cake, Kay," she said.

"It's wonderful. Could I have the recipe
for it, please?" asked Kay.

Not in the script—Kay and Dick Crane
take time out to act like newlyweds.
Well, that settled it in Dick’s mind. There was now nothing to stand in the way of their getting married at once. Nothing—except Kay. She shook her dark head stubbornly. “Your career is just getting started, dear. The studio is building you up as a romantic leading man. If you get married now, everyone may lose interest in you. I won’t let you take the chance.”

Dick put up a good fight. Kay, so sweet, so near to him, was denying him marriage. “What about Alan Ladd, Ronald Reagan, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby?”

“I know, dear, but most of them were established before they married. No,” and she shook her head, “we must wait.” Finally he agreed to her way.

They settled down into that rarest of all Hollywood vehicles: A long engagement. And they found it to be rare fun. Kay came up to Dick’s canyon house one day and looked it over with approval and an improving eye. “Drapes for the windows, some pictures,” she murmured.

The color schemes were good, they both decided—and went to work on giving the bachelor house a feminine touch. Dick decided that one thing definitely needed was a dressing room in the bedroom. He bought a rough-pine kidney table. He and Kay selected drapes for the backing of that wall space in a pattern that was matched by a ready-made flounce and top for the kidney table. Dick put foundation and fluff together. Presto! The feminine touch. They picked the white string rug out together, admitting it was impractical, but Kay thought it would give the room a sleek, modern look.

For his birthday, Kay gave Dick a Maltese terrier which promptly presented him with five puppies. Although her pups had to remain in the back-yard doghouse, Muffins was allowed indoors. She was a puzzled pup, however.

Kay and Dick had memorized lines, scenes, entire acts of celebrated plays. One of their favorite scenes was the quarrel from “Private Lives.” Occasionally they enacted this with gusto, whereupon Muffins retired to the bedroom, lay doggo and peered around the door, or flattened herself as thin as tissue paper and crawled under the lounge.

At other times Muffins sat on a chair, her head cocked on one side, her tongue lolling out, and beamed approval at the love scenes from “Coquette,” from “The Male Animal,” from “Holiday,” from “The Animal Kingdom,” or from “Kiss And Tell.”

Then Kay was awarded the lead in a Goldwyn picture, “Youth Aflame,” and Dick, as thrilled over it as Kay, set to work to coach her in the part. Under Dick’s persistent tutelage, gentle, sweet, soft-voiced Kay became—for camera purposes—a cross-grained, blatant juvenile-delinquent who Muffins was baffled.

Then last November, Dick was called into the head office and notified that he had been awarded the plum part of his life, that of Captain Cherry in the superb Rickenbacker story that is being screened as “Captain Eddie.”

He made a mad dash for Kay and before she could protest, they were headed for Santa Monica.

“What is this all about?” she finally managed when she caught her breath.

“We’re going to apply for our marriage license,” said masterful Mr. Crane. “We know we’re in love and that we’re going to be married sometime. I’ve just won the best role of my career, and I’m going to celebrate by marrying my girl.”

“I’ll marry you under one condition,” said the stubborn little Kay, “that we keep it secret until we’re positive that being married isn’t going to make any difference in your career.”

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designed for the personal use of women of great chic.

Precision checked—as are all the twelve La Cross polish shades—for staying power—for lasting brilliance.
“Secret or otherwise, you’re going to marry me,” he told her.

Now, arranging a secret marriage between two Hollywood personalities is harder than surreptitiously burying an elephant. The fact that their license was taken out under the names of Elaine deVinna and Richard Crane helped some, but every day that the license was kicking around without being used made discovery more possible.

Yet, try to find time to be married! The day that Dick was to be free of the studio for an entire day was the exact day on which Kay had to show up at Goldwyn for fashion art, or for a new test, or for an interview. Then, one noon, Dick learned that he was going to be free for two and a half days. He telephoned Kay, “You’re going to be a bride, honey!”

“I just washed my hair,” she wailed. “It will be dry by the time we can round up Bert and your girl friend and get to Santa Monica,” he declared. So Kay telephoned her girl friend, told her to leap into pre-arranged bridesmaid’s clothes.

From the studio, Dick discovered that he was going to have to make arrangements for Judge of the Superior Court Orlando H. Rhodes to remain at his offices somewhat later than the usual closing hour. Judge Rhodes chuckled, said he would wait.

Dick collected his best man, Bert Marx, his bride and her attendant and boomed down to Santa Monica. They had to stop by the way while Kay rushed into a filling-station dressing room, removed her bandana and combed her hair. Then, in Santa Monica, they located a jeweler and Dick bought Kay’s carved gold-band wedding ring. They also bought an orchid corsage. “Long life and happiness,” beamed the wise and knowing florist.

AND so they were married on November 14. After the service, Dick grinned down at his bride. “You didn’t fluff a line,” he said in the ultimate compliment paid one performer to another.

“You weren’t bad yourself,” she returned.

If that was a good performance, it was a mere rehearsal for the parts both Kay and Dick had to play for the ensuing weeks. Honeymooning and not telling. An occasional columnist would inquire as to their intentions. “We think it would be nice to be married,” was the way Dick answered them, not liking it. Aside to Kay he suggested, “Let’s tell them, honey.”

She shook her head. “I don’t want to spoil things for you.”

A stupendous party was scheduled one December night at Ciro’s, sponsored by the local photographers. Everyone in Hollywood, plus his wife or her husband, was invited. Dick received a bid, of course, and it was suggested that he take one of the studio glamour girls. He hedged, said he was going to have to be late because of previous commitments, and managed to stall out of the responsibility.

At the party he telephoned Kay every thirty minutes. He didn’t like the idea of her sitting at home, reading and awaiting his return. It just didn’t seem right. So, when a studio representative kiddingly asked Dick, “Have you mistimed the telephone for a pin-ball machine—dropping all those nickels?” Dick drew the questioner aside to say, “I’ve been calling my wife. I wish the studio would announce our marriage. I want everybody to know that Kay Morley and I are married!”

The studio representative saw no reason why he shouldn’t oblige one of Twentieth Century’s most promising young men starting.

And so the hidden honeymoon was over— to Kay’s confusion and Dick’s delight.

The End
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LISTEN IN!
THE FRANK SINATRA SHOW
Every Wednesday Evening—CBS

originated by MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
Solid Citizen  

(Continued from page 54) six months ahead of schedule so that they could strike the Terry box office while it was hot. And his former studio, Paramount, has borrowed him back to play the important part of Ray Milland’s brother in “The Lost Weekend.”

He was born Fred Kormann. His father was an oil operator of considerable substance, but Fred (hereafter Phil), believing a man needed strong biceps to spend money properly, started working as a water boy in the oil fields when he was fifteen, later graduating to roustabout, rig builder and tool dresser, among other things.

He spent much of his time in the Oklahoma and Texas fields, principally around Oklahoma City and Burkburnett. Any one who’s visited that hardy country knows that a talent for embroidery work and badminton doesn’t get a man very far there. Burkburnett was named for an uncle of his, but this afforded him no special standing. He had to slug out his job along with the rest of the husky gang.

All of which gave Phil a stalwart background and resulted in his growing into a man of six feet, one inch, covered by one hundred and seventy-five pounds of well-muscled flesh. He doesn’t look more than five, ten, however, just as he doesn’t look more than twenty-seven years old, although indubitable records show he was born in 1909 and is thus thirty-six.

Phil’s oilfield employment was confined to the summer months, thus leaving his winters to attend school, first in New York and then San Francisco.

At Leland Stanford, Phil learned that when the great Pop Warner, then the Palo Alto coach, caught a buck weighing less than 200 pounds, he threw him back. When Warner looked Phil over and asked him how much he weighed, Phil said, hopefully, “I only weigh a hundred and sixty, but I’m awfully disagreeable.”

Warner liked his gall and also the way he could kick a football. He got in a few games as a kicking specialist and might have gone places with the pigskin if he hadn’t fractured a kneecap in an oil field accident and developed a stiff leg.

By the time his college days were over he had decided to make the theater a career. He was pondering the problem of how to crash show business when a friend advised him to go to England to acquire an English accent. Kormann, père, being amenable to any career his son chose, arranged the finances for a flight to London. Once there, after daily broadening his “A’s” and jetisoning his “R’s,” he found a practically unlimited supply of English accents trying to crash the London stage, a discovery which prompted him to turn his face homeward.

The Kormanns were living quietly in Glendale, a highly moral neighborhood of Hollywood. The cinema capital, however, seemed strangely unimpressed by Phil’s synthetic accent. It wasn’t until he put away the clipped speech and returned to solid American diction that he got a chance to act, which wasn’t in pictures, but radio. Soon he came to the attention of an M-G-M talent scout who signed him to a minor contract.

This was back in 1937 and he felt that he was definitely on his way. However, his first try at Metro simmered down into his playing the foil in other people’s screen tests. Phil wanted to be a star, but wasn’t, an actor and found himself proving, instead, that other people were, or weren’t actors. He managed to stick at Metro for two years, and in all that time, just to show how (Continued on page 100)
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(Continued from page 98) His luck was running, he didn’t even set eyes on Joan Crawford, even though he actually played a bit in “Mannequin” which co-starred Joan and Spencer Tracy.

There was a scene in “Mannequin” where Joan, as a downtrodden tenement girl, ran up the stairs to her dreary flat and en route heard voices quarreling behind all the other flat doors.

Like most “sound” scenes in movies, Joan’s running upstairs was shot silently and separately. Later the voices in the flats were dubbed in.

“I was one of those voices,” comments Phil.

“Oh, darling, if I’d only heard your voice then,” sighs Joan, and they look at one another like Evangeline and Gabriel just missing one another in the Arcadian wilderness.

Phil finally asked to be released from M-G-M and shortly thereafter Paramount cast him in the title role of “The Parson Of Panamint.” After a great build-up, “Panamint” got stuck in a dark corner of a film vault somewhere and vegetated for several months. When finally it was shown it became merely a program picture. A

again he asked for his release, but was cast in “Wake Island” as an alternative. Once more luck ran against him: the spectacular showing of William Bendix as Snackeke moved the cutting room to trim out just about everybody except Bendix. Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston, Phil was the sole owner of an overloaded blue funk when he saw what had happened. But luck was with him again. M-G-M was casting for “Bataan,” an all-male picture, or as near to an all-male picture as can be made in Hollywood, and the best in he-man talent was lined up for the cast, including Walter Brennan, Lloyd Nolan and Charles Laughton to bolster Robert Taylor.

While looking over an uncut version of “Wake Island” an M-G-M casting executive saw Phil’s work and decided that he was right for “Bataan.” He was sent for and after a test, was spotted in the role of Gilbert Hardy. This was before he met Joan.

With this circumstance, Phil is particularly pleased. To those who hint that he be a Metro contract player with a big campaign being cooked up to promote him to stardom because of his marriage to one of the old lion’s great stars, he cites the record. As a matter of fact, he hints that if he hadn’t already been pretty well established when he met Joan, he wouldn’t have had the gall to propose to her.

Phil Terry has an abiding faith in the Golden Rule (so unto others, etc.) and his interests are notably sane. He’s a good tennis player, a fine horseman and a near champion swimmer. He plays indifferent’ week-end golf, but his favorite recreation is staying at home with Joan, five-year-old Christina and very handsome two-year-old Phillip Terry Jr. and the myriad friends who drop in, informally, to enjoy the famous Terry-Crawford hospitality.

He has a hobby which he shares with many famous men. He is an electric train bug. The Terrys are contemplating an addition to their home to make room for his trains, when priorities are lifted.

He attends the movies at least twice weekly. He is frankly pleased with his way of life and states, without equivocation, that if he weren’t in pictures, he’d try to get into them. He likes Hollywood and its people; in fact, he can’t recall, offhand, ever having met anybody he disliked, personally, although admitting a definite lack of admiration for certain actors who shall be nameless here.

He usually is deeply tanned and his...
The End
The Key to Gregory Peck
(Continued from page 47) to be another Henry Kaiser in those days.) Then, after he was severely injured in a seagoing venture—the boat went to the bottom and the captain stayed with his ship—he was revived by a capable doctor. (Instantly he decided to be another Mayo!) Both boats and medicine haunted him throughout his subsequent school years at St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles, San Diego High School and then the University of California. At California he was just where he started—rowin' on the crew, and studying medicine—when he happened into a school play. (You know what he decided immediately without our tipping you off. He decided to become a great actor—and this time he stuck to his plans!)

So the minute he shed his cap and gown following his graduation, he headed eastward toward New York City. (Fate, of course, engineered this, with the blonde from Finland in mind!) When he reached the metropolis of seven million people, he had an introduction to only one man, a business friend of his father's. However, the friend was instantly useful. He'd just purchased an amusement concession at the World's Fair and he gave Gregory a job on sight—well, a kind of job! He was barker for a racing automobile that sped around the inside of a huge bowl. But still, it was sort of acting; and it was June of 1939; and Gregory was in New York.

He held it for a month. He made up a spiel and shouted it hoarsely at anyone who came near: "Step this way for a thrilling ride in a death-defying example of cen-trif-i-cal force! Only ten cents, tenth of a dollar! Ride like a bullet around the rim of a wood-en bowl!" When his voice would trail into a husky whisper, his fellow barker would take up the talk; and when the "pro" collapsed, Gregory would step into his fainting footsteps. But at the end of a month Gregory knew that his voice would be gone for life if he kept it up—so he disappeared into the heart of New York to find another means of support. He found it. He became a guide for Radio City, and this time it was his arches which threatened to leave him for life. Dressed in a blue uniform with a white cap, he conducted groups of tourists through mile after mile of Radio City corridors, each tour taking up an hour while the boy fresh from California told the gaping visitors all about New York.

But this couldn't go on forever if he wanted to be an actor—or if he were ever to meet the woman in his life, which he was. He tried out for a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City, and won it. At last he was really acting—though of course it was in a dramatic school, not on the professional stage. It gave him superb stock company training for two busy years; and he also put in a summer at the Barter Theater in Virginia. Back again at the Playhouse, he played the lead in "Green Grow the Lilacs" to a full house of talent-scouring Broadway producers—one of whom (Guthrie McClintic) almost vaulted the footlights to offer him a job the coming fall in "The Doctor's Dilemma," playing opposite Katharine Cornell. Presto! The amateur was about to become a professional—and at long last Gregory was to meet the blonde.

It happened the opening night of the play, in Philadelphia. As Gregory was waiting in the wings to go on, she came hurrying through the shadows toward him. She was a tiny blonde with creamy skin and wide blue eyes. Not seeing him, she ran into him head-on, and after he'd
righted both of them she smiled up at him and introduced herself. "I'm Greta Kukonen—it's Finnish," she said with the faintest of accents.

"Very interesting—but what are you doing here?" said Gregory, promptly forgetting all about the play.

"Later! There's your cue!" and she gave him a push toward the stage.

It was as simple as that when it happened. Later he discovered that she was Cornell's hair-dresser and make-up artist—and meanwhile they had dates wherever the show played, in Pittsburgh, in Boston, in St. Louis, in Chicago. Since she had been with Cornell for two years she knew every town in which they stopped—and she showed Gregory each city and the best restaurants in each one. Between cities, as they sat on trains rumbling across America, they talked and talked and talked. By the time they reached Los Angeles, Gregory was all run out of conversation except for one sentence. It was "Will you marry me?" and he said it.

Only the problem was, how could he afford marriage? The answer was, he couldn't. He doubly couldn't a week after he'd proposed, when the play closed. This took place in San Francisco, though he was particularly pleased about it because his family met him there and he was able to introduce them to his future wife, and besides it was Christmas of 1911, and the future held a million promises.

But Fate had temporarily turned her back, so none of them came true. He and Greta went on with Cornell in another play—which closed in eight weeks in Toronto. Next, he opened and closed (in two weeks) in a play called "Punch And Julia"—with everyone wincing. Then it was summer and stock again; and finally it was fall again and another sour play. It was called "The Morning Star" and it ran four weeks in empty houses (but rave reviews for Mr Peck). Meanwhile, a year had slipped by since Greta and Gregory had first agreed on marriage.

They had spent the year pretending they had money. They saw all the shows—without benefit of tickets. This meant they watched plays only from the second act on—since they tricked their way into the theater by mingling with the crowds in the lobby after Act I, smoking and talking; and then filtering inside with the returning mob. (They are still wondering what the first half of "Gone With The Wind" was like—since they saw that "free" at the Astor Theater, thanks to an intermission)

They ate well—but never at a restaurant; all dinners were served at Greta's apartment, which she shared with her very patient brother Paul, who worked in a chemical company. At first Paul and Gregory weren't satisfied with the menus there because, true to female Finnish taste, Greta's idea of a filling dinner was a salad of cottage cheese with tomatoes. But Gregory sized up this unpleasant situation right after he became a star boarder and began tactfully augmenting the meal with packages of meats and other solid foods... thus earning Brother Paul's undying gratitude. Meanwhile, his headquarters were a hall bedroom in a brownstone house—up five flights of rickety stairs.

But at the end of "The Morning Star," Gregory and Greta went on strike against an absent-minded Fate. They decided half a loaf wasn't enough. So they spent one Sunday afternoon attending a baseball game and that night they were married—in the reception room of the Methodist Church, a few steps from the Men's Room. It was a slightly mad marriage, with strange and sheepish men straggling through the wedding party at intervals
Fate's new move came after another flop play, "The Willow And I," via a telephone call from Gregory's agent—just as simply done as their initial introduction. The agent just called and said unbelievably magic words to the ear of a penniless actor: "Say, Greg, why don't you and your wife take a trip to Hollywood and look into movie offers?" Pause—then the punch-line: "And charge the trip to me!"

This glorious shock almost killed Gregory; but the minute he recovered from it Greta quit her job for good and she and Gregory packed their bags in a delirious dash and flew to Hollywood. They stayed in style at the Beverly Hills Hotel, staying fascinated at palm trees and blue swimming pools in the middle of February..., and Gregory signed his four-year contract with every studio he encountered. Fate tossed them another bouquet, RKO-Radio presented him with a fat bonus for signing the contract. And the Pecks rushed breathlessly to a dude ranch near Phoenix and spent it all "At twenty dollars a day!" they kept chanting to each other. Then they were ready for Gregory to do one last play on Broadway, "Sons And Soldiers" with Geraldine Fitzgerald—and they finally appeared in Hollywood to settle down to caviar and the cinema. All was very, very well with the Pecks. And it still is... and Fate is still working hard in their behalf. For instance, not knowing any better (after all, they'd never had servants before), they idly dialed an employment agency and asked for a good cook. Jessie arrived two hours later; Jessie being the best cook in Hollywood and an expert pianist on the side. And for another instance, most of their New York friends are in Hollywood too, and invariably they gather on Sundays at the Pecks—the William Princes, the Zachary Scotts, the Matt Willises, and Robert Porterfield. Nights find the Pecks miles away from night clubs, either at home reading or at a theater diligently studying movies. Only one movie has attracted Gregory back for more, though—"Grand Illusion," which he finally saw four times!

For comic strips he likes the famous trio, "Dick Tracy," "Terry And The Pirates" and "L'il Abner," for clothes he likes the New York uniform of conservative suits, white shirts and plain ties. But in food he becomes a bit more exotic. He is hardly awake before he downs a raw egg in a glass of sherry. Then comes a short interval during which he gets dressed and puts away breakfast—three courses' worth! At lunch-time he's an average eater; but by dinner he's ready for pounds of charcoal-grilled meats (done by himself outside the kitchen door, with no sauces) and desserts from every country's cookbooks in the world. He also gardens, meanwhile wearing his dilapidated crew cut from college days; and worries over the fact that his dog Perry loves in vain the Persian cat Wedge, and talks endlessly to his wife and baby son.

And that, so far, is the last chapter in the story of the dark young man and the blonde... with the happiest of endings to their series of adventures. They'll be even happier in times to come—why not? Fate is leaning heavily in their direction, every hour of the day!

The End
Love Song for Judy

(Continued from page 29) solemnly, and she said, "I don't know yet myself. We—we've been talking about it. But this time I want to be sure; this time I want to take everything into consideration, all the things that have to do with my work and his. There isn't any use saying—for me at least—that I'd give up my work and my singing. Vincente doesn't want me to do that. But—we want to be very sure. When you are a movie star," said Miss Garland very seriously, "you find that there are a lot of things to be taken into consideration that other people don't have." She paused a moment and then she smiled and added, "I like being a movie star. But maybe that's because I've been one so long it's become a habit."

"How long have you been here at M-G-M?" I asked.

"Ten years," said Judy, "but before that I was in vaudeville for ten years."

"And how old are you?" I inquired.

"I'm twenty-two," Judy Garland said.

Twenty-two. Ten years at M-G-M, ten years in vaudeville. Judy made her first appearance when she was two; she came to M-G-M when she was twelve.

But somehow there was a great deal more to it than that. Twenty-two is not so very old. You aren't supposed to be adult enough to vote until you are twenty-one. A great many girls are just graduating from college at twenty-two. Yet into those short years little Judy Garland has already crowded so much of living, so much of success and applause and hard work and problems.

I thought of something Lana Turner once said: "It's very difficult, growing up in public."

JUDY has grown up in public. And now a new air of womanliness sits upon her, without in any way disturbing the little girl she still is.

"You've put on a heavy weight," I said.

"That bothered me a little when you were so thin."

"It bothered you," said Judy, with a little shrug of laughter. "You should know how it bothered me."

"I thought maybe you did it on purpose," I said, Judy, gravely, "have been trying to gain ten pounds for four years. I mean literally. First, I was too fat. I was sort of chunky—remember when I was with Mickey—so everybody was trying to get me thinner. Then I got thinner and thinner and thinner—and then everybody was trying to get me fatter. Now I've gained ten pounds—isn't it wonderful?"

But it set me to thinking, while Judy wrapped Christmas presents, of the crowded, incredibly hard-working life Judy Garland leads. The phone rang half a dozen times. Somebody was consulting Miss Garland about dance routines. Wardrobe wanted Miss Garland the day after Christmas for fittings. Songs had to be tried and recorded and re-recorded. The portrait gallery wanted a sitting. The publicity department wanted to arrange some interviews. All this, of course, in addition to making the picture.

Judy handled it all with ease and great good humor.

"You know, the way I feel about Christmas," Judy said suddenly, "I think the men overseas want to think of Christmas at home the way they always had it and loved it. Maybe it's funny to say, but I think we're really having Christmas for them so that if over there somewhere they're thinking about Christmas at home, they aren't kidding themselves. I like to think of it this year as sort of keeping in practice for them. That makes it easier. You know what I mean?"

---

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This "flaking off" process is practically invisible but it takes place as any skin specialist will tell you.

And here's why Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack is so helpful in hastening this process along—why it's one of the quickest and most effective ways to reveal this underskin with all its naturally clear, blushing freshness.

The Simple Easy Treatment

Just spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and relax. Feel how refreshing its tightening, stimulating effect is on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes. Now look in your mirror—

Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so alive looking. The mild rubefacient or "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack helps give your skin a thrilling glow—a bewitching rosy charm and fascination which should captivate the most "hard-to-impress" he-man.

Use Hopper's White Clay Pack whenever you want to look your own dazzling best on short notice—and to help maintain an enviable 'top-skin' throughout the years. Buy Hopper's Clay Pack at any cosmetic counters.

Since one of my sons was somewhere with Patton's Third Army, I said I knew very well what she meant.

"Do you think people are more religious this Christmas than they've been in a long time?" Judy said, sitting down beside me on the big couch.

"Of course," I said, thinking how mature she was for one so young.

"You know, Judy, you didn't just grow up in public. You grew up as the baby of the entire Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot."

"Well," said Judy, with an enchanting grin, "they were all wonderful about it. The only thing that ever bothered me was how hard it was to make anybody realize I wasn't still twelve years old. They still kind of think I am."

That, I knew, was true. When Judy married Dave Rose the whole lot took it as a personal matter, watched the progress of the love affair, talked about it and advised Judy about it. She had met Dave Rose somewhere at a party with her sister Virginia, who is her greatest chum. She was eighteen then and still to everybody who knew her a "baby." The thing that drew them together was music. Young Dave Rose was playing the piano when Judy walked in and that did it. From then on they were inseparable, they had musical evenings at Judy's house with her mother and sisters, they did songs together and soon they were in love and then they married, on Judy's nineteenth birthday.

But it turned out that music was about all they had in common. There is a simple, direct quality about Judy Garland; she has the courage to look life right in the face and when it didn't work she met that, too. Not happily. With a good many tears and a good deal of regret that it hadn't worked. Part of her growing up, that marriage was.

When I saw a preview of "The Clock," her newest picture, it came over me that Judy Garland is a big star, a very important star in the movie heavens. For a long time I'd taken her for granted, just with a sort of affection for her, always going to see her pictures and enjoying them because she was Judy. But in "Meet Me In St. Louis" and most particularly in "The Clock," as you will see, she is more than that. There are moments in "The Clock," a divine story written by Paul Gallico, adapted for the screen by Robert Nathan and directed by Vincente Minnelli, in which Judy Garland does some magnificent and delicate acting worthy of

**Here's a Hot Tip!**

**A NEW MAN**

_is coming to Photooplay in May—_

**Name:** TOM DRAKE

**Occupation:** Blood pressure raiser

**Rating:** High in the feminine heart department

**Remarks:** You can fill in your own after you read THE MAY PHOTOPLAY
Helen Hayes—acting so sincere and so encompassing that I found myself putting her in a much higher bracket.

Judy has come of age as a star as well as in her private life.

And she has brought with her the things that have made her. The heart-break of an unhappy love affair might have been good for her, because every girl has to fall in love sometime with an older man who seems to represent life and glamour and the older phases of life she's read about. The marriage that was founded on music but got out of tune. The friendships, the big family, the years of hard work and the simple philosophy of doing your job well and trying not to jostle the other fellow and expecting the best from life. All these things are in Judy's eyes and voice and the simplicity of everything she does.

"Did you intend to become a movie star?" I asked her. "Did you have a direct ambition about it and set out to achieve it?"

Judy considered, curled up with her feet under her. "No," she said, "it just happened. All I wanted to do, I guess, was sing. I'm sure I never thought about acting. My father and mother were both on the stage. My father was a wonderful guy. He died just after I got my first M-G-M contract—and I was always glad he saw me sort of get started. When I was little, they just kept taking me around with them and letting me sing. My mother didn't always want to, and after we moved to California she always insisted I had to go to school. But—I had such a good time singing and it's no fun singing unless you sing to somebody, is it? So—I don't believe I ever thought of pictures, but little by little I sort of drifted into them because we were out here and it was a good place to sing. Then I learned to dance—my mother taught me. And that was part of it. I think it all just came about sort of naturally, you know. The way things do."

Of course. The way flowers grow, the way birds sing and fly, the way a garden comes into being.

Fat little Judy, leading the band and singing in "Pigskin Parade." Little Judy with Mickey Rooney—and in "The Wizard Of Oz"—and finally a star in her own right in "For Me And My Gal" and now a real artist in "The Clock."

All in twenty-two years.

We went about our Christmas preparations in our own separate ways but I kept thinking that I would like very much to know more about Vincente Minelli. I knew a good deal about the only two men who had been in Judy Garland's life up to this time. Both of them had served a purpose, both of them had helped her grow up. She spoke of them with a rather touching friendliness, a little wry humor, not blaming them that things hadn't worked out, not even blaming herself.

Now, it would be different.

A week or so later the phone rang and Judy said, "I'm starting my next picture much sooner than I thought, but I wanted you to meet Vincente. We're going to announce our engagement next week. Would you like to come and have lunch with us?"

I said I would like it almost better than anything and we set a date for two days from then.

It isn't every movie star that I wish those who see her on the screen could know personally. Some idols have feet of silver or gold. They do not always have feet of clay. That's why I want to take you with me to lunch with Judy Garland and the man she is going to marry.

Judy and Vincente tell this famed writer their marriage plans—at luncheon and thereafter. Join them next month—in May Photoplay.
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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 59) wrong side. The school happens to be located on the other side of town and the wealthy kids act as though they own it. They have organized sororities and fraternities which exclude most of us. The kids in them hold all the school offices. Furthermore, a boy from the good side of town wouldn't dream of dating a girl who was in a sorority.

I have thought about going to school in a nearby town but that would cost tuition that my family can't pay because my father is in service. I can't quit school because my mother would never consent; furthermore, I am in my last year so I think it would be foolish to quit now as I realize the importance of education.

I don't know what to do in order to get over my feeling of inferiority. Can you think of a way to combat these snobs and get some happiness out of my school life?

Corinne N.

Dear Miss N:

You have no reason at all to feel inferior. I like your thoughtfulness in not wanting to work a hardship on your family, also your sensible admission that you think it would be foolish to quit when you are in your last year. In general, I like your entire letter and feel that you are a superior person.

In five years you will look back at the days when you yearned to belong to a high-school sorority and smile. They will appear supremely trivial. However, I agree that—until the present—this thing looms large to you.

Personality has always been the dominant factor in popularity. To have an appealing personality, you will first have to overcome all visible signs of feeling inferior. Some of these are silliness, suspicion of the motives of any person who happens to be nice to one, and unwillingness to go out of one's way to compliment another girl, to boost her, to make an effort to be friends with her.

Bear this in mind. Ninety-eight percent of the successful career girls, not only in Hollywood, but throughout the world, came from middle or lower-class families. By "middle or lower-class" I refer entirely to financial conditions, certainly not to mental, ethical and spiritual equipment. Go to a library and read the biographies of great men; you will be impressed with the fact that most of them at your age—would have been snubbed by the silly people in your school.

Life is too short for you to allow it to be modified by the meanness of those for whom you really should care nothing.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

About two years ago, when I was nineteen, I met a soldier eighteen years old and married him. We knew his parents would disapprove, but we were both so much in love—and still are.

Three weeks following our marriage, he left for a camp near his home. He told his parents of our marriage, and they promptly had it annulled.

We continued to write and agreed to marry as soon as he was twenty-one and this awful war was over. When our marriage was annulled, we didn't know that I was going to have a baby, and when I was sure, I was so mad about the whole thing that I wouldn't tell anyone. Neither would my parents. They said I was better off without such a weakness as my husband and that they would see me through. He was transferred to a coast camp preparatory to being shipped overseas, but just before his boat was ready, a girl that he had known after he and I had split up
Dear Mrs. L:

First, before you make any plans, including this boy, let the war be over, and let him have returned to this country. Your case is a signal example of the error a man's parents make when they attempt to interfere with his marriage. However, what's done is done. Now it would seem to me that the decision for the future is in his hands, not yours. Having begotten a second child and married that child's mother, he owes a definite obligation to her. If she senses this fact so strongly that she will not free him, he will have to abide by her decision.

The only thing for you to do, I'm afraid, is to write one letter to this boy, telling him that at present you feel that, were he free, you would marry him. Why don't you point out that he is married and that you would rather have nothing further to do with him until his status is clarified. Then it is up to him. I know this seems brutal, but someone is going to be hurt. Perhaps, since you write such a charming, sensible letter, you have the intellect and the moral courage that giving him up would require if that becomes necessary.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Two years ago I married a boy who was quite a bit older than I, but he was so handsome and so thoughtful that I didn't dare to listen when my mother said that I should wait until I knew him better before marrying.

Time went on and I had a sweet baby girl. Before she came, my husband was away a lot, but he told me that he was working to make more money for us now that we were to have a family. He also stayed away after the baby was born. Then a girl friend of mine told me that she was positive she had seen my husband out with a strange girl. I laughed and said she was seeing things.

One afternoon I left my baby with my mother and went to a bridge club. I saw a girl I hadn't seen since I was sixteen. I asked her to come home to have dinner "with my husband, my baby and me."

When she took off her things in the bedroom, she turned and stared at a picture of my husband. Then she flew into a rage and stormed out. At the door, she said that I had stolen him from her, and that she meant to steal him back.

My husband listened to my story with a funny smile, then admitted that he and this girl had been married before he met me. They had quarreled and had divorced, but he had been seeing her lately.

I'm simply heartbroken and I think I'm going crazy. He says that he wants to go on seeing her because she has some very wonderful traits, but he doesn't want me to leave him because he says he loves me and the baby in a different way.

What do you think I should do to straighten out this situation?

Mrs. Arvada B.

arrived at his home and threatened to ruin his family's name if he didn't marry her. So his family made him marry her.

Now he writes me that he doesn't love this girl and never did. Even his parents have written to me, saying that they are sorry that they interfered with our marriage. My husband (I still think of him that way) wants to come back to me when the war is over. However, this other girl is going to have his baby in a few months, and legally he is married to her.

Should I return to this boy and, if so, how about his second wife? She doesn't want to divorce him.
Dear Mrs. B:

First of all I should like to say that you have my sincere sympathy, because yours is a very sad case, indeed.

I think that everything humanly possible should be done to avoid divorce but there are some circumstances that simply cannot be faced with dignity, and sharing one's husband is one of them.

In addition to believing in maintaining any marriage as long as it is a good marriage, I also believe in dealing as frankly as possible with the members of one's family. I would tell this man that—despite his statement that his first wife has some wonderful traits, you think he has been unfaithful to her seriously.

Ask him what he would think of your remaining married to him, but having occasional dates with the boy to whom you were engaged before you got married.

Explain that love can blossom only when nurtured by unquestioning trust.

But, if all your quiet, sincere arguments fail, and you learn after a month or longer that he is still continuing his relationship with his first wife, you may want to ask him to free you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the mother of two girls and two boys. Each is intelligent, well-mannered and rather good-looking. All four are very dear to me, of course. But there are times when I think that I cannot endure my older daughter another day.

If I'm tired or overworked, I find myself thinking of her. I know I correct her twice as much as I do the other daughter. I've planned to talk to my husband about this, but he's so busy with his business worries that I'm ashamed to bring this thing into our few private and precious moments together. Incidentally, there is no obscure mother-daughter jealousy between us, because my husband (if he were to show favoritism) would be inclined to be partial to our younger girl.

My older daughter is the most intelligent, the neatest, and has the best sense of humor of the brood. But her very careful treatment of her clothing, her voice and intonations, vex me, even though I approve of her attitude. She senses the complete chord between us and correctly I've found her regarding me with a baffled, beseeching expression. Instead of melting toward her, this seems only to repel me.

I'm so ashamed that I secretly know how to close this letter, except to say that I shall appreciate your help.

Mrs. Angus H.

Dear Mrs. H:

It is my belief that you should take comfort in the realization that you have become aware of your problem. Sometimes a situation of this sort exists, but is violently denied by the mother. As long as a person recognizes it, surely there is some hope of correcting it.

The first thing for you to do is, I believe, would be for you to ask your family doctor to recommend a psychiatrist. Such a doctor is equipped by training and experience to give you the help you need. Don't feel hesitation about consulting a psychiatrist, and don't feel embarrassment in dealing with him. Give him your fullest story and ask him without reserve and he will be able to help you.

I shall be happy to hear from you later as to the outcome.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband is handsome, successful, a very young lieutenant colonel, serving in England at present. He has always been very popular. When, because we were going to have our first baby, I had to go
Dear Mrs. de T:

Cheer up, my dear. I think that, while you were lying in bed last night, you dreamed up a gigantic boogie man. Because my husband is in the Navy I have met dozens of Navy men during the last few years and I can assure you that here isn’t a one who doesn’t spend every available minute off duty either talking about what he is going to do “back home,” or Uniform, or thinking about the same thing.

Many of the boys from small towns are counting the days until they can return to those small towns, one movie and one Main Street. However, returning to familiar scenes is of secondary importance; first of all, they long for their wives, their parents and their children. Don’t forget that, whereas your husband is enlarging his horizon, so are you. You have the privilege of watching your children develop, and I’ll bet a lot that your husband would gladly relinquish his bird’s-eye view of some bombing objective in favor of the sight of his young son taking his first faltering step. Although you have said that you can’t find time to read, you add that you are lying in bed at night, worrying. In what way don’t you use those precious moments to cover ten or twenty pages in a good book?

Here is the real problem you have: Unless you are careful, you are going to fret yourself into a kind of nervous frenzy. You are going to build, by your very fear of it, a barrier between yourself and your husband. Don’t let that happen. Every time you feel old, brand your hair, pull on a sloppy-jean sweater and tune in some boogie-woogie on the radio. You can’t lose touch with the outside world as long as you have a radio.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have made such a mess of my life and that of others that I am on the verge of suicide. I have been terribly, overwhelmingly in love with a married man for four years. However, he has a wife and child to whom he feels loyalty.

He has just returned to our town for the duration. The instant I met him on the street, I felt the old fire and from his glad greeting and the way he took my hands I knew that he was thrilled, too. Now we are finding ways of meeting one another, if only for a few minutes’ hurried conversation.

About two years ago I married a man who has given me everything, but I simply have no love for him. I am going to have his baby in five months and the thought of it makes me sick since my old flame has come back into my life.

Should I tell my husband that I don’t love him and break away, whether I can ever belong to the other man or not, or wait in the hope that fate or luck or something will change things for me?

Call me a fool, Miss Colbert, but just tell me what you’d do in my case.

Mrs. Doris W.

Dear Mrs. W:

Please don’t think of suicide. I am forced to agree with you when you suggest that you have brought suffering to a number of persons, but destroying yourself would only increase that hurt. Besides, how are you going to become a gay and interesting grandmother with a trunk filled with exciting memories if you reject the first step of becoming a mother?

Seriously though, aren’t you allowing your romantic emotions to unbalance you? You are married to a man who has given you everything. You are about to become a mother. Have you ever stopped to realize how many girls pray every night to find themselves comfortably married and anticipating a child?

Let us grant that you feel a strong attraction to this man. He has obviously let you know that he feels the same way, but he has no intention of changing his life for you. Apparently he has told you that he feels this “loyalty” to his wife and child. Yet, while keeping his own permanent life happy, he is perfectly willing to destroy your entire future—your welfare—your life—for the sake of his own ego.

If a man really loves a woman, he will overcome enormous obstacles to marry her. If he merely loves himself, he will treat her to endless torture.

If I were you I would devote myself to
my husband and to planning with him for your coming child. And I would refuse to see this man again.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

You will please forgive me taking a few minutes of your precious time, but by reading so much of your good advice, I come to you to help me as well. I have a very lonely life in my home trying to read or play some music but I do feel unhappy and wish to have correspond-ents to bring encouragement. I am single and come from a very good family.

Thank you for letters from friends.

Miss Olga Scander,
3 Midan El Adel,
Zamalek, Cairo, Egypt.

Dear Miss Scander:

Although I am happy to print your letter, I must also admit that no girl nowadays has any real reason to be lonely because the world is such a busy place. In every city, everywhere, there is need for Red Cross workers, for nurses, for teachers, for anyone—skilled or un-skilled—who is able-bodied.

If you will offer yourself, with a genuine eagerness for service, I'm sure you will find plenty to do and make close permanent friends in the doing.

Incidentally, may I thank you for writing from such a distance?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have always wanted to study people, and I know there is a tremendous field in psychology. I'd like to use this knowledge to discover new talent for the theater. I have no desire to be an actress, but merely want to aid others to a career by being an agent, or ten-percenter. I would like, not only to find promising beginners, but to help make them over in appearance, make-up, posture, etc. I'd like to feel a bit responsible for their future on the screen. Where is the best place to study and receive experience such as this? I'd like to study in New York or Hollywood, as one's eventual field would naturally be in one of these two cities. If there are schools for this sort of thing, would you mind supplying addresses for me? If not, would you suggest some method for me to follow in starting such a career?

Leroy G.

(Don't let the name fool you; I am a girl.)

Dear Miss G:

Preparing yourself to become an agent will take you a good many years, perhaps as many as five to ten. One who aspires to mold careers must be exceptionally well-trained, well-equipped with personality, a knowledge of the entire theatrical or motion-picture industry and capable of inspiring trust of both client and purchaser of talent. I must warn you in advance that the field is difficult for a girl. This has been a man's field for a number of reasons, so a woman— to break in— must be exceptionally determined, diplomatic, and confidence-producing.

Your first step will be to secure work in an agency, as this is one business that you must learn, not academically but practically. You may have to start at the switchboard—an excellent springboard, incidentally, as by handling calls you will begin to grasp the elements of the agency business. I believe that a genuine interest in people, charm of personality, enterprise and thorough knowledge of your field will assure you of success. The best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert

Her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home nights. She'd realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly and never risk scalp odor again. This gentle shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

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Her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home nights. She'd realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

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I'm Like This

(Continued from page 34) one hair-trick I'd like to pass on to any girl doing her own hair: Part your hair on one side of your pompadour when it's wet and once it's dry, part your hair on the opposite side. This branches up the pompadour and gives it a lift, I've found.

I'm a bit on the hermit type when it comes to people; I find one or two people who like the same things I do, and I stick to them exclusively. It isn't that I don't like everybody else too—I do; it takes me twenty minutes every day to walk across the studio lunchroom to my table because I get so excited talking to people and I talk to everyone I know on the way. But in my free time, I see very few people...

Jane Wilkie, who's my best friend, and Van Johnson and Dick Powell. That's about all. And two evenings a week I spend all by myself—sitting in slacks, a sweater and my most comfortable bedroom slippers, listening to my wonderful collection of symphonic records. I sit looking into the first fireplace I've ever had and I make up stories to suit my idea of what the music means. Sibelius is my favorite. I'd give up any party in the world for Mr. Sibelius—and I often have!

I'm not pretty. And no one will ever convince me I am. Just when I begin to think, "Well, maybe..." because I've been chosen "The Prettiest Girl in Hollywood," I get jolted back to my original theory about myself by things like this.

Recently I was wandering around a store when two strange women walked up to me, stared me right in the face, and then one of them said in a surprised voice, "Why, you're June Allyson!" As they walked off the other one said loudly, "Guess she just photographs well!" This kind of event assures me I'm right about my looks—but whatever my looks are, they helped me get on the screen, so they're all right by me!

I'm definitely on the short side: As you may have heard, I'm five feet one and I weigh 99 pounds. For the rest, my eyes are blue and my hair blonde.

I'm planning for the future: I plan for a nice, quiet house with a nice, quiet garden and a colossal collection of records...
and I plan on being a producer, eventually. I want to produce pictures that are so real you'll think the camera was trained on people actually living their lives. I'm mad about the outdoors. Especially when viewed from a sailboat. Some day I want to travel all over the world in a sailboat, with me part of the crew. I'm a good sailor, and I proved it sailing off Long Island; out here I haven't had much time to show off my nautical knowledge!

I'm a good cook of eggs: Any style, all styles. But my boys don't let me cook anything else. She thinks (and she's right!) that she does other dishes better!

I'm appallingly neat: When guests walk in my door, I strip away the coffee dishes and put them up so fast they think a tornado hit them! I like everything to be done right; even my stationery has my name printed in brown at the top, so I have to write my letters in brown ink. I'm even neat about telephone conversations—I hate to have them slop around with "Hello, how are you, what are you doing, have you heard the latest about the Jones family?" and so forth. I like them to be right to the point, and bang! Hang up!

I'm an invertebrate reader: Of the comic strips "Brenda Starr" and "Dick Tracy" and every book ever printed, with Somerset Maugham at the top of my list.

I'm a collector of china pigs: I have 200 of them in my apartment, from the kitchen to the living room. Once a fan sent me a live pig, and it broke my heart that I couldn't add it to my collection.

I'm the nearest thing to a perpetual motion I know: Except when I'm listening to records (when I act as if petrified in stone.). I sit all over my apartment; mostly on the floor. I eat all over my apartment, but mostly in bed. I order a steady stream of cups of coffee all day long on the set—and never drink any of them. In short, I'm too excited and happy to be serene at all—although if that's the price of happiness, I'm willing to jittery the rest of my life! The End

"Let's Be Gay!"

RENE, executive designer for M-G-M, and designer of June Allyson's outfit on the cover, says: "Clothes don't have to be elaborate to be gay. No wartime regulations need be broken, and currently available fabrics do as well as their more desirable predecessors. The trick is in the use of interesting or bright colors and in clever detail."

This is well exemplified by June's pert little suit made of brick-red wool. Beautifully tailored, it boasts no trimming, but features the famous Irene slits for fresh flowers. This is the kind of "touch" the distinguished Hollywood couturiere is renowned for. The colors of the stripes in June's grape-chasing umbrella complement her grey-blue gilette and gloves, and accent her pale yellow carnations.

"I don't see why a girl has to look drab just because a few clouds are out in the morning," remarks Irene. "A good suit will stand a little rain. A gay umbrella will take care of her hair and her hat. And I can't think of any one thing that will brighten a cloudy day more than a few fresh flowers.

It is Irene's belief that tan and beige raincoats will eventually be replaced by more colorful ones, and that as soon as conditions permit, brilliant umbrellas will be available. All kinds of more or less waterproof accessories will pop up on the market, and pretty soon rain-soaked streets will present a festive appearance.
My Husband is Home

(Continued from page 33) very best; so his first sight of me after all our months apart wouldn’t let him down.

Which goes to prove the best-laid plans do go astray.

Five o’clock one morning the bell awakened me from a sound sleep. I flew to the door—and found Wayne standing there! The lack of a telephone had made it impossible for him to let me know that he had landed.

We were so happy to see each other that I forgot how unglamorous I was with cold cream all over my face. And he didn’t seem to notice. Soon enough we were hurrying to the nursery. Wayne couldn’t wait, naturally, to meet his six-months-old daughter.

The minute that little tike, Pam, opened her eyes she began to flirt with her father. And he was so susceptible that I knew I had a serious rival in the family.

THINKING about Wayne’s homecoming I had forgotten that besides his outstanding war record, he was a movie star. These facts did not contribute to our privacy. Even his first day home we found ourselves in a merry whirl. Navy public relations wanted Wayne for press conferences and radio programs. His agent had matters which required his attention. Jack Warner gave a big luncheon for him. There were endless cocktail and dinner parties. We had so little time together I began to feel sorry for myself—until a package arrived in the mail. It was a present for Pam from the wife of a boy in Wayne’s squadron. From the wife of a boy who had been killed. I took a deep breath and realized how lucky I was to have a husband—even on a merry-go-round.

Fortunately, a little hull in activities came when Bubbles Schinasi, Wayne’s former wife, arrived from the East with his adorable five-year-old son. There were some raised eyebrows when Bubbles and I went about together. However, we have long been friends and when Pam was born Bubbles sent me flowers with a card saying, “From my son to your daughter.” Above all, Bubbles and I want our children brought up in harmony and peace. It is, after all, to wipe out jealousy and bring about peace and unity among all people that we are fighting. And all of this cannot come to pass unless we strive towards it in our personal lives.

One night, following a game of gin rummy, I played the record I had been fortunate enough to get of Wayne’s broadcast from Honolulu. When it ended he grinned and said, mockingly, "Isn’t that guy wonderful?"

But then, memories stirred perhaps, he began talking about the impressions he had gained during the fifty-seven combats in which he and his crew had shot down seven enemy aircraft, sunk two small cargo ships, damaged three, a heavy cruiser and a mine-layer. In which, with other pilots, he had sunk an enemy escort vessel and an anti-aircraft barge and gunboat.

“You can’t imagine what a naval battle is like, honey,” without seeing one,” he said. "The second battle of the Philippine Seas reminded me of a gigantic Fourth of July display."

“How?” I asked.

“Well, things like pinwheels were bursting. There were streamers in the air and pharos and blazing. There were all sorts of colors. I saw one carrier sink, with two cruisers and a destroyer."

As Wayne talked he walked nervously about the room, pounding his fist against the palm of his hand. He was different from the nice boy with lots of charm who made "Kid Galahad," "Flight Angels,"...
as had truly asked. And I knew that it was mellow now because of his deeper understanding. After the war, when he returns to the screen, I know he will give greater performances.

Wayne went on: "The Jap pilot is pretty stupid, I think."

"You mean the way they believe their own propaganda?" I asked.

"That too. But what I had in mind was the way they just don't stick together. When we jump them they generally split up—never trying to help each other as our pilots do. And, you know, a single plane is duck soup for pilots who combine their fire power and maneuver as a team."

It might be duck soup to Wayne. To me it was terrifying. And the knowledge that it had happened time and time again—at Marcus, Wake, Saipan, Guam, Tinian, Palau, Mindanao, Visayas, Luzon, and Formosa made it more terrifying.

I had won our gin rummy game that night and, after our talk, insisting I deserved a prize, Wayne went to our bedroom and came back with his D.F.C. and gave it to me. Looking at it shining in my hand, I found the courage to ask something I always had wondered about.

"Were you ever afraid?" I asked him.

"I sure was, honey," he grinned. "Every time they showed a picture aboard the Essex, I was scared to death it would be one of mine. That's something I never could have lived down."

Wayne's next assignment is as an instructor in Florida. How long this job will last we do not know. But as long as it lasts I know I will go around, as I do now, saying to myself, almost incredulously, over and over, "My husband is home!"

And praying still—for the day when every wife in the land can say the same.

The End

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**The Big Show-Off** (Republic)

_Taint_ funny, McGee, and the harder it tries the worse it gets. The story must certainly have been dropped on its continuity at birth and the actors—well the pity is they really don't seem to realize how silly it all is or else they'd have slunk off the screen all the way through.

Arthur Lake is the meeky-mouse pianist who pretends to be a wrestling sensation, and Dale Evans, singing away like mad, is the supposed victim of this and any deception. Lionel Stander, George Meeker, Paul Hurst and Marjorie Manners go round for a couple of whirls.

**Your Reviewer Says:** They didn't accentuate the positive.

---

**The Big Bonanza** (Republic)

RICHARD ARLEN, a disgraced Union officer (here's that Civil War again, Mama), goes west to settle with his old boyhood pal, Robert Livingston, dancer-saloon proprietor, who hasn't a friend in all other people's mines. But Arlen doesn't take to such shenanigans and goes over to help the miners fight for their rights.

Bobby Driscoll is swell as Arlen's kid brother. Jane Frazee who sings and Lynne Roberts who teaches Sunday school, "Gabby" Hayes, Russell Simpson and J. M. Kerrigan, round out a story that needs more than writing out to believe us.

**Your Reviewer Says:** The big what?

**Here Come The Co-eds** (Universal)

ABBOTT and Costello finally have a film worth sitting through and even if it isn't the funniest thing alive, it's still amusing in spots—which is the way we prefer our laughs.

The boys find themselves caretakers at a girls' school under the strict supervision of Lon Chaney, made up as Lon Chaney for a change. And then to complicate their lives even more, Lon's sister, Martha O'Driscoll, a night-club show girl, wins a scholarship to the school; Donald Cook, the headmaster, falls in love with her; Charles Bingley, chairman of the college board of trustees, threatens to close down the joint—pardon—school; Lou gets mixed up with a raw oyster and it all ends up in a mad basketball game that's a riot.

Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra is a great big beautiful feature of the film that will please their millions of radio listeners. And peppy, happy Peggy Ryan is still another worthwhile feature.

Nothing, believe us, gives us more pleasure than to announce this pair of comedies in stride and the laughs are on the house.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Try to keep a straight face.

**Having Wonderful Crime** (RKO)

OUR idea of having a wonderful crime would be to knock that silly, so-gay, charming, aren't-we-the-ones attitude out of the whole business and dictate the fact we love George Murphy madly and feel Pat O'Brien good enough to know better.

George and Carole Landis as newlyweds are so devoted a couple that Pat they take him along on their honeymoon. First the little pixie trio visits a theater and what happens but a magician disappears and the three get all mixed up in it and later even get involved in murder.

People come and go and nobody ever does find out what is going on. Certainly we didn't but maybe you're smarter.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Knee-deep in hooey.

---

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Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest, work with both hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.

For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for handkerchiefs, too.

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fals for Janis Paige. The conglomeration of stars includes Betty Davis, Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Dennis O’Keefe, Jack Carson, and many others. (Mar. and many others.)

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal: Boris Karloff is the mad scientist, Lon Chaney the Wolf Man, and John Carradine the deformed Monster, and the episode all Argentina goings. Anne Gwynne is the girl in love with the Wolf Man; and Edith Myton, Nipper Ryan, Lon Chaney Jr. have the misfortune to know all these unattractive people. (Mar.)

I ACCUSE MY PARENTS—PRC: John Miljan and Vivienne Osborne are rich, doting and heavy-drinking parents who neglect their son Robert Lowell. So Lowell meets Mary Beth Hughes, ends up by driving a holding car and finally gets mixed up with murder and stands trial for it. But why waste your time? (Jan.)

I’LL BE SEEING YOU—Selznick Internat. Corp.: Ginger Rogers possesses a new sincerity as the girl “on furlough” from prison who visits her relatives for Christmas and meets Joseph Cotten, a war-shocked soldier on furlough from a hospital. Shirley Temple plays Ginger’s cousin and Tom Tully is the son of her parents. It’s a different, appealing picture. (Mar.)

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—20th Century-Fox: A tuneful and happy musical, with Dick Haymes playing Ernest Ball, a ballad writer of the nineteen, and June Havyn the girl he’s in love with. Monty Woolsey is priceless as a Broadway promoter, and the songs are nostalgically lovely and haunting. Anthony Quin, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitmer and Clarence Kolb lend welcome support. (Jan.)


LAURA—20th Century-Fox: Sophisticated, adult entertainment so smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it’s a joy to behold. It’s a murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people, and you’ll marvel at the finished performance of Allan Webb, enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews and appreciate the quiet underplaying of Gene Tierney. (Jan.)

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE—Republic: Dale Evans’s role is fast going on the rocks, even though it’s managed by Gabby Hayes. So Roy Rogers and Richard Fowlers, both likely lads, are interested in Dale and her rodeo, and the net result is lots of singing, dancing, trick riding, and everything but worry over the people at hand. (Feb.)

MAIN STREET AFTER DARK—M-G-M: A short puritan film that serves as a warning to service men against the crooks who haunt cheap beer and dance halls. Selena Royle is the head of a family of such criminals until police lieutenant Edward Arnold cracks down on the gang. With Dan Duryea, Hume Cronyn, Audrey Totter and Tom Trout. (Feb.)

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—Paramount: Nils Asther is ninety years old, but looks much younger. He is the bodyguard of the lovely woman who haunts the brothel for the purpose. Scientist Reinhold Schinzelf in this probing story of lives. Without party Johnson and Calvert and Porter Hall are all very good. (Jan.)

MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE—Darmaur-Columbia: Richard Dix in a hang-up performance as a derelict who poses as another man in order to collect a large sum of money from a bank. He actually gets the money, but collides with crippled peddler Paul Guillaume, and from then on he gets deeper in his trouble until his partner John Dieterle and his hero and Elizabeth Bergner and Tor Johnson and Edna May and Howard Bremer. (Feb.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—M-G-M: The Smiths of St. Louis in the nineties are the nicest people you’ll ever meet. The story of how they don’t want to move to New York is replete with charm, color and romance. The family consists of Juicy Garland in love with Tom Drake, Margaret O’Brien, Lucille Bremer, and Joan Carroll as her sisters, and Mary Astor and Leon Ames as her parents. The music is delightful. (Feb.)

MINISTRY OF FEAR—Paramount: This is filled with confusion and intricacy of plot, but the actors perform splendidly well. It is a production of its points. Ray Milland is released from a British asylum on charges of murder and is only allowed to go to Nazi occupied territory by hiding behind a charity organization. Marjorie Reynolds is the American girl, Carl Esmond her brother and David Niven her fiancé. (Jan.)

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM—Universal: Anne Gwynne, her mother Nella Walker and stepfather John Litel reunite a haunted mansion with a party at which Bill Williams disappears for Grace McDonald, Betty Keesh and June Preiser sing and dance right through it all. (Feb.)

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"MURDER, MY SWEET"—RKO: Dick Powell's a hard-fisted detective in this tough murder mystery that starts when slick-crazy Mike Mazurki persuades Powell to locate the girl Mike lost when sent to prison. Claire Trevor is Miles Mander's pretty wife, Anne Shirley her daughter and Otto Kruger a psychiatrist. (Jan.)

"NY GAL LOVES MUSIC"—Universal: Bob Crosby is a crom-bearer leader who puts on a local kid contest over a national hook-up to find a child prodigy. So Grace McDonald poses as a child and wins the contest, only to fall in love with Crosby. Betty Keen warbles away, Freddie Mercer sings too, and Walter Catlett and Alan Murray mug at each other all over the place. (Feb.)

NATIONAL VELVET—M-G-M: A picture to be enjoyed by every member of the family is this story about a little girl, Elizabeth Taylor, who wins a horse race in a lottery and enters him in the Grand National. Elizabeth Taylor is actually the spirited Marge Rooney as the homeless kid is terrible, and Donald Crisp, Angels Lansbury, Anne Revere and Jackie Coogan are all so good. (Mar.)

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE—M-G-M: Laurel and Hardy are still going strong after all these years, and this time they get involved in political intrigue, attempted assassinations and kidnapping charges. They have good company in their boy-march foolery in the persons of Henry O'Neill, Phillip Merivale and John Warburton. (Feb.)

PRACTICALLY YOURS—Paramount: A thoroughly delightful and enjoyable comedy reunites Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray for another hit. For those Eliza Doolittle through a misunderstanding, engaged to a girl he can't understand, and suddenly finds that he's in love with his friend, give bang-up performances. Gil Lamb and Mikhail Rasumny are both so very funny. (Mar.)

RAINBOW ISLAND—Paramount: A lush Technicolor drama with Joan Bennett in her well-filled sarong, Merchant, Marine Eddie Bracken as the last of his patsy, of Dottie and her romance with Barry Sullivan, of Gil Lamb's cupping, of Lamour's full-blowd London and of the realistic situations in which Bracken finds himself. (Jan.)

SHADOW OF SUSPICION—Monogram: Those jewel thieves are back again, as busy as usual. This time they slip priceless gems into a pair of brown baby shoes and you get all the resulting nonsense you've seen before. Anyway, Tim Ryan is cute and Marjorie Weaver pretty, and Peter Cookson a brave newcomer to tackle this one. (Jan.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—20th Century-Fox: A typical Technicolor musical with Veronica Lake, Carmen Miranda and Phil Silvers inheriting a rundown southern plantation which is taken over by Sgt. Michael O'Brien for his married women who control all over the place. Miranda garnishes a few laughs as a walking radio set and the tunes are pretty, but on the whole it's just an average movie. (Feb.)

SONG TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: The influence of a shrewd woman on the life and works of an illustrator genius is here splendidly portrayed by Sondre Wilde playing Fredric Chopin, and Merle Oberon as George Seurat. The story brings you into the limelight of fame. Paul Muni plays Chopin's old teacher, whom Merle tries to keep away from him. The music is exquisite and embarrassing, making the picture the musical treat of the year. (Jan.)

SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER—20th Century-Fox: A Baxter is head of a family consisting of irresponsible Charles Winninger, two small brothers and a little sister who live on a Florida houseboat. When they decide to have a soldier to dinner, he turns out to be John Hodiak and the picture turns into a charming story. Anne Revere is very good as the meddlesome widow. (Mar.)

SUSPECT, THE—Universal: You'll laugh and sympathize with murderer Charles Laughton, who kills his first wife and then marries Elia Wallis, who finds herself have the past catch up with him. Stanley C. Ridges is the relentless inspector who finally outwits both his wife, Phyllis Calvert, and Elia and Laughton give fine performances. (Mar.)

SWING HOSTESS—PRC: Martha Tilton makes her debut as an actress-singer, and puts over her songs in fine style. The story has to do with a jukebox operator whose voice leads to another girl getting a singing job through an error, and it takes lot of time before it gets all straightened out. (Feb.)

THEY SHALL HAVE FAITH—Monogram: The timely theme of this story on infantile paralysis deals with the work of Army doctors with the disease as applied to soldiers on battlefronts. Gale Storm is suddenly stricken with polio and John Blackiston is the Army major who helps her regain her health. The cast is splendid, including Conrad Nagel, Sir Aubrey Smith and Mary Boland. (Mar.)

THIN MAN GOES HOME, THE—M-G-M: This once-awarded reprieve of the series proves very disappointing in all departments, including the performances of William Powell, Myrna Loy, Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport are Powell's parents, and the suspects are Gloria De Haven, Helen Forrest, Leon Ames, Anne Revere. (Feb.)

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THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—Told with sincerity, integrity, and authority, this picture of Doolittle's first bombing of Tokyo is a great one. Van Johnson as Ted Lawson; John Hodiak as the pilot; and Phyllis Thaxter as his wife is a charming, gracious actress. Former Tennessee Johnson will have strength and purpose, and Robert Walker is splendid. The suspense created throughout the picture is terrific. (Feb.)

THREE CABALLEROS, THE—Walt Disney. Three Disney characters, American Donald Duck, Brazilian Joe Carioca and Mexican Pancho Villa, visit the Latin American countries and meet up with such real-life characters as Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz. The color is heavenly and the magic of Disney's pen is real of this world, but the story lacks continuity. (Mar.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—Lesser-United Artists: Babies are all over the place in this wartime problem story, even right in the apartment of Charles Ruggles and Fay Bainter. Marjorie Reynolds is the mother of twins; Herbert Beer_restart the maiden aunt, and Arthur Lake, Jeff Donnell, Cherry Walker and Aline MacMahon keep the place moving. (Feb.)

TOGETHER AGAIN—Columbia; Irene Dunne is a small-town mayor who goes to New York in search of a sculptor to create a statue of her late husband. So the sculptor turns out to be Charles Boyer, who follows her back home, captures the fancy of her step-daughter, Aline Freeman, and things happen in all directions. Charles Coburn is cute as her father-in-law. (Feb.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Warner Bros.: The story of a Parisian painter (Humphrey Bogart) fighting like mad to stay in France. Despite the repetitious theme of Bogart in Martinique, with Vivien Leigh slipping in with its enemies, you'll never lose interest; Hoagy Carmichael as the piano player is very good. (Jan.)

TOMORROW, THE WORLD—Lester Cowan. The story of Skipper from Germany, who comes into the American home of Fredric March, bringing with him all the hatred and trickery of his Nazi upbringing, and sets out to keep up the home and real community. In Skipper's interpretation of a Nazi-bred youth we see clearly the future of the Germans and the drastic measures necessary to stop it. With Agnes Moorehead, Betty Field and Billy Gilbert. (Mar.)

TOWN WENT WILD THIS C—A crackling story full of suspense and comedy, with Eddie Horton and Tom Tully as bickering neighbors. When they appear in court, Fredric March, Andrea March, Webster, Daniel Helminow and Tully's son, James Lydon, may have gotten switched in at birth, the town really goes wild. Especially as Freddie wants to marry Tully's daughter, who may now be his nephew. (Feb.)

VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, THE—Warners: Dennis Morgan is the Clare on the frontier who plunks headlong into romance with Dennis Morgan. With Eleanor Parker, although her family tries to oppose the match, and Dane with Fay Emerson. Andrea King plays Eleanor's sister married to a sailor whom she hadn't seen for two years. It's a delightful little story. (Jan.)

WINGED VICTORY—20th Century-Fox: An entertaining, almost documentary film stressing the personal angle of our Air Force. The story begins with three boys, Joe McCallister, Don Taylor and Skipper, and Skipper is later commissioned, after basic training, on their ultimate destinies. All the real characters are members of the Air Force, and there are so many splendid performances and touching moments to list. It's an American triumph. (Feb.)

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, THE—International-RKO: Edward G. Robinson is a mild, home-loving professor who inadvertently kills a man in the home of Jaan Bennett. Their efforts to get rid of the corpse and evade the law is the theme of this neatly constructed story in which suspense runs high. Raymond Massey is the district attorney friend of Robinson's, and Dan Duryea a blackmailer. (Jan.)

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BLUE NETWORK STATIONS
To Give Cheeks a very soft tint that lasts, Maurice of RKO suggests you apply your dry rouge with the same damp sponge you use in applying cake make-up. A wonderful trick!

If You Tint or Dye your hair, be sure to change your make-up to go with it, says Jack Pierce of Universal. For instance, if you lighten your hair, lighten your make-up, too. And never have dark brows with light hair unless nature made you that way. Nature usually designs eyebrows only a little darker than your hair.

Linda Darnell—starring with Bing Crosby in "The Great John L."—has a lipstick trick worth copying. "After the first application," she says, "I rub off the lipstick on the inner area of my lips with tissue and then re-apply. This keeps lipstick lovelier and longer-lasting."

Star make-up tricks

As You Grow Older, the lines of your face all tend to go downward, says Jack Dawn of M-G-M. Work for a youthful effect with a good lip brush by turning ends of your mouth slightly upward and penciling eyebrows upward too. Go in for short hairdos, ends turned up! And no long bobs! A softer, more subtle make-up is most flattering.

For Silkier Lashes, don't leave mascara on overnight, says Billy Riddle of Selznick. Stroke cream or vaseline into your lashes to keep them silky. Your eyebrows, says Ben Nye of 20th Century-Fox, keynote your expression. Pluck stragglers below the natural line. When using eyebrow pencil, avoid a heavy line. It gives a hard expression.

A Reeding Chin has the illusion of greater prominence if you use a lighter foundation on chin than on the rest of your face. Perc Westmore of Warner Brothers also suggests if you haven't time to start make-up from scratch, do a rejuvenating job by patting cotton, moistened with skin freshener lightly over the face to remove oiliness. Then re-powder.
Models' Special Lipstick! Not merely a new lipstick but a true lip make-up created for fashion models and color-styled by them. Now for your lips the brilliant beauty you've envied in the fashion pages. In the model's own radiant colors... Definitely Red, With Orange, Deep Rose, Ripe Red, Midnight Blue, Sable Dark. The professional stick, $1.00, plus tax.

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Bettina Bolegard, famous for her models of hats and hair-do's, say, "I've loved Models' Special Make-Up from the beginning and now I've added Models' Special Lipstick to my make-up musts."
your Opalescent Creme Wave—so soft and lustrous... so natural-looking... so long lasting. Wonderfully easy to care for and beautiful from the very first day you get it—thanks to the gentle Opalescent lotion and the skillful hands of your beautician. Ask her to show you the Opalescent Creme Wave.

It’s a personalized permanent in an individual, sealed box—created for YOU by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.
That's Hollywood For You

(Continued from page 39) for actors and actresses. When Mickey Rooney started at Metro, he had his dressing room in the actresses’ building, but soon the studio learned better and they moved him over with the men.

Bette Davis has what is known as “The Bungalow” at Warners. This is a perfectly equipped little house, parlor, bedroom and bath. Miss Davis has furnished it with her own furniture, and the two features of it are a canopy bed and stuffed dove wearing the beard that decorated Brian Aherne in “Juarez.” Bette Davis’s bungalow is a great hideout, and once while the studio was looking for her, she was residing there... The dressing rooms of the actors and actresses are really great, and James Cagney, sitting in his dressing-room suite, once said to me: “This is wonderful. I only wish that when I was a struggling actor on Broadway I could have had a hotel room as clean and as comfortable as this.”

I favor Marlene Dietrich’s principle that a woman should look her best in bed, and Marlene, when she isn’t on tour entertaining the soldiers, always makes up to go to bed. Ingrid Bergman is an actress who looks like what an actress should look like, to me, and she always appears so lady-like even though she does chew gum... I always look up to Irene Dunne on the screen, for she appears tall to me, and she always portrays a lady. Therefore, you can imagine my surprise when I stood next to Irene Dunne with her shoes off on the set of “Over Twenty-one” and discovered that I was as tall as she was. It’s so nice to have Irene Dunne with her shoes off... I like this sign which Darryl Zanuck had in his office: “Really great people never think they are great. Really small people never think they are small.”

The president of a brassiere company visiting Hollywood recently went on a tour of the studios. He said that he only wanted to see the actors, as he knew all about the actresses, and that’s Hollywood for you!

THE END

Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

“I adore the softer look and ‘finish’ my skin gets from a 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream,” says beautiful Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, who is the glamorous young heiress to one of America’s great names and fortunes. “No doubt about it—the Mask makes a noticeable difference in my complexion—and quickly!”

How to have a softer, clearer-looking skin—in one minute!

Spread lavish white fingerfuls of Pond’s Vanishing Cream all over your face—except eyes. Leave this refreshing Mask on for one full minute.

“Keratolytic” action of the cream goes to work! Loosens and dissolves tiny powder-catching skin particles and grubby specks of imbedded dirt.

Thrilling! Results show as soon as you tissue off the Mask. Your face seems to light up—looks radiantly fresher and clearer. Feels smoother, too—ready for a flawless make-up job!

Quick Make-up Trick... Smooth on a satin-light film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream—and leave it on—for smoothing, protective make-up base. It’s non-greasy—and expert at holding powder!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
The Life of "The Look"

(Continued from page 57) Born in New York City, Betty, her mother and grandmother lived in a series of apartments. One gathers that the girls were not very well or the environment glamorous. Betty’s mother worked—and still works—as a private secretary. Of her father she says, with a shrug, "He didn’t talk about him." She didn’t like school, didn’t like to study "and never did," but at the age of fourteen, she ran away from home and worked in an office. She was a "shy, sensitive, graceless girl," and made it easy for others. "I'd see two girls, heads together, whispering and be sure it was about me, and brood over it."

After Julia Richmond, Betty considered going to college. "But I suddenly changed my mind. Takes too long. Not necessary at all for actors. Anyway, I never do anything I don’t like to do, so I can’t help it. That I could help."

When in middles and skirts, Betty had decided that acting was the thing she would like to do. Betty Davis, her favorite actress, was "the inspiration."

By the time she'd graduated from Julia Richmond, she’d seen enough Davis pictures to be sure that it took training to be an actress. She put in a season's study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and completed her pre-Hollywood training by playing small parts in two short-lived plays. One, "Johnny Two-By-Four," never reached Broadway. The other, "Franklin Street," had a run as brief as a breath. If talent scouts, on the prowl, caught the latter, they must now be weeping in their beards, for they overlooked Bacall.

But that arresting face and 119 pounds, five feet six and a half inches of non-chalant grace did impress one of the editors of Harper's Bazaar. He gave the Bacall girl a job as a model, which proved to be a short cut to Hollywood.

"What happened," said Bacall, "was that Mrs. Hawks saw my picture, modeling a blouse, in the Bazaar, called it to Howard's attention. Howard called his agent, Charlie Feldman, asked Charlie to wire his New York office to look me up—and over. I was in Florida, at the time, for the Bazaar. Mr. Feldman's New York office got in touch with my mother, who wired me. I'd never heard of Mr. Feldman and said 'Let's forget it.' When I got back to New York, the Bazaar wanted me to be their representative for 'Cover Girl,' then being cast. Most of the magazines, as you know, had girls representing them.

"When I found I wouldn't have a line to speak, I wasn't interested. But after a lot of back-and-forth negotiations, finally decided to do it and was all set to go to Columbia at 3:30 one Tuesday afternoon to sign. Half an hour before I was to go, came the mad phone call from Feldman's man. 'Well, what about it?' he asked. 'I'm about to sign with Columbia,' I said. 'Don't,' he shouted, 'do a thing until I get there!' When he 'got there' we put in a call for Mr. Feldman in California. Said Mr. Feldman, 'Well, how soon can she get here?' That same afternoon, they arranged transportation for me and I was in Hollywood three days later as Hawkins. I made a test. I put in eight months of coaching. I read aloud for days and weeks so that my

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120
“Scare you—Hollywood?” we asked.

Bacall said, slowly, “I don’t think so. I love to act. I think I can act. To be allowed to act is all I want of Hollywood.

“One of these days someone is going to take a good look at me and say, ‘You’re in the wrong business!’ Because, we want none of the things the average young girl wants. I don’t want an expensive fur, cafe-society life or jewelry. I don’t like to wear slacks; would like to spend most of my life in a boat in danga-rees and an old shirt just running around swallow up the decks and polishing the brass. To me, a boat has all the peace there is—and that I must have!”

“I’ve been in this town a year and a half and I’ve seldom been to night clubs. When I get out of high school, I hung around with actors, most of them struggling on the Broadway. Later Mother and I had a little apartment in the Village—friends would come in and we’d go to place called Shima’s for dinner, or a place called Jai Lai, two little Chinese restaurants . . . and then back to the apartment to talk till morning. That was more for me.

“Here, I spend a lot of time with Mr. and Mrs. Hawks and their friends. I like people other than myself. It’s why I don’t go out with young boys. My mother and I—and Droopy, my Cocker spaniel—have a little apartment, which shouldn’t happen to a canary. (Someday, we’ll have a house in the Valley.) My friends come to the apartment. I’ve been told I’m too much of a recluse. Maybe I am.

“When I get to the place where people recognize me, ask me for my autograph, I’m going to think it’s lots of fun. I like to give interviews when I can sit and relax like this. But my private life is my own. I just hope to say, ‘Come on, who’s your real love-life?—I just kid out of it. When I got married, that’s time enough to talk.’

It be said in passing, such a time may not be far distant. Bogie himself made no secret of the fact that for his new co-star when he told reporters recently in New York that he hoped to marry her when she was free. Lauren, however, has been so little talkling to me since the complications to their marriage are primarily his. In this, as in other things, she has not lost her sense of balance. Because, as she said:

“Balance is the important thing. I know that if something comes along that gets me all keyed up something else will happen that will take me down again. If I don’t, it doesn’t make any difference if my nose goes up in the air, I’ll do something drastic. If I ever forget that next week, next year, tomorrow, some one else will do it long and be as hot as I’m supposed to be now, if forgetting I had my break, I ever begrudge it to someone else—I’ll deserve to lose everything.

“Some actors and actresses who have stayed big in this business are the swell people—people like Bette Davis, who is a perfectly marvelous woman. She’s been wonderful to me; she went to producer Henry Blanke and suggested me for ‘The Fountainhead.’ People like Annie Sheridan, Clark Gable, Joan Blondell, Bogie, too—everyone looks up to them.

“I’d like to be,” Lauren Bacall added, simply, “one of them.”

Well, it looks likely!

School Girl

LOSES 49 POUNDS!

—now has loads of fun!

Virginia Josselyn, Denver Colorado, is slim, 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.

“Before, I was ashamed to have pictures taken. I’m a little petite, heavy hips and all. I shuddered to think of it. But this has made in my life. I’ve been to 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 whistle through my homework in no time at all, then I’m off to go swimming, hiking, hiking. You have made me a very happy girl, with a bright new future, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Have you or someone you know 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 Delafeld at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York City. More than 175,000 women and girls of all ages from 12 to 60 have followed this practical plan for achieving beauty and vitality. More than 50,000 are housewives, 40,000 are in business or war work, 10,000 are teachers, 6,000 are school and college students, 4,000 are registered nurses. Hundreds are now enrolling every day.

The plan 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 for strenuous wartime living.

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Dear Miss Hudnut:

I would like to tell you how much the DuBarry Success Course has meant to me.

Sincerely yours,

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[Signature]

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When It's June

(Continued from page 45) important in the plan. She bought silvered high-heeled shoes and a white-spangled veil. She borrowed her mother's diamond ring and earrings. She was ready for her big moment—or nearly ready.

The cameraman in a screen test can make or mar the actress. The cameraman was Joe MacDonald, a nice guy. "Will you do me a favor," June begged him. He said he would if he could. "I'd like to be the only thing in white on the screen, everything else to be in shadow." Joe obliged and for a finishing, glamorous touch, he clouded the background with soft palm trees. Yes, June bought the Christmas presents and got a twenty-five dollar raise besides.

HER first opportunity to go to Hollywood came when as a child she won an M-G-M contest. But her mother said no. So June went her merry way by radio, dance bands, school plays.

In fact, it was a band that took her to Hollywood. When June was fourteen (that was in 1940) Ted Fio Rito came to town and booked her to go with the band to St. Louis for one week. "If you can wow 'em in St. Louis, everything else is easy," he told her. And so when the Fio Rito band was booked for a month in Los Angeles at the Trianon, the Flower family heaved a collective sigh and said, "This is it," and moved lock, stock and daughters to the cinema city.

"It was the right move," says June. "All my life I had known I would eventually land in Hollywood. A Warners talent scout came to the Trianon and I was given a screen test.

And once again, June proved that luck is ninety per cent hard work and "being prepared" and only ten per cent opportunity. For the test she had to play an adolescent in pigtails. She was dressed and ready to perform when the director told her the part for which she was testing had been cast. But there was another role she could try for—a sophisticated, mature young woman. Before you could say "pigtails," hers were combed out and the false tresses piled atop of the fifteen-year-old head. She was padded up a bit, sauntered into her scene, and Warner's said okay, and handed her a contract.

"My first thought after I was signed was "Thank heaven; all the contests are over!"" says June, "but I soon discovered the real contest had only just begun." After nine months and still no picture for her, she finally got permission to do the stage show, "Meet The People."

June was excited because all the producers and directors would be at the first night and at last she'd have a real chance to prove herself in Hollywood. So three days before the opening she had laryngitis and lost her voice! The night before the premiere her voice came back, but at the dress rehearsal she sprained her ankle! She calmly told the doctor to tape it up, and proceeded to go on for the show. June danced for three weeks with a sprained foot and fainted several times off-stage.

By this time, June's courage was known all over the lot. Boss Darryl Zanuck decided it was time to hand out a real prize—the lead with "Lon McCallister and Jeanne Crain in "Home In Indiana." That was all June required to establish herself as star fodder. Since then she has starred in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Where Do We Go From Here?" with Joan Leslie.
and Fred MacMurray. Next on her schedule is the lead with Betty Grable in "The Dolly Sisters," and after that she may go to Warners to play Marilyn Miller.

When June is working, she is called for breakfast at six a.m. and is ready and made up in the studio at 8:45. She is in bed by nine-thirty or ten. On the few days a year that she is not wanted by her studio, she has fun redecorating her apartment. "I've just finished doing three shelves in the kitchen," June says proudly. "One I decorated shocking pink and the others aqua and chartreuse. It looks like a little circus room, with its striped drapes!"

June loves to swim, and when the day comes to buy the house, there will be a swimming pool. Her pride and joy is the new car, which she recently bought, and she drives it whenever she has the gas.

But it isn't all swimming and driving for June. And it isn't all picture-making. She is interested in world affairs, and she reads everything she can get her hands on. And she is writing a novel. "It's a lot about myself. A first book usually is," she says. She hopes to sell the book to her studio—and to act in it. Add this to the fact that she also writes songs and you get a most amazing picture—the picture of a girl who does something about her wishful thinking, whether it's her screen career, one of her many hobbies, or writing to the lad who has her heart, Farley Granger.

June and Farley literally met in the school room. It was Christmas 1943 and the youngsters working in "Home in Indiana" decided to throw a party in the school room. Granger was working on the same lot in "The Purple Heart." A blanket invitation was sent to all the younger players in the studio. June and Farley discovered each other, then and there.

"The next day," June says, "Farley called me for a date." They had lunch. Their first really big date was for the premiere of "The Song Of Bernadette." From then on they were a steady twosome. June was still going to school, so Farley decided to go to school too. At any rate, he kept appearing at the school room. To make his visits authentic, he took up a course in art. But all he could paint was June!

Like so many American youngsters in love, June and Farley hadn't long together. Farley went off to the Naval Training Center at Farragut, Idaho. "But," June says, "he kept sending me little gifts—to remind me he was in the Navy—and to remind me of him—cute little nautical things, and I love them. He wanted pin-up pictures of me for his locker, too."

That last furlough in Hollywood—well, it was like what a lot of other kids are experiencing. A few days—and then an APO address. Farley went from there to the Pacific. June says, "We were together every possible moment. We saw a movie every night. On his stopover in San Francisco he wrote me he saw 'Irish Eyes Are Smiling' three times! His Christmas gift to June was a little figure of a ballerina, the kind of a gift a boy in love would take a lot of time choosing. She loves it."

June and Farley talked about marriage before he left. "We almost eloped his last night in Hollywood," she confesses. "But Farley is like me, very ambitious and determined to be a big star. So we decided it would be better for us both to wait until we were right on top. We know if our love is real, it will last and we can wait." June has always known what she wants and her romance is probably no exception. So it's quite possible when the daily V-mail letters are replaced by Farley Granger in person, there'll be a wedding.

The End

"Vanity nothing! Somebody dropped a bottle of Pepsi-Cola in the pool."
Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 24) we were going to ask ourselves—"Is it necessary to have? Is it helping the war?" Yes, I guess you know where that money is going—right into War Stamps. To buy ammunition to bomb the Japs out of Tokyo!

Miss Paris Dedeian. Richmond, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Unvarnished Truth

I WISH to thank Photoplay for printing Humphrey Bogart's "Medal from Hitler," Bogart has done some outstanding and commendable things on the screen but his writing tops his dramatic talent. Every word he wrote is the unvarnished truth and if we would learn from it and live it there would be no race prejudice, religious bigotry, intolerance and so on. Bogart has done our country a fine service in writing this article and the country thanks you for giving it to us.

Mrs. Almeda B. Waltz,
Long Beach, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Give Me the Wolf!

MOST women, ever since Eve, have a secret tenderness in their hearts for wolves. And why not? He makes them feel attractive and gives them a self-confident outlook on life. They feel smug if he whistles but outwardly all he gets is an outraged look. Summing all this together, you have Dane Clark. He is the most typical all-American wolf. In "The Very Thought Of You" he took the bobby-sockers by storm.

I remember taking jibes and taunts about Dennis Morgan that hurt me to the quick. I was conscious of his cute mouth, his expressive face and booming voice long before my bobby-socks friends were. Now they know! But Dane, please don't marry until I grow up. Then maybe you can look my way. Brother—you send me!

Linda Storm,
Warren, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
She's Simply "Do-ish"

BACK in college we had a word for anything simply "out of this world" and that word was "do-ish." I have just seen "To Have And Have Not" and I must say that only one word describes Lauren Bacall and that is "do-ish."

I have always enjoyed Humphrey Bogart's pictures and have always left the theater braying about Bogart. But this time it's different. Bacall. When I think back over the show, I remember it as lasting about one-fourth its actual time. And instead of remembering the story I only see scenes—Bacall at the head of the stairs, at the piano and the "trucking out" finale. With a supporting cast of Bogart, Brennan and Carmichael, this young star made history in one line—"Has anybody here got a match?"

Mrs. John H. White,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

$1.00 PRIZE
When They Come Back

THIS is what is on my mind—we're coming back by the hundreds, shot to pieces in body and spirit and we want something to give us courage and so that we can find normal living again.

"Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case" gives us

BLONDES!
...Your Hair Can Be
Gloriously Golden Again

Don't let timel-dark ened hair deny your right to loveliness! Recapture the appeal of gleaming "spun-gold" hair—easily, in one simple treatment—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash!

No matter what shade your hair is now—even if it's streaked, dull and coarse-looking Marchand's Golden Hair Wash can give it a smooth, even tone and glistening highlights. And, with Marchand's, you can achieve the exact degree of lightness you desire! Blonde, brunette or redhead, you can make your hair several shades lighter or merely accent it with a "touch of gold."

Carefully developed by experts in hair care, the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is complete in itself for use at home. Not a dye—not an expensive "treatment," it's easier than ever to use! Excellent, too, for lightening arm and leg hair. Try Marchand's today!

MARCHAND'S
Golden
Hair Wash
Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Root

STAMMER?

This new 16-page book, "Stammering, His Causes and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 64 years. B. H. Bogue, Dept. 1678, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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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.

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TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

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A member of the chic international set in Paris before the war, she is now Fashion Directress for one of New York's exclusive shops.

"Yasmin"}

DIER KISS
Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

Kerkoff
WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT
HONORABLE MENTION

On behalf of my sister, Frances Farmer, would you be kind enough to print this "thank-you" to her many fans for their hundreds of letters of faith and encouragement? She has also received thousands of requests since her illness for photographs which are impossible to fulfill. We regret especially not being able to answer or oblige the many requests of men in the service. They are all appreciated for their good wishes and kind thoughts.

It will probably be some time before Frances will be in a position to renew her fan-mail correspondence.

Thank you for publishing this letter for her.

Edith Farmer Elliot, Hilo, Hawaii

HATS off to a great picture, "American Romance." It shows how every person has equal rights and how Steve Dangos migrated to America; how he took advantage of all the opportunities here, starting from the bottom digging ore to make steel and finally getting to the top making automobiles and planes. Steve loved America. He was willing to work hard to stay here. He laughed and cried, sweated and toiled to get ahead. Let him be an example to every American. Steve was America!

Elise Vaccarest, Watertown, Mass.

WILL the time ever come when Hollywood will give to the movie public a true-to-life presentation of the speech and the customs of the South? I grant that it has its illiteracy and economic problems, but it is a progressive section, and wants to emerge from the hillbilly-band-playing and mint-julep-drinking era in which Hollywood has it shelved for what looks like eternity.


MY conscience had been bothering me for some time but I would just argue with it. I was on the verge of telling a married man that I would marry him, if and when he divorced his wife. By chance, I saw a picture called "The Mark of The Whistler." It dealt with a man's conscience.

This came at the right time for me. One can't wreck another's life and ever be happy! So give us more movies on this order.

Conscience Anne, Mountain Grove, Mo.

In every picture in which I have seen him there was something about him that made his performance memorable. The poetry-quoting soldier of "The Eve Of St. Mark," the earnest young McAdoo of "Wilson" and the weak but charming Shelby of "Laura" loudly proclaim that he is an actor who can act. As for his voice—well, any feminine heart skips a beat when Vincent Price as much as says, "Hello."

Mrs. Roberta Hays, Butler, Pa.
Be honest, now!

Be honest, now! Have you ever really investigated Tampax? Have you discussed it with women who are using it? Have you asked Tampax at drug stores or notion counters? Do you understand the principle of internal absorption for monthly sanitary protection?

Tampax has grown to be an important name in feminine circles and to avoid confusion we want to give a clear, concise statement concerning it. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is worn internally. It is specially designed for this purpose—made of pure surgical cotton compressed and firmly stitched. It comes in neat packages for dainty insertion—your hands need not even touch the Tampax. When in place the Tampax is "conforming" in shape—wearer cannot feel it.

No belts, pins or external pads. No bulges or ridges caused in clothing. No odor, no chafing. Quick to change. Easy disposal. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply will go into purse. Economy Box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 21)

Robert Benchley, foreign editor of the magazine promoting the trip (hey boss, why don't we promote something like this?), is amusing, and as always that Arden gal kills us. Terry is a darned good actor, too. Ernest Truex, as the real fiancé's uncle, is a miniature lambie-pie we could see more often—and Ramay Ames is one we certainly do see more of than usual in every film it seems.

Anyway it's a cute little daisy-petal business of I love him—I love him not, and what's more you'll maybe enjoy it all.

Your Reviewer Says: Now wait, whom do I love?

She Gets Her Man
(Universal)

THAT Joan Davis! What a woman! What a comic! Even in a picture that has more corn than a field in Iowa she throws us (and everybody around us) into a hand-crocheted tizzy. She has ample aid, of course, in the persons of William Gargan and Leon (old buckle knees) Errol, who pitch the ball for Joan to catch, and even the fouls are funny at times.

The story (story—what are we saying?) has Joan hired to run down a murderer who has been plying his trade among the town's leading citizens. Joan is chosen for the detective's role because her major chief of police at Gold Horse Trot, Nevada, is a silly recommendation for anyone.

Anyway, who cares really why, when or where—these three dishes it out to us who are willing to take it?

Your Reviewer Says: Well, we laughed.

The Unseen
(Paramount)

DON'T tell us this is an attempt to duplicate "The Uninvited" (a really swell mystery). In the first place, the whole idea is garbled in the story construction and the direction doesn't clear things up materially.

Joel McCrea, who needs a good story and a fair director, does his best to make him out. Gail Russell crowds mystery, fear, love and what-not into her few brief hours in the McCrea manse that, incidentally, houses two of the hardest children ever seen on the screen.

Phyllis Brooks's entry into the affair was never explained. Whence came the little Brookses, we ask politely.

Or maybe we're dreaming up more mysteries than the story started out with in the first place.

Your Reviewer Says: The "Unseen" the better.

Her Lucky Night
(Universal)

YOU see this and it won't be the luckiest night you ever spent parked in front of the flicker screen. The Andrews Sisters (and why must they photograph them all to look like Lincoln?) twitch and itch, laugh and scratch, sing and croon. The only departments in which they're good is the singing and crooning. There they shine.

Martha O'Driscoll and Noah Beery Jr. (in a come-apart dress suit) get caught up in a story that tells something about a fortuneteller, with George Barbier testing the ability of his nephew Noah Beery Jr. for a job. We never really could make out what was going on.

Your Reviewer Says: We don't use such language!

De luxe size 5, Ruffle 66, Junior size 56, and extra. Matching powder, page & the make-up. Trial sizes at the stores. In Canada also.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

GET THIS EASY MONEY NOW

Dry Greeting Cards

Make quick profit showing charming cards for birthdays, anniversaries, and other Occasions. Friends, neighbors buy them.Mail orders from successful Abstemons of 15 cards, retail for 9.00. GET YOUR PROFIT RIGHT AWAY. Extraordinary designs, fancy paper, starting effects—original, clever wording. Extra risk for you—enough. Write for Samples NOW! FOCUS STUDIO, 443 Adams Street, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Unsightly HAIR OFF FACE . LIPS . ARMS . LEGS

Ugly hair may be miserable. I tried one of Johnson's new億ensive products, personally. Finally I found a real thing—no regrets. Envelope, opened and something you'll like. Without obligation. Write today.

Says
Paula Stone
FAMOUS ON SCREEN, STAGE AND RADIO

"My lips stay lovely hours longer without retouching...That's why Don Juan is tops with me."

4 beauty extras

See what they do for your lips

1. DON JUAN STAYS ON when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. LIPS STAY LOVELY without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. NOT DRYING or SMEARY. Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. STYLE SHADES. Try Raspberry, rich, glowing, or Number 5, medium red, flattering, youthful looking. Other shades, too.

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4. STYLE SHADES. Try Raspberry, rich, glowing, or Number 5, medium red, flattering, youthful looking. Other shades, too.
Every fourth bottle of Schlitz goes overseas

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Happy the Bride with Lovely Eyes

The eyes he adores—glowing with loveliness on her wedding day! Silently she vows to keep them radiant, always. She knows she can depend on the magic of soft Maybelline Eye Make-up. And so can you. For truly enchanting charm, always use Maybelline — the world’s favorite Eye Make-up.

AT ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN CENT STORES
GREER GARSON
Photoplay
Gold Medal Winner
By Paul Hesse
Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild!

It's a dream come true! The softer, smoother look that comes to your skin... with just one cake of Camay! So change today, from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild skin care on over 100 complexions...yes, on skin like yours! And with the very first cake of Camay, most complexions fairly glowed! Looked fresher...clearer!

...it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness—proved it can benefit skin. In the doctor's own words—"Camay is really mild...it cleansed without irritation!"

Discover for yourself, Camay's helpful care on your skin.
Look for the softer loveliness that comes with just one cake of Camay.

...go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

It's quick! Easy! Takes only one minute—night and morning. Simply smooth Camay's mild lather over your face—forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you've oily skin, follow with a C-O-L-D splash. It's simple as that! But, oh, how exciting to see how one cake of Camay can make your complexion look lovelier...softer...more endearing!

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last as long as possible? Soap is made of essential war materials.
GIRL: Don't know, Cupid. Just seems like some girls are pretty and some girls are dishwashers.

CUPID: Could be, Honey. But you wouldn't be on permanent K.P. around here if you'd smile a little. Sparkle at these boys, Sugar! Go gleam at 'em!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, Baby, with my dull teeth I don't even dare grin! I brush 'em regular as anything, but—no sparkle!

CUPID: Oh? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Yes. But what's "pink" on my tooth brush got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Do? Baby, only a mental midget ignores that tinge of "pink." It's a warning to see your dentist! Because he may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may very likely suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and Massage."

GIRL: I still want to know, "what's that got to do with my smile?"

CUPID: Please, Pet! When you massage a little extra Ipana on your gums after you brush your teeth, you're helping your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile with more sparkle! Get it? Now get started on Ipana and massage for a smile that'll help keep you out of the kitchen!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers
M-G-M clicks with "The Clock".

You'll find Judy Garland and Bob Walker at their very best. Their very best is pretty darn good.

He's a soldier on leave in New York—the big city, strange and bewildering. She happens to be hurrying through Penn Station. They literally bump into each other.

Judy takes Bob in tow—a sort of one-woman USO—breaks her dates and—

Well, the story that's told through these two characters is as intimate and gay a shadow tale as you've ever seen.

It's a wonderful forty-eight hours that screenwriters Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank tell in about two.

Vincente Minnelli ("St. Louis") directed "The Clock." It's a sensitive job and one to be proud of. Ditto, Arthur Freed—the producer.


Some pictures that are coming along from the world's leading studio should be noted in your book of early futures.

"Ziegfeld Follies" is the biggest, most beautiful musical ever filmed.

"Anchors Aweigh," starring Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, is tops in gaiety and song.

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will thrill you in Phillip Barry's comedy "Without Love."

The coming juvenile star is "Butch" (Jackie) Jenkins of "National Velvet."

We're all set to celebrate our 21st birthday.

--Leo

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MAY, 1945

PHOTOPLAY Presents for May

Favorite of America's "First Million" Movie-Goers

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LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

- The greatest star of the screen -

- The unbelievable M-G-M excitement -

- The biggest hit in movie history -

- The most thrilling movie adventure ever told -
A 48-hour pass...a lonely soldier...and a girl in a million!

Two days were all they had... to make their first date... to hold hands in a taxi... to kiss in the park... to ride home in the dawn with the milkman!

It's a story as gay as Spring and as exciting as love itself!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ST. LOUIS"

JUDY GARLAND and ROBERT WALKER

They click in The CLOCK

JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN • MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture
Maureen O'Hara listens to Xavier Cugat's Latin humor—at the Trocadero

Van—This Month: Local high schools had been bombarding M-G-M so long with requests for interviews on Van Johnson for their school papers, the studio decided to do something about it.

So they sat down (Leo sits as well as roars) and telephoned each school that on a certain afternoon at four a representative from all the local highs could have a mass interview on Johnson.

They came, scrubbed to the eyebrows, all girls, and all prepared with their list of questions carefully written out. The questions had been taken from a poll handed in by students at each school.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," piped up one sixteen-year-old cutie, "the men and women at Fairfax High"—Van gulped, ran a finger inside his collar and tried not to be taken off with apoplexy—"want to know; first, how you got this way; secondly, what kind of girl you prefer."

Van took hold of the chair with a firm grip. "How I got this way? You mean—er—well-known?"

"I mean popular with women," she replied seriously.

"I mean I hope it doesn't stop, but I don't know how it started."

"And girls I prefer? Well, I—er—"

He studied her fresh and healthy young face for a clue. "Well, I like open-air girls. Tennis, that's it. Girls who play outdoor sports."

The reaction was perfect. He had hit the nail on the head and couldn't have been more relieved.

Later Rags Ragland ran into Bob Walker and Peter Lawford reading the script of "If I Were King."

"What would you do if you were a king?" Peter asked Bob.

"The first thing you should do," Rags suggested, "is to slip Van Johnson a Mickey Finn and then maybe you'd have a chance with the girls."

The script just missed Rags's head as he ducked out the door.

Sister Notes: Joan Fontaine is right proud of herself—and for good reason. In the living room of her home hangs a rather small Florentine painting—beautifully (Continued on page 6)
Who Will Be The Next
TO FACE THE SOUL-STIRRING
TERROR OF "THE UNSEEN"?

GAIL RUSSELL
—- Fascinated by a love she dare not trust — facing a menace more deadly than in "The Uninvited" — or

JOEL MCCREA
—- Handsome widower who shudders at the very word 'police' — as "THE UNSEEN" brings long hidden evil to the light of day — or

HERBERT MARSHALL
—- wielder of a strange fascination for this lovely girl — but he, too, has something that must be left hidden!

PARAMOUNT, producers of "Double Indemnity," present another thrilling masterpiece of suspense

"The Unseen"

with
PHYLLIS BROOKS • ISOBEL ELSOM • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
TOM TULLY and NONA GRIFFITH • RICHARD LYON
Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
Her presence is dynamic ... her attraction undeniable ... her impression unforgettable. In a word—a new word—she's varvacious, with Varva's exciting perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant.
They've made her very very ...

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1 • Face Powder, 6 guest pots, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1 • Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 5c
(plus tax)

PARFUMS
Nonchalant
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

Follow Me
The Perfume That Lasts and Lasts

VARVA
Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

(Continued from page 4) framed. But it wasn't framed at all when Joan purchased it at an auction for very little money. It appealed to her—and she really knows quite a bit about paintings. Well, after she'd had it a while, she called in an art dealer to appraise it for her and discovered that the canvas was worth several thousand dollars! And oh boy—is she happy that sister Olivia de Havilland has won her long contract fight with Warner Brothers! Because the decision handed down to Olivia means that Joan, too, will be a "free woman" in about a year—instead of a much longer period for which she feared she might be tied up with David Selznick. Joan gets a fantastically small salary from Selznick—considering her star and prestige status in movieland. But now she'll soon have the opportunity to step out on her own and make some real money. Speaking of Livvie—she's doing a picture for Paramount now. It's "The Well-Groomed Bride," in which she is starred with Ray Milland and Sonny Tufts. And the dialogue is fast and furious and with that cast, it should ring the bell.

Cal Yorks INSIDE STUFF

Louella Parsons's Crillon guests—Col. Tom Lewis and Loretta Young

Writer-hostess Louella Parsons gives Herb Drake of Photoplay some Hollywood pointers at her party at the Crillon.

Photoplay's "What Should I Do" adviser, Claudette Colbert chats with Macfadden Vice-President Carroll Rheinstrom

Last Minute Thoughts: Remember Cal's warning that the reconciliation between Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant wouldn't last? Fact is, it ended sooner than anybody thought. Hope the moody Mr. Grant doesn't take it so darned hard this time. That baby girl adopted by the Bill Bendixes (they have a thirteen-year-old daughter of their own) has been christened Stephanie. Bill actually got incoherent telling Cal all about her cuteness. That's Bendix for you.

"State Fair" Grounds: We rode the merry-go-round the other day on the "State Fair" set at 20th Century-Fox and were spotted on the brown horse by Dana Andrews who kidded the daylights out of us. Came up and offered us a spun candy cone ... Vincent Price all done up in his "Dragonwyck" attire took us through the magnificent gardens of that set and never have we seen such beauty until Vincent explained how easy it was to poison someone with an oleander leaf. Didn't like the look in Vincent's eyes as he fingered those leaves, so we bowed out and came home. About time, too. (Continued on page 8)
Jack Benny
Alexis Smith
in "The Horn Blows at Midnight"
(and the laughs last all day!)

Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Sam Hellman & James V. Kern
Based on an idea by Aubrey Wisberg
Music by Franz Waxman

with
DOLORES MORAN
ALLYN JOSLYN
REGINALD GARDINER
GUY KIBBEE
JOHN ALEXANDER

Based on an idea by Aubrey Wisberg
Music by Franz Waxman

Very funny!
Does the soft touch of your hands bring a warm glow to his eyes? Sofskin Creme is a dependable beauty aid for keeping your hands the way he loves them—soft, white and lovely. Sofskin smooths wrists, elbows, and ankles, too. Try a jar today—you'll be delighted with the new beauty of your skin—and so will he!

**SOFSKIN CREME**
for lovely hands and skin

*In the Black and Gold jars—35¢ • 60¢ • $1.00 sizes*

*Plus Tax*

Your beauty salon or cosmetic counter will be delighted to give you a free Sofskin application.

SOFSKIN COMPANY • FINDLAY, OHIO

(Continued from page 6) **If You Wonder:** Where Dorothy McGuire is after you see "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," don't ask. She's with a USO unit overseas playing in "Dear Ruth." Hopes to run into her husband John Swope over there.

And if you wonder what's happened to Dietrich, think no more of it. She's followed her love, Jean Gabin, to Paris and will devote her time to entertaining the boys in service abroad. Of course Gabin will be entertained, too, probably.

If you ponder over Susan Peters's tragic shooting accident after seeing her in "Keep Your Powder Dry," remember it will be a long hard pull for little Susie with the movie colony right behind her. Saw Bob Walker and Van Johnson shopping for a bed jacket for her, and Lieut. (j.g.) Bob Taylor telephones concerning her every week. Susie played with Bob in "Song Of Russia."

**Town Chatter:** Judy Garland's engagement ring from Vincente Minnelli is so unusual. He designed it himself—and while you may not go for it—you'll have to admit, it's different. It's a big pinkish pearl, set in a modern, heavy design of gold, inlaid with onyx. The two of them were at The Crillon, stunning new restaurant, the night it opened and Judy was gayer than she's been for a long, long time. She wore a huge-brimmed hat of black feathers that becomingly framed her face which is filling out nicely these days. And when she turned around, there was no crown in the hat at all! Just the brim—which fitted snugly to her own crown . . . Betty Grable and Harry James are kept pretty busy denying (1) that they're separating (Continued on page 10)
You will never live a more sinister drama... nor a more exciting one!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Paul MUNI

in

COUNTER-ATTACK

(Adapted from the BROADWAY STAGE SUCCESS)

Thrilling with tenseness!

Towering with bigness!

Startling with suspense!

MARGUERITE with LARRY

CHAPMAN - PARKS

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson

Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA
"Problem" HAIR
made lovely again

See how much more you can do with your hair,
how much more your hair can do for you...

... after an Admiracion shampoo. Be through with

your hair problem! Dirt, loose dandruff, soap
film float away ... and there is all your hair's natural,
shining softness! When it looks and feels like that,
your hair is so quick and easy to fix that it's fun ...,
and your hair's more fun to show off too!

Admiracion Shampoo, at home or at your hairdresser's
... red carton for the no-lather type,
green carton for the foamy type.

Cal Yorks
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 8) and (2) that
they're going to be Ma and Pa again.
The first rumor, if you ask Cal, is
positively ridiculous. The second—
well, it's all over Hollywood again ...
Big doings at Ciro's after the
launching of Eddie Bracken's new
radio show which really got off to a
wonderful start. Bonita Granville, who
usually goes places with Fred de Cor-
dova these nights, was there with
Philip Reed, back from the Pacific
and out of the Navy now. Betty Hutton was
there with her new crush who also
happens to be the director of her latest
picture, John Berry. The Danny Kayes
(who are going crazy because Ida
Lupino just bought the house they've
been renting from Chester Morris—and
where can they find another one?),
Diana Lynn, with a feller who looked
just like Sinatra—only he was taller
and skinnier, Ann Rutherford, Eddie
Cantor, Lela Rogers, who will soon be
producing daughter Ginger's movies—
were in the crowd who helped cele-
brate.

Bing Crosby, Photoplay's Gold Medal
winner, swears that he hasn't yet seen
"Going My Way"—but nobody believes
him. When you stop and think though,
how positively unhammy Bing is about
everything—wouldn't surprise Cal if he
hadn't seen any of his own pictures.
When someone asked Bing if it's true
that he and Dixie are adopting a baby,
he said, "Oh, no! We're loaded
now!"

Greer's Greatest Pride: Greer Garson
will show you those snapshots of her
husband, Ensign Dick Ney, at the drop
of an eyelash. She carries them around
in her handbag—stacks of 'em. Even
one of just the ship to which he's as-
signed. And she's so proud of the
fact that he's been all through the Philippine
campaign. There are snaps of Dick all
done up in his dress uniform; snaps of
Dick, unshaven and sprawled on the
sand—and when Greer gets to these
she says, "I like the rugged ones the
best, don't you?" When she exhibits
the snap of the destroyer, she beams,
"Isn't she beautiful?" Yes, she is—and
so is Greer. Especially when she's
flouncing around in her garden wearing
that new big picture hat—the pale
green one with the pink roses. Looks
gorgeous on Greer's red tresses.

Straight from the Shoulder: Monty
Woolley, who doesn't mind being a
movie star so long as he doesn't have
to be bored with fans, got the come-
upance of his life when he refused
autographs in a Chicago railway station.
Know who told him off? Susanna
Foster, who speaks her mind whenever
the occasion calls for it. On the other
hand, Dinah Shore called back the fans
police had shoved away from her broad-
casting station and signed every
single book. (Continued on page 12)
Back in that strange world called "Home"

A pilot finds his dreams are shattered...a girl despairs of ever being adored...'til they meet by a miracle of love and keep a rendezvous with rapture!

Dorothy McGuire - Robert Young
the Lovers of "Claudia"
Herbert Marshall
"the Enchanted Cottage"

Mildred Natwick - Spring Byington - Hillary Brooke - Richard Gaines

Directed by John Cromwell - Produced by Harriet Parsons
Screen Play by DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz
Based on the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero

The story of a hero, facing his greatest crisis when he comes home to love again!
to a swoonful hair-do when you have no spare time or spare funds for beauty shops ... It’s easy to twist your ends into flat curls, fasten them with Bob Pins. But be sure to use DeLong Bob Pins because they have a Stronger Grip, clamping each curl in place so firmly that you need only one Bob Pin per curl . . . When you’re dried, combed-out and captivating, a DeLong Bob Pin or two will keep your handiwork intact. They’re made for wear and tear and your social security . . .

**Stronger Grip  
Won’t Slip Out**

DeLong

**Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years**

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

---

Gold Medal Lady, Greer Garson with Mae O’Hara—DeLong’s favorite—President Rheinstrom at Ruth Waterbury’s Gold Medal party.

*(Continued from page 10)*

**Newcomer Favorite:** Among the men we nominate as a soon-to-be favorite Michael Francis Dunne, who plays Uncle Willis in “Junior Miss.” Cal lunched with Mike, along with Dick Crane and Charles Russell, both wearing beards and applied sun blisters for the raft sequences of “Captain Eddie,” and we liked him. He enthusiastically led us all over the set just as if Cal had never clapped eyes on one before. Dunne was a radio announcer and actor in New York before coming to Hollywood. Our hunch is—he’s a comer!

**Soo Personal:** Betty Hutton’s hair sweeps back so thinly from her nice face she should never brush it backwards . . . You would be surprised at the mother of the young movie star (male) who is about to plunge her famous son into a scandal of her own making . . . One of the homeliest women in town is one of the most arresting looking women on the screen but don’t ask us who, please . . . People tried not to laugh when Mischa Auer chased a burglar and broke a leg, but the way Mischa took on because it would inter-

The comedian and the executive’s lady—Joe E. Brown and Mrs. Carroll Rheinstrom at the same party.

---

**LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO REVEALS A BREATHTAKING BRILLIANCE**

This amazing new creme shampoo, extra rich with lanolin, brings natural lustrous loveliness to your hair after only a single shampoo. Lathers instantly—even in hard-
est water ... thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp . . . leaves hair fresh, glinting, so easy to manage. No lemon or vinegar after rinse necessary. At fine cosmetic counters everywhere . . . one dollar.

Mail 25c for a generous size trial jar. Sorry, only one jar to each family.

---

**HOUSEHOLD SPECIALS**

by Starcross!

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

**STARCROSS APRONS** Smart design, gay print patterns, plus expert workmanship, make these aprons real down-to-earth values. Available in sizes and medium covers, bibs and band styles—an apron for everybody at a price everybody can afford.

**STARCROSS POTHOLDERS** More than just embellishments—these potholders really hold hot pots . . . Cotton filled, quilted, ob-

curve tape bound, centers finished in white, solid colors or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. Three popular styles—in three popular price ranges.

**STARCROSS SHOEBAGS** Beauty’s more than skin deep here—! Cheerful floral patterns, clean design—yet sturdy construction of long-wear fabric to meet the test of heavy use. 12-pocket size in a variety of color combinations.

**STARCROSS PRODUCED BY**  
STARCROSS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
GREENVILLE, S.C.
No shortage (of talent) at the Waterbury party—Dick Crane gives Dana Andrews a light and gets all set for scuttlebutt.

Bogie Again: Just before Humphrey Bogart and Lauren “Baby” Bacall went to New York, they were cheek-to-cheek at Mocambo to music from “To Have And Have Not.” So far as Bogie’s concerned, it’s “to have” from now on. He was so outspoken in his interviews in the newspapers that even people in Cinematown were shocked. But when Lauren hit the big town, she was far more discreet—she “wasn’t talking” about whether Bogie was to have or not to have her. And anyway, the first thing “to have,” if the two are going to get together for keeps, is a divorce from Mayo Bogart—and she “ain’t talkin’” either.

Colorful: Vivian Blaine, who has finally been able to get rid of that awful pink-red hair dye job she was bur-
dened with "Greenwich Village," is back to her more natural light brown tresses. The "pink" photographed beautifully in Technicolor—but it sure looked punk in the daylight. Vivian remembered that she once did a lot of posing for a certain shoe company's ads and that they had promised her a dozen pairs of shoes—which she had never received. Vivian up and optimistically wrote to the company a few weeks ago requesting the shoes. When their answer came back it said merely, "Are you kidding?"

Another gal who's glad her hair isn't pink any more is Lucille Ball—she's been trying to get rid of the carrot top for ages—and got a little tired of being called "Technicolor Tessie." Now most of the red is out of it and you'd almost call her a blonde. And here's a twist! It was Lucille who persuaded Van Johnson to stay in Hollywood when he was about to give up and go back to New York. Well, the other day these two were making the first scenes for "Early To Wed"—and the first thing Lucille was supposed to do for camera purposes, was to punch Van in the nose!

Let's Face It: When Frank Sinatra was recalled by his draft board in New Jersey for re-examination and possible induction into the U. S. Armed Forces, Cal couldn't help thinking that one look at Frank's frail frame should be enough to keep him out of the Army. But now seems as good a time as any to bring into honest discussion the letters Cal receives from boys overseas demanding to know why certain seemingly strong and healthy young men capable of all sorts of physical feats on the screen are exempt.

It's our honest opinion that no young man on the screen today is there because of pull or phony finagling. There is some legitimate reason for his not being in the fight, but Hollywood is only brewing itself a mess of trouble by not explaining more clearly the situation to the movie public.
INSIDE STUFF

Beryl Wallace and Mrs. Roosevelt (Faye Emerson) hit two high-fashion notes

May we suggest that each studio compile a list of its eligible actors with the reasons for their exemption clearly set forth? The actors know all about this feeling of growing bitterness and feel as unhappy about it as the fighting lads. So why not make this list available to any or all who care to see it for fairness' sake?

And don't give us any of that gluck that it's nobody's business. It's the affair of every lad fighting, dying or coming home maimed or blinded, and it's the only fair way to settle this "Why aren't you fighting?" broadside aimed at the actors.

Did You Know: Richard Jaeckel's mother Millicent has opened in the play "Let's Marry" at the Playtime Theater in Hollywood. Son Richard, now at sea with the Merchant Marine, wrote his mother to keep it going until he got home again.

Andy Russell, the new rave singer, (it's his listeners who rave, not Andy) was born Andrew Rabago in Los Angeles' east side. His late father was a Mexican-born cowboy and played extras in movies. Andy went from drummer in Tommy Dorsey's band, among others, to singing in Newark, and then on to the Paramount Theater in New York and finally to Hollywood for the picture "Stork Club." He's twenty-four, single, a member of a Frank Sinatra fan club and adores Crosby. Well!

Glenn Ford received his discharge from the Marine Corps in time to step into the most tense twenty-four hours of his life. His wife, Eleanor Powell, was taken to the hospital to await the birth of her baby with papa-to-be Ford pacing the corridors growing wilder as the long hours dragged on. They had to give the poor bedraggled ex-Marine Sergeant a knock-out pill when it was all over and his husky baby boy was safely here.

Party Note: Alan Curtis took Andrea King (look for her to be a star at War-

Give the Boss a Break, Sister!
Every day the same mistake! Yet just half a minute would prevent it!

PRIVATE

Something's wrong all right—and it's you, Sugar! But don't expect your boss to point out a fault like underarm odor. It's up to you to avoid offending. So stop on it, before he buzzes again, and buy a jar of Mum.

Mum does the trick—in 30 seconds. You're safe all day from risk of underarm odor. When you ask for Mum, you say bye-bye to the blues a girl gets when she's frowned on—and doesn't know why.

You're going over big with the boss. And doing fine, thanks, with the rest of the office force, too. Yes—thanks to Mum—one of the most dependable little partners in charm a working girl ever had.

Mum's Quick—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

Mum's Safe—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

Mum's Certain—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

15
That's where you walk, when you wear Yardley English Lavender! So airy-light, so irresistible...it's a scent that carries you to cobbled lanes, leaf-dappled country roads

...and carries those about you quite away as well!

**YARDLEY**

**ENGLISH LAVENDER**

Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance; $3.75, $2.50, $1.50
Yardley English Lavender Soap, box of 3 tablets, $1
Add 20% Federal Tax

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formularies, combining imported and domestic ingredients.
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Shirley Temple is delighted when Danny Kaye cuts capers over the cakes at Ciro's.
noon time in a flesh-colored sweater over a short black skirt—and strong men swooned . . . Garbo certainly behaves like two other people when she's away from Hollywood. Been fitting all over New York cafes and public places just like anybody else—and not pulling that "vahnt to be ah lone" stuff. What's more, there is actually make-up all over the usually unadorned Garbo pan. Tis said her boy friend, Gaylord Hauser, is about to go into the cosmetic business, and it would be sort of silly if Garbo didn't help things along.

Around Town: Lynn Bari and Fred MacMurray keep a running gin rummy game going on the "Captain Eddie" set that's a dilly . . . Chester Morris will do a play in New York . . . Margaret Sullivan and husband Leland Hayward have sold their Brentwood home and have purchased one in Connecticut which means the actress, her agent husband and their three children will make the East their future home . . . June Haver, who is giving Betty Grable plenty of competition in "The Dolly Sisters" (Betty has put on too much weight), is another home buyer—her first house, too, an eight-room Colonial near the studio. Incidentally, June reports sailor Farley Granger has grown two inches taller since he's joined the Navy . . . Deanna Durbin, too, too plump, consuming plates of kidneys at The Players and in the bright sunlight, too—gosh, steaming kidneys for lunch yet.

Love as Cal Sees It: Cal has finally made up his mind about the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak romance, after due consideration and having carefully observed them together, and here's what we conclude: They'll never marry. Of course at this point the two will probably take off for Las Vegas leaving Cal with his bare face hanging out, but we'll take our (Continued on page 111)
The Enchanted Cottage (RKO)

In a world of ugliness lives beauty if we but hold the magic key that unlocks the door of hope. That key is love—not of self but for another in which self is forgotten. So comes this ray of hope called “Enchanted Cottage,” remade at our own government’s request due to the timeliness of its problem. The picture is exquisitely produced and executed by Harriet Parsons.

About the old cottage there has always lingered a sort of enchantment due, perhaps, to the fact that for several hundred years honeymoons have made it their castle. In people’s tradition, Harriet Young engages it for his honeymoon but a call to flying duty prevents and later he returns alone, hopelessly disfigured about the face through accident.

Despair fills his heart and soul as his fiancee Hillary Brooke turns from him in weakness. Only the honest love of the homely housemaid Dorothy McGuire saves his balance and gradually he finds himself clinging to it even to suggesting marriage. It’s only after the wedding that he realizes how such a marriage must hurt her and then the enchantment comes—

They find themselves in love and through love, healed of disfigurement and ugliness.

Both are wonderful. There’s a reaching out from Young, a youthful wonderfulness about him that’s appealing. More technical, but still terrific, is the performance of Dorothy. Herbert Marshall as the blind friend carries conviction throughout, and Mildred Natwick as the housekeeper rates applause. Spring Byington and Richard Gaines are just right as the misunderstanding parents, and Miss Brooke a delight in her quiet perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful story, beautifully told.

It’s A Pleasure (International)

Nothing new has been added to an over-used plot—the wife who drinks until the final reel (no pun meant at all)—or to Sonja Henie’s brilliant skating achievements either, but for all that there’s a nice little charm about the picture and some of the loveliest Technicolor imaginable. Especially the finale with rippling blue ice and little blonde Henie skating o’er its surface like an elf and what’s got into us with all this pixie talk anyway?

Michael O’Shea is believable as the man Sonja loves and marries, but isn’t he a little on the hefty side for an athlete, or are we quibbling again? Anyway, we liked him better in this film than most. Seemed less Jack Londonish and more O’Sheasih for a change.

It’s In The Bag (Jack Skirball—U.A.)

The funniest thing about this trek down Allen’s Alley with the one and only Fred is his unique announcement before the picture’s beginning concerning the cast and picture credits, to wit: The associate producer is so called because he’s the only one who would associate with the producer. And why they didn’t announce the producer as Screwball instead of Skirball we’ll never know.

The comedy for the most part is labored and come to think of it the form is more radio’s than movie’s. But on the whole, it’s amusingly silly and wholly irresponsible so why not forget the weak spots and latch on to the swell Jack Benny episode, with Jack made up like a spring daffodil for some reason, and the really funny sequence in which Don Ameche, Rudy Vallee and Victor Moore take part. Like a customer at a Paris sidewalk cafe, one has the feeling if he just sits there long enough, everyone he knows will pass by and, by George, everyone does, too.

Bill Bendix, John Carradine, Robert Benchley, Jerry Colonna, Gloria Hope, William Terry and Sidney Toler slide in and out with amazing ease. We liked Dickie Tyler as Fred’s precocious son and Binnie Barnes as Fred’s wife hits just the right note—a high brassy ping. And the plot—well, it gets in the way every so often, as plots have a way of doing, and concerns itself with Fred’s amazing legacy from a murdered uncle.

We feel that men, more than women, will enjoy the outlandish goings-on, but even so we honestly wish there were more like it.

Your Reviewer Says: The title is right—it’s really in the bag.

(Continued on page 116)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 117
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 127
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20

By Sara Hamilton
The "bottle bacillus", known to science as Pityrosporum ovale, is held to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff by many noted dermatologists.

Don't let Infectious Dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory"

As a precaution, as a treatment, use Listerine Antiseptic systematically. Don't disregard such symptoms as excess flakes and scales, itching and irritation. They can mean that you have infectious dandruff which can and does often play hob with your scalp.

It's Delightful, Easy

At the first symptom of trouble get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the delightful, easy, inexpensive home treatment that has helped so many ... and it may help you. Early and frequent applications may arrest a case of infectious dandruff before it can get started, and even if the infection has gotten a head start, this simple treatment may overcome it.

As a precaution against this troublesome condition make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your usual hair-washing. And, if you've been troubled for some time, apply Listerine Antiseptic once a day. If you do not note rapid improvement repeat the treatment morning and night.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, fingertip massage. That's all there is to it!

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus", (Pityrosporum ovale), regarded by many a noted dermatologist, as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those annoying flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has already started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic the Tested Treatment
**BRIEF REVIEWS**

- **BELLE OF THE YUKON** — International: Despite the cast, Randi Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore, Bob Fosse and William Marshall, this little Yukon number all about dance hall romances and stolen gold that isn’t really stolen is a disappointing show, although everyone tries very, very hard. Dinah Shore sings several numbers with her usual appeal. (Feb.)

- **BETWEEN TWO WOMEN** — MGM: Van Johnson takes over in the Dr. Kildare series as Dr. Red Adams, and is very likable in the role of the young medic who solves the case of why night club entertainer Gloria De Haven can’t eat. Marilyn Maxwell, who tries to annex Van, keenan Wynn as a night club master of ceremonies and of course Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie are all present. (Mar.)

- **BIG BOXANZA, THE** — Republic: Richard Arlen, a disgraced Union officer, goes west, but instead of joining his boyhood pal, Robert Livingston, saloon proprietor, he helps the miners 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 meek little pianist who pretends to be a wrestling sensation and Dale Evans is the supposed victim of this unfunny deception. Lionel Stander, George Meeker, Paul Hurst and Marjorie Manners go around for a couple of whirls. The harder it tries to be funny, the worse it gets. (Apr.)

- **BLONDE FEVER** — MGM: Mary Astor doesn’t mind her husband, Philip Dorn, cafe proprietor, flirting outrageously with his handsome employee, Gloria Grahame, until Dorn wins a sweepstakes. Then the blonde moves in and Mary moves out, and things go around in a circle. Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elizabeth Risdon, and Marshall Thompson complete the cast. (Feb.)

- **BRING 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, night club singer, comes along. It’s pretty silly in spots, but you'll get a few laughs. (Apr.)

- **CAN'T HELP SINGING** — Universal: Deanna Durbin’s new picture is a Technicolor musical with Jerome Kern’s tunes, gorgeous scenery and romance, but it’s structurally weak. Robert Paige is unconvincing as the romantic hero, Deanna sings beautifully, Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinsky attempt comedy but rarely achieve it and Andrew Tomescu, David Bruce and Thomas Gomez are also in the cast. (Mar.)

- **DANGEROUS PASSAGE** — Paramount: Robert Lowery gets in more trouble when he tries to evade enemies seeking his inherited fortune by boarding a slow steamer. Instead he runs into a phony insurance plot, a secret agent, a night club entertainer and all kinds of troublesome things. Phyllis Brooks and Lowery are both good, but you’d think they’d have a nervous breakdown at last. (Mar.)

- **DARK WATERS** — Bogeaux-United Artists: A top-notch psychological mystery packed with interesting characters. Merle Oberon survives the torpedosing of a ship and goes to live with her aunt and uncle in the bayous of Louisiana, where weird things begin to happen. Francho Tore is a young doctor, Thomas Mitchell a visitor in the house of her relatives, Fay Bainter and John Quenin and Eliska Cook Jr. the overseer. (Feb.)

**Shadow Stage**

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Are you in the know?

What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- Colorless nail polish
- Ammonia and water
- Elbow grease

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal daintiness.

Yes! Now a deodorant is locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! A new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost!

Which part of a suit must fit perfectly?

- The collar
- The waistline
- The shoulders

A drape shape demands 20-20 tailoring. Each answer is correct, for your suit should be trim-shouldered... the collar nestling close to your neck. And the waistline should jibe with your own (not hit you above the belt). Wrong lines ruin your rating. Especially those "certain" lines that may bulge through when you choose the wrong napkin. So choose Kotex— for unlike thick, stubby pads Kotex has patented, flat tapered ends that don't cause revealing lines.

If your friend doesn't introduce you—

- Should you just stand there
- Walk slowly on
- Feel offended

When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring real comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Without bunching, without roping. Yes, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing!

Now a deodorant in every Kotex napkin

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins put together
“Fleer’s goes so fast, I have to be fair.”

for finer flavor

FLEER’S
SOMETIMES SCARCE
ALWAYS ENJOYABLE

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DESTINY—Universal: A strange and very entertaining film about an ex-convict, Alan Curtis, who finds himself innocently involved in another crime which sends him to prison. He takes refuge on the farm of Frank Craven and his blind daughter Alberta Jean, who believes him unquestioningly. Splendid support is offered by Grace McDonald, Frank Fenton and Minna Gombell. (Mar.)

DOUBLE EXPOSURE— Paramount: Photographer Nancy Kelly joins the staff of a weekly magazine, of which Chester Morris is the editor, and outmaneuvers him professionally and romantically until she finds herself embroiled in a murder mystery and needs his help. Philip Terry is Nancy’s beau from the same small town, who follows her to New York to see no harm befalls her. (Mar.)

ENTER ARSENE LUPIN— Universal: Newcomer Charles Kavan is the hero of this picture. What a lad! As the jewel thief who takes great pleasure in outwitting crooks, and finds himself all tangled up with a most beautiful girl, Ella Raines, and a comic detective, J. Carroll Naish, he wins in a charming, polished performance. (Feb.)

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS—RKO: This is an absorbing psychological drama dealing with a beautiful woman, Hedy Lamarr, who lives in a nightmare of terror that centers around her husband, Paul Lukas, and her small son. George Brent is the doctor and amateur detective who falls in love with Hedy and finally solves the reason for her terror. With Albert Dekker and Margaret Wycherly. (Mar.)

FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—RKO: The Falcon (Tom Conway as usual) finds his murder mystery this time in Hollywood, where he’s gone on vacation. Taxi driver Veda Ann Borg edges him into the case of the murdered leading man, and one corpse leads to another and one mystery to another until Conway finally solves the case. Barbara Hale, Frank Jenks and John Abbott are in it too. (Feb.)

GENTLE ANNIE—M-G-M: Annie, as played by Marjorie Main, is a likable character and provides some really good moments of entertainment. Half the romance comes in when Donna Reed seeks shelter with Marjorie and her two sons, Henry Morgan and Paul Langton; and the other half arrives with James Craig, who’s really a government detective. Barton MacLane is the sheriff. (Mar.)

GIRL RUSH, THE—RKO: Laid out in the Old West during the gold rush, the thin story has to do with a stranded show-girl and the efforts of Wally Brown and Alan Carney to get them back to civilization. Frances Langford sings several numbers beautifully. Vera Vague’s cleaning keeps you laughing and Wally and Alan try very hard. (Jan.)

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HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME—RKO: George Murphy and Carole Landis are newlyweds who are so devoted to Pat O’Brien that they take him along on their honeymoon to a resort hotel. There they get all mixed up in murder and mystery and bodies disappearing and appearing all over the place. In fact, the mystery is so mysterious that we still can’t figure it out. (Apr.)

HER LUCKY NIGHT—Universal: Martha O’Driscoll and Noah Beery Jr. get all involved in a story that deals with a fortuneteller and George Barther testing Noah’s ability for a job. The Andrews Sisters shine in the singing and crooning department, but it won’t be the luckiest night you ever spent in front of the flicker screen. (Apr.)

HERE COME THE CO-EDS—Universal: Abbott and Costello are caretakers at a girls school under the stern supervision of Lon Chaney and to complicatetheir lives even more, Martha O’Driscoll, a nightclub show girl, wins a scholarship to the school and headmaster Donald Cook falls in love with her. The boys are back in their stride and it’s a very funny film in between. (Apr.)

HERE COME THE WAVES—Paramount: A happy-as-a-lark story about the girls of the Navy, with Bing Crosby as a crooner who’s the idol of the hobby-singers, Betty Hutton as twins (imagine two Huttons in one film) and Sonny Tufts, who even sings with Bing. Betty’s cute, the show’s cute and you’ll just naturally want to see it. (Mar.)

HOLLYWOOD CANTANE—Warner’s: A great big star-studded musical, with the story telling the adventures of two soldiers, Bob Hutton and Dane Clark, who visit the Hollywood Canteen. Bob meets and falls in love with star Jean Leslie, and Dane
His heart in his eyes... his eyes on your lips... your lips
irresistible in IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED
LIPSTICK! WHIP-TEXT through a secret process to be creamy-soft, non-drying, color-true.

Matching rouge and powder.

irresistible lips are

by

the

bride-to-be

wears

Irresistible ruby red Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S.M.O.O.T.H-E.R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

Genuine Steerhide Huaraches

Your STEERHIDE Huaraches will be well worth the ration stamp you must now send up, because they are carefully handcrafted of real sole leather and have the stamina of a shoe. Work, walk and play in them, they can take it, and every pair you buy saves American shoe leather needed elsewhere. Send your foot outline and shoe size. We guarantee a fit. Please send ration stamp.

The Old Mexico Shop
Santa Fe, New Mexico

SIZES FOR EVERYONE— MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN. (CHILDREN'S SIZES 2-23)

Foot outlines enclosed, sizes.

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23
**THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR 30 YEARS!**

Lewis Stone and Estelle Taylor turn on the heat in "A Fool There Was"... an early Fox Release

Styles change in love and movies. But for 30 years, 20th Century-Fox has been delivering the hits to the Movie Fans of America!

Now, we invite you to celebrate with us the climax year of three decades of history-and-hit-making.

**WE'VE GOT THE BIRTHDAY, BUT YOU GET THE GIFTS!**

(Here are just a few!)

**Betty Smith's**  
*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*  
*Betty Grable • Dick Haymes*  
Billy Rose's  
**Diamond Horseshoe**  
*in Technicolor!*

**Fred MacMurray • Joan Leslie • June Haver**  
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?  
in Technicolor!  
*George Raft • Joan Bennett*  
Vivien Blaine • Peggy Ann Garner  
**Nob Hill**  
in Technicolor!

20th Anniversary 30th Anniversary

When you see this sign... see the picture!
The truth about the Academy Awards is that they are fearful, wonderful and slightly goof-nuts. They are given for every achievement that has to do with movies, from new inventions in sound technique to the best performances of the year. Yet, despite the enthusiasm and excitement each professional group feels in the awarding of an Oscar to one of its members, the whole lot of them—cameramen, technicians, sound engineers, musicians—sit tense and watch, even as you and I, to see which actor and actress will take home that faceless, sexless statuette. For even to the industry itself, those are the two outstanding awards.

So here Fearless will tell you merely of the stars, male and female, who have little Oscars in their homes, and some of the hidden yarns of how the Oscars came to live there.

The complete name of the Academy is The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. It was founded as a non-profit organization on May 4, 1927, by a top-ranking group of executives, producers, writers, directors and actors. Such personalities as Douglas Fairbanks, Cecil B. De Mille, the Warner brothers, Jesse Lasky, Irving Thalberg, Mary Pickford and numerous others were its original sponsors. Its avowed purpose was that it was established "to the end that the arts and sciences of the industry and the dignity and honor of the profession may be advanced to their rightful standing among the creative institutions of mankind."

To the eternal credit of the Academy, they have tried to keep the Awards all fair and clean. But the Academy is like the political boss who must find a good man to nominate but who hasn't the time to know every little ward heeler. He—like the Academy—must accept the recommendations of busy lieutenants who, in turn, have accepted the recommendations of somebody lower down the scale—and right down there is where the monkeyshines go on, come Washington, Hollywood or Helena!

In its attempt to keep everything above-board and honor all votes, the Academy this year has surpassed itself in getting things snafu, and all with such good intentions.

To prove the goof-nuts angle, consider the Academy's allowing Barry Fitzgerald to be nominated both as the best male featured player and as the best male star. No one can, in the same picture, be both—any more than a man in uniform can simultaneously be a lieutenant and a corporal—but the Academy achieved the impossible.

Then, having automatically promoted Barry (regarding whose superb performance in "Going My Way" there never was any argument), it just as automatically demoted Jennifer Jones, who won last year's Academy Oscar for the best starring performance in "The Song Of Bernadette," and made her a featured player in "Since You Went Away," in which she was definitely a star, one of the seven stars in that film.

The exact technical difference between being starred and being featured is that when a player's name precedes the title as, for example, Bing Crosby in "Going My Way" with Barry Fitzgerald, that makes Bing the star and Barry the featured player. Though these distinctions may seem petty to you, they are fully as much a matter of pride and honor to Hollywood as the distinctions in the number of stripes on a GI's sleeves are to the service.

The Academy knows about Hollywood's distinctions, and knows how sensitive the acting profession feels about them. Yet the very fact that it could get itself into this state of wacky confusion is typical of the snarls it has found itself in ever since it presented its first Award way back in 1929.

It was an excited, idealistic, stimulating occasion that year but right away the politics started. Janet Gaynor got the statuette then—the "Oscar" tag didn't come into usage until 1935—for her lyric performance in "Seventh Heaven" and Emil Janings carried home the male honors for "The Way Of All Flesh." Was everybody happy? Certainly not. Charles Farrell's friends, in particular, and Charlie, personally, were miserable. They felt their boy had been pushed around. Come another year, they said, and they'd see that such things didn't happen to their candidate.

But next year sound came to pictures in a really big way and so dominated things that the political part really didn't really boil. Mary Pickford won for her first talkie role, "Coquette," and Warner Baxter scored for introducing a character called the Cisco Kid in "In Old Arizona."

But by 1931 sound could be taken with a normal (Cont'd on page 100)
Winning Woman: Greer Garson, M-G-M star chosen as 1944's most popular film actress in a national poll of movie-goers conducted by Dr. George Gallup for Photoplay
Gold Medal Lady

Photoplay presents America's most popular film actress in a warm and vibrant story by a favorite friend

By Elsa Maxwell

Greer Garson, Photoplay's Gold Medal Lady, reminds me of a duchess. Not that she looks like one. More often than not duchesses aren't at all regal like Greer but are women with bad figures and terrible clothes. I think of Greer as a duchess because usually only someone as sure of herself as a duchess is as much fun, as gay, as amusing and daring.

At a party I gave recently Greer, Artur Rubinstein, the pianist, and Lauritz Melchior, the Metropolitan tenor, pretended to orchestrate Wagner. Greer was a trombonist. It was one of the funniest things I have ever seen. Greer's hair became rumpled and her gown was awry. But, devoid of any pretensions of elegance, she isn't given to worrying about such unimportant things. Consequently, she's more fun than most women I know.

Back in 1940—before Greer was well established in Hollywood—we worked together in the theater. A group of us—Doug Fairbanks Jr., Roland Young, Ida Lupino, C. Aubrey Smith (now Sir Aubrey), John Loder, Rita Hayworth, Brian Aherne, Joan Fontaine, Edmund Gwenn and Constance Bennett—got together to give our services in Noel Coward's series of little plays collectively known as "Tonight At Eight-Thirty." We were not in the war at this time but felt very keenly about Great Britain and, through our six-weeks engagement at El Capitan Theater, finally contributed over twenty-five thousand dollars to the British War Relief.

Greer and Brian and I played in "Ways And Means." Greer was an adventuress. Brian was her husband. The entire action took place in a bedroom of a Mediterranean villa with Greer and Brian reclining in twin beds. I was the hostess.

During rehearsals Greer was kind enough to make little suggestions that helped my performance immeasurably. For instance, she said: "Elsa, when you stoop to pick up anything from the floor why don't you turn your back to the audience?" Since my figure is one that always is very much in evidence this proved an excellent bit of business which brought howls from the audience throughout our run.

It is not by fortunate chance that Greer Garson is one of Hollywood's first ladies today or that, the American public, through the Photoplay poll, directed by Dr. Galup, has voted her the most popular actress of 1944. Greer worked hard for her high place. Only a long apprenticeship, I think, makes it possible for any actress to give such charmingly convincing portrayals as those which have marked her in pictures like "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Blossoms In The Dust," "Mrs. Miniver," "Random Harvest" and "Mrs. Parkington."

In England, far from being a great star, Greer was a member of a touring company. She played in industrial cities like Manchester and Liverpool and in smaller cities and towns in Ireland and Scotland. Members of such touring companies live simply and are hard put to it to make ends meet. When they get into a town they are quartered in lodgings which cost about one pound (less than five dollars) a week. These lodgings are described literally enough as "bed and breakfast." The quality of both bed and breakfast seldom varies. It is poor.

However, had Greer not grown up professionally in this hard way she might never have impressed Louis B. Mayer that night in London when he dropped in to see a mediocre play, spied her in a small role and was instantly convinced she might become a great star.

Not that the race was won for Greer that night by any means. When she appeared as Mrs. Chips in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" the critics penned good (Continued on page 121)
Courage is a

When you read this beautiful story you, too, will wish that the miracle Susan Peters hopes for, but is prepared to do without, will reward her shining courage.

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

When Susan married Richard Quine life was gay and full of promise.

"YOU needn't be afraid to talk frankly. I know I probably will never walk again. The Navy doctor told me in San Diego. I've had some little encouragement since I came back to Los Angeles. But I am prepared for what lies before me."

The girl in the hospital bed barely made an outline under the covers, she was so slight. She was as delicate as Dresden—for since the terrible, shocking accident that paralyzed her from the waist down, Susan Peters weighs but a mere eighty pounds.

Yet there was courage there that blazed in every fibre of those eighty precious pounds. It's the same type of unconquerable courage I've seen in those boys invalided back from the battle fronts. It lies like an armor on Susan, shining out of her big, wide gray eyes, in her completely feminine frilly bed jacket, in the little girl pig-tails in which her hair is braided.

"I want to live," she said in her steady, throbbing young voice. "There are so many things I can do. That's why I am not giving up the fight. I mean, giving up inside!"

If I had thought, when I went down to the hospital—the first person outside her husband, Lieut. Richard Quine, her mother and Lana Turner, to see Susie—that I would have trouble controlling my emotions, I knew better now. I would have been ashamed to feel anything that even verged on pity for this girl who doesn't know the meaning of it for herself. And she doesn't want any of you who knew her on the screen and wrote her letters because you liked her work to weep for her.

"I've thought it all out," she went on. "Things don't happen just accidentally! There is a plan and a purpose behind everything. If at first I was bitter because I thought my career was over—just as it was starting—that is all past. There is much I can do, if I want to do it."

"For one thing—when the boys start coming back from overseas, some of them crippled just as I am, many of them will be afraid to face life, their loved ones—or to go home. I can talk to them—perhaps help them get jobs. I can help them find courage in the philosophies that have helped me. Maybe if they see and talk with a girl who has the same trouble they have, those boys won't be afraid to face the world!"

I could have put my arms around her then and held her to my heart—but that is the thing Susan doesn't want right now. So, I matched my mood with hers and said, "Thanks for letting me be the first to talk to you for an interview, Susie."

"I wanted to see you," she smiled. "Do you remember the first interview we had?" I laughed with her. She had come into my living room all dressed in red and with some new shoes she had bought. They were red, too, and they hurt her feet. I saw her making faces and trying not to show that the new shoes were making her wince. "Take them off," I said. And take them off she did. From that time on, Susie and I were never on formal terms again.

She had just played that remarkable part in "Random Harvest" and was being hailed as the coming young dramatic star. A young Norma Shearer, they called her. She made a couple of other pictures, including "Song Of Russia" and then she met and married a boy she loved very much, Richard Quine.

It was a sweet church wedding with all the sentiment and laughter behind—the tears that accompanies the union of two young people, unspoiled, deeply in love, two who have saved themselves for one another. Everyone said there was nothing but bright happiness ahead for Susie and Dick, for his career was on the upgrade, too.

Who could have suspected that even then the grim clouds were gathering?

THE first blow was the loss of their expected baby. Susan had guarded the secret so closely and was so sensitive about it that even her studio did not know for weeks following an emergency operation, which almost cost her life, that she had lost her baby. There ensued months of recuperation, away from her work, while she tried to regain her strength.

Dick, meanwhile, had gone into the Coast Guard—but they felt lucky that he was stationed nearby in San Diego so they could be together on his brief leaves. The story of what happened that one fateful week end is too well known for me to repeat in detail. It was one of those freak accidents, Susan and Dick had planned a hunting trip. She picked up a gun, held it the wrong way and a bullet shot through her lung and abdomen, lodging in the spine.

"From the moment it happened," Susan told me, "I have thought more of Dick than I have of myself. It is so terribly hard on him—he is so young. And so sweet. He is the most wonderful husband in the world. Do you wonder that I cannot feel myself unlucky (Continued on page 107)
girl named Susan

Gallant little fighter: Susan Peters whose latest picture is "Keep Your Powder Dry"
WITH A SONG IN HIS

BY FATHER VICTOR FOLLEN

No one knows better how to judge a man than a wise priest. Here Father Follen paints a picture of Bing Crosby the world has never seen.

TAKING a line from the picture, "Going My Way," I feel sure that the right things to say about Bing will occur to me after this has already gone to press.

It's hard to make a production on paper of the things you know about Bing. So we'll just go ahead and put them down. And in the end they'll add up to a picture of a fellow who has a song in his heart, and who is doing a lot to make American hearts happier right now.

I feel proud that a cross-section of mothers, sweethearts, fathers and young sons and daughters in the United States as polled by Dr. Gallup has chosen a man with the simplicity, modesty and humility that is Bing's as the one to have contributed most to their enjoyment during this crucial war year.

I've known him since 1930 when he was a fairly undistinguished member of Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys," singing an engagement at the Ambassador Hotel.

Ours is just a friendly relationship that first started on the greens of Lakeside Golf Club. And in fifteen years the only changes I've noticed in him are that his voice is a little lower, his golf game a little better and that he's discarded the wild "blazers" he wore then for the wilder things he affectionately calls sweat shirts now.

Though I have on occasion played golf with him, I'm better at kibitzing than I am at playing right now. I'm a little like Barry Fitzgerald in the picture: I can look at that hedge but I can't jump it any more.

A priest usually sees people under two conditions. When they're very, very good and when they're equally bad. But out on a golf course men are just boys in short pants, perfectly natural, and you can get to the core of them.

One thing I can tell you—in no golf game does Bing ever throw anything as he would have for Barry in that picture. He plays a serious game... all business. He has a low handicap and has always had to give me a few strokes.

"Well, Father... since you can't swear... every nine holes we'll let you throw a club just as far as you can," he'd say.

Knowing Bing, the qualities that stand out most about him are his simplicity and lack of pretense or affectionation of any kind. He is so natural. Just doesn't put on a show for anything.

It was this part of his nature that came through so true to life in "Going My Way." I've talked with many priests who've seen the picture and have noticed always how surprised they've looked when I asked them what they thought of Bing's "acting" as a priest. They'd never even thought of it as acting. And they would be the ones most ready to criticize him. Yet to all of them he was only very natural in the part. Just being Bing.

In real life he has no affectations even where small matters are concerned. This applies even to a telephone message from him. Where other celebrities and others who have achieved a certain measure of success in various fields may have their secretaries call you and say very business-like, "Father... this is So-and-So's secretary. Mr. So-and-So is calling and would like to speak to you"... there's none of that secretary business with him. Whenever Bing wants to talk to you, it's simply, "This is Bing, Father." Or—if messages are left for you—"Just tell him Bing called."

You respect him for a humility that no amount of wealth or fame have ever been able to change. Getting anything out of Bing about Bing is tougher than paying the new mortgage off on the church. He talks about like Calvin Coolidge. Or less.

And he'll take none of the credit for "Going My Way," telling you only that whatever appeal the picture possesses is entirely to Director Leo McCarey's credit.

"It was conceived by him and the rest of us just did what we were told..."
Bing gives cheer to eager refugee children on his recent overseas trip to do by him. He pulled the strings and I jumped," he says. "Working in the picture was fun and I'm glad the public seemed to like it as well as they do. It makes a fellow feel pretty good. An actor only gets a chance like that once in a lifetime and I'm grateful that such a chance was given to me."

To those who congratulated him on portraying a priest and asked how he felt about doing it, Bing always laughed and said that he did approach it with no little fear. "But I haven't been excommunicated yet. So I guess I got by."

Knowing how he feels about any conspicuous attention, his friends like to tease Bing about the time when he attended a small neighborhood church outside his own parish. When the church was so crowded that he had to go stand in the choir loft where the little girls of bobby-socks age were singing, they got so excited they couldn't sing a note. Bing was so embarrassed.

He's a man of few words, but makes them all good. And for a person who has everything, he's always appreciative of the thoughtfulness of others or any little things they do in his behalf.

For many years at Christmastime I've gotten joy out of reading an old book called, "His First And Last Appearance." (Continued on page 103)
Dear Mother:

Our troop is on the move again. For the moment the train is stopped in some small, nameless station. And from the car window I can see several son-less war mothers giving sandwiches and cakes to the soldiers. And, no matter where or when I see them, I cannot help but wonder if there is that same lonely look in your eyes, too.

Eight months have passed since we said good-by at the station in Los Angeles. Remember how I made you and Grandma leave the depot before our train departed? I still hate to say good-by.

Are Grandma's lemon meringue pies still so wonderful, or have my dreams placed them on the proverbial GI pedestal? And do you still make the most wonderful Waldorf salad in the world? Or have I, like every other fellow away from home, romanticized that pre-war room of kettles and recipes?

Last night I lay awake most of the night planning our tomorrow. The new paint for the house and the walks up the beach and the weekly family outing. And surf fishing with that RKO grandfather of mine—remind me to make him quit his job and become a fisherman. He looks a bit like one of Picasso's characters, anyway. And buying that hideaway on the desert where I used to take Mac as a pup. Do you think he'll remember me? Still carry his picture with yours, of course!

So many people have come to me on this tour thanking me for "Home In Indiana," particularly fellows in the service. I tell them, naturally, I had nothing to do with the success of the picture; it was my good fortune to appear in the production. Many parents have said how happy "Winged Victory" made them. I cannot deny how proud I feel when people have good words for those films. People even remember California in "Stage Door Canteen." After this war pictures will have such an important part in the world. And I am so happy to be a part of them. Many of us have our own ideals that must be nurtured and given life when we are actors and directors and writers again. My roommate, Martin Ritt, for instance, and I have already planned several pictures for that tomorrow we know is so near.

Idealism in motion pictures, as usual, is criticized and joked about terribly. And yet when a film like "None But The Lonely Heart" comes out of Hollywood, Hollywood is the first industry to recognize its qualities. With all of our faults in Hollywood, so greatly publicized, we are improving and progressing. And being even a small part of my home town's future is exciting in itself.

Received a letter from Jeanne Crain yesterday. She is so excited about her role in "State Fair." It sounds comparable to "Indiana." We have both decided to do another film together as soon as possible. That, alone, is worth coming home to!

Mother, does the sun still shine as brightly in California and is the Pacific still so blue and the air so clear? Can you still sit on the edge (Continued on page 80)
Pfc. Lon McCallister of the Air Force and its unforgettable epic, "Winged Victory"
Little Elizabeth Taylor of the inner spiritual radiance and the world's most amazing pair of dark blue eyes can credit her success to a deep sincerity, a great faith in everything and everybody and the belief that if you want things that are right for you, they're honest-injur bound to come true.

To her, life is very simple. Things happen because it's right for them to. And because, when it is right, God pitches in on your side.

That's why she thinks there's nothing funny about getting her first screen role at an air raid wardens' meeting or growing three inches in three months to fit Velvet. It was just right.

Anything she wants very badly becomes a postscript on her prayers. The role of Velvet was a special P.S. that went out from her bedside every night. Her hope of getting King, the horse she rode in that picture, is the newest one tacked on now.

She is in truth a living Velvet—this beautiful little girl whose faith in a horse won her the Grand National in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "National Velvet" and gave Elizabeth herself a winning number in the Hollywood handicap. The same faith, warm sympathetic nature and gentleness that is Elizabeth should see her over all the jumps that may lie ahead.

There's another postscript that's going out now and that is—"if it's right"—for her to play the role of Peter Pan.

This, too, is the dream of Clarence Brown, who directed her in her first big success. In the role that made Maude Adams famous, little Elizabeth, whose spiritual quality often causes her to be compared with Miss Adams, could step right out of the pages of Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan." But she probably won't because Walt Disney owns the rights to it and no fairy wands the studio waves in his direction can get it.

Elizabeth loves the role of Peter, the youth who didn't want to ever grow up, who played on his pipes, dressed in autumn leaves and cob webs and lived among the fairies and animals in the Never Never Land.

All of which sounds pretty wonderful to her. For like Peter Pan she has her own Never Never Land where all things are good and beautiful, where she lives with the animals she loves so much—horses, dogs, cats, chipmunks and more horses. Unlike him, she hasn't any pipe, but manages to attract so many animals anyway that her parents can hardly get into their backyard for the growing zoo.

She has a Peter Pan-ish quality about her face—an elusive, dreamy, intangible something that you cannot catch hold of long enough to describe. Something that goes along with that Never Never Land and flying over tree tops on the back of the wind. She resembles a dryad, with her even sensitive features, luxuriant blackish-brown hair, long black lashes and level brows that frame her eyes. Those eyes concerning which Clarence Brown says, "There's something behind them that you can't quite fathom—something Garbo had." And Director Freddie Wilcox telling about interviewing her for her first picture, "Lassie Comes Home," says that when she walked into his office, "We all took one look at those eyes and she was in. There's something behind them. I don't know. . . ."

Whatever Elizabeth is wearing whenever you see her, she's also wearing a long string that's definitely not a part of any ensemble. It dangles down the whole length of her dress and means that her pet chipmunk, Nibbles, is attached to the other end of it somewhere. Probably on the back of her neck under her thick long hair. The string may dangle from her pocket, inside.
Gentle is the word for Elizabeth Taylor, star of "Hold High The Torch"
of which Nibbles is serenely sitting and holding a sprig of red berries in his paws as he has chow. Elizabeth fairly worships the little chipmunk, which she captured while on location with "Hold High The Torch." The long string is for the purpose of making sure that the tiny creature won't get lost in the big house or that her black cat, Jeppers Creepers, won't mistake him for a glamorized rat.

The more you try to talk to her about Elizabeth, the more you find out about Nibbles, about her three dogs, Monty (an English golden retriever), Spot (a spaniel), Twinkle (cocker), Prince Charming (her horse), Sweetheart (her brother's horse), the other eight chipmunks she had and gave away and King Charles, the beautiful thoroughbred of "National Velvet."

"They were afraid for me to ride him," she'll tell you gravely. "But he loves me. He wouldn't hurt me. You don't have to worry about King when you get on his back. You just leave everything up to him. I think he likes to know that I leave it to him. That's the boss and I trust him. You see horses are just like people. You've got to love them and trust them."

She is very serious about her work, about the people she portrays. And often, though the director may be satisfied with a take on a picture, Elizabeth will beg, "Can't we just try it one more time? I know I can do it better. I sort of feel it welling up inside me now."

On the way home from the preview of "National Velvet" her mother asked her what she thought of it. "I've always loved Velvet, Mummy," she said reverently. As though Velvet did it all.

C ENTLE is the word for Elizabeth. Just as she "gentled" the high-spirited horse she rode in that picture, so does she "gentle" everything and everyone with whom she comes in contact.

Her Hollywood beginning was different from that of most cinema children. Thirteen-year-old Elizabeth was born in London, England, the daughter of Francis Taylor, art dealer, and the former Sara Sothern, a pretty American actress who had been on the New York and London stages. She's always loved horses and first learned to ride at the age of four when they were spending a summer vacation in Kent at the lodge estate of her godfather, Col. Victor Cazalet, since reported missing in action.

When she was seven and war seemed too near, her father sent the family to the States to stay with Mrs. Taylor's father in Pasadena. Later he joined them, established an art gallery in Beverly Hills and they moved to the pretty Spanish-style stucco home where they live now.

Elizabeth loves story books, but her own story tops anything she could ever read. Although her parents had been approached by agents and others who thought she should be in pictures, they'd never considered it seriously.

Strangely enough it was her lovely coloratura voice (which hasn't been used yet) that decided it. Elizabeth wanted to learn to sing "high—like a bird." So she began taking singing lessons and soon could go within five notes of the end of the keyboard. She attended the same dancing school as the children of John Considine, M-G-M producer, and one day was overheard practicing by Mrs. Considine, who was so impressed that she called Louis B. Mayer and said, "You should hear her. She sounds just like a bird!"

So the next day there was Elizabeth in her little pine-fore standing in the middle of a big office with several executives gathered around. They were enthusiastic and wanted to sign her. And Elizabeth, in turn, was very impressed by the big studio and the fascinating people with the make-believe faces (make-up). It looked like a real Never Never Land to her.

But since her parents had told Universal that they would give them first chance if she ever went into pictures, she signed there, instead, for a year. Nothing happened. And when the contract was up she signed with Metro with no more fanfare.

Sam Marx, M-G-M producer, who was then looking for a little English girl to play in "Lassie Come Home," didn't even know they'd signed a little girl with big luminous blue eyes who would love to play in a picture.
With a dog, especially an enchanting dog like Lassie. It all happened three days later when Elizabeth's daddy, who's an air raid warden, went to an air raid wardens' meeting and bumped into Sam Marx, warden in another block near them.

During the meeting somebody asked Marx how his picture was coming along.

"It's almost finished," he said, "but the girl is too tall for Roddy McDowall. We're going to have to get a smaller child."

"Have you seen Taylor's little girl?" suggested somebody.

He said he hadn't and told Warden Taylor to bring her over. Thus the next Sunday afternoon after church the Taylors dropped by the Marx home and the producer looked at Elizabeth and said, "Why haven't I seen you before?"

She was visiting her grandparents in Pasadena when they got the wire to report to the studio that same afternoon for a test. They rushed over, but the tests were all finished and the crew was packing up their equipment when they dashed in. Director Freddie Wilcox told them to start rolling again.

After the test the cameraman and grips congratulated Elizabeth and told her, "You've got it, honey. You're in."

So, since anybody's word is honest-truth to her, she told her mother, "Mummy, I've got the part."

"No, darling. They haven't seen the test," her mother explained.

"They said I did," said Elizabeth simply.

And, as it developed, she did.

She'd always loved Velvet, the little girl who shared her own love for horses. And when she finished "Lassie Come Home" and knew the studio was going to make the other one, she started wishing and praying a little ahead of time.

As a matter of fact, the studio had been going to make "National Velvet" for some twelve years but had never found the girl for Velvet. They tested Elizabeth and liked her very much, but as Pandro Berman, studio executive told her, "We'd love you for the part, Elizabeth, but you're just too little."

Sitting over in the corner with her heart in her eyes, Elizabeth said shyly, "Well—I'll grow."

"Honey, if you can grow I'll wait for you," the executive smiled. "I'll wait three months—and you grow." "Don't wait too long, Mr. Berman," Mrs. Taylor broke in hurriedly. She had a lot of faith in her child—not without excellent reason—but this was certainly pushing it too far. "She hasn't grown a quarter of an inch in three years!"

"But I will," said Elizabeth. And did.

She ate more than she'd ever eaten in her life and added two hours of sleep each night. She began to ride and jump her red sorrel horse over the five-foot jumps at West Los Angeles Riviera Country Club several hours a day, training arduously for the jumps she'd have to take in the film. She went roller skating and learned to ride a bicycle. "Took a lot of falls too—that always helps," she smiles now.

In three months she'd grown three inches. Until one day the producer took a startled look at her and said, "We'd better make this thing before you grow right on out of it."

ASK Elizabeth how she thinks it really happened now and she says solemnly, "Well, I always prayed to God that if it was right for me to play Velvet that I would. I guess He thought it was okay."

Somebody else who definitely thought it was okay was Producer-Director Clarence Brown, who considers Elizabeth a great little artist. "I really hate to call her an actress," he says, wincing a little at the word. "She's much too natural for that." Which is highest praise from this star-maker, who has piloted Mickey Rooney, Jackie "Butch" Jenkins and others into fame.

He loves children and always fears a "star complex." Thus, because of his great feeling for Elizabeth, he fairly exploded her first day on the set when he arrived early and saw a gold star on her dressing room door, a red carpet lushing from it and the words "Miss Taylor" impressively flourishing thereon.

He couldn't stand to see her start out with two strikes against her.

So when she came he had a very serious heart-to-heart talk with her in which he explained that the red carpet must go, also the gold star and the "Miss Taylor." Then he had an inspiration. "Why not change it to Velvet?" he said.

That night at home Elizabeth cried a little and sat down and wrote him a note that was so sweet and sincere he carried it around in his pocket for weeks. "I was so proud of it," he says. In it she said that she knew what he was talking about and not to (Continued on page 90)
Army Consolidation: Bride Joyce Reynolds and Robert Lewis combining marital law with martial

International Merger: Veronica Lake, now officially Mrs. Andre De Toth, and her Hungarian husband

COLOR CANDIDS BY HYMIE FINK
Honeymoon Specials

All-American Union: John Payne and Gloria De Haven, home-front honeymooners
HERE is one thing about Judy Garland—maybe because she has music all the way through her: She is literally like a haunting melody. After you've been with her for any length of time, you remember her for days. You find yourself smiling and thinking of some little thing she did, of her enormous youthful gravity when she is serious about anything, of her rich chuckle when she is amused, of the impression of littleness and fragility she gives.

"I've put on ten pounds," Judy told me. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"I thought maybe you had that modern idea of being so terribly thin," I said.

"Me?" said Judy, and chuckled. "Of course when I was a kid I was chunky as anything. So then I was always trying to take off weight. It was awful! I had an appetite and I guess I was growing and I was always hungry—so I just couldn't diet. So I used to exercise. But it never did any good—I stayed chunky. Then all of a sudden I got thin. And I was too thin. So then I had to start trying to get fat. Now I've put on ten pounds—and I think that's about right."

The day Judy invited me over to have lunch with her and Vincente Minnelli, she was late. She's nearly always a few minutes late for everything; she's even late on the set.

"Where's the baby?" somebody will say. (She is still M-G-M's "baby").

"She'll be along," somebody else says.

"The point is," says Miss Garland in explanation, "there's only one of me. I have to be in so many different places at the same time."

The truth is that she is interested in so many things—music first and foremost, the young American composers, the great conductors, the political significance of Wagner's unquestioned genius. She is interested in every detail in the war, in sports and the nickel World Series in St. Louis,
in collecting china, in the writers who have been produced by the war and the books they've written. She's interested in everything that takes place in Washington. I don't mean just surface patter—I don't mean that she's an intellectual. She's just vitally interested in everything that's going on in the world, which, of course, makes for richness of personality.

The first time we had talked about the possibility of her marrying Vincente Minnelli was just before Christmas and her engagement to him had not yet been announced. "I made one mistake," Judy said then. When she looks at you seriously like that her eyes get darker and darker, shadowed by the intensity of her inner thoughts, by her all-out integrity about herself. "I don't want to make another.

"I love my work. I know there are girls who can give up their work and get married and just live at home. I don't believe I could. I don't believe I'd be happy. You see—"

SOMEBODY came in with some papers for her to sign, the wardrobe wanted to know if she'd be ready for a fitting at three, her secretary handed her a list and Judy said, "These are the nobody-can-do-them-but-me things. You know about those."

After a while she went on, "You see—my father and I were very close. He loved music and the theater and everything about it. He sort of planted it in me and when I was little and they found out I could sing—he began to train me. I wasn't more than a foot high, I guess. My mother thought I could do something long before anybody else did—she thought I could maybe even act some day. We always belonged in the theater. I know that lots of stars say they'd like to retire and I know some girls who really can occupy their lives other ways—but—I've been singing and dancing and acting since I was two—ten years in vaudeville and ten (Continued on page 97)
Tom Drake

Skyrocketeer: Tom Drake of "This Man's Navy" shoots ahead to win the May color poll
He married his first love

Tom Drake did it—kissed a girl nine years ago—and remembered.

P.S. It took an elopement in the desert to catch up with his dream

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

TOM DRAKE waited nine long years to marry his "Chris." And when it finally happened it was in one of the dizziest, most hurried, most hectic whirls you've ever heard of! They both think that if they live to be a hundred they will still feel a bit breathless when they recall that trip to Las Vegas to be married.

"That's one little trouble with a motion picture career," Tom grins. "It so often doesn't give you enough time for the niceties of life... like weddings."

Actually, though, they loved every moment of it and the memories will always be very dear—if they can ever get them really sorted out.

Maybe we'd better go back to the beginning. The first time Tom ever kissed Chris, when he had known her only a few days, his lower lip caught in the braces on her teeth! That was when he was seventeen and she was fourteen and they were both having a fling at acting in summer stock at Poughkeepsie. The kiss was a stage kiss, all in the interests of their mutual art, but Tom found that he had enjoyed it very much, despite the braces on her teeth and the rehearsal audience which laughed unfeelingly when he emerged from the embrace with a bloody mouth.

After that there was never any other girl for Tom, although life and fate and other cosmic forces seemed determined to keep them apart. He had pretty rough sledding, trying to get a start in the theater, and marriage for him at that age and with the sparse dollars he managed to earn at his chosen profession, was simply out of the question. The pretty little girl—oh, yes!—her name was Christopher Curtis—went on to swift successes than Tom's, appearing as actress and singer in seven or eight Broadway shows, some of them very successful. Tom kept on plodding at his acting.

Along about the time when he began to be making some real progress in his own career, he learned that Chris had married another actor—Michael Ames. That, you might have thought, was that. But somehow Tom never really believed it. So when he learned, eight months or so ago, that Chris was in Hollywood with her three-year-old daughter and that she had been divorced, he wasn't really very much surprised. By this time his stage success in "Janie" was well behind him, he had a fine Hollywood contract and was busily piling up outstanding performances in such pictures as "Two Girls And A Sailor," "Mrs. Parkington" and "Meet Me In St. Louis."

His feeling for Chris hadn't changed a bit. He lost no time in convincing her of this and persuading her that the logical—indeed the only—thing to do was to take up their lives where they had left off and start over, together.

But it was one thing for the two of them to agree to do this and quite another thing to arrange practical details. They were as sentimental about it as they had every right to be and they wanted a quiet, leisurely wedding with a little time for a proper honeymoon. Five different times they made their plans... five. And each time something arose to compel them to postpone it... "just for a little while." Tom was called for retakes (Continued on page 65)
Evening in Spring: Ginger Rogers soon to appear in M.G.M's "Weekend At The Waldorf"
Wartime wife

A surprise story about the Ginger Rogers of today and the pattern she has figured out for her war-waiting

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

It was a night of glamour in Hollywood—glamour and drama. The Jack Bennys were giving a party at practically the highest peak of the war. Stars and more stars literally thronged to the white Roxbury Drive mansion. They filled the canvas-covered garden setting where a bountiful board was spread and charcoal braziers afforded warmth in California's "winter time."

In the midst of it all was Ginger Rogers, very joyous, very much in the spirit of things. She was taking the evening off—a rarity for her these days. The star of "I'll Be Seeing You" arrived with a woman. For the moment Ginger was throwing herself into the camaraderie of the occasion, camaraderie born of the end of one year and the beginning of a new one—especially this significant year of 1945.

Just then a woman whom she knew passed by with her son, a lieutenant in the infantry who was home for the holiday. Ginger looked up, recognized her, saw the young officer with her and suddenly her face came aglow with tenderness and emotion.

"Oh, honey, are you happy! Are you lucky—having your soldier home with you! Don't I wish I had mine here tonight!"

And with that one touch of sentiment, Ginger closed the door on the emotion she had briefly shown and became again light and gay. But the emotion had registered for the one or two people who had observed it, and on the woman to whom the comment had been made.

That's the way it is with Ginger as a wartime wife. She has the bars up for any public investigation of her inner sentiments and feelings. Only if you catch her off guard, which is rare indeed, can you learn what her reactions are to the present phase of her life apart from her career. It is considerably more than a year ago that she said good-by to her husband of a comparatively few weeks, Sergeant Jack Briggs of the Marine Corps, for he has been in foreign service ever since then.

But Ginger will not discuss what it all means to her more than to say, "I guess the one thing common to all of us who have loved ones in the service is hope and prayer. There used to be an adage, 'While men fight, women wait and weep.' In this war it's, 'While men fight, women work and pray.' Intensive work, intensive prayer are great sustaining forces."

Ginger has set her star on a bright, particular goal. She will not capitalize on her marriage for publicity purposes. Her silence on the subject has been almost inviolable, yet it is known that she was with Jack constantly prior to his departure. If she did not appear depressed by the shortness of the days she had with him as (Continued on page 77)
ABOUT two years ago, Bob Taylor gave Snow White to Fred MacMurray. She wasn’t Walt Disney’s Snow White. This Snow White was a Persian kitten. But Fred’s relationship to Snow White is so illustrative of his general attitude toward life that her saga belongs in this chronicle.

Fattened and given lavish affection by Susie, Fred’s little daughter, the kitten grew beautiful. Everyone was happy until the night that Snow White announced at the top of her voice that she craved a personal life.

Fred and his chic and beautiful wife Lillian went into a huddle. It was Fred’s decision that any cat was entitled to her emotions, whereupon they scurried around, found a Persian of as noble blood but the opposite sex, and presently there was a litter of kittens, eight to be exact. Without too much struggle, the MacMurrays found them all good homes.

Thus later on they never gave a thought to Snow White’s barking out on a free-lance job until one morning when they saw more kittens wobbling around their garden.

The MacMurrays went in for some frantic telephoning, but most of their friends weren’t having any more kittens. It was weeks before the new eight were placed into happy homes. Then Fred issued an ultimatum.

“Sixteen is enough for her,” he said, “Let’s have no more of this.” So Snow White went for a visit to the vet and has been as demure as anything ever since.

In everything he does, Fred MacMurray is live-and-let-live, but he believes in reticence and moderation. These latter qualities get in the way when you ask him to talk about himself. It isn’t that Fred doesn’t wish to be cooperative, but he simply is incapable of talking about anything that is important to him. He can talk on for hours about hunting or fishing, but he can’t even tell his wife he loves her.

He has, however, his own way of saying “I love you” to Lillian, as she has for him. He calls her “Lilly.” Lillian’s name stood by her in that way all through her stage and modeling days—her family and friends.
The saga of Frederick and Lilly

It's based on good sense and magic—this amazing MacMurray marriage

Family fun and contentment—Fred and little son Robert, daughter Susan—and Lillian

call her Lillian. But to Fred she is always "Lilly." She doesn't like the name, except when Fred speaks it. And she in turn calls him "Frederick." It is not his name—was never his name. He was christened just Fred. The funny part of it is, he doesn't like "Frederick," either! But he loves it when spoken by his wife. He knows it's her way of saying "Darling."

Recently a woman friend came to Lilly MacMurray and explained that she could no longer endure her marriage because her husband simply refused to murmur sweet flattery to her.

Lilly shakes her head when she tells this. "Why, if I waited for Frederick to tell me he loved me, I'd wait forever," she says. "I know that he does, but I'll never learn it from him in words." She insists she doesn't recall Fred's telling her he loved her when he proposed that they be married, more than nine years ago. To this day, he is still uncertain of just when her birthday falls. He has never yet remembered one of their anniversaries, and he has yet to have the faintest idea of what to give her for Christmas.

"Some of that is my fault," Lilly says. "I don't care for jewelry and I make most of my own clothes and hats. I've got everything in the house any woman could possibly want, so there never is anything I really do need. But if I don't tell Fred specifically what to buy for me, he frets and worries and usually turns up with a bag, which I don't want, either." She smiles as she says this, the serene and happy smile of a wife in love.

Fred says it was love at first sight for him. "The first thing that got me was her beauty," he admits frankly. Then he grins. "Now, after ten years, that's not so important, but I'm glad it's still there."

He's pleased that she doesn't want to act, either. Once Lilly took a screen test. "I thought she was excellent," Fred says, "but she thought she was terrible. I was thankful for that."

He talks off-screen much as he does on, one short sentence and then a lull. Off-screen he seems to be genuinely afraid he may get over his depth conversationally, just as he is forever worried he'll get beyond his depth artistically.

Straight from "The Gilded Lily," his first picture, in which he played Claudette Colbert's leading man and got $200 a week, up to his present two-a-year contract plus the right to do one outside picture with Twentieth Century-Fox—all three films at many times that original fee—his career has been solid triumph. He just happened to "hit" comedy at Paramount with that first picture, and after that he felt it was all he could do. He made forty pictures there, working incessantly, learning the art that both he and Lilly regard merely as a job, yet he was in jitters over doing "Double Indemnity," his first straight dramatic part. Every critic proclaimed that it was the finest performance he had ever given, but all Fred says is, "I wouldn't be so scared now."

He left Paramount last fall because they refused him the clause Twentieth granted him, the right to an outside (Continued on page 80)
Thirty years ago a factory of dreams came into being—Fox Films, the oldest of its kind operating today. They gave us the first screen "vampire," Theda Bara, the greatest cowboy star, Tom Mix, the greatest child star, Shirley Temple. Today, as Twentieth Century-Fox, this studio, under the leadership of Spyros Skouras, Joseph Schenck and Darryl F. Zanuck, sweeps onward, producing giants like "Wilson" and heart-warmers like "Home In Indiana."

Jeanne is the girl from "Home In Indiana"—a "beautiful dreamer" who believes in practical dreaming. Her next is "State Fair."

PHOTOLIFE OF JEANNE CRAIN

Auburn-haired, green-eyed Jeanne Crain has a quiet and vital personality, a belief that "wishing will make it so"—but that wishing must be backed by hard work and planning.

She started early in her plans to reach Hollywood and perfection was her aim in everything, even in her studies at school. But there were disappointments, of course.

The part of Lucy in "The Magnificent Ambersons" was a role she wanted desperately. She was tested for it but didn't get it because she was too young. And there was the role of Bernadette in "The Song Of Bernadette." She didn't get that one either—once again because of her youth.

Later, when the disappointment had lost its bitter taste, Jeanne was glad that the role hadn't been awarded to her. She might not have been mature enough to play it as it needed to be played. After all, her background in the world of the theater was still pretty new and shiny.

By Lynn Perkins
She learned young that audiences are critical. Even at thirteen Jeanne had already had a long career in back-yard productions. The kids in her block were the toughest audience she ever faced. And when they started to applaud her, Jeanne was really encouraged.

There was no small detail she forgot. At fourteen, Jeanne spent hours every day going up and down the stairs without looking at the steps. All the time she was working in little theater plays, studying dramatics at school, preparing for Hollywood stardom.

Cameras are nothing new to Jeanne. Just sixteen, she was named Miss Long Beach in the Miss America contest. Then one evening she was in the audience at the Max Rheinhardt Playhouse and Ivan Kahn, Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout, saw her and presto!
Jeanne went on with her education, attending the University of California at Los Angeles. She studied art and languages. She was very popular—just as she had been at Inglewood High School when her fellow students voted her grid queen for 1941.

There was a time in her life when her ambition was to be a painter. Though acting crowded it out, she didn’t forget it. Now painting is her favorite hobby. Jeanne does pastels and oils and she specializes in portraits. Her sister Rita often poses for her.
Jeanne was a favorite on the set of “Home In Indiana” too, especially with her co-star Lon McCallister, now in the Army. She had to learn to ride bareback—something she knew nothing about. She learned—but it took persistence and painful tumbles. So the “beautiful dreamer” gritted her teeth and took her bruises and her courage right back to conquer the horse.

Every Sunday Jeanne goes to church—to crystallize her dreams. Her home life is very important to her and she gives sole credit for her success to her mother for the splendid advice and philosophy she instilled in her from the time she was a child.

Jeanne likes flannel pajamas, two showers a day. She always sleeps with the windows open. The star of the forthcoming “State Fair” dreams every night—practical dreams about “things I can’t do. Then when I’m awake I go right ahead and do them.”
ONE Sunday afternoon a year or so ago Lee Bowman, late of "The Impatient Years," and his wife drove up before a rambling old house in Santa Monica and parked. Lee had been informed by his mother, who had the news from the fine print in the local paper, that the house was available for purchase—an astounding opportunity in population-clogged Southern California.

The grass was brown and neglected; the walk was root-bulged and weed-grown; the roof was constructed of shake (thick redwood shingles laid in pattern to create a handsome shadow line), but it needed several coats of paint.

The Bowmans exchanged glances. "Hmm—I don't know about that," gloomed Lee.

Helene shook her head. "But while we're here we might as well go inside and have a quick look around," she suggested.

So they made use of the key that the real estate agent had supplied and promptly got the surprise of their lives. The floors were redwood, doweled and grooved, and in some rooms laid parquet. The library was paneled with oak, rubbed to a dull glow by many long years of hand polishing. The beams, the moldings, the stairway were impressive with the proud, timeless dignity that craftsmen put into construction thirty years ago. Even the invisible necessities of the house were of the best: All pipe was copper.

The Bowman footsteps echoed to the high ceilings as they strolled through the spacious rooms and regarded the views to be had from successive windows. "We could enclose that end of the porch and have a wonderful den," Lee said tentatively.

"It would take two solid months of painting, scrubbing, polishing and redecorating to put this house into condition—but when that was done, we'd really have something," said Helene.

They took another final look through the four upstairs bedrooms, each with its private bath; they strolled through the library with its ample shelves and its great fireplace, through the dining room and the commodious kitchen.

"I guess this is it," said the man about to buy a house, and laughed a little.

"Let's go talk terms," suggested his wife, running a proprietary hand over the satin balustrades down which her children would sometimes slide in disregard of parental order. And so the deal was closed.

There is something about buying or building a house that, no matter how smooth and well-planned the action may be, is highly dramatic. It is a special kind of thrill-high adventure. A home is always a milestone in a marriage. This was particularly the case with the Bowman family. To explain this remark, let us go back to the year 1938. At that time Lee Bowman's picture career might not have been making Halley's comet look like a wet firecracker by comparison, but he was plugging along, using the reliable slow and steady method.

At that time, Lee was an alumnus of the University of Cincinnati and of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He had worked on Broadway in "Berkeley Square" in which he enacted his favorite role to date, that of Peter Standish, and he had appeared with the celebrated Kate Mayhew in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

He had been sent by Oscar Serlin to Hollywood and had worked in "I Met Him in Paris" with Claudette Colbert and Franchot Tone, as well as in (Continued on page 108)
It was the day before Christmas and the young man wandering down Hollywood Boulevard was broke, jobless and blue.

Suddenly before him something gleamed white on the sidewalk. He reached down and picked it up. It was a small white elephant with a piece of chain still attached. Evidently it had dropped from some child's bracelet.

He looked at it a long minute and felt the surge of hope and promise course through him. Here was the sign—he knew he would never be jobless again.

And what's more, Richard Arlen never has been. The day after Christmas Jesse Lasky gave him a job. That was twenty years ago and he's never stopped working since.

It's a funny thing about Arlen, too. All about him beats the hullaballoo of Hollywood, the ballyhoo of newcomers, the hub bub of glamour and success, the dim-out of receding glory. It never touches him. He goes right on making pictures year after year, his work flowing on like the current of a slow lazy river. He lets the others do the galloping off into oblivion.

Forty odd years old, he looks twenty-five. Women turn to gaze after him, attracted by the abundant hair that waves back from a good forehead, the fine figure, the manly attractiveness. Men like him for the square look in his eyes and the sense of fresh air about him. It may be that he carries with him part of the washed skies in which he's spent so much of his life. For he was a flier long before he was an actor.

His important arrangements, business or social, are always settled with a handshake. He never signs a contract with motion-picture producers. His word is good and they know it.

He's an established success as a man rather than as an actor—a man who has many business interests, one of which is acting, and he does a good job of all of them. Twenty years ago he began in the industry by getting a week while acting as a messenger boy delivering cans of motion-picture film to a laboratory. Fortunately, the man whose car trespassed over Dick's person, fracturing his leg, was a motion-picture producer who in retribution offered Dick a job as a bit player at $75 a week. After six weeks in the hospital, Dick took it.

When the studio asked his name he was so sure he'd be an absolute failure, he didn't want his family to guess, so instead of right name, Richard Mattimore, he gave the first name he could think of. It was Richard Arlen. And instead of his native city of St. Paul, he placed his birth day down in Charlottesville, Virginia. It was the remotest place he could think of. Not to this day has he been to Charlottesville.

His movie beginning was slow. There were four bit parts before his big chance in "Wings" came along, putting not only Dick on top, but director William Wellman as well.

Dick knew all about those wings, too, for as a kid of seventeen he'd gone to England and joined the R.A.F. He could fly like a Mallard duck. In fact, many years later Dick established a flying school with a chap named Probert, and the Arlen-Probert School of Flying at Van Nuys flourished. He took two years away from the screen for this work and did most of the coaching himself.

To him came Jimmie Stewart, a gangling new actor at M-G-M, for his first lessons that have since aided him in his work as Lieut. Col. Stewart (Continued on page 94)
Little bewitcher: Margaret O'Brien, starred in M-G-M's "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes"
She's a pixie in pigtails—this Margaret O'Brien, who soft-pressures your hand and high-pressures your heart

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

The young mother's hair was a black smudge separating her white face from the pillow. Across the room a baby cried.

"She's straight and strong, you're sure?" the mother asked the nurse once more. "Poor little thing... with her father dead and a mother like me... My life's over..."

"When you aren't so tired," the nurse promised, "you'll feel otherwise."

Tired... she tried to remember when she hadn't been tired, how it had been when she had had Larry and, as Gladys Flores, she had utterly forgotten her audience in the joy she knew in the music and her dance. The last six months without Larry had been long. Widowhood had not grown easier with time. Often it seemed as if the weight of her heart was greater than that of the baby lying beneath it. She had kept on dancing, not because there was any joy left in it, but because she needed the dollars it earned. She had held her last class the day before the baby was born. It had been useless for her sister Marissa, also a dancer, to plead with her to give up her classes. "We'll need every last penny I can lay by," Gladys always answered.

The baby was christened Angela Maxine—Angela Maxine O'Brien. She was a pretty baby, largely because of her eyes. In those eyes lay all the innocence of a life yet to be lived, coupled with the wisdom of the ages. She was a good baby too. So seldom did she cry that by the time she was eight months old Gladys O'Brien had the courage to launch upon a bold plan. She moved her little family into the smallest double room available at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was cramped quarters for her and the baby and Marissa. Getting Angela Maxine in unseen was an accomplishment achieved by the benefit of a steamer rug she carried casually over her shoulder and over Angela, lying against her arm.

"You're going to dance right here in the Wedgwood Room," Gladys told Marissa, so much younger that she also was her child in a way. "Be well paid for it too. Living here we'll convince them we can afford to name our own price."

Slowly, as her strength had flowed back, Gladys had started dreaming for Marissa again.

"You have such courage," Marissa told her, a little frightened sometimes by the scope of the dreams. Gladys laughed. "Courage is a politer word than Larry used. Remember, he always called it darn foolishness." But her tone made the charge an endearment.

The women were bending over the twin bed in which Angela Maxine was propped up with pillows. A chambermaid had brought extra pillows. And instead of objecting to having a baby on her floor, the floor clerk was forever telling Gladys and Marissa she'd be glad to take charge any time they wanted to go out.

Gladys never took advantage of this offer until the night Marissa opened triumphantly in the Wedgwood Room. Upstairs, at the same time, Angela Maxine knew triumph, too, as both chambermaid and floor clerk, supposed to frown on babies in their domain, marched up and down the counterpane the plush animals they had brought her and kept her awake long past her bedtime.

When Marissa finally concluded her engagement at the Waldorf the O'Briens returned to California. In Hollywood it was hoped Marissa would find more glory. It wasn't only for Marissa they wanted success now. Angela Maxine was walking, talking. Sometimes they had to skimp to pay for regular examinations by a (Continued on page 92)
My Favorite Possession

Of course you’re sentimental about the person you love, about your wedding ring, your baby’s first booties—so are the stars.

But there are other things—like a scrapbook, or an old pair of shoes. Here these stars tell you about the things they cherish.

Alan Ladd says: “What I most cherish is the scrapbook my grandmother made for me when I was five. One day as I passed one of those houses with basement windows that open on the street level a bullying kid, aged about ten, reached out, grabbed my ankle and threw me so hard that I broke my leg. That meant weeks in bed and, having been active, I wasn’t a very good patient until Grandma thought of the scrapbook. She pasted the most wonderful pictures in it—photos of beautiful girls, views of seagoing yachts and race horses, photos of me and my other small friends. Then we made up stories to go with all the pictures. My convalescence passed by magically after that and I kept making up stories around that book throughout my childhood. I still love the scrapbook for the memory of a wonderful lady who, through it, gave the first wings to my imagination.

Ann Rutherford says: “The monkey thumbing his nose on my right hand led to the white horse with boxing gloves on my left, and thereby hangs my love story. When I was six, I got angry over a silly slight and my grandmother gave me the monkey. ‘This is the way you feel,’ she said, ‘but if you act as you feel, you’ll be just as silly as the monkey. Remember, things will get you angry all your life, but if you use anger constructively you can turn the things that go against you into good things.’ I’ve kept that monkey ever since. And I try never to act like him no matter how I feel. When David May came along, he sent me the white horse saying, kiddingly, that he was my knight on a white charger. Later, after we were married, he sent me the boxing gloves and whenever we have even the mildest tiff, we put flowers in the boxing gloves and laugh away our troubles.”
One night during the beginning of the blitz on London while my mother, my sister and I were huddling fearfully under the stairs, we heard the t-a-tat-tat of falling shrapnel and saw the glow that meant a piece had hit close to us. When the all-clear sounded we kept out, afraid we'd find our house on fire. By a miracle it wasn't. The pieces of shrapnel I'm holding had caught onto a curtain but somehow had not ignited it. Mother made me ing them to Hollywood as a reminder that the war is not over, and that I must buy Bonds, conserve and in every way help toward bringing peace.

Brian Donlevy says: “My finest keepsake is a pair of shoes, the first I ever had, as a kid in Ireland. They were hand-made, of the best local leather, with iron-bound tips put on by the blacksmith. And I was told by my mother that if I'd be good in them I'd climb to the heights. They were heavy and clumsy and no modern American kid, including mine, would wear such footwear, but I'm superstitious about them and wouldn't part with them for anything. I'm so silly about them that I personally polish them and shine up their iron tips. I think if I ever lost them, I would lose my luck and where would a Mick be without his luck, I ask you?”

Roddy McDowall says: “One night during the evening of the blitz on London while my mother, my sister and I were huddling fearfully under the stairs, we heard the t-a-tat-tat of falling shrapnel and saw the glow that meant a piece had hit close to us. When the all-clear sounded we kept out, afraid we'd find our house on fire. By a miracle it wasn't. The pieces of shrapnel I'm holding had caught onto a curtain but somehow had not ignited it. Mother made me take them to Hollywood as a reminder that the war is not over, and that I must buy Bonds, conserve and in every way help toward bringing peace.”

Joan Crawford says: “My daughter Christina, then aged four, gave me a work of art which I love more than anything, though it's hardly art in the sense that she intended it. But I'll always treasure it because it was a gift in which truly it was the thought that counted. I had adopted a baby boy, Christopher, as her companion and after having him nearly a year, his own people wanted him back again. I'd grown to love him so that I was devastated by the blow. Tina wanted to stop my tears and so she produced this something amazing water color as her labor of love, bless her.”
Will He Want

Mary Astor, appearing in "Blonde Fever"
To Come Home?

I had it happen two years ago when I was doing some work for the Civilian Air Patrol in Southern California. A few of us were having a brief rest period in the office. Suddenly one of the girls who had been reading a V-mail letter touched the silver wings pinned over her heart and said in a low voice, "I'm afraid..."

"That he won't come back?" I asked, noting the letter and preparing to offer the obvious reassurances.

"Not so much that he won't come back," she said slowly, "but that he won't want to come back."

It was the first time I'd heard that thought put into words as someone's personal problem. It was not to be the last. Everywhere today women are asking variations of that question; the girls who are afraid their sweethearts will have met more exciting girls in foreign lands, the young mothers who fear their husbands will have become so used to adventure that they'll hate the routine of a home and small babies; the older mothers who want to know if their sons will come home gangsters and killers.

I'd like to offer this answer from first-hand experience.

While in New York, recently, I visited four wards in Halloran Hospital. Two of them housed the penicillin and trachoma cases. They were not pretty.

One of the boys said he hoped "this" would be over "very soon." He told me, "My wife is working in a defense plant, helping support our three kids. And doing all her own housework, too. Piloting a Wellington bomber over enemy territory was a big bang, sure, but I can't wait until I get back home and can take care of her again."

And in his fifteen-month-old son. He said, his eyes shadowed by two kinds of pain, "I've never seen the little beggar. I wish I had. I've missed all the fun and excitement of his first tooth, first step, first word... What? Oh, sure, I was at Guadalcanal. But missing fifteen months of that kid, gee-

Still another boy had fallen on a bomb somewhere in the South Pacific fourteen months before I saw him. It had exploded under his chest. "I was in as many pieces as Humpty Dumpty," he told me, grimly, "But the medics picked up the pieces and put them together again. They're good at jigsaw puzzles. So now I'm okay except that, once in awhile, I still cough up pieces of my old shirt. So now I'm out of the show. I'm sorry to be out while the other fellows are still in doing the job. But gosh, when I think that pretty soon now I'll be with the missus again!"

Farther down the ward there was a kid whose heart stopped a bullet. A big one. The surgeons had removed his heart, extracted the bullet, put the heart back and started it ticking again. He said, "Smart guys, what? For although I can't take a crack at another zero I can, in time, push the old lawn mower and shake down the furnace back home."

And finally there was carrot-topped young Jim's story: "We were in Burma. There was a swell little girl there. Name of Leli. In a kind of a—well, strange way, she reminded me of my girl Anne back home. Same way of laughing with you when you feel like laughing; keeping quiet when you don't. Well, I mentioned Leli in a letter to Anne. And it's made a terrible row. Anne can't seem to get it through that bird-brain of hers that little Leli was just part of the—well, of the escape from war. Sort of like the candy bars and movies and cigarettes and stuff that keep us going between missions. And I don't mean that as any disparagement of Leli, either. Because," said Jim, his blue eyes suddenly grave, "we need the candy bars and movies and girls like Leli as much as we need the planes we fly or the bombs we drop. But we're not going to bring the bombs home with us and I don't think the Lelis would come even if they were asked."

This is the question every woman is asking herself today—will her man want to come back to her and the routine of peacetime living? Here a noted star gives the answers after talking to the boys who have returned

by Mary Astor

There are millions of such boys. I pin my faith on them. In the hospital, all these boys have the pictures of their wives, mothers, sweethearts, kids, on tables where they can see them. They show them to you, first thing. Not their bars, stripes, decorations. Nor picture of some mademoiselle from Armentières. Nor even pictures of their favorite pin-up girl. No, pictures of the home folks. They're interested in picture people, glad to see us. But I don't think they care much about our giving out with the glamour. (That's been my experience, at any rate— with Betty Grable, it could be different!) The way I figure it, Hollywood, to most of them, is awfully remote. And they've had their fill of remote places. And they've been near enough to the eternal stars to make glamour as such seem prettily ersatz. What it all adds up to is that, by comparison, nothing really matters to them except their homes and their families. Certainly, it's not until we start asking them questions about their families, become merely sympathetically listening ears for their tales of the homes they love, that their eyes brighten, their tight mouths relax—and they're off!

Nor is it only the wounded men—of whom skeptics may ask, "Where else can they go but home?"—whose sole aim it is to get home, as often as possible and, duty permitting, as long as possible.

One husky young G.I. Joe of my acquaintance applied for a furlough in order to go home and attend the burial of his aged grandmother. He got it, too, the rascal. But he did not attend the burial of his aged grandmother, that sacred rite having been duly attended to when, three years before Pearl Harbor, the old lady had died.

"What made you think up such a story?" I asked him. "Homesickness," he said.

Another stalwart wrote the girl with whom he had been "keeping company" for five (extremely exasperating to her, no doubt) years that, if he could get a leave, he would come home and marry her. "Nothing," he said, with what would have been unforgivable cruelty if it hadn't been so naïvely desperate, "nothing is too much to do for a glimpse of the old home town."

There was a P.S. It said, "Oh course I love you."

There was a P.P.S. It consisted (Continued on page 67)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-one and very much in love with a sailor. I knew him about six months before he went overseas. We were going to be married before he left, but decided it would be wiser to wait until he returned.

He came back about two months ago and though he had written that he would call or wire the instant he hit the States, he went direct to his home town where he renewed acquaintance with a high-school friend and got her into trouble. So he married the girl.

He wrote me saying he was heartsick that all this happened and he asked me to come up to see him. I went because I am so crazy about him. While I was there he tried to get a divorce but this girl refused, at least until she has her baby.

The other day I got another letter from him saying that he was out of his mind with worry. He and this girl can't get along at all. He is going to ship out again soon, and he said he wanted me to write to him as often as possible, and when the war is over he will get a divorce and we will get married.

Now, Miss Colbert, I really love him, but I have a funny feeling that it isn't fair to his wife or to me for him to want me to write to him while he is married. Am I being old-fashioned or do you agree with me?

Gaza K.

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

War times are turbulent times.
A service man discovers his wife has been unfaithful...A girl sees her parents breaking up...A man promises one girl and marries another...

Everywhere the cry is, "What should I do?" To the best of my ability I have answered these earnest questions. If you have a problem and you think I could help, write me in care of Photoplay (8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California) and if it strikes me as being a general one, I'll reply in these pages. All names of persons and places will be changed.

Sincerely,

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss K:

Your friend is really in difficulties—and all of his own creating. Although he now says he is "out of his mind with worry," and that he is sorry for what happened, the fact remains that he broke a stated promise to you when he failed either to call or wire you the instant he returned, and he broke an implied promise of fidelity to you when, even though he was engaged, he made love to another girl.

He would seem to me to be most undependable. Suppose that he were able to secure his divorce and marry you when the war is over—think into what an embroiled situation you would be entering as a bride. In time to come he may want to see this child, may want to have it with him. That would pose a problem for you.

It seems to me that you would be far better off to discontinue your correspondence with him. You are quite right: It isn't fair for you to write to him under the circumstances. Not fair to him, nor to his wife, nor certainly to you.

You are young. You will meet someone else, one who can bring you an uncompromised future.

Claudette Colbert.

(Continued on page 83)
HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William C. Shreve of the Navy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family.

She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front.

She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—very feminine, very lovely, with a complexion that's sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" Pond's complexion!

"I just depend on Pond's Cold Cream like anything," Helen says, "it's the grandest cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off.

Use Pond's yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You'll love it just as Helen does!

Charming HELEN RANDALL—her complexion is cameo-like, smooth! "Pond's Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES PONDS!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE—of Philadelphia's Main Line
MRS. GERALDINE SPECKELS—of the Spreckels of California
LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—internationally famous beauty
MISS CONSTANCE MCCORMICK—of the Chicago McCormicks
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—of the great Wilmington family

BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big luxury-size jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get your big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.
It's spring, the time when lass loves lad,
But Donald Duck is raging mad.
Of dates with Daisy there's a lack.
She claims at love he's just a quack!

Stung to the soul, down South he'll seek
A way to show off his technique—
He'll wing his way straight to Brazil
Where "purty gals" just fill the bill.

In Baia, land of ladies fair,
He samples torrid night club air.
His pal, Joe Carioca, promptly
Presents him to Miss Zaza Zombie.

Such plumage! Donald is entranced,
His heart is Zaza's at first glance.
She looks; he melts. Can it be true?
He hears her whisper, "I love you!"

Time passes, Donald is a goner.
He's ready to obey, love, honor,
Until he overhears his lover
Coyly whispering to another.

What's this she says? It's all too true!
She's just repeating, "I love you."
Alas! The truth is out at last;
It has to do with Zaza's past.

She's just a polly-parrot plain
Who knows naught but that sweet refrain.
This time, by every ruffled feather,
He swears he's through with gals forever.

But Carioca has the cure:
A bit of Mexico's allure.
Panchito, rooster in the know,
Thinks Donald's really very slow.

Because he swears he's off romance
And scarcely deigns to cast a glance
At this masked beauty who's quite taken
With Donald's new sophistication.

But Donald coldly turns a shoulder
Which only makes the lady bolder.
She ups and dares him to advance
And twirl his feathers in a dance.

This challenge Donald cannot stand;
He cuts a rug to beat the band!
As gay fandango sets the pace
The mask slips off the siren's face.

Guess who! By all the stars above,
It's Daisy in a test of love!
And since she's found that Donald's true
She's ready now to say "I do."

What better place for celebrations
Than in our Latin sister nations,
Where laughter, song and joy abound
And friends galore are always found.
MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET!
A LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU SURE

MARIA MONTEZ.

Lovely star of
Universal's Technicolor Production
"SUDAN"

All the lights come on when the one man whispers, "You're so sweet." So protect the charm he loves! "If a girl isn't dainty no other charm counts," Maria Montez says. "A daily Lux Soap bath makes daintiness sure." You'll love the way the creamy ACTIVE lather caresses your skin—leaves it fresh, really sweet. Delicately perfumed, too!

FIGHT WASTE
Soap uses vital war materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!
Internal protection? Meds’ safety-well convinced me!

A woman doctor perfected Meds “SAFETY-WELL”—to assure the extra security, the extra comfort, every woman wants! The COTTON in Meds is fine, soft, super-absorbent; the disposable APPLICATORS are dainty, easy to use—yet Meds internal protection costs you LESS!

MEDS
only 19¢
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

$10.00 PRIZE
Skelton at the Skillet

We were standing in line outside the mess hall one cold December morning, the moon still up, waiting for breakfast. Suddenly someone called, “There goes Red Skelton!” There went Red indeed, his GI overcoat (which he called his wigwam) flapping around his ankles. It was Red’s morning to serve chow and when we finally got in to eat, the bacon tasted better for the Skelton grin behind it. This soldier nearly jumped up on her tray when he leaned over the counter with, “Hop on, honey, let’s eat you for breakfast.”

Red’s affability and spontaneous clowning made life in the Army school more than bearable. He hut-toot-threeped to classes eight hours a day, six days a week, worried about his marks and fooled around in the bean wagon just like the rest of us. The day he raised his hand in formation—after the captain had bawled the company out for untidy quarters—and asked, “Please, sir, where can I find a dustpan? I got me a broom but the debris is collecting—” we were all convinced he was just one of the boys.

Pvt. J. D.
Lexington, Va.

$5.00 PRIZE
Voila, Crawford!

Recently I received a copy of Photoplay from home and later showed it to several Belgian girls who work in an office adjacent to our billets. They were very interested in it and viewed each illustration carefully but their attention focused on one photograph—that of Joan Crawford. Voila! I know very little French and they could speak only a few words of English but from their actions and the spurts of rapid French I could tell that she had their undivided approval. They admired her coiffure, her lovely face, her gown. I managed to catch words like “très bon,” “beautiful,” “ravissante,” “good.” Such loyalty after four years of nothing but German- and French-made propaganda pictures is worth recording and is a fitting tribute to one of Hollywood’s best actresses.

Sgt. W. J. Ferguson,
% Postmaster, New York, N. Y.
(Continued on page 114)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to “Speak For Yourself,” PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
He Married His First Love

(Continued from page 43) or tests or some of the other myriad things a young actor must attend to, even when he is briefly between pictures.

Chris was wearing the ring which had belonged to Tom's beloved mother, who died when he was sixteen. They waited . . . and waited. They kept their engagement a secret from even their best friends. Somehow, it seemed like something which belonged just to them until they could arrange a wedding.

FINALLY on Monday morning (it was February 18) Tom telephoned Chris, "I have almost a clear week!" he told her with vast excitement. "I mean, there are probably fifteen or twenty things for me to do but for once none of them seems really vital. Let's do it now. Let's start for Las Vegas today!" Chris agreed and Tom rushed off to buy a ring and make plane reservations and break the "non-vital" appointments.

He got the reservations all right. Then they were canceled. He managed to get some more . . . and those were canceled. It began to seem to the two of them that fate was being just plain malicious . . . that after waiting nine years they were still to be frustrated about that wedding. Then two very good friends came to their rescue. Peter and Maureen Cookson (Mr. C. is a well-known actor) volunteered to drive them to Las Vegas. They managed to start at ten on Monday evening.

"After we were really on our way," Tom says now, "everything seemed peaceful. It wasn't, really. Lots of things happened to delay us and to put more obstacles in our way. But it didn't seem to matter what happened. "We seemed to slide—or float—through them all, the way you do sometimes in dreams."

It took them a good deal longer than they had expected to get to Las Vegas. They didn't arrive there until eight the next morning. But for the life of them, neither of them can recall, to this moment, what caused the delays. It might have been an flat tire or some detours they don't know. A happy haze simply settled over them. They were on their way.

Once arrived, there were details like finding rooms in which to rest and tidy up. There was a wedding corsage to buy and a minister to locate. A license to secure. Chris and Tom still floated . . . it was probably just as well that the kindly Mr. and Mrs. Cookson had gone along, after all; the principals in this drama were so bemused.

They found a wedding chapel called The Wee Kirk o' the Heather and made an appointment to be married there that afternoon. Then they "had lunch somewhere. . . ." and went back to the chapel. But there had been another hitch. The chapel was in use and no one knew when the happy pair could be married in it. The minister offered a compromise and invited them to be married in his living room.

Chris pinned her gardenias to her shoulder and Tom nervously leaped the aisle . . . and then they found that two or three other couples had preceded them and that they would have to wait for those marriages to be performed. Meanwhile the minister's wife . . . they guessed that was who it was . . . could be heard bustling to and fro doing something about food for those other couples. Apparently some wedding feasts were to be served right at the parsonage and there were many comings and goings.

Tom and Chris developed fits of giggles. Then suddenly it was there . . .
moment they had been waiting for. The minister was opening his book and be-
ing to intone the beautiful, ancient, solemn words. Chris looked up at Tom and he slipped the slim gold band on her finger and presently everyone was kissing everyone and all the eyes were as dewy as eyes should be at a wedding and every-
one was aware of the scent of the gardenias Tom had crushed when he kissed his bride . . . and it was over.

They were all suddenly very gay and it occurred to them that a wedding calls for a celebration. They had been so intent upon accomplishing the wedding, itself, that they hadn’t thought of this before. But they found a spot which was bright and now they discovered that they were hungry and Chris had her very first drink of champagne because you must have champagne on a day like that.

Then the Cooks sons thought it was time for them to set out for Hollywood . . . and Tom realized that they had no hotel ac-

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when his name is CLARK
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□ STIRRING—light, nostalgic □ STARTLING—heady, dramatic □ EXCITEMENT—fresh, buoyant
Will He Want To Come Home?

(Continued from page 59) of one word: "Madly."

When they get home—or so I've heard from many quarters where furloughs are handled—they pull every wire they can legitimately lay hands on, to stay home as long as possible. Among the most popular appeals for extensions of furlough are: A change in his business which makes the soldier's presence imperative; a new baby expected at any moment; the need to stay at home for a few days (or weeks) after the new baby arrives in order to take care of the older children; threatened operations on Junior, Grandpa, Aunt Min. These are in the majority. For if a reputable doctor will wire a serviceman's C.O.; "... son threatened with a mastoid. Advise father's presence" or "...wife liable to have difficult labor. Strongly recommend soldier's presence"—the serviceman stands a dandy chance of having his furlough lengthened.

While on this subject of home, I have two friends, Mary and Ralph, a married couple who live in a modest little house in Connecticut. A few months before the war began, I spent a week end with them. Proud as any caliph, Ralph showed me around "the place." He said, "We love this little house. Sure, it would be easier for me to live in the city, near my office. Cheaper, too. But see, there's a brook in the back yard, room for a garden and some pets and the country air's good for the kids. So, what the heck, it's worth it."

At that time, it might be argued, Ralph's case didn't prove anything since we were not at war and Ralph hadn't had his normal tempo of living fiercely upped and accelerated by combat duty.

However, a few months ago, I visited Ralph and Mary again. Ralph was home on furlough (most of which he spent painting the kitchen and bathroom, patching the shingled roof). A veteran of many campaigns, his uniform was decorated with many bars and stripes and further ornamented by the Distinguished Flying Cross. When I inquired after these rewards of valor and said, "I wish you'd tell me—" he brushed it off, saying, "They were all good shows and good fellows. Some of us rode with Lady Luck." Then proudly he again showed me around "the place." The patch of earth which had been "room for a garden and some pets" was a Victory garden now, guarded by two responsible looking cockers, Pilot and Co-Pilot, commonly known as Pi and Co. The banks of the brook were bright with purple and white iris. "The flags of home," Mary calls them," Ralph said.

"It takes every cent we can scrape together now," he went on. "My pay and what Mary earns taking care of some of the defense workers' kids to keep up the payments. But, what the heck, it's worth it!"

Which was, simply and sincerely, a reaffirmation of one of the deepest and oldest of human values—the love of home. There are millions of Ralphs. I pin my faith on them. And on all their comrades—in the air, on land, on the sea and under it—in the armed forces.

And on their women. On their wives and mothers and sweethearts and sisters and daughters. You bet, on their women, for we are deserving of faith, too.

A few months ago Flight Lieutenant Stephen came home, blinded. He had been a long time in the hospital. When he came out, he was depressed to the point of suicide mania. A writer, he felt that he...
could never work again, he was a discard. A couple of months later, he was studying Braille and back at work, dictating like crazy, his own man again. His wife explained the amazing rehabilitation.

"The first night Steve was home," she told me, "we went for a walk after dinner as had been our habit. It was a temptation to take his arm, guide him. But instinct warned me to let him take mine so that he could feel he was still taking care of me. Believe it or not, Mary, that one seemingly trivial little gesture turned the trick." My friend added, thoughtfully, "We must not lead them..."

We won't.

I have faith in woman's instinct. Faith in its integrity and in its tenderness. Faith that it will find a way to touch the broken bodies and spirits of men with healing fingers.

There seem to be two schools of thought about our fighting men. One, that the men who have invaded Normandy, bombed Tokyo and Berlin, grappled with death and danger, known the excitement and adventures of leaves in foreign lands, will not want to settle down to humdrum, routine lives again, at home. The other that, as John Hersey put it in his beautiful, moving book, "A Bell For Adano," "The war aim of most men is to go home."

To my way of thinking, the chap who said to me, "I'm sorry to be out while the other fellows are still in there, doing the job. But gosh, when I think that, pretty soon now, I'll be with the Missus again," answered both "schools." They want to be in there while the fight is on. When the job is done, they'll want to return to the homes they love, have been fighting for and, by golly, will come back to—on the double-quick.

There are millions of such boys and such homes. I put my faith in them.

**The End**

---

National Baby Week is April 28 to May 5...

Then comes

**Mother's Day** ...

And after that

**Father's Day**—
or had you forgotten?

We haven't...

And we've a happy surprise in store for you...

**Hollywood Fathers and Their Children**...

**ALL IN COLOR**

They'll be in the

**June Photoplay**

---

La Cross

**AMERICA'S FINEST MANICURE IMPLEMENTS**

**AMERICA'S FINEST HAND BEAUTY AIDS**

Production of manicure implements is still sharply curtailed. Treasure those you own.
Marie McDonald currently starring in Hunt Stromberg's “Guest In The House” takes a Ming fling for Spring... chooses this Joseph Halpert original with its clean-jutting, side-buttoned mandarin tunic of crisp white cotton and slim tapering black cotton skirt. Daisy chain hat by Sally Victor.
Play on Colors

is the theme of the Florence Gainor sun-fun suit Marie McDonald picks. It's a study in stripes and solids . . . with abbreviated waist and sleeves. High style skirt boasts one important button (instead of a row!). Shorts dovetail into a close-fitting midriff. In Hope Skillman cotton
UNSHINE becomes you... it goes with your few precious hours off... it goes with open-to-the-elements sun togs like our TRIK-COMBO. Self-repleating shorts and a halter that clings to body contour like a second skin! Sizes 10-16. About $8.95 at leading stores everywhere.

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Come look, look lovely! See how perfectly these beautiful fashions are made for you . . . made to make your summer something special . . . made to make your budget balance, too! First (with whip in hand) a crisp-cool button-down-the-fronter with spun-sugar icing that highlights your arms and charms, lights up your face. Second (with navy in tow), a sugar dandy with clean-cropped lines, a mammoth fake monogram, to give you a forever-well-groomed look. Both in white, maize, blue, aqua, chartreuse or gray spun rayon. 12-20. Each about $9 at 18 top-notch stores.

For the store nearest you, turn to page 76.
Krill thrills (inspired by a bareback rider’s skirt), a June Bentley original. It’s frothed with white eyelet; stays wrinkle-free because it’s tebelized for crease-resistance. In rayon and Aralac suiting in pretty pink, yellow, blue or green. 9-15. About $15 at Frederick Nelson, Seattle.

(Center) Circus tent stripes to win you hurrahs! They shine in a blaze of glory on this Joanne, Jr. dress of glazed Charbelle balloon cotton. Yellow and gray, blue and brown, red and white or green and white. 9-15. About $15 at Halle Bros., Cleveland.


Both by Koret of California. For store nearest you where you can buy these Photoplay First Run Fashions, see page 76.
It's winning strategy to play in this Cobert sunsuit, check-trimmed for added charm. Bright red buttons add a saucy note to the adjustable bra top and fancy pocket flaps. In fine cotton gabardine with cross-dye checked rayon sharkskin. Sizes 12-18. Under $6 at all leading stores.

The blouse worn by Photoplay's Gold Medal winner, Greer Garson, on the cover this month was created by Irene, executive designer for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Irene designed this blouse for Greer to wear with the soft dressmaker suits she favors.

"Blouses today are more important than ever before," Irene says, "because they are so often seen above the dinner table. Formerly suits were strictly a daytime costume. Today they go to formal luncheons, to tea and to restaurants for dinner.

"So, the blouse when revealed should be as soft and feminine as the almost extinct afternoon dress. Miss Garson's blouse, I believe, is just that. Its neckline, planned to frame the face flattering, was designed for pearls—the most feminine of jewels. On the whole, it would be difficult, I think, for a dinner partner to distinguish this blouse from the top of an informal dinner gown.

"It was made in that beautiful shade of lavender because that is one of Miss Garson's favorite and most becoming colors."

In Irene's opinion, the dressier blouse will be worn a great deal this spring with the new and dressier suits. "Unless," she says, "there is a drastic change in the social picture—such as the sudden end of the war—women will make the suit their daily uniform. So its evolution will continue, until the afternoon and evening suits combine the practical aspects of this costume and the more feminine appearance of the dress; with the softer blouse contributing a great deal to the ensemble."

Color, Irene feels, will dominate the fashion picture. Black will remain the most popular shade for the basic suit but blouses, hats and accessories will be bright and gay with lavender, fuchsia and cyclamen continuing in favor.
an original

Marie Phillips

HALF 'N HALF

Two-tone, two piece and charming.


At your favorite store, or write Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York City
More stores from coast to coast where you can buy Photoplay's "Big Top Fashions"—or write directly to the manufacturer for the name of a store in your vicinity.

The Two Button-Down-The-Fronters of Spun Rayon

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co.
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Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
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Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Bos ton Store
New York, N. Y.—Bloom ingdale Bros.
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Straw bridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horn Co.
Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman Co.
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Worcester, Mass.—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.

June Bentley "Frill Thrill" Dress
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Manufacturer: Rhea Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Glazed Balloon Cloth Striped Dress
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Manufacturer: Joanne, Jr., 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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HOSIERY
"As You Like It"

READING, PA.
Wartime Wife

(Continued from page 45) his wife, then it was only because she is and always has been expert at concealing her most personal responses to life's demands.

Ginger has a firm shell around her inner being. She had to acquire it because things worked out that way. She was pushed around considerably in the early days of her career. She has had to fight for all things she has won in the theater and the films.

She has had two unhappy marriages preceding the present one and happiness has been fleeting in this, so she falls back, as usual, on the old "heads up" attitude toward heartache and lets nobody know directly whether she has been hard hit or not. Yet certain facts speak for themselves.

For instance, she went to the Benny party alone, except for the woman friend, and she left it alone. She had a fleeting fling at good fellowship and then retired into her domain of solitude again.

And there is a record that she plays, over and over again, at nighttime when she returns from the studio. It's a recording of a broadcast that she took directly off the air as the program came through from the South Pacific area. The show starred Jack Benny and the master of ceremonies was Sgt. Jack Briggs.

It is the Ginger Rogers policy of concealment of inner self which has perhaps caused her to be designated as one of Hollywood's "difficult" stars. She does not conform to the gold-fish-bowl standards of living so prevalent in the film city. She has remained pretty much aloof and has never bent over backwards to please either her admirers or detractors. Thus she has remained true to herself.

For those who charge her with uncooperativeness Ginger has this answer:

"The work that one does in the studio is the first and most important thing. It requires time and thought, and energy and concentration. A break in the continuity of my work always sets me back. I know some actresses who have the gift of plunging into a scene, completing it, and then turning to something else to occupy their attention. I just happen to be the type that has to give fully to what I am doing, and when I am acting a part it entirely absorbs me and I generally can't think of anything else.

"I've had lots of ups and downs in my life, plenty of rebuffs, but then so does everyone else, and if you can survive them, you will eventually be compensated. It's all part of moving onward. There is no such thing as standing still. And I believe that if you have enough drive the plan of evolution, whatever it may be, will work out for you personally and that this idea can also be applied in a much larger way.

"For instance, however much the war might touch me personally, I don't think I could regard it with anything approaching hysteria. Because, again, it all conforms with the ebb and flow of life as we know it in this world. There are bound to be crises like this arising every so often, as anyone knows who has read history at all. What happens to people because of such events is very important but can be matched by human experience all along the line.

"People say the men who are going to war will return completely disillusioned. I don't agree with that in most cases, although there is bound to be some disillusionment connected with any sudden and drastic change in one's life. A boy or girl who gets to a big city from a small town and returns, invariably finds the town

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has shrunk decidedly and that the people do not seem the same as they did before.

“Yet, the men in the service, especially perhaps the fliers, have expanded their horizon far beyond any they have previously known, and necessarily will need to adjust themselves greatly. If the men in the service have viewed and known

“All men who have gone to foreign countries, gone through battle, and endured the deprivations that are associated with the ghastliness of war, must necessarily have acquired new strength of character because of all this. And they should be subjected to influences that tend to confine and limit them in their civic evolution, let’s say, after the war is over. They probably have the greatest contribution to make to the life of the future because of what they have been through. We should all be raised to greater heights of living and thinking because of what they endured—their baptism by fire.”

FEW people are well acquainted with the thoughtful side of Ginger Gigers. She has a philosophy that is remarkably solid for a young woman, a knack for fitting everything into its pattern sooner or later.

And that pattern is very sound because it has been built out of hard knocks and experience.

Ginger knows that work is the thing that carries most weight, day after day in life. That you can depend on it and that one must be active in some way, even when the studios do not have any roles waiting for you. That’s one reason she purchased her ranch up in Oregon which can take a large complement of her time. She also has a reliable outlet for expression of the artistic in her sculpture. One of her best pieces is a head of her mother Lela, who is an associate producer at RKO studios, where Ginger was under contract for over twelve years.

The close relationship and devotion of Ginger and Lela is one of the great sagas of Hollywood. And the story of Ginger’s steady rise to stardom, beginning when she was a little girl with dancing feet that dangled freckles of her mother’s desk in a Texas newspaper office, gleams with the fine inspirational theme of maternal love coupled with cautious, astute guidance.

Ever since Ginger’s marriage, Lela has lived in a separate apartment and Ginger has remained in the modernistic home that they built a few years ago atop one of Beverly’s highest hills which commands a sweeping view of sea, city and valley.

It is there that Ginger spends most of her time, even when she isn’t working. She rarely, if ever, entertains on a big scale. When she does have friends in for dinner or supper, all formality is dispensed with and simplicity is the rule. The friends are usually of long standing, people she has known since she first came to Hollywood. Her secretary, Penny, may be the guest of the evening, or again she is apt to have a house guest, who may be a comparative stranger to her, yet with whom she shares some deep bond. Witness the long stay Mrs. Alvin Flanagan had with Ginger when she couldn’t find a hotel or house to live in. Mrs. Flanagan is the wife of a Marine who is serving with Ginger’s husband in the South Pacific and Jack wrote Ginger about her plight. So Ginger
looked her up, found her and brought her out to her house to live until she could find quarters.

Bridge and a lot of small talk are two of the things that Ginger abhors and ducks away from assiduously. Also big parties.

"I love to meet and talk to people who are interesting and stimulating," she said to me, "whether they have cultivated minds or whether they are simple and untutored, just so long as they have something to say that is worth listening to, or are interesting because of what they do. But I simply cannot stand the bores, no matter what their social or professional rating may be! As for bridge, I have never had time to play it and on those few occasions when I've been very social and tried playing at it, I have secretly vowed never to waste that much time again. Invariably at such times I wish I were home reading some of the books I've been trying to lay my hands on, or playing some good music."

A library of the classics and good books and a very fine collection of records, from symphonies and operas to jazz, take up a goodly space in Ginger's home. Recently, too, she made an album of professional records of "Alice In Wonderland," which has met with considerable popular approval.

She has always loved Alice, ever since she was a child, and in some respects there is a quality of both Alice and Wonderland about Ginger, despite her business acumen and her logical and meditative mind.

Only if she were to peer through the looking glass, she would not find her world topsy-turvy. She would see things in precise, systematic order, and maybe if she looked extra hard she might be able to glimpse the far road ahead ... the road where she hopes to meet and join her husband when the war is ended ... the road where they will stop and talk over plans for forming their own producing company, dedicated to the purpose of making only beautiful pictures and with Lela as a partner, of course!

Ginger has dreams but they're always practically fashioned.

The End

Should a Wife Try to "Run" Her Husband?

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P.S.—Among other things, this is a day of triumph for you. I can remember the first proverb you taught me so long ago: A good name is rather is be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold. Congratulations on your twenty-second anniversary, Mother! We will be together for your twenty-third Mother’s Day. L.

The End

(Long McCallister is now touring America with the original Broadway-Hollywood cast of “Winged Victory”—the AAF’s contribution to Army Charities.)

The Saga of Frederick and Lilly

(Continued from page 47) picture. This doesn’t mean he wants anything arty. He simply regards that clause as a safeguard against any company’s putting him in too many run-of-the-mill products, which Paramount certainly did. He knows that when companies hire a star, not under contract, at the high figure such hiring demands, they do it only with a fine script in hand. He feels that his newest film at Twentieth, “Captain Eddie,” based on the life of Eddie Rickenbacker and his fabulous exploits in the last war and this will combine comedy, adventure and drama, a blend he’s never had before.

He has absolutely no fear of the future—Lilly and he having had that planned out all along and having saved accordingly. “I don’t know why, neither of us being from the country, we always wanted a farm and children,” Lilly explains, “but we talked of getting both from the time we knew we were in love.” They have the farm now, and they call it just that, despite the California tendency to call everything more than half an acre a ranch. There are many acres, situated on the Russian River in the fertile Sonoma Valley near the town of Healdsburg, and already it’s completely self-supporting. Besides that, they own a chateau-sized estate in Brentwood.

The Brentwood house is the one that Lilly and Fred had planned down to the last antique doorknob before they were married. It is a shingled early-American, with open fireplaces in all its small pine-paneled rooms, and furnished with a collection of early American pieces that any collector would envy. Fred bought them all, prowling around antique shops, though each item was the result of Lilly’s perfect taste and accurate knowledge of the period.

Fred did the buying because Lilly became very ill immediately after their marriage. Meanwhile the house was building, and every night she and Fred would work over sketches of the house. Fred painted all the living room, the den, his bedroom, and hers to look, and just where each chair, lamp, and rug was to go. In between his studio chores, Fred would shop and bring his purchases back to show Lilly.

A Letter to My Mother

(Continued from page 32) of Hollywood Bowl and listen to Beethoven and watch the falling stars? And ride along the Sunset Strip with the top down and stop at Nu-Burgers for a midnight snack? And on a “clear day you can really see Catalina Island.”

At the moment it all seems so far away, but it really isn’t. Mother’s Day, 1945, is not complete nor nearly so full as it will be in 1946. For next year I really believe we will all be on our way home—and, in the meantime, always remember—I miss you. I think of you.

I love you.

Lon.
When Lilly was well enough to venture out for the first time, naturally the only place she wanted to go was to their dream home. Fred drove her there and carried her over the threshold. There were the rugs, the carpets, the lamps all lighted and the fires in the hearths. It was home and it was beautiful.

Lilly was so happy that very soon she consented to follow her doctor's orders and allowed Fred to carry her on upstairs and put her to bed. He had to get back to the studio, so fancy her consternation when after his departure she heard workmen rushing around downstairs.

She soon learned why. The doors weren't really up. The floors weren't finished. The windows weren't all set. But Fred had had the whole thing put together, from the doors temporarily on their hinges to the window frames in place, just to give her that first fine look at it.

The house isn't big enough now that their children are there, so they plan someday to add on rooms to accommodate them. They have two children now and they want six. "Why not?" says Fred. "The more the better!"

These first two children are adopted. Susie came first, because first Fred and Lilly wanted a little girl. She is very blonde and blue-eyed and tall for her age and they think she has pronounced musical ability. Not yet five, she has an enormous collection of records, largely classical, which she plays constantly. She memorizes the words of any song she hears and when she doesn't entirely remember a musical phrase, she will stop the record at that point and go back again and again to that one spot until she does.

ROBERT SCOTT MacMURRAY is four months old, and is just as blond and blue-eyed as Susie, but does, by happy accident, look like Fred. There is no reason for his given names except that Lilly liked the name of Robert and Fred liked the name of Scott, so they combined them. "I wouldn't wish any kids into being Junior," Fred murmurs. They've had Robert ever since he was four days old, but they have never talked of him until recently. "Wanted to be sure we had the pink slip on him," is the way Fred puts it. As soon as another baby girl comes along they'll take her. They still very much hope to have children of their own, but regardless, they'll have six, and if they adopt them all, there will be three girls and three boys. "I'm sure I couldn't love my own any more than I do the two we've got," Fred declares.

"I'm glad they are going to be tall," Lilly says, "for we're tall people. I only hope they won't eat as much as Frederick does."

She insists it wasn't love at first sight with her, but when she describes her reactions she makes it sound, at least, like a very good substitute. She says that when she was introduced to him he was one of the worst-looking creatures she had ever seen. "He had on a dripping hat and a dripping overcoat, because he had just come in out of the rain," she explains, "and he'd been working so hard his face was haggard and his eyes were tired. Just the same, I knew I liked him better than anyone I'd ever met."

They began dating immediately, but what threw her was not only his appetite but his genius for cooking. Lilly knew very little about cooking then, but while Fred knew nothing through cook-book learning, instinctively he was a master chef.

"Every time we'd have a date," Lilly says, "I'd dig out the most beautiful recipes and prepare it with such care, and then Frederick would arrive, taste the dish and say, 'It needs just a dash'—and he'd put in the dash of whatever it was, and he'd always be right. But my heavens, there was no filling him up. He's kept..."
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it up until just recently. Now he's tapering off a bit, but at least I've learned to cook almost as well as he.

All their closest friends love food. Their immediate pals are Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling, Mal and Ray Milland and, before their split-up, Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, whom they now see individually.

Besides quiet evenings spent with this set playing parlor games, Fred likes to go off on hunting trips with some men friends from the neighborhood. At least he did before the war, when he had the gas for it. Now he hasn't. Lilly never goes with Fred on these trips—not only because she's no outdoor girl, but also because she recognizes the call of that peculiar male world wherein men like to get bearded and go dirty and live on steaks cooked in the open and sleep on air mattresses thrown on the ground.

"He goes on those trips and comes back looking like a tramp," Lilly says, "but you never saw anyone happier."

FRED may not be demonstrative, but he is one of those husbands who is a wizard around the house. No electricians and no plumbers appear at the MacMurrays for Fred is right there to fix up anything that needs repairs. He has his own workshop, out in back of the house, and there he can even turn table legs or create new bookshelves, if such is needed. However, last Christmas he decided, with a bit of urging on his wife's part, to be even more domestically helpful. The MacMurray Christmas list runs to the colossal amount of three hundred individual presents and Fred told Lilly he would help her with the buying and wrapping.

"Oh, fine," said Lilly. "Why don't you take the men and I'll take the women."

They started off together to shop, Lilly heading off toward one department and Fred the other. Lilly got ten gifts, felt tired and went to the spot in the store where they had agreed to meet. No Fred. Figuring he was really digging into the list, Lilly got slightly ashamed and returned to the ladies' department, got five added gifts and went back to the front of the store once more. Still no Fred. She sat and waited and finally she saw him struggling toward her. In his hands she saw exactly two packages.

"What happened?"

"Autographs," he said hollowly. "Let's get out of here."

Safe in the car he said, "Well, I did get these two gifts, anyhow."

Back home, Lilly opened them up. With stunning originality, Fred had bought one man a tie, the other some handkerchiefs.

She wasn't discouraged about the gift wrapping, however. Together they sat in the middle of their living-room floor, the packages about them. They were doing up gifts for the numerous children Susie and Robert play with. Very carefully Fred wrapped up two of them. Then he raised his head. "Lilly," he said, "I'm afraid I've mixed up these cards. Do you know which kids these packages are for?"

"It doesn't matter, dear. They are both dresses. One's for Barbara Binyon (the writer, Claude Binyon's little girl) and the other's for Julie Payne."

Fred threw her a worried look. "Maybe you'd better be sure."

To please him, Lilly undid the package in which he'd put the card for Barbara. Only it didn't hold a dress. What Fred had put in there was Danny Milland's pants.

Well, maybe he doesn't tell Lilly he loves her, but you gather the idea, don't you, that he's a typical American husband, which means, as every woman knows, the best brand of husband there is.
What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 90)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of sixteen and I have a sister, twenty. Her husband is in the Army in France. They have been married three years and have a lovely baby.

Some time ago my sister met a civilian, who is also married and has a fourteen-year-old son. She has seen this man on the average of four nights a week and she also sees him every day at work.

My mother told him not to come to our house again so my sister now meets him secretly. She told me flippantly one day that, if her husband doesn’t come back, she is going to marry this man.

My mother and I are doing everything possible to break this up as we love my brother-in-law as much as we do my sister. He is really a wonderful man.

Can you give us some tips on how we can go on breaking up this episode? We’ve done everything we can think of and now we need some smart help.

Evelinn L.

Dear Miss L:

I am sorry to say this, but it’s true: I am completely losing patience with wives who cannot remain true to husbands who happen to be away at camp, or on the battle fronts. I, too, am the wife of a man in uniform. I get lonely. I get heart sick. But I have women friends who are in the same predicament, so we console one another. I am invited to parties where there are other husbands and wives and, frankly, I sometimes look at the women whose husbands are with them in the sharpest envy.

But, if a woman really loves her husband, no other man quite measures up to him. Absent, he still seems to be the most wonderful person in the world.

True, some of the men forget their obligations, but the majority are just as heart-hungry and lonely as their wives.

Even though many of these men are not in actual danger, they are sick of war and yearning for home.

I’m afraid, Evelinn, that there is no “smart” way in which to bring your sister to her senses. Nor do I think nagging will accomplish anything. You might have one final family council. Your sister’s obligation to her husband should be mentioned once again, as well as the fact that she is breaking up another woman’s home. Your mother should express her disappointment in her daughter. Then you might as well ignore anything your sister does in the future. It is unfortunately true that, if a girl wants to destroy her reputation and her hope for a decent future, no one can stop her.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one years old and, in spite of the question I am going to ask you, I am not a jerk. I am just methodical. When I was a kid, I had my dad teach me to drive a car; I had my older brother teach me to swim. I am the kind of a person who likes to get the right steer, then do a thing—maybe not in expert manner—but as a reasonably good amateur.

I am very much in love with a girl. She is sweet, a church-going girl which is rare these days, and in general is going to make a fine wife for some lucky guy. I would like to be that guy. I am deferred, as I help my father run a farm. I am sure that I am doing a lot more good in my present spot than I would be toting a gun.

I want to propose and I want to do it so well that I run no risk of getting “no” for an answer. Because you are a girl.
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and such a nice one, too, would you mind telling me what kind of an approach a girl really likes? How can I prepare the ground so that I’ll get the harvest I want?

Martin B.

Dear Mr. B:

I thought your letter quite charming, and I’m sure you will have no difficulty in getting the "yes" answer. The first thing to remember, when seriously courting a girl, is that there is nothing that beguils love quite so much as love. Tell a girl you love her, say it with quiet sincerity, and the average girl melts.

Always tell a girl what you like about her, but don’t make it fancy. Keep to simple, genuine statements. Don’t flatter—that is, don’t tell a girl an obvious untruth. But do take infinite pains to notice every good quality she has—her laugh, the way she walks, her voice, the way she combs her hair, her courtesy to older people, her love for her family. And how about a campaign of modest, uncompromising presents—a book, candy or a nice compact? A girl enjoys not only the gift but the thoughtfulness it implies, plus the assurance that if she married you, you wouldn’t be averse to spending a little money on her.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Two years ago I met a boy who was nineteen when I was sixteen. I went with him for three weeks before he entered the service. Then we became engaged.

For quite a while he was stationed nearby and we had many dates. One night he got a pass and came home, but I had gone to the movies with my mother, so he took my girl friend out. When I heard of this I was angry, so I went out with my boy friend. That made my boy friend mad.

Last fall I went down to take care of my grandfather and met a boy who was in the Navy. I was intimate with him and the doctor told me last month that I am going to have this sailor’s child.

The sailor is now overseas. I wrote telling him, but he has never answered. I was advised to write to his Commanding Officer and get a statement from this sailor admitting the paternity of my child.

I’m writing to my first boy friend again. He says he loves me and I know I love him. I want to marry him when he comes home but I’m afraid when he finds I have a

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child, he won't want to marry me.

My doctor tells me I should give my child up for adoption. If I do that, I will be able to marry my boy friend without him knowing, but I'm afraid I'll be sorry all the days of my life.

Betty W.

Dear Miss Wells,

Your headlong romance is going to deter your entire future, so you must prepare yourself spiritually for that fact. If it is at all possible, you should keep our baby. If, for financial reasons, this is not feasible, you should give it up without even seeing it. All your life you will wonder where your youngster is.

Furthermore, I think you should write to your boy friend and tell him the truth. Don't simply tell him you are to have mother's child. The bald fact alone could be revelation in a needlessly cruel manner. Start at the beginning. Remind him of the quarrel. Tell him something of your responsibility of taking care of your grandfather. Describe the way you lived, tell him how you met this boy and what led to your tragic surrender. Tell him that you love him and that you think you have grown up enough to be a more worth-while person in the future.

But be prepared to take it like a woman if he writes you a scathing letter, or if you never hear from him again.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

The turning point of my life is about to occur. My parents are separating, and my mother is moving into an apartment. There are five of us children; my two older brothers are in the service, so my mother will have three of us with her.

Until now I have been attending a fine private school for girls that I really love, but Mother says that—under the new set-up—she won't be able to continue my education. I am seventeen and should graduate in a year. I have been planning to finish school, then to attend some nice art school, after that a school of designing.

In short, I have to go to work. It all seems so unjust and awful that I simply can't face it. Can you suggest anything?

Jasona B.

Dear Miss B:

I agree that you are facing a very real tragedy, but it lies not so much in the necessity for you to give up school, but in the fact of your broken home.

You have been, apparently, so taken up with your own disappointment that you haven't stopped to think what this must mean to your mother. If your life seems to have grown confused, what of hers? From your letter I am led to believe that you may have added to your mother's already heavy burden by wailing to high heaven.

At seventeen you must grow up. You must begin to think of the welfare and happiness of others—which is the first sign of emotional maturity. Why don't you put your arm around your mother's shoulders some night soon and say something like, "I'm afraid that I've been selfish and not very understanding, but that's all over. Don't you worry about me. I'm going to be all right and help you to be all right, too."

Since you want to study art and design, find a job in an advertising agency, or on a magazine staff. You will be surprised to discover how priceless this actual experience will prove to be. Then, enroll in some good night school.

I truly believe that determination and enterprise will win for an ambitious girl everything her heart desires if she has a modicum of ability and a fighting heart.

Claudette Colbert
Dear Miss Colbert:

Here I am in the South Pacific, sick with worry, but unable to talk it over with my buddies for fear of ridicule. So I decided to unburden myself to you.

I have been married three years to a beautiful girl whom I adore. We have a lovely little girl two years old. We were happily married, I thought. I wasn't making much money and every once in awhile I felt so downhearted I would go down to a little bar and get plastered, then go home and beat up my wife.

I wouldn't know anything about it until the next morning and then I could shoot myself with disgust. I joined the Army, figuring they would make a man of me and I think I have made progress.

While I was taking my basic training, I wrote regularly. Still, I noticed that my wife's letters cooled off after I had been away awhile. So when I got a furlough, I went home in a hurry. She was sweet, but kind of strange. She was sort of complimentary about my progress, but in a sad sort of way.

When I went back to camp I wrote every day but got no reply. Finally I saved a little extra money and called long distance and she was fine, but said she hadn't been feeling very well.

Then I was shipped out without getting to see her. Finally I received a letter saying she was going to have a baby. I'm not one to be skeptical, but the amount of time since I have seen her just isn't right. Shall I forgive my wife and skip it, or divorce her? Should I demand custody of my little girl and this other baby?

Cord Amos S.

One of the most interesting sentences in your letter was this: "Shall I forgive my wife and skip it, or divorce her?"

You freely admit that you spent badly needed earnings on bars because you were discouraged. What about your wife at home with a small baby? Don't you imagine she was discouraged, too? You admit that you beat her. Did you imagine that she enjoyed such treatment?

Your wife may have made little outward fuss over your behavior, but it is likely that a tide of resentment arose in her soul and penetrated every cell of her being. She may well be the quiet type whose anger at last breaks open flood gates and devastates her entire life.

It would seem that the only way for you to reach some sort of an understanding would be for you to tell her to unburden herself to you. Ask whether there is another man and if there is, ask her to tell you as much as possible about the manner of her meeting him, and what happened thereafter.

It may be that your wife is still in love with you, but that—in a curious way that some women have it—she has been seeking a way in which to get even with you. If you still love her as much as you say you do, and if you can look upon this child as your own—never distinguish between it and the other child—it may be that the two of you can work out postwar plans that will be satisfactory.

Don't speak of forgiveness until you, yourself, have been forgiven. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the wife of a service man who is now in action and I have a problem that is causing me much unhappiness. I have been going to movies once a week; and after the movie I've been stopping in at a night club for a sandwich and a beer.

My family say that I am very wrong in this. They accuse me of being unfair to my husband by talking to other men. I believe there is no harm in talking. I work all week, and one night out is all
I want. I know a lot of service wives who do the same. We are young and we don't want to get overgrown with moss. I love music, soft lights, people laughing and having a good time, and where else can you find all those things put together except in a bar? I would appreciate it if you would express yourself so that I can show it to my critics.

Mrs. Luther C.

Dear Mrs. C:

I’m afraid that showing my answer to your friends won’t establish the principle you have in mind. Even if you weren’t married to a man overseas, it seems to me that you would be doing yourself a vast disservice to go unescorted into nightclubs. Your lone presence in such a place of amusement is a tacit invitation for every wolf there to try to pick you up. Suppose your husband should arrive unexpectedly some night—how would you like to have him stroll into that bar and find you talking to some strange man whose name you don’t even know?

If there are other service wives who, as you say, are hungering for a certain amount of social life during the absence of their men overseas, why don’t you women form a club?

I think the only safe rule of conduct for a service wife is this: Do nothing that you wouldn’t want to tell fully and freely to your husband either in a letter or face-to-face when he returns.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Do you think it is a disgrace for me to write to a Japanese-American soldier?

I am a paper carrier and have been since all our carriers were called into service. Four of us girls hand the distribution now. This boy, Tom, worked at the grocery store, which was on my route.

------------------------

Read This Carefully

You are warm, your clothes are good.

Do you know why?

You live in America!

Picture the people of the war-devastated countries. Most of them have had no clothing, old or new, for from four to eight years! They are going barefoot and without enough clothing to cover their thin bodies.

Will you go to your closet today?

Take every garment you do not truly need and give it to the United National Clothing Collection for War Relief. Your local newspaper will give you further details. They will be sent to Greece, Yugoslavia, France, Russia, China.

The clothes you have discarded will be a godsend to a needy ally.

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GERTRUDE NIESEN

Glamorous Singing Star of Stage and Radio

"Long ago I began using a deodorant daily, just as I brush my teeth and comb my hair daily. After I tried them all I decided Arrid was the best deodorant because it prevents dress discoloration and prevents perspiration odors."

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¢

Arrid

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
This complete 8-minute ‘BEAUTY-LIFT' works wonders for face and neck

Famous HOPPER Method Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother, Fresher With Each Treatment!

Here’s a complete de luxe ‘Beauty-Lift' you can give yourself at home with famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream — one of the most beautifying creams in cosmetic history! This homogenized facial makes your skin appear heavenly smooth, firmer, with an adorable baby-freshness — after even the first treatment. It actually enhances the natural beauty of the skin.

The HOPPER Method—Why It's So Active
Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck (follow arrows in diagram). Gently press an extra amount of this super-lubricating cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes.

The reason Hopper's Cream lubricates the skin so evenly — so expertly — leaving it looking so smooth and delicately textured — is because it's homogenized! Faithful use helps maintain natural dazzling beauty throughout the years. Be sure to buy Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream today. You can get it at any cosmetic counter.

Edna Wallace HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

"I PROTEST! I'm too young to have Gray Hair!"

...and I'm doing something about it now! My hairdresser told me how, "I recommend ETERNOL," she said, "though I pay a trifle more for it than for any other tint... because ETERNOL's color-control is always sure." One treatment proved she was right! Gone are all the drab gray streaks. My hair shines like satin, gleams with youth-giving color. And how naturally lovely it looks! Ask your hairdresser for ETERNOL.

Your make-up begins with your hair

eternol TINT OIL SHAMPOO

Tints, reconditions, cleanses in one simple operation.


Caution: Use only as directed on label.

During the hot afternoons I would step there for a soda or ice cream and we go to be good friends. My bike was always springing a leak, so when that happened Tom would fix it. We got to know each other and were friends for three years. This summer he was taken into the Army and we have been writing to each other. Right now he is in France bad in action although he was wounded a few months ago and got the Purple Heart.

He says my letters keep him from getting lonesome. Should I keep on writing him, or should I stop because some of the people here think it isn't nice for me to keep up my correspondence with him?

Granella A.

Dear Miss A:
No matter what narrow-minded people say, keep on writing to your friend. It is quite true that our enemy in the Pacific is the Japanese nation, but it is equally true that our enemy on the western front is the German Reich. You had met a boy whose parents had been German, who had been born and educated here and had entered the American Army. It wouldn't seem to you to discontinue your correspondence, would it?

Any man, regardless of the birthplace of his parents, who wears the Purple Heart is a fine person to have as a friend. Keep up that friendship.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am thirty-nine, brunette, weigh 157. Yes, I'm plump. I have four children — the older boy is in service, the others in a private school, much like an orphanage.

A year ago my career and I almost made each other unhappy. My husband had loved me and put his divorce through. He pays me $50.00 per month and $25.00 for each child. I live in a two-room apartment and work in a dining room. I have become acquainted with a man sixty-two who wants to marry me. He is respectable and considerate, only I can't bear to have him touch me.

I keep thinking of my hubby. He is married now and always wants the children with him for holidays. He sees me about once a month, takes me to dinner and pays me compliments. He says he just married this other lady for business reasons. I get spells when I cry for hours. Would you advise me to marry my gentleman friend to keep companionship? I keep thinking my hubby will come back to me.

Mrs. Elden M.

Dear Mrs. M.:
In the first place, I think you should stop crying. I don't mean to be callous but tears accomplish utterly nothing.

In the second place, never marry a man you find physically unattractive. No matter how respectable and considerate a man may be, he will be a cheater husband if you can't bear his coresses.

Why don't you have your children rear you? Sure they'd be better off in a real home. Why don't you make a determined effort to devote yourself to their welfare? Even if you worked part time, you would be able to give them some taste of the home life to which they are entitled.

It would seem to me that you would be much happier if you would dismiss all thought of your former husband from your mind. Be sure that he didn't marry his present wife for "business purposes." He is saying that only to spare your feelings. If never, you are young enough to find another husband and to create a new happiness for yourself if you will shake off the past and walk confidently into the future.

Claudette Colbert
Start today to get that Ivory Look—a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion.

It's easy—with Ivory Soap. Just follow baby's beauty routine. Give up careless cleansings and change to regular, gentle Ivory care.

That's all! You can't buy a purer soap than mild Ivory. It's the sure way to a prettier complexion. Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. And more doctors advise it than all other brands put together!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together...99 1/2% Pure...It Floats

Urgent request from Uncle Sam: Help conserve vital war materials used in making soap. Don't waste Ivory—make every cake do extra work.
**THINK OF Tomorrow's Loveliness**

Today, every day, give your skin special care...the caress of these unique creams—to coax it away from "wayward" periods...to keep it on the bright beam of beauty...

The more glorious your skin and your complexion, the more attention they deserve! Even the loveliest skin at times becomes "wayward"...straying...not all you want it, or all it should be. So think of tomorrow's beauty today and trust it to Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams—Cleansing Cream for dewy, morning-bright freshness; Skin Cream for night-long beautifying and as a base for smoother make-up. Both provide Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, a friendly, familiar ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream contains softening, smoothing oils, and cholesterol to protect skin moisture. Together, they make skin care a careess!

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**Velvet Girl**

(Continued from page 37) worry about her. "I'll never get that way, Mr. Brown. Never! I promise!"

A promise to her is a cross-your-heart affair. As Freddie Wilcox found out recently when they were up at Lake Chelan, Washington, on location for "Hold High The Torch," which was paradise to Elizabeth because it meant working for two months with Lassie and a whole menagerie of mountain lions, bobcats, beavers, squirrels and deer.

She loves stories and one day the director was telling her about something highly dramatic, when he was interrupted. He promised to call at her cabin that night and finish it—and didn't. She treated him coolly for three days then, because she couldn't stand it any longer, burst out, "Freddie, why didn't you come the other night? You promised!"

She is very serious-minded and super-sensitive, and takes most everything literally as said. Honest-injins clear through.

Recently when a photographer was shooting pictures of her around the house and wanted a shot of her drying dishes, she protested, "Oh please don't take that one. They'll think I like drying dishes and kids everywhere will wonder what's wrong with me."

He went ahead and shot it but just when the camera flashed Elizabeth made such a terrible face—to keep it honest—that the still will probably never be used.

Yes—despite her great spiritual qualities—she's still all girl.

Ask her what she doesn't like and you'll get a quickie—"Rice!" Or school work, with the exception of art classes, which she loves.

She has no knowledge of time for in her own Never Never Land there's no such thing as a clock. It's a major operation to get her off to school. An hour is fifteen minutes, or a hundred and fifteen. And she doesn't know or care which.

She likes tailored clothes, especially suits and a pearl-gray-colored anything. She goes into a trance over classical music, particularly Chopin. She likes to draw and paint, but fairly lives for Saturdays and Sundays when she and her fifteen-year-old brother Howard go riding at Dupee's stables. Aside from that, all of her time is spent training her own pets. If she weren't an actress, she'd like to be one of three things—a nurse, a jockey, or an animal trainer.

The yen to be the latter came at the age of four when she had her picture made with a chimpanzee at the London zoo. A chimp which the chimp usually did with bored mien. One quickie and he wanted the kids out of his way. But when Elizabeth came up for her, the big chimpanzee turned around and just looked at her thoughtfully, then put both arms around her and hugged her. The Taylors were terrified. Guards came running up and one of them had to hit the chimp with the butt of his gun to make him let her go. Elizabeth thought it was wonderful because the chimpanzee loved her so much. She decided to be an animal trainer.

Her headquarters for her Never Never Land is her bedroom with its green chintz drapes, dressing table and bedspread with the long petticoat that's so handy for keeping things out of sight.

Near her bed is Nibbles's little green house, made out of a bed table with a screen over the front of it, inside which he has a little log with real knotholes, where the chipmunk has made a nest by pulling cotton fuzz off the doll blanket Elizabeth gave him and packing the fuzz into the log.
There are twenty-one statues of horses scattered around on the dressing table, bureau and end tables, and pictures of Elizabeth and King Charles on the walls. On the big easel near the window is an almost finished picture of the magnificent horse, "King's easy to draw—he's so pretty," she'll tell you proudly.

A bridle dangles over the lamp bracket on one wall. There's a new tan saddle riding the waste basket over in the corner. Another saddle—a second-hand one. I practice with" is draped over a doll's cradle, with a limp French doll stretched languidly out in the saddle, one limber leg entwined in the stirrup, a surprised look on its chic face.

Sometimes in the night her room full of thoroughbreds come to life in her dream world and take to the air, with Elizabeth and King leading them over the jumps of the Grand National in "National Velvet" again.

"She really could have ridden the whole race in the picture, you know," Director Clarence Brown tells you proudly.

She did ride a goodly part of it and took many of the jumps, protesting broken-heartedly the occasional times that real jockeys or stunt men were used.

The double was all set to do the scene where Velvet runs into the road in the path of the horse to stop him from running away. "Mr. Brown, don't you think it's dangerous for him to do it?" cried Elizabeth. "He doesn't know Bill. But he knows and loves me and he won't trample me."

The director and Mrs. Taylor finally consented. "Don't worry—he'll stop," Elizabeth said.

King came out in high, the trainer cracked his whip, and the horse reared and tore off down the road, racing towards Elizabeth standing there so calmly at the other end. "There, there. Whoa, King!" she said soothingly. He wheeled. To those watching, it seemed to be a personal deal of faith between the horse and the little girl.

Knowing her faith in getting anything "that's right" for her, someone recently asked her if there was anything she'd ever wanted that hadn't come true.

"There is now," she said; her voice trembling a little. "I want King."

It seems there was some talk that the studio might give the horse to her, but her parents and others were afraid the spirited thoroughbred might be too dangerous.

"Oh NO! He wouldn't hurt me!" she said, her eyes filling with tears.

Then proving her point, she thought. Elizabeth reminded her mother of the time when she had had her head against King loving him and he'd taken the front of her blouse in his mouth and ripped it.

"If he'd wanted to he could have taken my tummy then," she reasoned.

When they try to settle for a different horse, she won't have it.

"If you loved a person and nobody wanted you to and said somebody else was even prettier, you couldn't change," she says. "I don't want King just because he's beautiful. I wouldn't care if he were an old nag. It's just because it's King," she adds.

"If it isn't right for you to have him, you wouldn't want him, would you?" consoles her mother.

"I wouldn't say I didn't—want him," she sobs, "but—"

So as far as Elizabeth is concerned it's all in His lap. There's another postscript on those prayers now. And you may be sure that every night down beside her green chintz bed, Elizabeth and God are going into a huddle again.

The End

Brunettes take notice: Famous painter shows how to beautify your skin with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

YOU with the dark hair, give your skin a pink-pearl accent with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Rose Brunette. This is what you've been waiting for... dreaming about... this rosy radiance in a face powder that goes on like sifted star-dust to help veil tiny blemishes. And it clings for hours and hours. Cashmere Bouquet's "Flower-fresh" shades are keyed to all skin types from an angel-faced blonde to a sultry red-head.
"Let Curtains Hang!"

says Sad Iron

"... it's my iron decision that curtains are silly! Their slowpoke-y frills get me shivery, chilly."

But Miss Sunny Monday is counting on Linit—
The slick, handsome starch that saves many a minute.

And now

"Meet Master Linit. He's really perfection
To iron—to flatter a curtain's complexion!

Here's how—

"We wash our curtains As clean as a breeze—
Then Linit will starch them with elegant ease.

Quick mix—

"He blends half cupfuls of water and Linit—
Then adds boiling water—It's done in a minute!

Clicks!

Well, do look at Sad Iron, gay and alive-y!
With Linit his work is so happy and jive-y!

If you have a Sad Iron balky at chores—
Get Linit tomorrow at all grocery stores.

Junior Pin-up

(Continued from page 55) good pediatrician and the diet he ordered. They loved her so they wanted the best for her. How could they guess she soon would be taking

handsome care of herself?

First Paul Hesse, attracted by the glamour Angela Maxine brought to pigtails, photographed her for magazine covers. Then she played in a government short with James Cagney and did a bit in "Babes On Broadway" with Mickey Rooney. When Metro was searching for a little girl to play in "Journey For Margaret!" an office worker remembered the piqunancy of a youngster; she had seen in "Babes On Broadway."

Whereupon the executives re-ran the film and promptly signed Angela Maxine for the plum role.

It was then that Angela Maxine became officially Margaret O'Brien—and a new star—and the pin-up girl of thousands of homesick GIs who write her, "You remind me of my own little girl"—and the inspiration for a certain pursuit plane named "Lost Angel"—and the darling of millions, including those two perfectionists, Charles Laughton and Lionel Barrymore.

"She's the only actress besides my sister Ethel who has brought tears to my eyes in thirty years," Lionel Barrymore tells you.

Last Christmas he gave Margaret a little pin of amethysts and seed pearls which once belonged to his grandmother.

"These are crown jewels, in a way," Margaret explains, "because they came from the theater's 'Royal Family.' And they're all the royalty we have in America." She talks in a gentle voice with a fairly high register. And when she's very interested in what you are saying she will take your hand in a gesture so trusting you remember it for a long, long time.

Late this winter, when Margaret and her mother and aunt were in New York, we all had breakfast at the Waldorf. Their drawing-room was filled with spring flowers. And there was a bird singing. Margaret had brought it from California and had worried over the size of the tiny cage in which she had carried him until Elsa Maxwell had given her a larger cage whose erstwhile occupant, a parrot that insisted upon cursing in Japanese, had departed.

In one of the bedrooms was Guadalupe, Margaret's Mexican nurse. She had been a chambermaid in the hotel in Mexico City during the O'Brien's visit there and had looked after Margaret whenever Gladys and Marissa stepped out. Margaret had been entranced by her because, among other things, she bore the same name as the shrine where they made their devotions.

Margaret, wearing a housecoat and pink bunny bedroom slippers, eyed the plate of glazed Danish pastry and waited for her mother to finish what she was saying.

Suddenly, taking advantage of her mother's pause for breath, she announced, "I have a beautiful new nightgown underneath. Could I show it, Mommie, please?"

Her gown was pink satin, shirred fully at the yoke and edged with fine lace. "It's just like a movie star's, isn't it?" she asked, wrinkling her nose with delight. "Just like something Miss Garson would wear."

Margaret had splied the gown, a maternity gown of the new short length, when they had been shopping. The length had convinced her that it was meant for a little girl. And she had pleaded for it.

Breakfast over, Margaret placed an open box of bird seed on the table. "I'll show you," she offered, "how Francesca, my bird, will sit on my finger and nibble at the seeds. Guadalupe taught me how to pet her up gently. At first I did it when it was dark so she wouldn't see my hand coming toward her and be frightened.
"Guadaloupe’s teaching me Spanish too.
And I’m teaching her English. Auntie
 taught me to print my name—Margaret—
so I can sign pictures and drawings and
not be too far behind when I start school."

As she whispered to Francesca before
opening the cage, her aunt was telling of a
party she had been on the night before
and the attractive man who had been her
escort.

Margaret suddenly paused. "I do hope
you won’t marry him, even though he is
so nice," she said with gentle firmness,
"I want you to marry—you know who!

Marissa laughed. "Margaret wants Fred
Wilcox for an uncle-in-law so we’ll have
Lassie in the family. Mr. Wilcox directs
the Lassie pictures, you know."

Francesca stepped daintily onto Mar-
garet’s finger, then took to the air.

"Margaret," Mrs. O’Brien said, "while
Francesca’s flying would you recite ‘The
Nativity?’"

She was like any mother asking her
child to recite. And Margaret, facing us
to begin, was like any obedient child.
There, however, all similarity ended. As
she told the story of the Baby in the
manger she wove a spell. We could
see the shepherds watching the flocks
and the shine of the gifts the wise men
carried so carefully. We could hear
the wings of the Heavenly Host... only they
suddenly turned out to be the wings of
Francesca trapped in a basket of spring
flowers. Margaret rushed over to free her.

"There, Francesca," she whispered.
Once again she was a little eight-year-old all
concerned about her pet. Her magic gift
fell from her like an invisible cloak.

Marissa said, "Francesca goes into her
cage much better than you go into your
bed, Margaret."

"When we tell Margaret it’s bedtime,"
Gladys smiled, "she suddenly remembers
she has to dress her twin dolls, put water
in Francesca’s dish, finish a drawing.

Margaret grinned. "I dawdle."

At this point some men arrived to
discuss a broadcast for Margaret. Bored
with the business conversation she retired
to a big secretary and began to draw a
nun. Nuns and glamour girls—especially
with red hair like Miss Garson—are her
specialties. Her drawings are unlike those
of most children her age. They show a
subtlety of facial expression with a curious
consciousness of “good” and “bad.”

"I’d draw a glamour girl for you."

Margaret offered, "but I don’t have the
right color crayons." She held up three, enumerating
the colors—"black, yellow, brown."

As we were leaving, Gladys O’Brien said,
"We know so little of what lies ahead for us.

A few months ago Guadaloupe would have
thought anyone who told her she was going
to leave her sunny native city was crazy.
Now she has seen California, travelled
across the entire United States, and she
stands watching a New York snowstorm.
If only we could always remember how
quickly life changes we would never feel
as I did when Margaret was born, that life
is over. How little I knew of the wonder-
ful things that were ahead."

Again Margaret’s soft little hand slipped
into ours as she said good-by and presented
us with her picture of a nun. "I’ll do a
glamour girl next time when I have the
time."

Outside the snow was falling thick and
fast. Through the white veil loomed the
gold and scarlet sign of a five-and-ten-
tent store. Here was a clear indication of
what should be done. Maybe it seems
ridiculous to send a ten-cent box of
crayons to a famous movie star. But it
isn’t, somehow, when she’s Angela Maxine
O’Brien, so much better known as Margaret.

THE END
Miss Carolyn Cross, stunning Powers Model, noted for her exquisite loveliness, keeps her hair shining bright for days with Kreml Shampoo

Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly washes hair and scalp 'spick-and-span' clean—but it brings out the hair's natural sparkling highlights and lustrous sheen—it leaves hair so much softer, silkier and easier to set in a stunning hairdo.

So buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today at any drug counter and 'glamour-bathe' your hair like beautiful Powers Models do! Just see if you too, don't agree there's no finer shampoo than Kreml Shampoo.

Advises Beautifying Kreml Shampoo
For Children's Hair

John Robert Powers, a foremost authority of feminine beauty, advises even his child Powers Models to use only Kreml Shampoo. This remarkably beautifying shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals—it never leaves any excess dull soapy film. Instead, its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. This makes it especially fine for shampoos children's hair.

You, Too, Can Give Your Hair This
'10-Minute Glamour-Bath' Right At Home!

Just leave it to these 'million dollar' Powers Models to find a way to make their hair look even more ravishingly beautiful. These smart Powers girls wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo.

When the government ordered all privately owned flying schools abandoned Dick volunteered as a lecturer and consultant. He sat in a Dallas hotel room for two months and crammed the whole course into that time. What's more, he passed.

Dick is a one-woman man and seldom plays the field. He usually has one girl at a time and she remains his sole interest until the friendship is over. For the past year Maggie Kinsella, a society girl from Long Island, has occupied this place in Dick's life and for the first time since he and his wife Jobyna Ralston decided to separate seven years ago, Dick seems definitely interested.

He and Joby have never been divorced. They talked over their marriage, knew they couldn't work out, shook hands in good fellowship and parted.

After they parted, Dick took a large ranch in the Valley, the house tastefully decorated, the ranch abundantly stocked. He sold it when the war caused a shortage of help, and moved into an apartment, but that was not to his liking, so he has bought an acre and a half plus a small house out San Fernando way that may be the beginning of a new life for him.

There's an aura of loneliness about him that can't be explained. It reaches out and strikes a responsive chord and yet it never completes a current. He seems eternally to move alone, to walk alone, to think alone. You never see him or hear him at parties or among people.

"Now I'll see you soon, won't I?" he says. And the heart agrees, but somehow it's a long time before you meet again.

Part of the answer may lie in Ricky, Jr., the son whom he adores and who perforce cannot be part of his daily life since he is Jobyn's son, too. Ricky is eleven and attends Harvard Military Academy in Hollywood. Occasionally you'll see the two shopping together, usually for a present for the boy's mother. They take trips together, father and son in perfect understanding. He has reminded Ricky out of many excursions into deviltry.

Once Ricky set fire to a bedspread. Instead of trouncing him, Dick set out to show Ricky he'd been pretty silly, a bit on the stupid side. "Now think it over," Dick said, "and tell me what you think."

For twenty minutes there was quiet in the room. Finally Ricky broke down, "It was silly," he admitted. He never played with fire again.

The real love of Dick's life next to his son is his sailboat. Every spare hour he has away from pictures is spent on his boat, painting it, keeping it in shape.

He likes golf and the open air. The air within sound stage walls gives him a feeling of being cramped in. Dick believes this is why he prefers outdoor pictures.

From Paramount he joined the Pine-Thomas unit and with Chester Morris made a dozen or more fast snappy action pictures. Now he's at Republic signed to do three pictures a year and, smart business man that he is, Dick makes sure in advance that his pictures are sound and entertaining. On personal appearance tours or on government flying business he makes it a point to visit the exchange men in
The End
Schiaparelli interprets new

Honor Bright

"Honor Bright"—blue-red fire for triumphant fingertips! Schiaparelli captures the pulsing excitement of this lovely Cutex shade with a fabulous-skirted, proudly beautiful evening coat. Famous for her dramatic sense of color, France's noted designer sponsors five other sparkling Cutex shades to electrify the fashions in her latest Paris collection!

Try and find a lovelier polish at any price.
Love Song for Judy
(Continued from page 41) in pictures. That's all my life. I don't believe I could ever be really happy and fulfilled without it now. But I do want babies awfully."

She took time out then to tell me about her young niece, her sister's little girl, who is five. It must be great fun to have Judy Garland for an aunt. Like every other aunt, Judy told a dozen stories about little Judy, her namesake and godchild, and they were just like all the other cute stories about five-year-old children but you could tell that Judy thought they were something very special indeed—and I liked that.

"So—it has to be somebody that understands about me and my work and thinks it's important and—we have to work together," Judy said. "Vincente is wonderful. He's the most interesting man I've ever known. He knows everything in the world, honestly, it just amazes me—he's read everything and heard every piece of music and been everywhere but you'd never think it just to meet him, he's so quiet and rather shy and always making you laugh. But he puts work first. I don't know yet—maybe it will be right for us. We both know that a marriage can either be the most wonderful thing on earth or it can gum up your whole life and spoil everything, including your work. We—we're thinking it over."

REMEMBER I went away that day wondering how long two people in love can think about anything and then I realized that perhaps Judy didn't know how much in love she was. Perhaps because it was all so eminently right, because everybody at the studio from Papa Mayer down was tickled about it and feeling it was so fine for Judy—perhaps she just couldn't quite believe it. I thought it was a little tough on Mr. Mimmelli to have everybody approve of him to such a terrific extent, because girls are very funny about that and sometimes they don't think it is altogether romantic to have fallen in love with a man that the family cheers for. I went away with a feeling that maybe nothing would come of this

WITHOUT ANY QUESTION—You Elected

TOM DRAKE

Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll winner this month. Turn to page 42 and you'll see the result. Whose picture do you want to see next in Photoplay? Send the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I'd like to see a color portrait of

Anne Baxter—starring in
"A ROYAL SCANDAL," a Twentieth Century-Fox Production, says: "You'll love your little Canary as I do mine... He's so perky and happy... so full of fun!"

Have a canary for your very own! He's so easy to care for, so sparkling with cheer that you'll quickly agree, "a canary is really a 'perfect pet!'... And incidentally, he's the only pet that sings. Just remember, to help keep your songster at the peak of happiness, feed him the finest—French's Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit!

French's Assures 11 Proven Aids!

Air-washed and time-tried, French's canary diet contains 11 proven aids to a canary's health and song. A favorite with canary lovers, French's is the largest selling bird seed in the U. S.

GET THIS BEAUTIFUL CANARY BOOK FREE!

"Keep a Song in Your House," French's entertaining canary book, will thrill you with true canary stories... photos (some in full-color) of your favorite movie stars with their canaries. Send for your free copy NOW! Write to: The R. T. French Company, 2591 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, New York.
romance, that maybe it would be smothered by well-wishing friends and family and studio. But then Judy called me and I went over to lunch. We sat there talking about a lot of things and then Judy picked up the telephone and called the commissary. She was right fussy about Mr. Minnelli's lunch. His coffee had to be hot and were the veal chops nice or had he better have chicken and did they have any cottage cheese salad? There was a great deal of consultation before she decided on the veal chops.

The veal chops came with piping hot coffee and all was set out on the small table under Judy's eye—and she reset it twice and got a little vase of flowers, and stood off and looked at it. We talked some, and still Mr. Minnelli didn't arrive. Judy got up and wrapped a napkin around the hot coffee and peered under the lid at the veal chops. "Do you think they'll be ruined?" she said. "I expect they will. Cold gravy is awful."

After a while she went to the phone and called Mr. Minnelli's office. "He's supposed to be here," she said, with a chuckle. "He never knows what time it is. It's wonderful. He gets interested in his work or something and just forgets everything."

The door burst open and Vincente Minnelli came in talking a mile a minute. It is very difficult to convey his charm on paper. I thought—but he is young—very young to be so successful. He can't be so young as Judy of course but—he has that same quality of youth. (As a matter of fact I found out later he is thirty-four.) He's what I call an attractive ugly man—or at least for the first few minutes that was what I thought. Then I decided that he was attractive and then I forgot about it and just knew that he was utterly real and oneself-conscious and full of that rare enthusiasm for living that makes everything and everybody around him come to life.

He was born in Chicago in Italian parents and his earliest ambition was the theater. So as soon as he could he went to New York and that swift understanding and enthusiasm carried him on a wave into some of the best musical shows New York ever had, as a stage director. Before he was thirty he had done half a dozen of them—and then he came to Hollywood.

The other day in the projection room I saw a picture called "The Clock." It stars Judy Garland and Bob Walker, was written by Song and Pauline Gallico, and was directed to the screen by Robert Nathan and directed by Vincente Minnelli. "The Clock" has a sort of charm and honesty and reality beyond any other picture I have seen in a long time; it has a point that reaches out and touches your heart. It's one of the greatest and most moving love stories I have ever seen on the screen.

When I saw it I couldn't quite explain it—but after I met Vincente Minnelli I could. Also I could understand him better. "Your lunch is probably cold," Judy said, beaming upon him. "Did you forget about us?"

"Forget?" said Mr. Minnelli, "but, darling, I am quite early. I was over in Cedric Gibbons's office. It seems that I want too many sets. Or they are too expensive for something."

"I expect you got them just the same," said Miss Garland.

"Well yes—I did, as a matter of fact," said Mr. Minnelli. His dark eyes twinkled at her. "I explained about them you see and then he understood how necessary they were."

"Anybody who starts listening to you..."
very sudden so even
Li Hollywood's new shirt, a Z
n a trim, all did i.
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talking, here few recording
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woman. Vincente best equal
power Memphis Vincente classic
that so and word; yes; a
Minnelli, i skirt rhe.

It came over me all of a sudden that here were two people not only very much in love but presenting that oneness, that unity of purpose and intent that is so reassuring. You could see them supplementing each other, supporting each other, maybe fighting once in a while, but meeting shoulder to shoulder the many problems of a Hollywood star's marriage. You could see there would be gaiety and tenderness and maybe pain in their lives—but always that oneness, that unity. So that things would draw them together instead of driving them apart. You felt glad that there was such equality between them, this brilliant young director about whose future everyone is so enthusiastic and the young star everyone loves.

So that the people who love Judy Garland on the screen can all say, as I did—this is right, this is all right—and wish them the happiness and the progress together that I saw so plainly between them.

THE END

Next Month
For the truest example of living faith Hollywood has ever produced read

The Story of Lew Ayres
IN THE PHILIPPINES
By Adela Rogers St. Johns
who is Hollywood's great writer of the human heart

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.
50¢ . . . 25¢ . . . 10¢.
The Truth about the Academy Awards

(Continued from page 25) temperature at the Academy string-pulling got going good. From 1931 to 1935 M-G-M hogged up the rewards and the wisecrack around Hollywood was, "When you sign with Metro, they hand you the Award."

Consider Metro's sweep in those years. In 1930 Norma Shearer ran "The Divorcee," in 1931 Marie Dressler for "Min And Bill" and Lionel Barrymore for "A Free Soul," in 1932 Helen Hayes in "The Sin Of Madelon Claudet" and a special award to Wallace Beery for "The Champ." The other studios got so burned that M-G-M was shut out of the Awards for the next three years, and don't think that was any accident.

The trick is that every guild and union and department in every studio has a designated number of representatives, it can be sent to the Academy nominations meetings. The other studios began pouring their workers out to these meetings seeing that they got there, seeing to it that they voted "right."

But equally as the big states of California, Illinois and New York, for example, can swing a national election, no matter how a dozen smaller states may vote, so the "big" studios could still keep control. It wasn't until 1934 that little Columbia got into the winner's circle with the stars of its picture "It Happened One Night." That was the one and only time before or since that co-stars of a single film have won.

FROM the box-office riot of "It Happened One Night," from the new comedy technique it demonstrated, from the terrific direction and the more than terrific performances, there couldn't possibly be any argument but that it was the best picture of the year. And its stars, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who, incidentally, had been considered "through" up until that moment, were incontestably magnificent. But what was more magnificent was that while the film was Columbia's—the stars were, respectively, Paramount's and M-G-M's. By letting their co-stars win, three studios were made happy. It was really a thing.

The only butterfly in the ointment was a girl from Warner's who had made the film for RKO—Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage."

Well, that was a row as was a row. One of the peculiarities of the Academy voting is that, while actors themselves will acknowledge that comedy technique is actually more difficult than drama technique, these very same actors always spur comedy performances when they see them and give the most votes to some great hunk of drama.

Gable won in a clean sweep, but the Colbert voters vs. the Davis voters that year were as bitter as the Roosevelt vs. Dewey camps in our last election. Friends became enemies, the Misses Colbert and Davis got into a state of iciness toward one another that has never yet been completely thawed out. After it was announced that Miss Colbert was running away ahead in the votes, things were still so hot a second voting was tried. Colbert won that vote, too, but she was so embittered by the controversy, which had gone on through no fault of her own or of Bette's, that she headed for New York and was only snatched back from the train at the last moment and came to the Academy dinner just long enough to take the Oscar and to exit, one second later, in a beautifully tailored suit, right straight out to her car and back to the station.
The next year, 1935, Davis got the Oscar for her much less deserving performance in a mediocre film, "Dangerous," and Victor McLaglen scored with "The Informer" and thereby began two traditions that have kept on ever since. One was what Hollywood calls "the retardate" on Academy Awards—that is, winning a year later for a performance given only a "nomination" the year before. No one has ever doubted that Davis actually got her Oscar for her unforgettable Mildred in "Of Human Bondage," just as seven years later Hollywood felt Joan Fontaine was getting the Oscar for "Rebecca" in 1941 rather than for "Suspicion," which she won it for in 1942.

The other tradition that started back there in 1936 was the fearful one—the effect the Oscar sometimes has had, not of enhancing values—as it had with the winners up to that point—but of marking their virtual disappearance from the top acting spotlight. Victor McLaglen works very rarely these days; the feminine winner of both '36 and '37 is now off the screen, despite her valiant efforts to get any sort of role; the man who won it in '36, like the man who won in '42, finds the going tough, too.

The girl was Luise Rainer and she won both for her work in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Good Earth." Paul Muni was the man, for his performance in "The Story Of Louis Pasteur." Paul Lukas, you will recall, was the 1943 winner, of whom more presently. To the defense of Hollywood, it must be said that no more temperamental beings ever snuggled down under a spotlight than Rainer and Muni. Rainer, the first, was so very temperamental that even the night she was to get her second Academy Award, she got so hard to manage that her long-suffering hairdresser walked out on her and Luise had to take her bows with her. She would bill herself in the future as "Luise Rainer, America's Best-Known Baby." What a pity!

M-G-M, having again made a sweep that year, 1938, by snatching the masculine award for Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous" (a role, incidentally, that he fought like mad against portraying) and having put Rainer over twice in a row, decided to do likewise—and succeeded—with Tracy, getting him for "Boys Town" (with Miss Davis popping up once more for "Jezebel").

Right there happened a very amusing event. A busy press agent got over-inspired and gave out the news that Spencer felt his Oscar didn't belong to him, but to Father Flanagan, the real head of "Boys Town" whom he had impersonated on the screen. The news item went so far as to say that Spencer was dispatching the Oscar to the Reverend Father.

It was a lovely thought, the only trouble with it being that Tracy hated it. Who had said, he demanded, that he wanted to give up his Oscar? He hadn't! In vain did the worried press agent point out that he already had one of the things, that they all looked alike that he could, if need be, put the two winning plaques on the one pedestal. No, siree, said Spencer. The pleadings went on. Finally Mr. T. yielded to the extent that he said, well, he'd give up this Oscar if they got him a duplicate. By this time too many people were in on the story so it got quieted up and how it came out nobody knows (save Tracy) to this day.

By 1939, when Vivien Leigh got her very just reward for Scarlett in "Gone With The Wind" and Robert Donat, equally as justly, was honored for his Mr. Chips, much silliness was developing around the Awards that where you were seated at the dinners became much more important than why you were there. Speeches became the
My one cream instantly beautifies your skin—and the "Patch Test" proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger- textured!

I don't just say that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I prove it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off completely. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your entire face when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

Make the "Patch Test" Tonight!

See with your own eyes the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and compare!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

The Warner people were very happy as they took their Award. Jenny Jones was very cute, excited and smiling. Ingrid Bergman was disappointed and didn't try to hide it. She neither affected nonchalance or phony enthusiasm. "But everyone told me I'd get it," she said. "I offered to have my face pink with embarrassment—" They told me I'd get it. There was no trace of jealousy about it—just a display of honest emotion. But Paul Lukas was stern. Visibly he was remembering the thin years he had in Hollywood, the years in which, after his debut as a glamour man at Paramount, he had been told he was too old and couldn't act. He had gone from face to face and stage where he had got the same role in a Broadway production that he was now being rewarded for in a screen production. The Warner people offered him the Oscar, and he told the Academy that. He said, in effect, that he was grateful for his reward, not to Hollywood, but to Broadway.

Katina Paxinou won for Paramount that year as the best featured actress for her wonderful Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." She was also acclaimed that night—but she hadn't worked one day since, albeit her siege of poor health did her share toward keeping her off the screen.

And now the Awards of 1944 repeat in many respects the pattern of previous years. Despite the fact that "Wilson" was the year's prestige picture, "Going My Way" was the one that gathered the most votes from Hollywood for its warm appeal. It was written and directed by Leo McCarey, starring Bing Crosby. So McCarey won for best original screen play and the best direction. Bing won for the best male performance, Barry Fitzgerald, for the best support.

The "Wilson" problem was solved by giving Darryl Zanuck the Award as the year's outstanding producer.

Bergman? Oh, she won for "Gaslight," so they said. But those who know the truth about the Academy Award are convinced it was Greta Garbo last year.

The End
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.
the church instead of the old "groan box," as they called it—the old-fashioned pump organ they were using in the old frame church. They knew Bing would buy it if he thought of it and Hal B. of NBC was delegated as a committee-of-one on the organ deal. That Thursday he went down to the studio where Bing was re-hearing Kraft Music Hall and suggested that it might be nice if he'd buy the organ for the new church.

"Say," said Bing, "that might not be a bad idea. See me next Thursday and I'll talk it over out at the office with Dad and the boys."

His only comment when they thanked him for the organ was to caution, "Now I don't want any publicity about this."

Nobody in the parish said a word. But the next thing they knew some Hollywood columnist had gotten it from the studio some way and was plugging the new church organ with a commercial tie-up. These are things that Bing is very adamant about and always fears. He never wants anything known that he does, but you can always be sure that he carries his weight.

IT SEEMS to me that he was never so happily cast in any picture as the casual, tolerant, happy singing priest of "Going My Way," which showed the human side of religion. Christianity as something that warms and comforts the soul and which is human enough for all to understand. The beauty and reality of the inside of a church instead of the cold forbidding exterior.

In connection with this thought, I'm reminded of a little story in a child's reader that I've almost forgotten, but which goes something like this: The wind and the sun were having an argument about their respective strengths and determined to prove it by finding out which one could take the cloak off of a traveler coming their way. The wind howled and whipped. And the cloak was drawn tighter. The sun came out and shone down, down, warm and kind. And the man removed his cloak to bask in its warmth and kindly comfort. This to me is "Going My Way" and Bing's portrayal of the priest therein. A warm picture of religion that comforts the heart. As Bing said it in the picture, "For some, religion is sour like the deep notes of the bass. For me, religion is joy like the melody on the treble side of the scale. Religion can be bright ... bring you closer to happiness."

Yes...religion can be simple...human...and understandable. And that's just the way I see Bing.

Most service men whom I have talked with have seen the picture two or three times and always have these same things to say of Bing. Or a reasonable facsimile to the effect, "I sure would like to know that guy."

Bing had a letter from a Franciscan Father in New York who wrote that a woman who'd been away from the church for twenty-five years came back and got straightened out after seeing "Going My Way."
Great-great-granddaughter of a Russian Emperor

Striking Nancy Leeds—daughter of the lovely Princess Xenia. Mother and daughter share direct descent from Russia’s imperial family—and an enthusiasm for America’s favorite beauty creams—Pond’s.

“My special love is the 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream,” Nancy says. “Partly because it’s so quick, but mostly because it makes my skin look so much smoother and clearer!”

How to have a smoother, clearer, “new” complexion

Cover your face from chin to forehead (everything but your eyes) with an ermine-white Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Leave the Mask on for one whole minute. Pond’s Vanishing Cream has “keratolytic” action—it loosens and dissolves scaly little “chapping.”

Go after imbedded dirt particles, too!

After one minute, tissue off.

The Mask “re-styles” your complexion!

Makes it clearer and lighter! Smoother, too—beautifully “finished” for make-up!

Have a Mask 3 or 4 times weekly!

For extra-quick powder base... Stroke on a light film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. Smooth. Long-lasting!

Get the luscious BIG jar!
dozen dog-tags in your throat. They're all winners. Not a photo-finish in the lot.

The "awards" from these boys are still coming in. And from their parents. Mothers who say to Bing, "Thanks for blotting out war from his young eyes for even a little while.

I've had some of these letters, too. From a nephew, Lieut. John Folken... a pilot who's been over Germany twenty times. Another from another nephew, J. E. Jordan, RM 2/c, who's doing duty in the Marianas on a vessel that carries 10,000 tons of high octane and ammunition. Loaded for death. He wrote me after seeing "Going My Way." "Did it make us feel good. You know Bing, don't you, Father? I told the other guys that you did and I was practically an admiral on the ship for a little while!"

Yes... these are the "awards" that are coming from these boys and from the hearts of mothers, sisters and sweethearts here at home. Thanks to Bing for blotting out war from their minds and hearts if just for a little while.

...for it certainly reaches millions of hearts today.

Never were human voices in themselves more important than they are now. For this is the day of voices. There are terrifying voices of hate and greed that shout and rasp and rant. Tyrants who incite and whip men with their voices into mad animals. Voices of war that egg on destruction for all.

There are voices too—important voices—of a different kind. The voice of Pope Pius the Twelfth pleading for world peace. Other voices that inspire for leadership.

Then there is a voice that brings happiness when the world needs it most. A voice like Bing's that relaxes... eases tension... mends bruised hearts and souls.

In these precarious and heartbreaking times the human heart can well use a stimulant.

And what a wonderful thing for a voice like Bing Crosby's to bring assurance from worry and a musical message that reaches overseas to our gallant men and to their families here. Homey and soothing. That seems to promise peace, restored homes and a better and happier life soon to come.

Yes... his voice is for making happiness.

Because of this come awards from hearts that are making Bing Number One in the nation's heart today.

THE END
Courage Is A Girl Named Susan

(Continued from page 28) when I know
I have the love of such a fine boy?

"When they first took me to the Navy
Hospital in San Diego there were no nurses
for me because they couldn't be spared
from the wounded men there. So Dick
nursed me every hour of the day and
night—never leaving my side. He obtained
permission from the Coast Guard, of course.
He was so gentle. So thoughtful. But best
of all, he was so cheerful, trying to make
me think everything would be all right.
Now we don't pretend so much to each
other—and we are stronger for it."

I noticed even while I talked with her
that she winced now and then with the
pain and she groaned tiredly. She is so
completely honest about it that it bothers
her that there is a rumor she is completely
well and can walk around her room.

"God knows," she said, "I wish it were
true. But it is bad that such a false thing
should be circulated. Many poor people
who hear the talk of my miraculous recov-
ery write to me and ask how it hap-
pened so quickly. One woman wrote me
that she was the wife of a day-laborer
and she had been paralyzed in her side. 'I
haven't much money to get good doctors,'
she said, 'but I will pay all I can to be
cured as you have been.' Of course, I
write her and told her the truth imme-
diately. I'm sure the columnists who cir-
culated the rumors of my recovery just
meant to be helpful. But the truth is
better.'

She hesitated a moment and I could feel
that she was beginning to grow tired. I
knew I must be going soon—but she said
she wanted to talk a bit longer. "I don't
have many visitors," she smiled.

I couldn't help saying, "Darling, miracles
sometimes happen."

"I know that," she replied. "My doctor,
Dr. Prinzmetal, tells me the same thing
and that I may get better. But I know
that if I am ever able to walk again—
it will be a miracle. I'm prepared.

"Most of the time, as I lie here, I go
over my blessings and make my plans
from them. Many women go through life
never knowing real love. I have that.
Many girls are frustrated in their careers
and never get to touch the hem of their
goal. I had a wonderful career—if just
for a short time. I have the love of a
wonderful mother.

"And friends—I've never known how
marvelous they can be until now. Believe
me, I would never work for any other
studio than M-G-M. If it weren't for
them—keeping my salary going all this
time—I could not have all this comfort
and attention and medical care."

For a moment a slight shadow seemed
to cross Susie's face. "I would have loved
to have had children," she said softly.
"You know how I felt when I lost my baby.
But later on, Dick and I would love to
adopt a baby. They brought a little colored
baby for me to hold at the Mercy Hospital
—and it was so sweet."

There wasn't anything I could say to
that. I've never been so touched in my
life. But I did manage, "Susan, I'm not
trying to build your morale when I tell
you that I happen to know from Louis B.
Mayer, himself, that the studio expects
you back to make a picture."

"Do you really think I'll ever make
another picture?" she asked, just as a
child would put the question. "I want to
marvelous in the world. But it is
wrong for me to dwell on it. There are
other places for me besides the screen.

Radio I could do. I could sell something
on those morning programs. Of course, I'm
not a very famous actress—but I have a
trained voice and I feel I would like to
talk to women about things that would
help them. The thing I have learned best
out of all this is the feeling I want to help
other people."

What greater lesson can life teach any
of us than to "love thy neighbor as thy-
self?" This little twenty-three-year-old
girl has learned it from the wound of pain, from
sleepless nights and from days spent try-
ing not to let her husband and mother
know of the agony that racked her little
body. But through it all she kept the
gift of gentle laughter.

Just as I was preparing to leave the
telephone rang. It was Dr. Prinzmetal.
I answered the phone and heard his laugh-
ing voice saying, "Get out of bed, lazybones.
You've been in bed long enough." I real-
ized he was kidding Susan, of course,
thinking he was talking to her.

"This is Louella Parsons," I said with
mock dignity.

"Oh, my Lord!" said the charming
physician.

Susan held her sides with laughter. "He's
that way all the time," she laughed.

I could hear that laughter following me
as I walked down the hall before the auto-
matically-controlled hospital door closed.
It was the genuine, real laughter of a
twenty-three-year-old girl who had so
much in life, lost it, and who had re-
covered such wonderful new values. As
I went away I had the feeling that I wished
all troubled, afflicted people could see
Susan and talk with her.

For I believe in my heart that in this
instance, courage is a girl named Susan.

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.

Eminent doctors found—as reported in
an authoritative medical journal—that:

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!

PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINE FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION
Want to be Woo-some? Then... Be "Toothsome!"

This little lady's brilliant smile is selling Bonds like hot cakes. Smart girl—to know that super-fine Pebeco cleans teeth better. "Pebeco doesn't wash right away when you start to clean your teeth," she says. "Stays with your brush and polishes!"

What does it? Pebeco Tooth Powder’s special combination of polishing agents. Micro-fine, non-abrasive—Pebeco particles cling to your teeth—hold onto your toothbrush while you polish. Why wouldn't your teeth be super-clean and shining?

Pebeco Polo says:

60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS

Super-fine for Super Shine

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Lee Bowman, Homesteader

(Continued from page 52) "Having Wonderful Time" with Ginger Rogers.

Although he didn't know it at those days, there lay ahead of him some excellent footage in "Love Affair" with Irene Dunne, in "Stronger Than Desire" with Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce, in "We Were Dancing" with Norma Shearer, and then with Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl", and opposite Jean Arthur in "The Impatient Years."

Back in Cincinnati, his family was still saying—in 1938—that perhaps Lee should have gone on with his law training, after all. Only Lee realized that his reading of Blackstone had always ended with Mr. Bowman dramatizing the court room scenes with himself in some startling role. Probably as a crusading district attorney because of his six-feet-one-inch height, his 175 pounds of athletic prowess, his brownish-topaz eyes, dark hair and crisp mustache.

Or sometimes the family said that perhaps Lee should have followed his early inclination to become a writer. During school he had been singularly successful in English, French and allied subjects. And just consider his ancestors—all statesmen and, until the family moved to Cincinnati, all fighters on the Confederate side. Surely, the family reasoned, Lee could do better than cold his heels out there in that odd coastal city.

But out in Hollywood, people were talking about this pleasant things about Lee: That he took his time about making decisions, but that once he had made them his action was incisive and permanent. He never compromised; he did a thing right or not at all. He never accepted a cheap imitation of anything; he waited to acquire the genuine or went without.

One day a friend of Lee's called to ask him to play tennis. When Lee agreed, the friend suggested that Lee call for a girl—a good tennis player—who had also been invited to the racquet session. Her name was Helene Rosson.

Lee complied. When she answered the door, he gave her a quick double-o, in the gallant manner of a man meeting a new maid, and decided that she was exceptionally easy on the eyes. This analysis persisted until she got Mr. Bowman on the tennis court, and then she really ruined his eyegirt. Trying to return her lightning service was like trying to shake hands with a freshly baked potato. She had a lot of his tricks, too. She could loft one ball limply over the net to draw a man out of position, then scorch the next into the southwest corner. Result of this carnival: Six-love, six-three, six-two, six-love in favor of Miss Rosson.

When Mr. Bowman took the lady home he treated her with great respect. He didn't even ask when he was going to see her again. He didn't ask about that backhand stroke, but he was too weary to pay much attention to the answer. It looked like the end of a beautiful friendship.

Several weeks later the man who had originally asked Lee to call for Helene, telephoned again to say that he had a date with her that evening. Why didn't Lee annex himself a girl friend and make the party a foursome? Lee had been working diligently on his backhand, so he agreed. Besides, very little tennis is played in night clubs except in those spots where there is no egg shortage.

After Lee had danced several times with his date, he asked Helene for the customary courtesy dance. They had circled the floor twice when they stopped apart to exchange an amazement stare. They danced
together beautifully! "You're a surprise," Lee opined. "I didn't know that any girl could play tennis and dance too."

After that they saw a good deal of each other. Lee soon reached the stage where he could beat Helene at tennis about fifty per cent of the time, which was more than most of her opponents could do. They had other interests in common also. Both liked to read and discuss the book afterward; both liked horseback riding. When the opera season started, Lee thought it might be a good idea to get cultural and ask Helene to go. She was moderately enthusiastic. "I like light opera and symphony much better," she said frankly. So Lee didn't have to go after all. "Don't you have any faults?" he asked with mock suspicion.

Not until that time when they had reached one of those comfortable junctures in human relationship in which comradeship is taken for granted and a vague sort of future continuity begins to grow in the mind of each, did they have their first serious disagreement. They were playing bridge with friends one evening when Helene observed that she admired the hosts' home very much. She said she could scarcely wait until she had a spacious home of her own.

Lee looked at her as if he glimpsed her for the first time. "You mean you like big houses? You mean that, if you married again, you wouldn't want to take an apartment where you'd have all the comforts of a hotel, and none of the responsibilities of owning property?"

"There's only one real way to live," Helene insisted. "That's in a house with plenty of space, surrounded by grounds where one can have some outdoor living in privacy."

"I never want to own anything that I can't pack in a wardrobe trunk and two suitcases," said Lee with finality. "In this business, the only smart guy is the one who can pick up at any time and return to New York."

THEREAFTER, whenever they were together, the question of house versus apartment seemed to sneak into the conversation and destroy the harmony that had been so rare a thing between them. Each realized that the difference of opinion was a serious one; it had to be adjusted before they could think of marriage. Repeatedly they broke up their romance in storms of argument. Weeks, even months, would elapse between dates. Each stood by his principles and the result was misery for both.

And then came the night of February 21, 1940. Lee and Helene had been invited, unbeknownst to the other, to the same party. When Lee entered the long living room and spotted Helene seated across the room talking animatedly to another man, he decided that she looked like ten thousand dollars worth of dreams come true. He strolled over and, with just as much courtesy as the occasion required and no more, snatched her away from the other man and marched her into the library for a talk.

End of talk: They opened a low casement window, stepped into the saggy garden and dashed, giggling, to Lee's car. It was a frightful night—typical of California's dewy season. Fog blotted out all the incidents beyond ten feet of the car and the rain came down with a persistence that suggested the vacation of Hollywood, New York.

As the three-day marriage law was then in effect in California, they drove to Tia Juana and there discovered that Tia Juana also had a three-day interim law. With chattering teeth and dampened spirits they went to the nearest cantina to glower at their luck over a steaming cup of coffee.

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Tense nerves can make you cranky and quarrelsome, restless and wakeful. Can give you nervous headache and nervous indigestion. For the sake of your family and your friends, as well as for your own peace of mind, try DR. MILES NERVINE.

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AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

All natives of Tia Juana are alert to new-comers and instantly classify them as either mere tourists, mere drinkers, those who have come down for the races, or those who have rushed down to be married. A soft-eyed boy in the cantina studied Lee and Helene, and pigeon-holed them. Then he sidled up to their table. "You drive down to marry?" he said behind a smile as white as moonlight on water.

They nodded glumly. "My father is Justice of Peace in Tecate, a town not too far away," he continued. "No three-day law in Tecate. You come with me—sir?"

So the three of them started, in the deluge, for Tecate. They turned off the main highway almost at once and sloughed down a road little better than a quagmire. Luckily Lee's times were wasted almost as effective as football cleats. Even so they swerved and swayed, rounded up hills that no self-respecting goat would have tried to climb, and shot down into valleys running hub-deep in silt as thick as chocolate-colored cream of wheat. To this day they don't know how, exactly, but they did reach Tecate. The excited boy routed his father from sleep.

By candle-light, in an ornate Mexican living room against whose roof the rain droned a wedding march, Lee and Helene were married in Spanish, a language neither of them spoke. When time for their responses came, the boy pointed to Lee. "You say, Sir," he ordered. "Oh sure. Sir," complied Lee. Then the boy repeated the performance with Helene.

The magistrate finished the service with a flowery speech complete with gestures; Mr. and Mrs. Bowman tipped him lavishly, and left. It was 4:20 in the morning. Their guide returned to Tia Juana with them, but Lee and Helene tendered their regrets when he wanted them to take his guest for breakfast. They went on to San Diego. Lee needed a shave and Helene said her hair was probably a fright, but their happiness was so strong that other early breakfasters looked at them, then smiled indulgently.

Thereafter they set up housekeeping in a house that Helene had selected. Lee's career progressed rapidly in the right direction so that his visions of returning to the New York stage evaporated. In late 1943 Mr. Lucien Lee Bowman, III, arrived, much to the pride and delight of the macho who carries seven pictures of the chubby young man in a folder about the size of two air mail stamps. And in June, 1944, the Bowmans bought their first house.

Between scenes in Columbia for "Tonight And Every Night" Lee rushed around town with Helene, making arrangements with repairmen, arguing with decorators, and periodically wielding a jimmy & putty knife himself. Apropos of his athletic ability, there should be a popular movement started to get Lee Bowman in some role in which it is not necessary for him to appear in a single night club sequence.

Although Lee appears suave, dapper and the owner of a drawing-room fan in his pictures, in person he is a dapper man who wears tweeds with authority. Seen by the casual observer who did not recognize him, Lee would probably be labeled a braining, but decent, lawyer or advertising executive who had just returned from a rugged, muscle-building trip into the wilds.

He also looks like a man who is happy to get to his new home, having been converted completely to the idea that an apartment may be nice for everyone else on earth, but the Bowmans must live in a house.

The End
Another blase GORGEOUS stars is over for good, Michael. By George, we've changed the Hollywood husband of Franca and he's a new man. "Paris, France, ago, they've changed and they'll be changed again."

That Parsons Hospitality: We had supper with Lama Turner and Turban Bey at Louella Parsons's cocktail party and exchanged a lot of personal (yeah, personal) chit chat. We took along Lieut. Ted Tewksbury whom producer Walter Wagner might get for the boys parking the cars. They even asked the embarrassed navy officer for his autograph.

She was old home week for Cal and Walter Fidgeon, who hadn't glimpsed each other in a long time. Greer Garson was all aglow after winning Photoplay's Gold Medal, and Maria Montez in a hat of blue roses had to tell Lieut. Tewksbury all about her husband in Paris, of course. Edgar Bergen was there without Charlie, and June Allyson couldn't get over it. John Payne and Gloria De Haven popped in and out fairly beaming. We complimented Bob Young on his role in "The Enchanted Cottage" and unlike a blase movie star he said, "Hey, say that so my wife can hear it." Pretty nice. And speaking of wonderful hostesses you just can't beat Louella.

Off the Record: Sonny Tufts and the husband of a big feminine star almost said it with fists in a Hollywood late spot—and Hollywood almost had another headline "out" ... Everyone at Paramount is raving over blonde little Joan Caulfield, said to be terrific in "Miss Susie Slagle" which stars Veronica Lake. They'll bet you it will make a star of Joan. Another find in that picture is Billy de Wolfe, headed for the top as a comedian. You should hear Dotty Lamour and others rave about his talents... June Havoc is around and about with Dr. John Dizik mostly—but Cal knows that her heart lies over the ocean... George Brent is liable to be a bridegroom by the time you read this. The gal—Janet Michaels. They are going together on and off for so long...

Co-occurrence Worth Noting: That Kay Francis and Connie Bennett, both of whom rose to stardom and movieland's positively top salaries at the same time a few years ago and then almost disappeared from the screen, are now back in Hollywood and both resuming their careers not only before the cameras, but as producers! Connie is boss now where Gregory Ratoff is directing "Paris, Underground" in which she also stars. And her portable dressing room is also her "office"—and it's plenty chic. Connie and her almost ex-husband Gilbert Roland don't even bother to speak when they come face to face these days!

Inside Stuff
(Continued from page 17) chances and say—no marriage. Know why? Because we think Anne is in love, has been in love for some time, and will continue to be in love with Dick Derr, now a navigator with the Air Transport Command flying the Gold Coast. Dick was Anne's first real beau when he was an actor at Twentieth and our hunch is—he's still top man. Does Charlie McCarthy have a new step-mother or doesn't he? At this moment it looks as if Edgar Bergen will finally leap into benediction. The lady's name is Frances Winters, New York Powers model, and just like every other couple they've had their spots and reconciliations and misunderstandings. In fact, Charlie could do a take-off on Edgar's telephonic wooing and unwooing that should be a classic.

Donna Reed is dating her old beau, Lieut. Bill Ryan, whom she knew as a student at L. A. City College, while her ex-husband, make-up man Bill Tuttle, is courting Louise Allbritton. Music isn't the only thing that goes round and round in Hollywood.
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CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

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Party: No one knows how to entertain service men in an impromptu get-together quite so well as lovely Marjorie Reynolds (wait till you see her in "Bring On The Girls") and her husband, handsome Capt. Jack. A stray soldier along the way, a friend of Jack's from the post, another that drops in, and—zoom, it's a party.

Cal dropped in on one of these famous whiz-dings the other evening, and found everyone smacking his lips over a punch bowl. Well, of course, we had to sample the ingredients of the flowing bowl, and found it so good we asked Marjorie for the recipe to pass on to you who may want to whip it up for your service-men guests. Marjorie calls it Pink Party Punch, which is kind of purty, isn't it?

Pink Party Punch

1/2 cup sugar or honey

8 strips lemon peel

3-inch stick cinnamon

12 whole cloves

1/2 cup orange juice

1/4 cup lemon juice

1 bottle clarat

2 cups carbonated water

Boil sugar (or honey), water, lemon peel, cinnamon, cloves together for five minutes. Strain, cool, and add orange juice, lemon juice, clarat and carbonated water. Pour over ice in a punch bowl. Float thin slices of orange and lemon on top. Makes 2 quarts, or 16 to 20 servings of sparkling punch.

By the way, Marjorie says those separation rumors between her and Jack are false, and after nine years of marriage they are still happy.

Waxing the Comics: Our invitation to the Command Performance read 9:30 p.m. but the show didn't really get under way until 9:40, as Frank Sinatra was busy over on Dinah Shore's program. When it did get going, friends, you couldn't buy a show like that for five cool millions and yet every week Hollywood stars give their time rehersal hour up for a re-quest radio program for the boys overseas.

This was a special night however, for the boys had requested a Dick Tracy show with stars taking the parts of the various comic strip characters. And how's this for a line-up: Bing Crosby as Tracy, Bob Hope as Flappo, Frank Sinatra as Shaky, Dinah Shore as Tess Trueheart, Frank Morgan as Vitamine Plinthheart, Jimmy Durante as the Mole, the Andrews Sisters as the Summer Sisters, Cass Daily as Gravel Gertie, Judy Garland as Snowflake, Jerry Colonna as the Chief. From the Western front to the Philippines, in remote bases over the world, on ships at sea, in hospitals and at the very fronts, the boys will hear this side-splitting show—one of 125 such programs that have been made exclusively for them.

"Heavens, but I'm nervous," Hope screamed from the stage, which, of course, was ridiculous. The script, highly seasoned, brought roars of laughter from the invitational audience. The actors kidded Bing's baldness, Frankie's slenderness and Hope's weight. At one point Bing produced a picture of Hope clad only in long underwear which was passed among the audience to Hope's open-mouthed astonishment. First time Cal ever saw Bob stop.

Frank Morgan in a histrionic fur coat exactly like Vitamin's, and carrying the usual cigarette holder, was a riot. At one point they altered Durante's script and the look on his face as he read the risque line was so paralyzing neither Hope nor Crosby could continue for five minutes. What an evening!
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IT's your sacred duty to instruct your daughter how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness. It may spare her years of unhappiness in her married life ahead. But first—make sure your own information is just as modern, up-to-date as it can be! And it will be if you tell her how important Zonite is for this purpose—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.

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The Shadow Stage (Continued from page 18)

Keep Your Powder Dry (M-G-M)

HERE'S that WAC picture you've been waiting for and it's not bad at all—rather entertaining and enlightening for that matter. Frankly, we enjoyed it, trite though it was. But who cares about that with Lana Turner, Laraine Day and Susan Peters—a trio of beauties who enlist together, endure together, work together and finally graduate together.

Lana gives a nicely shaded performance as the wealthy play girl who enlists merely to gain her inheritance but who becomes a woman and a patriot through it all. Susan Peters has a less impressive role as the even-tempered member of the trio who attempts to keep peace between Lana and the overly bumptious Laraine, the all-knowing member of the group who has a thankless role but she turns it into a welcome one through sheer ability.

Agnos Moorehead is good as the commanding officer and Bill Johnson as the flippant captain registers strongly.

The training these girls go through is interesting enough, at least to us, but the added story and added beauty renders it all to the good. We think you'll agree.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough.

The Picture Of Dorian Gray (M-G-M)

YOU will be repelled, mystified, or fascinated—but you will not remain indifferent to this incredible story by Oscar Wilde.

Hurd Hatfield, the beautiful young man whose face gradually takes on his complete degradation of body and soul while he himself remains untouched by age and disease throughout the years, gives a finished coldness to his role. People will want to know about this young man.

George Sanders, wit and cynical, mouths his lines, deliciously Wilde-ish, or recites them with such unwarranted rapidity it is almost impossible to understand them. Angela Lansbury haunts the memory with a velvety smooth performance, and Lowell Gilmore is excellent as the painter. Donna Reed is gracious, lovely and charming.

We feel the picture would have been immeasurably improved had the audience been permitted to behold the gradual decadence of young Dorian Gray (Hatfield) rather than facing the commonplace and horrifying reflection. Perhaps then the revulsion would not have been so keen.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the kiddies.

God Is My Co-Pilot (Warner)

THE interesting points concerning this picture are these. It's a factual story based on the life, hopes and ambitions of a real man, Col. Scott Morgan, as written in his book "God Is My Co-Pilot." It gives Dennis Morgan the chance he deserves. The story is full of action and emotion and gives one the feeling he's seeing for the first time the inside story of some strictly inside events.

Good performances are the rule not the exception, and next to Morgan we hail Raymond Massey who plays Gen. Chennault, Alan Hale as the priest, "Big Mike," and Andrea King as Morgan's wife.

It's become a fact that when good war pictures are made, Warners makes 'em.

Your Reviewer Says: Action with a heartbeat.

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Try just one jar of MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM. It contains a special ingredient which bleaches sallow ton, dull dark skin.

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Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY...

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it is rich, cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy 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.

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This Way. They take 1 to 4 tablespoons of Dr. Siegert's famous Angostura Bitters in a little water hot or cold. It's pleasant to take, helps ease the pain of difficult days—and is not habit-forming. Get Angostura at your druggist's.
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L.R. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MW, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

Thunderhead, Son of Flicka
(20th Century-Fox)

GOOD NEWS we have for those who enjoyed the story of Flicka, for in this sequel we have an even better story, pictorially and dramatically. The white horse, Thunderhead, a magnificent and amazingly well-trained animal, all but steals the show from the human actors. Thunderhead's thrilling battle to death with the white stallion that has been raiding the mares is one of the best of its kind ever seen on the screen.

Roddy McDowall, who owns and loves Thunderhead, and Preston Foster and Rita Johnson as his parents, are swell, but the honors go to the equine performers who give us a truly entertaining show.

Your Reviewer Says: It will hold your interest.

See My Lawyer (Universal)

IT WAS a long dry spell between the laughs, believe us. In fact, one customer went out for a gulp of water and never did come back. Too bad, too, for no one can be funnier than Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson with the right material. But their humor is the madly insane kind and should be written by people wearing straight jackets and not California slacks.

Anyway the thing has to do with the boys trying to antagonize night club patrons to help break their contract to leave for Hollywood, only the boys end up the club owners and the resultant lawsuit is one of those things that happen in nightmares after too many stingers.

Noah Beery Jr., Richard Benedict and Alan Curtis are swell as poor but ambitious lawyers mixed up in the deal. Grace McDonald, Franklin Pangborn and everybody at Universal got into the act but it still remained mediocre stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: Another like this and they'll see my lawyer.

Circumstantial Evidence
(20th Century-Fox)

AT LAST Michael O'Shea has a role fit to his particular build, and the results are good. Of course Lloyd Nolan, that ace of performers, doesn't do any harm to the picture, even remember—nor does little Billy Cummings whose new gift axe lands his father, O'Shea, in prison. Three persons testify they saw O'Shea wield the murder weapon and only at the very last moment do the witnesses realize they have testified to something they thought they saw.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Enchanted Cottage
God Is My Co-Pilot

Best Performances

Dorothy McGuire in "The Enchanted Cottage"
Robert Young in "The Enchanted Cottage"
Dennis Morgan in "God Is My Co-Pilot"

Making Yourself Over is FUN!

says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.

Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!

They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. So she got tired of being tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slimmer, legs more lithe and graceful, a peachy and cream complexion and a gay new spirit.

What happened to Mrs. Fults

Lost

Weigh

Abdomen

Hips

Thigh

37 lbs.

7 lbs.

7 less

6 less

4 less

What's the Secret of the DuBarry Success Course?

Well, it's something about ease and comfort! Our women, who have taken the DuBarry Success Course, are its best spokeswomen. Before and after pictures prove the facts. Women everywhere are getting thinner. See how easy and convenient the DuBarry Success Course is, and you'll want to see how wonderfully well it works. Then write for the DuBarry Success Course and see the difference it can make in your looks.

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Ansul Fults is just one of more than 150,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy—at home. You get an analysis of your needs—then follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send for the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Success Course. Just paste coupon on a penny postal.

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ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

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

Name

Mrs.

City

Zone No.

State

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

117
**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.

Trudy Marshall, Ruth Ford, Reed Hadley and John Eldredge bring warmth to the cold gray of the prison story.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Seeing is not always believing, remember.

**The Body Snatcher (RKO)**

BROTHER, check your hair at the door lest it rise right off your head and go sailing away, for here’s a horror number that would scare a totem pole into splinters.

Boris Karloff, who snatches dead bodies (if some aren’t dead Boris sees to it they get that way) for the medical school of Henry Daniell seems to us more horribly wonderful than ever.

Russell Wade turns in a swell performance as the harassed young medical student who eventually gets embroiled in the unholy mess. And, oh yes, Bela Lugosi creeps in and out for a quick boo or two.

Edith Atwater, Rita Corday, Sharyn Moffett and Donna Lee are nice people in one heck of a mess. But it’s Karloff and Daniell who really make the picture for our money.

**Your Reviewer Says:** This is a swell scare ‘em show.

**Frisco Sal (Universal)**

“FRISCO SAL” is one of those strange mix-ups mostly about Turhan Bey and ducks stuffed with oranges, Susanna Foster who plays Sal comes to San Francisco’s Barbary Coast in the Nineties in search of a brother she believed killed in Turhan’s café. Her persistence finally wins her a place as singer in the café of Turhan, who falls in love with her.

His rival Alan Curtis is burned up and sets out to kill Bey when—but we leave the climax to you and don’t try going to give it back to us, either.

What we want to know is—why are excellent performers involved in such stories?Susanna, Turhan, Curtis as well as Andy Devine and Thomas Gomez are better than the material provided, that we promise. Only Bey seems to override the trite story with that certain something the boy definitely has.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Good music, good food, good feuding.

**Docks of New York (Monogram)**

THE Dead End Kids (who will have us dead on both ends if they don’t stop it) are now known among the landed gentry as the East Side Kids and what’s the difference? Leo Gorcey still talks Tent Avenue fish peddler and what’s all this about jocks and Bolgarian royalty and canes with daggers?

What romance can leak into the ridiculous plot is carried on by Gloria Pope and Carlyle Blackwell Jr. (his papa was prettier), Betty Blythe is Mrs. Darcy, Huntz Hall is the only member remaining of the original kids besides Gorcey. Billy Benedict and Bud Gorman are the new additions.

**Your Reviewer Says:** This here pitcher is no good.

**Strange Illusion (PRC)**

ALL it supernatural or call it time in reverse, or what you will, but it does happen to people—warning through dreams, we mean. It happens here to young James Lydon while on vacation,

---

**Get More Comfort For Standing Feet**

With An Ice-Mint Treat

Don’t let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Rub on a little Ice-Mint and feel the blissfully cool and soothing sensation of comfort that follows, as this frosty-white medicinal cream goes to work driving away burning and aching tiredness. Grand, too, to help soften up painful corns and callouses. So don’t delay—get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. At all druggesta.

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For Underarm Perspiration

PROTECTS YOU 1-7 DAYS*

It’s an utterly different way to treat perspiration problems! So quick and easy—just pat underarms once with tiny, perfumed pad—that’s all! Instant perspiration is controlled; underarm odor prevented—and protection lasts up to 7 days* depending on use and the weather. Kinds to clothes, too—just follow directions and it’s safe for even delicate silks and rayons.

Economical—35 Pads in Jar At your drug or department store

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**35 DAY UNDERARM PADS**
Sore Feet Feel Fine

When You Do This at Night

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sores, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy father of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the water blisters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw skin. Do this for 10 nights and about with joy for comforting relief. 25c and 60c. All druggists. Ask for.

The Chicago Kid (Republic)

With Red Barry, crime becomes a habit, and even after the reasons for his rebellion against society have been proven false, he keeps right on going in the direction of the hot seat which makes us rise to ask—was that trip necessary? You see, Red believed his father was railroaded into prison by Otto Kruger. So, in order to seek revenge, he worms his way into Kruger's accounting firm, joins some gangsters, wins the love of Kruger's daughter Lynne Roberts, gets Kruger in a nasty fix and then learns his daddy was.

Packers Pine Tar Shampoo

Scalp Odor—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. He's gone.

So many women don't realize that the scalp perspires, too... that hair—and particularly oily hair—absorbs unpleasant odors. Yes, you can have scalp odor—and not know it.

But it's easy to be safe—just by using Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. Especially developed to keep hair and scalp fresh and clean, this gentle shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. Its delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving the hair soft and fragrant.

Don't take a chance—and risk losing romance. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You can get it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

The Man Who Walked Alone (PRC)

Not too hard to take is this story of a discharged overseas veteran, who thumbs a ride into the town he adopted through a buddy overseas. The ride lands him, and the girl who gives him a lift, in jail on a stolen car charge and later back they go to the boosegow for breaking into a mansion.

Of course it turns out that the car and the mansion really belong to his jail buddy, Kay Aldridge, who not only has a pretty face but a pretty sense of humor, let it be noted. The lad, David O'Brien, looked good to us too. What do you think?

Isobel Ralpholph, Ruth Lee, Guilin Williams and several others cover the plot territory and very nicely at that.

Your Reviewer Says: Good-natured little thing.

Fog Island (PRC)

An ex-convict, George Zucco to be exact, sits in his lone abode on a fog-bound island and broods on his ex-partners whom he fancied railroaded him to prison. So, to get even, he invites the lot to visit him and each accepts hoping to find the hoard of gold Zucco is thought to have hidden away. So what happens? Panels slide, passages go secret, walls pop open and finally everybody goes down to the cellar and tries to kill each other to death. Some do, too.

No, we're not kidding. It happened, we're sorry to report, before our very eyes.

Lionel Atwill, Jerome Cowan, Veda Ann Borg, Sharon Douglas, Ian Keith and Jacqueline DeWitt are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: Why weren't the writers killed, too?

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20 luxurious minutes with the world's finest cigarette tobaccos

Each Longfellow is 20 minutes of smoking luxury...the proper length for full appreciation of tobaccos such as no 20-for-15c cigarette can possibly afford. Enjoy this new kind of smoking...after dinner...with a good book...at all tranquil smoking moments. Light up a Longfellow Tonight!
A medicine that's too strong can often leave you feeling worse than before!

**Others are Too Mild**

A laxative that's too mild to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

*Delightfully Dangerous*  
(Rogers-U.A.)

This is neither too delightful nor too dangerous, but it's good in spots if you like spots. It tells the story of youthful Jane Powell who is kept in an exclusive boarding school by her burlesque performer sister, Constance Moore.

When Jane, who believes her sister a big Broadway star, discovers the truth, she turns to Ralph Bellamy, Broadway producer, for help. She gets it, he gets trouble and before it's over the stripper gets him.

Arthur Treacher and Louise Beavers attempt to inject a little life into the tale. Morton Gould and his band offer several good numbers, Jane sings rather well and Miss Moore does a good burlesque turn.

Your Reviewer Says: From Burley to B'way.

**A Song For Miss Julie**  
(Republic)

Not so good, peoples, not so good. It tells the story of two New York playwrights who invade an old Southern mansion in order to get material on its former song-writer occupant for a play.

What the Southern ancestors keep from the Northerners is the fact that the old boy was quite a cut-up in his day, but you know how news like that gets about.

Shirley Ross plays an ex-fan dancer, wife of Barton Hepsburn, one of the writers. The other is played by Roger Clark. Cheryl Walker, Elizabeth Risdon and Jane Farrow have good roles. But even the dancing of Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin fail to give it a lift.

Your Reviewer Says: Wish it were better.

**G.I. Honeymoon**  
(Monogram)

It's the old story of the bride and groom who can't get together for that honeymoon, due to circumstances brought on when the groom has to report to camp immediately after the ceremony. The first sequences are funny in spots with most of the happy yappiness provided by Frank Jenks, to our mind, a very funny man.

Gale Storm is the pretty bride and Peter Cookson the brightly frustrated groom.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar story.

---

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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.
Gold Medal Lady

(Continued from page 27) notices and the more discriminating among her audiences remembered a human performance by an actress they did not know, who wasn't too glamorous by the ordinary standards. After which Greer remained idle and watched the Garbos and Crawfords and Hepburns walk off with the very roles upon which she had set her heart. It was not easy for her during that first long, lonely, idle year. She was British and strange to our ways. She neither danced nor sang nor posed for leg art—so both her opportunities and her publicity were limited. The fact that her mother, a very pretty woman with pink cheeks and white hair, was with her proved her salvation. "During that disappointing and disillusioning and humiliating period," Greer said, "it was my mother who kept me alive."

It was, I think, the deep hurt Greer knew at this time that resulted in her engagement to an important producer. She found his admiration and adoration warming. But whenever the question of marriage arose one or both of them hesitated. Perhaps he knew that at this point Greer first sought the career—just beginning—for which she had waited so long.

The other day I bumped with Greer this producer also was with us. And although his heart, like Greer's, now belongs to another, it is evident they enjoy such a friendship as a man and woman are rarely able to salvage from a broken engagement.

KATHARINE HEPBURN called upon Greer that day too. We were regaling each other with reminiscences of our days together in the Noel Coward plays when there was a knock at the door and Katie asked, "May I come in?"

"Of course!" called Greer. She has the lilt in her voice that blesses those with natural gaiety. Whereupon Katie, looking delightful and sweet in old slacks—you tell me how she does it—joined us for dessert and coffee.

May I come in? That request from Katie Hepburn in itself shows Greer's position. Stars aren't always on the set, and whenever the producer brings a visitor to call on the other at the studio. Katie especially. However, she adores Greer and Greer adores her.

"I'd love to do musical comedy," Greer told me that day after Katie and the producer had left and we sat talking. "On the stage or in pictures—preferably in pictures . . . Much as I long to do a stage play I'll admit I get a little frightened at the thought of returning to the theater."

"And I suppose it's sheer nonsense for me to think about a musical anyway. I'm not a dancer.

I laughed. That very morning on the set of "Valley Of Decision" Greer, playing a little urchin, had done the best kick and tap step I have ever seen. She's wonderfully facile, instantly responsive to anything that goes on around her. If she had music and dancing on her set she would be right in there holding her own.

Greer's dressing room is in Star's Row, very definitely top of the wall and red-velvet-carpeted. It is here that the biggest Metro stars have their beautiful little houses which comprise sitting room, bedroom and bathroom. Greer's little house features the greens that are so becoming to her and boas in every manner of contrivance including radio and steam bath.

Looking at this dressing-room house I'm sure Greer thinks to herself, "Can this be I?" For while she hoped for moderate success in America I doubt she ever dreamed of the wealth, fame and honor that is hers today. I'm also sure she never dared dream she would be as happy as she is today—loved.
by and in love with Richard Ney whom she so fondly calls "my long-legged husband." If she were a pretentious person, if she didn't have a full sense of values, if she didn't remember her life in the English theater and realize that there but for the grace of God and the perspicacity of Louis B. Mayer she might be still, she probably would have avoided Richard Ney when she first found him attractive. She might very well have felt this young man, headed for war and possessed of no such name as she had on the screen, would not be a suitable husband for her. However, she did nothing of the kind. She knew he was in love with her. And she allowed herself to fall in love with him. She had not gotten ahead in pictures by being played as a favorite. She had earned her way, proved her worth. She was in a position to marry whom she wished, when and how. And with all her heart she wished to marry Richard.

Last summer when Richard was home on furlough it was great to see him and Greer together. They have the same wonderful humor about everything, including themselves. They have the same gift for enjoying whatever comes their way whether it be tea at a little stand at the beach or a great symphony. It is down right exciting to see them laughing and loving and playing together.

Greer rarely talks about Richard in the war. It's only occasionally that anything to tell you how deeply she feels his absence or how eternally concerned she is for his safety. Recently, when the headlines talk of daring Naval action in the Pacific Greer's face grew a little sad as she said, "My Richard was in danger." I told her, "Our Navy's good, Greer!"

She smiled. "I know it is! Anyway I'm glad my husband's a sailor! I come from a sailor country!"

Now that Douglas MacArthur and his
splendid fighting men have made Manila ours again she plans to go there. She knows it is the only way she will see Richard again for a long time.

"Elsa," Greer said to me the other day, apropos of nothing except she must have been thinking a lot about, "you've always worked hard. But you've always had fun too. That's important! Before I get very old I want to take time off and have fun.

"I don't think you'll have the slightest obstacle placed in your way," I assured her. "Your boss, Louis B. Mayer, is a very understanding man and very kind to his stars—because he loves them. In fact, I think he's one of the few big producers who does love those who work for him. You've made good—completely. I know he will arrange your schedule so you can have whatever free time you wish."

Eagerly she said, "I'll come to New York when I've finished this picture and we'll have fun together, you and I. You'll be in New York then, Elsa . . . That will be only a short holiday, of course. I'll need a longer one when I go to Manila. And a still longer one when the war's over—and Richard and I can go away together."

I suspect she wants to show Richard her native England. Everything that's important to them, everything they've ever enjoyed, they want to share.

Here's to Photoplay's lovely Gold Medal Lady! And here's to her long-legged husband.

If possible he will be even prouder than she is of the beautiful medal in its velvet case which stands on the long table in the Nef drawing room, shining in the sunshine that pours in through the long mullioned windows and symbolizing the American public's choice of Greer Garson as the most popular actress of 1944.

The End
Spencer Tracy plays Dooleittle with strength and purpose, and Robert Walker is splendid. The suspense created throughout the picture is terrific. (Feb.)

**THIS MAN'S NAVY—M-G-M:** The story that surrounds the activities of the blimps in sinking submarines, rescuing wrecked planes and crews, and other vital duties, tells of the experiences of William Beery, assigned to training young Rapport. Tom Drake is his protege who joins the service, Ian Claxton is the girl, and James Gleason is Beery's skeptical pal. (Apr.)

**THREE CABALLEROS, THE—Walt Disney-RKO:** Three Disney characters, American Donald Duck, Brazilian Joe Ciao and Mexican Pancho visit the Latin American countries and meet up with such realistic characters as Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz. The color is heavenly and the magic of Disney's genius out of this world, but the story lacks continuity. (Mar.)

**FOOT FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES NEURALGIC AND MUSCULAR PAINS**

![Image of foot and text]

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AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

LeSonier

Dainty as a Flower ... "To look fresh as rain, dainty as white lilacs," says lovely Barbara Britton, "I like to use lots of soap and suds each day. Scrubbing brightens, helps skin to flower transparency." And so it does, but most skins need a good cream or lotion, too, to keep them petal-soft. With more fun in the sun ahead for you, keep legs free of fuzz with a good depilatory or hair-remover stone. For you'll be wearing leg make-up soon and legs must look and be smooth. Be vigilant about underarm odor—even more than ever—for, unchecked, it's fatal to charm. Every girl needs a good anti-perspirant or deodorant which she uses religiously because the sudsiest bath won't protect you for long. Apply cuticle remover to your elbows now and then before you scrub them well. This will help to slough off the dead, dark skin and it will make your elbows whiter and smoother.

May-time Finery ... And Barbara Britton adds: "Clothes must be flower-fresh too—from the skin out, for wilted clothes, like wilted flowers are never pretty." Make a fetish of tubbing the tubbables—often, keeping white touches white. Rotate your costumes, pressing them between public appearances. Strive for the crisp look in clothes . . . blouses, frilly collars, jabots, snowy fabric gloves. Keep sachets pinned to clothes hangers, dot them through your bureau drawers. Call a perfect cologne or light floral type perfume to the aid of your springtime loveliness. An air of daintiness must surround you.

Here's a good trick: After your first swim of the season, roll up your damp looks on gay ribbons and tie the bows where all can see. Your hair will dry in soft curls and you'll look cute to boot. Cunning, too, as you toddle off to bed.

Beauty Workshop by Betsy Sanford
The page contains a list of names and possibly a page from a book or a document. The text is not legible enough to be transcribed accurately into coherent sentences or paragraphs. The content includes a range of names, possibly related to film or theater. The paper appears to be damaged with visible tears and creases.
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Transform your daily baths into soothing, gloriﬁzing "beauty treatments" with Bathasweet bath oils! They make ordinary water treatments with hardest water softer as summer rain. And the alluring Bathasweet fragrances seem to cling to your skin for hours. Try a Bathasweet beauty bath tonight, and see how Flower-fresh you feel! 3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine, Spring Morning.

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MAN WHO WALKED ALONE—P.R.C: Cpl. Marion Scott, David O'Brien; Helena Hamsun, Kay Aldridge; Wiggins, Walter Catlett; Champ, Gunna Williams.

PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE—M-G-M: Lord Henry Wotton, George Sanders; Dorian Gray, Hurd Hatﬁeld; Gladys Hallward, Donna Reed; Sylvia Paris, Angela Lansbury; David Stone, Peter Lawford; Basil Hallward, Lowell Gilmore; James Paris, Richard Fraser; Allen Campbell, Douglas Walton; Adrian Simpleton, Morton Lowry; Sir Robert Beutley, Miles Mander; Mrs. Paris, Lydia Bilbrook; Lady Sibyl, Mary Forbes; Sir Thomas, Robert Greig; Duchess, Moryn Macmillan; Maitland Jones, Chairman, Blyth Evans; Young French Woman, Rene Carsons; Kate, Lillian Bond.

SEE MY LAWYER—Universal: Olsen and Johnson, Themselves; Charles Rodman, Alan Curtis; Artie Lee, Noah Beery, Jr.; Joe Wilson, Richard Benedict; Otto Fillmore, Ed Brophy; Sally Rosenfeld, Lee Saffick; Stanley Clements; Betty Wilson, Grace McDonald; Mrs. Fillmore, Mary Gordon; Votive, Herself.

SONG FOR MISS JULIE—ARepublic: Valerie, Shirley Ross; George Kimbark, Barton Hepburn; Marecelle, Cheryl Walker; Steve, Roger Clark; Julie, Elaine, Parallel, Elizabeth Roden; Eliza, Lillian Randolph; Pete, Peter Garey; Mrs. Calhoun, Rene Riano; John Fitch, Harry Crock; The Roberts'; The Roberts'; Vivian Fay, Vivian Fay.

STRANGE ILLUSION—P.R.C: Paul Cartwright, James Lyon; Brett Curly, Warren Williams; Virginia Cartwright, Sally Eilers; Dr. Vincent, Rejina Forney; Miss Martha, Charles Armi; Benjamin, George H. Reed; Dorothy Cartwright, Jayne Mansfield, George; Jimmy Clark, Lynne, Mamie McCool; Armstrong, Pierre Watkins; Mr. Allen, John Hamilton; Miss Farber, Sonja Sorel; Mac, Gene Warden, Vic Patel.

THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA—20th Century Fox: Ken McLaughlin, Roddy McDowall; Rob McLaughlin, Preston Foster; Nelse, Rose Johnson; Gus, James Bell; Hidy, Diana Hale, Major Harris, Charlene Young; Mr. Sargent, Ralph Sanford; Tim, Robert Filmer; Dr. Hicks, Alan Bridge.

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Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange—so alluringly smooth!

Would all your hair-dos look more glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo... not a soap in the world... can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap-shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage... right after shampooing.

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner... or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos
FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!
This is Francine Cushman... glamorous New York fashion model... "Cover Girl" and "Drene Girl". Francine says she has a real hair-do problem, because her face could easily look too broad, if she didn't use tricks to narrow it. This dramatic pompadour identifies and emphasizes her striking height.

To make sure her hair looks its loveliest, she always uses Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

When Francine wears her hair down, she avoids flat tops and width at the sides. "It takes long, narrow lines or height," says Francine, "to narrow your face." And, she adds, for shining-smooth, manageable hair, remember that there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or soap-shampoo! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!
It's Spring again

Just the way it used to be... Two to grab for the morning paper, Two places to set at the table... and Two Chesterfields over Two cups of coffee...

Yes, and when you share Chesterfields together you share all the benefits of smoking pleasure Real Mildness—Cooler Smoking—Better Taste.

Chesterfield They Satisfy
NEW 15 MINUTE HOME TRIAL  TINTS HAIR

BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN OR BLONDE

As It Shampoos

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades. Only 50 cents each or 2 for $1.00.

SEND NO MONEY... Just mail coupon on guarantee results must delight you at no cost...

Take advantage of this offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for two) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay, order today!

If Not at Your Dealer’s... Mail this Coupon Today

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN’T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!

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TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, an guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES $1

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Check Shade:

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Black
Light Brown
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TINTZ

Color Shampoo

NOW YOU CAN GET TINTZ AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, WALGREEN'S, WHELAN'S, MOST DRUG STORES AND 5 & 10c STORES

THE TINTZ SEXTET... A SHADE FOR EVERY TYPE

TINTZ AS IT Wanders

BROWN

LIGHT BROWN

BLACK

MEDIUM BROWN

BLONDE

AUBURN
There goes Yesterday—but how about Today?

Your bath only takes care of past perspiration, but to guard your future freshness—the word is Mum!

Yes, your bath washes away all past perspiration. But it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor to come. It can't safeguard your future freshness. That's a job Mum does well.

So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don't take chances when your charm is at stake. Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her "date" dazzled!

Mum smooths on like a breeze. And takes just 30 seconds' doing. Mum's protection lasts all day or evening long. No risk of offending odor now. And isn't it nice to know that Mum won't injure fine fabrics—won't irritate your skin?

You're hitting it off! The one you dote on has eyes and ears for you alone. He thanks his lucky stars that you came into his life. And you make a super-salaam to Mum for keeping you so nice to be near. Underarm odor hasn't a chance. After your bath, before every date, you make sure of daintiness with Mum!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers
There are several kinds of laughs. The smile, the chuckle, the quirk of amusement—^especially "Without Love." We're talking about the Abdominal Up-heaval—the kind of laugh that gets a half-nelson on your midriff and rolls you around in your seat.

The handkerchief-stuffed-in-the-mouth kind of laughter.

"Without Love" is sentimentally funny. And personal and warm.

This columnist saw the picture four times before writing this. We laugh in the same places each time.

Spencer was never in love, Katharine attempts to woo, but his attitude is that it can't Hepburn here.

The picture is much better than that.

Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry's play with a fresh approach and a free hand. He has introduced a sleep-walking motif.

Spence sleep-walks at first and Katie sleep-walks right back at him. It's a sleep-walkie-talke.

Lawrence Weingarten, who is awfully good at producing this sort of clever fare for M-G-M, is up to his old tricks.

Harold Buchet, the director, deserves a bouquet for his excellent job.

The picture has one of the greatest casts ever. In addition to Tracy and Hepburn, there's a new woman, Lucille Ball, a star on her own, who lives up to her reputation.

Keanan Wynn never was funnier. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, Felix Bressart—and and and.

It started during Easter at the Radio City Music Hall in New York and is still running. It's a long run picture.

Changing the subject, how many of you have seen "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the most unusual film of the year?

This production based on Oscar Wilde's absinthe-tinted drama is causing a great deal of talk. It is so superbly produced, so different in theme from conventional fare. We think you ought to see "Dorian".

M-G-M has many wonderful offerings on the way. You might look for "The Clock", "Son of Lassie", "The Valley of Decision", "Thrill of a Romance", and "Ziegfeld Follies".

Still roaring. —Leo
She WAS A BASHFUL BRIDE!

He WALKED IN HIS SLEEP!

HILARIOUS M.G.M. STAR-HIT!

SPENCER TRACY • KATHARINE HEPBURN

Without Love

with LUCILLE BALL

KEENAN WYNN • CARL ESMOND • PATRICIA MORISON • FELIX BRESSART

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Directed by HAROLD S. BUCQUET • Produced by LAWRENCE A. WEINGARTEN • An M-G-M Picture
For Sale: One motorcycle, by Van Johnson. And this is no gag. Doubt if Van will ever go bouncing around on a two-wheeler again—after the near tragedy that befell his pal Keenan Wynn exactly two years after a similar accident almost cost Van his own life! The very day that Wynn figured in his motorcycle-auto smash was the day that Eve Wynn was being brought home from the hospital with the new baby. For three days and nights Van never left Keenan’s bedside at the hospital. Connie Moore stayed at Eve’s side, keeping the news of Keenan’s accident from her and doing what she could for Mrs. W. who was very ill for many days. Finally, as both Wynns improved, each was told of the others troubles. And here’s a so-far unprinted twist: Just a few moments before Keenan hopped on his cycle to go home, he had almost talked Connie into riding on the back of it with him. Instead she decided to ride in the car following him with her husband Johnny Masehio and Van Johnson. Just two minutes before all reached the Wynn home the accident occurred.

This and That: Sinatra has finally been classified 4F. ... Vic Mature’s Hollywood leave leads everyone to believe he’s the same old Vic. Hasn’t changed a drop. What’s more, rumor has it Dick Quine, also of the Coast Guard and husband of Susan Peters, who is confined to a hospital bed, may be given Vic’s role in the picture “Tars And Spars” ... When Van Johnson decides to have a date he really does it up brown. A photographer trailed Van and his date, Jacqueline Dalya, from Romanoff’s to Mocambo, on to Ciro’s and the Troc and finally at Dave’s Blue Room gave up and went home exhausted .... It’s our opinion, based on observation, that Diana Lynn is the young lady most admired by the men in Hollywood. Lunching at Lucey’s one fine day this week we glimpsed Dorothy Lamour in one booth, Veronica Lake in another and nearby Diana Lynn. Just by casually checking up, Cal discovered nine out of every ten men had their eyes longingly and admiringly fastened on little Miss Lynn. Hmmmm!

The Bride and Bonita: After the preview of “Hotel Berlin” Cal found himself beside the effervescent Bonita Granville at Mocambo’s newest and swankiest supper room, the Crillon. Bonita was off to New York next day for six weeks of radio and stage personal and camp tours. At twenty-two she’s kept her heart intact, which is something in this land of young brides.

Bonita, who used to be engaged to Jackie Cooper, told us of her recent San Francisco hospital tour with Danny Kaye. Who should be on the tour but June Horne, Jackie’s bride. Bonita and (Continued on page 6)
Hollywood's most meteoric Star Sensation in his first rough, tough and terrific role since his screen return... falling for a girl with stars in her eyes while he tames a man-killing horse and a lady-killing tough guy!

Alan Ladd and Gail Russell in
"SALTY O'ROURKE"

Paramount Presents

That Fighting Ladd
You Love
Is Gunning For Trouble Again!

The riotous roughneck of "Going My Way" as the smartest little jockey who ever booted home a winner!

The Miracle Man of "Morgan's Creek" has a new "Conquering Hero" to hail!

THE THRILLS OF BIG TIME RACING YOU CAN'T SEE NOW!

Original Story and Screen Play by Milton Holmes
Paul Brook does the suggesting and serving for menu-minded Jeanne Crain at Ciro's

Cal York's

INSIDE STUFF

Mrs. Van Hefflin and Charlie Morrison in a gay mood over the return from overseas of Lieutenant Van—at the Crillon

(Continued from page 4) June became fast friends.

"It was very funny," Bonita said, "when the boys in the hospitals asked me about Jackie and what happened to our engagement.

"I always said, 'I'm not sure about that, but I do know about his marriage. And do let me introduce the present Mrs. Cooper. Isn't she lovely?'"

Grant Again: Ye Gods! If you don't think Hollywood is agog over the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton-Betty Hensel doings then you've never heard gab! And, oh yes, Phillip Reed figures in here somewhere too. The moment that the second separation of the Grants was announced, Barbara started seeing a lot of Phil, recently discharged from the Navy and about to resume in pictures. But someone remembered that during their first separation Cary had gotten a lot of consolation and a beautiful eyeful from Betty Hensel, a very rich and terribly attractive society belle from St. Louis. But Cary didn't have to "meet her in St. Louis"—she was right in Hollywood the second time he and Barbara busted up. But wait! Just about the time that it became known that la Hutton would go to Nevada to get a divorce, Betty up and announced she would marry Army Lieut. William Dodge. Boy—was that a surprise! And Cal hears that Cary was just about going nertz at this point. In fact, so was Betty—with indecision. But the day before her wedding, the nuptials were called off! Had Cary talked her out of it and asked her to wait until he was free? Or had she just decided herself that she was so crazy about Grant that she couldn't marry another fellow—and would take her chances on what Cary might have to say in the future?

Cal has a hunch that Betty will be marrying Cary when he's free.

Another Voice: We vote Louis Hayward's the best speaking voice in pictures. It flows like liquid music, soft but completely unaffected with its cultured English accent. On the "Ten Little Indians" set Cal sat with Louis, Roland Young (a scream in old flannel pajamas and raincoat) and June Duprez. We talked of the housing shortage, with Louis trying to buy a house in order to keep his dog with him; of New York plays, with Roland returning to Broadway for a Topper play; and of the heat, with June all done up in black for the scene.

Louis's quietly beautiful voice seemed to dominate every subject.

Incidentally, they told us on the set that even yet tiny shrapnel fragments work their way to the surface of Hayward's face—the same shrapnel he received at Tarawa. (Continued on page 8)
NEW HONORS FOR
THE SCREEN'S MOST
HONORED ACTRESS!

In her heart of hearts she knew she could never hold him...

WARNER BROS.
BRING ANOTHER GREAT
PLAY TO THE SCREEN!

"The Corn is Green"
A LOVE THAT RIPENED TOO FAST!

Directed by
IRVIN RAPPER

with JOHN DALL • JOAN LORRING • NIGEL BRUCE • RHYS WILLIAMS • IRVIN RAPPER
Produced by JACK CHERTOK • Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Frank Cavett • From the Stage Play
by EMLYN WILLIAMS • Produced by Herman Shumlin • Music by Max Steiner
HER
Invisible Charm
IS THE SILKEN
FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

However hot the day, she walks in cool, heavenly fragrance. For she showers with sweet Mavis Talcum, after her bath. Mavis leaves skin smooth, pretty, dry; armpits truly dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. She starts fresh... keeps fresh... appealing, adorable.

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

The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mit, 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. VIVAUDOU, INC., Distributors

(Continued from page 6)

It's Oscar Time Again: The rib-tickling remarks of Bob Hope, who was master of ceremonies at the annual Academy Awards affair, had the town in stitches. When it came to the set dresser’s award (the small group whose plight precipitated the studio strike) Bob salamiéd before the winner and inquired anxiously if the other winners (only one showed up) were outside. “Look,” Bob said, pointing to the winner and his plaque, “he's already wearing it as a sandwich board,” and the audience, visualizing the piceters, roared.

"Now I know how Dewey felt," Bob remarked when Bing Crosby won the Oscar for his work in "Going My Way."

"When a director can take a broken-down crooner like me by the hand and guide him through a picture to this," Bing said, “anyone has a chance."

In her tomato red frock and a crown braid atop her head, Norma Shearer was a vision as she presented the Irving Thalberg Award to Darryl F. Zanuck. And judging by the applause, both Ingrid Bergman and Barry Fitzgerald were equally popular winners. Little Margaret O'Brien, who received a special award for the best all-around child performer, had to be held in Bob's arms to speak over the mike.

When the photographers asked the two to pose, Bob said—"Stand over here, Marg—you know where to stand," he interrupted himself. "I've seen you work."

Lovely: Even yet, Bette Davis isn't telling anybody—studio or friends—just what she did in Georgia for those three months. So whether or not she's Mrs. Corp. Riley is still anybody's guess. You can also guess whether it's love, marriage or just keeping a secret that gives her a new glow. Because Bette has just completed the most starry-eyed set of portrait settings at the studio gallery that she's ever made. Positively glamorous... Lots of the stars and starlets with sweethearts or husbands overseas get all kinds of souvenirs and sometimes jewels from their adored ones. And then usually dash out to have these trinkets or stones made up into things they can wear. But Marsha Hunt's (Continued on page 10)
The fabulous, fascinating saga of a love men tried for...the Woman they died for—when a fable of flesh and flame came to life 100 years ago!
If your heart is set on a West Branch model that isn't now available, the date of its return is a date worth waiting for . . . because a West Branch is the chest that gives you most in beauty and in protection.

WEST BRANCH
Cedar Hope Chests
The Present with a Future

Cal York's
INSIDE STUFF

The gorgeous gal Trocadero-ing with Van Johnson is Jacqueline Dalja

(Continued from page 8) husband, Capt. Jerry Hopper, went the rest of the boys one better. He collected some beautiful sea shells and stones in his travels in the Pacific and when he sent them to Marsha they were already made up into costume jewelry. Must have had the natives work on them . . . Maureen O'Hara is an eye-filler in a breath-taking black lace dress in "Spanish Main." Just about the time she was making scenes in the gown, she got word that her husband Will Price was in the thick of the fighting on Iwo Jima. She almost went to pieces with anguish and worry. Naturally, nobody could tear her away from a radio and its newscasts. This went on for several days. And the next time she donned the dress to play a balcony scene with Paul Henried—it hung off her in all the wrong places. Maureen had dropped seven pounds! Shortly after this, she got word that Price was safe.

Bridal Party: There's a grown-up prettiness about Joan Leslie that's startling to a town that has watched this young actress grow from a gangling adolescent into a smart hair-on-top-of-her-head chicness. Yet there's a natural eagerness about Joan that will forever bar her from the glamour-girl classification, for which Allah be praised.

Cal glimpsed Joan at the cocktail party photographer Paul Hesse gave for the new bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings. There she sat in her smart checked frock, with Charles Russell and Jinx Falkenburg, having her picture snapped all over the place. It occurred to us then she was the prettiest gal in the room—except for the bride, the former Mary Elliott, whose radiant happiness shone all about her.

Among the guests greeting Bob and Mary were pretty Joan Caulfield with her beau, Lieut. Bob Davis; Sonny Tufts and his (Continued on page 12)
Delightfully

Dangerous

"Her sister said..."

"Get off that stage..."

"I'm only teasin'..."

"...where this little girlie started teasin'..."

"...her boyfriend got himself in a rage..."

"...fans with her..."

"...Those fanatic fans..."
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®
THE BIGGEST
ENTERTAINMENT
THRILL OF THE YEAR!

Flaming with thrills,
adventure and romance...

The exciting saga of the
West's most colorful days
...when men fought and
gambled for a woman's
eager heart. And a spec-
tacular climax such as the
screen has never known!

JOHN WAYNE
ANN Dvorak
FLAME OF
BARBARY
COAST

featuring
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
with WILLIAM FRAWLEY
VIRGINIA GREY and RUSSELL HICKS
JACK NORTON • PAUL FIX
MANART KIPPER
A REPUBLIC PICTURE
**Now! FOR THE FIRST TIME**

One powder-shade intensely flattering to 4 different types of skin!

"Bridal Pink"

**BLENDED BY ENTIRELY NEW COLOR-PRINCIPLE**

Makes even a bride look more romantic!

Here's something entirely new and different in a shade of face powder!

Lady Esther's exciting new "Bridal Pink" is not just for one particular type of skin-coloring. Blended by means of a new patented color-principle, it's intensely flattering to these four basic types:

**IF you're a Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look softer, more feminine!**

**IF you're a Brunet, with fair skin... "Bridal Pink" will intensify the contrast, make you look more romantic!**

**IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin... "Bridal Pink" will give an exciting lift to your entire appearance!**

**IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion... "Bridal Pink" will wake up your skin, give it life and warmth!**

**Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters**

Look different tomorrow! Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply Lady Esther "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 55¢. There are also handy pocket-book sizes for 10c and 25c. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" today!

**Lady Esther FACE POWDER**

---

Dana Andrews has reason to smile—it's Mrs. Dana with him at the theater

(Continued from page 12)

**Mad Hats**

Went to a cocktail party that would have had the original Mad Hatter jumping with joy. There was Claudette Colbert with what looked just like a large black valentine heart flat on the top of her dome. There was Maria Montez, in a John Fredericks number—made entirely of huge blue silk roses, just set at cock-eyed angles all over her head—invisibly held together with heavenknowswhat! There was Kay Williams in what looked like a miniature derby perched on top of her blonde curls. There was Greer Garson, in a black cocktail suit, wearing a tiny black chapeau, with an inch-wide brim on which were about eight little golden chess-men!

**Hollywoodian:** Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz go right on fighting and making up—their last spat was a humdinger. But they haven't reached their last—not by a long shot. The Alan Ladd and Bill Bendixes, are friends again, we are happy to say. Rita Hayworth has her pre-baby figure back as all the La Rue diners could see the night she and Orson Welles dined there. They'd just returned from Mexico—and Orson is getting ready to do the new Claudette Colbert picture—as her leading man. Joan Crawford and Phil Terry headed for a long vacation in New York... Plenty of ice between Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts on the sets these days—but nobody can understand why... Some people are beginning to think that Ann Sheridan doesn't care if she never makes another picture—certainly looks that way. She remained glued to Steve Hannagan's side for months back east—and nobody would be surprised if she just stayed on there as his Mrs. Faye Emerson swears she won't be a mama in 1945—not that she wouldn't like to be... Prediction: That Bill Williams, who debuts in "Those Endearing Young
Charms" with Bob Young and Laraine Day, will be well on his way to stardom before the year is out.

At the Haymes House: Hollywood certainly hopes that the Dick Haymes reconciliation will stick. It wasn't such a shock to a lot of people who had suspected trouble in that household for some time. And for many reasons. One of the reasons is that Mrs. H. is determined to resume her acting career where she left off when she married the now successful crooner. She's been taking dramatic lessons—and Dick feels one career in the family is enough.

News of Our Boys: Billy Halop, ex-"Dead End" kid, in service three years, is now with the Army in France. Mickey Rooney gives as many as twelve shows a day from the back of a jeep. He was last seen heading for Germany.

Colonel Anatole Litvak is much grayer and more subdued, we may say. Cal found himself at the former director's table at Mocambo the other night and learned he expects to go right back over the pond again.

Deanna Durbin's former husband, Navy Lieut. Vaughn Paul, finished work aboard an Essex-class carrier in connection with the first strike on Tokyo and transferred by breeches buoy in rugged weather to a tanker where his good fellowship won him a lot of friends. Vaughn was grateful for the cot set up in the crowded ship's office, and more grateful for the lift given his crew and their two tons of equipment. Paul is in charge of the "CinCPac News-reel," first Navy newsreel unit, and was on Iwo Jima during the siege there.

A friend reports the last time he saw Navy Lieut. Henry Fonda he had his arms around the shoulders of fellow-officers close-harmonizing over a cold bottle. Hank had come ashore on a Pacific Island as a member of an admiral's staff after many weeks of duty.
Fashion Jewelry by Kreisler. Individual pieces or matched sets designed with rare originality.
Some styles limited today, because Kreisler is working first for Victory.

JACQUES KREISLER
Makers of Fine Jewelry for Men and Women

aboard ship. Hank, we're told, likes to relax when off duty, but on the job is one of the hardest working, most conscientious men in his organization.
Incidentally, Van Johnson has again been rejected by his draft board, due to that head injury suffered in an accident.
Gene Kelly expects to ship out as soon as his basic training is completed in San Diego, California. Already the town misses Gene's genial grin and good humor, to say nothing of his grand acting.

Hollywood is Talking About: The sudden right-about-face of Mayo Methot, whose obvious heartbreak over her separation from Humphrey Bogart turned to philosophical resignation as she embarked for Las Vegas and a divorce. "I saw Bogie the other night," Mayo told a friend, "and thought what a nice person he was to know and that was all."
What Lana Turner will do if Turhan reports to Turkey and the Turkish Army is the question before the house. There are no flirtatious qualities about the blonde beauty, oddly enough. When she loves a man she loves only him. Turhan certainly discovered how much he missed and loved Lana while she was on her recent eastern tour. His constant telephone calls left no doubt of this in Lana's mind. Cal firmly believes that if Lana were free she would marry Turhan before he leaves. We know first-hand the actor has been in constant touch with the Turkish consul in Los Angeles, and is one foreigner who remains loyal to his Turkish friends in the city. Turhan told us he was an officer in the Turkish Army prior to leaving Europe and even wore a fez with his colorful uniform. Now there's a romantic figure for you!
(Continued on page 18)
Explosive as the new bare fashions. That real red-red you dreamt about—knew could exist...never could find. Here it is in Nail Enamel and Lipstick—just plain dynamite! (And with it "Sheer Dynamite" Face Powder.)

Revlon's new color is "DYNAMITE!"
Romance in the moonlight... gaiety and gracious living—reminiscent of the Old South and inspiration for lovely packages and fragrances that you'll love to have and love to give.

Old South Perfumers,
347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Cal Yorks
INSIDE STUFF

Callers: Cal answered the doorbell to discover Bill Eythe on the threshold.

"I just heard you live around the corner from my studio and thought I'd dash over while I'm waiting for my check," he said.

We were glad to see Bill. His dark eyes have a glad-to-be-alive twinkle and the inappropriacy of his high professional status that contrasts so oddly with his shyness (a trait he tries desperately to hide) gives him a rather appealing boyishness.

He'd just been recalled from the East to test for "Dragonwyck," but he was more excited over discovering Elyse Cox at the Pittsburgh Playhouse than anything else that happened on his brief trip. Bill said they had gone to Carnegie Tech Dramatic School together and had fought through every course. And suddenly here she was, a brilliant actress, now being tested by Twentieth at Bill's request.

Bill telephoned his mother from New York that he'd been recalled by the studio for the test.

"Listen, Bill," she said, "you don't have to work in Hollywood. I've saved every cent of the money you've sent us and you take it, get a good substantial job in Kaufman's Department Store in Pittsburgh and settle down."

Our old friend Sydney Greenstreet absolutely filled the doorway. "Come on, you," he said, "we're going over to Phyllis Thaxter's for dinner."

He is abrupt to those he likes and horribly polite to those he dislikes.

As usual Phyllis was all atwitter over not being quite ready, having just come in from tennis. And, of course, there were the wedding pictures to be gone over again and the latest news from her bridegroom, Capt. James Aubrey, to be discussed. Her husband's being in service brought Phyllis closer to Ginger Rogers than anyone has come in a long time. On the set of "Weekend At The Waldorf" they greeted each other daily with: "Any letters today?"

The following evening we were all set for a quiet time at home when—yep, the doorbell again.

Charlie Russell, the boy "with the hands" in "The Purple Heart" and more recently in "Captain Eddie," stood and looked at us without a word.

"You—no—you did! You got the role," we shouted at him.

"I came over directly from the studio," he said, wiping away greasepaint as he sat down.

We could only rejoice with Charlie whom Hollywood regards as one of the finest young actors in the business.

"They told me today when the test was only half completed," he said. "Only you know what this was meant to me, so only you can know how I feel now." So watch for Charlie in the leading role in "The Embezzler" with Jimmy Dunn and Sheila Ryan, and you'll understand why all Hollywood has been pulling for him.
Col Gets Around! We sat at our favorite corner table in Twentieth Century-Fox's dining room (where the food is terrific and the studio hospitality the best in Hollywood) with Mary Anderson and Richard Crane.

Mary is an intense young lady who never quite got the break she deserved after her swell stage performance in "Guest In The House." She got all absorbed relating to the young flying officer with us her idea of how a magnet should be placed on gun sights in our bombers. And she stated her case well against his more practical arguments.

And then in the midst of all their technical discussion she turned wistfully and said, "I want to be a 'feathery' girl in movies."

"What in heaven's name is a 'feathery' girl?" we demanded.

"The kind of girl Dick here would fall in love with on the screen," she added.

Young Crane blinked at her.

"Well?" we demanded. "Would you, or did you, rather? Is your bride Kay Morley 'feathery'?"

"No," he asserted. "She's wonderful."

And then everybody screamed. . . .

That night at Mocambo, with friends from New York, who should we see walk in with producer Mark Hellinger but Humphrey Bogart and Lauren (Baby) Bacall. The photographers swarmed as one in their direction.

"Don't snap me, boys," Bogie shouted. "I'm too hot right now. Lay off!"

"What does he mean he's 'too hot'?" asked one of our visiting friends.

We explained, or tried to, that Bogie meant that his love affair was too much in the public eye right now.

"Well, didn't he give out interviews that would put it there?" the New Yorker asked.

We allowed as how that made little difference.

"Well," they all agreed, "movie stars are beyond us."

"When I was married," says Ann Weir, "I weighed 127. But after I had my fourth child, my weight went up to 166. I had what men call a 'bay window.' I read reducing diets, tried reducing exercises. But all my efforts brought no results.

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**The Clock (M-G-M)**

LOVE—it comes suddenly, tenderly, beautifully and compellingly into the hearts of Robert Walker, a corporal on a short leave, and Judy Garland, secretary in the city of New York.

It marches around the hours of the clock in a succession of thrilling moments that, in turn, bring laughter, tears and sympathetic understanding, all of which makes for a sure-fire picture that will appeal especially to the romantic minded.

It is unquestionably a "director's picture" with the brilliant touches of director Vincente Minnelli at times outstanding the story itself with its message that love transforms the humblest into shining storybook people.

Judy, with nary a song, except the one in her heart, comes into her own as a dramatic actress of depth and charm. Robert Walker, the boy who is bewildered by his headlong collision with love, gives one of the best performances we've seen in a moon's age. There's an authoritative sincerity about Walker that will secure him steadfast in the hearts of his fans.

For a bit that outshines everyone and everything about it, we nominate Keenan Wynn in his brief scene as the realistically inebriated gentleman of the lunchroom. What a gem of a performance! James Gleason as the milkman and Lucille Gleason as his wife take over with Judy and Robert for a four-handed game of perfection in acting (and direction) in a break fast-table scene that other directors should flock in droves to see.

The whole film is a breakdown of exquisite bits that, when strung together, emerges one of the very best of its kind.

Your Reviewer Says: Love—around the clock.

**Salty O'Rourke (Paramount)**

ALAN LADD, Gail Russell, Bruce Cabot and a lad you'll remember, Stanley Clements, are sucked into a whirlpool of action and suspense that has the audience going right over the rapids with them.

While it's not Ladd's best picture, the way he plays it enhances his firm grip on the fans who love the cold, hard smoothness that precipitated him into focus. And in this one he's just as cold, just as calculating and just as appealing as ever.

The plot, of course, provides the background for all this frozen emotion dealing with Ladd's attempts to repay Cabot a debt for which he isn't responsible but which, because Cabot's a tough hombre, has to be paid. As a means of quick retribution Ladd buys a mad-minded race horse whom only Stanley Clements can manage. But again there's a catch. Clements has been barred from all tracks and must needs pose as his younger brother, which sends him into the schoolroom of Gail Russell and there's where the love business comes in.

The thing clips along cockily, with events shaping up to high-blood-pressure suspense toward the entangled end.

Clements is simply marvelous as the jockey. Ladd, of course, is up to every inch of his role. William Demarest, Spring Byington and Marjorie Woodworth are good in their little corners, too.

Your Reviewer Says: All the elements of a good movie.

**The Affairs Of Susan (Paramount)**

SUSAN, played by Joan Fontaine, was four women to four men, and all of the Susies were interesting, none of them dull, and each one lovelier than the other, which only goes to prove a woman can be anything a man wants her to be, and sometimes is.

The story, a gay, charming sort of thing, ramifies with willy-nilly, and if it consumes too much time in the telling, the lightness of its mood somewhat redeems its overlength.

We first meet Susan through George Brent—a New York producer. Honest, naive, frank, childlike and unassuming, Susan marries George, becomes a fine actress who loses her husband through the identical failings that won his heart. When Don DeFore, a Montana lumberman, comes along, Joan has become wiser, a siren out to get, tease and tantalize her man. With author Dennis O'Keefe she becomes the intellectual, the bespectacled young woman of learning who must be rescued from author O'Keefe by Brent and DeFore, always loyal to Susan.

It's Walter Abel, the stolid solid citizen, she finally decides to marry, however, and who learns about all the various little Susies from her three former swains. The ending has been guessed from the beginning, of course, but still it has a way of being, so darned entertaining it really doesn't matter.

Rita Johnson is a pretty heavy, if you know what we mean. And Fontaine is really delightful.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm is the word for this affair.

(Continued on page 22)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 128

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24

By Sara Hamilton
With Love (M-G-M)

VITAMIN A, vitamin B, plus a dash of high-powered paprika has been needled into the situations and dialogue of Philip Barry's rather dull stage play, "Without Love," and the results are hilarious. But the premise of the tale? Well, not exactly original is the story of a woman who hides from the world because a past love was too perfect, and a man who is a refugee from love—past imperfect.

Katharine Hepburn is so very Hepburnish as the woman that we had the feeling Katie was kidding us with the best Hepburn imitation to date. Forcefulness, the frightening kind, melts to a kittenishness when Katharine and Tracy, both scientists, marry without love and develop the grand passion along the way.

Just how Carl Esmond, a prospective buyer for Katie's house, suddenly develops into an amorous suitor is never explained. But no explanation is necessary for Keenan Wynn as Katie's cousin. His every appearance (especially in the taxicab with Wynn stewed to the eyebrows) is signal for joy among the fans.

Felix Bressart is amusing as a fellow scientist and Lucille Ball equally amusing as the realtor in pursuit of Wynn. Lucille is a gladsome thing to eye and ear and does a bit of plot needling on her own.

If it's pure (well, not pure exactly) escapist entertainment you seek, light, airy and feathery, "Without Love" is it.

Your Reviewer Says: Try not to laugh.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Affairs Of Susan
Salty O'Rourke
Music For Millions
Without Love
The Clock
Salome—Where She Danced

Best Performances

Joan Fontaine in "The Affairs Of Susan"
Alan Ladd in "Salty O'Rourke"
Stanley Clements in "Salty O'Rourke"
June Allyson in "Music For Millions"
Margaret O'Brien in "Music For Millions"
Jimmy Durante in "Music For Millions"
Tallulah Bankhead in "A Royal Scandal"
Katharine Hepburn in "Without Love"
Spencer Tracy in "Without Love"
Judy Garland in "The Clock"
Robert Walker in "The Clock"


A MERE incident in the flavorful life of Catherine the Great has been blown up into a full-fledged movie. The result is a film that lacks the connection, good to look at but not exactly satisfying to a hungry man. The story lacks sufficient body and strength of plot to qualify as a picture of rounded maturity, but we dare anyone not to be amused at some of the risque lines.

Tallulah Bankhead is Catherine. Her lines under the Bankhead skill come to life. What's more, she looks beautiful. Those years of stage trouping certainly serve her well in this tricky role of Catherine. Bill Eythe plays the innocent victim of Bankhead's charm. He looks and acts the part. Charles Coburn as the chancellor is up to every minute of palace intrigue, and Anne Baxter, who loves Eythe, has much too little to do, but does it well. But it's Bankhead's picture, make no mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty, but nice.

For several reasons we found "Counter Attack" an interesting and worth-while picture. One reason is the subdued and well-tempered portrayal of Paul Muni whose usual inferences in artistic presentations has been controlled admirably by director Zoltan Korda.

Another is the well sustained mood—steady, quiet, and in time fascinating. The story, however, seems a bit untimely and comes too late in the current events of the havoc of this world to create more than average interest. It tells the story of Paul Muni and Marguerite Chapman, Russian guerrilla fighters who find themselves trapped with seven Germans in a cellar.

The psychological battle that is waged between the minds of the peasant Muni and the Prussian officer Harro Meller fastens the interest and holds it.

Larry Parks is a pleasant addition to the cast of a picture that would have proven more interesting a year ago.

Your Reviewer Says: Moody.

A SUSPENSEFUL, timely tale, enhanced by a spine-tingling musical score, "Hotel Berlin" points the way for Germany's tomorrow while the stench of its today still reeks in the nostrils.

Changing headlines during the picture's making account for a lack of focus which is the story's main weakness. Helmut Dantine, a German citizen, is presented in a sympathetic light as a member of the underground. And he's not only handsome in looks but in performance.

Raymond Massey as one of the generals who plotted against Hitler's life and must needs take his own, exerts a sympathy-getting influence. Newcomer Andrea King gives all sorts of fancy promise as the Nazi actress who thinks of self before love. Miss King has an interesting face, easy assurance and naturalness. Fayte Emerson turns in a warm and finely shaded job as the hotel hostess who snitches to the Nazis but redeems herself in her dramatic defense of the Jewish boy she loves.

Peter Lorre, a German professor, is one more member of the cast to rate sympathy with his muddled mind that eventually clears in time to redeem himself.

Your Reviewer Says: Warners even beat the Russians to Berlin.

(Continued on page 121)
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BRIEF REVIEWS

between two women—M-G-M: Van Johnson takes over in the Dr. Kildare series as Dr. Red Adams and is very likable in the role of the young intern to whom he has been assigned. The plot revolves around the hospital and the various problems that arise, and the series continues to be a success. (Mar.)

Dorothy Lamour and Arturo de Cordova in "A Medal For Benny"

Shadow Stage

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broadway reviews

+ indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed
+ indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed
+ indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

between two women—M-G-M: Van Johnson takes over in the Dr. Kildare series as Dr. Red Adams and is very likable in the role of the young intern to whom he has been assigned. The plot revolves around the hospital and the various problems that arise, and the series continues to be a success. (Mar.)

Dorothy Lamour and Arturo de Cordova in "A Medal For Benny"

DANGEROUS PASSAGE—Paramount: Robert Lowery gets into more trouble when he tries to evade enemies seeking his inherited fortune by boarding a slow steamer. Instead he runs into a phony insurance plot, a secret agent, a night club entertainer and all kinds of troublesome things. Phyllis Brooks and Lowery are both good, but you'd think they'd have a nervous breakdown at least. (Mar.)

(Continued on page 125)

pictures reviewed in this issue

Affairs Of Susan, The
Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe
Brewster's Millions
Clock, The
Counter-Attack
Dillinger
Earl Carroll Vanities
High Poweded
Hotel Berlin
House Of Fear, The
Molly And Me
Music For Millions
Royal Scandal, A
Salome—Where She Danced
Salty O'Rourke
Sudan
Utah
Where Do We Go From Here?
Without Love

Ford bring warmth to the cold gray of the prison story. (May)
CRIME, Inc.—PCR: This is based on the experiences of Martin Mannix, a crime reporter, but it seems to us that gangsters are a bit old hat 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)

DANGEROUS PASSAGE—Paramount: Robert Lowery gets into more trouble when he tries to evade enemies seeking his inherited fortune by boarding a slow steamer. Instead he runs into a phony insurance plot, a secret agent, a night club entertainer and all kinds of troublesome things. Phyllis Brooks and Lowery are both good, but you'd think they'd have a nervous breakdown at least. (Mar.)

(Continued on page 125)
What Madame La Couturière (nee Minnie Mooney) whispered about Barbara—now trying on her fourteenth hat—was cruel, but it was the truth. Everybody in town knew what Barbara's trouble was except Barbara herself... why men fell over themselves to meet her, then turned suddenly indifferent... why she was the "last resort" when a fourth at bridge or an extra girl was needed to fill out a party.

How About You?

Clothes, charm, good looks can count for little when your breath is off-color. You perhaps do not realize that halitosis (bad breath) is so common and that anyone may be guilty at some time or other—without knowing it. It's wise to be always on guard against this condition, which can put you in such a bad light so quickly.

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GRABLE

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DIAMOND
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TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.
Letter From
LEW AYRES
by Adela Rogers St. Johns

In the Philippines Lew Ayres, versed in first aid, takes care of a native child's injured foot.
The postmark was the South Pacific, the envelope was addressed to one of America's most gifted writers, the letter—she gives it to you here and asks only that you read with an open heart

"I HAVE," the letter says, "strong, irrepressible urges of optimism even out here at times. For He does walk with us. He does indeed. The proofs are so many.

The letter is head-ed simply, The Philippines.

Across the envelope, beside that U. S. Army Postal Service mark with which so many of us have become familiar, is written: "Sgt. L. Ayres, 39309326, 36th Evacuation Hospital, A.P.O. 26 c/o P. M., San Francisco, California."

The history of a soul's struggle toward the light, of the transformation of a brilliant and successful young movie star into a chaplain's assistant is all in that brief address. From the flamboyant background of Hollywood emerges a life story that is unique in our times.

Lew Ayres, who started as a banjo player in a jazz band and ended as the box-office sensation Dr. Kildare, has made a good many headlines since the opening days of the war, when he declared himself a conscientious objector. But none of them can paint the true picture.

I think it is a story at which you and I can warm our chilled faith sometimes, and because the letter from the Philippines speaks for him so simply and clearly, I think the time we should hear it is now.

Lew Ayres, a movie star whose name blazed in neon lights on every main street in America, who had everything of wealth and success and popularity that this country could offer, is a man who became convinced that Jesus Christ meant exactly what He said. In this letter to me Lew writes, "It's there, in black and white, clean-cut and dazzling. It just remains for us professed Christians to begin living up to it. All of it. Living by what we speak and preach and declare as our faith. All of it. It has not been tried as often as it should be. The time has come when we must try it."

Out there today in the Philippines, dying and wounded men, helpless little children with bullet holes through them, lost and shattered old women, call aloud for Dr. Kildare and in response to that call, under shell fire and bursting bombs, Lew Ayres, who began this war in a labor camp for conscientious objectors, moves quietly among them doing what he can for their smashed bodies and even more for their bewildered souls.

A long road from the glittering sets of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios—and he traveled it alone, the hard way.

When it began—how it began—that Lew Ayres, the handsome young favorite who was once married to Ginger Rogers, desired to give up everything to follow that road of faith and service, is a true story of revelation.

Lionel Barrymore who, as the beloved Dr. Gillespie in the "Kildare" pictures, observed Lew as keenly as he did fondly, says it began long ago and grew steadily to that dramatic and dreadful moment when Lew declared that in his country's greatest war he must be listed as a conscientious objector with religious scruples against killing.

I want, first, to set down here some things about Lew Ayres. I have to do that because it is vitally important that you should know him as he lived around our town of Hollywood, as the men (Continued on page 103)
I HAVE been informed that Greer Garson believes that I don't like her. I believe that the young lady is too much of a lady. She has asked me to visit her, but I haven't done so for I like her so much I might not be a perfect gentleman ... Lauren Bacall, I want you to know, is influenced so by Humphrey Bogart that he feels the same way the singer she sings more like Bogie than he does ... So far as I'm concerned, no singer has come along to even question the supremacy of Judy Garland, in the female department, and as for the males, Bing is still the king—go on, throw your bobby socks at me. The runner-up is Harold Arlen, the songwriter, who should have a radio program. He sings his "Bloomer Girl" songs better than the players in the show ... I am getting a little tired of Betty Hutton's display of energy, and I guess Betty's getting a little tired from displaying it. I like Hugo Friedhofer's remark that any man who marries for the second time doesn't deserve to lose his first wife.

I can recall when movie audiences were very prissy, and their heroes had to be pure and unmarried. Frank X. Bushman, the Clark Gable of the silent stars, found himself practically through when his admirers discovered that he was a married man. Now the gals swoon over married men, even going so far as trying to tear the clothing from them. Nothing a movie hero does can affect their love and devotion, as witness Errol Flynn ... I admire Sam Hoffenstein, the scenario writer, for his excellent poetry. My favorite poem of his, which is not included in any collection of his verse, tells the story of his life. It is: When I go, I go too, and spoil everything. 

I believe that the most promising of the younger actresses, regardless of what any poll discloses, is Angela Lansbury, and I predict that she will do great things on the screen ... I can't, however, get excited about Carole Landis, who puts up a good front, but is not in a class with, well, say Angela Lansbury ... I like to go strolling about the streets of Beverly Hills, for the shopping district there has a mark of distinction and a quality all its own. It is fascinating to watch someone like Ingrid Bergman marketing, and see that she is as concerned about points as you and me. It was Tom Jerny, by the way, who, while discussing these modern times, said, "Money isn't everything. You gotta have points." There's a regular wolf circuit that the pretty young actresses play, and it's a sure bet that every newcomer will have a date with Peter Lawford. I do wish that, although it is strictly a gag, Peter would remove the following sign from his den: "Do Not Disturb—Wolf At Work." 

I have made it a practice—what do I mean practice, it's almost a business—to know how Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and Ann Sheridan, etc., sleep. I can tell you that Lana wears a nightgown, and that Betty sleeps in pajamas, even to such detail as to whether it's the top or the bottom. In fact, I will tell you that Betty is the tops ... As proof, and it is the only proof permissible, I have been photographed on a couch with Ann Sheridan, with Rita Hayworth in a similar setting, and now, as you can see on the opposite page, I have been photographed with Dorothy Lamour on a bed. You can also see it is perfectly harmless and innocent. Honest ... Marguerite Chapman, who is a cutie, has told me that she's shopping for a suitable nightgown, something different and very attractive, and that when she finds it she will let me know. It's all in the line of duty, I repeat, and when Maggie gets that nightgown I'll be there, and I'll let you know about it. Gee, the things I do for my readers! 

I admire Frank Sinatra for his desire and courage to make speeches about juvenile delinquency, and if there is any person that the youngsters will listen to, it is Frankie-boy ... I know of no actress who resembles a movie actress more than Joan Crawford. Even to the newcomers in the business, Joan Crawford is their idea of what a movie actress should be, and look like ... I don't know, but every time I see Maria Montez all dressed up, she looks like she got all dressed up, if...
you know what I mean... I go for Fred MacMurray's candor, for, discussing "Double Indemnity" with me, he said, "I wish I weren't in it, for it's a good picture and I'd love to see it. But every time I do, I'm so nervous watching myself that I can't really see and enjoy the picture."

I always like to wander into the offices and dressing rooms at the studios and look at the pictures and signs on the walls. A man who is connected with what is called "the art" at Paramount has an unusual photograph in his office. It is a picture of a pretty girl, and next to it are listed the various things the Hays Office won't allow to be shown in a motion picture. They are: Law Defeated, Inside of Thigh, Lace Lingerie, Dead Man, Narcotics, Drinking, Exposed Bosom, Gambling, Pointing Gun, Tommy Gun.

And this photograph shows the girl, Peggy Brooks, in lace lingerie, one leg placed on a chair, and she is pointing a gun at a dead policeman on the floor who has a Tommy gun next to him. There is a bottle of whiskey on the table, some narcotics next to it, and a deck of cards is spread out on the floor. This one picture shows everything that the Hays Office won't allow, but since I saw it I'm telling you about it for I want you to know everything about Hollywood that I know.

I am very fond of Veronica Lake, and although some people insist that she is difficult, I find her very easy to get along with, and an interesting person to be with for dinner and merely gaze across the table and look at... I don't know of any two fellows who have taken their success better than Sonny Tufts and Van Johnson. They sincerely act as if they are surprised by it and grateful for it, and I believe they are. I know of no actress who is better fun on a set than Binnie Barnes, and I completely detest those performers who believe that they are giving out with art and must be alone. Generally they discover that audiences leave them alone... It is amazing, I say, how Linda Darnell has developed into a glamour lady, and I am using the correct word when I say developed... I am especially fond of that story about a certain movie producer who, wanting to get away from it all, bought a ranch and hired experts to plant avocado trees. When this producer checked his orchard over, each tree had a little card on it. And on the card was written a fancy botanical term for each type of avocado. Then one night the wind blew all the cards off the trees. The next morning the producer printed his own cards, naming each avocado after a famous sweater girl, and that's Hollywood for you!

The End
Before I tell you what June Allyson had to say about Dick Powell, I want to tell you first what I think about the way she feels about him. I say that because I have lived longer than June (I ain't saying how much longer!) and I think I can tell when a girl is very much in love.

And does June love Dick? Does a spring garden love the sun? It's in everything about her. In her eyes when she softly speaks his name. In the excited little flush that comes to her face when she mentions his new successes on the radio and the screen. And it is there in the quick alertness of her attention when someone else mentions him.

Ah, yes—I'm convinced our little Junie is in love and because, it seems to me, it is the real thing, she can't talk about it—much. As I talked with her and watched her, it was very clear to me that this is the first mature, full-blown emotion of June's life. There have been other beaus, other crushes. There was even the excitement that she was secretly married to her friend, Van Johnson. But that blew up in smoke where it all the time. There wasn't even a spark between June and Van, except, perhaps, the nice steady glow of a real friendship between a boy and a girl.

She had come over to my house one sunny afternoon during the time Dick was away on a camp, hospital and radio tour. She looked like a school girl in a simple little suit with no make-up except lipstick and a once-over-lightly with the powder puff. After we had talked a little while about the zany new hats and other such "women talk," I asked her point-blank:

"June—are you going to marry Dick Powell, and when?" She hesitated just a minute and I could sense the inner brace she gave herself. For there is almost a primness about June, rare in a young girl today. She believes in the good old-fashioned conventions of society and practices them.

"I can't say anything about that," she answered. "After all, he's not yet a free man."

"Let me ask you a hypothetical question, then. Assuming you do marry, what about your career?"

"Assuming I marry," she mocked, "I can tell you quite frankly that my career would be second. I'll do what my husband wants me to do. But of course I can hope that he would be sympathetic to my work and would want me to continue on the screen. If he were an actor it is entirely possible he would understand how I feel, isn't it?"

Suddenly we heard someone approaching. It was Marie McDonald, looking like a million.

"I didn't catch all that conversation," said the stunning blonde gal, "but I heard something about marrying an actor. June, don't ever do it—they don't make good husbands!"

I like Marie—but I could have spanked her for that when June and I had been getting along so well. That's the way I felt at first. But later I was glad Marie had shown up. She and June are graduates of Roosevelt High School in Yonkers and when the girls started arguing I could feel Junie relaxing.

"What's the matter with actors as husbands?" she flared a little. "Those generalities are silly. It's like saying that postmen aren't good husbands, or fliers or sign painters. Some of the happiest marriages in Hollywood have been between actors. Look at Lucile and James Gleason and Mildred and Harold Lloyd and Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond.

"Actors understand each other. They understand all
questions..."

about the long hours and being tired and getting up at ungodly hours in the morning. And," Junie was running out of breath, "all sorts of things!"

"Particularly if the actor's name happens to be Dick Powell," Marie and I both kidded her.

"I miss him, I admit it," June said soberly. "We have such wonderful times together. Not just night-clubbing, because neither of us cares for that sort of thing, but just sitting and talking. It's wonderful to know someone to whom you can really talk without self-consciousness or pretense."

It was not a case of love at first sight between June and Dick. She didn't feel her heart go pitapat and apparently he paid little attention to her in the beginning when they were introduced on the set of "Meet The People" at M-G-M.

"During the making of the picture we never played a single scene together," said little June. "I thought Dick was very nice and cordial and easy to know—but he never asked me for a date. In fact, we discussed only the most impersonal things."

I asked, "Then when did you first start going out with him?"

"It was a chance meeting in New York after Dick was separated from his wife," replied June. "I came into Toots Shor's restaurant and Dick was having lunch alone. He invited me to sit down and we had our first long talk. I got to know him better during that luncheon in New York than I had during all the weeks we had worked on the picture. It ended with his saying that he would like to telephone me when I returned home."

"Our first date was at Romanoff's. We just sat and talked. I thoroughly enjoyed my evening. He seemed so sensible and intelligent after some of the young men I had gone around with."

Marie said, "Goodness gracious, I think the girl likes him."

But Junie wasn't to be joshed. "He's a fine person," she said in that level-headed, sensible little way of hers. "If I hadn't known how June and Dick feel about each other, I would never have suspected from their actions that they are deeply, deeply in love. I saw them dancing at Mocambo one evening not very long ago. June looked a possible sixteen in her little tailored suit with her blonde hair smoothly combed back from her forehead. There was none of that cheek-to-cheek business nor silly necking on the floor. They danced exactly as if they might have been brother and sister for all the emotion they showed."

I watched them closely, saw them go back to their table, and thought: Oh, well, now they'll hold hands. But nothing of the sort. There was no flirtatious fluttering of eye lashes on her part, nor surreptitious hand holding under the table. They were engrossed in conversation, and so, so dignified that a stranger at Mocambo would never have suspected their feelings. Only June's eyes which were frankly adoring when she danced with and talked with him showed how she felt.

June belongs to that great army of young American girls who have saved themselves for the man they love. And, in spite of the isolated cases to the contrary that you read about in the newspapers, these girls outnumber the "experimentalists" ten to one.

June has been living in Hollywood nearly two years now but she is certainly not "of" it in the typical sense of the word. She lives quietly in an apartment with an elderly housekeeper, the mother of one of her friends, who babies her, scolds her and (Continued on page 92)
The Magic of McGuire

This is “Miss Cupcake” who is as cute as the name—with the gift to give dullness a dazzling glow

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Sometimes a child is born touched with magic as priceless as that which fairy godmothers were wont to bestow in the old stories. It surrounds her like an aura and when she walks into dull, dark places, they seem to light up suddenly.

Dorothy McGuire must have it. That must have been why, when Violet Heming saw her, at the age of thirteen, playing the slavey in “A Kiss For Cinderella” at the Omaha Community Playhouse with Henry Fonda, she exclaimed, “The child has the spark ... that thing, whatever it is, that means everything in the theater.” ... And Violet Heming went back to Broadway to talk to veterans of the stage about the wonder child she had seen in the middle west.

That must have been why, when Dorothy walked into John Golden’s office, tired and discouraged, her hair tousled, a smudge on her nose, Rose Franken recognized instantly that here was the heroine of her play, “Claudia.” It hadn’t been a nice day for Miss Franken or Golden, either. They had been interviewing scores of possible Claudias without success and they were tired and hot. But there was that glow about Dorothy that decided the issue for them.

David Belasco recognized it later when he saw her in the play and, smart showman that he was, signed her to a long term contract.

Probably no actress since the very young Janet Gaynor has had that exact, strange quality—the power to be luminous in the dusk—and producers have made good use of it in the drab, yet strangely exciting roles they have given Dorothy in “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn” and “The Enchanted Cottage.”

She doesn’t feel luminous ... to herself! She doesn’t glow especially to a casual stranger, meeting her for the first time, either. She is a tall (five feet seven inches), modest, brown-and-blue person and on the set of “The Enchanted Cottage” everyone called her “Cupcake.” They couldn’t explain exactly why they called her that. There was just something wholesome and sweet and unpretentious about her which made the name seem to fit. Grips and a few others called her “Miss Cupcake.”

There doesn’t seem to be the slightest excuse for her special knack for playing drab roles, either. Daughter of a prosperous Omaha, Nebraska, attorney, Thomas McGuire, and his wife, Isabel, Dorothy led an almost pampered life when she was very young. A friend who knew her well in her little theater days says that she was gently reared, sheltered and always so exquisitely dressed as to be the envy of a good many other little girls. She attended the Ladyside School at Indianapolis and went on to Pine Manor at Wellesley, Massachusetts. And when she went to New York to try her luck on the stage she was never in any danger of starving, never had to live in a garret for even a week.

While she was playing in the hugely successful “Claudia” in New York, her friend, Helen Morgan Elliot of Life Magazine, brought two brothers backstage to meet her—Rob and John Swope. Later on, when she came to Hollywood to make the picture version of the play, John called her and invited her to dinner. By that time he had become a member of the light-hearted Jimmy Stewart-Burgess Meredith-Henry Fonda group which spasmodically inhabited a surprising “bachelors’ hall” on the outskirts of Culver City. A few months after Dorothy arrived in Hollywood and after one of the quietest courtships on record (Continued on page 31)
Study in brilliance—Dorothy McGuire in Twentieth Century-Fox's "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
LOOKING back is an uncomfortable way to realize that one has often been silly. Yet if it's possible for another person's experience to guide one (personally I doubt it), I'll be glad to be silly again here—though I hear in advance my friends chuckling, "Cotten a good example? That'll have novelty value!"

To get the ball rolling we'll briefly the vital statistics. Born, enough years back, in Petersburg, Virginia. Had the same kind of childhood and family life as thousands of other American kids. My earliest memory is Grandmother, rocking on the porch. Three rocks, a pause, then two rocks: 1-2-3—1-2, 1-2-3—1-2. I've counted it a thousand times.

Grandmother's image remains vivid because she was my standby in a difficulty that has never diminished—even as a small boy I always needed money. Her memory serves to endure because she tried to impart a major secret. . . Each time that her clean, gnarled hands slipped me that needed life-saver (at first a nickel or a dime, then a quarter or a half and later, in high school days, a folded dollar bill) she would whisper, "Go spend this—and watch your time. You can get more money, but not more time."

How much did I hear of that? Only the magic word, spend. The value of time—the fact that you cannot win any valuable progress you want in life except by working a definite fixed amount of each day's time—would come to me later.

Meanwhile, I was to make the first Cotten discovery. That came about during The Case Of The Sawmill Hand. Two uncles, one of whom was a part-owner in the mill, conspired to "arrange" a summer job. Three summers I worked in that mill, ten hours a day, for $3.50 a week. I can still smell the fresh-scented sawdust—enough sawdust, it seemed, to stuff all the dolls in the world.

Knowing the family finances weren't such that I had to work that hard, I grumbled bitterly but silently—and did what I was told.

The third summer I overheard my uncles talking. The one who was part-owner in the mill said, "I know it's severe, Whitworth, but he'll be in the habit of working hard when he gets to the University." They wanted me to be a lawyer and I saw myself (if this mill training was necessary as a conditioner) lugging giant tomes from University library to dormitory and studying all night.

I had heard in school about William Shakespeare—though I hadn't read his plays, which seemed to me more formidable than even the dreaded law books. If a man could succeed as an actor as Shakespeare did, I reasoned, and yet find time to write that huge, small-type volume, then the acting end must be a cinch.

I had the fool's delusion that being an actor consisted of wearing good clothes all day and sort of showing off, behind footlights, every night.

The first Cotten discovery was creeping up on me: I was lazy. I still am. I've had to smack down laziness every day of my life. Between pictures I argue to myself, "You really ought to go away and rest, Cotten—you owe it to your work." Bunk!

Laziness is mankind's greatest enemy, and it's universal. I know that many people keep it down; women who are moved by self-sacrifice to superhuman effort; men who support large families through long bouts of adversity; handicapped people who work as if they had no handicaps, because they refuse to be downed.

Only great (Continued on page 94)
You'll be seeing him in "I'll Be Seeing You"—Joe sits down and thinks about the detours to his dream.

Lord of the manor—Joe grins as he stands at the window and looks over the Cotten grounds.
You bet it is—just ask Eddie, the "Out Of This World" star

with the dead-pan face and the ad lib tongue, who

takes the bows from fans and family

BY JOHN CHAPMAN

IT'S FUN TO BE BRACKEN
Humor at home—Connie, Judy and Eddie let the maid Bernice dictate the diet

IF the art of acting is pretending you are somebody else—which isn’t a bad lowbrow definition—then Eddie Bracken, the village cut-up, is a great actor. If you saw “The Miracle Of Morgan’s Creek” you were persuaded at one time without knowing it that Eddie was Betty Hutton, and at one time he was able to make people believe he was the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. Being either one of these characters would be quite a career—but in addition Bracken is Bracken, and this is the most fun of all.

Eddie began as a public performer at the age of four by gaggling around, and now, at the age of twenty-four, he has made a fine thing of funny-business. Although he does not yearn to play Hamlet—not yet, anyway—he has some serious plans for himself, for he can remember when he was still washed up in the movies at the age of nine.

Bracken’s first gag was pulled on a sister at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel School in his native Astoria, New York, which you can get to by subway from New York City if you could ever think up a reason for going to Astoria. The school was putting on a show and needed a singer. When a sister asked for volunteers the small Bracken said he could sing.

“Let’s hear you,” said the sister.

Bracken took a crack at the art of kitchen mechanics

So Eddie gave out with:
“Mary had a little lamb;
She also had a bear,
I’ve often seen her little lamb
But have never seen her bare.”

A fine thing to pull on a sister in a parochial school—but she liked the performance and put the lad in the show with some more elevating words to sing. Bracken can’t remember what they were, but they started him singing all over town.

He warbled at the big annual pageant of the Knights of Columbus in the Palm Garden in New York. His ability as a chanter kept him from going beyond the eighth grade, for at this stage he decided that a clamoring public deserved all of his time.

Actually, the public hasn’t done a lot of clamoring until recently; but now it wants to see Eddie in anything he does, from personal appearances in which he imitates a ball player to appearing in Preston Sturges movies, in which he impersonates the luckless oaf we are all glad we are not.

Bracken now is such a success in Hollywood that he can afford to live simply in a small house on two acres in Brentwood, which he calls Nicker-Brack—the Nicker derived from his wife’s maiden name of Nickerson. There he shares a bedroom with his wife, clowns with his kids, two-year-old Judith Ann and six-months-old Caroline Jeanne, makes phonograph records for fun, toys with a large collection of cameras and works on a modern version of “The Pirates Of Penzance.” Four years ago, not being established in filmland, he and his ex-actress spouse felt they should live in a twenty-room house with a pool, badminton court, three servants, thousands of thirsty friends and an overhead running between $1,500 and $2,000 a month. Eddie and Connie did this for a year and don’t regret it; but now they are geared to their little place and a half dozen friends, and they take $25 a week spending money.

Many film fans don’t know that Eddie Bracken was in the movies years ago—as a member of Hal Roach’s famous “Our Gang” cast, which included the immortal Farring and the dog with the black eye. He can’t remember a thing about his “Our Gang” career, except that he is sure he was never very important in the plots.

“I was just cute,” he says. He still is, and is always saying, defensively, “I’m older than I look.” This fools nobody, for he really is younger than he thinks he is, thanks to practically inexhaustible good spirits.

When Eddie got too old to look cute to Hal Roach, somewhere around the age of nine, he came back to New York (Continued on page 38)
LIFE WITH

Some data on famous dads and their unpredictable offspring

Nobody will gainsay the fact that Father is a mighty important guy throughout the world. His word is law in the household even though Mother may be the real power behind the throne and what he rates from his children ranges on a sliding scale from awe to affection.

But in Hollywood Dad is virtually terrific. Oh, he may have his individual attitude, that of stern father or indulgent dad, and in this respect he falls into the categories of fathers everywhere. But there his resemblance to the general male parent stops. For right there he begins to take on glitter, become a super-parent, a super-male, famous, rich and awe-inspiring.

Such a dad may not overwhelm his wife, his public or his producer, but to his children he is regarded as a god, but literally.

For example, consider these very true tales of Hollywood's cutest tots.

The most rabid version of the mutual admiration society of daughter and father is Roy Rogers. Roy, who is the greatest single contributor to the success of Republic
BY RUTH WATERBURY

Studio's current tenth anniversary, is adored by kids all over the country and his daughter Cheryl is no exception. He and his wife had given up hope of having a youngster of their own and had adopted Cheryl when they found a baby was on the way to them. Cheryl was discovered by Roy while he was on tour when she was less than six months old. She's five and a half now, all of which time they have been separated scarcely a moment. Wherever Roy goes, there goes Cheryl even right up to and in front of the camera. She has her own Shetland pony with markings just like Roy's Trigger and she rides it in an outfit which is a duplicate of Dad's. Baby Linda Lou, three years old, is too young to do more than be held on a horse, but she, too, has her own pony and cowboy outfit. Both youngsters are so devoted to their father that his slightest wish is their most delightful command, so no further ordering is ever necessary.

Danny Milland's father-adoration comes under a different heading. In fact he has his "Fathers" a bit mixed up. He was saying his prayers (Continued on page 88)
I'd been at Warner Brothers two weeks, working on the screenplay of my autobiography, "Roughly Speaking," when Henry Blanke, the producer, came into the office with the news that Rosalind Russell was coming over to the lot to have lunch with us.

As this was the first time in the fifty-four years of my life that I'd been within spitting distance of a screen star, I was pretty excited. All I really knew about Rosalind was that she was a top-drawer comedienne, that she hailed from New England, as I did, and that she was mad about big hats.

Feeling that something drastic was called for, I dashed over to the drugstore and bought some wave set, which I applied so lavishly that in no time I looked like a stand-in for a drowned rat. Then I drew black rings on my white slip right under the cigarette holes in the old rayon number I was wearing and they wouldn't have shown at all if there hadn't been a high wind.

At 12:00 the phone rang with the news that Miss Russell was in Mr. Blanke's office. At 12:02 I arrived breathless with the cold sweat running down my hands. As I entered, a tall, slim, handsome girl in a checked suit with a huge Chinese straw hat and bag, rose and came forward.

"You look exactly as I expected you would," she said.

That remark is typical of Rosalind Russell. She is the least self-conscious person of fame I've ever met. She's always more interested in her family, friends, fellow workmen and employers than she is in herself.

By the time lunch was over, Rosalind had allowed as how she wouldn't mind playing me in "Roughly Speaking." And I had decided if she didn't play me, the rest of my life wouldn't be worth living.

"I hate to introduce a sour note into this mutual admiration meeting," said Mr. Blanke, "but you've both overlooked one little trifle—the script isn't written yet."

"But it will be," I said with the sublime confidence of inexperience.
How would you like to watch Rosalind Russell play you? The author of "Roughly Speaking" did just that—and tells you about it in this gay turnabout story

BY LOUISE RANDALL PIERSON

There were some bad hurdles to take, but before a month had passed, Mr. Blanke, with infinite patience, had beaten the facts of screen life into my thick head. Once in a while I would have a relapse and have a character rise from his chair before he'd even sat in it, but my secretary fixed that.

Finally, four months later, the script was actually done and mimeographed. I was so impressed to think I had written it that I couldn't do anything but sit and look at it for two days. I suggested to Mr. Blanke that when my name appeared on the screen as author we add a little note to the public: "Don't be too critical. It's a heck of a lot harder to write a screenplay than you think it is." But for the first time in my long and spectacularly unsuccessful life, luck was with me. Everybody seemed to like it, including Rosalind.

I could hardly wait for the first days of shooting. I visualized the star sweeping up to the studio about 11:00 in a limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur. And I had some vague notion of silver fox coats, orchids and possibly a footman following with a wicker basket of champagne. So I was pretty disillusioned when Rosalind drove her car briskly onto the lot at 7:00 a.m. and jumped out simply clad in a bandana, cotton shirt and slacks.

Rosalind, I might mention here, is always on time. She gets up at the ungodly hour of 5:30 and is ready for her call, no matter how early. At night, after shooting is over, she stays and looks at the rushes and is home and in bed by 9:30 at the latest. If by any chance she gets home earlier, she plays with the baby or takes him for a quick whirl along the sidewalk in his carriage; still dressed in her studio outfit, I might add. When she's not behind the studio lights, she's just an old-fashioned wife and mother, not an actress.

After working with Rosalind on the set for three months, I learned that she was not only simple and unaffected, but enormously intelli-

gent. She has brains and she uses them every minute. She doesn't just learn her lines in a picture. She studies them. And if she thinks a speech is illogical or out of character, she says so in no uncertain terms. But she's never arbitrary. She expects you to come back at her with your rebuttal hot and heavy. If your reasons are convincing, she says, "You're right. I'm wrong." And there are very few persons, stars or otherwise, who are big enough to do that.

Not only does Rosalind put her mind on the script, but she studies the sets, camera, rushes and cuts. Mr. Michael Curtiz, who directed "Roughly Speaking," said he never had such cooperation and so many helpful, constructive suggestions from a star in all the sixty-three pictures he has directed.

One of Rosalind's pet phobias is that she will be expected to look young and beautiful at the expense of the story. In the last sequence of "Roughly Speaking" she plays me at the age of fifty-two. When she came on the set her hair was so white and she had so many lines in her face I was horror-stricken. But before I could sound off, she looked at me, and then in the mirror. "I look much too young," she said to the make-up man firmly. "Make the chin sag some more. And lots more lines in the forehead." I crept dismally off the set and looked into the mirror. She was right! Fortunately, there was nothing they could really do about her eyes, which are very beautiful, so I was really lucky. But it was days before I recovered.

The fact is that Rosalind, like most New Englanders, is a perfectionist. She is exceedingly critical of everything, including—and this is unusual in stars—herself. As I have a jaundiced eye which I can turn inward, this often led to a very frank but bracing exchange of dialogue between us. I remember one night in the projection room when we were looking at rushes which were not as awe-inspiring as we had expected. When they were over, Mr. Curtiz said gloomily, "Well, what has anyone to say?"

"Maybe we should throw the script in the ash can," I suggested.

"No," said Rosalind quickly. "It was I who gummed it up."

There were murmurs of amaze-

ment from the others in the room, who were (Continued on page 72)
This love of yours—Dane Clark, soon to appear in Warner's "This Love Of Ours"
The Dane Takes Over

You catch your breath and wonder how Dane Clark does it—combines cave-man force and dream-man appeal

BY DOROTHY DEERE

The place is a neighborhood movie in Los Angeles. The picture is "The Very Thought Of You" with Dennis Morgan and newcomer Dane Clark playing a pair of fighters on furlough.

The scene is that one in which Dane, a kind of jet-propelled romanticist, tells Faye Emerson, the sub-deb he sights and eventually will sink, that they are about to go dancing. To deploy any objections she may be about to make, he picks her up and prepares to carry her out her bungalow door. On the threshold Faye, a victim of arms and the man, asks helplessly, "What would you do with a guy like this?"

"Don't answer that, girls—!"

The warning comes in a feminine voice, not from the screen but from the theater, and precipitates a bedlam of shrieks and "Ohhhhs."

This will give you an idea what's happening these days when the public meets the Clark who isn't Gable. Since "Action In The North Atlantic," this young man hasn't had much time for inaction.

Dane is one of those fellows you feel as if you've met before, but know you haven't. He's definitely not pretty, even his wife Margo will tell you that. He has dimples, but he also has the kind of face that looks as if no great harm had been done by a GI haircut. Outside of that, he is best described as a fellow who must be making Bogart, Cagney, Tracy, et al, look back ten years or more and sigh, "Those were the days!" Force and cockiness, an inescapable quality as an actor, he has them not to get, but now, with the driving power of youth behind them.

Off-screen he is a young man with a grin, and with a personality like the shortest distance between two points. Meet Dane on the screen—and you know you've been in a scene. Meet him off-screen—and you know you've been in a conversation. He talks pungently, positively and perpetually, with a talent for both humor and argument. What, or whom, he likes is "fabulous"—what he doesn't like "stinks." He doesn't want his enthusiasms cheated, or his un-enthusiasms to get anything that isn't coming to them.

As a quick example, there is the view he takes of those actors who treat movie-making as a sideshow to New York.

"What's their great passion for New York?" he asks. "I was born there, I got my start there, but I'm not aching to go back. The town tore my heart to ribbons.... Most of the people who go around talking about New York now weren't doing anything back there but breaking their necks to get out here—the same way I was. I hate pretense."

The disinclination to mince talk or time was congenital. While there is no available record of the infant Clark's first spoken word, we can imagine when and how it occurred: There he is on the first day of release from his crib, toddling to a window, looking the world square in the eye, and saying, "Well—?"

Without waiting for an answer, he dispatched his childhood in a hurry. "Nothing but work," he sums it up with a grin. "I even worked when I played. My dad owned a sporting goods store and I played all the hard games—football, baseball, boxing—the kind you have to knock some guy in the head to win."

At the end of high school he had a professional ball contract with a minor league. Then he became a middle-weight fighter for a while (his name was Bernie Zanesville, those days) but with no desire to get punch-drunk, decided to study law. He worked (Continued on page 84)
Glitter girl, Marie McDonald, of "Guest In The House" and "It's A Pleasure"
"Every time I leave you-

She's a Calamity Jane—this Marie McDonald! The body is beautiful and the brain is bright, but every time the lady takes a step she puts her foot into the most embarrassing spot

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

EVERY time I leave you, something happens," Vic Orsatti tells his beautiful wife Marie McDonald. It is both a boast and a complaint, the way he says it, with an over-all feeling of resignation. He knows Marie will go right on being true to her impulses; that off the screen and on she will play her scenes with a high sense of comedy or drama—and her tongue in her cheek.

Practically up until the day they were married Vic and Marie disliked each other. Vic thought Marie was a silly kid. Marie thought Vic was an egotist. Their conversation was tinged with sulphurous sarcasm. Fortunately, they didn't see each other often. Vic, a top-flight agent, spent most of his time with top-flight stars. Marie, previously a singer with Tommy Dorsey's band and comparatively new to Hollywood, was serving her apprenticeship at Universal Studios. The fact that she was getting nowhere may very well have been due to the fact that her time and energy were largely absorbed socially. The eternal Hollywood man shortage, exaggerated by the war, was something she knew nothing about. Considering the pride men know in being seen with a girl other men turn to look at, it's easy to understand the constant stream of gentlemen who always were trying to date her. Aware of her warm gaiety it's also easy to understand why steady dates, too, jammed her calendar.

At first, Marie admits, her popularity made her deliriously happy.

"Then," she says, "I began to feel the way you do when you've been too long on a merry-go-round—a little ill. Also too dazed to do anything. I wasn't happy, certainly;

only restless and dissatisfied."

One of Marie's dates, a blond and titled Englishman, was so determined and persuasive that she really considered marrying him. Until they went to Elmer's, a little after-hour-spot, and she had her fortune told.

"The palmist at Elmer's told me that before the year was up I would break my contract and sign a new one," Marie says. "And that in the early part of the new year I would be married to a man I had known for a long time, a man with dark eyes, dark hair and a dark complexion."

Marie's Englishman laughed at that prophecy. The palmist, however, shook her head and said quietly, "You will see! Everything I told her is in her hand, plain as day!"

"I kept trying to think of someone I had known for a long time who was dark," Marie says. "Vic never occurred to me. Even when I left Elmer's that night and was attracted by a light burning in Vic's office which, curiously enough, was just across the street, I didn't consider him for one minute."

Then, out of a clear sky, Vic telephoned her. Did she have a certain girl's telephone number? She gave it to him and thought no more about it. He called a second time for a second number. He called a third time. "What's the matter with you, Vic Orsatti?" she demanded impatiently. "You know you have any number you want on file in your office.

Vic chuckled. "My office force has left for the day and I don't know where they keep things. Incidentally," he added, "how far in advance do I have to ask for a date with you?"

"No further in advance than your own crowded schedule would require, I (Continued on page 114)
I didn't make one boner, but two full-fledged ones recently. On the set of "Together Again," Charles Boyer introduced me to a pair of gentlemen who were visiting the studio. At the end of the day, Charles asked whether he could drop me home and I accepted, as my car was at the garage being repaired.

Charles's friends drove along with us. On the way down Hollywood Boulevard, one of the gentlemen offered me a cigarette which I declined, saying, "I don't smoke." He looked at me rather strangely. A few minutes later the second man suggested we stop somewhere for cocktails. I thanked him and again declined, stating that I was in a hurry to get home and besides, I added, "I don't drink." He, too, looked at me strangely.

Next morning on the set, Charles burst into laughter when he saw me. "So you don't smoke and you don't drink," he chided. "No," I answered, "I don't and you know it." Charles continued laughing and I demanded to know what was so funny. "Oh, nothing," he said, "only one of the men you met yesterday is president of a cigarette company, and the other is one of the largest distillers in America!"

One day a few years ago, before I became an actor, I walked into television station WNBP in New York City. I was on my way to try to sell a radio script I had written when a man came up to me. He explained that they needed an announcer in a hurry and he'd like me to audition for it. I'd never done any television work before, but I saw no reason to refuse. I auditioned by reading want ads for him. That got me the job as master of ceremonies on their Radio City Matinee each day. It was in that job that I pulled my worst boner.

One day I was interviewing a prominent interior decorator for the television audience. I don't know what I could have been thinking of, but I found myself saying: "I would now like to introduce Mr. George McAllister, the famous inferior decorator." Television is a wonderful thing, but it certainly boomeranged that day. Because, of course, everyone listening in could see his expression—and believe me, that expression must have scared every housewife on Long Island!

I've pulled a lot of boners, but I think the worst one happened when I did a picture on loan-out to Columbia one time.

The lot was strange to me, and when lunch time came the first day I meant to follow my fellow-workers to the commissary, but was delayed. When I finally started out, there was no one to follow, so I asked directions from the gateman. Unless you've been on a studio lot, you probably can't imagine how confusing the directions can be. Turn left—turn right—turn, turn, turn. That's the way his directions sounded to me and I was very relieved when after trying to follow them, I at last found myself in a room which had a long table and saw several men sitting there busy with menus, so I sat down, too, and gave my order.

I was so engrossed that I didn't notice until after I ordered, that absolute silence had fallen on the gathering, and that most of the gentlemen were glaring at me. Mr. Harry Cohn, the boss of the studio, was seated at the head of the table and I smiled at him. I wouldn't describe his answering expression as enthusiastic. I took another look around the room and then the truth dawned on me. I was in Mr. Cohn's private dining room—sitting in on his midday conference!
Some outstanding verbal blunders of six outstanding people. They, like you, can laugh over them now, but at the time—!

ONE of my most embarrassing moments occurred during the World's Fair in New York several years ago. I hadn't gotten a break on the stage yet and I was working as a guide for Rockefeller Center. My job was to take parties through the buildings, including a few minutes' stop in the balcony of the Music Hall, which gave the people a chance to catch a brief glimpse of the show.

One day when I was more bored with my job than usual, I sat down in the balcony with my party and relaxed. I relaxed too completely because, I regret to state, I fell asleep. My party was delighted, of course, because they had a chance to see the show free. Needless to say, no one woke me up.

About an hour later, I came to. By the time I got back to my starting point, several parties were lined up, waiting for their guide. My boss, of course, was purple with rage and I was ready to admit that Peck had really pulled the prize boner of all time.

My pride in my dog Maxie caused my worst boner. I had just arrived in this country from England with my wife Lisl and we were going through the United States Customs. As an alien, in wartime, I had been permitted to take only a small sum of my money out of England and, not being too practical, I had used up most of what we had brought on the boat coming over.

Lisl and I both agreed that we must watch every penny from that moment on. We had barely enough to get by. While we were waiting for our luggage to be inspected, a man admired our little dog.

Maxie being my pride and joy, and the man being friendly, I entered delightedly into a long history of our Scottie's pedigree, making it up as I went along. Because the truth is that while Maxie is a thoroughbred, the blue ribbons I was figuratively pinning on his chest existed only in my imagination. By the time I was through, the man seemed very impressed. I found out why he said: "It will cost you plenty to bring him into this country." I learned then, to my very great discomfort, that he was the customs inspector for dogs!
Sonny's and Barbara's proudest possession—this house, the first they ever owned.

Please note the touch of the talented Mrs. Sonny Tufts in this flower-filled room with the fieldstone fireplace.

Ambidextrous Sonny, appearing soon in "Miss Susie Slagle," gives an impassioned rendition of "Egyptian Ella."
If you were a house guest of Sonny Tufts, you'd learn more things about an original way of life than you'd ever thought of before. You'd also learn that when you saw the giant Tufts couple out of an evening and said, "There's the most sophisticated pair in town!"—how wrong you were! But the best part is that they never get used to the brightness of his eyes.

You have no idea of staying overnight when you start. You are merely going to drop in of a Sunday afternoon, as all their friends do. You therefore get into your car (there's no way of reaching the faraway Tufts house except by car) and you begin driving out of Beverly Hills up Cold Water Canyon—noticing on your way up the homes of George Raft, Paulette Goddard, Olivia de Havilland, Ginger Rogers and Harry James and Betty Grable.

On one of the highest mountain ridges, you come to a sign that says "Hidden Valley," and here you turn down a pot-holed bumpy road into one of the loveliest little valleys in America. Birds sing in its trees, crickets chirp in the grassy hillsides that form the valley and in the midst of its tranquility are only three houses—each entirely hidden from the other. The one looking toward the entire valley is the Sonny Tufts home.

You turn in through stone gateposts to a circular drive-way which winds right through the structure of the house, dividing it into two parts—the big main part, and the small wing enclosing the playroom and maid's room. The house is two-story ranch style, maroon-colored (exactly matching in color the one Tufts car, which is a convertible); its irregular shingled roof is weather-beaten brown, and its windows and doors are edged in sparkling white. On a fieldstone veranda stretching almost the length of the main house-front are several old-fashioned rocking chairs, and in one of these is Sonny's wife Barbara, sewing on a loud plaid shirt for her husband.

Barbara is one of the few women in the world who deserve the words "striking" and "stunning." She's a strapping young woman in her middle twenties, with gleaming black hair parted in the center and drawn into a big knot in back. Her eyes are green and she has a warm, generous mouth; and she's dressed in black slacks with a smart red jacket and red sandals to match.

As you park your car near an old wagon wheel propped against one of the thirty Tufts orange trees, Barbara sees you and rushes forward, yelling into the distance for Sonny. At once the whirr of a lawn mower stops and around the corner of the house comes Sonny himself at a lumbering run.

His size always amazes you. He's one of Hollywood's biggest men—he's six feet four, he weighs 210 pounds, and somehow you never get used to the brightness of his

You'd find this "sophisticated" pair are utterly unsophisticated—and you'd do a double-take over all the gorgeous trimmings.
yellow hair and the blueness of his eyes. But here he comes now at a gallop, with his famous grin flashing for your benefit. He looks like anything but an ex-night club singer from New York—he looks like California incarnate, in a brown and white checked shirt, brown slacks and Mexican huaraches thrust on his bare feet. He gives a cheerful yell at sight of you, and then you find yourself out of your car, surrounded by the Tuftses and their animals.

And what animals! You fully approve of the two French poodles who are now jumping all over you. Coco’s a prize-winning poodle whose color is “apricot with silver” according to dog experts, and Dash is black, and both are clipped in that puffy fashion that makes French poodles look like ridiculous big toys. But what you don’t approve of is something that flies up, squawking, “Hello! Hello!” and settles violently on Sonny’s shoulder—a huge fire-engine-red macaw the size of a healthy hen. This creature is Waca, who has been part of the family since 1938. He lives in a big aviary in the garden, but more than often he’s flying behind Sonny’s lawn mower of a Sunday; and nearly every evening he’s crawling up and down Sonny as if the big actor were a tree.

But now Sonny, Barbara and Waca are escorting you inside the house. They are both talking at once about the eight-room house—the first they ever owned in the seven years of their marriage, and they adore it. Writer-Director Billy Wilder sold it to them a few months ago, along with its three and one-half acres of up-and-downhill property, 130 different types of trees—and thirty chickens and six mallard ducks! But as you walk through the Dutch-door from the driveway into the main room downstairs, you forget all of their chatter in the sheer pleasure of looking around you.

**You’re** in a great big L-shaped room, the floor of which is covered in tan woven carpeting. The walls are irregularly sectioned, with parts papered in pearl gray wallpaper while other parts are wooden paneling, painted in the same pearl gray tint. The leaded windows have dark green drapes on either side of them—but none of this you notice at once, because your eye is so distracted by a dozen fascinating things in the room. You see two stunning porcelain lamps—the bases decorated in little pastel blossoms and butterflies. It isn’t until you’ve studied them closely that you realize both of them are chamber pots, carefully painted by Barbara’s hand. “I liked their shapes, so why not use them?” she laughs when she sees your astounded expression.

But that’s not all, by any means. Beside the big radio-victrola you see a small screened-in aviary—smaller than Waca’s big one outdoors but still an aviary—and inside it is a gray parrot-like thing which, Sonny explains, is a cockateel. It chatters incessantly in bird language until Sonny finally yells, “Keep quiet, Stinky!” To your surprise, it falls silent.

Meanwhile, you’re staring in delight at the big fieldstone section in which the fireplace is set above a raised fieldstone ledge.

“You two chat, while I get our late Sunday lunch ready,” Barbara tells you—for the Tuftes house has no servants. She disappears, and Sonny (with Waca lurching from one of his shoulders to the other) proudly shows you the rest of the room, from a sitting position on one of the loveseats in front of the fire. Studying them, you realize that they are a four-section circular couch; which Barbara divided into two matching sections; they face each other over a big square low table—once a library table, but with its legs shortened to coffee-table height. “Barbara,” Sonny tells you, “upholstered these loveseats herself.”

“Chow!” Barbara calls now, and you and Sonny parade into the dining part of the big room and sit down at the
The cockateel watches while Sonny checks up on the day's schedule scribbled on the family blackboard in the kitchen
dainty mahogany table. Two corners of the room contain plate cabinets lined with truly rare China. But by now you've stopped observing and are diving into your lunch—on—which consists largely of a mixed green salad, flavored with a delicious French dressing. A bowl of apples is also on the table, a bowl of walnuts and a plate of cheese. This, with a pot of coffee, is lunch. You devour it, trying not to smack your lips over the completely French feeling of the food; but then you can't help asking if this slight meal is filling enough for giant Sonny.

"Enough?" says he, mildly surprised. "This is all I ever eat—salads. Learned to like this kind of a meal in France, and can't get over it." Thus you find out that the great blond bulk acts like a bird—with desserts and between-meal snacks strictly out. Food has no fascination for him. Swimming has, though; and during lunch he and Barbara enlarge on their dream, which is to build a swimming pool someday complete with a baby seal, to which Sonny could teach tricks. "We like strange animals," he admits, grinning, as your eyes widen over the seal news. "Fact is, ever since reading 'The Yearling' I've been thinking how much I'd like to get hold of a pet deer . . . and I'm not kidding!"

AFTER lunch, the three of you carry the plates back into the kitchen and together wash and dry until the kitchen is immaculately neat again. It's a divine kitchen anyway—a cheerful, sunny big room with white wall-paper doted with scenes of farms and countrysides, and with the floor done in red linoleum tile. On one wall hangs a blackboard with messages scrawled on it: "Bill Irish called," "Red Cross ball game at 1:30 at Sawtelle—Sonny to throw opening ball," and so forth. Here they jot down all phone or other messages for each other.

The peaceful kitchen fades from your mind as you trail Sonny and Barbara outdoors again to greet a sudden rush of arriving guests—actresses Ella Raines, Leone Sousa, Gail Russell, Barbara Britton; actors Alan Ladd (and Sue), Turhan Bey, Billy de Wolfe and the Bill Bendixes. Barbara and Sonny lead them gaily into the playroom.

It has tan carpeting, a brick fireplace, and rough barn-walls painted apple green. There's a long window seat of red and green linen and a red leatherette bar (made from start to finish by Barbara), with four ordinary kitchen stools in front of it painted green; there's a baby-grand piano, with Sonny's drums behind it and two of his many guitars—as well as a huge guitar belonging to Roy Rogers, who forgot it during his last visit. Sonny's mad for drums, especially for the big one given him by Bill Bendix last Christmas; so from now on he divides his time between drumming, singing and playing at the piano and bartending. Meanwhile, most of the group settle down happily to listen to him entertain—they particularly want him to sing "Egyptian Ella" over and over.

You listen, with your foot tapping; and presently your eye lights on another of Barbara's fabulous lamps. This one is a peanut-vending machine full of peanuts and topped by a lampshade. Then there are French wooden shoes that look as if they're walking down the wall, with ivy trailing out of them.

The party goes on until early in the evening, when Barbara rustles up a huge spaghetti dish and another of her luscious salads. Then (Continued on page 119)
In Like This

She's glamour

Typically Lauren Bacall—the pose, the clothes, the faraway look in her eyes
by

LAUREN BACALL

in slacks—this completely gay and relaxed Bacall

I've always been exactly like this: Relaxed—and taking myself with a grain of salt! The thing is, ever since I can remember, I've enjoyed the simple things in the world and I still do, and as a result I get a tremendous kick out of living.

But the best way of knowing me (like knowing anyone) is to see for yourself—so let's get started. I'm like this:

I'm not the fussy type in clothes: I just like to be comfortable. Give me suits and slacks and I'm happy—in every color, but particularly in the plain basic colors of beige, black and brown. High-heeled shoes leave me cold except with suits; I go for Grecian-type open sandals, and as a matter of fact I'd prefer never to wear shoes at all. As for hats, I hate them like nothing on earth and I won't wear 'em. I also hate great big fur coats and spangles and sequins—in fact, I just hate fuss in clothes.

Or, for that matter, in people!

I'm not fond of night clubs: And therefore I don't go to them. I'm also very unfond of done-up parties. I like to relax, to sit on the floor and talk to people I like to be with. The people I like to be with I could name by the dozen-lot, but my very favorites are June Vincent, Jules Bock's wife Joyce Gates, Louis Bromfield, his secretary George Hawkins, Gloria Stuart and her husband Arthur Sheekman, Thornton Delehanty, Gladys and Mark Hellinger—and a guy named Bogart. One actor, almost alone among a batch of writers.

I'm just normally clean. Everyone else manages to have some freakish trick about cleanliness, like fourteen showers a day. But I'm just the average. I take a bath once a day, brush my teeth twice a day and wash my hands quite often.

I'm not the flowery type—when it comes to perfume. And I don't use any special brand, either, though I love perfume dearly. I just don't want too sweet a smell. I like a rich, good odor, and I like plenty of that!

I'm a sun-worshipper: I love the outdoors, and particularly sunshine. I truly love boats, and before I came to California I also used to enjoy riding horseback. Here I haven't had time to indulge. I think my feeling for sports was born when I was a counselor at a girls' summer camp, and I still have it bad!

I'm a bed-reader: I read myself to sleep every night, even if it's only a page. My pet books are "Native Son" by Richard Wright and Mau-gham's "Of Human Bondage," which I read several times. I also liked "The Robe" very much. It's a funny thing, though—only one man in my life has ever given me a book. The man was Louis Bromfield, and the book, "The World We Live In."

I'm a fan of the funny papers: I like them all intensely and wouldn't think of facing a day without reading them. But my specials are "Tiny Tim" because I'm fascinated by the way he grows big and little; and "Bringing Up Father." Frankly, "Dick Tracy" makes me mad because he always manages to live through everything. Don't you feel that way too?

And further rumors to the contrary, I've struggled to be an actress for years: I'm not really a model who was astonished at being plunged into movie acting. Actually, from the time I was fifteen years old I had a "Ten Year Acting Plan"; I thought it would take that long to become an actress of standing. So I went to the Academy, and then I spent three years knocking around on Broadway being in two flop shows. I took up modeling on the side because I needed money . . . and somehow I was lucky (Continued on page 132)
Jinx Falkenburg comes of a family born, not with silver spoons, but with rackets in their mouths. So this glamorous dynamo devotes her Sundays to the outdoors and tennis. Here she is learning the technique of re-stringing her own racket.

Loretta Young regularly attends the Church of the Good Shepherd out in Beverly Hills. If you attended one Sunday morn, you'd see her—you'd see Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin, the Jack Haleys and the Don Amechees, as well as many other film folk.

Diana Lynn is a faithful example of the church-going younger set. She goes to the First Christian Church of suburban Viewpark. It's a simple little country church—and if you stopped by you'd find not only Diana in attendance, but her whole family.
This is not a family reunion but Robert Young and his brood in their favorite Sunday pastime—catching up on the comics. The Youngs stretch out on the living-room floor (all except Baby, who stretches out on Pop) and lose themselves in the funnie-

Sunday

IN HOLLYWOOD

One day a week to call their own. What do they do? Hymie Fink takes his camera and turns reporter with these candid proofs of some expert shooting—and the Sabbath habits of the stars

These days Hollywood is a civilization on wheels, where glamour goes around on bikes. Here are June Haver and her two pretty sisters getting wound up for a spin. June's busy studio schedule leaves only Sunday afternoons to catch up on sister-visiting and biking...
Gingham Girl With Sequins

Gail Russell of the dual personality—a sultry beauty who goes barefoot at home

By Harriet Eaton

When you gaze upon Gail Russell, you're gazing at two girls in one. One is the sultry beauty you've seen on the screen in "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour," "Lady In The Dark," "The Uninvited," "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay," "The Unseen" and "Salty O'Rourke." And the other? Well, she's the girl her friends and family know. She's the girl who opens the door when you punch the bell under the name Russell at a modest apartment house in Beverly Hills—a barefooted tomboy in blue jeans and a plaid shirt, with her dusky curls tied up in a scarf. That's the girl you'll hear about here... a girl so natural that you'd bet your last nickel she'd never pose on a tiger-skin rug in a black sequin evening gown!

She'd have bet the same last nickel herself, two years ago when she was eighteen and a high-school student. Then, just as now, men stopped as if struck by lightning when they saw her coming down the street with her cloud of blue-black curls swinging on her shoulders, her huge black-fringed green eyes, and her slim figure—then, as now, clad in slacks and blouses. She was, in short, the best-looking girl attending Santa Monica High School, near Hollywood. Boys called her "The Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica," and whistled reverently after her.

But none of this Gail knew or cared about. She was studying art very seriously, and one sunny afternoon she went as usual to her sketching class and sat down before her easel—never dreaming that her history was being shaped a few miles away. While she sketched, two baggy-sweatered boy students of the school were playing hookey, and hitch-hiking while they were at it. They were picked up by a kindly fellow in a big shiny car; and while they rode along they discussed the most important topic at school, which was Gail's beauty. The kindly fellow's ears pricked with interest... for he was none other than William Meiklejohn, talent and casting head of Paramount Studios. Once he'd learned that the lovely went under the name of Gail Russell, he could hardly wait to get to his studio office and contact the school. A message was left on Gail's desk—asking her to call Paramount Studios which she promptly ignored, figuring it must be a rib from a student. However, the teacher finally convinced her the message was legitimate. She called the studio from her home and they asked her to drop by for an interview if she was interested.

Gail was interested enough to go see—and by sundown she was signed and sealed as a coming star. But so far, none of the subsequent sequin gowns have removed one inch of gingham (Continued on page 117)
YOU know how it is, I expect. There's such a difference between what you are and what you are trying to be — nothing seems to happen for years, for eons . . . and then everything happens at once. You're a little bit bewildered but you know it's good.

Eleanor Parker has just made this perennially astounding discovery. "Suddenly everything came into focus!" she says, wondering at the eternal marvel.

People on her home lot have been marveling, too. A year ago the girl who created a stir in "Between Two Worlds" and "The Very Thought Of You" was tagged as "difficult." She was thorny and remote and no one in the big studio family felt that he really knew her. She seemed almost sulky in her ineptitude at human relationships. It was, of course, impossible for anyone on the teeming lot to realize that a girl who had made her way by sheer willpower into pictures could still be agonizingly shy and unsure of herself. The will to be an actress and the shrinking violet attitude simply don't go together, said Hollywood. It must be something else.

Then suddenly all kinds of things happened to Eleanor and she seemed to blossom, to come alive, to begin to be a person. She had, to everyone's amazement, got the role of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." She had been divorced. She had had her appendix out. And each one of these facts, she thinks now, contributed to her sudden breaking out of her sad, tight little cocoon. There was a subtle blending of physical well-being, emotional release and self-expression.

But maybe we'd better go back to the beginning. She thinks the whole business dates from the time when she was a kid of about nine in Cleveland, Ohio, and confided to two of her playmates that she intended to be a movie actress when she grew up. They screamed with laughter and told other children about it and presently horrid little boys were chanting after her, "Oh, Ell-ee-nah! Of the cin-ee-mah!" filling her with rage but not altering her intention one whit. She was a naughty child at this period, she recalls, a hoyden and a tomboy, with a temper so violent that it worried her parents and sometimes actually made her physically ill.

She still has it but it no longer gets the better of her unless she has what she honestly considers "good cause." She manages to justify her rages now and she hopes they are constructive!

When she reached the eighth grade she was a little exhibitionist. "I talked too much, giggled too much, asserted myself too much," then one day—she recalls it as if it were yesterday—she was in the school corridor, making (Continued on page 111)
June, as if you didn't know, is the month of brides and, of course, of bridegrooms. Of big square envelopes bearing the glad tidings and white satin and three-tiered wedding cakes and veils and tears and orange blossoms—and the truth about Hollywood weddings! About which you probably don't know—but should. Because it's more amusing and dramatic (and tragic sometimes) than the truth about weddings anywhere else on earth.

Not long ago Veronica Lake, entering into the blessed state with Andre De Toth, was determined to have the ceremony private. This isn't any easy thing to accomplish when you're a star.

Aware of the difficulties which would exist, Veronica engaged two detectives whom she supplied with a short, hand-picked list of those who were to be admitted to the Ed Gardiner grounds and home in Bel Air where the wedding took place.

As the hour of the wedding drew near Veronica was in a state. Neither her bridegroom nor the judge who was to perform the ceremony had arrived. All sorts of dire things occurred to her and her imagination was heightened finally by a great commotion downstairs. A maid came flying up to the room where she waited. The detectives had to know what to do. Two gentlemen, an Andre De Toth and a judge, were demanding admittance. Their names were not on the list. Veronica, shaking her head over her omission and any motion picture star's chances of having a wedding go off quietly and smoothly, ordered that the groom and the man who was going to marry them be admitted at once. And, a few minutes later, the musicians played Lohengrin.

Headlines influence more Hollywood marriages than the public will ever know. Many believe the Anne Shirley-Adrian Scott nuptials were rushed ahead of the original date because Anne's ex, Johnny Payne, married Gloria De Haven. After all, from the day Johnny got back to Hollywood from the Army reconciliation rumors were printed about him and Anne. Even though Anne knew she and Johnny saw each other only because of their common interest in their daughter Julie, she may very well have done the feminine thing in putting her own marriage ahead—just to prove to everyone that she didn't think for a minute that Johnny was the only pebble on the beach.

Those who should know insist the long-time romance between Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton never would have culminated in marriage if no publicity had attended it. Both were deeply in love. No doubt about that. But both also were highly intelligent people who realized how much they would have to overcome to make a go of marriage. It appears
A two-up-the-aisle account of the mirth and mishaps that have befallen some of Hollywood’s altar cases

Veronica nearly locked out groom De Toth

to have been Barbara’s idea—in spite of her devotion to Cary—that it would be better for them not to attempt marriage. Cary, however, who has—if possible—an even more terrific sense of pride than most males, couldn’t endure having the world believe he had courted Barbara in vain. Front page stories played Cupid in this marriage, now definitely over.

It is the night club courtships that pull up Hollywood’s divorce rate. Marriages born in noisy night clubs rarely survive the silence of the home. Couples who court at ringside tables, surrounded by the false stimulation of public places, seem to be carried away by the “glamour” of their almost nightly surroundings. When they find themselves married and alone, with hours to spend away from admiring eyes, they find little or nothing to say to each other. They discover they’re two other people and that the (Continued on page 106)

A cop got Georgia Carroll’s answer to Kay Kyser’s proposal

The holiday of the Hallidays clinched it for Dick and his Mary Martin
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Happiness is evasive. It may be evading you because you are troubled. Why not talk over your problem with

Claudette Colbert?

Write her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif., and if your problem is of general interest, it will be considered by her for an answer here. Sign your full name and address. All names will be changed for your protection.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one. During my four years of high school I went with a boy who is now in the Naval Air Corps. Before he went away he begged me to marry him, but I felt that we should wait until a little later.

For over two years he was in the South Pacific as radioman and gunner on a Navy dive bomber. During this time I wrote faithfully every three or four days and he was quite as faithful. We made plans for the future: Where we would live, what sort of a house we would have, how many children we wanted and things like that. I considered myself an engaged girl, and so did our families and all our friends. A few weeks ago I received a wire saying that he was on his way home. Well, you can imagine how thrilled I was.

When he arrived he was totally different from what I expected. He would just sit and look at me with an expression of amazement. I asked him if he thought I had changed and he said, "Well, you’re prettier than ever." He would want to do some of the things we used to do—go dancing, or swimming, or just talking with some of our friends—but the moment we got settled, he seemed to want to move on. He made the remark once that he should have stayed in the Pacific.

Now he has returned to another base and I haven’t heard a word from him. Shall I just try to forget, or shall I try to get in touch with him and try to make him see that I can understand his problem if he will give me half a chance? I don’t want to hang on if he no longer cares.

Bettilou M.

Dear Miss Colbert:

First, I think you should analyze your own behavior when your airman came home. Were you as easy and carefree with him as you used to be, or were you on guard, half-expecting a case of war nerves?

There is always a period of adjustment between two persons who have long been separated and who have tried to keep in touch with one another by letter. Satisfactory as the letters may be, there is an inescapable sense of strangeness at first.

In this case I think it will be perfectly proper for you to run after this boy in a nice way. Each war weary man is unique; he has a problem of his own that he must solve, sometimes alone and unaided. The only way in which you can help is by being natural, making no demands, giving him every chance to adjust himself. Don’t make an issue of his apparent strangeness; don’t bound him with questions. Keep on writing to him, assure him of your unchanging devotion—but be light about this, and don’t be hurt if it takes him a long time to respond.

For some men, getting out of combat is exactly as great a strain as being in combat. Only the application of time and patient understanding will accomplish anything.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married six years and have two children and a fine husband. We seem to be the happiest people on earth, except for the constant trouble brought to us by my two sisters. Both are younger than I, and they simply ignore me and my family unless they want something.

The three of us were orphans for years before any of us married, so I have always been more or less responsible for them. But now that they are married, I feel honestly that they should solve their own financial woes.

When my second younger was born I had a very bad time and no one came to (Continued on page 108)
Melisse says
Hold on to your men, girls... here comes Joan Fontaine

And does that girl have what it takes to snare the boys as she plays Susan—a divine man-trap in her first gay, romantic comedy. "Slick trick" Susan uses a different line for each one—and they all work, but beautifully.

You'd think she didn't know anything when she meets George Brent. So wide-eyed and innocent (you know—the sweet sixteen act that makes men so protective)!

Glamour Girls! Take a lesson in dazzle from Susan. When she puts on the "allure" for Don DeFore she leads him on a conga that ends up you know where!

Some men, like Dennis O'Keefe, take women seriously! So Susan puts on glasses and takes up a good book—and she can write her own story from there on!

Walter Abel was the hard-to-get kind—until Susan used her "Society Siren" line—and how that lured him—is another lesson in how to get your man!

Joan Fontaine
George Brent

in HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

"The Affairs of Susan"

with

DENNIS O'KEEFE
Don DeFore
Rita Johnson • Walter Abel

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
A Paramount Picture
Wedding in the Rain

A wedding with wings — with Mary Elliott and Robert Cummings as the bride and groom and you as the guest

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

Outside the rain made a steady accompaniment to the organ music issuing from the chapel. Within, the candlelight flickered on the walls where hung the wings of America's great fliers—Jimmy Doolittle, Amelia Earhart, Colin Kelly, General Arnold—and came to rest on the wings of another flier as he stood reverently before the altar, holding the hand of the girl beside him. It was the historic St. Francis fliers' chapel in Riverside, California, where Bob Cummings was now about to take Mary Elliott as his wedded wife.

Five months of events had preceded this hour, events at once as casual and as momentous as such things can be. They began one day when Paul Hesse, Photoplay's own cover photographer, drove up to the San Fernando Valley home of Robert Cummings. Bob, who gave up his career as a movie star to offer his services to the Army Air Force, had just returned for the day and was chatting with a few friends when Paul strolled over with a beautiful blonde in tow.

"Miss Elliott, Mr. Cummings," Paul said by way of introduction.

Bob gave the girl a quick double-take, then the talk veered off into general channels. Presently Bob gathered up the girl who had been with him before Paul arrived and the whole party drove into Hollywood for cocktails. But the double-take had not been for naught. Bob made it a point to engage "Miss Elliott" in conversation.

However, Mary Elliott is a little lass who always leaves other girls' beaus alone. So she was cordial but not chummy with Bob, and when he asked for a date, she said, reprovingly, "Why, Mr. Cummings, you're engaged!" This was, of course, news to Bob, who wasn't engaged, or even going steadily with anyone. But other people joined the conversation about that time, and the whole thing was dropped.

"He says he fell in love with me that very first night," laughs Mary, "but of course he didn't, because he didn't see me again for a whole month."

Bob's answer to this is that he was working at Mira Loma Flight Academy, Oxnard, (Continued on page 69)
Winner of screen's most coveted honor, The Academy Award...The First Lady of the Screen...as a woman of science, gamblimg life and love to unlock the fearful secret in the heart of a man—wanted for murder!

DAVID O. SELZNICK presents
INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK
in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
SPELLBOUND
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Screen Play by Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists
maid role is a juicy piece that Emerson can handle with her usual savoir faire and she won't have to disguise her good looks.

Charles II... Arturo de Cordova—Although this is the role of a king, the dignity is eclipsed by the Don Juan air of this particular piece of royalty.

Catherine... Jeanne Crain—The role, although minor, has a certain beautiful patience about it that Miss Crain could do wonderfully.

Jemima... Another minor role that clings to my memory and one that would give Bonita Granville a chance to do some first-rate acting.

Pfc. Fred A. Graff,
Roswell, New Mexico

$1.00 PRIZE
Lew Ayres

Living a life that is useful,
Earnestly praying for good,
Willing to render his service,
Anxious to be understood.
Yesterday's glory seems trivial,
Righteousness now is his comfort,
Each time he dwells on a role,
Servant of God is his goal.

Bettie A. Greer,
Hollywood, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Pidgeon vs. Garson

It is about time that Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson were "divorced."
Not that they haven't been a splendid team. But there is no getting away from the fact that despite his fine work, Walter plays second fiddle to Greer in every way. I don't know whose fault it is, but he
certainly deserves as much, if not more, credit than she. And I'm not saying anything against her, either. She's lovely.

Why not team him with Janet Gaynor who, I read recently, is planning a comeback? They'd make a charming couple.

And perhaps poor Walter could live to the end of the picture for a change.

Ruth King,
Cranford, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
La Dietrich Plays the Saw!

I HAVE much confidence in the movie stars who do their part in this war, principally those who entertain our troops abroad.

Among those who have already done so much for the common cause for your soldier brother and mine are Hope, Crosby, Langford, Sheridan, Shore, O'Driscoll, Cooper and Dietrich, to name a few.

An excerpt from my brother's letter relates his opinion of just one of those big stars:

"This afternoon I saw the famous Marlene Dietrich in all her glory. She was really grand—just to be able to see her in person lifts the morale to soaring heights. She sang, played the saw, wore a shimmering gold sequin gown and rolled her heavily-lidded eyes around. Just a swell gal with a heart of gold, cheering up hundreds of thousands of GI's all along the front."

It made me feel so glad to think someone from home—Hollywood, U. S. A.—made my soldier-brother forget the war for that short time.

Blanche A. Lubel,
Highland, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Swooning" Additions

SINCE swooning is rapidly becoming a national pastime, I am submitting a list of actors for whom I will swoon at a moment's notice.

Paul Henreid—because of that "My, but how I like to look at you" expression in his eyes.

Joseph Cotten—because of his tantalizing air of arrogance and that "I dare you to come nearer" look.

Van Johnson—because he is so real in reel life, because he looks like the kid next door.

Turhan Bey—because he has a story-book hero's dash and verve.

George Sanders—because it's almost impossible for a woman to decide which she'd rather do, slap his face hard or kiss him.

I could go on and on but I must close now as I feel the symptoms of a swoon attack.

Jennie Tierce,
Chowchilla, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Heck without Peck"

"THE Keys Of The Kingdom" left me inarticulate because it had a significant meaning to me, as I had a boy friend who has entered a seminary.

This picture galvanized every person who saw it and Gregory Peck was just the actor who made it such a great success. His acting is natural and it makes you feel as though he were a personal friend of yours. He's so at ease, so wonderful and so-o-o handsome.

Hollywood has really discovered a fine actor and we are looking forward to seeing him play in many more title roles, for it certainly would be "heck without Peck."

Anne Gudal,
Cleveland, O.

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 prominent 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

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
HONOREABLE MENTION

R E P R E S E N T A T I V E S of the staff of our school paper, “The Bumble B”, have recently conducted a student poll to determine our favorite actor, actress and picture of the year. It is interesting to compare the opinions of the students of a typical U.S. high school with those registered by your annual nation-wide poll as published in the March issue of Photoplay.

Van Johnson was elected favorite actor, June Allyson, the sweet little silver-blond, queen of the actresses and our favorite picture was “Two Girls And A Sailor.”

Helen Borland, Boone, Ia.

A DD another star to Jack Benny’s crown! Not because he praises my town with “They love me in St. Joe,” nor because he is tops as a comedian, but because he knows the true meaning of give!

Not because St. Joe loves him, but because he loves everyone in St. Joe and everywhere. He went to hospitals, lunch-eons—then broadcasted, donated blood and went into little byways where the most ordinary of people could receive his “Hello, there!” or “Hi!” and neighborly smiles. No relaxation for Jack. Just the big opportunity to give, which he did wholeheartedly.

Sybil Bruce Leach, St. Joseph, Mo.

I READ in a magazine the other day that Ida Lupino was going to quit deep mood drama and start making people laugh. Please, Miss Lupino, change your mind and change it quick! We need people like you in movieland.

Madeline Davis, Dublin, Ga.

I FELT sorry, for the father in “Meet Me In St. Louis” when the family ganged up on him and staged a prolonged put because he had decided to move to New York. Cooperation!

Mrs. O. J. Swanson, Los Angeles, Calif.

M OST of the class “A” movies seem to have the same fault these days. They are too long. Reminds one of the imper-turbable guest who has overstayed his welcome. Comes the point when you get desperate. The guest is never going to go. The picture is never going to end.

I do believe most movie-goers would prefer to sit through a little class “Z” epic that ends at the logical point rather than suffer through the superfluous scenes tacked onto an extravaganza that should properly have ended twenty minutes ago.

M. Marshall, Regina, Canada

S O many condemn the picture “A Song To Remember” because it is obviously not the truth about the man. However, the Chopin that he himself drew for us is in his music and no one can deny that Mr. Turbi did a job at the piano of which Frederic himself would probably have been proud.

M. Marshall, Atlanta, Ga.

W I S H to say that we Spanish-speaking people are very sorry to know that nearly all the films coming from Hollywood are going to be given in Latin America with the actors speaking Spanish instead of the usual English. By this method, Charles Boyer’s fascinating voice will not be heard and instead we’ll have to hear a Spanish voice without expression and not only Mr. Boyer but Mr. Peck, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Crosby. Miss De Haven, Miss Allyson—the whole film colony will lose their fans down here. Sirs, please let Hollywood speak English.

Rosa Perez, Santiago, Chile

I NEVER cried before in all my life at a movie—until last night. Know who made me cry? A little kid, a kid that lived her part, a kid that will never leave my heart.

Her name is Peggy Ann Garner—the picture, “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn.” As her brother said in the picture, “You’ll pass.” Yea, Peggy, you’ll pass but good! I’m leaving soon for who knows where, but I’m taking a crow of my shipmates to see you and live with you all over again, Peggy.

Anthony George Crechales, S 2/c, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Our ballot box is pop ping with your votes for

Dane Clark!

So he’s the winner this month of Photoplay’s Portrait Poll.

Turn to page 44 and you’ll find his picture.

Whose picture would you like to see in Photoplay?

Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor,

Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I’d like to see a color portrait of . . . . . . . . in Photoplay

“Let Up When Nature Lets Me Down? Not Me!”

You watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn’t. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain and discomfort. Look ahead now and get Midol before your next period. Have relief handy!

Take one of these triple-acting tablets at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol eases your functional distress. One ingredient relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. And a third stimulates mildly, brightening you when you’re “blue”.

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol at your nearest drugstore, today.

MIDOL

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

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company
Wedding in the Rain

(Continued from page 64) California, as a flight instructor then and only got into town on Sundays. He had dates ahead for two weeks, but on the third week end, he got in touch with Paul Hesse. "I'd certainly like to see Mary Elliott," said Bob. "Do you think it can be arranged?"

Paul was giving a party that night for Joan Fontaine, so he invited Bob and then called Mary. "But I have a date!" she protested. "Maybe I could drop by afterwards," Bob waited patiently until eleven o'clock for Mary to show up, and when she did, she was still with her date.

Bob got in only a few words. He made them count. He said: "May I call you?"

Mary was no sooner home and in bed than the phone rang. It was Bob. He invited her to his house the next afternoon to go swimming. "I love to swim, so I accepted," Mary teases, "even though I had to break a previous date to do it."

"Darned good thing I had a swimming pool," counters Bob.

It was a wonderful afternoon. The sun was golden, and so was their mood. Bob was feeling relaxed, happy and hungry. At this delicate moment, Mary stretched deliciously, then remarked, "Well, I must be going now."

"What do you mean?" Bob demanded.

"Aren't you having dinner with me?"

They had just met, but then there they almost had a fight. It developed that Bob hadn't made his point clear. He had invited her to go swimming. Mary had broken one date for the afternoon, but she couldn't break another for that evening. She didn't go to dinner with Bob.

I looked like a bad beginning, but it was the last time they were apart. "After that," says Mary, "I broke all my dates."

They really fell in love one night while they were having dinner at the Villa Nova. As Mary listened to Bob speak of things that were dear to him—ideals, principles, a way of life—she realized that he was a very fine man. Their eyes met. There was a moment suspended in midair. A split second later and they were in love.

Bob is a cautious man. In love, he still didn't just jump in and think afterwards. Marriage is a serious business. Now and then he'd dream up a fake argument to see if he could get Mary mad. He wanted to see how she would act under any and all circumstances.

"Her disposition isn't just good," Bob says. "It's sensational. I haven't lost her mad. She's a wonderfully calm person. If something would come up and I would pretend to go into a rage, she'd just kiss me and say, 'Now don't you worry about it, dear. You have too much on your mind as it is. I'll take care of it.'

"She has given up her career. I wouldn't take one away from a woman who wanted it. That wouldn't be fair. But I've always hoped to find someone who would rather be my wife than a movie star. I did. It seems to me it's bad to have two careers in one family. You can't both be tired, with your nerves frayed. One should be serene and rested, able to cope with and smooth out irritations. Well, Mary doesn't want a career. She wants three children, and me. I'm a lucky guy, and I know it. As if all that weren't enough, she's so beautiful!"

Mary is a stage and screen actress who was signed by M-G-M after playing the leading role in the Detroit Company of "My Sister Eileen." She has appeared in such pictures as "Thousands Cheer," "Lost Angel," "Girl Crazy," "Here Come The Waves" and was starred in the Academy winning short, "Heavenly Music." The reason you haven't been reading reams of publicity about her is because she let her

More Exciting Kisses...

Q. I wish—I wish...
A. For skin that's satin-smooth for kisses?
Q. Yes—and my skin is so dry.
A. Try this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream—works wonders smoothing dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams
Serves every beauty-need of your skin so fully—it's like a daily "treatment", Jergens Face Cream—faithfully used—actually helps prevent dry skin troubles. Use this one new cream...

1. for Cleansing 2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream

You have a skin scientists' cream in Jergens Face Cream—by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. Already helping so many girls to their hearts' desire—smooth skin. Use this exciting Jergens Face Cream yourself, now, 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax. It's the only cream you need.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
★ BRING HIM HOME SOONER...BUY MORE BONDS IN SEVENTH WAR LOAN ★
NOW! The proved, wonder-working
DEODORANT in MODESS

Yes! It’s a proved marvel of effectiveness—this wonderful new deodorant that’s sealed in every luxurious Modess napkin!

Scientifically certified by a famous independent laboratory:

The superior effectiveness of Modess with Deodorant demonstrated itself in every one of 26 different experiments, conducted under the most exacting laboratory conditions.

—The deodorant works miracles!—Miss K.B.

So fast acting—so efficient—that thousands and thousands of women hail this new Modess with great enthusiasm.

No fuss. No bother with separate powder. No sprinkling over everything.

You don’t pay a penny more for this marvelous new Modess, but think how much more you get! Added daintiness!

Greater softness! 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer to touch, in nationwide poll.

Greater safety! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess safer, less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins!

Ask today for wonderful new Modess, the napkin with the proved, tested deodorant!

Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you’d rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for “Standard Modess.”

career go hang while she went on two Hollywood Victory Committee tours. She spent eighteen weeks overseas.

Sometimes she entertained four thousand men, at other times, only four. She discovered few entertainers went to the Arctic, so she cancelled a planned Sicilian trip, spent three months in the Arctic Circle. “Sicily was more glamorous because it was a war front,” she explained. “I knew the Victory Committee could get a lot of entertainers to go there. But I wasn’t so sure about this faraway part of the world, I wanted to reach as many of the boys in the Arctic as I could. So I stayed, and made my South Pacific tour later.”

That one statement, given humbly, tells you what kind of a girl Bob Cummings married. Knowing these things about her, Bob knew he had found the right girl. When a man feels that way and the lady agrees, there is sure to be a wedding.

Bob, on leave of absence from the Army Air Force to make the Hal Wallis picture, “You Came Along,” knew every day was precious. The ceremony would have to be on a week end. But Bob is a man of action and the details were arranged.

The small wedding party met at Paul Hesse’s studio for the drive to Riverside. Bob had been saving his gasoline coupons for months to make the trip because he had always wanted to be married at the St. Francis fliers’ chapel at the Mission Inn in Riverside. St. Francis, you recall, is the patron saint of the birds.

Bob’s brother, Oscar Cummings, was best man, and the matron of honor was lovely Patricia Hale of New York. She and Mary lived together when they were Conover models in New York. Paul Hesse gave the bride away. Mary’s mother was not well enough to make the trip from South Carolina. But the truly tender part of the ceremony was that it was performed by Bob’s mother, Reverend Ruth Kraft Cummings, who is an ordained minister.

Bob teased her afterwards, because—inadvertently—she had said, "Do you, John," instead of “Robert.” “Just who got married?” Bob wanted to know, “John or I?”

But when you are marrying your own son, you are entitled to blow a line or two.

Before the ceremony, Mary carefully checked herself over. “Let’s see, now,” she said, “something old . . . here it is—a tiger’s eye locked! Pinned to my slip something new, my outfit! Something borrowed . . . Pat’s diamond cross. Something blue—my outfit’s blue. Well, I guess this marriage will keep, and I’ll have the best husband in the whole world!”

All at once, there was music—a moment of panic. “Are my flowers right?” Then Patricia came down the aisle, followed by Mary on the arm of Paul Hesse.

Everyone congratulated them. Bob signed the bronze wings that will hang on the walls with other famous flyers. People gathered outside, the news going spread that a movie star was being married.

There was a wedding supper and Bob and Mary left for the briefest of honeymoons at Bob’s, where they had met. Bob carried her over the threshold. The next morning she made him a breakfast of nut waffles and maple syrup, and the next afternoon there was a big reception for them at Paul Hesse’s studio.

This was the surprise marriage of the year. Mary had been away for eighteen weeks overseas so Hollywood didn’t know too much about her. Looking at her beauty, appraising her charm, everyone went around asking: “Who is she? What’s she like?” You’ve probably asked.

The answer is simple—she’s happily and proudly just Mrs. Robert Cummings!

The End
come on, get down to bare essentials...
the wonderful bare essentials of the
new Jantzens... like lines that take
the words right out of a man's mouth,
slimming fabrics, singing colors, in-and-
out-of-water glamour... the things that
make Jantzen completely marvelous...
left: Celanese rayon 7.95... right: wool 8.95
(not enough of them, we're sorry to say) *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

with JAN... Jantzen's new sun-cream
lotion for a smooth soft skin.
She Had to Be Me

(Continued from page 43) less used to frankness than they were to alibis. Besides simplicity and honesty, Rosalind's most outstanding characteristic is her sense of humor. It never flags and it lightens many a weary grind on the set. If there was a piano, she was never too tired to brighten the corner with her torchy rendition of "Old Man River," or while away the time while the set was being lighted with a little close harmony with the grips, "Democratic person if there ever was one," was the crew's decision.

Her greatest fault is that she never rests. She burns up her energy every minute of every hour. If there were visitors on the set—particularly service men—she'd snatch time between takes to order root beer and have chairs brought for them. She was so interested in them that no matter how shy or awe-struck they were, in no time she'd have them telling her the story of their lives. At noon, after a quick lunch that wouldn't keep a bird alive, you could hear her in her dressing room typing out letters to her brothers who are fighting, and of whom she is very proud. Then the hairdresser would be putting the finishing touches to her hair, she'd telephone the order to the grocery man just like any housewife.

In her dressing room, incidentally, beside the pictures of her husband, Major Fred Brisson, and her son, Lance, there is always a gorgeous vase of roses. And there are always roses in her bedroom at home. They are her favorite flowers and I imagine that is why the sequence in "Roughly Speaking," where she and Jack Carson "break" the market with too many roses and lose the greenhouses on which they have staked their all, touched her deeply. I saw her just after she played the scene and she could hardly talk. Her voice was hoarse and her eyes were red.

"Where did you get that horrible cold?" I said, shocked.

"It's not that," she half-sobbed. "But losing all those lovely roses . . . I can't help bawling."

Which all goes to show that Rosalind Russell is essentially a human, down-to-earth person. And I think that if the film proves to be a success, it will be because of this—as well as the magnificent performance she gives.

After all, she had to be me. And I was no angel. I was a woman who went barging through life trying to get the best for myself and my kids—making mistakes—usually winding up behind the eightball. . . .

To play a part like that, you have to know people and like them; understand and sympathize with their hopes and struggles. And that's Rosalind. Not only is she tops as an actress, but more important—as a human being she's colossal.

The End

Fresh
As a daisy
ANNE BAXTER
Cover Girl
for July Photoplay
on sale June 15th or
as soon thereafter as
wartime transportation allows
JOAN FONTAINE — capricious star of "The Affairs Of Susan," has the grace of a goddess in this classic evening dress.
Statuesque, magnificently sculptured . . .
a cool column of white with a glint of gilt beads and paillettes,
a flow of fabric swirled over the head, sari-wise. A Bruno design in white Moonstone rayon crepe
OUTDOOR ADORABLE...

For her outside interests, Miss Fontaine likes this gay little dress to sun in, have fun in. Deliciously daring... in a bold bright plaid cut to show a pair of pretty shoulders. And for added coquetry, a full, flared skirt and flirtatious bows. A Tina Leser design in black and yellow plaid Starspun, a Dan River woven cotton gingham.
...Art is a fine art in this cleverly cut
"nchess Royal playsuit with a waist-whit-
ing sash. A real investment, too—just slip
a the skirt and you have a street dress!
lor-crossbarred white cotton and Aralac.
0.20. $14.95 at The May Co., Los Angeles.

Stripes are so gay, so slim-
ning. So smart with dropped
oulders and giant V pocket.
A Babs Junior in Everfast
cotton and spun rayon. 7-15.
$12.95 at Jays, Boston

Quick-change—a bright bareback dress held
up by a halter. When you want to shun
sun, add the white bolero. By Margot in
red and white printed cotton pique. 7-15.
About $15 at John Wanamaker, New York

Come out...

WHEREVER
YOU
ARE...
Come out and play... come out from under those cover-up clothes you wore all winter. Get into something that's next-to-nothing. Brown your arms, bare your middle, stretch your legs. Photoplay's fashion experts show you how to have fun and look pretty having it... in clothes good for your health, happiness and the state of your purse.

Nude but nice—a draped midriff top, sailor-boy shorts, and you in-between. Contrasts in spun rayon; blue with gold or fuchsia, rose with aqua, shrimp with Kelly. By Cobert. 12-18. $5.95 at G. Fox, Hartford

Hiking, biking, loafing, you'll love the cool comfort of smart cotton slacks and a tummy-tanning striped midriff. Both Black-friars in chambray, 10-20. Blue or tan slacks, $4. Blue or tau and white midriff, about $3.50. At Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago

Sea-ducteive stuff, this Jantzen swim.. with a sarong skirt, a bow-tied fore, aft. Velva-lure rayon and cotton in clo green, sun gold, Bahama blue, turquo camellia red, sky blue, 32-38 and 11- $6.95 at Franklin Simon, New York. Cl by Mackey.
The Suit on the Cover: Leah Rhodes, designer at Warner Brothers Studios, created the suit Lauren Bacall wears on the cover to suggest youth and springtime.

Lauren prefers tailored things always—for street, sport, afternoon and evening. Her slim height allows her designer great latitude, of course—witness the short loose box jacket and the drop-shoulder line of this ensemble plus the two-tone color combination with the resultant break in line that so many figures could not carry. The jacket is leaf green with a faint fleck of brown to complement the slim silhouette of the cocoa brown skirt.

"Clothes this spring are easier and more casual than ever," Leah Rhodes says, "because women, busy with many important things these days, select those clothes in which they will be both comfortably and smartly dressed for a variety of occasions.

"Take the easy box jacket of Lauren Bacall’s suit, for an example... with a matching skirt it would provide another costume entirely. It also could be used over spring prints and even dinner dresses."

For custom-type fit with ready-made convenience... "Bias-Cup", the precision fashioned bra. Four cup depths... one for every figure type. At better stores. Send for your Beauty Hint Booklet.

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*Shape-retaining features protected by U.S. Pat. No. 2267395

NECK-LINE ROUND-UP

That choir boy look for the young in heart... a washable rayon sharkskin dickey. It works color magic with sweaters, dresses or suits—either Hi- or V-neck. So easily changed it needs no sleight of hand technique. Only 39c

HOWARDS 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Prints Charming

Two printed rayon blouses, delightfully suited for Spring and Summer.


About $3

At all leading department stores, or write:
SENSATION BLOUSES
2 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
for a keen teen-timer summer

order TUCKER-ALL SHORTS $2.50
TUCK-IN SHIRT $1.75
a complete playsuit for only $4.25

Play rough...but look smooth! You can, in these new bibbed 'n' pleated shorts of washable cotton twill. The cute shirt like your kid brother's is fine knitted rayon—a cinch to wash. Separately, or both together, they scarcely dent your budget. Sizes and colors in coupon below.

Get set for sun—fun...use this handy coupon!
Order by mail direct from Fifth Avenue
Send no money—We mail C.O.D.

Imagine!

Your own score card
on Hollywood bachelors!
It's the lowdown
on the lads,
including—
But we won't
tell you now!
You'll find
this bulletin on
twenty headline heartbreakers
in July
Photoplay

Individually styled and, oh, so "figure-wise," these brassieres mold your bosom to dreamlike perfection. Their skillful design, quality materials and fine workmanship all assure them shapeliness which won't wash or wear away!

If you can't find your style at first, try again. Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16.
The Magic of McGuire

(Continued from page 34) the pair were married in a simple garden ceremony at the home of the Leland Haywards.

John is an aviation enthusiast and an expert photographer. He published a pretty good book, called "Camera Over Hollywood," just before he went to take charge of Thunderbird Field near Phoenix, Arizona.

JUST here this story begins to sound a little bit unreal. Here was Dorothy, who had signed a fabulous motion-picture contract and had been hailed by critics as one of the coming screen actresses. She was newly married to an interesting and certainly an ubiquitous young man. So, for the first time in her life, Dorothy found herself coping with dish mops, brooms and dusters. She was there for some months so she had time to learn a good deal.

When she came back to Hollywood to play in "A Tree," she found that Elia Kazan, the director, believes that dialogue is more effective if the characters are engaged in natural activity while speaking and the suitable activity for the characters in that picture was nearly all domestic routine. So, for the camera this time, Miss McGuire found herself once more dealing with dish mops, dusters, scrub brushes and washtubs and feeling pretty expert about it.

"Nobody ever told me an actress's life would be anything like this," she sighed, leaning on her broom. But something very like it happened to her again when she went into "The Enchanted Cottage."

Actually, she thinks, she isn't at all a domestic person. When she was living in New York she acquired a modest flat and furnished it with antiques which she picked up here and there in a distinctly haphazard fashion. The first thing she bought—before she even had any chairs—was an elderly melodian (for thirty-five dollars) and she went instantly to work, learning to play it. One by one she acquired a table, a settee and a few chairs but when she gave her first party most of her guests elected to sit on the floor "because everything looked so extremely fragile."

Despite her recently acquired domestic accomplishments, Dorothy's consideration for the purely utilitarian in life is likely to remain elemental.

Her first home in Hollywood, however, was purely utilitarian... and that was all it was. The housing shortage being what it was, she snatched eagerly at the opportunity to rent a furnished apartment somewhere in the vicinity of her studio... and she rented it without ever seeing the inside of it, which was, one gathers, a touch depressing. But it was a roof. She says that was "heaven enough, just then."

However, once installed in the stereotyped little home, with the maid, Bertha, who had been with her family for years, Dorothy set about earnestly and fearfully trying to be a motion-picture actress. Hollywood ballyhoo frightened her. The hazard of making the transition from stage to screen had seemed a big one to her, in the first place. "Then," she says, "I was appalled to find that when one has come from the theater, she is supposed to know all about 'acting.' In the theater—actually—it is supposed to take years and years to learn the rudiments. You don't expect, in your most optimistic moments, to be recognized as a 'star' until you have served a long, grueling, earnest
apprenticeship. Here I found that you were a ‘star’ because someone said you were . . . it was terrifying.”

Another thing that appalled her when she was first here was that she was always being compared around the studio. When it became apparent that she was a direct person who said what she meant, with no frills on it, she was dubbed “another Hepburn.” When she was seen walking alone in the hills or on the beach it was, of course, “another Garbo.” Her first stills brought the tag, “another Gaynor.” She was indignant: “I can’t be ‘another everything,’” she protested. “I feel like a mince pie . . . composed of goodness knows what!”

She has interesting theories about clothes—colors, fabrics, lines—and the moods they produce. She likes to talk about her theories but rarely troubles to practice them. Odd combinations of clothes captivate her—sweaters with evening skirts, halters with dinner trousers, novel combinations of colors and fabrics. But when novelties become fads, she loses interest in them. She enjoys lovely brocades, woolens, homespuns, delicate laces . . . but she enjoys them quite as much on someone else as she does on herself. Her personal taste, especially in daytime clothes, is casual—a suit with a spangkling fresh blouse or a skirt with a bright sweater.

She admits that clothes affect her . . .

thinks they affect any normal woman . . . and she found the drab costumes in “The Tree” and “The Cottage” a touch depressing after weeks and weeks and weeks. One of her most wistful desires just now is for a role in which she may wear pretty clothes “all the way through the picture!”

For she is really a gay creature. She says that what she loves most in the world is “comfort.” This seems to mean warmth and light, the company of the people of whom she is fond and the opportunity to discover new ones. It includes lots of outdoors—space and light and exercise—good conversation and good food, prepared by someone else, from ingredients of which she doesn’t even know the names.

RECENTLY she was in New York with John. They were stopping at the Plaza and Dorothy was dreamy—wiped with pleasure over her vacation. They had spent some time in the country where she had met her husband’s family for the first time and they were going back for the week ends.

“In the country,” she said, “we take long walks in the snow, skate on the lake, work in the dark room developing photographs, talk—and talk—and listen, to the radio, sit by log fires.”

New York was wonderful. The big city excites and stimulates her, and she says she feels “more alive than anywhere else.” She and John saw a lot of plays, got very excited about “The Hasty Heart,” and the musical ballet, “On The Town.” They browsed around the Battery, Chinatown, the Bowery, East Side, Times Square. They rode on busses and visited art galleries. She had bought a gray wool skirt. You gathered that, despite the fact that she had lived in New York for several years, it was an entirely new and fresh experience to be there with John. She might never have seen the place before and they might have been discovering everything together for the first time.

She has never been able to make herself like large parties. “I’m only a small person, I’m not good at a large gathering. I like to discover new people, I get mental stimulation from the impact of new personalities and minds. If you can’t do that in a crowd. Everything is too fleeting, moves too fast. I enjoy small groups of people who like to
just sit down and talk..."

Her hobbies, she says, are all expensive ones.

"We—John and I—are both interested in paintings and old silver and china. Just now we are in the 'finding out' stage. We're trying to take an intelligent interest in the things that fascinate us, so that we'll know what's really good—and so that we shan't make silly purchases. It takes quite a long time and quite a lot of study really to know."

She is not good at figures and she is filled with worshipful admiration when John copes easily and accurately with something like a bank statement or an income tax blank. But she has what she calls a "horrendous memory" for what she, herself, has bought and what she has paid for it.

"Sometimes these details stay in my mind for years," she muses. "Sometimes they haunt me and often they even make me slightly dyspeptic... but I always remember..."

She likes hats but she rarely gets round to buying them, somehow.

She loves to drench herself in spring-flower-scented colognes—"the kind of scents that don't smother me."

She is sentimental about holidays—can't imagine Christmas without a tree or Thanksgiving without a turkey—and she would be wistful, indeed, if she didn't receive a red satin box of chocolates on Valentine's Day.

Her plans for her immediate and more remote future are flexible and necessarily nebulous. As this is written, she is planning to go overseas in a USO Camp Shows unit of "Dear Ruth," the Broadway hit play.

"It is a difficult time to make any plans at all," she reflected, "let alone work out any sort of pattern of living. There are so many things we hope to do together—John and I. Some of them are too serious, too much loved, too close to our hearts to even talk about now."

They like to travel and they hope someday to be able to do a great deal of it together.

"I like to go with John when he takes pictures. He has a quality which I can only describe as 'comfortable' which makes people like him and consent to co-operate with him almost at once. So—we should like very much to travel and make pictures."

Despite the fact that she has sold one or two articles to national magazines, she says she has no burning desire to write. "I really haven't," she says, thoughtfully, "the equipment!"

They are both passionately addicted to flying. Dorothy has already had some experience at the controls of a plane and she is anxious to become at least a "dependable flyer" so that when they go places together in a plane she can relieve John at the controls. It is the most fascinating way to go places, see people, see the country—and these things are important.

"As for the actual handling of a plane, I can't tell you how exciting it is!" she breaks.

"In the first place, you are aware that you are doing something which is an expression of our era, our generation. It's well—it's something to be a part of the generation which has conquered the air! Then, when you are up there, you are released from everything mundane. You are captain of your soul, mistress of your destiny. The petty things all fall away and you see... clearly...! For that moment you'll be afraid of nothing."

That is Dorothy. May she never sing her shining wings.

THE END

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The Dane Takes Over

(Continued from page 44) his way through the necessary courses at Cornell and St. Johns and finished with the start of the depression. It didn't seem like a propitious time to hang up a shingle, so he marked up the law courses to experience.

“I never look back...” which, come to think of it, is as smart a way of assuring forward motion as any we know.

A LITTLE uncertain as to what next, he investigated the prospects and pursuits of a so-called Bohemian group of self-rated artists, writers and actors—the kind neatly catalogued by Charles Coburn as "amateurs teaching amateurs to be amateurs." Only Dane hadn't met prexy Coburn at the time. He soon discovered their contempt for really successful artists, writers and actors and decided he wanted "cabbage—not hunger."

His first objective was radio, which he took the way MacArthur took Manila, with well-placed contacts. "The answer, when I tried getting an acting job was, 'Sorry, we don't happen to have a script we can use you in now.' So I went home and wrote some radio scripts and took them down to the program department. They wanted to buy all three. So I picked the scripts up off the desk and said, 'Sorry, but I go with the scripts.'"

"Show me on this page where it says you can act," said an exec.

"I could show him because I'd only written in parts I could act. I got an audition, and after that they put me to work.

When he felt an urge for a visible audience, Dane joined both the Theater Union and the Mercury Theater, playing in the companies of such stars as Tallulah Bankhead and Orson Welles. From there he went on to Broadway, to follow Burgess Meredith as George in "Of Mice and Men," to play Baby-Face Martin in "Dead End," the communist playwright in "Stage Door," and other roles in "Golden Boy," "Sailor, Beware," and MacLeish's "Panic."

It was during this time he picked up his slight tinge of Odets, of whom he says, "Odets didn't create anything new. He took something that was there all the time. He knew that men are not all Greek gods, golden-haired and seven-feet tall, with nothing but classic emotions. He found that sometimes they're short and sweaty, with hunger and ugliness mixed in with the good in their souls. Odets took the music of people as they are—and gave it back to the people."

In spite of what some young men would have considered a thriving career, the "haphazard economics" of the legitimate stage eventually convinced Dane there must be something better—and it could be Hollywood. His trip across country and into the western scenery was something he didn't want to forget. Although he drove it with his "fingers crossed," he also drove it with golf clubs and swim trunks in the car and stopped off frequently to use them.

It took almost a year in Hollywood for the Clark personality to really get going. Following the usual procedure, he got himself an agent, a good enough one—and a succession of insignificant parts: "Everything I did before 'Action In The North Atlantic' was a walk-on."

It is interesting, and typical, the way this first good part was snapped: "I was getting tired of going into casting offices to have some character make a private evaluation of me, then put me off with that ever-lovin' 'We'll call you.'"

"I was in Warner's casting office one day when Producer Jerry Wald walked in. I heard him say he still hadn't found the
right fellow for a part in ‘Action In The North Atlantic’ so I walked over and recommended myself to him. He’s a very courteous guy—he listened, then said he’d call me.

"The fatal words got me. ‘Why call me when I’m already here?’ I asked him bluntly. ‘You’ll do twenty-five tests before you’re through—what’s the matter with doing twenty-six? So I may stink, but what right have you to decide I will…without giving me the chance to prove I stink?’"

PRODUCER WALD knows his man when he finds him. The missing character for "Atlantic" had a scene involving the same basic principle Dane had just demonstrated, the right of every American to speak his mind.

The screen test emitted no odor except that of success, and when Dane spoke from the screen as a member of the Merchant Marine who refused to take his ship out to sea, his words carried enough conviction to be reprinted in maritime journals all over the country.

His next appearance was in "Destination Tokyo." Most of his roles have been in uniform of some sort.

"All the make-up department has to do with me is give me one stripe more or less…"

"They put me into 'The Very Thought Of You' just for laughs. I was grateful for the fan mail on that one—looks like maybe I'll spell off as the untertled Jack Carson. Then came 'Hollywood Canteen' and 'God Is My Co-Pilot.'"

Not yet released is the serious drama, "This Love Of Ours," the story of blinded war hero Al Schmidt, with John Garfield playing the Marine, and Dane as his buddy. Garfield is Dane's idea of a completely honest thespian.

If he could pick his own leading woman tomorrow, it would be Olivia de Havilland. Which brings up the subject of the kind of women he likes best—"female women." Dane says he learned about women from one of the species who kept him very unhappy "expecting her to make sense."

"I know now that to enjoy 'em, you mustn't expect too much of 'em," he grins. It's possible he's merely ribbing on that one, however, for the next minute he's bestowing all the complimentary adjectives in the book on Margo, his wife of four years, which is plenty long enough for a husband to know whereof he speaks.

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The girls come in on his smile like a radio beam. Because? He’s learned that super-fine Pebeco Powder cleans his teeth better. He’s discovered how Pebeco stays on the job polishing, doesn’t wash right away when you start to brush.

That special combination of polishing agents in Pebeco does it. Micro-fine, non-abrasive, Pebeco Tooth Powder stays with your toothbrush—clings to your teeth while you polish. No wonder it leaves them so immaculate and sparkling!

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That super-smile is worth a million! See how winning your smile can be when you use super-fine Pebeco Powder. Makes your mouth feel sparkling, it tastes so fresh and minty. Let your smile reflect how smart you are! Get Pebeco today.

wonderful," he adds to clinch it. "Flaming red hair and temper to match, and very blue eyes. A top designer and a fine pianist, studied in Paris. I've kept her pretty busy the last couple of years just cheering me on in my career but I suppose some day she may want to get going on something of her own again and if she does, well that'll be me applauding, same as she's done for me."

They met in New York and it took Dans a year and a half to think up something fancy in proposals. He doesn't remember now just what he said, but he does remember why he said it. Margo went home to visit for a while—and that did it. "It may not have been original," he says, "but it was concrete—I found I just couldn't do without her."

He still feels the same way about her. During the Christmas holidays when his wife took a trip East, he was "the lonesomest guy in town. I spent Christmas and New Year's at the Canteen. The only way I could feel any better was in trying to do something for a bunch of fellows as low as I was."

In this era of housing shortage, the Clarks live in a house in Coldwater Canyon. "Someone dug it out of the moss when things got bad. It's Cape Cod outside, and hasn't got a creature comfort inside—including plumbing." They rent it but Dane is already longing for something with roots. "Guess because I'm a city fellow I'd like to know what it's like to have a little piece of land to call my own."

Margo puts up with his hobby, which is saving old coats and jackets he is always "going to have fixed up and wear sometime," patiently moving the bulky collection wherever they go. She also knows when he is immersed in a book he is apt to bring it to the table and read all through the meal, and beats him to it by grabbing off the latest best-seller, herself.

"I subscribe to just about everything I can," he explains. "I try to keep my reading comprehensive, the new things and a good selection of the old ones. You get rather personalized in your reading when you're acting, always feel you're on the verge of finding the perfect story and trying to see yourself in everything—"

The most treasured possession in the Clark household is a small and bedraggled red rubber toy doll, ten-cent-store variety, which Margo bought for him as an "opening night gift" several years ago. The play was a hit and although the keep has long since lost its squeak they've kept their luck, and now wouldn't think of going anywhere without it.

Good music and well-blended colors give him "a mental yin." Music, to thrill him, must be "good of its kind," and the kind can be either classical or popular. He has a collection of Flamenco graph records, and was a Calypso enthusiast "way back when they were Cuban street-singers. Homeric rather than Andrews Sisters in type."

His best trait, he thinks, is a passion for paying bills—he can't bear to owe anything. His best and most enjoyable fault is an aversion to wearing anything for lounging purposes "except just enough to be decent."

"I'd like to learn more about the effete way of living—take up tennis and some of the gentler games where you don't have to loosen anybody's teeth. I might even write a little poetry—oh, you think I haven't got any poetry in my soul? Well, I have—it doesn't have to be about violets and triollets, does it?"

In the meantime, he'll keep on taking his hurdles wisely, honestly. And some day as a matter of course the columnists will be raving in "Warner's Great Dane."

The End
GET YOUR SET TODAY! While

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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 makeup 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. Six flattering shades. $1.50 plus tax.

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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.

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

Betty Grable

Starring in

"DIAMOND HORSESHOE"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Life with Fathers

(Continued from page 4) reverently over his lovely mother's knees. "Our Father who art in Heaven," he said. He stopped quickly, looked up at Mel, put his head down again. "Our Father who art in New York," he amended.

Mother Mel had a time explaining.

Alan Ladd sees her parent in her prayers, too, but differently. Alan easily shrugs off the orders of nurses and her mother, Susie, but has learned through smarting experience just above the back of her knee that when Pop issues orders, she'd better heed them. But imagine how Alan felt when he heard her saying in her prayers when she'd found it more comfortable to stand than to sit. "God bless Mama and Daddy, what Daddy wants, Lonny do, Lonny do, poor Lonny. Amen."

Then there is Norman Barnes Powell's belief that Dick Powell did perform a miracle. It was back in those happier days when Dick and Joan Blondell were so contentedly married and had just ushered tiny Ellen Powell into the world. Dick undertook to tell Norman about it.

Norman rushed to the phone and called Joan in the hospital.

"Mother, you'd better come home right away," Norman gasped. "Father has just given birth to a baby girl."

Dana Andrews, a minister's son, is a stern father, very proud, very devoted, but a sharp disciplinarian, nonetheless. He has three children, David, eleven (by Dana's first wife, who died), Kathy, two and a half and Stephen, four months.

Dana, himself, is one of nine boys. He was brought up with a maximum of discipline and spankings. In fact, he was spanked every Wednesday almost from the day he could walk. The reason for the Wednesday swacks was his running away from prayer meeting to go to the movies. It is because he recalls these spankings that he doesn't spank his own kids. He believes, judging by experience, that spanking does no good. He disciplines his own children by taking away privileges, when they are naughty, or by giving privileges when they are good. These methods, so successful with David, have a different effect on Kathy.

She succeeded in getting even with her dad by embarrassing him in public. It all came about through "Little Black Sambo." This is Kathy's favorite book and almost every night her father reads to her from it. No matter how late Dana gets home from the studio, Kathy seems to sense it, opens a hitherto sleep-weighted eye and says, "Daddy read," and inevitably, no matter how weary, Daddy does.

Recently the Andrews family was in Los Angeles' big, crowded Union Station and there, for the first time in her brief life, Kathy saw a little Negro boy.

"Sambo," she whooped and took after him.

The little Negro boy had apparently led a sheltered life, and had not been pursued by girls, and not knowing what might be in store for him, took to his heels, too. Around and around the children went, dodging under elbows and bending knees, falling over suitcases, bowling over porters. Dana couldn't possibly get through the crowd that fast. Neither could the little Negro boy's alarmed, portly mother.

They finally all caught up with one another and apologies were offered, but Kathy doesn't understand yet why Daddy was both sore and laughingly fit to kill.

It was like what happened to Susie MacMurray, one of those moments that bewilder the young.

Susie is a dreamy child, who adores her daddy Fred, who dotes upon her in re-
Mary went Dancing on Saturday Night...

HOLD-BOB pins held her Ringlets in Tights!

- Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOBobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOB pins have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends . . . and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOB America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

Monica Elizabeth Henried has her own technique with suave Papa Paul
Famous beauty pack helps deflake faded, coarse, aging ‘TOP SKIN’

This Remarkable Development In Skin Culture
Also Marvelous To 'Perk-Up' Weary Complexions
On Short Notice!

Your skin (even when you're young) must constantly 'flake off' or 'shed' dried-up, faded, aging top skin cells. If not — this is often the reason your complexion appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured — so dull and lifeless.

One of the most effective and quickest ways to hasten this deflaking process along is famous Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack—a perfect honey of a 'pepper-upper' for tired, bored complexions.

Marvelous 'Blushing' Action

All you do is spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and relax. You can actually feel its tightening, stimulating effect on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes.

It's almost unbelievable — but your mirror will confirm the lovely results. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so alive-looking with such a thrilling glow and charm. This is due to the mild rubefacient or 'blushing' action of Hopper's.

Let Hopper's White Clay Pack show you the secret of looking your dazzling best on short notice when that 'important man' unexpectedly comes to town. Also to help maintain enchanting natural 'top skin' loveliness throughout the years. At any cosmetic counter.

GIRLS IN YOUR 'TEENS'!

Don't forget Hopper's White Clay Pack is also marvelous for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads. Notice how much fresher, clearer your skin appears.

suave Paul — whom she calls Papa Paul — into a trained seal, but honestly! Think of this ex-Viennese great lover like to be turned into a trained seal.

Monica Elizabeth was adopted by Paul and his pretty wife Lisl from an American family but she is being brought up with love and kisses in the warmest Viennese-American-Californian blend by Lucy, the same nurse Lisl had as a child.

One afternoon the Henriads went to the beach. There was the wonder seal! All the way home Monica Elizabeth could talk of nothing else. After that, all that had to be done to make her behave was to say she could go to see the seal.

Then winter came. The seal went away. Monica Elizabeth was inconsolable until Lisl, who used to be a very fine costume designer, thought to design a home-made seal for the baby. That was terrific except that the seal was inanimate and right there Papa Paul got pressed into service. He had to get in back of the seal and make it go through its paces. He still has to do it, almost every night, and he adores it.

When it comes to absolute pushover fathers, Jim Brown wins the sweepstakes. There are two small daughters in the Brown home—Beverly Jean, the eldest who is just past two, and Carol Ann who is ten months. No discipline sticks around Jim. Mrs. Brown can order one thing and try to enforce it, but let Jim come home and it is all a laugh to the little girls.

Jim chose the names for both of them, though Beverly Jean is called Wendy by the Browns. In case you don't follow that it's because she was called Wendy by her parents during her first year. Jim says she has now outgrown that phase of her career, but the nickname stuck so he dignified it by calling her Wendy.

JAMES CRAIG and his firstborn, generally called The Tub, are as close to one another as an echo to a convention hall. Jimmy's favorite story about The Tub concerns the day that they brought the new baby home. Jimmy told The Tub about the great event and The Tub was exceedingly excited when the private ambulance stopped before their house.

He ran over and kissed his mother, then dashed to his father who was carrying a small bundle that contained no more important items than three-cornered pants.

"Is the new baby in there?"

"Oh, sure," said Jim.

"Can I see it?"

Jimmy had to stall. He said, "I can't open the bag here, Tub. You see, the baby's very new. It's wild like a puppy.

The Tub ran into the house where he located his dog, took off the dog's collar and fastened it to the leash.

"Here, Dad," said The Tub, "put this on the baby. After all the trouble Mother's been through, we don't want the darn thing to get away."

But finally, last and lustiest of all Hollywood's progeny, come the Crosby boys. Just as there is not one quite like Der Bingle, so in the child-laden houses of Hollywood there are no kids that can surpass the Crosby kids. They are fast becoming as much a legend as their mother.

Only Bing, being the character he is, would have thought of The Birthday. With the coming of the war, Bing decided it was both patriotic and a saving of family nerves for the lads to not have three birthday celebrations a year (the twins, Dennis and Phillip being condemned to one blow between them, anyhow). Thus Bingo, who swings from being stern to indulgent and back again, gave out with instructions that there was to be one birthday a year, and every fourth year, twins included, each boy had The Birthday as his very own. On his birthday that boy could not only invite whom he liked, but
he could pick the date, the menu to be served and the games to be played.

The system actually works. Last summer, for example, The Birthday belonged to Lindsay, the youngest. He chose the day after school closed as the date, announced that he was having fifty-five all-male schoolmates, plus the family. He demanded that each boy attending should be given a gift, not merely get one taken from him, and he insisted that the Crosby terrors be allowed to pick out these gifts themselves. Bing okayed the whole deal.

The result was a barrage of such man-killing, noise-making implements as have never before (or since) rent the rarefied air of Beverly Hills. At the height of the din, when Dixie Crosby was beginning to go mad, when the neighbors on all sides were telephoning the police, when the maids were threatening to quit, El Bingo walked composedly in. He proposed to the fifty-nine limps of Satan that they learn the words of "Swinging On A Star," said, in fact, that if they'd learn the words, he'd sing a duet with the lot of them—not only that, but he'd give each boy a platter of said duet as a memento of the day.

They fell for it. They listened. They learned. And finally, with the most popular voice in the world leading them, they lifted their voices in song like cherubs.

The mere thought of having their own personal Crosby recording, with themselves as supporting artists, made Bing, as Father, a really terrific guy. He became a super-parent, super-male, handsome, rich and awe-inspiring. He became, you see, exactly what we told you Hollywood fathers were in the first place.

THE END

MEMORIZE THIS!

It's your ex-service man's badge of service—the Honorable Service button issued to veterans, indicating they have fulfilled their duty to their country.

Too many incidents have been reported of ex-service men being subjected to humiliation because of failure on the part of the public to recognize this lapel button. Not all of them have wounds that show. Let's not inflict greater wounds by denying these men their right to rejoin the civilian ranks.

The button is small but it has a big meaning.

It means—

HE HAS SERVED!

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 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¢ plus tax
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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
Begin with a bath! Then shower your skin with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Like a sweet-scented breeze, it dries up lingering moisture; makes you feel cool, exquisitely fresh, ever so dainty.

Here's a quick trick: Before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talke over the parts apt to chafe easily. How your skin will love that silken-smooth sheath of protection.

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Of course you do! You know that tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Have you held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed? These fears are so needless! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—just comb it on, let it dry, rinse it off. Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, proving its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness—today! Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—exist on the original. Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 509 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

□ Black □ Dark Brown □ Light Brown
□ Medium Brown □ Blonde □ Auburn

Address
City State

"Ask Me No Questions . . ."

(Continued from page 33) sees that she takes her vitamins. She needs somebody to look after her. She loses weight at an alarming rate unless she has someone to look after her.

She buys her clothes in the better department stores in place of modeling the highe styles created by the swankier movie designers. For June has come up the hard way and has learned that it is smart to save her money and to be prepared for the bitter as well as the sweet of movie fame.

When she was eight years old a tree fell on her and for five years she was a cripple and wore a brace.

"I didn't want to mix with other children," she told me. "I felt terribly self-conscious. For a time I thought there wasn't much left for me in life. And then a very wise doctor had me swim and learn to dance. That's how I became a dancer. I really felt I wanted to be a doctor, I was so grateful to this man who put me back on the road to recovery."

HER story of how she went to New York, got a job in the chorus of "Panama Hattie" and "Best Foot Forward" and eventually came to Hollywood is well known.

"But I almost didn't get the job," said June, "even after I came 3000 miles for it. I made up for the test, put on false eyelashes, frizzed my hair and painted on the biggest mouth you ever saw. When they saw they said, 'no, no.'"

"It was Joe Pasternak, the producer, who told me to go back to my dressing room and take off the goggles!" said June. "I'm not a very pretty girl, you know," she said with amazing candor. "I'm at my best only when I am completely natural."

And that June is all the time. It was completely natural that as the afternoon wore on she should begin to take a couple of nervous little looks at her wrist watch. That is, it was natural for a girl who is in love and who might be expecting a most interesting long-distance telephone call.

"When does Dick get home?" I asked her helpingly.

"Saturday," she answered promptly. "What time?" I pressed on.

"Nine o'clock," was her reply as quick as a flash.

So, again, you see, when a girl knows all the answers like June—it isn't by accident or just a casual friendship. If you ask me—it's L-O-V-E with all the letters in "caps."

THE END

The Heat's on Hutton —

judging from the way the votes are piling in for Bob Hutton. So next month you'll find in Photoplay not only the best color portrait of him, but an up-to-the-minute story, too
1. it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2. it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3. it clings perfectly... really stays on

Share this make-up secret of the Hollywood stars... individualize your beauty with your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder. There's a shade for your type, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... so try this famous face powder today... $1.00

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
PROTECT YOUR NATURAL SWEET SELF WITH NEW ODORONO CREAM DEODORANT

The very act of dressing stimulates perspiration. Even your daintiest frock becomes a menace to your natural Sweet Self...by imprisoning under-arm perspiration odor. Stop this threat before you dress with fast-acting Odorono...the new cream deodorant that goes to work to protect you faster than you can slip on your slip.

New Odorono Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper...protects up to three days. Will not irritate your skin. Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. No waiting to dry. Does not turn gritty in the jar.

Change to snowy-white Odorono Cream Deodorant for instant, full, long-lasting protection.

39¢; also 59¢ & 10¢ (plus Federal Tax)

Confessions of a Lazy Guy

(Continued from page 37) stimuli—although the habit of work will help—can overcome natural human laziness. If you cherish what you think is an ambition, face the new: You're lazy, you'll fool yourself repeatedly that you're doing all you can; you'll have to make yourself work—more. Or, if you won't face that, face this: What you have isn't an ambition; it's just a wish.

Did those valuable facts seethe in young Cotten's mind when he asked his ill-owning Uncle Samuel to take him to a year in Washington, D.C., so he could study dramatic art? No. I was still in my dream that acting was "Hey! Hey!" Uncle Sam, a real sport, gave up his dream about me—sawmill and law; and I went at least far enough in appreciation, when I arrived in Washington with his money in my wallet, to pay in advance a full year's tuition. Then, already a successful actor in my own mind, I proceeded to live like one—accepting treats, treating back, promenading in glad raiment the tailor called suits. And—I escorted my girl friends nonchalantly to $4.00 down-town orchestra seats.

In six weeks I had scatter-blown my year's board, textbook and incidental spending money. Then began a series of after-school jobs that gained me an unearned reputation for deserving industry. Among the grubbier tasks was playing substitute center on an early-vintage professional football team which, thanks to my face in Saturday mud, netted me $25 per quarter.

Here we'd better brief some chronology: Going home broke, feeling foolish...making a clean breast to my uncle...working as lifeguard and night watchman at The Lake, Petersburg's summer playground, to pay him back what he'd advanced on my "career"...getting fired when The Lake's proprietor, after a Saturday night dance, found his new watchman asleep!...going to New York to wear out shoe leather and return in day-coach style.

Then the Miami, Florida, boom called. Down South I began a round of salesman jobs. They taught me hard but vital facts: I made fourteen calls a day, I sold more brushes, advertising, paint, real estate or potato salad than if I made eleven or nine calls. Also, I didn't earn even a passable living unless I worked a full eight hours a day. I've never known anybody, in any professional or creative line, who did!

Varied events propelled me north. The Miami boom crashed, leaving a rising young potato magnate mashed. A charming, good-looking blonde, Lenore Kipp, whom I had met when she visited a Miami Civic Theater rehearsal (oh, yes, I was still butting at the theater!), returned north about that time. Lenore had voiced a smart thought or two in Miami. "Left-handed theater isn't good enough. Nothing less, and good is good enough," she had said.

Now I told myself, I'm going back to New York. I'll stick at the theater till I click.

A friend in Washington gave me a letter to a New York dramatic critic. The latter, eager no doubt to get me out of his office, inquired inclusively. "Whom would you like to take about a job?"

I still so willing to start at the top, answered, "David Belasco.

I found Mr. Belasco watching a rehearsal in a darkened auditorium. I slipped him the letter which he was unable to read because of the gloom. A courteous gentleman, he addressed a few remarks to me, even asked my opinion about the happenings on the stage. When the lights went up he had forgotten I was there—yet re-
new! Film-Finish Powder

Finest-ever texture...loveliest-ever shades for that Hollywood “finish”

It’s a charmer, a four-alamer...this new Woodbury Powder! Made to give you the breathless appeal screen stars have. 5-stage blending for lovelier shades, smoothest-ever texture.

Woodbury Film-Finish won't clog, cake, turn pasty. Never makes your skin look “porey.” Just clings like a lovely dream, to help you charm your man! 8 lovelier, star-styled shades.

ALFRED Hitchcock, now the world's master of suspense, was a fruit-grocer's small son when he began to admire American movies, and later, at nineteen, he "haunted" the first American producer who came to England to make a picture. The producer finally let him start (this was silent-picture days) by drawing "art titles." If the hero or heroine was to be depicted as a bit of a wastrel, Hitch, at the foot of the title preceeding the scene would draw—original fellow!—a candle burning at both ends. Eventually they let him write titles, and he climbed through much apprentice work to his exciting pre-eminence of today.

There was a girl, too, who became Hitchcock's secretary. Poorly equipped for that job—she had to work fast to get started at what she wanted before Hitch would fire her. She did work fast, made sensible story suggestions and advanced them very casually when the boss's mood seemed right. That girl grew to be the producer of "Phantom Lady" and "Uncle Harry"—lovely Joan Harrison.

Leo McCarey, producer-director-writer of "Going My Way," worked nearly five years as round-the-set handyman for Tod Browning, a top director of twenty years ago, who had once performed the same chores for the Old Master, D. W. Griffith, director of "The Birth Of A Nation."

You've read, doubtless, that the actors and actresses who seem to last all seem to have had that good fortune of "exposing" themselves to people and surroundings that could teach them. The modern way to start that process is little theater and semi-professional theater work, and chores at your own local radio station. And best of all, the exposure system applies not only to movies but to any field of work.

A young girl just out of high school went to a writer friend of mine and asked his advice on becoming a writer. She couldn't find any modeling school. He advised that she go to a newspaper or press association and apply for a job as a "copy boy"—available in these times to girls. He told her to say nothing about writing. "Your job will be taking copy from reporter to city desk, desk to composing room chute or to a wire man. It'll be low pay. After you've been there awhile do one paragraph items and turn them in. Be alert. Then ask if you can try your hand at obituaries. Common sense will tell you other chances to ask for."

The girl followed his advice. Result: Today she is a cub reporter—on her way toward what she wants.

Returning to Cotten (we almost got rid of that fellow, didn't we?), it was probably fortunate, though I didn't know it, that humility or plain scariness prevented me from saying to David Belasco, "I want to be an actor," and impelled me...
You can’t go wrong giving a bride Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can’t find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex “Flavor Saver” pie plate. It’s lovely and it’s extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size 45¢.

Extra “pie-appeal” with Pyrex ware—even for first pies! A Pyrex pie plate, or any other Pyrex dish, is just as much at home on the table as in the oven or in the refrigerator. Each dish is really three in one—for baking, storing, and serving!

Two hearts that beat as one... even over the dishwasher! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water!

to blurt, “I want a job in the theater.”

After a week end of rosy dreams (I think I proposed marriage, but don’t quote me on it) I reported bright on Monday for what turned out to be three jobs. First, I distributed sheets of paper on which were typed the various actors’ parts, and prompted stumblers during rehearsals. In Hollywood we call that script girl! Second, as sound effects chief (and staff) I jingled telephone bells, produced clomp-clomp for imaginary horses and rubbed sandpaper together to simulate rain. If a Belasco play had trolley cars, Cotten went Clang! Clang! Clang!

In the third phase of my job (call boy) I ran up and down outside the actors’ dressing rooms, knocking on doors and yelling, “Five minutes to curtain!”

I believe Broadway’s dean liked the fact that I didn’t whine. Anyway, perhaps to give me the inner comfort I needed, he let me understudy the juvenile leads in “Dancing Partners” and “Tonight Or Never,” Alas! During my lowly apprenticeship—two plays, two years—neither of those blankets—blankjuveniles (and they wore suitings, too) developed so much as a head cold!

Toward the end of that stretch, Mr. Belasco confided quietly, “Joe, I’m going to use you as the juvenile lead in my next play”—and again, for weeks, I walked on air. (I’m pretty sure I proposed then.)

Then occurred an event which the theatrical world acutely remembers. Mr. Belasco died.

That time is a blur to me. I was bewildered, literally in a daze, from much more than the swirling uncertainty of my future; I was mourning the loss of a true friend.

Before I had time to begin to think collectively again, I learned that a major Hollywood studio would audition in New York, seeking an “unknown” juvenile for an important feature picture. More than a hundred reported. Through three days we narrowed down—ten, five, three, two, one. I was that one—and did I feel good?

“Only one thing more,” said the Hollywood director who had planed East for the try-outs. “A camera test to be sure you’re photogenic.”

“Great!” was the report on that test. The next day I was to bring pajamas, lounging robe and slippers to act out a bedroom

THE DEMAND FOR Photoplay each month is for at least 565,000 Pyrexes 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.
scene, also for the camera.

"Don't worry," said the director. "You're practically on your way to Hollywood."

"Next day I lugged a suitcase across Manhattan.

The studio gateman said: "Sorry, your name's not on the pass list."

"But," said I, "I'm to be the lead in the new picture. I'm to do a scene today."

He did some phoning, the result of which was, "Sorry."

I suppose I really appeared more tragic than funny, for he phoned again and the casting director, whom I had barely met, came out, looking kindly and embarrassed, and I caught snatches of: "Long distance ... called back ... studio ... new series ... plane this morning."

When the words stopped blurring in my ears, and made a pattern, I asked, "Has his plane left yet?"

The kind man from Casting reached the director for me at the latter's hotel.

"Yes, it's true, Joe," the phone said. "I'm off the picture. Flying back this morning to start a new series. And the new director of this one has a choice of his own for that lead. He's announcing him in Hollywood today."

Eager for a crumb of comfort, I finally blurted, "How did I really look in that test?"

"Well," the director laughed in Jovian good humor, "you did look a little funny, Joe. Your head photographs a trifle egg-shaped."

EGG-HEAD Joe dragged himself to Lenore's apartment to break the dirge-like news—and found kindness and faith, as he would on other occasions.

I haven't rattled off all this to ask you to weep over Cotten. Far from it! Looking back over it now, I think I see a socko lesson for anybody: Don't believe in luck.

We can wonder what would have happened if Mr. Belasco's generous offer of a juvenile lead had materialized. Would I have made good, or was Cotten too green to pick?

We don't have to wonder what would have happened if I had landed that early movie lead; we can be sure. Remember, I had no professional acting experience whatsoever, and here's what I would have come to Hollywood without: A year of stock in Boston, which almost immediately followed; the five Cotten Depression years, with the iron self-discipline they made necessary (put in eight hours a day when you're looking for a job; it'll pay off in five years and work's a good habit—I wish I could get over it); several hundred radio performances—mostly at twenty dollars a throw—which I hated and despised, but which later proved invaluable experience; splendid training with Orson Welles in the Mercury Theater and touring the country with Kate Hepburn in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story"; and a parcel of flings that neither you nor many other people ever heard of—thank heaven!

Had I won that early movie lead I'd have fizzled, either in that picture or soon thereafter.

So, I ask you, how can we count on luck as a factor in our lives when we can't even tell good luck from bad?

Trouble is, if you believe in good luck you'll believe in bad, and if you count on the one or use the other as an alibi, better start hunting for a diving suit, because you're sunk.

Did he say sunk? That's what he said and he knew what he was talking about, for it almost happened to him. In fact, before he finally got where he is today he hit storms, swift-currents and ripides. But let Joe Cotten tell you about itself. You'll find the conclusion of this pungent story in July.

NEW! SUFFUSING INGREDIENT makes Pond's powder thrillingly 'sheer-gauge'

EGG-HEAD Joe dragged himself to Lenore's apartment to break the dirge-like news—and found kindness and faith, as he would on other occasions.

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Now—a new suffusing ingredient makes Pond's Dreamflower Powder go on extra "sheer-gauge"!

This new ingredient spreads the tiny particles of soft color more smoothly, more clingingly over your skin. Gives Pond's more luxurious, "sheer-gauge" evenness on your face!

That's why Pond's shades not only have lovely color in the box—they add lovely color to your skin! Smoother color. Sheerer color. More glamorous color.

Compare "sheer-gauge" Pond's with the powder you're wearing now. See for yourself the all-over velvety smoothness it lends your skin-tone! 6 beautiful Dreamflower shades. 49¢, 25¢, 10¢ (plus tax).

POND'S Dreamflower Powder
—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty!
Miss Athalia Ponselle, another divinely beautiful Powers Girl, who has discovered the remarkable beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo

Leaves Hair 'Spanking Clean'
Silken-Sof, Bright and Glossy for Days!

Here's a beauty tip from some of the world's most gorgeous girls—those 'million dollar' Powers Models—many of whom are still 'teen-age' lasses themselves.

Powers girls—noted for their enchantingly lovely hair—are advised to use only Kreml Shampoo to wash it and here's why:

1. Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp clean of dirt and loose dandruff.
2. It actually 'unlocks' the natural sparkling beauty and highlights that lie concealed in your and every girl's hair.
3. Leaves hair shining bright for days.
4. Positively contains no harsh drying chemicals.
5. Instead, its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry.
6. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It rinses out like a charm and helps keep your hair looking its ravishingly beautiful best for days.

Buy Large FAMILY SIZE. All drug, dept. and 10c stores

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

It's Fun to Be Bracken

(Continued from page 39) to make twenty-six pictures with the Kiddie Troupers. After the fourth picture the Kiddie Troupers went broke and this drove Bracken to the stage, where he seemed to specialize in playing child parts in flops.

BRACKEN, who can't remember or won't reveal how many engagement rings he has bought for how many girls, is now devoted to only five people. Number one is his wife, Connie Nickerson, whom he married when both were touring in a George Abbott hit. Numbers two and three are his daughters Judith Ann and Caroline Jeanne. Numbers four and five are Preston Sturges, Hollywood's favorite genius, and George Abbott, the Broadway comedy producer.

Although Eddie may not be exactly devoted to his employers, Paramount, he is at least docile now after a run-in in which he tried desperately and60 untheply to wash himself out of moving pictures—and now sumnily admitted he was wrong.

When Buddy De Sylva was production head of the studio, Buddy and business boss Y. Frank Freeman ticketed Bracken for a picture in which he was to play a Frank Sinatra character—a crooner who had given 125 per cent of himself to various agents and managers. They told Eddie that another voice would be dubbed in for his.

Eddie yelped. Hadn't he sung in some of the best saloons on Queens Boulevard, Queens? Hadn't he been in the musical, 'Too Many Girls'? If he was to sing he'd do his own singing—and, anyhow, he didn't like the whole idea.

Paramount said he'd have to do the picture anyway because it was already in the works and a lot had been spent on it. Bracken said he'd quit movies—give Paramount everything he had in payment for a busted contract and go back to Broadway. He did, too. He collected every asset he owned—War Bonds, house deed, bank book, jewelry, the works—and dumped them on Freeman's desk.

De Sylva soothed the seething comedian with a concession: 'You can make the picture any way you want, but we must make it. You can do the singing, even. Think it over.'

On the way home to think it over he got a good idea. Suppose he did play this Sinatra character—and suppose he got Bing Crosby to dub in the voice? This was a fine, funny notion, and Her Bingle fell out.

The resultant picture is called 'Out Of This World' and Bracken is very fond of it.

Speaking of assets, Eddie's most useful intangible one is his versatility as a mimic—although he has never done any mimicking for the screen. He likes to take off radio commentators, being very good on H. V. Kalmar's 'Pack Up Your Troubles' and 'Goodnight, My Little Girl.' The resultant picture is called 'The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek.' Well, in life H. V. Kalmar sings as well as Camille and Mimi put together. One day during the filming a sobbing sound track was to be dubbed but Betty wasn't around. Eddie was, though, and he said, 'I'll do it.' He emitted about seventy-five feet of Hutton-like sob and they fitted the rest of the sound track perfectly.

Perhaps by way of getting even with Y. Frank Freeman for the Sinatra sweat, Bracken once put Y. Frank in an agony of embarrassment in the presence of no less than Attorney General Biddle. It was this way:

Freeman likes to escort distinguished visitors through the sound stages, and he loves to put actors (Continued on page 101)
Compacts by Elgin American ... a reflection of good taste

So smartly advanced in design, so jewel-like in craftsmanship —
a gleaming finish that endears and endures. Compacts by Elgin American inspire admiration —
and just a twinge of envy. The perfect gift.

ELGIN AMERICAN, Elgin, Illinois ... COMPACTS • CIGARETTE CASES • DRESSER SETS
A different shade, a different look... and a new feeling!

Surprising how a different shade of Chen Yu can change the tempo of your costume... create a different look... instill in you new charm. Yet that's exactly what it does! And, of course, you already know about Chen Yu's scorn for chipping! Buy Chen Yu now... at your favorite store. Or let us send you trial size bottles of any two shades you see on this page and want to try. We'll include a bottle of Chen Yu's famous Lacquerol base coat... plus, if you wish, trial sizes of Chen Yu's harmonizing lipsticks. Just fill in the coupon below... now!

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LONG LASTING NAIL LACQUER AND LIPSTICK

SEND COUPON FOR TWO SHADES

Important: This special coupon offer is filled from Chicago Office Only

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
200 E. Illinois Street, Dept. MWG-6, Chicago 11, Ill.

Send two sample size bottles 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.

For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size CHEN YU lipsticks in harmonizing shades to the lacquer colors I selected.

Lacquer shades here:

Opium Poppy
Flowering Plum
Weeping Willow

Opium Dream
Brown Coral
Dragon's Blood
Temple Fire

Opium

Send coupon below.

Name__________________________
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City____________________State____

Mark X if you wish 2 harmonizing lipsticks □
BRACKEN is grateful to George Abbott for more than his first breaks on the stage. George taught him to read.

The stage break came when one of Eddie's many flops turned out to be an important flop—Norman Bel Geddes's drama about steel workers, "Iron Man." Braacken listed in the program as Edward V. (for Vincent) Braacken—played a thirty-five-year-old plumber.

Abbott thought this plum character would be just the man for the role of the school commandant in a road company of "Brother Rat," so he sent for Eddie. His astonishment was great when a baby-faced boy of sixteen toddled into his office. Abbott forgot about the commandant and signed Braacken for the youngest role in the play, Mistie Bottom. Later Eddie succeeded Frankie Albertson in the main role.

From there on he was an Abbott character. George's daughter, Judith Ann (for whom the first Braacken babe was named), recalls that the young comedian had 3,000 pictures of himself printed with his name at the bottom, and would hand them to anybody anywhere like a sandwich man advertising pants to match your coat.

Abbott was interested in his youth but thought his Astorian dialect and limited vocabulary could be improved. He suggested that Eddie read, and broke in on the Reader's Digest. Right now Braacken is partial to Joseph Conrad—unabridged.

Judy Abbott, recalling the Braacken of the touring days, says, "Eddie was always getting involved with something. He bought more rings!" One of the girls he bought a ring for was Connie Nickerson, his wife. Connie has been a big help and ever since Preston Sturges to play with her husband in "Hail the Conquering Hero" because she thinks one movie star is enough per family.

Braacken, the tireless kidder, can think straight about himself. When Hollywood topped him he said he didn't want too much money—and he wasn't crazy. "I wanted to grow up in the movies," he says. "Look at Erma Stone" (whom Eddie succeeded as Henry Aldrich on the stage). "Erma went to Hollywood at a terrific salary—and when her option came around they couldn't afford to take it up. I wanted to start modestly and work up."

(Continued from page 98) on a spot. Particularly, he likes to top comedians. Taking Mr. Biddle over the last one day, he intro-duced Braacken and said, "Eddie, what was it you were saying about the Attorney General just the other day?"

Braacken professed he hadn't said anything. "Oh, yes you did," said Freeman. "Last week you said something about him." 

Eddie, whose mind is lightning swift, figured oh, all right, if he was to play we'll play. Assuming the manner and voice of President Roosevelt, he said, "Oh, you mean about Mr. Biddle in the White House." And in the F.D.R. tones he re-lated a preposterous and hilarious libel about the Attorney General. Everybody howled, including Mr. Biddle—except Y. Frank Freeman. He had met his match.

Another time, when the President was scheduled to make a radio address, Eddie made a nonsensical speech in the President's voice on his recording machine. Since the talk was an important one and Hollywood likes to keep its brain fixed on things of consequence, De Sylva invited a lot of Paramount talent to his office to listen—Cry, How Lame, Even Braacken.

The address began all right—and then Braacken's record was cut in. Eddie still chortles when he thinks of the puzzled looks as they heard the President drop off into nonsense and even use a shady phrase or two. It took them a long time to catch on.

The story of the popularity of Beech-Nut Gum is fine flavor.
Now he wants to be a writer, director and producer, like Sturges. He will do anything for his mentor, because Sturges put him in the groove of being funny and pathetic at the same time, and Sturges is bringing him up. He explains to Eddie exactly why he does everything he does when he writes and shoots a picture. Lessons like that can't be bought.

Bracken was born in Astoria and is all Irish. His father worked for the East River Gas Company and used to deliver kerosene in a horse and wagon. The Brackens weren't exactly poor but they weren't far from it, and none of the kids got any pampering. Later the father became a gas company executive, but has retired now—but Mrs. Bracken, the mother, won't quit. She also worked for the gas company and still does, although her son has bought his parents a home and given them all the money they need. Mom won't stop work because it's too much fun and gives her a chance to talk about her children.

There are two other sons—John Robert, a Marine, and Joseph L. Jr., an Army sergeant in London. Along with his dynamite screen companion, Betty Hutton, Eddie is one of the most indefatigable kidders and dashers around in Hollywood. Between shots on a set he'll do anything from talking a blue streak to playing tag or wrestling. His humor tends to jokes—good gags or anecdotes rather than practical jokes. He and Sturges, who together know about all the stories there are, endlessly torture William Demarest by killing the point of anything Bill tries to tell.

Bracken doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, hasn't even smoked for a picture, is quietly religious and is not the slightest bit profane. A friend once summed Eddie up this way: "He would rather want what he has than have what he wants."

And that's Bracken in a nutshell.

THE END

Will He Be the Same Fine Lad When He Returns?

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.

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BLUE NETWORK STATIONS
Letter from Lew Ayres

(Continued from page 29) and women who worked and played with him remember him. For you see he never seemed much different from anyone else to those who knew him casually—just an unusually good-looking lad, gay but rather quiet, going about his business in a perfectly normal way, a great favorite at his studio.

"And an artist to his fingertips," says Lionel Barrymore. "Never forget that."

But all the time, underneath, this great change was taking place.

Lew used to walk along the beach at Malibu in the old days—I think he was married to the beautiful Lola Lane at that time—and sometimes he'd stop and come into the patio and talk for a while. He always seemed to me rather shy, but pleasant and unusually well-mannered in a town where I admit good manners are not the rule. Reasonably intelligent. More modest than most actors. Crazy about music. His whole face would light up when he talked about music and sometimes I thought that he had a little inner regret that he had given up his musical career to act—but I may be wrong.

DURING one of those talks on a hot summer morning, I got my first glimpse of the startling effect playing the German boy soldier in "All Quiet On The Western Front" had had upon his life and soul. He said things that showed me the picture hadn't been just a picture to him—but a real and personal experience.

"Maybe that's because I wasn't an actor at all," he said. "I was a banjo player. But they wanted an unknown for the part and I was certainly that. Well, when I read the book and then the script, I knew damn well I couldn't act it. I didn't have the ability or the training. So the only answer was to be that boy. While we were making the picture I came to know how horrible war was, how useless, how degrading for everybody. I came to believe that nothing justified killing your fellow man. That part did things to me."

It did, indeed. Having been what he thought was that poor German soldier boy, Lew absorbed a dream of the real brotherhood of man, the Christian ideal of peace to men of good will, and that dream kept working in him always.

Harold Buecket, the fine director who made nine of the "Kildare" series, tells me it was about that time that the young actor began a serious study of astronomy. Bought himself a giant telescope and spent his evenings, and sometimes whole nights, on the roof gazing at the stars.

Nobody noticed it much, but he began to be something of a recluse. Until after his divorce from Lola Lane when he fell madly in love with Ginger Rogers.

In his wife, Lew found a girl whose own creed was one of the practical everyday use of the promises of Jesus. Without talking much about it, they read together the teachings of the Bible and the philosophies of other mystics.

But—while Ginger kept her touch with the world, Lew withdrew more and more. The vision of devoting himself to religious life, to actual service as a Christian minister, dazzled him. Little by little, he gave up the ordinary pleasures and the trifles that so often go to make up everyday living. For instance, it was about this time that he forewore meat and became a vegetarian. He couldn't, he said, eat anything that had once had life.

So he and Ginger separated and Lew sweated back to the heights and became a national institution as young Dr. Kildare. The emblem of all that a doctor means to us in pain and fear.

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...never greasy, never gritty. Doesn't dry out...usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢.
"Now don’t move, darling—I want to remember you as you naturally are."

"The boy played the part with such sincerity," Lionel Barrymore says, "that I think he himself forgot to make that separation. He tried to live the part off the set as well as on and it was rather a fine thing to watch."

Meantime, it now seems, Lew was setting things up so that there would be no ties. He bought a beautiful motor court for his father and mother, so that they would always be taken care of; he set his younger brother up in business. Material success and possessions meant nothing to him. All that life did mean to him, as he showed plainly, was in his religion, in the growing conviction that he wanted to devote his life to it.

The war clouds were looming. Lew startled the entire M-G-M lot by making a really enormous contribution to the Red Cross. As somebody told it to me, "We were giving our little hundreds from a sense of duty and probably squawking about it at that, when suddenly Lew just gave in the thousands and went around with his face all lit up over being able to give that much. He said it was the best he could do for God’s work at the moment."

His feeling about medicine intensified as he identified himself with the "Kildare" role. When the war in Europe began, to everybody's amazement Lew Ayres was so proficient in first aid that he was made an instructor at once, and there are thousands in Hollywood who went through his hands. For months, we learned then, he had been taking every available course in first aid work so that he would be prepared to serve when the need came.

Pearl Harbor struck him as it struck all of us—but Lew Ayres was on a spot then which makes me ache inside when I think of it.

"He stuck by what he believed," Lionel Barrymore says, "and, right or wrong, that’s all a man can do. I don’t say he was right. I simply say it took a high brand of moral courage to live up to the principles he had worked out for himself. At that time I asked a lot of service men how they felt about him and most of them said, well, the guy’s doing what he believes. You can’t blame him for that."

JUST the same, it was a shock. The very respect and affection we’d given him made it a terrible wallop when the story broke that Lew Ayres wouldn’t fight. Dr. Kildare—a consihe. It hurt.

If it hurt us, imagine what Lew Ayres was going through, the man who was ready to give up everything for his ideals. "It was a sort of obsession with him," a close friend of his told me, "that one subject of not killing for any reason whatsoever. I asked him once if the Japs landed on the Pacific coast and attacked his father and mother in their peaceful little motor court would he shoot. He looked at me in anguish, and then he shook his head. ‘I would give my life to save theirs,’ he told me, ‘but I could not shoot any living thing. I could not kill.’"

On March 31, 1942, Lew Ayres, alone and upon his honor, went to a camp for conscientious objectors at Cascade Locks, Oregon. A labor camp. Looked like an ignominious end of Lew Ayres and I don’t mind telling you that Hollywood felt a little sick. There were many who didn’t hesitate to use the words coward and yellow streak. Since then some of those self-same people have decided he was just the victim of bad handling at the time his draft number came up, but their afterthought was no help to the pain and loneliness of the solitary figure on the platform waiting for the train that morning.

Ten days later, Lew Ayres had begged the Army for any kind of non-combatant service overseas at the front, had offered his extensive medical training for work in ambulance or hospital units anywhere. In May the Army granted his request and August saw him in Abilene, Texas, for his basic training. That November he went overseas and into a combat area where he has been ever since. He went as a medical orderly with the rating of a sergeant, but it wasn’t long before he came in contact with a chaplain on the battlefield and voluntarily surrendered his sergeant’s stripes to become the chaplain’s assistant as a private. Soon, however, he was again a sergeant.

I think it is plain how he earned a place for himself in this work.

Only the other day I saw a letter from a young Marine—a “walkie talkie” scout. He died, that boy, at Leyte. But the last letter he wrote home said, “I’m not afraid to go. I wish I could tell you the care Sergeant Ayres has taken of me. When he speaks to me of God and of Our Father’s loving care, I know that it is true. Most of us have been afraid over here some time or another. But he never is. I would like to tell you if I had the right words what he means to us and what I have seen him do, only they are like miracles and I guess if you didn’t see them you would not believe them.”

The children of those desperate islands in the Pacific who have known war and nothing but war have experienced the most they have ever known of kindness and care in the quiet-voiced chaplain’s assistant with his tender, shining eyes.

From stretchers and from hospital beds and from those terrible yet wonderful places called front dressing stations, men of the United States Armed Forces have heard broken voices whisper for “Dr. Kildare.” It is heart-shaking to think that
a character fashioned by Hollywood has actually sought death and pain out there in the person of this conscientious objector who has never hesitated in the grimmest moments to carry the cup of cold water forward. No service has been too small, none too great.

But it is his latest letter, the one of which I spoke at the beginning of this story, which I want to share with you. Remem- ber as you read by whom it was written.

"I'm only too happy, Adela, to comply in any measure I'm able with what you said in your letter about words from the war zone—about some new truth or rather proof of an old one. I think you men- tioned how much people needed proof that there is a very present help in trouble."

"It's difficult and I do not know that what I say will be what you want. Cer- tainly I have no new truths—nor do I find them necessary since in my opinion Christ, long ago, brought us the Truth in its entirety. The full light needed to dispel forever humanity's spiritual darkness."

"Why should we be given new truths when we have never, most of us, tried the old ones?"

"The best we can do, I or anyone, is to add our small personal testimony of all it can mean when we turn to it and try it, our own encouragement in the illustration we have seen and known, but that we are commanded to do...

"As for me and what I believe is proof, the stark logic and overpowering wisdom of Christ's every utterance are proof in- camerate if once we begin in the least test way to obey them as a way of life. If more is required, each of us will find the proof and the joy only as we seek, knock and ask. The Gospel message is just that—

A path we can enter when we will and each must tread it for him- self. If the beauty and grandeur and in- finite promise of those immortal loving words falls with conviction and is accepted by any hungry, yearning soul—the proofs will pile up and increase. I have seen it over and over and over out here.

"Let us then seek the emotional inspira- tion of His presence by offering Him just one thing—an open heart. Accept life as it is. Ponder it and try to see God's great purpose back of all before it is distorted by the selfishness of man."

"We are always trying to pass the buck to God. We are always blaming Him for what happens when we have forgotten to obey, forgotten to pray, forgotten to turn to Him. The commands and prom- ises are so simple. They go hand in hand."

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shall He bring it to pass. Commit thy ways unto Him and He shall direct thy path."

"Many of us out here have attempted in our travail and danger to obey and He has directed our paths."

"We know now that those who follow His magnificent and simple teachings have and do find the answer to all the human heart has ever sought. I have heard many a man testify to that. We have found Him the one eternal oasis amid a worldly des- ert of suffering, loneliness and despair."

"But we must seek that oasis—and so often we pass it by. It is an oasis built on the logic of science—the intelligence of it is—some of the consuming power of an all-embracing Love. The Love is always there. It is we who walk by choice of our own outside of its healing and inspir- ing glory."

"One thing more. As to the social im- plications of Christian ethics. Can any- one doubt that the admonitions given so long ago regarding 'love one another' and the true brotherhood of man must be pres- ent in our hearts to bring about the miracle of permanent world peace? What ways shall be used to achieve it I do not know. This I do—the pattern must be within our own souls, the pattern of brotherly love, before we can erect the stately and blessed edifices of peace.

"We've preached long enough. The world could use a good, positive affirm- ative demonstration. Who can tell? The men here have learned to pray actively as part of their very existence. If enough of us, who feel strongly on the subject and know that there is a Divine Power, make a concerted, unified effort for Peace—well, not that I say a truly brotherly world is immediately probable, not at least from where I'm sitting now—but I have confidence in God's abiding wisdom and power if we will place ourselves in tune with it and with Him. Ultimately His Cre- ation will not fail. But each of us must look into his own heart and be worthy."

"Listen. We cannot hear Him if we do not listen. I can tell you that even when the roar of guns is loudest, the scream of shells straight out of hell, the thunder of bombs shaking the earth—I can tell you that when we here have listened we have heard above it all the still small voice."

"There is the testimony. As best he knows how, by deed and now by word, Lew Ayres bears witness to that faith which is within him.

He has said when he comes home he will enter the Presbyterian Theological School to train for the ministry. Somehow, I wish that he would come back into pic- tures and carry on his ministry there. He belongs to us there, it seems to me. Per- haps Dr. Kilgore could come back from the war as a Christian minister—on the screen as well as off. Otherwise how can enough of us catch the truly great mes- sage he has to give?"

The End
Here Comes the Bride

(Continued from page 61) days are as long as the nights.

Take Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Victor Mature and Martha Kemp, Lara Turner and Steve Crane—to name a few who courted in night clubs and divorced before their wedding rings had lost that shiny look.

More often than not the incidents which arise from Hollywood weddings are amusing. Like that story about the wedding of a young contract player and a national figure. The bride rented the luxurious mink coat she wore to the wedding, according to the local furrier who is now trying to sell the coat—for its romantic fame as well as its natural beauty.

Certainly Hollywood is the number one city in elopements—and in utter strangers marrying because they get that certain feeling. Some of the strangers make brilliantly happy couples. Others make blood-thirsty adversaries. Take the fascinating case of Mary Martin. Mary and her husband, Dick Halliday, had met often at large dinner parties, each always accompanied by another; and each speaking only two words to each other, which were "Hello" and "Good-by." One night, however, after six months of a bowing acquaintance, Dick asked Mary out to dinner alone. By the salad course he had presented her with a friendship ring (two clasped hands in silver). By dessert, he'd proposed—and she'd accepted! They eloped that night right after their coffee, and the marriage is one of the happiest in America.

Not that it didn't have its Hollywood problems, solved by Mary in a typically Hollywood manner. The main problem was that three months after they'd married, they knew each other almost as little as they had when she received the friendship ring. She worked all day from dawn. He worked in his agency all day until late at night; and by the time he got home she was asleep for the next day's scenes. Naturally, they became more than strangers; when their paths occasionally crossed at home they snapped at each other instead of smiling. Mary, desperately unhappy over the situation, finally asked the nearest wise man she knew—Jack Benny, with whom she was acting in a boat scene for one of their pictures. Jack gave her the right answer to her problem, after looking thoughtfully at the boat in which they were both sitting: "Take him away where no one can bother you, and get to know each other. Take him on a chartered boat!"

The minute the picture was ended, Mary and Dick anchored off Catalina Island for two weeks and discovered they liked as well as loved each other. Their marriage has stood sound and solid ever since.

Another hasty marriage which has managed to hold together is that of one of our most famous foreign romancers and his beautiful wife. He married her originally to spite the girl who had jilted him to marry an American cowboy actor. This Romeo and his wife have been anything but ecstatically happy and for a long time each has gone his own way. Never any battles though, and they'll probably go on as Mr. and Mrs. until the end of time. It's easy to be polite when nobody cares.

One of the most delightful Hollywood elopement stories is that of Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll. Kay had been suggesting marriage for some months in a round-about way; but each time Georgia put him off in an equally round-about manner. Finally Kay decided to take vigorous action—which he certainly did.

He and Georgia were up in Santa Barbara for a show. After the show they
got back into his car for the drive back to Hollywood—and then it was that something like this dialogue took place.

Kay: "Georgia—let's get married. Right now!"

Georgia: "But Kay . . . we'd be overnight and I haven't got a toothbrush."

Kay: "I got one—right here in the back of the car!" (Proving it with three new toothbrushes.)

Georgia: "But, Kay . . . I haven't got a nightgown."

Kay: "I have one for you—right here in the back of the car!" (Proving it—with a lacy blue number.)

Georgia: "Oh, well, but Kay . . . I haven't any make-up . . ."

Kay: "I have it for you—you-right here!" (Proving it—with a make-up kit that would warm any girl's heart.)

Georgia: "Yes, but Kay . . . you know how hard hotel rooms are to get these days. Where would we stay?"

Kay: "I have that for a bridal suite."

With that Georgia said nothing more.

She just looked dizzily out of the car. Deciding not to press her any more Kay stepped on the gas and headed silently for the nearest Justice of the Peace. They were bowling along, far too fast in Kay's excitement, when a motorcop appeared out of hiding and tore after them with his siren going full blast. He roared Kay's car over to the side of the road and advanced belligerently on them. "Just where," he snarled, "do you think you're going so fast?"

Now it was Kay's turn to stammer. "Well . . ." he said uneasily. Then he stopped and looked plaintively at Georgia.

And Georgia turned to look squarely at the cop. When she spoke her voice had a new decisiveness. "We are going to get married!" Which was the first admission she had made to Kay that she had accepted.

So he planted an ecstatic kiss on her, the cop melted and gave them an uproarious escort all the way to the Justice's house . . . and here is one marriage that has all the earmarks of a happy one—typically Hollywood or not!

SOMETIMES Hollywood elopements which seem to be unforgivably impulsive are nothing of the kind—only a sudden climax to an old romance.

There's Lee Bowman and Helene Rosson, who had been openly in love for years; but whenever the subject of marriage arose they quarreled. Lee preferred living in an apartment—Helene insisted on a house. There was also the question of his career. He felt he'd have a far better chance to make the grade if he remained a romantic bachelor. On these rocks the romance finally smashed up, apparently for keeps.

For six months they saw other people but never each other. Then one night Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio gave a party and asked both Lee and Helene separately. Nobody at that party had ever forgotten what happened. Lee saw Helene across the room, and both of them stared at each other as if they were alone on a desert. Then, as if drawn by a magnet, they moved to each other and disappeared through the library door. Lee and Helene talked seriously, intensely, steadily—and that night they eloped (P.S. Not only has this been a Georgia: typically happy marriage blessed with a recent baby, but since Lee became a husband and a father he also has become a big star; after ten years of trying. And he not only likes their house—he loves it!)

The wedding march is Hollywood's favorite tune. Not only in June but in every month in the year starry voices rejoice to sing, "Here comes the bride . . ."

The END
3 Main Deodorant Troubles— WHICH IS YOURS?

CREAM GOES GRAINY?

Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grinds. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?

Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try different Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10c, 30c, 60c. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA deodorant cream

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62) see me. Help was hard to get, so my husband stayed away from work to care for me and for our two children. Now, when my sister's baby is sick, she expects to move in on us so that I can take care of him, and she expects my husband to buy the medicine.

I am fond of my sisters and I don't want to hurt or anger them. How can I make them realize that I have my own family to care for, so can't be always at their service?

Martha S.

Dear Mrs. S:

Week in and week out I receive letters from conscientious older members of a family, explaining a quandary similar to yours. It would seem that once an older brother or sister assumes the responsibility for the welfare of the family, that responsibility exists indefinitely.

You should have a frank talk with your sisters. Be as sweet as you can and choose your words carefully so as not to hurt their feelings, but be firm, too. Point out that your first obligation is to your family—that you want to help whenever it is possible, but emphasize the fact that you will offer that help at the time and in the degree you can arrange.

Don't let the family meeting degenerate into one of those bitter talks in which each of you brings up long dead moments of antagonism; don't enumerate the kindnesses you have done each other in the past. Quietly make the statement that what has happened is a closed chapter, and a new story is beginning. In this volume you are to run your own life, and your sisters are to run theirs. No one is to expect anything of the other, but each is to do what she can, when she can.

Yodora 62)

Hav ing delivered your ultimatum, whatever you do, make it stick. Don't relent even slightly, or you'll be back in the same old state of martyrdom.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My appearance is forbiddingly intellectual and, despite the fact that I have a perfectly human sense of humor and love for dancing and fun, this reputation for bookish stuffiness has cost me desirable popularity. While I have a certain number of friends, I can't get across to the masses of people that I am a "reg'lar fellow." I win contests and nominations, but never a popular election.

Since I plan to attend college in this same town, my bookworm title goes with me. I am not the sort who is shocked at couples on park benches! I, rather wistfully, wish I were there myself.

How does an intellectual disguise her intellectualty? Or should she?

Hertha N.

Dear Miss N:

Sometimes I wonder if the popularity ideas of the average high-school girl aren't gathered from scenes in motion pictures. One scene that appears to be repeated regularly shows a girl descending the main building steps and bursting into song. The entire school surrounds her, joining in on the chorus. To the best of my knowledge, this tableau has never taken place in real life.

Popularity is always comparative. Each of us appeals to certain persons, while holding no attraction for others. Among your acquaintances, there must be many who admire your intellectuality and enjoy being with you because of it.

However, if you still wish to adopt a personality not entirely natural to you, why not become, consciously, an actress? Nearly everyone adapts himself more or less to the company in which he finds himself. If you are in a fine group, you are surely clever enough to know as many or more peppy phrases than they do, and to use them to advantage.

However, I'm willing to make a small bet that, after experimenting, you will return to your original "intellectuality." Only by embracing your own individuality will you make truly comfortable friends, or will your abilities flow into deeply successful channels.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was roller-skating one night and I happened to meet a girl who was with a sailor friend of mine, but being she was so cute, I made a date to take her skating the next night. Then we had a date every night for three weeks. I met her father and mother who seemed to be very nice folks. They were swell to me, asked me to stay to dinner, and all that. You can imagine how surprised I was when, the night before I was inducted, I began to talk seriously and this girl told me she was already married to a soldier.

I went out to boot camp, feeling pretty sick about it. She didn't write, but I had a letter from my brother who had met this girl on the street. She told my brother that her husband was on embarkation leave and had treated her like a queen, so she was more in love with him than ever.

When I got my boot leave I went home,
and by chance ran into her in a drugstore. She came over and invited me to her parent's house for Christmas dinner, so, being as I loved her so much, I accepted the invitation. Later that evening I took her to a cafe and asked her if she had told her husband about us and she said no. But she said she thought a lot of me and wanted to be with me as much as possible while I was home.

I had been back at my station only a short time when she wrote to say she was going to have a baby. I wrote and asked her if she was going to divorce her husband, so I could marry her, but she answered that she had told her husband the baby was his.

I don't want to cause her any trouble but I want the baby for my own. She says she doesn't know whether she loves her husband or me. Well, however that is, I want that baby, as I know it is mine. A baby has a right to have its own father.

David R.

Dear Mr. R:

Will you forgive me if I tell you frankly that I think you should forget this girl? If I may judge from your letter, you are too fine a person to be distressed by this situation. It would be entirely different if you could be positive in your heart that this child is yours, and that this girl had been true to you.

Remember, you met her—when she was married—in company of another sailor. You and her husband may not be the only men in her life, and if she is capable of deceiving you repeatedly, as indicated by her letters and the conflicting stories she has told others, she is probably mistreating you, too.

I cannot, of course, give you legal advice, but my understanding is that the law looks upon a child born in wedlock as the offspring of the husband.

The world is filled with sweet and honorable girls. You deserve one of the best, and if you will eliminate this girl from your list of correspondents and from your life, you will meet someone who can give you the clean happiness you deserve.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

On my sixteenth birthday Mother and Dad gave me a car but the rule was that I wasn't to take it out of town. While the folks were back east visiting my brother, I saw a way to go to football game that our school was playing. We stayed out of school for the day.

The boy I was with was home on leave from the Navy. Once before I had asked my folks to let me marry him, but they said no— I was too young. Anyhow, this boy and I slipped over the state line and got married. We haven't told Mother and Dad for fear they will have it annulled.

As a result of this fling I lost the use of my car. The school wasn't long in informing the folks that I had played hooky. Dad says that when I learn a little sense he will let me have it back. I try to talk him out of it, but I get nowhere.

I am sorry for everything but my marriage and nobody knows about that yet. If they had been reasonable they could have seen me married. But, gee, I want my car back so that's why I'm writing to you. Can you give me any suggestion as to how to go about making my Dad see that I shouldn't make the same mistake again?

Tony J.

Dear Miss J:

I'm quite sure that, when your father deems the proper time has come, you will get your car back.

The car situation seems to me to be a very minor problem. What appalls me is the fact that you apparently intend to keep the fact of your marriage secret.

If you really want my advice it is this: Tell your father and mother at once that you are married. Honesty at this time will save you heartache later because a secret of this kind has a way of making itself known. I don't want to seem selfish to you, but the momentous truth is that marriage is not a funny school-girl prank; it's a solemn social institution, involving serious responsibility.

Your parents have a right to know that you have taken this step.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a kid of 18 in the Navy overseas. I am madly in love with a girl back home, but I am not sure she loves me. She says she does, but I have had letters from friends that lead me to believe otherwise.

The other day I wrote her a letter and asked her to marry me after the war. The answer was that she loved me and wanted to make me happy, but she said she couldn't trust herself, since she had such a changeable mind. But if I would be willing to take the chance on marrying her after what I know about her, then she would be willing to take the chance, too.

She writes me constantly about the dances and parties that she is invited to, and about dancing with service men. Still, she only loves me, she says.

Would it be better to forget about her? Or would it be all right to go ahead and plan what I have been looking forward to?

Sam de L.

Dear Mr. de L:

I think you are too young to be so serious, particularly since you are so far away. By all means continue to make...
plans—if they do work out, you will have perfect them in advance. If they do not work out, you will have the fun of dreaming.

It's only natural for a girl (who is probably acting as junior hostess in some canteen) to dance with service men. If you were here and she were serving overseas, I imagine you'd do the same thing, yet it would be possible for you to dance with hundreds of girls and still be in love with your sweetheart.

My philosophy for the situation is a large application of patience. When it is physically impossible for you to change a situation (you can't resume normal until the time is over) the only thing to do is to be philosophically and keep an open mind. Don't fret. Take this experience in stride. A little love-sickness is supposed to improve one's character.

—Clementine Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and considered attractive. Last fall I started dating for the first time and I began to associate with the wrong bunch, who were older and had cars.

I was terribly thrilled when a certain boy started dating me although I should have known better because he had a reputation for being "very tough." When I discovered that I was pregnant I was only a junior in high school. I wanted very much to finish that year, and our school principal said he would do all he could to keep me in school the rest of that term. I had been much respected and my misfortune surprised and shocked everyone.

However, I had one faithful friend who helped me through that term. Last summer my baby was born but lived only two days. That fall the principal sent me a letter saying that if I had enough courage to face my problem I could come back to school and graduate. Everyone has been tactful and has treated me as if nothing had happened. I have a sweetheart whom I knew for a year before all this trouble arose. He is now in England in the Army. I have never told him anything about what happened. He says repeatedly in his letters that he loves me.

Should I write and tell him everything, or should I wait until he comes home? My best friend advised me to wait until he comes home and find out if he intends to marry me. In that case, she thinks I should tell, but not otherwise.

—Albertine O.
Shy Girl with Nerve
(Continued from page 59) quips "showing off," she admits now, ruefully. An older boy who was the unwritten object of her youthful affections at the time, said quite loudly, "I detest silly girls!"

Eleanor wilted. She almost reeled. "He meant me," she told herself. It did something to her. All through high school she hid herself inside a rigid little shell of reserve. She was miserable, unsure of herself, afraid of being hurt like that again. She was never gay, never indulged in any of the forms of self-expression which were giving her classmates fun and joy and growth. And her passion to be an actress grew and grew, although no one knew it for a long time except her wise and understanding mother.

"If you want it enough and work hard enough for it, it will come," her mother used to tell her. And she arranged for Eleanor to have dancing lessons and voice lessons and all the other opportunities she might need for her heart's desire. Later on, her father was equally sympathetic. He was head of the mathematics department of Cleveland's Glenville High School and, although it must have put a strain on his budget, he was determined that his son and his two daughters should have whatever training and preparation they needed for the careers they planned, themselves.

So, when Eleanor was graduated from high school, she went on to study at Martha's Vineyard. She earned part of her way by working for a waitress. "All I can remember about being there was work... work... work." But her father paid her expenses when she came on to study at the famous Pasadena Community Theatre. She planned to pay her father back with interest, someday. Then he could retire.

WHEN she was nineteen (a little over three years ago) a talent scout tapped her in a performance at Pasadena. She was under contract to a major studio! Her dreams were beginning to come true. But there was still that strange, persistent fear and distrust of people... any people... no matter how much they tried to help her. She won't help us to help her!, her companions at the studio complained.

She bought a little house in the Valley and continued her lonely, withdrawn existence at her career, until one day, while she was playing in "Mission To Moscow," someone brought an Army medical officer to visit the set. His name was Lieutenant Fred Losee and he was an army surgeon, stationed at San Diego. They had lunch together and she concluded, "He's the most conceited man I've ever met!" A little later they had dinner together and she gasped to herself. "I'm going to marry him! I know I am!"

And she did. They had two months together—as together as two people can be when one is in the Army and the other is a rising and busy Hollywood actress. Then he went overseas.

Warners wanted to remake "Of Human Bondage" and had discussed it with Edmund Goulding. Goulding was depressed. "Why even talk about it?" he demanded. "There's only one actress in a generation with enough " stared Davis it did it. He decided he'd go back to New York and relax until the whole thing blew over. If the truth must be known, he wasn't even enthusiastic about testing Eleanor. They sort of did it behind his back and then showed the test to him. He was electrified.

"The girl has the greatest pure native talent since the young Garbo," he pronounced.

Eleanor found herself playing Mildred in "Of Human Bondage."
"I was never frightened or nervous about it for one moment," she says now. "I knew it was right. I knew this was what I had been working for. Besides, Mr. Gould knew it was even harder than I did. He never said, 'Do this... or that.' He said, 'Well'll do it together... like this... perhaps...' This was the thing I had been waiting for since I was nine and the kids teased me. I felt nothing but serenity and satisfaction and... at long last... sureness."

She continued to feel these nice things, even when her appendix began to misbehave while she was working in the picture. It began to be a touch-and-go matter, whether she could finish or not before they had to operate. Her husband came home on leave just then, too, and they decided, without dramas, that their marriage had been an impulsive mistake and that they had best terminate it.

At the picture's end she went to the hospital for her operation and she says now that she had time, while she was recuperating, to think things over, sort them out and clarify in her own mind "simply everything."

Suddenly she was free... free of the pain that had plagued her, free of constricting and puzzling emotional entanglements, free of fear of failure and the fear of people. For the first time in her life she was completely sure of herself.

"I lay there in the hospital and sorted out my life, found my objective... formed a sort of pattern. I felt wonderful..."

W hen she was well again and returned to the studio, people found it difficult to recognize this gay, cheerful, friendly girl who had once been slender, irritable, almost impossible to know. Now she mingled, made friends, invited people to lunch, became the most co-operative of actors about photographs, interviews, fittings. And she smiled constantly. She had lost her fear of life and of strangers, her fear of her own shortcomings.

"But even then I didn't know exactly—concretely—and what I wanted, except in my work. That took form one day in a soda fountain in Toluca Lake! From way back I had worshipped Janet Gaynor on the screen. Well, I was sitting at the soda fountain, drinking a coke one day when Janet came in with her little boy. I gasped. I longed to speak to her but I didn't quite dare. But she smiled at me and I couldn't have been more delighted if I had never seen an actress before."

She looked so serene and lovely, just as I had known her. But then I knew suddenly exactly what I wanted from life. I wanted to work, as she did, until I reached my peak. Then I wanted to do as she had done—retire, marry and have children. It seems to me she has reached perfection in her career and in her private life. I want perfection, too.

"A career isn't enough for any woman, no matter how long she has wanted it and worked for it, or what she achieves. A home and family are necessities. I'm lonely when I go home to my little house. There is a great lack there. But it's well—a healthy sort of loneliness, I guess. It's being lonely for the normal, natural things. And I know now that they will come."

The "little house" is a smallish bungalow with a garden behind it. After she acquired it, it was some time before she could consider it even partially furnished, she was so busy. She invited her entire family—father, mother, sister, brother and small niece—to visit her the first summer she owned the house, before she had even bought any rugs.

Now, she says, nothing in her house has any real relation to anything else. Her method has been to drop into a furniture store or an antique shop and decide, sud-
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113
"Every Time I Leave You"

(Continued from page 47) imagine," Marie answered defensively.

To prove to one another that they were not on any merry-go-round—for what reason they never will understand—they made a date for the following Wednesday. Ever since, spending virtually every hour of their spare time together—and comparatively quietly—they have been happier than ever before.

Their first date was a party. At midnight Marie suggested they go home. She knew Vic, who tested planes for Lockheed, must be up early. "You need your sleep," she told him. That sold "hard-boiled" Orsatti. No other girl had ever worried about his sleep. And two months later, on January 10, 1943, in the early part of the new year, Marie, the former Powers model, married a man she had known a long time who had dark eyes, dark hair and a dark complexion.

They thought if they went to Reno they would have a good chance of being married quietly, without benefit of reporters and photographers; as quietly as Marie might have been married if she never had left Burgin, Kentucky, or Yonkers, New York, where she subsequently lived. When, on the train, they spied Bill Thomas and Richard Arlen they ducked behind newspapers. Five minutes later, however, the train loud speaker bellowed, "Will Vic Orsatti please see Bill Thomas in Car So and So?"

"We won't butt in," Bill and Dick promised. "But we didn't want you to think you were putting anything over on us. We're not surprised. And we hope you don't expect anyone else to be. Also, you may as well know we're joining the Pine Company at Reno for location shots for 'Alaska Highway.'"

Vic had thought of everything. He had arranged for them to be married in a little white parsonage which stood at the end of a dirt road beside a babbling brook with snow-covered mountains in the distance. On the parsonage hearth a fire was blazing. There were white candles. Flowers were everywhere. Vic had thought of everything—except a little thing like a marriage license. They had to drive all the way back to City Hall for it. There photographers and reporters were waiting. "We knew you'd have to come here, sooner or later," they said. "Hey, Marie, stand a little closer to Vic, please. And how's about that big grin, Vic?"

Late that afternoon when Vic and Marie returned to the hotel to register as Mr. and Mrs. Victor Orsatti they found the Pine Company shooting laps in the bar. "Let the bride roll!" someone called. Marie, starry-eyed, rolled thirteen straight passes. Everyone was with her, financially and verbally, except the character actor. "I don't put my money on any dame that's just been married," he insisted. When the cup passed to Vic this man changed his tune. "All my money on the groom!" they cried. Vic rolled snake eyes. "No brandy," advised Marie, fresh from a nurse's aide course, kneeling beside the character actor's prostrate form. "It might be his heart, bring water!"

He came around finally and Vic walked to the elevator with Marie as she went upstairs to change for dinner. "There's something about you, Baby," he said, grinning. "When you're around life's never dull, certainly!"

"Complaining—already?" she asked.

She thought nothing of the man who got off the elevator and walked behind her down the hall, until out of the corner of one very large, very blue eye she saw he meant to overtake her. She increased her...
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pace. He did too. She broke into a trot.
He did too. She began to run. He did too.
Not a second too soon she rushed into her room and slammed the door behind her.
She ratted the knob. She could hear him breathing outside—thought she
could anyway. She flew into the bathroom and waited endlessly, afraid to come out
again. At last there was a knock. It was
Vic but he had to convince her of his iden-
tity before she would let him in.
“Anyone would think we weren’t mar-
rried,” he taxed her. Whereupon she blurted out her story. Vic shook his head. “Every-
time I leave you,” he said again, “something
happens!”

A month after they were married Vic
flew to New York to pick up a ship for
delivery in Brazil. It was February and he
encountered a blizzard. The foot pressure
he was forced to use during the eight hours
he fought his way through this storm
carried a blister on his heel to break, the
high altitude affected his circulation.
Thirty-six hours after he should have been
in New York, judging from the telephone
call he put through to Marie from his last
stop-over, she called everyone they knew
there frantically. But none of their friends
had seen Vic or heard from him. Then,
very groggy, he called her. “I’m in a hos-
pital but I’m okay,” he said. “I’ll call you
again tomorrow.” Of course she thought
he had crashed up and she must get to
him. They were sympathetic. “If we,
have to put any passengers off for priori-
ties we’ll do it alphabetically, according
to names,” they promised. “Your name is
Zeigler.”

That night she stood at Vic’s bedside, re-
garding his leg suspended in a cradle,
hearing from his nurse what a close call
he had had with blood-poisoning. The nurse
wore a new blue dress embroidered with her
new monogram “M.O.” “Hello Mo,” Vic
grinned. “How did you know I was here
anyway?” He didn’t remember that he had
called her.

He got better. She took him back
to California alone. After seeing her with
him in the hospital, how now she
could manage—him, his medications and
his hypodermics.

“Every time I leave you,” she told him,
“something happens!” And it was as if
he heard his own voice, so great is her
gift for mimicry.

A PARTY Stephen and Racquel Ames
gave brought Marie her chance to play
Miriam in “Guest in The House.” Hagar
Wilde, who co-authored this successful
play with Dale Eunson, was there too.
“Ever since you came into the room,” she
told Marie, “I knew this thing—how perfect
you would be for Miriam.”

When Marie finally got the part she was
overjoyed. But not for long. The director,
who had wanted another girl for Miriam,
offered her no help or direction whatever.
And after she had worked two days he
went to Hunt Stromberg, the producer,
and asked that she be let out. “I’m not
running a dramatic school,” he said, in
effect.

Marie was humiliated. Naturally. Wor-
ried too. And heartbroken. She understo
d Miriam and wanted to play her desperately.
The girl who was the director’s choice
was brought on from New York and tested.
Hunt Stromberg, however preferred Marie.
“I want you back in the cast,” he insisted.
She shook her head. “It wouldn’t be fair
use. Your director’s convinced I can’t act!”
Stromberg said, “Maybe you can’t act.
Don’t let that worry you! Jean Harlow
wasn’t the world’s greatest actress but she
had sex appeal and natural charm and she

Both mother and
daughter are of Tampax age.

SOME families have a double oppor-
tunity to discover Tampax. It may
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got by all right. You will too!"

Marie wanted the part enough to take the chance. But it was tough going. Whenever she walked into a scene the director walked away. It was Althea McMahon, whom Marie adores, and Margaret Hamilton, also in the cast, who saved her life. Between scenes they made her laugh—told her, over and over, that she was going to be good.

All through this struggle Vic watched Marie carefully. He knew, though she pretended sleep, that she was wakeful and restless.

Worried, Vic sent for a doctor. He gave her a hypodermic. "She'll be better when she wakes," he promised Vic. "She hasn't had much sleep for a long time, apparently; been going on her nerves—and they've quit!"

MARIE slept all through the next day and when she awoke she was better. She had some of her old sparkle. She could talk about the things she had kept locked inside of her.

"I've been praying," she confessed, "that something would happen to that director. Nothing too bad. . . . Maybe just that he'd quit—he's so disgusted with me—and get a better job!"

That same week the director went to the hospital with acute appendicitis.

"Don't ever wish anything on me, will you?" Vic pleaded.

Marie, however, was not amused. Besides beauty, brains and backbone she has heart. Lots of heart. That's almost the best thing about her. She telephoned the hospital daily. And the wishes for a speedy recovery that accompanied her flowers were intensely sincere.

John Brahms finished the picture. "Don't you worry, you're going to be okay!" he told Marie.

She found this heartening but it really didn't prepare her for the review headline in the Hollywood Reporter, the film colony's bible, which said "McDonald Cast Hit." She saw it first when she walked into Hunt Stromberg's office. It was pasted across her portrait. And beneath it was another headline that had been lettered by the studio art department which said simply, "She Can Act Too!"

Other critics agreed with the Reporter. Other producers sought to borrow Marie. The USO asked her to go on a camp tour. The boys were clamoring to see "The Body." That was enough for Marie—for Vic too!

"I wish I were going with you," he told her.

"I'll be careful," Marie promised her worried spouse.

"You'll think you're careful," he said. "Anyway it isn't necessarily anything you do. It's just that—well, you attract events somehow!"

From the South he had word she was quarantined in a camp hospital with measles. From New York he heard that Marie had given an interview in which she discussed the padding stars wear inside stockings, bosoms and skirts—to make them prettier.

It was obvious she thought Vic was making a mountain out of a molehill. For, lacking both malice and guile, she had said what she said honestly and innocently and it would never occur to her to run to cover or deny it.

"Whenever you leave me. . . ." Vic began skeptically.


Beauty plus brains and backbone. That's Marie McDonald Orsatti. With plenty of heart thrown in for good measure.

THE END
Gingham Girl with Sequins

(Continued from page 58) from her fascinating figure.

She lives in a four-room apartment in Beverly Hills with her parents—in the midst of a continual skirmish between herself and her mother, which might be called the Battle of the Dolls. Gall, you see, has one of the largest collections of dolls in the country—dolls of all sizes and shapes, from all lands. It is her idea to lovingly litter the apartment with them, from one end to the other. But nothing is further from her mother’s mind; and every day when Gall leaves for the studio, Mrs. Russell carefully puts all the dolls out of sight. Every evening Gall drags them out again.

Aside from this discord, all is peace among the Russells. Every dawning Gall rises (in midriff pajamas, of which she owns eight pairs in every color and print), and gets into a blue or red peasant skirt and blouse and a pair of bright play-shoes. Then she fastens on one of her four pieces of jewelry—all of them gold—consisting of a baby ring, an anklet, a cross, and a St. Christopher medal. Then she does not eat breakfast—she’s never hungry until sandown. She arrives at the studio, and does not eat lunch. By dinner-time, after an exhausting day’s work, she finally has worked up an appetite; and her mother usually puts before her roast lamb, mashed potatoes and creamed broccoli, Gall’s favorite meal. (Unless it’s hamburger smothered in catsup sauce, which she can also eat by the plentiful.)

After that, Gall is ready to get into her lounging outfit—those blue jeans, that plaid shirt. And off come her shoes! She’s ready to listen for hours to her huge collection of records, most of them Jean Sablon songs. While she listens, she works at her drawing board, with her maltese terrier Corny lying at her feet. She seldom reads. The last book she read was “Ramona,” and she read it eight times—but that was in honor of her pet actress, Loretta Young, whom she’d seen dozens of times in the movie of the same name. After “Ramona,” her favorite story is “Seventh Heaven”; she read that as a syndicated newspaper story years ago and doesn’t even know if it ever became a book. Mornings and evenings she grabs the newspapers feverishly, only for two reasons: The crossword puzzles and the comic strips “L’il Abner” and “Prince Valiant.” “I like the way those two funnies are drawn,” says she.

Nights when she goes out, which are several a week, she usually moves in herds—her favorite herd being made up of Barbara and Sonny Tufts, Sue and Alan Ladd, Diana Lynn and Carmelita Lopez. To their homes she goes to parties; and when she isn’t going to parties she loves bowling, ice-skating or moonlight horseback riding—usually with Carmelita, who’s her best friend, and a couple of soldiers. (She’s met a lot of soldiers by long-distance introduction through her brother George, who’s a corporal on a remote Aleutian island. But best of all, she likes to sneak out to a movie and sit alone watching the film. She drives to the theater in her small convertible named “Jezebel”... we might as well break the news to you that Gall is a name-giver, and that she has plenty of names! She’s the proud owner of a horse named “Kelly”—because he’s red in color, like the Irish, she explains—and of ten dogs! One of these is red in color, a Terrier spaniel; so naturally his name is “Kelly” too! The others are, in order: “Hank,” half-dachshund, half-cocker, named after her first picture, “Henry” and “Glamour,” “Emily,” a miniature schnauzer, and “Cornelia,” a maltese terrier—

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Both named for the authoresses of "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"; and "Chili," a pure-bred mutt named because Gail bought him on a Mexican street in Los Angeles from his owner who was being cruel to him. The other five are nameless as yet—they only appeared recently, born to "Emily" in the middle of Gail's bed.

The horse and nine of the dogs are boarded out among Gail's friends until Gail can talk her landlord into a menagerie mood. But Gail goes to see them all regularly. Hank, for instance, is being kept by Petrini, the head waiter of the restaurant across the street from Paramount—so that Gail can drop affectionately in on him any hour of the day.

Now you know almost everything about the sequin-gingham girl, except for a few items: She was born in Chicago twenty years ago, where her father was in the automobile bonding business. Eight years ago, the Russell family moved to Los Angeles so Mr. Russell could retire in peace. Peace was hardly what they found; however; they moved so many times that Gail's head was whirling—to say nothing of her school teachers' heads. Gail wound up attending five high schools—Glendale, Fairfax, University, Hoover (for two days—then they moved again), and finally Santa Monica. That completes her history thus far. However, in case you happen to be a man reader, we'd better tip you off on a few of her idiosyncrasies:

She hates to talk on the telephone, so you'd better contact her by telegram or in the flesh, for a date. And if you take her out of a Friday night, don't go home thinking amugly, "Wonder if she's dreaming of me?" Because for two hours after you've left, she won't be dreaming of anyone—she'll be upended in the basin washing her hair! It's a Friday-night ritual with her, no matter if you're Gable. And when she's finally tucked in bed in her midriff pajamas, she will won't be dreaming for some time. Instead she'll be drinking milk and eating crackers... the worst offense any girl could commit, and sure proof that Gail Russell is made up out of two pieces of cloth: Sequin, and gingham!

The End

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If You Were the House Guest of Sonny Tufts

(Continued from page 53) everybody pitches in to eat it... out on the brick terrace. Around nine o'clock everyone goes home; for this is a crowd of actors and tomorrow's camera will wait for no one.

Then you and Barbara do the dishes, while Sonny sits astride a kitchen chair reading learning his script for tomorrow's scenes. Sonny always learns his dialogue while Barbara works in the kitchen.

When his lines are learned, he grabs a copper pan and a spoon and does some quick (and very good) drum routines. Then Barbara cues him on his lines for the next day, after which the three of you go out to the veranda and sit for a few minutes looking down the valley. Listening to the evening symphony of frogs, crickets, and coyotes... for a very few minutes. By that time you're all sleepy. And you all troop off to bed... you having just decided to take them up on their suggestion that you stay overnight.

Upstairs, you find to your discomfiture that you're going to have Barbara's room—because, though there's a guest room downstairs, it's one of the rooms that Barbara hasn't yet furnished to her satisfaction in this new house. So they'd rather put you in Barbara's square, gay bedroom with its sloping ceiling and its tiny marble fireplace. The wallpaper is white with quaint nosegays of rose and maroon blossoms; and there's a cedar chest, a walnut double bed with a pale green spread, and a chaise-longue with a white fur thrown over it... but none of this is finished yet, Barbara tells you.

Sonny has his own yellow-tiled bathroom, but he doesn't like it so he shares Barbara's... and so do you! You love dressing room, which is a fluffy combination of red and white, and on her frilled dressing table are two pictures of Sonny with the two inscriptions on them: "I love you, Babe-Sonny," and "To my beloved Babe-Sonny."

"WANTA see my room?" Sonny asks boyishly now, and even though Barbara protests that it isn't any more finished than her room, in you go. His room is almost Spartan in its neatness. A mahogany dresser holds some after-shave lotion, and a wooden paddle from his days at Yale in the DKF house with the legend burned into it: "Sonny Tufts from Tink Carey." There's also a picture of his brother David in his uniform as a lieutenant commander. On his chest-of-drawers are only three objects: A pair of cowboy boots with silver trimmings, flanking a stunning picture of Barbara dressed in Spanish costume. On the wall are two graduation diplomas, one from Yale, one from Exeter, and both made out in Sonny's real name: "Bowen Charlton Tufts III."

Now he guides you through Barbara's sewing room, and all of Barbara's sewing equipment from machine to wire dress form is here. Yes, Barbara not only paints chins, cooks, cleans, gardens and upholsters, but she also makes all of her own clothes. She has even made plaid shirts for Sonny; and his favorite pair of slacks came out of her sewing machine. Sophisticated? Hardly!

Sonny's day begins long before you wake up the next morning, with a shower in which he invariably sings. "Accentuate The Positive." By the time you yawn your way downstairs, Barbara has made his breakfast, and has driven him to Paramount Studios because Sonny hates to drive; and now she's back hard at work.
planting water hyacinths in two big Chinese cooking pots sunk into the side lawn. You spend most of the morning with her ... an hour of it in the sunny breakfast room off the kitchen. You learn that Barbara dresses in black and red for Sonny, who loves those colors on her. At one time she decides to cut her long black hair he changes his mind for her; and that Sonny's own wardrobe is mainly lumberjacks and wool shirts in blue, with slacks. He wears these clothes to work and when he goes long hikes he takes over the hills of a Sunday morning—when he walks to the mile-distant reservoir and meets a small boy named Pete, whose father takes care of the reservoir; and together the two hike miles of hills. You learn that both Sonny and Barbara love records, and that they have a big collection of now-opera music for him, Spanish dance music for her.

You know that Barbara was born in Los Angeles and her maiden name was Barbara Dare; and he was born three thousand miles away in Boston. You know that Sonny's father was a banker and director of public utilities; that his grandfather founded Tufts College—and that Sonny decided in prep school to start a band instead of a brokerage house, and did! You know that he continued his band playing several instruments and also singing, at Yale; and that he majored at college in anthropology!

You know that he made twenty-five round trips to Europe with his band before he settled down; and that he spent six months in France. He now two years in New York City seriously studying voice for the operatic stage. You know that during that time a friend led him to the apartment of Barbara Dare (who was herself in New York studying Spanish dancing for the stage)—and that a year later they were married. You know that marriage brought him Waca as a wedding gift from Barbara; and it also brought him enough responsibilities to forget operatic dreams and begin singing in Broadway shows ("Who's Who and 'Sing For Your Supper'") and in night clubs such as the Glass Hat, the Famous Door, the Beachcomber, and Palm Beach's Whitehall. You know that a very rich Yale friend, A. J. Johns, Thompson, finally decided that the big black singer should get a break in Hollywood—and paid his and Barbara's way out to Hollywood for a screen test. You know that the test took, and Sonny found himself a couple of days later, "So Proudly We Hail," "Government Girl," "I Love A Soldier," "Bring On The Girls," "Here Come The Waves," "Duffy's Tavern," "Miss Susie Slagle," (and coming up) "Too Good To Be True," "The Virginian" and "The Well-Groomed Bride.

You know that Sonny loves swimming and spear-fishing—and skiing, and snowboarding; that when once he did a big dive off a sixty-foot snowbank and broke his pelvis. You know that he hates telephoning, and that he reads every single comic strip printed in the Los Angeles papers; and that he loves acting in movies more than life itself; and that some day he and Barbara want to make endless trips to Hollywood to France. You know that they are film's only non-gin-rummy players—that in fact they've never picked up a deck of cards in their lives, and that once Barbara had a gown shop of her own; and that this couple have one of the most interesting backgrounds and a collection of the most interesting tales in Hollywood.

You know that next time they tell you to drop by of a Sunday, you'll not only come a-running ... but next time you'll be smart enough to bring your pajamas along, just in case.

The End
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 23)

Where Do We Go From Here? (20th Century-Fox)

The premise for this story is enough to send one into howls of hysteria, but unfortunately, the picture loses something in the translation. Nevertheless, enough of the "fantasy ridiculous" remains to create many a man-sized guffaw.

Fred MacMurray, for instance, is a 4F in love with June Haver who is too busy dating men in uniform to pay her suitor the least attention. So when a genie appears before Fred, after he's rubbed a lamp collected in a salvage drive, he has one wish to make—to get into the Army. And what's more he does—only something goes wrong and our hero lands in Washington's army at Valley Forge. His efforts to make the general realize his friend Arnold is a traitor are ridiculously funny.

His desire to get out of the clutches of the Hessians resolves the genie for another wish—this time the Navy. Only it's Columbus's navy, with the usual trials and tribulations of a 1949 swain lost in the discovery of America.

Throughout the story that ends with the Dutch in New Amsterdam, Fred is constantly meeting up with June, in her various past lives, and the girl who really loves him, Joan Leslie. Of course whom he eventually gets and where he eventually lands is a surprise we'll leave for you.

Songs and music with Fred on the vocal end intermingle in the various excursions to add pleasantly to the "doings fantastic" at which we guarantee you more than a chuckle.

Fred is wonderful, June and Joan beautiful, Anthony Quinn a perfect Indian, Alan Mowbray an impressive Washington, and Gene Sheldon a splendid, if slightly cockeyed, genie.

Your Reviewer Says: So silly it's plain funny.

Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe (20th Century-Fox)

Pretty, pretty are the scenery, costumes, settings and star, Miss Betty Grable, but silly is the story that wends its weary way amongst the music, color and backgrounds.

Dick Haymes is a personable young man, but who in heaven's name gave him those doll eyes to sing? Or is our ear for music slightly cauliflowered? And what ghoul dug up that mildewed story about the lad who has stage ambitions but whose father wants him to be a doctor?

With Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe as a background, the production takes on plenty of glamour and Betty in her first role since motherhood looks as luscious as ever.

William Baxter as Dick's father is a good actor who deserves a better story. To Phil Silvers and Beatrice Kay go the comedy honors. Both are amusing and Phil in a routine with Haymes is downright funny. The best of the songs is "I Wish I Knew" which Haymes sings delightfully.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, you booful doll!

Music For Millions (M-G-M)

M-G-M has taken the twinkle from June Allyson's eye and replaced it with a tear, with the result little Miss Allyson proves her right to stardom here and now. As the expectant mother and member of...
a symphonic orchestra, who learns the meaning of faith through prayer. June gives the best performance of her career.

Not far behind marchess little Margaret O'Brien as June's kid sister, who delivers her lines and performs her scenes with rare understanding. Frankly we rare the "little child shall lead them" character wished upon Maggie, but she manages with much deftness to eliminate the excess saccharine through her dead-pan clowning with Durante who is tops in every department. Wait till you hear his "Umbrago" number.

The music flows in great golden chunks from the screen and Jose Iturbi, both as orchestra leader and pianist, is one musician who knows how to get right into the feel of the story itself. Mr. Iturbi is not only a great musician but a splendid actor, let it be noted.

Larry Adler and his harmonica is another high light in a story that hits the high spot in music. Marsha Hunt, Marie Wilson, Hugh Herbert and every member of the orchestra deserve bouquets of their own.

Your Reviewer Says: Music from the heart strings.

Salome—Where She Danced (Universal)

A PICTURE you'll love and why not? It has color. Technicolor at that, romances galore, bravery, daring intrigue and Yvonne De Carlo to send it galloping off to the box office for a smash success.

The scenes are kaleidoscopic, shifting from Berlin to a small Arizona town, then to San Francisco, with never a let-up in pace and excitement. In fact, we ate it up. Yvonne De Carlo who, through political intrigue, Rees Europe with her accompanist J. Edward Bromberg, is a personable young lady for whom we predict a great future. She dances beautifully, sings well and has other accomplishments we must say.

David Bruce is so romantic as the stagecoach robber (this is 1865, folks) who eventually woes the popular De Carlo. Rod Cameron is very good as the newspaperman, also in love with the fair charmer, Walter Slezak is wonderful as the rich San Franciscan and one more victim of the De Carlo charms. We admire as always the smoothness and cleverness of his work.

Albert Dekker, a Prussian count, Marjorie Rambeau, J. Edward Bromberg, Kurt Katch and Ahner Biberman are all a part of a truly good movie, wide in scope but closely knit in theme.

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

Utah (Republic)

It has Roy Rogers, his horse Trigger and a lot of pretty gals, pretty tunes and pretty scenery, so even if the action is almost nil, it's still a fair little out-West picture.

The story has Dale Evans, an actress, attempting to raise money to back a show by selling the family ranch she's never seen. Rogers, who manages the ranch and doesn't want it sold, steers Dale and sister onto the scrubby ranch owned by Gabby Hayes in the hopes the girls will be discouraged and give up the idea of selling.

But they don't and by golly it ends up with Roy chasing Grant Withers all through the Chicago stockyards.

The singing is fair and altogether it's sure to please the Rogers fans.

Your Reviewer Says: Cowboys have more fun than anybody.
Woolley imprisoned sooo made light-hearted Scottish and mined to colorful Bey gorgeous story.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the stars, not the story.

Sudan (Universal)

Universal's three horsemen, Maria Montez, Jon Hall and Turhan Bey, are together again in another of those Technicolor fantasies with Montez a queen, Hall a light-hearted thief and Bey a dashing Egyptian bandit chief.

Montez, whose accent remains the same (and so do her stories) ascends the throne when her father is killed while trying to keep an appointment with Bey. Determined to avenge her father's death, Maria is imprisoned by George Zucco, adviser to the throne. It's Hall who rescues her and Bey who wins her, with a lot of gorgeous scenery thrown in.

Rocks roll, tempers flare and ze love—she is made by Maria and Turhan the Bey who is sooo romantic in all those colorful costumes yet. Andy Devine's comedy is so constrained it's hardly noticeable.

Your Reviewer Says: Pardon me, haven't we met before, little picture?

Dillinger (Monogram)

Those who find entertainment satisfaction in gangsterism will probably get a semi-kick out of this whitewashed story of killer Dillinger. The rest of us, weary of gangster tales, will find in the work of Lawrence Tierney, who plays Dillinger, some little ray of cheer. The lad looks good in both the longshots and close-ups. A really hand-picked cast when it comes to bealties, Eduardo Ciannelli, Marc Lawrence, Elisha Cook Jr., labor with the stereotyped material that lacks guts and force, seems to us.

Anne Jeffreys is as good as the girl who betrays the killer to the FBI. Edmund Lowe seems more the mild-mannered citizen than a mob leader.

Your Reviewer Says: Why not let sleeping dogs lie?

The House Of Fear (Universal)

HIIH! Here come Sherlock and Watson again to busy themselves over the gradual disappearance from this earth (are these trips necessary?) of several elderly gentlemen who have clubbed together in a Scottish manse, aptly called Drearidoff House, to live out their lives in peace and quiet.

It's the fact that they don't get to live it out at all that brings our favorite sleuths into this mediocre film that doesn't matter a gosh darn anyway.

Molly And Me (20th Century-Fox)

If the studio hoped, by teaming Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields, to achieve another "Holy Matrimony," they're doomed to disappointment, for this misty story of a crusty old recluse, soured by his first marriage, fails to come off.

Gracie, former actress, turns housekeeper and straightens out the misunderstanding between Woolley and his son, Roddy McDowall, shoves his blackmailing wife into some scoured green obscurity, and finally helps Monty to win back his place in the political sun with her cooking. She does a good job but there's too much indefinite material cluttering up the story for either Monty or Gracie to overcome.

Reginald Gardiner, Edith Barrett and Natalie Schafer are only a few in a cast too strong and too good for the story.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the stars, not the story.

Quest (Universal)

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**DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK**

**Brief Reviews**

(Continued from page 24)

**DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS**—Rogers—UA: Neither too delightful nor too dangerous, but a good in spots. It tells the story of two youthful Jane Powells, who are in an exclusive boarding school by her horrible performer sister, Elizabeth Moore. When Jane discovers the truth, she turns to producer Ralph Bellamy for help. Art Teacher and Louise Beavers lead the supporting cast. (May)

**DESTINY**—Universal: A strange and very entertaining film about an ex-convict, Alan Curtis, who finds himself innocently involved in another crime which sends him into hiding. He takes refuge on the farm of Frank Craven and his blind daughter Gloria Jean, who befriend him unquestioningly. Splendid support is offered by Grace McDonald, Frank Fenton and Miss Goberman. (May)

**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 Duke and Carl Blake give fine support. (May)

**DOUBLE EXPOSURE**—Paramount: Photographers Nancy Kelly joins the staff of a weekly magazine, of which Chester Morris is the editor, and outmaneuvers him professionally and romantically until she finds herself embroiled in a murder mystery and needs his help. Philip Terry is Nancy's beau from the same small town, who follows her to New York to see how befalls her. (May)

**ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE**—RKO: A beautiful story, beautifully told, with Robert Young as the disfigured flier, and Norma Shearer as the tiny housemaid Dorothy McGuire, and they both find themselves deserted by a housekeeper rates apllay. (May)

**EXPERIMENT PERILOUS**—RKO: This is an absorbing psychological drama dealing with a beautiful woman, Helen Lamont, who lives in a nightmare of terror that centers around her husband, Paul Lukas, and her small son, as the doctor and amateur detective who fall in love with Helen and finally solves the reason for her terror. With Albert Dekker and Margaret Wetherby. (May)

**FISH 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 pursues them, passes (Lipton, walls open and finally they all try to kill each other. No killing. Lionel Atwill, Jerome Cowan and Veda Ann Borg are in it too. (May)

**Frisco Sal**—Universal: Suzanna Foster comes to San Francisco's Barbary Coast. The Nineties is a search of a brother she believed killed in Turhan Bay's cafe. She finally gets a job as singer in the cafe, Turhan falls in love with her, his rival Alan Morris sets out to get her, and you can take it from there. The whole cast is better than the material provided for them. (May)

**Gentle Annie**—MG-M: Annie, as played by Marjorie Main, is a likable character, and provides some really good moments of entertainment. Half the romance comes in when Donna Reed seeks shelter with Marjorie and her two sons, Henry Morgan and Paul Langton: and the other half arrives with James Craig, who's a really good detective. Burton MacLane is the sheriff. (May)

**G.I. Honey Moon**—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 groom 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 seeing the inner story of some strictly inside events, this war picture is an excellent one. Dennis Morgan at last has the chance he deserves, and Andre King as his wife, Raymond Massey as General Chennault, and Alan Hale Jr. as the priest who give fine performances. (May)

**Guest in the House**—Strassberg-U.A.: An exciting story of a devoted couple, artist Ralph Bellamy and his wife, Googie Farrar, whose wife is a neurotic girl to be their houseguest. Whereas the network Anne Revere has an unhappy happiness and destruction. Marie McDonald is Bellamy's model who fills Anne's heart, and Scott McKay is the doctor in love with Anne. (May)

**Hangover Square**—20th Century-Fox: An outstanding and gripping thriller, due to the expert job of picture craftsmanship, the logical reason that it involves a medical man on occasion, and the quiet authority of George Sanders as the Scotland Yard psychiatrist. Linda Darnell plays the girl who brings on her own un

**MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!**

Says Anita Ellis FAMOUS RADIO SINGER ON MUTUAL NETWORK

"Color, charm, glamour—that's my Don Juan Lipstick. Find Don Juan not drying or smearing."

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Featured by leading retailers from coast-to-coast at $1.25 and up.

Write for the name of the store in your city.

**STYLeFORM FOUNDATIONS**

76 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
The page contains several advertisements and notices, including:

- An advertisement for a product called Cutex, promoting it as a cuticle remover.
- An advertisement for a product called Scholl's, mentioning it as a help for corns.
- An advertisement for a product called Pulvex, a flea powder.
- An advertisement for a product called Blondevex, a help to keep blonde hair from darkening.
- An advertisement encouraging people to send in any photo enlarged, offering a doctor's relief for corns instantly.
- An advertisement for a product called Universal Motors, mentioning it as a free copy for owners of cars and trucks.
- An advertisement for a product called Hooch, promoting it as a smooth-riding, cuticle remover.

The page also contains text in various fonts and styles, including headlines and paragraphs, likely discussing unrelated topics or unrelated products.
LEG SUFFERERS
Why continue to suffer without attempting
to do something! Write today for New BookLet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR
HOME USE." It tells about Various
Cases and patients. Free. Methods used
while you write. More than 40 years
success. Proven and en-
dorsed by multitudes.

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave.
Dept. F-31, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Fine "Conqueror" Pen GIVEN AWAY
Mail us $2.50 and we will send you a propertal pen 5 boxes of famous Resinoid Salve (25c each) and will include with sample these most precious liquid. "Conqueror" Pen
with instant, push-button filler, deep pocket, military clip,
solid polished lacquer In Jet Black, Dark Brown, Green
or Green color. You can sell the $2 value at $5 a box and have the Pen without cost.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 31, WOOSIDSO, MARYLAND.

Send NO MONEY

Write today, giving us your name, address, articles and color wanted. Your package mailed immediately and you pay postage only 50c each or 3 articles are only $2.75 plus mailing cost and 10c postage. Pay in advance. WARRIORS, 10 DAYS, no money-back guarantee. Supplies limited.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 87-NL, Jefferson, Iowa.

South Pacific, this is an exciting story told with no false heroes. Errol Flynn has been considerably toned in his war-winning antics. Jim Brown does his best job to date. And William Prince, Henry Hull, John Alvin, George Tobias and Donald O'Connell turn in meritorious performances. (Apr.)

PAN AMERICAN—RKO: Phillip Terry, magazine photographer, Audrey Long and Eve Arden go off on a tour of the South American Republics for the purpose of doing a magazine feature. Robert Mitchum is the foreign editor of the magazine and as amusing as always. It's all of love and romance and there's a lot of laughs and color. (Apr.)

PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE—MX: Hurd Hatfield plays the beautiful young man whose portrait gradually takes on his complete degradation while he himself remains untouched by age and corruption in this picturization of the famous Oscar Wilde story. Hatfield gives his role a finished coldness and Lowel Gilmore as the painter, George Sanders as the cynic and Angela Lansbury are excellent. (May)

PRACTICALLY YOURS—Paramount: A thoroughly delightful and enjoyable comedy reunites Claude Gillingwater and MacDonald Carey for another, but Fred as the returned hero who finds himself, through a misunderstanding, engaged to a girl he’s even forgotten. There are some amusing and charming gags and punch-up performances. Gil Lamb and Michael Ryan are both so delightfully funny. (May)

ROUGHLY SPEAKING—Warner: Leslie Randall Pierson's widely read autobiography takes on considerable life with Rosalind Russell a perfect Louise and Jack Carson a fabulous Harold. The picture is overlong, but there's charm galore in the supporting cast and it's quite an unpretentious and genuine picture of Rose and her five children. Jack Carson is magnificent and Rosalind has never been better. (Apr.)

SEE MY LAWYER—Universal: Olsen and Johnson try to antagonize night club patrons so they can break their contract and go to Hollywood, but it's a long dry spell between laughels. Noah Beery Jr., Richard Benedict and Alan Curtis are swell as nove lawyers who put up a good fight in the end. Grace McDonald and Franklin Pangborn got into the act, but it's still more of the same old day.

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal: Even in this corny picture, Joan Davis is so very funny that you'll find yourself laughing all over the place. She's hired to run down a murderer who has been plying his trade among the town's leading citizens, and you can just imagine Joan as a detective. William Garson and Leon Errol add to the fun. (Apr.)

SING FOR MISS JULIE, A—Republic: Two New York playwrights, Barton Hepburn and Roger Clark, invade an old Southern mansion in order to get material on its former occupant for a play, but what they don't know is the fact that the old occupant was Rose. Roy Eaton, Simon Oakland, Dorothy Gish, Walker and Elizabeth Risdon have good roles, but the picture could have been better. (May)

STRANGE ILLUSION—PRC: While Jimmy Durante and Charlie McCarthy warn him something was wrong with his father's death. When he returns home, part of his dream scenario comes true and he sees the ad of Regis Tomney, Warren William is very good as the "dream" man, Charles Arnt as psychiatrist, and we enjoyed Sally Eilers too. (May)

SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER—20th: A family catering to an irresponsible Charles Winninger, two small brothers and a little sister who live on a farm. When the chance comes along to have a soldier to dinner, he turns out to be John Hodiak and the picture turns into a charming story. Anne Revere is very good as the meddlesome wife. (Mar.)

SUSPECT, THE—Universal: You’ll like and sympathize with murderer Charles Laughton, who kills his first wife and then marries Ella Raines, only to have the past catch up with him. Stanley C. Ridges is the mastermind of the whole operation. Warren lavender, Ella Raines, her own, and both Ella and Laughton give fine performances. (Mar.)

THEY SHALL HAVE FAITH—Monogram: The famous theme of this story on versatile paralyzys deals with the work of Army doctors with the disease as applied to soldiers on battlefronts. Gale Storm is suddenly stricken with polio and John Stack Brown is the Army major who helps her regain her health. The cast is splendid, including Conrad Nagel, Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Mary Boland. (Mar.)

THIS MAN'S NAVY—M-G-M: The story that surrounds the activities of the blimp in sinking submarines, blowing up blimp and crew, and other vital duties, tells of the experiences of Wallace Beery, who is assigned to training young recruits. Tom Drake is his protege who joins the service, Ian Claryton is the girl, and General is Beery's superior. The picture is splendid and deserves a place in the gallery of the best of its kind. (Mar.)

THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA—20th Century-Fox: The white horse Thunderhead, a magnificent horse and thoroughly well-trained animal, all but steals the show from the human actors, Roddy McDowall, who owns and loves Thunderhead, and Preston Foster and Rita Johnson as his parents.
BOIL MISERY RELIEVED
by the MOIST HEAT of
ANTIPHLOGISTINE

BOILS
SIMPLE
SPRAIN
BORE 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 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 the chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Auntly Flo) at any drug store TODAY.

BOILS
SIMPLE
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CANNING
SUCCESS

USE
JARS,
CAPS,
LIDS AND
RUBBERS

And follow instructions in the Ball Blue Book. To get your copy send 10c with your name and address to—BALL BROTHERS COMPANY, Muncie, Ind.

are swell, but honors go to the equine performers who give us a truly entertaining show. (May)

THREE CABALLEROS, THE—Walt Disney

BROKERS: Three Dudes, American Don and
Dutch, Brazilian Joe Caribos and Mexican Pancho, visit the Latin American countries and meet up with such real life characters as O’Kearney, Miranda, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz. The color is heavenly and the magic of Pancho’s stall is lost out of this world, but the story lacks continuity. (Mar.)

TOMORROW, THE WORLD—Lester Cowan

UA: Skippy Holmes from Germany comes into the American town with Fredric March bringing with him all the hatred and trickery of his Nazi upbringing, and seizes the works of a Community Center. In Skippy’s interpretation of a Nazi bred youth we see clearly the future of the German and the drastic measures necessary to stop it. With Agnes Moorehead, Betty Field and Joan Carroll. (Mar.)

TODAY AND EVERY NIGHT—Guatemala: A musical which tells the story of a London theater that stayed open during the bombing raids, this is different, appealing and warming, adapted from Donald Hayworth’s beauty and enhanced with the amazing dancing of Marc Platt. Leo Bowman is very hand-

VIVE GROWTH IN BROOKLYN, A—20th Century Fox: His terrorizing a city—reality, humor. Dorothy McGuire is Mama, growing cold and bitter under the strain of poverty; Peggy Ann Garner seems to feel every ache and sorrow of Francie; Jimmy Dunn is a magnificent Johnny, a man weak, weird, and an ass; an act; Anna Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitaker, Beatrice Kay, Specialties, Carmen Cavallaro; Jackie Condon, Margaret Dumont; Mike Romanoff, Jr., Boy Bongo; Joseph; George Melly, Harker. (Apr.)

UNTOO, THE—Paramount: Joel McCrea hires Gail Russell to take care of his two young children, but strange, mysterious goings-on occur in the neighborhood and right in his own home. The story is gatled and the mystery so mysterious that you’ll never quite figure it out. Herbert Marshall is McCrea’s doctor (Apr.)

WHAT A BLONDE—RKO: Leen Errol as a bearded man with five chorus girls living in his house is very funny at times as the share-cropper driver who suddenly finds himself a share-your-home husband who will return unexpectedly. It’s a silly story but it grows fairly comical as it pro-

Casts of Current Pictures

AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, THE—Paramount: Susan Darrell, Joan Fontaine; Roy Roberts, George Brent; Bill Audley, Dennis O’Keefe; Mike Ward; Don DeFore; Mona Kent, Rita Johnson; Richard Atten, Walter Abel; Chick; Byron Barn; Nancy, Mary Field.

BILLY ROSE’S DIAMOND HORSESHOE—20th Century Fox: Rosie Collette, Ben Cardle, Greta Granario, Davis Jr., Dick Haymes; Blinker Walter, Phil Silver, Joe Schwiner, Edward Deeg, Claire Hambus, Beatrice Kay, Specialties, Carmen Cavallaro; Jackie Condon, Margaret Dumont; Mike Romanoff, Jr., Boy Bongo; Joseph; George Melly, Harker. (Apr.)

BREWER’S MILLIONS: Small-UA: Monty Breuer, Dennis O’Keefe; Peggy Gray, Helen Walk-


COUNTER-ATTACK—Columbia: Aksel Kalkov, Paul Muni, Lisa Elsen, Marguerite Chapman; Kirkland, Gable, Parks, Garfield, Philip Van Zandt; Colonel Semmes, George Macready, Robert; Roman Bohnen; Erra Mattin, Harro Meller, Patsy Kelly; Erik Rolf; Stillman, Rudolph Anders, Oskana, Ian Wolfe; Walter, Frederick Gierman; Kraft, Paul Austin; Gillooly, Van Sant; Baur, Ludwig Donath; Huchsch, Louis Adton; Petron, Trevor Bar-
dette; General Kahlen, Richard Hale.

DILLINGER—Monogram: Dillinger, Lawrence Tier-

EARL, CARROLL, VANITIES—Republic: Danny Bal-

EVELYN STUART, the young American woman who had come to Africa to study the life of the native tribes, falls in love with a womanizing white hunter, and tempts him to visit the village of his ancestors, only to have him shot and killed by the natives. (May)

FASCINATING hobby and vacation Quick loan at home by average man or woman who is artistically talented. Work full or part time. Modern method brings out natural talent. ENSIGN, Colorful home work for pleasure or profit. Send for illustrated instruction booklet with free samples. Send for booklet today. FREE DOUBLE TRIAL, a never before seen workable plan. Write today. NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL 3315 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1368, Chicago 9, Ill.

Can’t Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She’s as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many suffers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their pain can be tied off. The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help many people pass about 3 times a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, fatigue, loss of pep and energy, putting up night sweats, fullness under the eye, headache, bloodshot eyes. Frequent or scanty passages withsmarting and burning some-
times shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait—Ask your druggist for Dona’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney that are poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dona’s Pills.

Dr. Miles, M.D.

PULLS YOU DOWN

Do you sometimes have Headaches, Migraine, Fatigue, Simple Headache or Migraine?

Painful head aches can be caused by a variety of factors, and it is important to address the underlying causes to achieve lasting relief. Consider seeing a healthcare professional for a thorough evaluation and personalized treatment plan.

Dr. Miles, M.D.

PULLS YOU DOWN

For quick relief, Gaul, and directions and use only as directed. Regu-
lar package 25c. Large Economy package 50c. Available at druggists, inc., Ethika, Indiana.

What gives each file a guiding mark—Like lighted street signs, after dark?

DEMMISON
INDEX TABS
At Stationery Dealers Everywhere

PHOTO-RING
ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, will fit a Polaroid 1x1 ring. Price 25c. These rings are beautiful Keepsakes. Order by mail. Name, address and photo, if you send cash we pay postage. (Polaroid Ring Photo Moviette Ring Co. Dept. D, S. C. Cincinnati, O.

Thrilling Work CHROMING PHOTOS at Home

Fascinating hobby and vacation Quick loan at home by average man or woman who is artistically talented. Work full or part time. Modern method brings out natural talent. ENSIGN, Colorful home work for pleasure or profit. Send for illustrated instruction booklet with free samples. Send for booklet today. FREE DOUBLE TRIAL, a never before seen workable plan. Write today. NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL 3315 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1368, Chicago 9, Ill.

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don’t just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little ICE-MINT. Frosty white, cream-like, its cool-

now soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out... tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few moments. See how medicinal ICE-MINT helps soften up worn and calloused too. Get foot happy today, the ICE-MINT way. At all druggists.
Summary for Summer

**Your Lipstick:** According to Wally Westmore, Paramount's make-up expert, your lipstick will behave better in summer if you first draw the outline with a brush. Fill in the center and blot with tissue. Then powder generously, removing excess. Again apply lipstick and blot once more.

**Your Hair:** In her purse, Diana Lynn totes a small hairbrush wherever she goes, to banish the dulling, drying effects of sand, sea salt and dust. Laraine Day of RKO's "Those Endearing Young Charms" advises oil shampoos at least twice a month in summer, to help keep hair soft, manageable and prevent ends breaking.

**Your Legs:** Men shudder at anemic pale legs, so wear stockings or leg make-up beautifully applied on un-fuzzy legs. Leg make-up lotions and creams, these days, are quick, easier to use than ever, and very lasting. Pat up and down your legs with the flat of your hands while make-up is still moist. This breaks up streaks and, with blending, gives a smooth mat finish. Quickest way to remove leg make-up is under the shower, using lots of soap with bath brush. Scrubbing is good, too, for rough or blotchy legs.

**Your Toes:** Pale nails aren't pretty peeking through open-toe shoes or wiggling, bare and unadorned, into the sand of the beach. In applying polish do as a famous Fifth Avenue salon does. Twist two sheets of facial tissue into a thin roll and weave it over and under your toes to separate them. Your polish is easy to apply this way and won't smear. A nail polish finish over this dries them fast as a flash.

**Your Face and Figure:** After a session in the sun, use a good skin cream or oil on face and throat particularly, to ward off drying effects. Wear sun glasses to combat squint lines. Wear your greaseless sun-tan lotion even on the street to help maintain your golden tan. As for your figure, Andrea King says good posture is half the battle on the beach. Top of your head should push up toward the sun with chest held high and hips tucked under.
Picker-upper! Ever since the drive started, Nancy has salvaged more tin cans than any other child in her block. Salvaged them for our Government, which needs them so badly.

Now, after her last delivery, Nancy drifts off to a well-won sleep, relaxed from head to foot by the marvelous cushioned luxury of Beautyrest—the dream mattress. Made by Simmons Company. Today's owners of Beautyrests are lucky people. For Beautyrest has 837 individually pocketed coils and a sag-proof border. Take care of your Beautyrest, for we're still all-out on war work, with no end to it in sight.

If you need—really need—a new mattress now, we suggest our famous WHITE KNIGHT. The "mattress-within-a-mattress"—soft, durable, with layer upon layer of fine resilient cotton. READ ON! The Government has permitted us to make a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The world's most comfortable mattress!
Made by SIMMONS COMPANY

P.S. SAVE YOUR TIN CANS! FLATTEN THEM OUT, FIND OUT WHEN COLLECTIONS ARE MADE AND PUT THEM OUT! PLEASE!
Rhonda Fleming wears Spellbound perfume by Lynette

I'm Like This—
(Continued from page 55) enough to get where I wanted in five years instead of ten. I'm looking at this when I look in my mirror: A blonde girl with green eyes, who stands five feet six and three-fourths in her stockings and who weighs 133 1/2 pounds. Want to know how to know her on the street? Look for a shoulder-bag dangling from a blonde—I don't even own any other type of purse!

I'm a believer in big families: Speaking as an only child, I'm an lone offspring. I want at least two children and probably three. And in twenty years, when I'm forty, I'd just like to have a home with those children in it. I don't want to stick around playing old-age parts in the movies.

I'm a good cook: That is, if you're mad for coffee, bacon or eggs. Also, I can open cans beautifully and add water. Otherwise I'm helpless; Mother always did the cooking for me. But I seriously want to learn how. If I were on a desert island—well, you know, you have to be prepared for an emergency!

I'm a girl for comfort: So my ideal home is going to be devoted to just that. It'll be away from things—not on top of a road or other houses. A tennis court and pool aren't necessary factors—what I'm really after is a house where my feet can go on tables, and my feet can go on chairs; and where my blond cocker Droopy's feet will feel welcome too! You'd understand better what I mean if you saw me around the house—always in slacks or a robe, and gigantic white fur slippers.

I'm not famished: I don't gnaw on things all day long the way so many people do. I love to eat at meal-times, of course. But just simple foods—no liquor flavor in them; I loathe brandy this or rum that. I'll admit I drink coffee endlessly; and once in a while I have a bedtime snack of milk and crackers and cheese.

I wear all my jewelry every day: Since I only have four pieces; plain gold earrings, bracelet, watch and ring. I feel faint with horror over lots of stones in jewelry; or over diamonds; or over varying shades of gold. I just like gold jewelry, gold-colored, and I like that to excess!

I'm a collector of nothing at all: Unless you count interesting and unpretentious friends as collector's items. I constantly listen to good music over the radio; I smoke like a stack; I don't drink at all; I loathe the four-room Beverly Hills apartment I've lived in for two years with my mother; I sleep in the raw or in short pajama-tops type of nightgowns; I chew gum when I can get it; and I thoroughly appreciate the fame that Hollywood has brought me. But mainly, I'm still as relaxed as a rag doll—and I hope I always will be. You know what? I'll bet I'll be just that!

The End

How good would you be at answering a super Hollywood questionnaire?

You're going to have a chance next month with Elsa Maxwell's Hollywood Quiz!

It gives you the answers, too, in her own gay and amusing style
No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage... only Drene with Hair Conditioner!

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!

Fashion News for the June Bride

three stunning head dresses...three appropriate hair-dos!

On this page, Norma Richter... lovely New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... models three stunning, new bridal head dresses and shows you an appropriate hair-do for each. (Above) An exquisite head dress of orange blossoms and pearls, shaped like the brim of a bonnet. Here Norma's hair-do is suitably demure, but smart... the front held close to the head, the back in a soft page-boy roll. The shining beauty of her hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which Norma always uses. She knows no other shampoo leaves her hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

All bridal head dresses on this page by John Frederics, famous New York hat designers.

For the informal wedding, this adorable coronet of pink carnations, held on with narrow satin ribbon, tied under the hair at back. With this head dress, Norma's bewitching hair-do (with its Empress Eugenie look) is simply perfect! Bewitching, too, is Norma's shining smooth hair, shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

Guaranteed by Standard Laboratories

Product of Procter & Gamble
Precious Cargo!

Good company is the making of a picnic. The beer that made Milwaukee famous makes it perfect... if you have him and he has you and you both have Schlitz. On an outing, or at home in your refrigerator, SCHLITZ is always “precious cargo.”

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS... no bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS